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Executive Producer: Jonathan Littman
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COLD CASE

"Fly Away"

Written by
Veena Sud

Directed by
James Whitmore Jr.

PRODUCTION #176-708
Episode Eight

Production Draft
September 30, 2003
Revised Blue 10/01/03
# Script Revision History

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COLD CASE

"Fly Away"

CAST LIST

LILLY RUSH
JOHN STILLMAN
NICK VERA
WILL JEFFRIES
SCOTTY VALENS

ROSIE MILES
TOYA MILES
ANITA KHOSLA
JED FREELY
IRENE JABLONSKI
TAMMY HYSKA
TOM STERLING
ANGEL RIVERA
MCLEAN WYKOWSKI
PHILIP WILLIAMS
COLD CASE

"Fly Away"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

HOMICIDE
  Cold Case Room *
  Interview A/Observation Room
ROSIE’S APARTMENT
  Bedroom/Hallway/Basement
REHAB HOSPITAL/ROSIE’S ROOM
OFFICE OF CHILDREN, YOUTH, FAMILY
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM
  Auditorium/Hallway
POOL HALL
RUSH’S APARTMENT
PPD LOBBY
BAR

EXTERIORS

ROSIE’S APARTMENT – DAY/NIGHT
  Backyard
  *
MCLEAN’S CAR – NIGHT
PPD
  Food Cart
ROSIE’S NEIGHBORHOOD (STOCK) *
**COLD CASE**

"Fly Away"

**TIME SPAN**

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"FLY AWAY"

FADE IN:

MUSIC: "BEAUTIFUL DAY" (U2)

1 INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2001

May. Wind chimes tinkle in the open window. ROSIE MILES, 23, in cut offs and cheap mascara, enters the dark bedroom. In her arms is TOYA MILES, 6, adorable, pink pajamas.

ROSIE
You gonna sleep with Mama tonight, 'kay?

They crawl into the single bed, Toya's eyes darting around fearfully.

TOYA
Mama?

ROSIE
Huh?

TOYA
It's dark.

ROSIE
Shhhhh. It's gonna be okay, baby. Know why?

TOYA
Cuz Mama says so?

Something in Rosie's eyes: tears? She blinks them away.

ROSIE
(whisper)
Yeah. Cuz Mama says so.

TOYA
(sleepy)
Mama?

ROSIE
Huh?

TOYA
He ain't comin' back, right?

ROSIE
(tight)
No, he ain't. Now go to sleep.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOYA

Mama?

ROSIE

What, Toya?

TOYA

You don't gotta cry no more.

And with that, Toya drifts off. For a beat, Rosie stares into the dark. Then her eyelids flutter, close.

From outside the bedroom comes the sound of the front door CREAKING OPEN. Approaching FOOTSTEPS. Rosie slowly opens her eyes. Afraid --

EXT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BACKYARD - ANGLE ON WINDOW - LATER

Music crescendos as a SCREAM rips through the night. The 3rd floor bedroom window shatters, Rosie and Toya flung through it in slow motion. Their bodies plummet slowly towards CAMERA, picking up speed, hurtling faster and faster towards the hard, unforgiving ground, as they slam straight into camera--

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

On a fresh brown box. A hand writes in black marker: "Milco, T. M01-179. May 2001"

EXT. PPD - PRESENT DAY - 2003 (DAY ONE)

November. Cold weather clothes. RUSH and STILLMAN chomping hot dogs at a food cart --

STILLMAN

... Kid died on impact. Mom survived only to lapse into a coma a few hours after the attack. Going on two years.

RUSH

Two years in a coma?

VALENS arrives, hurried. Goes to buy his own hot dog --

VALENS

(to Rush)

Just saw your boy Kite at the courthouse.

STILLMAN

A.D.A. Kite?

Rush shrugs, blows it off. Still talking about the case --

(CONTINUED)
RUSH
That was Billy Markins' job, right?

STILLMAN
(nods)
Thirty three years on and then this hummer comes in. Never got the doer.

Rush explains to Valens --

RUSH
Dead kid and her mom thrown out a window.

VALENS
How old's the job?

RUSH

Valens nods, absorbing; then --

VALENS
He asked about you. Kite.
(then)
Yo, hand me that ketchup?

RUSH
(gives it to him, to Stillman)
Remember that picture Markins had on his wall?

STILLMAN
(nods)
Mom and kid makin' a snowman.

RUSH
That's the job?

STILLMAN
Yup. Only case he left open when he retired.

VALENS
So the assigned worked it good but got nada for his efforts?

STILLMAN
(shrugs)
His only witness was in a coma.

They head in. Rush glances at Valens; can't help it --

(continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

RUSH
What'd he ask? Kite.

VALENS
Where you were.

She nods, tries to act neutral. Stillman looks at her, feigns alarm --

STILLMAN
You getting a social life going or something?

RUSH
(light)
No way.

STILLMAN
Good. 'Cause this Miles case has new direction.

RUSH
Yeah? Why're we interested now?

STILLMAN
(beat)
Because Mom just woke up.

Off which --

5
INT. REHAB HOSPITAL - ROSIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sterile, white room. In the bed, tubes running into her atrophied body, lies Rosie. We see a flash of her younger self: long hair, make up, bursting with a young girl's glow. Now gone for good: all bony angles, pallid skin, cropped head.

Rush and Valens approach with DR. ANITA KHOSLA, 40's, clinical, stern --

RUSH
... How long has she been awake?

KHOSLA
Eighteen hours.

VALENS
She talking?

KHOSLA
(nods)
She's cognizant of her environment, lucid, but minimal verbal function.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KHOSLA (CONT'D)
She hasn't spoken of the incident
with her daughter yet.  (to Rosie)
Some people here to see you, Miss
Miles.

Rosie stares up at the ceiling. Catatonic-like.

VALENS
Can she hear you?

KHOSLA
She was responding before.

RUSH
(gentle)
Hi, Rosie. I'm Detective Rush,
Detective Valens. How you doin'?

No response. Rosie continues to stare blankly. Rush and
Valens exchange a look.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Rosie? We're here to help you, okay?
With what happened to you and Toya.

Rosie's eyes focus slowly on Rush.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Your little girl?

Rush holds out a tattered PHOTO of Toya and Rosie: noses
red, laughing at camera, arms around a snowman.

A flicker of recognition. Then, suddenly, Rosie's eyes bulge:

ROSIE
(whisper)
Toya...

RUSH
Toya? Is that what you're saying?

ROSIE
Butterflies. Toya and butterflies...
I see her...

[Fragmented Flashback: brief, distorted, surreal, terrifying
a la "Jacob's Ladder." All Rosie's f.b.'s in this style where
noted]
Standing behind Rush is Toya: deathly pale, eyes blood shot, arms livid with dark, horrible bruises. Crumpled, paper butterfly wings on her shoulders.

TOYA
(out of sync)
It's dark in here, Mama.

BACK TO SCENE

Toya gone in the blink of an eye. Only Rush, leaning forward, worried:

RUSH
Toya had butterfly wings? And bruises?

ROSIE
On her arms... He bruised her...

VALENS
Who did?

ROSIE
The man.

RUSH
What man, Rosie?

ROSIE
The one... in the bedroom.

Rush and Valens exchange a look: ka-ching.

VALENS
What can you tell us about him?

ROSIE
He... put bruises on her... when she wouldn't smile at him.

RUSH
Did you know him before that night?

ROSIE
(puzzled)
What... night?

RUSH
The night you and Toya... the night of the accident, Rosie.

ROSIE
What accident?
CONTINUED:

Rush and Valens react: holy shit. Turn to Khosla:

RUSH
 Doesn't she know?

KHOSLA
 I... I'm not sure--

ROSIE
 Know what?

Her eyes fixed on Rush: blank.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
 What am I supposed to know?

Off this, we--

OMITTED

MAIN TITLES.

CUT TO:

FADE OUT.
INT. COLD CASE ROOM - DAY

Rush and Valens sift through the murder box, Stillman looking on --

STILLMAN
Bruises and butterflies?

VALENS
That's what Rosie remembers 'bout Toya.

RUSH
... She's got retrograde amnesia. Long term memory's intact but whatever went down that night...

VALENS
(snaps fingers)
Gone. She didn't even know Toya was dead.

STILLMAN
Gone forever?

VALENS
If she starts rememberin', it'll come piece meal.

RUSH
This type amnesia's emotional, not physical. She *should* be able to remember.

VALENS
Question is: does she want to?

Rush is looking at the photo of Rosie and Toya in the snow. Little girl. Big, bad world.

RUSH
Rosie said the man in the bedroom bruised up Toya when she wouldn't smile.

STILLMAN
Implying they knew him.

VALENS
Markins, the assigned? He thought the doer was a stranger.

(CONTINUED)
STILLMAN
(to Rush)
You trade thoughts with Markins yet?

RUSH
(nods)
Caught him between tee times in Myrtle Beach. His theory was a burglary
gone bad. The doer's on crack, PCP --
breaks into the apartment, not
expectin' Rosie to wake up. She
does, he panics, kills 'em both.

VALENS
(from report)
911 call came in five minutes after
Rosie and Toya hit the ground. Voice
was a black male, never ID'd. Plus
the victims' building manager reported
a black male running from the scene.

STILLMAN
Black male haulin' ass in lily white
Port Richmond? Stands out like Vera
in a bikini.

VALENS
Theory's decent.
(from report)
Forced entry, struggle in the bedroom,
missin' VCR.

RUSH
Street value twenty bucks.

STILLMAN
Wouldn't be the first time a kid
lost her life for pocket change.

RUSH
I don't know what the butterflies
mean -- and I don't see any bruises
on Toya.

She holds up Toya's AUTOPSY PHOTO: bare, unmarked arms.

STILLMAN
Let's find out who this man in the
bedroom was.

A moment as they take in the autopsy photo. Toya so small
on the slab. Rush nods --

(CONTINUED)
RUSH

'Cause maybe he's coming back.

(off their looks)

He doesn't know Rosie can't remember.
All he knows...is he left a witness behind.

Off Rush--

INT. OFFICE OF CHILDREN, YOUTH AND FAMILY - DAY

In a cluttered cubicle, Rush and Valens with Jed Freely, 42, crew cut, clean cut, Employee of the Year placards:

FREELY

... Case number 3579. I was Rosie Miles' court ordered supervisor for ten months.

VALENS

Court ordered, Mr. Freely?

FREELY

Rosie got a DUI three years ago.
Judge didn't take the kid away, but assigned me as her case worker.

Rush is ill-at-ease in this place. Valens notices.

RUSH

Rosie have a drinking problem?

FREELY

Pregnant at seventeen, dad's MIA before her kid's born. When she realizes all she's got to look forward to in life is Pampers and stretchmarks? She finds God at the bottom of a forty.

RUSH

Did she ever hit Toya? Ever notice any bruises?

FREELY

No. Never. Court woulda taken Toya away if she did. That's what I was there for.

VALENS

(from pad)
You were at Rosie's apartment the day of the murder, right?

(continued)
FREELY

(nods)
We call them unannounced home visits. Rosie's snorin', TV's blasting, kid's eatin' Ho Hos for breakfast. The usual.

RUSH
But you said in your report, everything was satisfactory.

FREELY
According to department guidelines, it was.

VALENS
She have a boyfriend mighta hurt Toya?

FREELY
(beat)
I don't think Rosie liked men all that much.

VALENS
That a fact.

FREELY
I don't mean gay. Just...

(shrugs)
Most of these girls give it up for a Big Mac and super size fries. But Rosie? It was like she shut that door forever.

Off this--

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Faded paper angels flutter in the open window. Years of grime. Inner city public school.

JABLONSKI (O.S.)
Toya loved to draw....

JEFFRIES and VERA sit with IRENE JABLONSKI, 39, frazzled hair, fluttering hands, kindergarten teacher. A box of scribbled drawings on the table.

JABLONSKI (CONT'D)
I never had the heart to throw them away.

(CONTINUED)
JEFFRIES
You saw Toya and her mother on the
day of the murder. At a school play?
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10 CONTINUED: (2)

JABLONSKI
Yes. We do that play every year. The Flight of the Monarch Butterflies.

VERA
(surprised)
The play was about butterflies?

JABLONSKI
It was, yes.

Jeffries and Vera exchange a look.

JEFFRIES
Can you tell us what you remember from that day?

JABLONSKI
(bittersweet smile)
Toya knew all her lines. She was the only one...

PRELAP AUDIO: Children SINGING. As CAMERA TRACKS past Jablonski, past paper angels in the window, we drift back in time...

11 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY - 2001

A gaggle of 6-year olds in leotards and butterfly wings crowd the stage, flubbing up lines of the song. Toya in the center: full of spunk, radiant. Singing:

TOYA
(to Twinkle Twinkle
Little Star)
... Little monarch butterfly/Spread
your wings and flutter high/Touch
the sun and kiss the sky/Fly away,
my butterfly...

A beaming Jablonski checks out the audience of gaga parents. She sees someone and her smile fades. Rosie. Staring up at Toya. Weeping...

12 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - RESUME

Jeffries, Vera and Jablonski scrunched at a kid's table.

JEFFRIES
... Why was Rosie crying?

JABLONSKI
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)
JEFFRIES
Did you ever see any marks on Toya's arms, Mrs. Jablonski?

VERA
Bruises? Signs of abuse?

JABLONSKI
No. We're trained to look for those things. That's not something you forget, detective.

VERA
Two years is a long time to remember.

JABLONSKI
(firm)
Toya always came to school with a lunch. Clean clothes. She was a happy child. Loved. That's not something you forget either. Not around here.

Off which --

12A
EXT. ROSIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

To establish. Philadelphia stock of Port Richmond --

13
INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Abandoned. Fresh paint. A flash of the bedroom from the teaser: cluttered with toys, clothes, color, life. Now only a single white curtain blows in the wind like a ghost.

TAMMY (O.S.)
No renter since Rosie...

Rush and Valens wander through with TAMMY HYSKA, mid 40's, bad dye job, heavy Polish accent. Through the wall, the sound of dogs madly barking.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
People's afraid. Don't wanna livin' no house with dead kid. My brother he come from Poland. Stay here. Leave.
(banging on wall)
Shut it, damn dogs...!

As she yells at the dogs, Rush scopes out the bedroom. Notes a distinct 5-inch hole in the bedroom wall, near the ceiling.
CONTINUED:

RUSH
(takes a photo)
That wasn't in the crime scene photo.

VALENS
What is it? Cable line?
RUSH
Too big. And you're not gonna run a
cable line that high up.

Rush checks the crime scene photo of the bedroom: a large
armoire obscures the hole.

RUSH (CONT'D)
What happened to this armoire, Tammy?

TAMMY
In my place.

VALENS
Oh yeah?

TAMMY
I keep it for Rosie. So what?

VALENS
(amused)
Ever see any bruises on Toya?

TAMMY
Bruises? No, no. Rosie, she no

RUSH
Maybe a boyfriend then?
(off report)
Says here you witnessed someone
running from the house that night.

TAMMY
(eyes flashing)
Black. He run and run.

RUSH
Maybe he was Rosie's boyfriend?

For the first time, a sunny crack in her sour mug.

TAMMY
When pigs fly.

VALENS
Rosie got a problem with black men?

TAMMY
I gotta problem, know what I mean?
My house. My rules. Men at Rosie's
that night maybe boyfriend? Yes.
Black maybe boyfriend? No.

(Continued)
RUSH
(surprise)
Men at Rosie's? What night?

TAMMY
Night Toya fall. I hear men voices all night.

VALENS
(surprised)
The night she died?

TAMMY
In, out, clomp up, down stairs. No black boyfriend --

RUSH
You didn't mention this in the previous investigation.

TAMMY
(perplexed)
I see black run. I tell black run. Black did it. Yes?

Rush and Valens exchange a look.

RUSH
You see men go up in her place a lot, Tammy?

TAMMY
No. But one bedroom apartment? Toya sleep on couch I think. Rosie keep bedroom for self for a reason, no?

Rush reacts.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
But I don't make judgment.

VALENS
(turning to go)
Thanks for your time, Tammy --

TAMMY
Like you are.

Rush turns to see Tammy eyeing her. Making her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Like now.

Off Rush. Tammy's right --
CLOSE ON BLACK MARKER pointing to words on a board: "9 AM"

RUSH (O.S.)
... Nine AM. Social worker visits Rosie's apartment...

Stillman, Valens, Vera stand around the dry erase board. A timeline marked "DAY OF MURDER". Rush at the head of the class:

RUSH (CONT'D)
(pointing to board)
Three PM. Rosie's at Toya's school play.

VALENS
From eight to ten that night, Rosie's building manager hears an undetermined number of men entering the apartment.

RUSH
(pointing)
At eleven PM, Rosie and Toya are thrown from the bedroom window.

VALENS
Tammy sees the black male running. Five minutes later, a black male makes the 911 call.

A beat as they take in the timeline --

STILLMAN
We still got a uniform posted at the hospital?

RUSH
Yeah. No visitors for Rosie yet.

VERA
(surprised)
No family?

VALENS
Social worker says Rosie's folks died when she was young. She got nobody.

RUSH
(frustrated)
Kinda like us. We got even less than Markins did two years ago.

(CONTINUED)
'Cept now we got a witness.

Whose hard drive's been erased.

She's remembering things.

The bruises didn't pan out.

The butterfly wings meant something. Keep looking for what the bruises mean.

CSU came back 'bout the hole in the wall.

Jeffries approaches, holding out a PHOTO.

Rosie's bedroom. And a photo of the other side of the hole leading into the living room.

In his other hand, he holds up another PHOTO: Rosie's empty living room. Black streaks on the wallpaper around the hole.

(pointing)
What's that black stuff?

CSU guys say it's rubber -- the same type of rubber used in VCR cables. They were pressed up against the living room wall by a home entertainment system.

Connected to?

On one side, a VCR.

On the other side?

What's small enough to fit into a five inch hole in the wall?
RUSH
(beat)
A video camera.

Jeffries nods. Off Stillman, Vera, Valens --

RUSH (CONT'D)
What was Rosie doing with a video camera in her bedroom?

Off which --

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

15 INT. HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Rush, Valens, Stillman, Vera and Jeffries powwow:

VALENS
... A video camera in her bedroom?

VERA
She makin' porn?

JEFFRIES
Blackmailing someone?

VALENS
(going with that)
Doer's married, having a fling.
Rosie threatens to tell the wife.

STILLMAN
(off paper)
Except Rosie's bank account totaled
a whopping 121 dollars, fifteen cents.
Does that spell extortion to you?

RUSH
On public assistance, you can't have
more than a few hundred bucks in the
bank.

VERA
(sarcastic)
That makes savin' easy.

RUSH
Welcome to welfare. If Rosie was
squirreling away a stash, she'd have
to hide it real good. Or else lose
the food stamps.

STILLMAN
We check her belongings for video
tapes?

VALENS
No tapes. 'Cept for The Lion King.

STILLMAN
Go through her stuff again. Maybe
we find something that connects.
(to Jeffries and Vera)
Check pawnshops in the area for the
camera, VCR.

(CONTINUED)
The troops rise. Ready to roll.

VERA
How 'bout Rosie, boss?

VALENS
(checks watch)
Visiting hours are long over.

STILLMAN
Focus on the videotape. We find that, maybe we get our killer.

Off this--

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

Rush and Valens on the mucky floor, open boxes everywhere. Exhausted, on edge, been at it for hours.

VALENS
... Real nice of Tammy to let us in.

RUSH
Real nice she kept all Rosie's furniture.

VALENS
What was that all about back there? (off her look)
The hard drive erased bit.

RUSH
(tight)
DUI with her kid in the car? Bet it happened before. She just got caught that one time.

VALENS
So? She shaped up after that. Paid the price.

RUSH
Only one that paid was her kid, Scotty.

Something of her own past here. Off limits --

VALENS
(quiet)
I think Rosie paid, too.

He's staring down at an album. PHOTOS of Rosie and Toya: at the beach, at the fair, at the park. Lots of love.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:


VALENS (CONT'D)

Look what I found.

He flips through a cheap, dimestore address book.

VALENS (CONT'D)

Blank pages, all of 'em.

RUSH

So what?

Valens holds up the address book to a place where a page has clearly been torn out:

VALENS

Wonder why this page's missing?

Off which--

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. HOMICIDE - CRIME SCENE UNIT - LATE NIGHT

Valens with TOM STERLING - early 30s, humorlcos, dorkxpert - as he fiddles with a big metal box.

STERLING

... As luck would have it, we purchased this model six months ago.

VALENS

What does it do?

STERLING

Clarifies residuum otherwise imperceptible to the naked eye.

VALENS

I have no idea what you just said.

STERLING

It sees the imprint from your missing page. Hit that light?

Valens does. Semi-darkness descends. Sterling hits the lightswitch on what looks like a flashlight. Scans it over the address book.

In luminol-like purple, numbers across the previously blank page: "555-0100". Valens smiles:

(CONTINUED)
VALENS
And TV cop rubs his pencil against
the pad...

Off which--

OMITTED
AND

INT. PPD - LOBBY - DAY (DAY TWO)

Rush and Valens come off the escalator as Vera and Jeffries
approach, coming from outside, taking off scarves and gloves -- *

VERA
Hope you got gloves, it's freezing
out there.

RUSH
(holds hers up)
Any luck in the pawn shops?

JEFFRIES
We tracked a VCR and camera, same
make and model as Rosie's. Pete's
Pawnshop in Port Richmond.

VERA
Rosie's hood. Guy dumped it almost
a year after the murder.

VALENS
Heat was off by then.

VERA
Petey had a slip for some guy named
Angel. No last name.

RUSH
Angel?

Rush and Valens exchange a look --

JEFFRIES
Could be a dead end...

VALENS
Or not.
(holds up address
book)
Traced a missing page in Rosie's
address book. Disconnected pager
number... for an Angel Rivera.

(CONTINUED)
RUSH
Probably not a coincidence.

VERA
Who's this Angel?
CONTINUED: (2)

VALENS
The janitor at Toya's school.

RUSH
And maybe the man in the bedroom.

Off this --

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON a mop mucking over tiles.

VALENS (O.S.)
Angel Rivera?

Rush and Valens approach mop wielder: ANGEL RIVERA, mid 20's, cute, baggy jeans, poser in his prime.

ANGEL
(slow, sexy, to Rush)
I am him.

RUSH
You know a Rosie Miles, Angel?

He drops his Don Juan fast. All attitude:

ANGEL
(hand to ear)
Who?

RUSH
(to Valens)
Wonder why she'd have his pager number
he not knowing her and all.

VALENS
(to Rush)
Maybe cuz he's lyin'?

He smirks, gives them the hand:

ANGEL
Yeah. Whatever.

RUSH
So who's Jasmin Cordoba?

ANGEL
(thrown off)
What's she gotta do with it?

RUSH
That your girlfriend, Angel?

(CONTINUED)
VALENS
Hear she pays your rent, utilities.
Your car. You make your woman pay
the bills?

RUSH
Must be packin' some kinda punch in
those baggies, huh, Angel?

ANGEL
(sullen)
You wanna find out. Make a move.

VALENS
(to Rush)
'Cept Jasmin ain't his girlfriend.
She's his mama.

Rush and Valens laugh. Calculated. Just as planned: Angel
turns beet red.

VALENS (CONT'D)
She do your laundry, too? Wash your
diapers, papi? Help you make number
two on the potty--

ANGEL
I live with my ma, so what?

RUSH
Your mother's here illegally.

He pales. Valens smiles.

VALENS
We ain't gonna let immigration know.
You help us out.

ANGEL
(resigned)
Me and Rosie, a few times...
(hand gesture: fucking)
It wasn't nuthin'.

RUSH
She feel the same way?

ANGEL
She wanted this, wanted that... keep
an eye on my kid, Angel, make sure
she don't fall off the jungle gym,
Angel. I was in it to get sumpin
sumpin. Not to be playin' Poppy.

(continues)
CONTINUED: (2)

VALENS
You seein' Rosie 'round the time her kid got killed?

ANGEL
Kicked it to the curb way back when. After I hooked up with Consuela? I gave white girl the boot.

VALENS
Then what were you doin' in white girl's apartment that night?

He shifts uncomfortably.

RUSH
We got your prints on her video camera, Angel. The one you pawned?

A look between Rush and Valens: a lie. It works --

ANGEL
That day her kid was, whatever, I see Rosie in the school. Cryin'.

RUSH
At Toya's butterfly play?

ANGEL
Yeah. But she was down there... (points down hall) Cryin' and actin' stupid...

As he remembers...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY - 2001

Rosie, back to camera, AD LIBS angry, unintelligible conversation on the payphone. A younger-poser Angel - fade, goatee, wife beater - mop in hand, turns the corner, trying to sneak by unnoticed.

And that's when we see Rosie's face: tear-streaked. And afraid--

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - RESUME

VALENS
Rosie was making a phone call?

ANGEL
Yeah. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ANGEL (CONT'D)
Then she sees me, hangs up, starts blubberin' in my face about butterflies, how some guy's gonna hurt her, blase blah.

Rush and Valens exchange a look.

VALENS
What guy?

ANGEL
I told her to step off. Not my problem. Rosie freaks, starts screamin' about some tape she's got, us in bed, if I don't help her she's gonna tell Consuela, blase blah.

RUSH
Pissed you off, huh?

ANGEL
Hell yeah.

RUSH
So you went over that night. Taught her a lesson.

ANGEL
(beat)
Hell. Yeah.

Off Angel, fuming, remembering--

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - 2001

"Hemorrhage (In My Hands)" blasts in the hallway. The younger Angel approaches the rickety front door. With one shove, the cheap lock bursts open...

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Angel storms in. Terrified, Rosie on the bathroom floor holding Toya in a towel.

ROSIE
Angel! Jesus!

Wordlessly, Angel storms through the apartment, searching for the video camera. Rosie runs at him, pissed.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Get outa here! You're scarin' Toya--

(CONTINUED)
He pushes her violently. Rosie careens into the coffee table, knocking it over.

TOYA

Mama!

Angel stomps into the bedroom, spots the camera.

ROSIE

I'm callin' the cops on you!

He rips out the camera, heads back to the living room this human tornado, knocking things over, yanking the VCR out of its shelf.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

No! Not that, Angel--!

Wordlessly, he pushes her aside.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Not that...!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - RESUME

ANGEL

... And then I left. Truth is -- I didn't care enough to kill 'em.

VALENS

Cared enough to hit her.

A flash of younger Angel, fuming, in his wife-beater:

ANGEL

I didn't hit her, I pushed her.

RUSH

You pushed her? Out the window?

ANGEL

I didn't do nuthin! I got the tape to prove it, too!

RUSH

(beat)

What tape?

ANGEL

From that night! I ain't on it! So it's proof I didn't do nuthin'!

Rush and Valens exchange a look: what a dumb fuck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VALENS
Nothin' but pawn her VCR and camera
a year later.

On Angel: deer caught in the headlights. A real dumb deer.

RUSH
Where's this tape you got, Angel?

Off this--

INT. HOSPITAL - ROSIE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on TV screen. It flickers, comes to life.

RUSH (O.S.)
... This was recorded in your
apartment.

Rosie, cranky, fiddling with her blanket, propped up in bed.
Rush and Valens at her side. A UNIFORM in the doorway.

ROSIE
(re: Uniform)
He gotta be out there all the time?

VALENS
It's for your protection.

RUSH
(nods to TV)
You okay with this, Rosie?

ROSIE
Do I have a choice.

RUSH
Please, Rosie. Just take a look.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

A black and white image of the bedroom. Tcya runs in.
Laughing soundlessly. The image jumps frames, like an ATM
camera.

BACK TO SCENE

A sharp intake of breath from Rosie. Tears in her eyes.

VALENS
It's a security camera.

She doesn't hear him. Stares hungrily at the TV, at her
child.
A MAN WITH A PONYTAIL - his features badly blurred - enters the bedroom. Approaches the bed. Toya. The image freezes. End of the tape.

ROSIE
Who's that man?

RUSH
That's what we were hoping you'd tell us.

ROSIE
I... I don't know.

VALENS
You remember this camera, Rosie? You had it in your bedroom.

Rosie leans back, closes her eyes. Exhausted.

ROSIE
I did?

RUSH
You remember someone named Angel?

ROSIE
(shakes head)
I think I need to sleep --

RUSH
You told him someone was out to hurt you--

ROSIE
If I don't remember him, how am I gonna remember what I said to him?

Their eyes lock for a beat. Then Rosie leans back, resigned.

VALENS
(placating)
We're just trying to help.

ROSIE
(fading)
What for.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSH
So you can get your memory back.

ROSIE
Like I said. What for.

Her eyelids flicker, close. Out for the count. On Rush: conflicted. Staring at Rosie --

VALENS
(rising)
Let's go.

ROSIE
(whisper)
It's not mine.

Rosie struggling against sleep:

ROSIE (CONT'D)
It's hers...Toya's....

RUSH
What is, Rosie?

ROSIE
(beat; fades out)
The bedroom. It's Toya's bedroom.

Off Rush --

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Valens, Rush, Stillman, Vera and Jeffries caucus around the timeline board:

RUSH
... Rosie was the one who slept on the couch. Gave Toya the bedroom.

STILLMAN
So why does she have a security camera in her daughter's bedroom?

RUSH
Worried something's happening to Toya there.

VERA
(off report)
Nothing in the autopsy report 'bout sexual abuse.

(Continued)
RUSH
Maybe the abuse was just starting.

VALENS
That's why the camera. Rosie knew what he was doing. She was tryin' to stop him.

JEFFRIES
And maybe he's tryin' to stop her from ratting him out...

Jeffries holds up bank documents:

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)
Ten g's. Buys a lot of don't ask don't tell.

RUSH
Where'd you find the money?

JEFFRIES
A bank account under Rosie's social security number. And her name.

VALENS
(surprised)
The assigned missed that?

VERA
(shakes head)
It didn't exist 'til three days ago.

VALENS
When Rosie woke up.

STILLMAN
So he figures it's time he make his move. Shut her up.

RUSH
Who set up the account?

JEFFRIES
(off pad)
McLean Wykowski. 54 years old. Foreman at Mills Lightman Construction, no record.

STILLMAN
And what's his connection to Rosie?

VERA
His wife's maiden name was Miles. Lorraine Miles.

(Continued)
RUSH

(beat)

McLean is Rosie's father?

Off which--

INT. OFFICE OF CHILDREN, YOUTH AND FAMILY - DAY

Rush and Valens walk with social worker Freely -- flustered, overworked - past rows of old, metal filing cabinets.

VALENS

... Rosie tells you her folks died and you don't check that out?

FREELY

The number of cases I got, it comes down to triage: keep a roof over their heads, food stamps comin' in.

VALENS

(impatient)

So where do we look for suspected physical, sexual abuse?

FREELY

(points)

Hospital admissions. Foster care reports. Miscellaneous stuff we didn't get to.

VALENS

This row?

FREELY

This room.

(off their looks)

Only so many hours in the day.

RUSH

And so many kids.

FREELY

(heading off)

Gotta get back.

He goes. Valens is overwhelmed, and a little ticked --

VALENS

How do we find Toya in all this?

RUSH

M for Miles.

Rush already at work, pulling out files. He joins her --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VALENS
Familiar territory?

RUSH
Yeah.

VALENS
You knew the food stamp drill pretty good.

RUSH
Case number 4228. Ellen Rush and two dependents.

Valens glances at her. She's done talking about it. His cell phone RINGS. The moment's over --

VALENS (into cell phone)
Valens.
(beat)

He hangs up.

VALENS (CONT'D)
Jeffries and Vera picked up Rosie's dad at the shipyard.

Rush: staring at a file --

VALENS (CONT'D)
What do you got?

RUSH
M for Miles.

Rush holds out a file and an 8 x 10 PHOTO:

INSERT - PHOTO
Black and white Close Up of A LITTLE GIRL on a hospital bed. Staring straight into CAMERA.

Dark, livid BRUISES running up and down her arms.

RUSH
That's why Rosie saw the bruises.

VALENS
(perplexed)
That picture don't look like Toya.

(CONTINUED)
34A CONTINUED:

RUSH
It's not Toya.
(beat)
It's Rosie.

Off the photo--

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

OMITTED

INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM A - NIGHT

MCLEAN WYKOWSKI, 44, older than his years, massive dockyard worker, slouched at the table. Rush across from him.

RUSH

... When was the last time you saw your daughter, McLean?

MCLEAN

Five, six years. Lost track.

RUSH

And you never visited all the time she was in the hospital.

Mclean shrugs. Indifferent.

MCCLEAN

I called in, time to time.

RUSH

What about your granddaughter? Ever visit her?

MCLEAN

Don't like graveyards.


RUSH

Then why'd you set up an account for Rosie? You not givin' a crap and all.

MCLEAN

I'm her pops. It's my job to help her out.

RUSH

Or shut her up.

(beat)

You know how Toya died? Backbone busted to bits. Skull, too. No open casket for her. Violent guy who'd do something like that, huh?

MCLEAN

I wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSH

Really.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Hit me.
Something dangerous flares in his eyes.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Show me what you did to Rosie when she was little. Come on. You like hittin' girls.
(whisper)
Hit me.

McLean leans forward. Itching to do it.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Gonorrhea when Rosie was eight. *
Again when she was ten. You did more than just hit Rosie. Didn't you, McLean?

Her question hangs like a scream in the air. McLean slumps back. Something broken inside.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Day of the murder, Rosie made a call from the school. We traced it to the shipyard. To you. What'd she call you about?

MCLEAN
(beat)
Talkin' crazy, like she was drunk, like she was... crazy. Butterflies, she kept talkin' about butterflies.

Rush reacts.

RUSH
What else?

McLean won't look at her. Can't.

RUSH (CONT'D)
She told you someone was gonna hurt Toya. That's why she called, isn't it? To ask for your help.

MCLEAN
I... I didn't believe her then.

RUSH
How 'bout now?
(beat)
So what'd you do after Rosie called? Beggin' for your help?

(CONTINUED)
MCLEAN
I went home.

Rush props a PHOTO we do not see on the desk. McLean flinches: it is the photo of Rosie and Toya, noses red, laughing, arms around a snowman.

RUSH
You tell that to them.

MCLEAN
(shaky; to Rush)
I went home.

RUSH
Don't look at me. Look at them.

Against his will, McLean's eyes return to the photo.

RUSH (CONT'D)
You tell Toya how you went home after her mother called, beggin' for help. You tell that to Toya. To Rosie. Not me.

A single tear tracks down McLean's sunburnt cheek. As he stares at the photo.

MCLEAN
I sat there. Outside her place. In the dark...

As he remembers...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. MCLEAN'S CAR - NIGHT - 2001

Parked on the street, a younger, beefier McLean stares up at a lighted window on the third floor of Rosie's apartment building. On his car radio, "The Space Between" plays.

McLean goes for his car door, but, just then, a MAN IN A HAT, in what looks like a pizza delivery uniform, his back to camera (nothing visible of his face or head), approaches Rosie's building. Enters.

And the moment is over for McLean. He slumps back in his seat, covers his eyes with a trembling hand...
McLean, shell of what he used to be, trembling hand over his eyes:
... And then I went home.

On Rush: not believing a word.

RUSH
So you go to help Rosie. You see a guy go into her place.... And you drive away. That makes sense.

MCLEAN
Didn't think nothin' of the guy. *
Pizza delivery boy, so what? *
(beat)
I didn't go there cuz I thought she was in trouble.

RUSH
Then why'd you go?

A flash of younger, beefier McLean:

MCLEAN
(quiet)
To say I was sorry. For when she was little.

He looks up: older, lost. To Rush:

MCLEAN (CONT'D)
For what I done.

RUSH
But you never told her.

MCLEAN
(shakes head)
Just myself. Over and over.

A beat. Rush rises:

RUSH
What'd this guy look like? *

MCLEAN
Young guy... black. *

Holy fuck. Off Rush--

OMITTED

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rosie in a wheelchair, staring blankly out the window.

(CONTINUED)
RUSH (O.S.)
... Do you remember a man that night, Rosie? Black. Delivered a pizza?

Rush and Valens sit by the TV: ponytail on screen. Rosie shakes her head, blank --

VALENS
How 'bout this ponytail guy? Maybe you were seeing him?

RUSH
Maybe you were seeing the black guy?

Nothing. They're looking for anything --

VALENS
You go to any bars in the neighborhood? Clubs? Places to meet men?

ROSIE
(quietly)
That wasn't me. What you're saying. That wasn't... how it was.

Her voice sad, vulnerable. Young.

RUSH
Then you tell us, Rosie. How was it?

ROSIE
I remember it snowed one morning and me and Toya made Mister Snow Man. And we didn't have no carrots to make a nose. So he was Mister Snow Man with no nose. And it didn't matter. Cuz we had the snow. And we had each other.

Her words striking a deep chord in Rush.
ROSSIE (CONT'D)
And that's how it was.

RUSH
(gentle)
And that's why you put the camera in her room. To protect Toya.
(beat)
From who, Rosie?

Rosie's eyes widen:

42A ROSIE'S POV - HALLWAY

[Fragmented flashback: brief, surreal, a la "Jacob's Ladder."]
Toya: worse for wear. Her eyes blood shot, torn butterfly wings. Broken pieces of wind chimes underneath her feet.

TOYA
(out of sync)
He broke my wind chimes, Mama.

43 BACK TO SCENE

Rosie pinches her eyes shut. Can't take it anymore.

RUSH
Who broke Toya's wind chimes?

ROSSIE
(breaking down)
I don't know. I wanna remember, I do...

Rush leans in, touches her hands. Valens points to the image of ponytail man --

VALENS
Look at the video, Rosie.

ROSSIE
(off TV)
They're not there. Her wind chimes.
(slowly; remembering)
Cuz we put them up that night.

RUSH
The night she died?

ROSSIE
(confused; struggling)
He loved her... he loved Toya...

Rush and Valens exchange a look:

(CCINTIUED)
CONTINUED:

VALENS

Who did?

(continued)
Rosie's eyes go wide: memory hitting her like a freight train.

ROSIE
The man who gave Toya the wind chimes.

OMITTED

EXT. PPD - NIGHT

Rush and Valens leaving for the night. Late --

VALENS
They ain't optimistic 'bout getting prints off those chimes.

RUSH
I know.

VALENS
Maybe we get lucky. If not, we'll get something else. Tomorrow.

She's disengaged; somewhere else --

RUSH
Maybe Rosie's better off not knowing.

VALENS
Not knowing what?

RUSH
How she was with Toya. How they lived.

VALENS
They were doing okay.

RUSH
On welfare, with a DUI? That ain't okay.

VALENS
People make mistakes, they clean up.
CONTINUED:

RUSH
'Your mom ever forget to feed you?
(beat)
Cause she was too drunk? Or tired?
Or out looking for a man?

VALENS

Naw.

RUSH
Toya's a dime a dozen. Unwanted kid. Mom runs outta food stamps.
Makes an excuse why there's no dinner tonight...no breakfast the next day.
So then you're eating scraps from outta another kid's lunch box.
Picking the trash. Humiliated and terrified, over and over.

Rush has drifted from Rosie's story to her own. Valens sees it --

VALENS
So your moms was going through bad times.

RUSH
Scotty. There was never a good time.

He looks at her --

* 

VALENS
You're telling me not once did you have fun with your mom? Not once did you feel...any love?

Rush clams up. Doesn't want to answer. Goes back to Rosie's story; safer territory --

RUSH
Maybe tomorrow we bring Rosie home.

Valens nods. As they part --

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

The bedroom door swings open revealing Rosie. She hesitates for a beat then, aided by Rush and an ORDERLY, she slowly enters. Valens follows.

RUSH
If you can't do this...

ROSIE
I want to.

(_CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She takes in the abandoned room. Golden sunlight streaming through the window.

A SCRATCHING sound from the closet. Rosie turns:

ROSLIE'S POV - CLOSET

[Fragmented Flashback: brief, surreal] Peering out from the half open closet door, is Toya: pale, frightened, crushed butterfly wings. She is scratching something on the inside wall.

TOYA
(out of sync)
Mama?

BACK TO SCENE

And then Toya is gone. Just an empty closet.

RUSH
Toya was hiding in the closet?

ROSIE
(dazed)
She was drawing, hiding and drawing...

RUSH
Why was she hiding?

ROSIE
Because he's coming. From there...

She turns towards the door. Screams when she sees Valens.

RUSH
(grabbing her)
Rosie--!

ROSIE
He was standing there--!

RUSH
It's just Scotty! He's not gonna hurt you! He's not gonna hurt you!

Rosie slowly calms as Rush holds her:

RUSH (CONT'D)
No one's gonna hurt you...

They stand in the center of the empty bedroom, Rush rocking her gently.
CONTINUED:

Valens approaches the closet. Scrunches down inside, like a child would, like Toya did.

VALENS
(nods to inside wall)
Rush. Take a look at this.

Inside the closet, a child's DRAWING of a man with a ponytail. Beneath it, written in childish scrawl: "FRELY"

RUSH
(sounding it out)
(beat)
The social worker.

Off the drawing--

OMITTED

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

49 INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM A - DAY

Freely sits: expressionless.

Door clangs open. Rush enters, Valens following. Wordlessly, she turns on a TV unit. Inserts a videotape. Hits play.

50 INSERT - TV

Black and white image of the ponytail man entering Toya's bedroom. The image freezes.

51 BACK TO SCENE

On Freely: staring at the video. Stunned.

RUSH
Cut your hair. Big improvement.
(beat)
Wanna see the rest?

VALENS
I do. Play it.

She leans forward, finger on the play button --

FREELY
(quiet)
Don't.

RUSH
Then tell us what happened that night.

FREELY
I didn't hurt Toya.

VALENS
You were circling, though. Movin' in.

Freely: a whisper of a smile. The monster within.

FREELY
She was a special little girl.

Valens: dying to kick his ass. Then, to Rush --

VALENS
You know what bugs me? This camera's been in her place for weeks. But she picks this day to go to all these people for help.

(CONTINUED)
51 CONTINUED:

RUSH

(nods)

Why?

(CCINTINUED)
VALENS
What happened on that day that was so different?

Rush leans in to Freely.

RUSH
Rosie caught you?

Freely, eyes wary. Watching.

VALENS
That morning. You were there, starting your act with Toya.

RUSH
And Rosie threatened you. "I have a tape, Freely". Back the hell off.

FREELY
I never hurt Toya --

VALENS
You used your position to get in their homes, to feed your sick needs --

RUSH
Knowing the power you had. You're like God to these women. You have the power to give. To take. And you did.

Freely leans back. A slow smile --

FREELY
Like anyone gives a damn.
A flash of Freely: ponytail man:

FREELY (CONT'D)
Trailer park trash. Welfare queens.
Bitches in heat. No one cares what
happens to them.

RUSH
They do. They care. Anita Jones.
Carmen Torres. Dana Matthews...

Shock, confusion in Freely's face.

RUSH (CONT'D)
... Leena Young. All those special
little girls?
(nods to one way mirror)
They're here. They've come to tell
us all about Mr. Freely.

Freely slowly looks into the mirror. Into his own face...

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - OBSERVATION ROOM
An empty room. No one there...

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM A - RESUME
Freely tears his gaze away from the mirror: sweating. Afraid.

VALENS
Judge is signing a search warrant on
your place right now. Wonder what
we'll find.

RUSH
Time's a wastin', Mr. Freely.

FREELY
(beat; cornered)
Toya was so... pretty that morning.

PRELAP AUDIO: Sounds of a children's cartoon. As Freely
remembers...

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY - 2001
Freely knocks. Door swings open, revealing Toya.

FREELY
Well, hey there, little girl.

(CONTINUED)
Toya takes a step back. Smiling. Spooked. Sounds of the SHOWER in the b.g.

FREELY (CONT'D)
Where's your Mommy?

TOYA
Shower.

She scuttles away suddenly--

TOYA (CONT'D)
Mama--!

FREELY
(following)
Nice girls don't yell, Toya.

Backed up against the bathroom door, Toya edges into the bedroom...

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

And Freely follows. Excited, trembly smile on his face.

TOYA
(unsure)
Mama says nobody can come in here.

FREELY
Mr. Freely can.

He reaches out to touch her and she backs away, against the bed. Afraid.

FREELY (CONT'D)
You look pretty, Toya.

TOYA
Okay.

FREELY
You say thank you, Mr. Freely.

With a shaking hand, he gently strokes her hair. Toya says; something collapsing inside of her.

TOYA
Thank you, Mr. Freely.

FREELY
That's a good, good little girl--

ROSIE (O.S.)
Don't you touch her.

(CONTINUED)
Rosie in the doorway: lioness in the den. Nothing like we've seen of her before:

ROSIE (CONT'D)
I know what you're doing. What you are.

Her razor sharp eyes: melting him. Humiliating him.

FREELY
(beat)
Have you been drinkin'?

ROSIE
What?

FREELY
I smell it on your breath.

ROSIE
Get out. It's my house. Get out--

FREELY
Judge isn't going to look too kindly on that. DUI and all.

ROSIE
You know I stopped. I told you I stopped--

FREELY
I tell you. You don't tell me. You're just a drunk, dumb bitch.

Toya scrambles into the closet, unnoticed. Scared. Scribbling. Freely gestures to the room:

FREELY (CONT'D)
And that's what I am, in fact, doing here.

ROSIE
(backpedaling)
Okay, alright, I was wrong, Mr. Freely--

FREELY
And I've made my decision. It's time to find Toya a new home.

ROSIE
No--
FREELY
I'm gonna have to take care of that
pretty girl all by myself.
(turning to go)
Wait for that knock on your door,
Rosie. When you least expect it.

Off Rosie: world rocking beneath her feet--

FREELY
I didn't doing anything. I left.

RUSH
You went back that night.

FREELY
No.

RUSH
(jumps on him)
No?

FREELY
I want a lawyer.

VALENS
Whaddya need a lawyer for, you didn't
kill her?
RUSH
You're under arrest for the murder of Toya Miles.

FREELY
I tried to help her--

RUSH
Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of...

Knock knock. It's Jeffries. Solemn:

JEFFRIES
Something you want to see.

Off this --

54
INT. HOMICIDE - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON wind chimes on a table: glued together.

VERA (O.S.)
When I put 'em together...

Vera, Jeffries and Rush gathered around.

VERA (CONT'D)
I found this.

He points to tiny letters on the wind chimes: "P. WILLIAMS" -- *

RUSH
P. Williams. Who's that?

JEFFRIES
Philip Williams. Sixteen years old at the time of the murder. Worked at Toya's school.

VERA
Doin' arts and crafts with the first graders.

RUSH
Doesn't mean we got the wrong guy.

JEFFRIES
He worked as a pizza delivery boy. Seven blocks from Rosie's.

(CONTINUED)
Rush deflates. Wants it to be Freely. Jeffries holds up a copy of William's driver's license --

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)
Calling 911. Running from the scene.

ON William's driver license: young, male, Black. Off which --

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Seedy, smoky, end of the line. Rush and Valens approach the scratched up pool table where PHILIP WILLIAMS, 18, tough, eyes like flint, plays alone.

WILLIAMS
(not looking up)
I was wonderin' when you'd come.

Rush and Valens exchange a surprised look. William focused solemnly on the eight ball: 60-year-old in a teenager's body.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You gonna arrest me this minute? Or can I finish this play?

VALENS
Why do you think we're here to arrest you?

WILLIAMS
Murder one, second degree murder, attempted murder, your pick. Ends up in the same place.

RUSH
Did you kill Toya, Philip?

WILLIAMS
Looks like it, doesn't it.

RUSH
Then why call 911?

No response --

VALENS
If you didn't do it, why not come forward?

WILLIAMS
Black man running from the bodies of a white woman and a white child. Would you?

Williams: focused on the ball. Expressionless.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VALENS
What happened to you, Philip?
(from pad)
"A" student, honors society, budding artist. Then Toya Miles dies and you end up here.

RUSH
At the bottom of the world.

Something shifts in his face: sadness?

VALENS
What happened that night brought you to a place you don't belong?

Williams looks up: a frightened child again. Beat--

WILLIAMS
Leftovers. They'd just throw 'em away at the pizza place. So I'd bring some over to Toya's, time to time...

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - 2001

"Again" (Lenny Kravitz) plays as Williams, 16, clean cut, full of zest, immaculate delivery uniform, pizza box in hand, approaches Rosie's front door. Sees the busted lock. Smile fading from his face. He pushes open the front door, it CREAKS.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Stuff strewn all over the place. CLOSE ON Williams' feet, sound of his FOOTSTEPS. He sees the closed bedroom door...

INT. POOL HALL - RESUME

Williams: unable to go on.

VALENS
What happened then?

WILLIAMS
I opened the bedroom door...

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2001

Williams reaches for the bedroom doorknob. From inside comes the sound of GLASS SHATTERING. His hand still on the doorknob, Williams, shocked, scared, slowly pushes the door open...
INT. POOL HALL - RESUME

Williams, shaking his head. No eye contact.

RUSH
Who was in the bedroom?
(beat)
Who was there, Philip?

Off Williams: wishing he'd never seen...

WILLIAMS' POV - ROSIE'S BEDROOM - 2001

WIDE PAN of the tussled bed. The broken window. And the empty bedroom.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
(whisper)
No one...

INT. POOL HALL - RESUME

WILLIAMS
No one.

Off Rush --

INT. HOSPITAL - ROSIE'S ROOM - DAY

Rosie sits on the windowsill, staring out at the sunset. In her street clothes, bag packed. Ready to go.

RUSH (O.S.)
Almost forgot these.

Rush gently places the butterfly wings on Rosie's suitcase. Small, sad smile between them.

ROSIE
The hospital's tellin' me I'm okay to go home.

RUSH
I know.

ROSIE
But where's home, you know?

Rush lowers her eyes: wishing she didn't have to do this --

RUSH
Is that why you were crying? At the butterfly play?

Slowly Rush looks up. Meets Rosie's confused eyes.

(CONTINUED)
RUSH (CONT'D)
Because you tried to stop Mr.
Freely...but you knew you couldn't.
'Cause men like him never stop.

ROSIE
They don't.

Rush lowers her eyes: hating this. Valens in the doorway. Ditto.

RUSH
No one was there for you. Not your
dad, not Angel. Just you.

(beat)
So you did the only thing you could.

ROSIE
(confused)
I did?

RUSH
Is that why you can't remember?

Rosie: eyes wide. Rush's meaning slowly sinking in.

RUSH (CONT'D)
(gently)
The D.A. isn't going to press charges,
not after what you've gone through --

ROSIE
(scared)
What did I do?

RUSH
There's a place for you to go, to
heal, just for a little while, Rosie,
because you didn't mean what you did --

ROSIE
What did I do?

Two women reaching across an ocean of sadness:

RUSH
The only thing that was left.

Rosie's eyes fill with tears. With the memory...
INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2001

Wind chimes tinkle in the open window, "Beautiful Day" (U2) on the radio. Rosie and Toya, cuddled together, asleep. From outside the bedroom comes the sound of the front door CREAKING open. Approaching FOOTSTEPS. Rosie slowly opens her eyes. Afraid.

Slowly, she rises, Toya asleep in her arms.

TOYA

Mama?

Rosie's eyes bulge. Someone outside the bedroom door. She backs away, clutching Toya. Towards the open window.

TOYA (CONT' D)

(waking)

Mama?

The FOOTSTEPS stop right outside the bedroom door. Someone there. Rosie, unable to breath, glances at the window behind her. Nowhere to run. She remembers:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Freely at Rosie's that day. His words ringing in her ears --

FREELY

Wait for that knock on your door,
Rosie. When you least expect it.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - RESUME

Rosie, terrorized, remembering this. Backing up, bumping into a nightstand, knocking down Toya's butterfly wings. Rosie watches as they waft softly to the ground.

ROSIE

(whisper; singing)
Little monarch butterfly--

TOYA

Mama?

ROSIE

Sing, baby. Sing...

(singing)

Spread your wings...

(CONTINUED)
TOYA
(singing)
And flutter high, touch the sun and
kiss the sky...

Rosie against the window. Eyes on the doorknob, slowly
turning. Something final in her eyes. Peace.

ROSIE
Fly away, my butterfly.

Toya cradled in her arms, Rosie falls through the open
window...as the door starts to open --
2001 MUSIC: "ONLY TIME" (ENYA) begins...

**MONTAGE:**

62  **INT. HOSPITAL - ROSIE'S ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON Rosie's hand touching the windowpane. Rush takes her hand. Holds it tight. It's going to be alright.

Valens in the doorway, moved, trying not to show it. Rosie and Rush in front of the window as the first winter snow begins to fall...

PAN ACROSS the hospital room wall to find:

63  **INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Angel, in street clothes, bag of belongings, handing over his ring of keys to a new JANITOR. His ass fired. A last look as his younger goateed self walks out into the snow for good...

PAN WITH him and THROUGH THE WALL to find:

64  **INT. BAR - DAY**

McLean slouched on a barstool at the end of a long day. In front of him, on the bar, is a PHOTO: a YOUNGER MCLEAN on the Ferris Wheel with ROSIE AS A LITTLE GIRL smiling bravely at camera. A flash of his younger self as he stares down at the photo: in his eyes only loss and cowardice...

PAN ACROSS and THROUGH THE LOCKERS to find:

65  **INT. HOMICIDE - HALLWAY - DAY**

DOLLY WITH Rush as she walks past a line of YOUNG GIRLS, waiting in chairs against the wall. Rush stops, peers into...

65A  **INT. HOMICIDE - OBSERVATION ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

A YOUNG LATINA GIRL stands on a chair, a female SEX CRIMES DETECTIVE at her side. The Young Latina Girl nods, points through the one way mirror at...

65B  **INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM A - SECONDS LATER**

Mr. Freely, sweating, in the empty room. A flash of his younger, ponytailed self, as he mops the sweat off his brow. Knowing he's going away for a long, long time...
EXT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Snow falls. A van waits on the curb, FEMALE ORDERLY in
plain clothes at the door. Rush and Rosie exit the building
with her bag and the box of Toya's scribbled drawings.

As Rosie gets into the van, through the crowd of hurrying
pedestrians, she sees Philip Williams at the subway entrance.
He holds up a hand. Rosie does the same back. Both starting
over. We see a flash of his younger, hopeful self. Changed
forever. But finally ready to move on with his life.

As the van pulls down the street, Rosie turns back to look
at her apartment window. And that's when she sees, on the
fire escape, Toya as the little girl she once was: vibrant,
alive, butterfly wings on. Waving goodbye to her mother.
Rosie, as her younger self - pretty, full of hope and life -
waves back. Goodbye. Rush looks on in the snow...

INT. RUSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Late. Darkened living room. Flickering light of a television
set. In her rumpled suit, Rush sits on the floor, in front
of the TV. Exhausted. Bittersweet longing in her face.

We PAN OVER to the TV screen: a home video. RUSH AS A LITTLE
GIRL laughing, in the snow, with her MOTHER. They lie on
their backs in the snow making snow angels. Flapping their
arms like butterflies. So there was a good time. At least
one...

As the MUSIC ENDS...

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE