

JOHN
 (shakes his head)
 You're still talking about doing this
 crazy thing? We talked about this.

ANN
 Thanks for the words of encouragement.

JOHN
 C'mon. You know what I mean.

ANN
 (looks hard at John)
 Yeah, I do.

JOHN
 I just think dredging all that old stuff
 up is just going to make things worse.

ANN
 For who? You or me?

Ann and John stare at each other. Stalemate.

13 EXT. JULIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

13

Ann's cab pulls up to a middle class neighborhood. She
 climbs out, pays off the cabbie and heads to a humble but
 well maintained row house.

She looks down at the address on a slip of paper, takes a
 deep breath, and rings the bell.

A man in his sixties opens the door, WILL ZACK. With broad
 shoulders and a huge barrel chest, Will can still command
 respect, and intimidation, without much effort.

WILL
 What?

ANN
 Mr. Zack?

WILL
 If you're here to save my soul, you came
 to the wrong place.

ANN
 No, no I came to talk to you about your
 daughter, Julie.

This sends off a few red flags.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
What about her?

Ann struggles for an approach.

ANN
Can I come in and talk to you for a
minute?

WILL
Are you a friend of hers?

ANN
Not exactly but I have something of hers.

WILL
And what's that?

ANN
I think I have... It's going to sound
completely insane. Could I come in? I
want to talk to you about her murder.

WILL
Murder? What are you talking about?

ANN
(stammers)
Her murder. I know it's not easy but...

WILL
(glares)
My daughter wasn't murdered. Who are
you?

ANN
(taken aback by Will's glare)
My name is Ann Culver and I... you didn't
know she was murdered?

WILL
No because she wasn't murdered.
(lowers his voice, turns over
his shoulder)
She killed herself. What are you doing
here?

ANN
I think I have... information that
someone... ah...

Will gestures to the darkened living room behind him.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Listen, whoever you are! I'm not going to put her through it. She's suffered enough. It's over. My daughter is gone and nothing you say is going to bring her back. Now just turn around and...

An Italian woman in her sixties steps behind her husband. This is Julie's mother, MIRIAM ZACK. She has the thousand yard stare of someone struggling back on the long road from nowhere.

MIRIAM

(to Ann)

What did you say?

WILL

Go back inside.

MIRIAM

No. I heard what she said.

(to Ann)

Come in.

Miriam turns around and disappears back into the dark living room. Will turns back to Ann with daggers in his eyes. He just stands there. Ann hesitatingly walks past him inside.

14 INT. JULIE'S PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

14

Ann enters the darkened living room. The heavy shades give the place the feel of a funeral home. Miriam sits down on the sofa and waits for Ann to sit next to her.

Will walks past them both into the kitchen.

ANN

I'm sorry to come here and stir things up. Maybe I shouldn't have come.

Miriam stares at an empty chair next to Ann like there's someone in it.

MIRIAM

You got something you need to say. Say it.

ANN

I came to talk to you. To figure out what happened to your daughter and what's... happening to me, I guess.

(CONTINUED)