

SHaCKLeS

created by
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PART ONE

Release

- 1x01..... The Poisoned
- 1x02..... The Epoch Book
- 1x03..... Repossession
- 1x04..... **Dreams or Dots**

TEASER

BLACK.

CLARISSA (O.S.)
I'll never... love anyone again.
Milgate... I'm so sor--

FADE IN:

INT. MILGATE EPOCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A HIGH-PITCHED "SCREEEEEE" sound causes CLARISSA CARUS to stop in the middle of her sentence. All of a sudden, her eyes go back in her head, and her mouth shoots open in fright.

CLARISSA
Aaahhhh!

Clarissa backs away from the bed -- she YELLS IN PAIN!

All around the room, the plants begin to quickly turn BROWN as they shrivel and die!

Clarissa leans forward in agony, holding her stomach tightly, looking as though she's feeling unimaginable pain.

From the look on her face, and the loud DRY HEAVING, it appears as though she's BOILING from the inside out.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
Ooohhhh!

She writhes wildly in the air -- her arms flinging all around her, her head convulsing as though she's having a seizure!

And then, Clarissa suddenly stops. No more shaking, no more pain. Just calm.

A strange SILENCE fills the room.

Clarissa stares up at camera, her face covered in sweat. Her eyes turn a disturbing shade of BLACK... and she SMILES.

Then, she realizes what's happening, and she fights it.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
No. No, no, no! Stop it!

Clarissa holds her head tightly with both hands, squeezing at her temples. She shakes her head back and forth, willing the Poison away. And for a brief moment, it seems to work.

Clarissa opens her eyes, and they're back to normal. She turns to Epoch, and carefully touches his dry lips.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
No.... It's not too late!

Clarissa hovers over Epoch's mouth.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
I'll take it! Give it to me,
Milgate! Now!

Clarissa's lips touch Epoch's... and she begins to INHALE.

She breathes in again. And again, inhaling the life right out of his lungs. Tears fall down her cheeks in big drops.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
No! Come on! Let me fix this!
Please!

Clarissa takes another long breath from Epoch's mouth... then pulls away slowly.

Didn't take.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
No.... Oh, Milgate....

Clarissa looks to the side, too ashamed to stare into Epoch's dead eyes. And as she does, she notices the NOTE.

DuNCaN TRuaNT KNoWS

Clarissa eyes the note curiously, but doesn't touch it. Her eyebrows lower, as she's clearly reminded of something.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
"Truant"?

Clarissa stands and pulls out her cell phone. She holds down a number, initiating speed dial, as she takes one last look at Epoch's corpse.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Be well, old friend....

And with that, she exits the tiny apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILGATE EPOCH'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Clarissa leans over the railing, staring down to the ground below. The hundreds of dead plants are in her background. She's speaking quietly into her cell phone.

CLARISSA

He's really gone. Just gone....

Clarissa CLEARS HER THROAT, trying to be strong.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Listen, there is something I have to ask you. And I'm just going to ask. All right?

(beat)

Is Duncan -- Is your son... really dead?

INTERCUT SCENES WITH:

INT. MATILDA TRUANT'S HOME - NIGHT

MATILDA TRUANT sits at her dinner table, eating a bowl of cereal. Her cell phone sits on the tabletop, the Speaker Phone function activated.

All around her, the decorations in the room are sparse, if there are any at all. Indeed, it's just a simple home.

MATILDA

Why do you ask?

CLARISSA

That's not the answer I'm looking for here, Matilda.

MATILDA

But if you ask again, you'll get the same response.

Clarissa HUFFS, then walks slowly across the rooftop. She touches some of the dead plants as she walks.

CLARISSA

It's the last thing Milgate wrote. It's quite disturbing. And entirely confusing.

MATILDA

I'm listening.

CLARISSA
 "Duncan Truant knows."

Matilda, mid-bite, quickly removes the cereal spoon from her mouth and places it back in the milky bowl.

MATILDA
 (long beat)
 Why would he write that?

CLARISSA
 You're avoiding my question.

MATILDA
 Of course I am, Clarissa. Your questions are insulting.

CLARISSA
 Look, I'm sure you have your reasons for keeping the truth from me. And that's fine. I just need to know, and you know why.
 (distinctly)
 Is... your son... still alive?

Matilda EXHALES loudly. She picks up the phone and deactivates the Speaker Phone option.

MATILDA
 This is the only thing, Clarissa. The only thing I have lied to you about.

Clarissa becomes silent. Obviously, she's got her answer.

CLARISSA
 I have to go--

MATILDA
 He's in prison!

CLARISSA
 (beat)
 What?

MATILDA
 My son. Model of the community. Father and husband.
 (raspily)
 Serving life at CalMax.

Clarissa walks around the rooftop again, deep in thought.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I only lied because it just wasn't
any of your....

(honestly)

Because I was ashamed.

CLARISSA

I don't care, all right? But listen
to me now. We need to find out what
Duncan knows.

MATILDA

There's no way. He's in solitary
confinement, Clarissa.

CLARISSA

(creepily)

Then get him out.

Matilda nods in agreement. She grabs her cereal bowl with her
free hand, then walks over to the sink.

MATILDA

I don't know if that's possible.

CLARISSA

It has to be. Milgate has died
without passing on the gift. Our
worst fears have been realized. Do
you understand?

(beat)

All around the globe, the people he
healed are becoming Poisoned. For
some, it'll be a slow process. But
for others....

MATILDA

(quoting)

A human catastrophe....

CUT TO:

EXT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

SCREAMS of fear! YELPS of pain!

We're CUTTING IN and OUT of various dark locations around the
world, never quite getting a feel for where we are before a
VIOLENT IMAGE erupts on screen, and we CUT AWAY.

GUN SHOTS! BLOOD!

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A late-night meeting, between KYLEE WILLARD and three well-dressed LAWYERS sitting opposite her. The man in the middle, bald and with a pleasant demeanor, is MAXWELL LHORA.

Even though Kylee's outnumbered and out-sexed, she's still holding her own.

KYLEE

No, no, no, gentlemen.

MAXWELL

Come on, Kylee. You need to think about your client here.

KYLEE

When I say no, Maxwell, I mean no.
Got it?

Maxwell turns to the lawyers on either side and WHISPERS something. The three men SNICKER.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Hey.

She SLAMS her hand down on the table, but remains absolutely in control.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

If you boys want to play recess,
don't do it on Pumpkin Truant's
dime, huh?

(beat)

My client paid her taxes, paid her
debts, and now she's living high,
with no worries and no enemies.

Don't be her first.

Maxwell is about to say something, but he suddenly CHOKES.

He COUGHS and COUGHS, quickly standing, holding his throat. The other men go to help him, but Maxwell pushes them away.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Must be some foul fish....

The sounds of his coughing become much deeper, and they ECHO in the air. Disturbing sounds.

Maxwell quickly rushes out of the room in embarrassment. As he runs, we notice his eyes turn a devilish shade of BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

KNIFE SLICES! BLOOD!

Still CUTTING IN and OUT of various outdoor locations, as all kinds of people are being converted into The Poisoned right before our very eyes!

In fact, one of these faces we recognize all too well. It's DAVID ELROY! David SLICES AWAY at a screaming girl with his scalpel, LAUGHING the entire time.

CUT TO:

INT. CALIFORNIA MAXIMUM SECURITY PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

SHACKLES CLINK loudly as two PRISON GUARDS escort a prisoner through the echoing corridors of the penitentiary. An image we've seen before. It's DUNCAN TRUANT, of course.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLIARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Duncan lies on his back on the rusty old bed, just staring up at the ceiling. All of a sudden, he hears HORRIFIC SCREAMS coming from somewhere outside his cell.

The SCREAMS turn worse, and he hears GARGLING, followed by a beat of silence, and a low-pitched, confident CACKLE.

Duncan stares at his cell door in absolute fright, hoping that whatever it is doesn't decide come in.

DUNCAN

My father, who art in heaven, the
Lord is with me....

CUT TO:

EXT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

PULLING APART LIMBS! BLOOD!

We FOCUS ON another of The Poisoned: SAMANTHA BROCKWASH!

She's alone in her bedroom, asleep, when suddenly she's taken over by the evil power within.

Samantha sits up roughly in bed, PANTING WILDLY and SCREAMING in a voice much deeper than we remember. She holds up her hands, and we see that her normal fingernails are now much longer, and yellowish in color. CLAWS.

More QUICK CUTS of The Poisoned follow, as more blood, more more screams, and more horror fills the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILGATE EPOCH'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Back on the rooftop. Clarissa finishes her phone call.

CLARISSA

Do what you can. And I'll see you soon. I... love you.

MATILDA (O.S.)

Love you too.

Clarissa hangs up and turns to the POTTED PLANTS. As she examines their brown leaves, her eyes go BLACK again.

AERIAL VIEW: her head turns up to the sky, and she SCREAMS and HISSES loudly, like a wild banshee!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES.

STARRING

Michael Clarke Duncan

Noah Wyle

Macy Gray

Omar Gooding

Raven Symone

John Heard

Tracy Middendorf

Donnie Keshawarz

and

Nichelle Nichols

GUEST STARRING

Nick Tate WARDEN CROSS

Joseph Gordon-Levitt JACQUE

Stephen Tobolowsky MAXWELL LHORA

Jeff Probst TROY SWIDDLE

Glenn Headly MARCIA DEDECUS

with Kelly Rowan CLARISSA CARUS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Angelo Shrine

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

C.D. Howard

1x04

"Dreams or Dots"

written by

Angelo Shrine

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CALMAX - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

The next day. Duncan's fast asleep on his uncomfortable rusty bed, his thick arm dangling over the side.

BUZZZZZ! The metal door opens.

Duncan quickly sits up in bed, as WARDEN CROSS enters the tiny cell. The Warden is carrying a tray of food.

WARDEN

Good morning, Mr. Truant.

DUNCAN

(groggily)

Morning already?

WARDEN

Buttered pancakes, with syrup. I hope you're hungry.

Duncan sits up, rubbing away the sleep lines on his face. He smiles slightly, and takes the tray from the Warden.

DUNCAN

Orange juice?

WARDEN

We're out. I apologize. I brought apple instead. I hope you don't --

DUNCAN

That's fine.

Duncan begins chomping away at his specially-delivered breakfast. With a full mouth:

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

There was a lot of noise last night. Screams.

Warden Cross suddenly becomes slightly uncomfortable.

WARDEN

There was a tustle in the hallway between a prisoner and his guards.

DUNCAN

Anyone hurt?

WARDEN

No.

DUNCAN

Cause I could have sworn --

WARDEN

(quickly)

No one was hurt, Mr. Truant.

Duncan stops chewing momentarily to nod to his superior. Then, he takes a long swig from the apple juice box. He makes a sour face.

DUNCAN

That's not very good.

WARDEN

Isn't it?

(strange silence)

Next time, I'll be sure to bring you orange.

With a tip of his hat, the Warden steps back outside the confined cell, and a GUARD slams the door shut.

Alone in the dark room, Duncan stares at the door, knowing that he was just lied to.

DUNCAN

"No one hurt," my ass....

He goes back to eating his pancakes.

CUT TO:

INT. VITAMIN STORE - DAY

We're PANNING THROUGH the many aisles of the supplement store, as all the hundreds of vitamins go by in a whirl.

JACQUE stands behind the check stand, wearing a white apron. He's helping a customer and smiling happily.

The front door opens and GILLIAN TRUANT enters. Her eyes are puffy and red, and her face looks like she hasn't slept in weeks. Groggily, she walks up to the check stand.

JACQUE

(cheerily)

Morning. Can I help -- Wow, you don't look so good.

GILLIAN

You think?

Gillian leans over the counter, barely keeping from falling asleep.

JACQUE

Let me guess. Somebody had too much to drink last night.

Gillian forces a smile.

GILLIAN

Got anything? Anything at all? My head is killing me and I have a huge test tomorrow. Half of my final grade depends on it.

JACQUE

Here, follow me.

He walks down the aisle, smiling slightly, as Gillian drags her feet behind him.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

So you go to school around here?

GILLIAN

Yeah. University of California.

JACQUE

Me too! What are you studying?

GILLIAN

Forensic sciences.

Jacque stops walking, trying to determine if she's telling the truth or not.

JACQUE

You pulling my leg?

GILLIAN

No. Why?

JACQUE

That's crazy. I mean, I'm a lit major. All I do is read and write.

GILLIAN

And work at a supplement store.

JACQUE
(chuckling)
And work at a supplement store.

He finally arrives at an aisle. Jacque removes two different bottles from the top shelf.

JACQUE (CONT'D)
Here you go. Now, these two pretty much do the same thing. But this one on the right is slightly more effective. Plus, it costs twice as much.

She quickly grabs that one from his hand.

GILLIAN
Money's not an option. I have to get rid of this headache.

Jacque nods, putting the other bottle back on the shelf.

JACQUE
So you drink a lot, then?

Gillian pretends to be offended.

GILLIAN
No! For your information, I only had two glasses of wine last night. I am a lady.

JACQUE
Right. A lady who gets plastered and then confuses two glasses for two bottles.

GILLIAN
You think you're funny?

JACQUE
I think you're pretty cool. And if this is what you look like hung over, I can't wait to see the finished product.

Gillian tries to hide her smile, but obviously his flirting means a lot to her. She examines his name tag. "Jacque."

GILLIAN
You're nice. Jack.

JACQUE
 Uh, that's Jacque. My mother was French.

GILLIAN
 Was?

JACQUE
 She died when I was just a kid.

GILLIAN
 I'm sorry.

JACQUE
 It's okay.

GILLIAN
 I only have my mom. My father was killed before I was born. So, I never got to meet him.

Jacque reaches out impulsively and grabs her hand, consoling her. Then, he realizes what he'd just done, so he quickly pulls his hand away.

JACQUE
 I'm sorry....

GILLIAN
 Gillian. Gillian Truant.
 (clears her throat)
 So, you going to sell me these or what?

JACQUE
 Oh, don't worry about it. They're on me.

GILLIAN
 What?

JACQUE
 Yeah. You go study. Go ace this test.

Gillian walks to the door, smiling. She holds the bottle up and shakes it slightly, hearing the pills RATTLE.

GILLIAN
 You know, in some countries, buying a girl hangover pills is considered to be a first date.

JACQUE
Is that so?

GILLIAN
That's so.

JACQUE
Well then, how do you feel about a
second?

Gillian's smile grows wider. She doesn't answer him, just simply opens the door and exits.

We stay on Jacque. His simple features quickly turn emotional, as he breathes a heavy sigh of relief and nearly falls over onto the desk.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

FLASH! CLICK! A flashbulb camera goes off repeatedly, lighting up the entire scene.

We finally push past the excited PHOTOGRAPHER, and discover that his model is none other than PUMPKIN TRUANT.

Pumpkin is standing in a CONFINED GLASS BOX, wearing a fancy pantsuit, as hundreds and hundreds of dollar bills are flying all around her!

Pumpkin stares out at the camera, smiling widely, with her hands out at her side, holding fist-fulls of dollars.

FLASH TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATER

CLOSE ON: a studio monitor. We're watching the clip of the game show "Money Train." A title flashes "NEW GAME-SHOW RECORD!" Two SEXY LADIES emerge, holding a large check.

TROY
(filtered)
America, you've just witnessed
television history! It's my honor
to present you, Pumpkin, with this
check... for 6.4 million dollars!

PULL AWAY FROM THE MONITOR. Pumpkin is sitting on a stool, being interviewed by TROY SWIDDLE, host of the game show. Troy's wearing a fancy suit, unbuttoned at the top, and smiling widely, revealing his deep dimples.

The studio is modest in its design, and it's clearly a closed set. There's only a few people standing behind the two cameras. Producers, presumably, and some sound guys.

TROY (CONT'D)

Welcome back to "Big Winners," here on GSN. That was the moment that changed my next guest's life forever. We're joined now by, well, I suppose you all know her name by now. It's Pumpkin Truant!

Pumpkin smiles and shakes his hand. She's a bit rigid during the interview, obviously not quite comfortable on camera.

PUMPKIN

Hi, Troy. Good to see you again.

TROY

And you. Now, the big question, Pumpkin. The question we ask everyone here on "Big Winners": What did you do with the money?

PUMPKIN

Well, I invested some of it.

TROY

Smart.

PUMPKIN

Right. And I bought a house. I'd never had a house before. A trailer, yes. An apartment, yes. But never my own house.

TROY

Now hold on, hold on. We're not just talking about any house here.
(to the producers)
Don't we have a picture?

On one of the screens, a paparazzi-type photograph of the Truant Mansion flashes on-screen. Troy gazes at it in amazement, as Pumpkin squirms a bit in her chair.

TROY (CONT'D)

You call it a house? I call it a castle! I mean, was this a necessary purchase, or did you kind of go crazy there?

Off camera, we see for the first time that Kylee is here, watching. She lowers her head at Troy's remark.

PUMPKIN

Interesting remark. Let me ask, what do most people do with their game show winnings?

TROY

A lot of the big winners go on extended vacations, while others --

PUMPKIN

Well, there. There you go. This house... is my vacation. I wake up every morning and feel completely refreshed. Something I never even could have imagined three years ago.

Kylee raises her head back up again, happy that Pumpkin was able to save herself.

TROY

The clip we just saw -- that episode made history. In the past three years, no one's even come close to the record you set on "Money Train."

PUMPKIN

I was very blessed.

TROY

What goes through your mind when you see that?

PUMPKIN

Just pure elation. And excitement. And happiness. All at once. It's just something I can't describe in words, Troy. You know what I mean?

TROY

Actually, I have no idea what you mean. I'm not a millionaire over on this seat!

Troy pats her shoulder, indicating he's joking. Off on the side, Kylee grumbles again, MUMBLING to herself.

KYLEE

Is he just an idiot, or is he trying to make her look bad?

Troy's demeanor changes from smarmy, to serious.

TROY

Now I'm sure we all remember what happened in the weeks following your win.

PUMPKIN

Uh-huh.

TROY

When the media dug into your background. And discovered... what they discovered.

Pumpkin fidgets in her chair again.

PUMPKIN

Right.

TROY

In fact, I'm told you even had to hire a lawyer, or a publicist, to protect your family in the maelstrom of press that followed.

PUMPKIN

It was rough, Troy.

TROY

Now, all of that's been made very much a part of public record. But what we don't know -- and perhaps you can help shed some light on this now -- is what was your husband's reaction to all this? To your winnings? To your instant notoriety?

Pumpkin's silent.

TROY (CONT'D)

What's your relationship like? Do you visit him? Do your children visit him? And more importantly, did you sign a prenuptial agreement before you were married?

From the sidelines, Kylee takes a hesitant step forward, ready to pounce if her client says something she shouldn't.

PUMPKIN

(confident beat)

Troy, I'll say now what I've been saying for the past three years. My private life... is my private life. I won't discuss my husband's life to you, just as I didn't discuss anything about my winnings to him.

FADE TO:

INT. CALMAX - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

As the voices of Pumpkin and Troy continue....

AERIAL VIEW: Duncan sits on his knees on the ground, his hands intertwined together in front of him. His eyes are closed, and his lips are moving slightly. He's praying.

TROY (V.O.)

But people want to know, Pumpkin.

PUMPKIN (V.O.)

He's sitting in a confined cell for the rest of his life. What more would you like to know?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

As before. Troy leans forward and stares deep into her eyes.

TROY

Your husband murdered the Senator's only son in cold blood. There's a lot we want to know....

Pumpkin swallows loudly, and for the first time, turns to Kylee for help. Off Pumpkin's quivering chin:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN DOCK - NIGHT

The Pacific Ocean rests peacefully in the distance, its blue water appearing OILY BLACK in the dark night.

CLOSE ON: the endlessly saddened face of Clarissa. She sits on the edge of the dock, her feet dangling below her, just staring out at the water in silence.

Deep in thought, her face awash with trepidation.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

CRASH! Pumpkin throws her purse against the wall, crashing into some old photos which fall to the floor.

Kylee shuts the door behind them, holding her tongue, as Pumpkin continues to fume.

PUMPKIN

The nerve! The nerve of that man!
He knew that was off-limits. He
knew it!

Kylee takes a timid step forward.

KYLEE

It's over. It's okay.

PUMPKIN

And I just sat there. Like a lump
on a damn log!

KYLEE

(calming)
There's nothing to worry about.
That part of the interview won't
air. I talked to the producers.

PUMPKIN

By "talked," you mean....

KYLEE

Threatened.

PUMPKIN

Of course.

KYLEE

But Pumpkin, you're kidding yourself here if you're under the impression that what he asked wasn't the question that all of America wanted to ask.

PUMPKIN

"All of America"? Surely you're flattering me.

Kylee grins slightly.

KYLEE

Well, a certain portion of America.

PUMPKIN

The gossip rags have already covered Duncan's story. And best of all? They kept me out of it. Didn't even bother to ask for a pull quote. But what Troy Swiddle just did on that stage... I've never been so embarrassed.

Kylee rubs Pumpkin's arms, calming her.

KYLEE

Can I get you anything?

PUMPKIN

Nothing.

KYLEE

Not even your favorite? Hot chocolate and honey.

PUMPKIN

Well, maybe just a half cup.

KYLEE

I'll get the water on.

Kylee smiles warmly, then walks toward the kitchen.

PUMPKIN

(calling after her)
I'm going to see him.

KYLEE

Excuse me? Not Troy.

PUMPKIN
No, not Troy. Screw Troy.

Kylee takes a second, wondering who she's referring to.
Finally, her eyebrows lower.

KYLEE
No....

PUMPKIN
I have to.

KYLEE
(quietly)
Duncan?

PUMPKIN
He needs to know.

KYLEE
Needs to know what?!

PUMPKIN
What I'm going through. What he put
me through. His whole family!

KYLEE
You know the repercussions if you
go and visit him in prison.
Pumpkin, for the past three years,
all we've done is distance you from
Duncan and his crime. If the media
finds out you went to visit him,
you'd look absolutely foolish. Much
more than you do now.

Pumpkin shakes her head, her anger becoming sadness.

PUMPKIN
I have to talk to him....

Kylee looks up to the wall, at all the photos depicting
Pumpkin, Brett, and Gillian.

KYLEE
Pumpkin, if you have a message,
we'll do what we always do, okay?
(beat)
We'll send Runtzer.

CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - VISITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: DETECTIVE EDGAR RUNTZER, who stands awkwardly at the back of the room, fidgeting with his coat.

WIDER. There are rows and rows of tables, where CONVICTS in black sit across from their lawyers or loved ones.

A side door opens, and in walks Duncan, wearing his usual prison garb. He spots Runtzer and smiles slightly.

DUNCAN

Runtz.

RUNTZER

Shall we have a seat?

Duncan nods. His shackles CLINK loudly as he they sit.

DUNCAN

It's been a while.

RUNTZER

Has it?

DUNCAN

It's been almost a year, Runtz.

RUNTZER

Would you like to spend our remaining time discussing the time interval between my last visit? Or do you want to talk about what I have to talk about?

Duncan nods slightly, indicating he's listening.

RUNTZER (CONT'D)

Pumpkin sends her regards.

DUNCAN

Pumpkin....

Duncan's face instantly fills with happiness. His cheeks turn a dark shade of red, and his eyes sparkle.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

How is she?

RUNTZER

She looks good. Very good.

DUNCAN
(playful)
You have a thing for my wife?

RUNTZER
Oh, no. I've learned my lesson.

Runtzer CHUCKLES a bit.

DUNCAN
And my son?

RUNTZER
Brett, uh.... He's good.

Runtzer's face twitches slightly. Obviously, he's keeping something back.

DUNCAN
What is it?

RUNTZER
(long beat of silence)
Nothing.

DUNCAN
Runtz. I'm alone in here. Day in.
Day out. For 21 years. I hear
enough silence. Get my drift?

RUNTZER
I'm not at liberty to discuss him,
as you're aware, as per Pumpkin's
instructions.

DUNCAN
But?

RUNTZER
But he's very happy. He just got a
promotion at work.

DUNCAN
A nice pay increase, huh?

RUNTZER
It's not about the money, with him.

DUNCAN
Course not. What kind of promotion
is it? I mean, fast food workers
can only go up so high....

Runtzer's silent. Obviously, his past lies to Duncan are hurting him more than he'd like.

RUNTZER

He's in charge now of catching the bad... workers... below him. Making sure they all follow the rules.

DUNCAN

Like a Vice Principal.

RUNTZER

Just like that.

DUNCAN

My son. Management. I never would have guessed.

Runtzer checks his watch, and Duncan's immediately offended.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Oh, don't let me hold you.

RUNTZER

I'm sorry, Dunc. I really am.

DUNCAN

What?

RUNTZER

If I stay too much longer, I'll be late for Brett's party.

DUNCAN

Oh.

RUNTZER

(quickly standing)

Just... know that Pumpkin wishes she could be here.

DUNCAN

You say that every time, Runtz, and yet here I am. Waiting. And she never comes.

RUNTZER

Her situation is rough. You have to hear me when I say that.

DUNCAN

Oh, I hear you. Loud and clear.
(leans forward)
(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 Forgive me though, for thinking
 that mine might me just a bit
 rougher.

RUNTZER
 Please. Spare me!

DUNCAN
 And that. Your hostility. I never
 really got that. If anyone should
 be hostile here, it should be me,
 toward you. I mean, after all,
 you're the guy who turned me in....

Duncan stands up, then clicks back to the door. He exits
 without giving Runtzer another look.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSE ON: the familiar gravestone of Milgate Epoch, with
 FRESH DIRT covering the casket.

Milgate Epoch; 1964-2005; a great loss

PULL OUT to reveal that Clarissa is crouched down beside the
 dirt, not wanting to trample on top of it. She has a single
 yellow GAZANIA in her hand.

Clarissa SNIFFS loudly, trying to hold back her emotions.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Clarissa? Is that you?

Clarissa quickly turns around, seeing TOMMY (50s). Tommy's
 wearing blue suspenders, his clothes covered in dirt. This is
 the grave digger, last seen briefly in #1x01.

TOMMY
 It's me. Tom.

Clarissa wipes the tears from her eyes as she studies the
 grave digger closely, up and down.

CLARISSA
 Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY
 "Tommy." Haven't heard that in
 years!

CLARISSA
 Well, get over here. How are you?

TOMMY

Great, just great! I'm in charge of the whole place now.

CLARISSA

Good for you! Whatever happened to Old Man Geller?

TOMMY

Died of a heart attack a couple years ago.

CLARISSA

Oh, that's terrible.

TOMMY

(chuckles)

We weren't too shaken up.

(beat)

But seriously, how long's it been? Twenty years?

CLARISSA

Yeah.

TOMMY

Where'd you go? I mean, one day you just up and quit your job here. Not that I'm blaming you or anything. It was never the most respectable place of work.

CLARISSA

Oh, no. You know I loved this job, Tommy. I just... I met someone. A wonderful man. We had a son, and then got married. And I never looked back.

Tommy looks past Clarissa, to the gravestone.

TOMMY

Milgate Epoch. Just buried him yesterday. You're his first visitor.

CLARISSA

I'll probably be his only.

Clarissa smiles sweetly, then delicately sets the yellow flower down on top of Epoch's gravestone.

TOMMY
 (doing the math)
 So he was... only 41. Such a shame.
 How'd he die?

CLARISSA
 (quickly)
 Heart attack.

TOMMY
 The monster that keeps killing.

Clarissa's head ticks a bit.

CLARISSA
 What'd you say?

TOMMY
 Heart attacks.
 (gestures all around)
 Responsible for at least a fourth
 of the residents in here. It just
 keeps killing.

CLOSE ON: Clarissa's eyes, as we hear Tommy's last words
 ECHOING QUIETLY in her mind....

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (echoing)
 Killing.... Just keeps killing....
 The monster.... Killing....

And just like that, Clarissa SNAPS!

Her eyes flash BLACK, and she extends her tongue like a
 serpent!

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 What the --

Clarissa's lips separate, revealing her shiny white teeth.
 She SNARLS loudly, HISSING from her throat.

Not a moment passes before she JUMPS onto Tommy's body,
 holding him tightly against a tree!

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Hey! What are you -- Stop!

POISONED CLARISSA
 Sssso ssssorry, Tommy. I'm ssssure
 you undersssstand....

Her tongue darts out again, licking his face. Then -- she BITES HIS NECK!

Tommy SCREAMS again, and as Clarissa pulls her teeth out of his flesh, a long strand of venomous saliva comes with it.

Clarissa wraps her arm around Tommy's neck ceaselessly, as the man's no longer struggling or fighting back. It's almost as if the white venom completely immobilized him.

Then -- SNAP! -- she twists his neck completely around!

She throws the body down onto the ground like a ragdoll.

AERIAL VIEW: The grave is on the right, with Clarissa and Tommy's body on the left. Clarissa looks up to the sky, smiling in delight.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

It's a MASSIVE PARTY, with dozens of happy PEOPLE. There's a wine station, a cheese buffet, and a huge "Congratulations Brett!" banner over the fireplace.

BRETT TRUANT stands under the banner, wearing his fancy new detective's uniform. He's LAUGHING at a joke and sipping from his glass of red wine.

Gillian sits in the corner, talking on her cell phone, a smile on her face. Though we can't hear who she's talking to, her giddy face reveals it must be Jacque.

BRETT

No, no, no! That's what he said!
I'd never even met the guy!

The officers and friends around Brett laugh loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUANT MANSION - SAME

Matilda and Clarissa slowly ascend the marble staircase, on their way to the party. Clarissa opens the door for Matilda, but doesn't step inside.

MATILDA

Thank you. Aren't you coming?

CLARISSA

I think I'll wait out here.

MATILDA

But I'd love for you to meet my
family....

CLARISSA

It's too soon. Don't you think?

MATILDA

(sadly)
It's been almost ten years....

Clarissa kisses her on the forehead and pushes her into the house. She stays behind as Matilda enters alone.

CLARISSA

Then they can wait a little longer.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - STUDY

Kylee and Pumpkin stand with Runtzer, laughing and drinking wine. And then their eyes turn to the entrance, where Matilda confidently enters the study.

PUMPKIN

Oh, sweet Jesus.

Pumpkin quickly chugs the rest of her wine, then hands the empty glass to Kylee, who takes it without hesitation.

KYLEE

Did you invite your mother-in-law?

PUMPKIN

Hell no. But I've got no problem de-inviting her. Do you?

Pumpkin quickly storms through the crowd, leaving Kylee to shoot Runtzer a quick glance.

RUNTZER

Oh, she'll do it. No doubt in my mind.

Matilda stares out at the crowd, a warm smile on her face. The smile widens as Pumpkin comes storming toward her.

MATILDA

Pumpkin. How are y--

PUMPKIN

I'm not going to sugarcoat this, Matilda. What the hell are you doing here?

A few of the guests notice the ruckus, and lean in closer.

MATILDA

My grandson was just promoted to detective. I'm here to support him.

PUMPKIN

Oh, no. You can call him on the phone later.

MATILDA
Surely you're joking?

PUMPKIN
(desperate)
If you leave now, I'll pay you ten thousand dollars.

Matilda's eyes remain steadfast and confident.

MATILDA
I'm going to congratulate my grandson. Now if you insist on making a scene, believe me Pumpkin, I have the fury and conviction of eighty years under my belt.

Pumpkin bites her lip, obviously torn. Eventually, she just HUFFS loudly and turns around.

PUMPKIN
(shouting behind her)
You have ten minutes.

MATILDA
Better start the stop watch.

Matilda slowly wades through the crowded study.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - STUDY - LATER

A bit later into the party. Many people have left.

Matilda sits on the couch, in between Brett and Gillian, in the middle of a long story.

MATILDA
And so what we did -- Gillian, are you listening?

GILLIAN
Yes, Grandma.

MATILDA
We had to put the chicken, with its head cut off, into the boiling vat of water. This is where your great-uncle Charles always had the most trouble. He couldn't stand to hear the sizzling of the little fowl's flesh. But not me.

(MORE)

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I'd shove the little critter down,
and hold it there, until the
feathers came off.

(beat)

And now you two -- you can just go
down to the neighborhood KFC and
get a bucket for two-ninety-nine.
Kids these days don't know the
meaning of the word "work." Which
is why, Brett, I'm so, so proud of
you. You're going to make it big in
this world. I just know it.

BRETT

Thank you, Grandma.

MATILDA

And you, my dear. I hear that
you're switching majors again? No
longer English, but instead
forensic science?

GILLIAN

Yeah. I know it sounds creepy, but
I've always loved finding out how
things worked. Clocks, broken toys,
and now humans, I guess. Getting to
study them, to look for clues --
both on their bodies and what their
bodies left behind.

MATILDA

And you've actually worked on
cadavers?

GILLIAN

Not yet. But by summer quarter, I
should be getting into the Anatomy
portion of my major.

MATILDA

Well, how exciting for you.

Gillian's cell phone suddenly rings. Her face lights up when
she sees who's calling.

GILLIAN

Can you excuse me for just a
minute?

BRETT

Go ahead, Gill.

Gillian quickly rushes away, as she answers her phone.

MATILDA

(huffs)

Cell phones. My goodness, everyone has one.

BRETT

Grandma, you need one too, you know.

MATILDA

Oh, Brett. I've lived this long without one. I don't see a reason to start now.

BRETT

What if we needed to get in touch with you? Like, if there was an emergency or something?

MATILDA

(with arm motions)

Shoot up a bat signal. And I'll come running.

Brett chuckles as his grandmother's winks. She watches him laugh, studying his face, his mouth, his dimples.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

So much like your father.

BRETT

I'm sorry?

MATILDA

Nothing. Listen, Brett, I was wondering if I could talk to you for a minute.

BRETT

We're talking.

MATILDA

I mean, privately.

BRETT

(suddenly worried)

Is it important?

MATILDA

It most definitely is.

Matilda surveys the crowd and spots Runtzer laughing in the corner with some of his fellow officers. She points a shaky finger in his direction.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

And Detective Runtzer needs to come with.

BRETT

Okay....

Pumpkin walks by the couch, holding an open bottle of wine.

MATILDA

(quickly)

Oh, Pumpkin?

Pumpkin turns to her, grimacing, but doesn't say anything. Matilda leans in, and speaks distinctly.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

How big is your conference room?

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Brett, Runtzer, and Clarissa, helping Matilda, enter into the dark conference room. Brett flicks a switch and the room lights up: the large circular table, the dozen or so leather seats, the projector and screen.

RUNTZER

Whoa. Reminds me of back when I was at the academy in Dallas.

BRETT

(chuckling)

Is it true you flunked out three times before you made Detective?

RUNTZER

Hey, don't listen to anything the guys told you up there!

Matilda ignores them as she takes in the large room, smiling excitedly. She quickly turns to Clarissa.

MATILDA

This is it.

CLARISSA

I think so too.

MATILDA

Do you have the photos?

Clarissa hands Matilda a manila file folder. (Eagle eyes will immediately recognize it as the same folder Matilda showed Duncan in #1x01.)

Brett and Runtzer exchange an odd glance. Matilda hands the envelope over to Runtzer, then she walks over to the seat at the head of the table and slowly sits down

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Brett... Runtzer... please sit.

Cautiously, they do so. Clarissa walks over behind Matilda and stands at attention.

ANGLE: over Brett's shoulder.

Brett pulls out two PHOTOS: One depicting Milgate Epoch's dead body, surrounded by the dead plants. The other, a CLOSE-UP of the note from Epoch's night stand. Something we've seen many times before:

DuNCaN TRuaNT KNøWS

Brett shoots a quick glance over to Runtzer, as Runtzer's eyebrows lower in curiosity.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Gentlemen? As of this moment,
there's no going back....

Matilda smiles wickedly, as she prepares for her long story.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CALMAX - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

The cell is pitch black. Duncan's fast asleep in his bed. Suddenly, there's a HORRIFYING SCREAM!

He jolts up in bed and listens to the sounds coming from the hallway. More SCREAMS, more WAILS OF PAIN. Then... silence.

Duncan breathes heavily, scared for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - MORNING

BUZZZZZ! The metal door opens.

Duncan is on the ground, doing push-up after push-up on the cement. He's shirtless and covered in sweat, accentuating his huge muscles.

Duncan finishes his rep, then finally looks up to see who's standing there. It's BERNIE, the friendly guard.

BERNIE

Put your clothes on.

DUNCAN

(flexes his muscles)
Why? Jealous?

BERNIE

Warden wants to see you.
(beat)
In his office.

Duncan's face instantly becomes a mix of curiosity and excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE-ON: Duncan's SHACKLES, attached to his feet and hands.

WIDER. Duncan is sitting in a chair, surrounded by Bernie and a FAT GUARD. Warden Cross sits confidently at his desk.

WARDEN
Guards, thank you. Please, step
outside.

The guards exchange a worried look, cautious about leaving
him alone with Duncan.

BERNIE
But Warden --

WARDEN
-- Go ahead. I'll be fine.

The guards nod, and then exit. Duncan watches them go,
feeling terribly uneasy.

DUNCAN
Something wrong, Warden?

Warden Cross remains calm in his chair, staring at Duncan for
the longest time.

WARDEN
Actually, yes. Three days ago, a
man only described as being Arabian
in appearance visited the home of
Marcia Dedecus.

Duncan's mouth shoots open.

DUNCAN
There's a name I haven't heard in
years.

WARDEN
Marcia was interviewed by local
police, but not before telling this
man everything she knew.

Duncan brings his hands up as high as the shackles will allow
and rubs his ears furiously.

DUNCAN
Sorry, Warden. I know you must be
saying something important, but
these old ears of mine just aren't
picking it up.

WARDEN
Marcia told him the truth.

DUNCAN
Everything?

WARDEN
Everything.

DUNCAN
Just like that? She just came out
and -- just like that?

WARDEN
This man, this intruder, used...
terrible means.

The Warden's chin quivers as he says those words.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MARCIA DEDECUS'S HOME - FLASHBACK

As daylight beams in from the window in the background, a terrible WHIRRING sound destroys all sense of serenity.

The ARABIAN holds a tiny hand-held saw, almost like a miniaturized chain saw, at the throat of MARCIA DEDECUS.

Marcia SCREAMS bloody murder as the tiny saw inches closer and closer to her throat. Then -- it makes contact with her skin. Blood SPURTS everywhere!

The Arabian closes his eyes as blood sprays onto his face. His face is expressionless, though a single tear wells in the corner of his eye and slowly drips down his cheek, joining with the woman's blood to become one.

MARCIA
Stop! Stop! Please!
(throaty beat)
I'll tell you!

CLOSE ON: the tiny saw, now red with blood, as it WHIRS for the last time before he shuts it off.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - WARDEN'S OFFICE - SAME

The Warden finishes the horrifying story. Duncan's eyes are closed, out of respect.

WARDEN
She'll be okay. A few stitches, but
other than that, she'll be fine.

DUNCAN

Why? Why would someone to go to her now? That doesn't make any sense.

WARDEN

I don't know, Mr. Truant. But whoever this man works for? He now knows the truth. Your truth.

(beat)

And we can only imagine the worst that can come from it....

WIDE SHOT: Duncan and Warden Cross sit on opposite sides of the desk, but still joined together by their secret.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN DOCK - DAY

Clarissa once again sits on the dock, her legs dangling over. But this time, she's joined by Matilda. Both women sit in silence, staring out at the bright ocean water.

MATILDA

(poetically)

"In the talk on the soul and eternity and God off of his equal plane, he is silent. The poet sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement... he sees eternity in men and women... he does not see men and women as dreams or dots."

CLARISSA

(taking it in)

Beautiful.

Matilda becomes suddenly frustrated.

MATILDA

As we wait, as we organize, as we watch our backs, Clarissa, it's not becoming any more clear that what we're preparing for will ever come to fruition.

CLARISSA

Milgate died two months ago. We can only hope that what we're preparing for will never come to fruition.

MATILDA

Are The Poisoned even out there? I mean, my God, are we just wasting our time?

CLARISSA

All I know is what I learned from Milgate during our marriage. And that wasn't very much.

MATILDA

But there was a time. When you talked. When you helped him even.

CLARISSA

Yes.

MATILDA

Think back. Did he specifically say the people he healed could turn evil? In those words? Think back. Think!

Matilda begins trembling on the dock, overcome with emotion.

CLARISSA

He did. Only, he couldn't know for sure. How could he? It's what his father told him on his deathbed.

The women stare out at the ocean again.

WILLIAM EPOCH (V.O.)

(softly, echoing)

A human catastrophe....

Clarissa slowly leans over and kisses Matilda's forehead.

CLARISSA

Whatever happens in the near future -- whatever happens to you... or me. Just know this. I love you, Matilda, with every part of me. And don't ever think otherwise.

Matilda smiles back, for the first time. As they kiss, Clarissa's eyes reveal she's not being totally truthful.

MATILDA

We'll be ready for them. If and when they decide to attack. After all, there's only one more person to join our Team.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
 Yeah. And with the knowledge gained
 by our friend, it won't be long now
 before Duncan's release....

WIDE SHOT: the two women hold each other, as the sun shines brightly above the ocean water.

CUT TO:

INT. VITAMIN STORE - DAY

SPLASH!

Water is thrust onto Jacque's face from the sink. He turns off the faucet and rubs his face dry.

GILLIAN (O.S.)
 I always thought something was off
 about you, but don't you dare tell
 me you take baths in the sink.

Jacque turns around to see Gillian standing behind him, a big smile on his face.

JACQUE
 Hey there. How was school?

He walks over and gives her a big hug. But they don't kiss.

GILLIAN
 Good. Pre-calc sucks, though. I
 can't wait to finish all these
 stupid requirement classes, and get
 right down to the meat and potatoes
 of my major.

JACQUE
 No kidding.

GILLIAN
 Hey, I was thinking of getting a
 bite to eat later. What time are
 you off?

Jacque walks behind the counter to look at his cell phone.

JACQUE
 Half hour. Do you mind waiting?

GILLIAN
 No. Not at all. It's boring to eat
 alone, if you ask me.

JACQUE
Yeah, right, you just don't want everyone in the restaurant to think you're a loser with no friends.

GILLIAN
Can you blame me?!

They CHUCKLE, then hug again.

JACQUE
So, I'll call you when I get off?

GILLIAN
Sure. Bye, Jacque.

She gives him a sexy wave, then walks to the door.

CLOSE ON: a pair of POISONED BLACK EYES!

PULL OUT to reveal the eyes belong to Maxwell Lhora, the lawyer from the Teaser. His eyes return to normal.

Maxwell walks through an aisle filled with vitamins, his bald head glistening from the lights above. He meets up with Jacque and they stand side by side, watching Gillian exit.

MAXWELL
She's cute.

JACQUE
I think so too.

MAXWELL
Does she have any idea what she's getting herself into?

JACQUE
(long beat)
That'd take all the fun out of it now, wouldn't it?

Jacque and Maxwell exchange a friendly CHUCKLE, as Maxwell slyly licks his lips.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pumpkin's standing in front of the mirror, removing her make-up for the night. She feels something at her side, so she looks over... and jumps when she sees Matilda at the door!

PUMPKIN

Good God! What the hell are you doing?

MATILDA

Hello to you too.

Matilda floats across the room carrying a file folder, and sits on the king-sized bed. She presses down on the mattress.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Sad. I would have thought it'd be softer.

PUMPKIN

(confused)

... Get out!

MATILDA

So soon? I've just come to talk.

PUMPKIN

You? "Just" talk?

MATILDA

You're right. It's kind of a tell and show.

Matilda throws down a pile of black-and-white PHOTOS. The depictions are absolutely disturbing. A YOUNG BOY with a single bullet hole in his head. Blood everywhere. Picture after picture, all showing the ugly truth.

PUMPKIN

Stop. Stop it!

MATILDA

Why? What's the harm? He's already dead, isn't he?

PUMPKIN

Get the hell out of my house!

MATILDA
Spare me. You know the truth.
There's no way you don't.

Pumpkin walks to the doorway, but stops. She turns around to face the old woman before her.

PUMPKIN
What "truth"?

MATILDA
The truth I was just recently informed of.
(beat)
That Duncan is not guilty of murdering this boy.

Pumpkin just stares at her, as a tear streams down her face.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MARCIA DEDECUS'S HOME - FLASHBACK

Back to the torture scene, between the Arabian and Marcia.

MARCIA
Stop! Stop! Please!
(throaty beat)
I'll tell you!

CLOSE ON: the tiny saw, now red with blood, as it WHIRS for the last time before he shuts it off.

Marcia breathes roughly, coming close to hyperventilating, as blood drips from the open wound at her throat.

The Arabian leans down and stares at her eye-to-eye, his own face still splattered with her blood.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
Duncan Truant... didn't do it.

Marcia has trouble breathing, so the Arabian calmly rubs her shoulders. It seems to work, and she catches her breath.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
He... took the fall....

He leans in closer, now only inches from her face.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
He just... took the gun. Oh God! He
-- He thought it could be fixed!

The Arabian finally speaks.

ARABIAN
Who killed your son that day?

MARCIA
My -- My husband!

ARABIAN
(soft beat)
The Senator?

MARCIA
Yes! I'm so sorry! So sorry!

She WAILS loudly, as the Arabian stands upright and calmly unties the woman's hands from behind her back.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
Wait -- What are you doing?

ARABIAN
(calmly)
Driving you to the hospital.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Back to Matilda, on the bed, and Pumpkin, at the door. Matilda sits in silence, staring at her, studying her.

MATILDA
Duncan must have told you. He loved you, more than anything.

Pumpkin wipes the tears from her eyes, and quickly turns back to the old woman sitting on her bed.

PUMPKIN
So what? What does it even matter? Don't you think I've tried? Tried to convince him to tell the truth! My God, it's been 21 years, Matilda. He's been protecting that godforsaken Senator for two decades! I tried everything! And then... I won the money. And word got out about what he'd done. And it was decided that it would be best if I didn't visit him any --
(voice cracks)
Any more.

MATILDA
I'm not here to judge you.

PUMPKIN
Then what?

MATILDA
I had to see if I was right.

PUMPKIN
(snippy)
Yeah. You're right. Congratulations. You've won 6.4 million dollars....

Pumpkin lowers her head, realizing she's speaking nonsense.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
Just go. Okay?

MATILDA
You've tried for 21 years to get him to confess so he'd be set free. I can get him out of that jail cell and back here within a month.

PUMPKIN
(laughing)
You're crazier than I thought.

MATILDA
Am I?

PUMPKIN
He won't confess. And I don't care who the hell you think you are. You're only his mother by blood. Don't ever forget that.

MATILDA
I used to be a Representative of this great state. I still have my connections.
(beat)
And I'm very convincing.

Matilda holds out her hands, needing to be helped up.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
Come on. Help an old woman off this bed.

Pumpkin slowly walks over, and with heavy trepidation, extends her hands to help Matilda off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - WARDEN'S OFFICE - WEEKS LATER

CLOSE-ON: an official document. We skim over the document, seeing the phrases: "immediate release," "Duncan Truant," "strict confidentiality," "sign here."

A hand glides across the paper and SIGNS a name quickly.

PULL OUT to reveal that it's Warden Cross who just signed the paper, a slight hint of fear in his eyes.

Sitting opposite him is Matilda. Three SUIT-WEARING MEN stand behind her, presumably members of Congress. Her connections.

WARDEN

So is that it?

Matilda grabs the document and double-checks his signature.

MATILDA

That's it.

(beat)

Now, shall I go tell him the good news? Or will you?

Warden Cross stands, staring at all of the high-up people in his office, then quickly exits without a word.

STAY ON MATILDA, who gives a devilishly proud smile. She looks ahead, past the document, to nothing in particular.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

And now, you're mine.

FADE TO:

QUICK-PACED MONTAGE

We re-visit several key scenes here, as an instrumental background score, "**Theme**" by **Jon Brion**, plays loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. CALMAX - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

Warden Cross stands above Duncan in the cell.

DUNCAN
Hurry up with it. I've got a busy
day in front of me.

WARDEN
You're... being released.

CLOSE UP of Duncan's features, as he realizes the weight of
what he's being told.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINE COUNTRY RV PARK - DAY

Duncan and Runtzer are standing outside the old RV Park.

RUNTZER
When's the last time you saw your
wife?

DUNCAN
I don't know. Three years, maybe?
She just stopped coming....

RUNTZER
A lot's happened in those three
years, Dunc. A lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Matilda opens the door to the limo, and Duncan's mouth shoots
open as he comes face to face with her.

MATILDA
Are you going to get in the car, or
am I going to have to pull you in
by your teeth?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Duncan is frustrated by his mother's constant questioning.

DUNCAN
But I don't know anything....

MATILDA
Then I'll have no other choice than
to have my driver turn around and
take us back to the prison.

DUNCAN
This... is why I was released?

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - CAR PARK - DAY

The limousine parks just outside the cemetery, next to Runtzer's sedan.

DUNCAN
 Runtzer. Of course.

MATILDA
 He's very useful. His ties to the city, his experience....

DUNCAN
 His betrayals?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Matilda speaks to Pumpkin over the phone, as Duncan listens.

PUMPKIN
 Gillian's away, and I have things I need to tell him.

MATILDA
 I'll pass along the word.

Matilda quickly hangs up.

DUNCAN
 "Gillian"?

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - FOYER

Duncan stands face-to-face with his wife.

PUMPKIN
 You've... heard about Gillian?

DUNCAN
 What is it?

PUMPKIN
 I... never got the abortion.

DUNCAN
Wh -- What?

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pumpkin and Duncan are in the bedroom.

PUMPKIN
You lost 21 years. And I stopped coming. So here I am, looking you in the face, and apologizing.

DUNCAN
I'd... like to be close to you. Again. Not a day went by in there --

Pumpkin gives him a quick kiss on the lips!

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Whoa. What -- What was that for?

PUMPKIN
Just... another apology.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - CELLAR - DAY

Duncan and Brett step into the cellar, seeing all the cells.

BRETT
This was originally a wine cellar. In fact, it was one of the great selling points when we were shopping around for the house.

DUNCAN
Your mother does love her wine.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Pumpkin and Brett are lying side-by-side on the bed.

PUMPKIN
I kissed him.

BRETT
You mean, he kissed you?

PUMPKIN
 Brett... there's a lot of things
 you don't know about your father.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Gillian and Pumpkin stand at the front door.

GILLIAN
 You've been crying, and now you're
 lying. Great. Great relationship we
 have, you and I.

PUMPKIN
 Would you like to join me? We
 can... talk... on the way.

GILLIAN
 Join you where?

PUMPKIN
 To the wine cellar.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROCKWASH HOME - DAY

SLOW-MOTION hero shot of Duncan walking, carrying the
 deceased body of the 10 year-old Samantha Brockwash.

The MUSIC MONTAGE ENDS as we finally catch up to the PRESENT.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUANT MANSION - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Duncan trudges through the house, still holding the body of
 the little girl. He walks down the stairs, all the while
 being followed behind by Matilda and the Arabian.

MATILDA
 It's time, Duncan. Let her go.

DUNCAN
 No way.

MATILDA
 Let her. Go.

DUNCAN
You can't boss me around! You hear?

ARABIAN

What are you hoping to accomplish with this, Mr. Truant? She is dead.

DUNCAN

(snarling)

She didn't die for nothing. I'm not going to let her!

MATILDA

Meaning?

DUNCAN

Meaning we're going to study her. We're going to find out what made her this way. So we can stop it.

Duncan's crying now, with tears falling down his cheeks.

ARABIAN

Mr. Tr--

MATILDA

(interrupting)

Let him go. He needs to go.

Matilda and the Arabian hold back, as Duncan reaches a black door in the wall. He kicks the door open, leading into:

INT. WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Duncan goes toward the light switch, but he's surprised to see the light's already on. And there's LAUGHING from inside.

DUNCAN

What the --

He's shocked to see Pumpkin sitting in the middle of the room, holding a glass of wine. Next to her, also with wine, is the slightly inebriated Gillian Truant.

PUMPKIN

(shocked)

Duncan! Oh my.... Duncan....

Duncan eyes Gillian for the first time, recognizing her immediately. He CLEARS HIS THROAT, completely uncomfortable, and not at all ready for this.

DUNCAN

Oh my God.

GILLIAN
(slurring)
Mom. Who is that? And what's he
holding?

Pumpkin ignores the last question, but she sets down her wine glass and quickly stands. She rubs her pants uncomfortably.

PUMPKIN
Gillian... this is Duncan.

Duncan swallows, shifting the dead girl's weight in his arms. Gillian nods, smiling sweetly.

GILLIAN
Hi, Duncan.

DUNCAN
Gillian... I'm... I'm your dad.

All eyes turn to Gillian, who sobers up instantly.

GILLIAN
Huh?

Gillian drops the glass of wine, and it SHATTERS loudly on the cement floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

CUT AWAY TO:

SHACKLES