

LONG WALK HOME

Written by

David Hurst

Based on

A SEASON OF DARKNESS

By: Douglas Jones & Phyllis Gobbell

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Dmhurst317@gmail.com
317.800.8034

ACT ONE

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Gilligan's Island plays on a TV in the background as blond haired MARCIA TRIMBLE, 9, sits at the kitchen island eating a PEAR. A CARDBOARD CARTON of Girl Scout Cookies, a CLIPBOARD, and a large MANILA ENVELOPE sit on the corner of the island next to her.

Marcia sets the pear down and digs into her BACKPACK on the chair next to her for a small ENVELOPE. She transfers the money into the larger envelope, then jots the amount down on the clipboard - freckles bunched, blue eyes squinting, tongue half out in concentration.

Satisfied, Marcia dons the signature BROWN VEST and her COAT, then grabs the carton of cookies and heads for the door.

EXT. TRIMBLE HOME - FRONT YARD - SAME

Establish the Trimble home, a ranch-style red brick house nestled comfortably in the Nashville, TN suburb Green Hills.

SUPER: Nashville, TN, February 25, 1975

The first year Girl Scout steps out of 4009 Copeland Drive into the brisk February air. The streets are mostly quiet and the surrounding area is wooded. A Realtor would describe a home in this affluent Nashville suburb as "idyllic." Dogs barking, children playing... innocent.

As Marcia sets off down the sidewalk CARL EGERTON, 10, spots her from a few doors down and jogs up to her. Marcia's classmate at Julia Green Elementary has light brown hair and dark rimmed glasses.

CARL EGERTON

Ms. Deere was handing out the cookies you sold her today for solving math problems.

Marcia wrinkles her nose.

MARCIA TRIMBLE

Stupid Jenna Thompson got to her first.

CARL EGERTON

Oh, sorry.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
That's okay. No one else thought
to ask the custodians. I made
\$13.75 today.

CARL EGERTON
Woah. Smart.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
(of course I'm smart)
I have to make a few deliveries.

CARL EGERTON
Got any Thin Mints?

He holds out some MONEY and she takes it in exchange for
the signature GREEN BOX. As they start to walk --

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Those are better when you freeze
them, ya know.

EXT. WOMACK HOME - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Marcia sets her carton of cookies down and knocks. Glances
over at Carl --

MARCIA TRIMBLE
My Mom says knocking is more
professional than the doorbell.

After a few beats there's a noise on the other side of the
door and JEFFREY WOMACK, 15, answers. The tall, skinny
teen has long brown hair and is in the first stage of his
imminent "stoner" phase. He smiles... no, leers at them.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Kiddos.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
(blunt)
You smell like cigarette smoke.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yeah?

Embarrassed, Carl looks down and digs into his box of
cookies - notices Jeffrey has "FUCK YOU" scrawled on his
shoes in sharpie.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
I have the cookies your mom
ordered.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Christine isn't home right now.
Come on in, I'll try to find some
cash.

He holds the door open for them. Marcia glances cautiously around him.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
No one else is home?

JEFFREY WOMACK
I'm sure your boyfriend will
protect you.

Jeffrey doesn't wait for her answer. He turns and heads inside, leaving the door open. After a beat Marcia storms in after him.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
He is NOT my boyfriend.

Carl reluctantly follows his NOT girlfriend inside.

INT. WOMACK HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jeffrey makes a show of rooting through some drawers in the kitchen. He turns to the kids.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Nothin'. My parents are tyrants.
They hide all the money.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
I'll come back later.

As she turns to go Jeffrey steps between her and the door. It's not overly intimidating, but it's noticeable.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Okay, cool.

He holds out his hand, palm up.

JEFFREY WOMACK (CONT'D)
So I told her to order me Samoa's.
Not sure what else she got, but
I'll give them to her.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
My Mom said I'm not supposed to
give out any without getting the
money first.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Your mom isn't the Girl Scout.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
It's in the rules...

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yeah, they put that in there for
like, strangers and stuff. I'm
your neighbor. What, you think
I'm gonna be hard to track down?
You can practically see my house
from yours.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
I don't know Jeff.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Don't you know anything about
sales? You have to build trust
with your customers.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
(defensive)
I know that.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Well then...

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Fine.

She consults her clipboard, starts to hand him boxes of
cookies.

EXT. COPELAND DRIVE - LATER

Marcia and Carl head down the sidewalk to the Maxwell's.
They peer around the hedge separating the Maxwell's from
the Howard's. No car.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Not home yet.

CARL EGERTON
Any more deliveries?

MARCIA TRIMBLE
That's it for the neighborhood.
But my grandma is coming over soon
to pick some up.

CARL EGERTON
We can watch for Mrs. Maxwell's
car from the intersection next to
your house.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Good idea!

EXT. COPELAND DRIVE - INTERSECTION - LATER

Marcia's father CHARLES TRIMBLE is on his way home from
work when he pulls up to the curb where Marcia and Carl
sit.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Dinner soon, sweetheart. Did
Grandma already leave?

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Not here yet.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Mr. Egerton. How are we? Waiting
on Chuck?

CARL EGERTON
Good, sir. No, just hanging with
Marcia.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Mmm-hmm... I see. Proceed at your
own risk, son. She's a schemer.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
(sharply)
Dad!

With a smile, Charles starts to pull away.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Mr. Egerton... Empress.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charles unwinds in front of the TV with a BEER. His wife
VIRGINIA TRIMBLE, short light brown hair, Crucifix, preps
dinner in the adjacent kitchen.

Virginia peers out the kitchen window above the sink at
Marcia and Carl.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Didn't you tell Marcia to come in?

Charles gives her one eye of his attention.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Sure did, told her to come in soon
when I got home.

Virginia rolls her eyes.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
We're supposed to give specific
commands about time, remember?

Both eyes back to the TV.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Uh-huh. Yeah.

She dries her hands and opens the window.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
MARCIA TRIMBLE! COME INSIDE TO
SET THE TABLE!

It's forceful but not angry. Marcia waves to her mom and stands.

As Virginia shuts the window a car pulls into the driveway. Virginia watches her daughter run up to it.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (CONT'D)
Your mother just got here.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Must have heard you turn on the
oven.

Their son CHUCK TRIMBLE, 12, glides through the kitchen with a BASKETBALL under his arm.

CHUCK TRIMBLE
Gonna get some shots in before
dinner. I won't get sweaty.

He's out the door before Virginia can stop him. She makes a move to the door to call him back only to be met by her mother-in-law EUNICE TRIMBLE and Marcia coming in.

EUNICE TRIMBLE
Virginia! Such a sweet daughter.
She was waiting outside for me to
get here.

Marcia beams under the combined weight of Eunice's oversized PURSE and her carton of cookies.

As Virginia embraces Eunice --

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Yes, she's been quite the
saleswoman.

Eunice critically scans her surroundings as Charles comes
in from the living room.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Hi Mom.

She eyes his beer.

EUNICE TRIMBLE
Good heavens, on a weekday?

CHARLES TRIMBLE
It's jus-

EUNICE TRIMBLE
(to Virginia)
What's for dinner then, dear?

Charles scowls at the back of his mother's head as Marcia
pipes up.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
Cookies!

Marcia holds out two boxes.

EUNICE TRIMBLE
Well aren't you the sweetest.

She gives her granddaughter a kiss on the forehead.

Marcia grabs the carton of cookies and heads for the door.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Marcia, it's nearly time for
dinner.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
But I have to see if Mrs. Maxwell
is home!

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
You can deliver them after we eat.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Oh, just let her go. It'll take
two seconds.

Virginia glares at her husband - doesn't like being
undermined. A beat as she considers if this is a battle
worth fighting.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Take your coat.

But Marcia is already halfway out the door.

MARCIA TRIMBLE
It'll only take a second. Thanks
Dad!

And she's gone. Virginia turns to her husband, ready for a fight. Eunice, sensing the tension, is happy to get her two cents in.

EUNICE TRIMBLE
Ah, ah, ah. You two just patched
things back up.

Off their charged looks --

EXT. TRIMBLE HOME - FRONT YARD - SAME

Carl has joined Chuck in the driveway to shoot around. Chuck turns with the ball in hand as Marcia bounds passed them.

CHUCK TRIMBLE
Want to play horse?

MARCIA TRIMBLE
(over her shoulder)
Gotta see if Mrs. Maxwell's home.
I'll be right back!

Carl shrugs, turns, and shoots. As the boys resume their game Marcia cuts across the yard next door, crosses the street, and disappears behind a hedge.

FADE OUT.

INT/EXT. MARIE MAXWELL'S CAR - LATER

FADE IN:

The clock on MARIE MAXWELL'S car reads 5:25 as she turns into her neighborhood. The 26 year old mother makes funny faces in the mirror for 11 month old JENNA as she turns onto her street, Copeland Drive.

Marie passes Chuck Trimble playing basketball by himself in the driveway, then turns into hers and pulls around to the back of the house.

As Marie unbuckles Jenna and lifts her from the car seat she senses movement and glances over at the hedges separating her home from the Howard's. Through it she sees a tall figure and another child standing with Marcia - maybe it's Mrs. Howard or an older teenager?

NOTE: In this pivotal shot Marcia should be clearly identified, but the tall figure and other child should be obscured from sight.

Without a second thought Marie's attention turns back to her daughter. As she carries Jenna into the house the Maxwell's dog, Daisy, starts barking incessantly from the back yard.

INT. MAXWELL HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Marie is at the sink prepping dinner while Jenna looks on from her highchair. She gurgles and Marie looks over at her fondly.

The phone rings. Marie dries her hands and answers --

MARIE MAXWELL
Hello, this is Marie.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (V.O.)
Hi Marie, it's Virginia. Has Marcia been by to deliver your cookies?

MARIE MAXWELL
No, not yet. I've been expecting her. I think she was delivering to Mrs. Maxwell when I pulled in. I got my checkbook out for her.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (V.O.)
I don't think she had ordered any from Marcia.

MARIE MAXWELL
I'm sure she saw Mrs. Howard outside and tried to sell her some on her way over here.
(with a laugh)
Not mine I hope.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (V.O.)
It's late. We were expecting her home by now for dinner.

Marie moves from the kitchen to the living room and peers out the window.

MARIE MAXWELL

Yes, we're going to eat as soon as Porter gets home from work. I'm looking out my window now and I don't see her.

(a beat)

Maybe she's knocking on a few extra door?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (V.O.)

Mmm... maybe. Well, if you see her...

As Marie wanders back into the kitchen --

MARIE MAXWELL

I'll send her right home. We're having an early night, could you have her come by tomorrow? I'll be home early - say, 4:30?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (V.O.)

Yes, of course.

MARIE MAXWELL

Give my best to Charles. By now.

Marie hangs up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Virginia hangs up. Plays with the Crucifix hanging on her neck. Looks up, mouths something silently to herself... a prayer maybe? Then --

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

Charles, could you go find Marcia?

Charles is entertaining Eunice in the living room. He jumps up, happy for another task.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

That girl thinks she runs this neighborhood. Too headstrong.

EUNICE TRIMBLE

Nonsense. It's the sign of a confident woman.

Charles rolls his eyes. Virginia watches him grab his coat from the hook by the door. But her eyes, and us, stay with Marcia's coat as he exits - slowly and ominously pushing in on it.

INT. NICKENS HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Metro Intelligence Sergeant SHERMAN NICKENS and his wife DOT are eating dinner at the dining room table. The phone rings and Sherman, fork halfway to his mouth, gives a theatrical sigh.

SHERMAN NICKENS

Really, at this hour?

Dot has heard this rerun before. Doesn't dignify him with a response and stands to answer. He checks his watch - 7:15pm.

After a beat Dot returns to the dining room with the phone.

DOT NICKENS

It's Charles Trimble.

Sherman's sour face does a 180 as he takes the phone. He and Charles are good friends.

SHERMAN NICKENS

Chuck! If my voice sounds muffled
it's because there's a bite of
DINNER in my mouth.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

(terse)

Sherman. Hi. Marcia hasn't come
home yet.

Sherman's face darkens. He stands and walks to the window.

SHERMAN NICKENS

What was she out doing?

He moves a curtain to look outside. Nearly dark.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

Delivering cookies to Mrs.
Maxwell. We thought. Virginia
called over and she hadn't been
by. Just drove up and down the
neighborhood looking for her.

SHERMAN NICKENS

I'll be right over.

He hangs up. Stares off into space for a moment. Then down at the phone again as he dials a number from memory.

EXT. COPELAND DRIVE - NIGHT

All across the neighborhood flashlight beams flicker here and there in front and back yards. Cop cars shine spotlights into the woods as they cruise the streets. Calls for Marcia ring out.

The street in front of the Trimble home looks like a parking lot as people stream in to help. Charles sits on the front porch in a daze as people move in and out of his front door at will.

Out front, a WHITE PANEL VAN has become the home base for Detective JIM BURKE, Major GEORGE MASON, and Chief of Police JOE CASEY. Just away from them we see Jeffrey approach rookie detective DIANE VAUGHN and ask her a question. She points out the three men and leads Jeffrey over to them. Jeffrey wears a long, green army coat, jeans, and the same "FUCK YOU" tennis shoes from earlier.

DIANE VAUGHN

This young man says he needs to speak with you.

JIM BURKE

Thanks, Diane.

She moves off to help elsewhere.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Heard you were lookin' for me.

He says it with the hint of a challenge in his voice. Observes the chaos around him. Seems to like it.

JIM BURKE

Jeffrey Womack?

JEFFREY WOMACK

(smirk)

At your service.

GEORGE MASON

Can we speak inside?

JEFFREY WOMACK

Don't see why not.

Burke, Mason, and Jeffrey head inside.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Burke closes the door behind them. A clock next to the bed reads 9:45pm.

JIM BURKE
All right son. Empty those
pockets.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Why?

JIM BURKE
Come on, let's go.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Your mother never taught you any
manners?

Burke takes a step towards him.

JIM BURKE
I'm not going to ask again.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Well, then, guess I'll ask for a
lawyer.

Jeffrey looks at Mason pointedly. A charged beat, then --

GEORGE MASON
Son, will you please empty your
pockets?

JEFFREY WOMACK
(to Burke)
See, that wasn't so hard.

He digs in his jeans and sets a few items down on the bed -
a \$5.00 BILL, some spare CHANGE, and a partial ROLL OF
PENNIES in a red wrapper.

JIM BURKE
Anything in your coat?

A beat, then a forced --

JIM BURKE (CONT'D)
Please?

Jeffrey smiles at the please... a huge, shit eating grin
that looks something like a middle finger. He pulls out a
PACKAGE OF CONDOMS and lays them on the bed.

GEORGE MASON
You understand your rights son?
You don't have to speak with us if
you don't want to.

JEFFREY WOMACK
But officer -
(pauses for effect)
I've got nothing to hide from you.

Burke is seething. It's right under the surface, but he manages to reel it in.

JIM BURKE
Mind telling us where you've been
this evening?

JEFFREY WOMACK
The rock quarry. Looking for
Marcia.

JIM BURKE
Where did you get those condoms?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Bought them Saturday night at the
Municipal Auditorium.

JIM BURKE
You plan on using them with
someone?

JEFFREY WOMACK
(mock offended)
Officer! I'm just a kid!

GEORGE MASON
Then why did you buy them?

Jeffrey shrugs.

JIM BURKE
Did Marcia come to your house
today?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Isn't that why you wanted to talk
to me?

JIM BURKE
Yes.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Well, she did. With Carl...
something. Don't know his last
name. Around 4:30 I think. Not
sure where they went after. Think
I should have lent them a condom?

JIM BURKE
Watch it.

JEFFREY WOMACK
(looks around)
Watch what?

The door bursts open and in charge Jeffrey's mother
CHRISTINE WOMACK and neighbor PEGGY MORGAN.

PEGGY MORGAN
He couldn't have done it! He was
with me!

Christine puts a protective arm around her son, who
immediately drops the smile and puts on an innocent look.

Burke and Mason exchange a look that says - "couldn't have
done what?"

JIM BURKE
And you are?

PEGGY MORGAN
Peggy Morgan. Jeffrey works for
me at the daycare I run out of my
house. He was working for me this
afternoon.

JIM BURKE
What time did he come over to
work?

CHRISTINE WOMACK
I'd like a moment alone with my
son please.

A beat, then --

GEORGE MASON
Of course. We'll give you the
room. But Ms. Morgan, we may need
to take a statement from you in
the morning.

PEGGY MORGAN
Of course.

As they leave Burke gets in one last parting shot.

JIM BURKE
Nice shoes, kid.

Peggy, Christine, and Jeffrey look down at the "FUCK YOU"
written on his shoes.

INT. THE HALLWAY - SAME

Mason and Burke close the door. AS the detectives exit frame they pass Virginia, who stands in the doorway of the next room.

Marcia's room.

Virginia slowly enters, looking around reverently as if in a church. Canopy bed, yellow and blue flowered bedspread, girl sized dressing table and furniture. She makes her way to her daughter's bed, but stops when her fingertips brush against the hamper at the foot of the bed.

Virginia's fingers grasp a dirty SHIRT at the top of the pile. Slowly, she brings the shirt to her face and inhales deeply. The smell of her daughter brings the mother to her knees. And as she brings her hands together in prayer and looks up at the ceiling we --

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT TWO

EXT. TRIMBLE HOME - FRONT YARD - MORNING

A haggard Charles Trimble stands on his front porch in a bathrobe looking out at his new, dark world. The yard is a wreck. Thousands of footprints have turned the grass to a brownish-green paste.

Charles lights a CIGARETTE and looks down at the morning paper on his front stoop. The headline of *The Banner* reads:

FULL MOON'S BRILLIANCE CASTS NO LIGHT ON MISSING GIRL

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Inside, Charles throws the paper away, careful to stuff it down under more trash so his wife won't see it.

EXT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Establish the Nashville Police Department - a long, stark white building stretching along James Robertson Parkway. The building faces the courthouse and the jail is nestled behind it.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - SAME

Inside, we see this is a Police Department in need of expansion. Desks are crammed into every possible space and closets have been converted into makeshift offices. Mostly men here.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Burke stirs creamer into a CUP OF COFFEE. Diane enters.

JIM BURKE

Hiya rook.

DIANE VAUGHN

Hiya back detec.

She lets the rest of the word hang there and they both smile.

JIM BURKE

Thanks again for letting us borrow
you last night. Hope your time
away wasn't too detrimental.

Diane pours herself a cup of coffee. Well, half a cup. She takes the empty POT over to the sink and goes through the motions of making more coffee as they talk.

DIANE VAUGHN

Nah, I had already taken a
statement from the latest victim.
She was more shook up than
anything.

JIM BURKE

How many is that now?

DIANE VAUGHN

Two officially. Three if you
count the Sarah Des Prez case.
Which I do.

JIM BURKE

Did you find something to link her
murder to the other two rape
victims?

DIANE VAUGHN

Aside from my intuition? Nope.
Not yet.

JIM BURKE

Lotta guys out there have made bad
cops trusting their intuition.

DIANE VAUGHN
Yeah, well, I'm a step ahead of
'em. Got something those guys
don't.

Burke raises an eyebrows as he takes a sip - "go on?"

DIANE VAUGHN (CONT'D)
Tits.

Burke half laughs, half chokes into his coffee.

JIM BURKE
Okay, then.

As he exits --

JIM BURKE (CONT'D)
Good luck detec.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME

Mason joins Burke as he crosses the bullpen to Joe Casey's
office. Burke knocks on the Police Chief's door.

Casey, sitting at his desk, waves them in.

JOE CASEY
Any news this morning?

JIM BURKE
Nothing. We're still optimistic
she will show up.

JOE CASEY
So a runaway? What about
kidnapping?

JIM BURKE
We spoke with the family
extensively last night. Not
ruling either out, but we don't
think so. First impressions
indicate a good family without a
background of abuse or violence.
Father is a bit of a drinker and
they had just recently patched up
a separation. But they were both
candid about it and there doesn't
appear to be any animosity.

GEORGE MASON
Kidnapping doesn't feel right
either.

(MORE)

GEORGE MASON (CONT'D)
They're stable financially, but
nothing in excess. On the surface
there doesn't seem to be any kind
of lucrative value to exploit.

JOE CASEY
Suspects? Witnesses?

JIM BURKE
One of each. Marie Maxwell is a
26th year old mother who
supposedly was the last person to
get a look at Marcia in a next
door neighbors yard.

JOE CASEY
Alone?

JIM BURKE
No, sir. Seen with two other
individuals, a taller figure and a
younger boy about Marcia's age.
Initially thought it was the older
neighbor but she said it could
have been a taller teen. A hedge
separates the yards so she
couldn't make out who either of
them were.

JOE CASEY
Older figure male or female?

GEORGE MASON
Wasn't able to confirm. That's
where Jeffrey comes in. 15 year
old neighbor and -

JIM BURKE
- a future drop out.

GEORGE MASON
Burke is a big fan of the kid.

JOE CASEY
Why is he a suspect?

JIM BURKE
Marcia's a Girl Scout and she
delivered cookies to him yesterday
afternoon before she disappeared.
We spoke to him briefly last
night... real piece of work.

JOE CASEY
Alibi?

JIM BURKE

He works for a neighbor in her at home day care. Peggy Morgan. She was with the mother last night when they broke up our chat. We're going to follow up with her today.

GEORGE MASON

He said he was searching for her by the rock quarry so we'll send a couple of guys to canvas the area.

JIM BURKE

The kid's a shit bird in training.

JOE CASEY

So was I at 15. Doesn't make me a killer. Will he take a polygraph?

JIM BURKE

He's the type to think he could beat it.

A beat.

JOE CASEY

And what about the other unidentified figure? The child?

JIM BURKE

(consulting notepad)

Jeffrey says a kid named... Carl was with Marcia when she delivered the cookies. We'll get a last name and speak with him as well.

JOE CASEY

Stay on it.

Burke and Mason nod grimly and exit.

EXT. COPELAND DRIVE - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

Mason and Burke canvas the neighborhood. We see them speaking with neighbors who tend to their lawns, wash their cars, and at their front doors. MISSING posters of Marcia paper car windshields and the wooden poles of phone lines everywhere they go.

Small groups of searchers move around in the background.

Two German Shepherds, flanked by their owner, sniff around the Thorpe family's standalone shed behind their house and then move on.

In the last shot of the sequence, Burke squats down to speak with Carl as his father JOHN stands protectively behind him. Carl shakes his head "no".

END MONTAGE

EXT. MORGAN HOME - FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Mason and Burke pass a sign in the front lawn: MORGAN DAY CARE SERVICE. The two men climb the front porch steps and knock.

After a moment, AMY NORVELL, 18, answers. Behind her children play with TOYS spread across the floor.

AMY NORVELL
Can I help you?

The detectives flash their badges.

JIM BURKE
Peggy Morgan home?

AMY NORVELL
Sure, one sec.
(over her shoulder)
PEGGY!

Peggy appears and Amy moves off.

PEGGY MORGAN
You're the detectives from the
Trimble's.

GEORGE MASON
Yes ma'am. Major George Mason.
This is detective Jim Burke.

PEGGY MORGAN
Shame on you for interrogating
that boy without a lawyer.

JIM BURKE
He was trying to help. Everyone
in the neighborhood is. You could
help us and clear Jeffrey's name
at the same time.

GEORGE MASON
May we come in?

PEGGY MORGAN
I've got six demons in here right
now...

JIM BURKE
When should we come back?

A beat.

PEGGY MORGAN
Ugh. Let's get this over with.
Come on.

INT. MORGAN HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Burke and Mason sit with Peggy at the dining room table.
In the background Amy fires up a movie for six small
children in the living room.

JIM BURKE
So, you mentioned last night that
Jeffrey was working yesterday
afternoon.

PEGGY MORGAN
Yes. He only works part time for
me - usually a couple of hours
each day. But Amy and I go
bowling on Tuesdays so yesterday
he was there all afternoon and
evening.

Amy joins Peggy and the detectives at the table.

AMY NORVELL
Except he went home for a brief
period of time.

PEGGY MORGAN
Around 4:30. He doesn't like to
smoke in front of the children.
That must have been around the
time Marcia delivered the cookies
to him.

JIM BURKE
Why don't you walk us through what
he did yesterday from the
beginning.

PEGGY MORGAN
He got to the daycare in the early
afternoon. Remained here until...
like I say, he went home for a bit
around 4:30.

GEORGE MASON
What time did he get back.

PEGGY MORGAN
Not exactly sure...

Peggy looks to Amy for help.

AMY NORVELL
I'd say around 5:00. Jeff and I left shortly after for McDonalds, like, 10 or 15 minutes later. And we were gone for about 30 minutes so we must have gotten back around 5:45.

PEGGY MORGAN
Isn't that when Marcia disappeared? So you see detectives, he couldn't have been involved with whatever this turns out to be. Besides, she's going to come wandering in any second now.

Burke studies her, then -

JIM BURKE
What time did you and Amy leave to go bowling?

PEGGY MORGAN
Around 6:15.

EXT. MORGAN HOME - FRONT YARD - LATER

Burke and Mason walk away from the house towards their car.

GEORGE MASON
He doesn't really fit, does he? I mean, if Marie and their stories match up. Not enough time.

JIM BURKE
Lot of "abouts" and "arounds" when they were discussing time. There was a window. Not a big one, but definitely doable.

As they open the doors to the car and climb in -

GEORGE MASON
Polygraph?

JIM BURKE
Polygraph.

EXT. TRIMBLE HOME - FRONT YARD - LATE MORNING

A small cluster of reporters form a half circle in front of the Trimble's front porch with CAMERAS and MICROPHONES at the ready. It's a gloomy day with rain on the horizon.

Charles and Virginia step out the front door. Charles looks worse with each passing day, but Virginia looks oddly calm and serene given the circumstances.

Burke and Mason observe off to the side as Virginia addresses the reporters.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Five days ago, our beautiful nine year old daughter, Marcia, left the house to deliver Girl Scout Cookies in the neighborhood and never came home. As a family we are devastated, but also encouraged by the outpouring of love and support as we search for our baby. It has been a week now, but I feel better and stronger every day. I'm just waiting for that call saying, "Here she is." Marcia is sweet... an innocent child of the Lord. If you know where she is, please be the person who can alleviate all our pain.

(a beat)

I have been praying, and today as I sat in the living room I had a really strong urge to get Marcia's personal Bible.

Virginia holds up Marcia's BIBLE open to a highlighted passage. Mason and Burke exchange glances.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (CONT'D)
The verse is Luke 10:19, and Jesus is talking.

At this Charles shudders, pain and grief. But Virginia serenely looks out at her audience as she reads.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (CONT'D)
Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

Off Burke and Mason's looks. Weird.

NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The small room was originally a closet but has recently been converted into an interrogation room. Jeffrey and a POLYGRAPH EXAMINER square off at the table with an ANALOG POLYGRAPH MACHINE between them.

Jeffrey's lawyer, JOHN HOLLINS, stands paternally behind his client. Burke and Mason lean against the wall behind the Polygraph Examiner.

Jeffrey looks around, sly, notices that this is a renovated space.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Nashville PD could use an upgrade.

Curious, Jeffrey lifts his hand off the table to examine the wires connected to it.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER
Please keep your hand flat on the table.

Jeffrey fakes discomfort.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Cords are kinda tight.

JIM BURKE
You're fine.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER
Ready to begin?

A glance back at his attorney, a confident nod from John.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Okay, let's do this. Again.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER
Please answer each of the following questions in the affirmative.
(beat)
Is your name Jeffrey Womack?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yes.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER
Do you live at 4102 Copeland Drive?

JEFFREY WOMACK

Yes.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER

Do you know Marcia Trimble?

JEFFREY WOMACK

(deliberate)

I knew her... know her.

Burke shifts behind the Polygraph Examiner. Jeffrey clocks it, allows a faint smirk to show.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER

Please only answer in the affirmative. Do you know Marcia Trimble?

JEFFREY WOMACK

Affirmative.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mason and Burke wait outside the interrogation room. Through the open door John and Jeffrey sit at the table while the Polygraph Examiner finishes putting the machine away.

He exits and joins Mason and Burke.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER

Despite his thinly veiled attempts to convince you otherwise, he passed.

JIM BURKE

Really?

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER

Look, to a 90% certainty the boy doesn't know of her whereabouts or what happened to her after she left his house.

JIM BURKE

We don't make cases on 10% uncertainty.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER

Well, ya know, you called me. I don't know what else to tell you.

GEORGE MASON

Thanks for coming in.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER
I'll send you a full report before
end of day.

The men shake and the Polygraph Examiner leaves. John comes out into the hallway.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - TWO WEEKS LATER

Two uniformed officers and Joe Casey wait outside an interrogation room. Diane exits holding a few EVIDENCE BAGS and gives a nod to the officers.

The officers enter the room to cuff JEROME BARRETT, 26, black, who sits at the table.

DIANE VAUGHN
Confessed to the rapes and assaults. Judy Porter, Charlotte Shatzen, Dianna McMillan. All down. But he did not confess to the Sarah Des Prez rape and murder.

JOE CASEY
Rape is a nasty business, not for the faint of heart. Wasn't sure if you were ready to take that on.

DIANE VAUGHN
Because I'm a rookie?

JOE CASEY
What? No.

An awkward beat as Diane realizes what he meant. She shrugs off the misogyny.

DIANE VAUGHN
In any case, he kept some of Ms. Porter's things at his apartment. Didn't exactly take a hard boiled detective to figure it out.

The officers exit with Jerome. We stay with him for a moment as they escort him out, staring Diane down as he passes.

JOE CASEY
It's good, clean police work. He's going away for a long time. Think it's about time to get you on the Trimble case.

DIANE VAUGHN

Sir, I was happy to help out when she disappeared, but you have to let me work my cases. This man almost certainly raped and murdered Sarah Des Prez. You have to keep me on it.

JOE CASEY

Have to? I HAVE to let you?

From across the room we see Burke and Mason walk in. They wear BODY ARMOR VESTS over their plain clothes and look to be in a foul mood.

JOE CASEY (CONT'D)

We have Barrett stone guilty on these rapes. And the most important thing right now is to find that girl.

Casey and Diane split as the two men stride between them and disappear into a conference room. The door slams shut.

DIANE VAUGHN

It's been three weeks. We all know what everyone is looking for.

JOE CASEY

(sharp)
Detective.

A beat. He knows she's probably right. Casey stares at the conference room door Burke and Mason disappeared behind.

JOE CASEY (CONT'D)

Two weeks detective.

He strides off before she can respond and enters the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The conference room is devoted to Marcia Trimble. AERIAL MAPS with various RED PINS on the walls, PAPERS and FOLDERS scattered across the conference room table, old COFFEE CUPS, etc.

In the center of a large, mobile CHALKBOARD there is a composite sketch taped up of a slender white male with thick, wavy, dark brown hair. Above it reads "SUSPECT COMPOSITE SKETCH". To the left of it are physical attributes:

- White Male
- 18-25 years old
- 5' 7" to 5' 9"

To the right are a list of suspects and witnesses. Amongst the list of suspects are Jeffrey Womack, Charles and Virginia Trimble, and "Bushy Haired" Man.

Burke is stripping off his BODY ARMOR VEST. He and Mason are heated.

GEORGE MASON

Regardless of the probability we have an obligation to follow up on every lead!

JIM BURKE

(pointing to sketch)

More than 100 tips since that picture was released. At the very best this was a waste of time, but you and I know it was probably something worse.

GEORGE MASON

Oh come off it.

JIM BURKE

What are we doing in a low income black neighborhood chasing an unidentified tip?! Did you happen to notice the guy in the sketch is WHITE?!

JOE CASEY

So what are you saying?

JIM BURKE

That the call was likely made to incite violence between law enforcement and the black community.

GEORGE MASON

Oh, please.

JOE CASEY

Do any of the tips since the sketch was released sound promising?

JIM BURKE

We're responding to calls from all over the state and it's causing us to lose focus on the neighborhood. It was someone she knew.

JOE CASEY

Parents?

JIM BURKE

The mother...

(fake shiver)

She creeps me out. She's too calm. Too in control. But her and Charles both passed polygraphs.

GEORGE MASON

So did Jeffrey.

JIM BURKE

The kid KNOWS something. We need to stay with the neighborhood.

EXT. THORPE HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Easter. Yellow and blue BALLOONS tied to mailboxes up and down Copeland Drive. The Thorpe home is just a few houses down from the Trimble's.

MARIE THORPE and PEGGY MOFFAT are out amongst the children in the front yard, keeping a watchful eye out as they hunt for EASTER EGGS. Everyone still in their Sunday best.

HARRY MOFFAT, 60's, JOHN THORPE, 40's, and JOHN ED, 40's, stand off to the side in the driveway, drinking beer and watching the children.

HARRY MOFFAT

Wasn't so long ago we were watching you hunt for eggs.

JOHN ED

Time flies. Though I don't seem to remember so much adult supervision.

JOHN THORPE

Dark times in the neighborhood. Can't be too careful.

HARRY MOFFAT

Are the cops circling in on anything?

JOHN THORPE

Police in the neighborhood have been in the area less and less over the past couple weeks. Following up on other leads I expect.

JOHN ED

Any sign of foul play in the family?

JOHN THORPE

That's my bet. The mother hasn't shed a tear. We've seen her out shopping, calm as can be.

HARRY MOFFAT

Awful, just awful.

An awkward silence as the men look for a distraction in their drinks. After a few beats -

HARRY MOFFAT (CONT'D)

You ever end up selling that outboard motor from last summer?

JOHN THORPE

Couple nibbles but no bites. You interested?

HARRY MOFFAT

I am, actually. Felt like I was captaining a canoe towards the end of last summer.

JOHN THORPE

I've got her in the shed out back if you want to take a look. Might be buried though, my big summer project is to clear it out.

HARRY MOFFAT

Sounds great, thanks. I trust you two have this under control?

JOHN ED

(indicating with beer)

We should manage.

Harry turns and walks around the side of the house. We follow him to the standalone shed in the backyard.

INT. THORPE SHED - SAME

Harry tentatively sticks his head in to find a jumble of OLD BIKES, FLOWER POTS, GAS CANS, BOXES, GARBAGE CANS, TIRES, and other junk. Some light shines in, but it's dark and heavily shadowed throughout. He cautiously maneuvers through the clutter until he sees the OUTBOARD MOTOR towards the back left corner of the garage next to a deflated KIDDIE POOL.

Harry lifts the corner of the kiddie pool to move off to the side and uncovers a large doll's face.

Harry stops. His heart stops. This is no doll's face. We hold on the lifeless eyes of Marcia Trimble.

EXT. THROPE SHED - A MOMENT LATER

From outside, we watch Harry slowly back out of the garage door. He stops and looks at the building in a daze. We hold on him for almost too long until --

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT THREE

INT. STATE MORGUE - DAY

Small feet on the coroner's table. Autopsy complete, State Medical Examiner DR. JERRY FRANCISCO, Burke, and Mason stand around Marcia's body.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

In my preliminary findings I concur with your medical examiner on cause of death: manual strangulation by hands on the throat. There was no evidence of sexual assault, nor were any skin or hair follicles found under her fingernails.

Burke and Mason nod.

JIM BURKE

And she died 10-15 days after she disappeared?

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

No, I'm afraid that's where the similarities end.

(MORE)

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

I have time of death taking place
shortly after she disappeared - on
or around February 25th.

JIM BURKE

We searched that shed the day
after she went missing. Thousands
of searchers combing the
neighborhood. Hell, we had dogs
called in for Chrissake. There's
no way she was there the whole
time.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

Well, these first tests don't
determine whether the body had
been moved after death.

JIM BURKE

She was stored somewhere else.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

We don't know for sure yet, but
it's certainly possible.

With an air of finality he starts to zip up the body bag.

GEORGE MASON

When can we take her home?

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

Monday afternoon at the latest.

EXT. CHURCH - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Marcia's funeral is just letting out. Virginia, Charles,
and Chuck stand to the side of the church steps accepting
condolences.

Mason, Burke, and Marie watch people file out from a
distance with Marie.

The background noise drops away as Burke's attention shifts
to the Trimbles. He's too far to hear what they're saying,
but it's clear Virginia is carrying the conversations next
to her grief-ridden husband. Carl says something to Chuck,
but the boy coldly brushes him away. The parents don't
seem to notice.

Mason's nudge brings Burke back to earth. Mason cocks his
head towards Marie - "look."

GEORGE MASON

(to Marie)

Which one?

MARIE MAXWELL
At the foot of the steps.

She begins to bring her arm up to point but Mason stops her.

GEORGE MASON
Easy. It's okay. Describe his clothes.

MARIE MAXWELL
Blue dress shirt, tan slacks.
With the bushy hair.

JIM BURKE
I see him.

He starts toward GUILLERMO ALEXANDER MESA, 20's. As Mason follows -

GEORGE MASON
Thanks for the call Mrs. Maxwell.
We'll be in touch.

Mason and Burke approach Guillermo.

JIM BURKE
Sir? Detective Jim Burke. This is Major George Mason. May we have a moment of your time?

GUILLERMO
Guillermo Alexander Mesa. Have I done something wrong?

GEORGE MASON
Mr. Mesa. You didn't speak with the Trimble's after the service. May I ask how you know the family?

GUILLERMO
Well, I don't.

JIM BURKE
(blunt)
Then why are you here?

Guillermo understands the implication immediately.

GUILLERMO
This is a community. I don't have to have a beer with Charles Trimble to understand he and his family are suffering right now.

JIM BURKE
So you've been following the
investigation in the news.

GUILLERMO
Unfortunately, yes.

JIM BURKE
You've seen the composite
photograph of the suspect?

GUILLERMO
Yes. And look, I can definitely
see the similarities. The hair,
right? But what am I supposed to
do... cut it cuz of some composite
picture? Nah. But look, what can
I do to help?

GEORGE MASON
Would you be willing to take a
polygraph?

GUILLERMO
Absolutely. I have a few errands
to run but would be happy to come
later this afternoon.

JIM BURKE
Now is really bett-

GEORGE MASON
This afternoon would be fine.
Thanks for your cooperation.

GUILLERMO
(earnest)
Happy to help.

The detectives head to their car. As they walk -

GEORGE MASON
Call Diane to see if she'll
oversee it. She was following up
on a lead this morning but she
should be back in the office after
lunch.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - THAT EVENING

Mason and Burke enter and head for Casey's office. Diane
falls in with them.

DIANE VAUGHN
He passed. Provided a couple
names of guys who were with him
that day and was amicable
throughout. Sure looks like our
guy though.

JIM BURKE
Thanks for seeing to that.

They arrive at Casey's office.

DIANE VAUGHN
Happy to help.

Diane turns to go but Casey's voice stops her.

JOE CASEY (O.S.)
Vaughn!

All three enter. Burke and Mason sit, leaving Diane to
stand awkwardly behind them.

JOE CASEY (CONT'D)
I hear we're scoping out funeral
services now.

GEORGE MASON
Yes sir. Marie Maxwell gave us a
call during the service about a
guy who resembled her composite
sketch. Nice guy. Came in and
took a poly with Diane today.

DIANE VAUGHN
He passed.

JOE CASEY
Fine. Vaughn. It's time. You're
on the Trimble case.

DIANE VAUGHN
Sir...

JOE CASEY
No. That's it. You put that guy
away easy enough. If he had
killed the Des Prez girl you would
have already linked him to it.
This department runs on our
priorities, not your agenda.

Diane remembers how big of a deal it is to be put on this
case and swallows her disappointment.

DIANE VAUGHN
Of course sir. Thank you.

JOE CASEY

Good. Sit in so they can debrief
you.

JIM BURKE

(proud of her)

Dead weight if you ask me.

A small smile twitches at the corners of her mouth as she takes out her signature RED NOTEBOOK and sits. One of the guys.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Virginia kneels at the foot of the bed, clutching her crucifix as she prays.

Charles enters. Disheveled, tipsy, tired. Always tired now. He stops in the doorway when he sees his wife praying.

She turns to him.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

Come pray with me Charles.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

Nothing new has popped into my
head since I prayed with you this
morning.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

I fear our faith in the lord is
being tested.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

If it's all the same to you I'll
pass.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

You only speak to me this way when
you've been drinking.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

You do the praying. I'll hold up
the other requirement for being a
Catholic.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

That's enough. Come pray with me
now.

A beat as he considers his next words.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Pray for what?

He turns and exits.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Diane consults her red notebook as she downloads them on a lead.

DIANE VAUGHN
Followed up on the "sex games" tip we received. 12 year old Rhonda Allen provided truthful answers during her polygraph about the nature of these liaisons. Various children in the neighborhood - Carl, Chuck, and Marcia amongst them - would have meet ups in the clubhouse behind the Trimble's. Also the tree house behind the Egerton's, the woods, and, get this: in Marcia's room.

JIM BURKE
Not exactly the introverted girl her parents describe her as.

DIANE VAUGHN
No sir. Marcia herself had a small magazine of semi-nude women and cartoons in various sex positions.

GEORGE MASON
How did she describe these meet ups? Anything rough that could have sparked anger?

DIANE VAUGHN
I don't think Rhonda was there every time it happened, but she says no. Mostly touching "privates" against each other. But back to the book, it's important. The porno book described was found outside the Thorpes garage during the search on February 28th.

JIM BURKE
Christ.
(lets it sink in)
Jeffrey Womack mentioned?

DIANE VAUGHN
No, according to Rhonda he was
never involved.

JIM BURKE
But like you said, she wasn't
there every time.

The phone in the middle of the table rings. Mason answers,
eyes still wide from the new details.

Intercut call with Dr. Francisco as necessary.

GEORGE MASON
Mason here.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO
Detective Mason, Dr. Francisco
here. I have a few updates on the
Marcia Trimble case.

GEORGE MASON
One sec. I have Burke and Diane
Vaughn here as well.

He puts the phone on speaker.

GEORGE MASON (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO
Hello gentlemen. And lady. After
additional testing I can confirm
there was male sperm present
around, but not in, her vagina.

The two detectives sit up at this. Diane's face hardens.

JIM BURKE
She was sexually assaulted?

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO
That's actually unlikely. There
were no tears in the vagina or
rectum to suggest rape. It's
possible the subject ejaculated on
her body without penetration.

GEORGE MASON
We'll check her clothes to see if
there are any traces of it.
Anything else?

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO
Yes, this one is for Detective
Burke actually.

JIM BURKE

Go ahead.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

My new assessment based on
temperature inside and outside the
shed indicates time of death
occurred between March 20th and
27th.

Burke pumps a fist in spite of himself.

JIM BURKE

Thank you for the update.

DR. JERRY FRANCISCO

Talk soon.

Mason hangs up.

JIM BURKE

So she was held somewhere alive
for a number of days. Had to have
been close by - why would a killer
return to the same street just to
dump the body?

(a beat)

We still need to get the exact
timing down. Let's talk to Peggy
again. Diane... can you find out
definitely if Jeff was ever a part
of these "sex games?" Talk to the
Carl kid.

EXT. MORGAN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Burke and Mason approach the front door and knock.

JIM BURKE

This time we'll get a real time
nailed down from her.

Mason nods in agreement.

The door opens, but it's not Peggy Morgan. A mischievous
smile breaks out on Jeffrey Womack's face when he sees who
is at the door.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Detectives. What a surprise.

Burke and Mason exchange looks.

GEORGE MASON

Likewise. Is Ms. Morgan home?

JEFFREY WOMACK

Nah, but she should be home in a few minutes. Just me watching the kiddos. The good people of this community seem to trust me.

This time Burke keeps his cool. He understands the opportunity at hand for some one on one time with their main suspect.

JIM BURKE

She's helping us clear your name, Jeff. May we come in and wait for her?

JEFFREY WOMACK

I don't think it would be appropriate letting two grown men in with all these small children
(smiling)
But you're more than welcome to wait on the porch.

GEORGE MASON

There's no problem Jeff, we were just going to ask her about what you were doing right before all this mess went down.

JEFFREY WOMACK

I was playing basketball with my friend Doug Green.

JIM BURKE

What time was that?

JEFFREY WOMACK

I'd say between 4:00-5:00 o'clock.
Actually a little after 5:00.

A child runs behind Jeffrey, screaming in delight. He turns to watch her and the detectives use the distraction to look at each other in triumph. Finally, a discrepancy in his story.

JIM BURKE

Thanks for your time
Jeff...really.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Have a good one fellas.

He closes the door. George turns to his partner with a grin.

GEORGE MASON
Incredible ability for him to be
in two places at once.

EXT. GREEN HILLS PLAYGROUND - DAY

Establish a modest park in Green Hills.

JOHN EGERTON, Carl's father, sits on a park bench watching Carl play on the swings with a YOUNG GIRL around his age.

The Girl's MOTHER approaches, and after a moment of unheard dialogue picks the Girl up and carries her to the car. Perhaps John imagined the dark look the Mother gave his son.

DIANE VAUGHN (O.S.)
Mr. Egerton?

John turns to Diane with a pensive frown still on his face.

JOHN EGERTON
Yes?

DIANE VAUGHN
My name is Diane Vaughn, I'm
assisting Jim Burke and George
Mason on the Trimble case.

JOHN EGERTON
What do you want?

DIANE VAUGHN
I wanted an opportunity to speak
with Carl... With your permission
of course.

JOHN EGERTON
The detectives already spoke with
him. He told them everything he
knows.

DIANE VAUGHN
All the same, Carl remains one of
the last people to see Marcia
alive. I'll be very gentle. I
promise. No tough questions.

JOHN EGERTON
Fine. But not alone.

DIANE VAUGHN
Of course not.

He stands and the two of them walk over to Carl, who had stopped swinging to watch his father talk to the strange woman.

JOHN EGERTON
Carl, this is Officer Vaughn.
She's going to ask you a couple
questions about Marcia.

CARL EGERTON
I don't want to.

Diane sits in the swing next to him.

DIANE VAUGHN
I'll tell you what Carl, me
neither. It's been a long day. I
just want to go home. You ever
feel that way in school?

CARL EGERTON
Oh yeah. Sometimes.

DIANE VAUGHN
It helps to have friends in the
same class as you. When I was
younger I used to get in so much
trouble for talking during class.

CARL EGERTON
Yeah.

Diane glances up at John.

DIANE VAUGHN
Were you and Marcia in the same
class?

CARL EGERTON
Last year we were. That's when we
became friends.

DIANE VAUGHN
And Chuck, right? Is he doing
okay?

Carl frowns. They WERE friends, but now...

CARL EGERTON
We aren't that close.

DIANE VAUGHN
But you were playing basketball
together that day. Do you
remember what time she left to
deliver cookies to Mrs. Maxwell?

CARL EGERTON
(shaking his head)
Sorry. We were outside.

DIANE VAUGHN
What about when you were
delivering cookies with her
earlier?

Carl shakes his head.

DIANE VAUGHN (CONT'D)
(gentle)
Carl, the time is important here.
Can you think very hard for me?
It's okay to take a minute.

JOHN EGERTON
What did he just say?

DIANE VAUGHN
Mr. Egerton -

JOHN EGERTON
Carl, go wait by the car.
(a beat)
Now.

Carl stands and heads toward the parking lot. Diane stands.

DIANE VAUGHN
I'm sorry if you took offense. I
wasn't going to push him far.

JOHN EGERTON
He doesn't need to be pushed at
all. He's nine years old and his
friend has just been murdered.
Christ, I don't even have any
friends who have been killed.

DIANE VAUGHN
All the more reason to get as much
information as we can. Give us
the best chance to catch this guy.
Don't you want him to feel safe?

JOHN EGERTON
Safe? The boy can't even sleep in
his own bed. He's in a sleeping
bag, at the foot of our bed.
Every night. And you want to
traumatize him further. No
detective. You're done speaking
to my son.

DIANE VAUGHN

I understand the urge to be protective, but this case is bigger than shielding Carl from ugly truths.

JOHN EGERTON

Clearly it's big enough for me to retain counsel. We'll bleed money to afford it, but we will. Thanks for that.

He turns and stalks off, leaving Diane alone in the park.

EXT. GREEN HOME - FRONT YARD - LATER

DOUG GREEN, 16, stands with Burke and Mason in the front yard, BASEBALL MITT under his arm. His YOUNGER BROTHER sits on the stoop with his BASEBALL MITT next to him, looking on curiously from a distance.

DOUG GREEN

Sure I play basketball with Jeff sometimes. After school when he doesn't work.

JIM BURKE

Do you remember back to the day Marcia disappeared?

Doug shivers.

DOUG GREEN

I'll never forget that day. Isn't it weird? I don't even know what shirt I wore two days ago... but somehow I remember wearing mismatched socks the day she went missing.

GEORGE MASON

Did you play basketball with Jeff that day? Maybe around 4:00 or 5:00?

DOUG GREEN

No, not that day. He had to work at Peggy's.

JIM BURKE

Ms. Morgan to you.

DOUG GREEN

Right. Sorry. Jeff always calls her that. They were close.

GEORGE MASON

Close?

DOUG GREEN

Haven't you been talking to people
in the neighborhood about them?

JIM BURKE

We're talking to everyone.

DOUG GREEN

So? Are the rumors true? Was he
really... you know... doing it
with her?

Off the stunned detectives faces we --

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT FOUR

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mason blows on a cup of coffee as he walks into the
conference room. As time has passed the notes on the board
have expanded and the room has gotten busier with photos,
maps, and stacks of paper.

Diane pores over her notes while Burke is on the phone. As
Mason walks in he looks up at him with a sour expression.

JIM BURKE

Yes. I understand. Should we
expect your assessment to change
again? Uh huh. Uh huh. Okay,
thank you. Yes, goodbye.

Mason looks at him curiously - what was that?

JIM BURKE (CONT'D)

State morgue with a final change
in their autopsy assessment.
According to the "good" doctor,
death occurred on or around the
day she disappeared.

GEORGE MASON

He flip flopped again?!

JIM BURKE

Yeah. He says based on the Livor
Mortis.

DIANE VAUGHN

Rigor Mortis?

JIM BURKE

No, Livor Mortis is the discoloration of the skin depending on how the body lays after death. The heart is no longer pumping, so the blood settles where it is. He's saying the way the blood inside her body settled would look different if the body had been moved around.

DIANE VAUGHN

So the body had to have been in the shed the whole time.

JIM BURKE

Bullshit. That girl was NOT in the shed when I searched it.

Mason sits and takes a sip of coffee. Gives himself a second to evaluate how that will effect the case.

GEORGE MASON

Our meeting with Peggy still on today?

JIM BURKE

Two o'clock.

DIANE VAUGHN

I can't come to that. The Thorpes called this morning to tell us they're tearing down the shed. Gotta go through it one last time.

JIM BURKE

Can't really blame 'em. Was good of them to call first.

INT. MORGAN HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Mason and Burke sit across from Peggy at her kitchen table.

GEORGE MASON

Thank you for taking the time to meet with us again.

PEGGY MORGAN

Of course.

GEORGE MASON

As you know, we've been conducting interviews of nearly everyone in the neighborhood in the last few months to develop an image of the community and the people in it.

JIM BURKE

It should come as no surprise that Jeffrey is on our list of suspects. And quite frankly, Ms. Morgan, we've been hearing some disturbing rumors with the two of you at the center.

PEGGY MORGAN

I don't understand. I thought I had been cleared as a suspect?

GEORGE MASON

Jeffrey seems to have told some people the two of you had, ah, a romantic relationship.

PEGGY MORGAN

HA! He's a teenager. I'm sure he's just trying to top his friend's stories.

GEORGE MASON

Others have reported seeing some suspicious behavior between the two of you.

Her eyes narrow. There it is.

PEGGY MORGAN

That bitch Amy told you.

JIM BURKE

Ms. Morgan -

PEGGY MORGAN

I fired her. Did she tell you that. Did you factor that into your little notes before you decided to come into my home and insult me?

JIM BURKE

Are there any weight to these stories?

PEGGY MORGAN

No, of course not.

JIM BURKE

Amy states that she has seen the two of you holding hands as well as lying on the couch together on more than one occasion.

GEORGE MASON

Ms. Morgan, we're not interested in whether or not the affair actually happened. We're here about the death of a nine year old girl. That's our focus. And, hypothetically, if there were some liaisons, we think Jeffrey may have confided in you.

JIM BURKE

Of course, it could be about the affair. The public needs answers and the Chief is taking some flak for saying the same thing every time he speaks to them...

She gets it. Looks at both of them, calculating.

PEGGY MORGAN

Fine. Okay, yes, We had been sleeping together. But I ended it. For the record, he never told me a thing that would make me concerned.

JIM BURKE

What about his behavior? When the two of you were alone. Anything that struck you as off?

PEGGY MORGAN

He could be... aggressive.

GEORGE MASON

In what way?

She shoots him a look - skeezy perv.

PEGGY MORGAN

Like, not just when we were intimate. We would argue sometimes and he would get emotional.

JIM BURKE

Because he's a teenager...

PEGGY MORGAN

I guess.

GEORGE MASON
Ms. Morgan, do you believe Jeffrey
Womack has a violent personality?

A beat while she searches for the right answer.

PEGGY MORGAN
Violent, no. Angry... yes.

EXT. THORPE GARAGE - DAY

Diane stands outside going over a list of items from the garage the day after Marcia's body was found.

TWO OFFICERS are bringing items out and laying them neatly in front of her so she can compare them to the list. John Thorpe observes off to the side.

She stops at a pair of SUNGLASSES in the line and double checks her list. The sunglasses are new.

DIANE VAUGHN
Mr. Thorpe?

He approaches.

JOHN THORPE
Yes ma'am?

DIANE VAUGHN
Do these sunglasses belong to you
or any of your family members?

JOHN THORPE
Not mine. They look like women's
sunglasses, no? I've never seen
my wife wear them.

DIANE VAUGHN
Anyone else outside your family
been in the garage since Marcia's
body was found?

JOHN THORPE
No. God no. I've kept it locked
up ever since.

Interesting. Diane waves an officer over. Points to the sunglasses.

DIANE VAUGHN
Bag 'em.

INT. HILLSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Empty hallways with classes underway. In the sea of lockers, one stands out. One locker with fresh spray paint spelling out the word "KILLER" in large block letters. We push in on this locker as the bell sounds.

Students pour out of classrooms. They talk, laugh, then slow and whisper as they notice the tagged locker.

We keep pushing in on the locker as Jeffrey approaches. Stops when he sees the spray paint. He stands, alone in the sea of students who move around him. He drops two TEXTBOOKS, spins, and walks out a side door.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Open SUITCASE on the bed, Virginia Trimble unpacks from a forced vacation. She takes out some developed PHOTOGRAPHS, looks at a family of three who are missing one. She's lost in her thoughts when the doorbell rings.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Virginia leads Diane into the kitchen.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Can I get you something to drink?

DIANE VAUGHN
No, but thank you.
(indicating chair)
May I?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Of course.

Virginia sits across from her. Diane pulls out an EVIDENCE BAG with the sunglasses in them and sets it between them.

DIANE VAUGHN
Mrs. Trimble -

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Virginia, please.

DIANE VAUGHN
Okay. Virginia, can you confirm these prescription sunglasses are yours.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Yes, those are mine.

DIANE VAUGHN

We recovered them from the Thorpes shed while you were on vacation. Can you explain why you went into the shed after your daughter had been found?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

I was looking for closure, I suppose. In the weeks after Marcia died I didn't know where to look for it. So I called the police and asked them to take me into the shed. I guess I must have left them behind.

DIANE VAUGHN

Do you remember the names of the officers?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

One.. Sergeant Dennis. Can't remember the name of the other one.

Diane writes in her red notebook.

DIANE VAUGHN

Great, thank you for your time.

She stands.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

Detective.

DIANE VAUGHN

Yes?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

That closure I'm looking for? I haven't found it yet. I don't think I ever will, until... I just want to know why.

DIANE VAUGHN

I understand.

INT. DA TOM SHRIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason, Burke, and Diane walk up to a door marked "District Attorney Tom Shriver."

SUPER: Fall, 1976

Young, ambitious ADA PAT APEL smiles at them as they pass.

PAT APEL
Hey detectives! More developments
in the Trimble case?

GEORGE MASON
Your boss actually has something
for us.

PAT APEL
You can head on in.

MOMENTS LATER

Mason, Burke and Diane sit across from TOM SHRIVER.

TOM SHRIVER
Thanks for meeting with me so
quickly. We've been running down
some disturbing reports recently
from Hillsboro High School -
Jeffrey Womack's high school.

JIM BURKE
He remains our number one suspect.

TOM SHRIVER
Yes, well, we have received
reports from several students at
the school that he confessed to
killing Marcia.

JIM BURKE
In detail? Or just in passing?

TOM SHRIVER
One boy overheard him telling
someone in gym class he had sex
with Marcia and then strangled her
because he was embarrassed by her
age.

JIM BURKE
Really?! So we can charge him?

TOM SHRIVER
Not yet. From your findings there
doesn't seem to be any hard
evidence of his involvement.

DIANE VAUGHN
But now we have multiple people
who can corroborate a confession.

TOM SHRIVER
Hearsay doesn't exactly carry the
same weight as an eyeball witness.
(MORE)

TOM SHRIVER (CONT'D)
That, or we need a legitimate
confession directly from him.

GEORGE MASON
So we should focus on the school?

TOM SHRIVER
Perhaps last year. Jeffrey no
longer attends Hillsboro High. He
dropped out at the end of last
year.

JIM BURKE
So where can we find him?

EXT. THE JOLLY OX RESTAURANT - LATER MORNING

Establish The Jolly Ox - a faux English steak house with
dark wood and stone exterior.

INT. THE JOLLY OX RESTAURANT - SAME

Employees prep the restaurant to open while Store Manager
CHRIS RICHARDS, pudgy and resigned to his food service
career, takes his newest dishwasher on a tour. Jeffrey has
a white dishwasher apron hanging from his neck. He twirls
the strings that tie around the back in his hands.

CHRIS RICHARDS
(point as he goes)
Server stations here and at the
other end of the restaurant.
Bathrooms at the end of the hall.

They arrive at the dishwasher station next to the kitchen.

CHRIS RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Here's where you'll be. Servers
drop off dishes at this end. You
ever operate one of these heavy
duty dishwashers?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yeah.

CHRIS RICHARDS
Good, let's head to the office to
get all your paperwork filled out.

Jeffrey gives his new digs one last look and then follows
Chris out.

ACT FIVE

EXT. MAXWELL HOME - DAY

There is a "For Sale" SIGN with "SOLD!" Stamped across it next to the mailbox. A Moving Truck is parked in the driveway.

MOVERS carry BOXES out to the truck as Marie watches from the front yard. Jenna crawls around on a BLANKET next to her.

Virginia approaches with a smile and Marie stands to greet her.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
The day is finally here.

The two women embrace.

MARIE MAXWELL
So many memories in this house.
Jenna's first home.

They look down at the girl crawling on the blanket.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Yes. Such a wonderful place, full
of love.

Her smile fades and Marie clocks it.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE (CONT'D)
Is... Is Porter still here?

MARIE MAXWELL
No, he's ahead at the new house
with some of the bigger furniture.

An awkward silence as they survey the property. Virginia's eyes are drawn to the hedge behind the moving truck.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Marie.

MARIE MAXWELL
Yes, dear?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Do you think about that day?
About what you saw through the
hedge?

Marie grimaces. Painful for her to relive.

MARIE MAXWELL

Every day, just about. I've gotten in my head about as deep as it will go. But I'm afraid I never get a clear image.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

Yes, of course...

MARIE MAXWELL

I went to a hypnotist, you know? For the sketch they put in the papers. Even that... and it's harder to remember as time passes.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

But you know for sure it was Carl? The little boy with Marcia and the man?

MARIE MAXWELL

(shaking her head)

I thought so. Maybe. It was such a quick look, Virginia. Maybe I assumed it was him because they played together.

She's uncomfortable now. Not how she envisioned their parting goodbye.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

Maybe if you spoke with Carl face to face?

But Marie is done. Bending down, she swoops Jenna into her arms. Starts to back away.

MARIE MAXWELL

I'm sorry, but no. That won't help anyone. I really have to make sure they're getting the last of our things. Give me a call soon. We'll have lunch next time I'm in the area.

She leaves Virginia standing alone. Her eyes are drawn to the bright blanket and TOYS left in the grass. Remembers back to when Marcia crawled on a blanket in the grass of a long ago park...

INT. THE JOLLY OX RESTAURANT - DAY

Veteran dishwasher Jeffrey leads BENJAMIN JONES, rugged and street smart, on the same route Chris took him on his first day. He looks like he has a good command of his job.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Server stations here and at the end. Bathrooms down there, dishwasher station to the left, right before you get to the kitchen. Your application says you've worked an industrial dishwashing machine before, yeah?

BENJAMIN JONES

Um, right. Well, it depends on the kind. You'll probably have to show me a couple times so I can get acclimated.

Jeffrey stops in his tracks. Turns to the new guy.

JEFFREY WOMACK

(low)

You've never worked one of them before, have you?

BENJAMIN JONES

No, okay. No. But I'm a fast learner, I swear. Help me out man, no one will give me a job since I got out.

Jeffrey looks him up and down. Hard to read.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Lying on your application. Nice. The owner is a total bitch.. Almost unbearable having to work for a woman. At least the manager is cool. Come on and I'll give you a little tutorial before he gets in.

Ben exhales, relieved.

BENJAMIN JONES

Thank God man. Right on for being cool. You like to get high?

JEFFREY WOMACK

(duh)

Dude... I work in food service.

(a beat)

How bout that tutorial in ten?

EXT. THE JOLLY OX RESTAURANT - DUMPSTERS

Ben lights a BOWL, tokes, passes it to Jeffrey.

BENJAMIN JONES
You sure we'll be okay?

Jeffrey hits the bowl, then passes it back and lights the CIGARETTE he had been keeping behind his ear.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Oldest trick in the book. Quick
cig after you smoke will cover the
smell right up.

Ben taps out the ash, pockets the bowl, and lights his own CIGARETTE. Looks the teenager up and down.

BENJAMIN JONES
You seem pretty seasoned.

JEFFREY WOMACK
In pussy, yes.

BENJAMIN JONES
Whatever man, you haven't been
laid.

Jeffrey smirks - come on, dude.

JEFFREY WOMACK
You know what they say: if there's
grass on the field...

BENJAMIN JONES
... play ball.

They grin, fast friends.

INT. DIVE BAR - EVENING

Charles sits in a dimly lit dive bar with Sherman Nickens - the first cop he called when Marcia went missing. Charles is drinking much faster than his longtime friend.

SHERMAN NICKENS
You been living like I told you
Charles? One day at a time.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Can't tell what's worse: how I
felt when she was missing versus
now that she's... been found.

SHERMAN NICKENS
Nothing a parent should ever have
to endure. How's Chuck doing in
school?

CHARLES TRIMBLE

'Spect the pain was sharper when I didn't know where she was. This isn't as bad... but it feels permanent. I can't shake how permanent it feels, ya know?

SHERMAN NICKENS

Sure Charles, sure. Virginia doing okay?

CHARLES TRIMBLE

Fine. No, more than fine. I got home from work the other day and she was humming. Humming. Where did she put her grief?

SHERMAN NICKENS

Everybody grieves in their own way, Charles. Putting on a brave front is a way to cope. A way to feel more in control.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

I was at work, bout a month back. And there it was, on the radio. Virginia had confessed. So I'm flying down the road for home and someone calls in to say they're gonna put a bomb in our mailbox. Cuz what kind of person could do that to their own child?

SHERMAN NICKENS

But it was a false report, you know that.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

And then I'm pulling into the neighborhood when it hits me... after all those months of not knowing. Me thinking it had been Virginia. Know what it was?

SHERMAN NICKENS

No.

A beat. Charles looks his friend in the eye.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

Relief.

INT. JEFFREY WOMACK'S APARTMENT - 3:00 AM

A cliché high school burnout bachelor pad. One bedroom, DIRTY CLOTHES thrown over a CHAIR, take out CHINESE CARTONS on the coffee table next to empty BEER BOTTLES, a BONG, and ASHTRAY.

Benjamin finishes packing the bong and offers it to Jeffrey.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Nah, man. You take greens.

Benjamin pretends to offer the bong to Chris, passed out on the couch next to him. They both chuckle and he takes a rip, then passes it to the teen. As Jeffrey hits it -

BENJAMIN JONES

Aight man, you mind telling me why you bailed on school?

Jeffrey exhales and coughs.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Man, you know how it is. I'm smarter than half those teachers anyway.

BENJAMIN JONES

You really showed them.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Whatever. It's all bullshit anyway.

BENJAMIN JONES

Not saying it isn't. But dude, I haven't exactly had it easy since I quit school. Couldn't find work outside of food service. Started dealing just so I had enough to party a bit. Got caught up. Now I'm just some ex-con from Alabama. It's easy to slip.

JEFFREY WOMACK

So what, you're telling me to conform like everyone else?

BENJAMIN JONES

Gotta play the game to change it. That's all I'm sayin'.

Jeffrey takes a second to consider this. Takes another hit.

BENJAMIN JONES (CONT'D)
So what did it for you? Some
teacher have it out for you?

JEFFREY WOMACK
More like the kids.

BENJAMIN JONES
The kids? Come on. You're not
the type to let somebody bully
you.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Trust me. I'm not.

He takes a swig of beer. Wants to change the subject.

JEFFREY WOMACK (CONT'D)
So, what were you in for? Or is
that, like, not a cool question to
ask?

BENJAMIN JONES
Nah, man. It's cool... if you can
handle it.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Hell yeah.

BENJAMIN JONES
I killed someone.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Holy shit. Why? How'd you do it?

Benjamin pulls out a wicked looking SWITCHBLADE. Clicks it
open.

BENJAMIN JONES
Used a knife just like this one.
Harder to prove premeditation when
you use a blade. Lot of people
carry knives around.

Jeffrey seems entranced by the blade. Looks at Benjamin in
a new light.

JEFFREY WOMACK
That's crazy man. He deserve it?

BENJAMIN JONES
Who said it was a he?

INT. DINER - LATER

From inside the diner we see Benjamin blow on his hands for warmth as he crosses in front of the large glass windows. He enters and slides into a booth... the same booth Burke and Mason sit at.

JIM BURKE

Christ, McElroy, you were supposed to meet us an hour and a half ago.

GEORGE MASON

(with a grin)

Damn! Pick those eyes up. Can we get you a piece of pie? Or maybe the whole thing?

Undercover detective TOMMY MCELROY raises a hand to flag down a WAITRESS.

TOMMY MCELROY

(to waitress)

Just coffee, please.

As she moves off -

TOMMY MCELROY (CONT'D)

Christ, that kid can party. Took me back.

JIM BURKE

So. First impressions?

TOMMY MCELROY

Got in his circle quick enough. He's lonely despite the tough exterior. Wants to be something he isn't.

GEORGE MASON

Marcia come into the conversation?

TOMMY MCELROY

Nothing yet. Didn't want to push. But I'm gonna get it out of him.

The Waitress approaches. As she pours -

TOMMY MCELROY (CONT'D)

Thank you darling.

WAITRESS

Anything to eat?

TOMMY MCELROY

What kinda pie you got?

Mason throws a CRUMPLED NAPKIN at him. And off the grinning detectives we --

END HOUR ONE

ACT SIX

EXT. TRIMBLE HOME - FRONT YARD - EVENING

Establish the Trimble home during the holiday season. Christmas decorations adorn the houses around the Trimble's, but they have only made a small effort to hang a few lights.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Inside, Charles is putting the finishing touches on a newly bought ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREE. The BOX lays on its side and smoke curls from the half smoked CIGARETTE in the ASHTRAY on the coffee table. A half empty BOTTLE OF WINE sits next to it. Alcoholics and AA members will notice there is no glass...

The door to the garage opens - Virginia and Chuck. They enter to find Charles admiring the new addition. Virginia is pissed about the cigarette in the house. Chuck is pissed about the fake tree.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Charles. Not in the house.

He shrugs, takes a drag as -

CHUCK TRIMBLE
Is that fake?!

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Nice, huh?

CHUCK TRIMBLE
That's so lame dad. We cut one down every year.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Do you clean up all the needles that fall off it or haul it out to the trash cans? No, I didn't think so.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Chuck, can you go to your room for a moment?

CHUCK TRIMBLE
Whatever, I'll hear you two either
way.

He exits.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Is that your first or second
bottle today?

CHARLES TRIMBLE
It's only wine, relax.
(you could use one)
Go get yourself a glass.

Virginia stares at him, unsure what part of this scene she
hates most.

INT. THE JOLLY OX RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

The end of a long weekend rush. Servers bus their tables
and close out tabs as a few straggling tables finish up.

Jeffrey is walking out of the dishwashing station with an
empty BUS TUB when he freezes. Steps back into the
station.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yo, Ben.

Ben / Tommy looks up from the stack of pots and pans he's
scrubbing.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
What's up?

JEFFREY WOMACK
C'mere a sec.

Benjamin joins him at the doorway.

JEFFREY WOMACK (CONT'D)
You see that guy at the end of the
bar? Be subtle about it.

Benjamin peers around the corner, reveal Burke at the end
of the bar nursing a beer with his back to them.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
Yeah, so?

JEFFREY WOMACK
You hear about that girl who got
killed a couple Easters ago?

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
Martha something?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Marcia Trimble. Yeah, her. I
ever tell you they found her in my
neighborhood?

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
No shit? Didn't that story go
national?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yup. They found her wrapped in a
tarp in a shed a couple streets
over from mine.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
A tarp, huh? I thought it was
some kinda blow up pool.

Jeffrey turns to look at him, wary.

JEFFREY WOMACK
You didn't know her name but that
you remember?

Tommy shrugs, knows he overplayed his hand.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
Tarp, pool, whatever. Doesn't
make a difference.

Jeffrey's gaze returns to Burke's back. A beat.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY (CONT'D)
So... what? Is he like a cop from
the case?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Homicide detective. His theory
was that it was a teenager in the
neighborhood. And, in fact, a
specific teenager.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
You?

JEFFREY WOMACK
He made my life hell, man. He's
the reason I dropped out.

BENJAMIN / TOMMY
Really?

JEFFREY WOMACK
You try going to school where
everyone thinks you're a killer.

Jeffrey, nervous and agitated, stays fixated on Burke.
Tommy watches him, wheels turning.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Burke and Mason sit at the table while Diane amends some
notes on the large board. Tommy leans against a wall.

JIM BURKE
Did it work?

TOMMY MCELROY
Oh, he was rattled all right. But
I pushed too hard... He hasn't
wanted to hang since that night.
How much you been harassing this
kid?

Jim grins, shrugs.

JIM BURKE
I know he did it.

GEORGE MASON
You quitting then?

TOMMY MCELROY
Put in my two weeks yesterday.
Want to do it the right way so he
doesn't know for sure I was there
to work him.

A knock - the men and Diane turn to find Shriver's ADA Pat
Apel at the open door. Mason stands to greet him.

GEORGE MASON
Pat. Great to see you.

The men shake. George turns to the others.

GEORGE MASON (CONT'D)
This is Pat Apel, the ADA whose
been following our case.

PAT APEL
Hello, everyone.

GEORGE MASON

Pat has begun an intensive review of our case to see if we have enough to proceed with charges against Jeffrey. I thought it appropriate for him to attend Tommy's debriefing.

PAT APEL

Please, go ahead. I'm a fly on the wall.

The two men sit as Tommy slides his report out of a FOLDER next to him.

TOMMY MCELROY

(reading)

It is my opinion after being on assignment and closely associated with Jeffrey Womack that he should be considered a prime suspect in this case. Blah, blah, blah, official sounding legal phrases about the benefits of brave and noble undercover officers. Okay, here we go: There are five principal reasons for this assessment. One: the subject's negative attitude toward female employees. Two: the subject's heavy drug and alcohol use. Three: the subject's unstable mental condition regarding his attitude, life, and wanting to stay "high" all of the time. Four: the subject becoming paranoid and nervous upon seeing Detective Burke. Fifth and most important: the subject's mention of the word "tarp."

DIANE VAUGHN

Why is that so important?

JIM BURKE

The shower curtain we found near the body. It had been used as a tarp for paint jobs around the neighborhood... including at Peggy Morgan's house. He mixed up what she was found under with what he probably moved her in.

DIANE VAUGHN

That's... a stretch, don't you think?

TOMMY MCELROY

The kid has below average intelligence and no desire to better himself. He's high all the time. One time at work he was so stoned he stuck his entire hand into a pot of boiling water. Of course he's going to mix stuff up.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Jim stands alone in the conference room studying the notes on the board. Deep in thought.

Diane enters.

DIANE VAUGHN

I got a call today from Kimberly Patterson. Wants to talk about Jeffrey.

GEORGE MASON

Who?

DIANE VAUGHN

Kimberly Patterson. She called to say that Jeff had made contact with her... and that he seemed spooked. I'm setting up a meeting with her in the next day or two.

JIM BURKE

Who is she? Refresh my memory.

DIANE VAUGHN

One of the other day care employees working for Peggy. She wasn't working that day so we never spoke to her, but if Jeff's talking to her my guess is she knows something about Jeff and Peggy's relationship.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Smoking, Diane approaches a generic looking coffee shop. KIMBERLY PATTERSON, early 20's, plain looking, sits at a table outdoors with PAPERS and BOOKS stacked high on the table while she studies for an exam.

The detective flicks her butt away as she approaches.

DIANE VAUGHN
Kimberly?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON
Kim is fine.

Kim starts to clear a space for the detective.

KIMBERLY PATTERSON (CONT'D)
Sorry about the mess.

DIANE VAUGHN
No need.
(holds up red notebook)
Thanks for reaching out. Let me
pop inside to grab a coffee.

Diane heads inside.

LATER

The two women sit together, Diane's notebook perched on a
knee and a COFFEE CUP in front of her.

NOTE: Diane takes notes while she talks to Kimberly.

DIANE VAUGHN (CONT'D)
On the phone you said you had some
recent contact with Jeffrey
Womack?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON
Yes, a week ago. I was having
lunch at that restaurant he works
at - The Jolly Ox. He sat down
across from me while he was
working, apron on and everything.
Wanted to talk about Marcia.

DIANE VAUGHN
What about?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON
He was nervous, thought he was
going to be arrested for her
murder.

DIANE VAUGHN
And what did you say back?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON
Just that if he got arrested he
should make sure Peggy goes down
with him.

DIANE VAUGHN

Did you think they were both involved with what happened?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

I'm not sure if either of them had anything to do with Marcia, but we all new about the affair. Ew. What a cliché. Rebellious teen bags the lonely middle aged neighbor.

DIANE VAUGHN

Did they speak with you about it?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

No, not exactly. We all knew but didn't bring it up. It was really Amy who Peggy was close with - that's who she would have told anything to.

DIANE VAUGHN

Despite that... did they ever exhibit any odd or unusual behavior? Any arguing that turned physical?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

Oh, yes. Not often, but I remember it clearly.

DIANE VAUGHN

Before or after Marcia disappeared?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

After... now that you ask. This one time was really bad. Amy and I were spending the night and we heard Peggy screaming. We ran out into the hallway and he had her pinned by the neck at the door.

DIANE VAUGHN

What did he say to her?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

"I deserve a reason why."

A beat. It's heavy for both of them.

KIMBERLY PATTERSON (CONT'D)

I always figured she was ending things. Later he told me that she "needed him," so I just figured the fantasy had come to an end.

DIANE VAUGHN

Did you have any contact with
Peggy, Jeff, or Amy the day Marcia
went missing?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

No, why? Well, later that night
my Mom and I went to Peggy's, but
not before.

DIANE VAUGHN

One of the things we're working on
is nailing down the exact times
the three remember things
happening. Did any of them
mention what they had been doing
that afternoon?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

No, but I mean for Peggy the times
she gave you would depend on
whichever watch she was wearing
that day.

DIANE VAUGHN

Excuse me?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

Peggy has two watches she wears
regularly. One is 15 min slow,
one 15 minutes fast.

DIANE VAUGHN

Kim, are you absolutely sure?

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

It was part of the job, making
sure we kept her on track. She
was a nice enough boss, but we had
to manage her in a sense.

Diane has risen from her chair.

DIANE VAUGHN

Kim, I have to run. Thanks for
your time.

KIMBERLY PATTERSON

(calling after her)

Did that help?!

But Diane is already in her car pulling away.

INT. PAT APEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Diane, Burke, and Mason all stand in front of the young attorney. Diane has just recounted the details of the interview.

JIM BURKE

That's it. We've got him. A clear window of opportunity was the only thing holding this back.

PAT APEL

Damn, Vaughn! I could kiss you!

DIANE VAUGHN

Please don't.

Burke looks at his protege with pride.

GEORGE MASON

So what's next?

JIM BURKE

Let's get the bracelets on him!

PAT APEL

Not yet. We need to do this right and my office isn't all the way caught up. Patience, detectives. Now we can put together the narrative that ties all the pieces together.

GEORGE MASON

Should we alert his lawyer about an imminent arrest?

PAT APEL

There's a lot to do beforehand... but I'm thinking that might be one of the things that gets lost in the shuffle.

The men grin. Diane looks a little uncomfortable as we -

FADE OUT.

ACT SEVEN

EXT. PARKSIDE APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tight on Diane smoking.

JIM BURKE (O.S.)

Vaughn!

Pull back to reveal Diane smoking away from a small cluster of detectives and cops in body armor - Burke and Mason amongst them.

SUPER: Tuesday, August 28, 1979 / 2:00 AM

Pat Apel has just pulled up and is getting out of his car, clutching a WARRANT.

PAT APEL

Judge Jenkins signed it about an hour ago. Can't say he shared my enthusiasm in the moment, but it's done.

(regarding complex)

Is the brother home?

JIM BURKE

We believe so but it wasn't confirmed. Jeff got here around 12:30am and was let in by someone I couldn't make out. He didn't have his own key though.

GEORGE MASON

He's paranoid about an arrest and has been staying at various places besides his own apartment.

DIANE VAUGHN

Not exactly being paranoid, was he?

JIM BURKE

(chuckling)

I guess not. Let's go.

The handful of officers fan out as they approach the building. Two break away and head around the back as the rest approach the door.

Guns drawn, Burke, Mason, Diane, Pat, and two uniformed officers stand poised at the door.

JIM BURKE (CONT'D)

POLI-

The door swings open, cutting his announcement short. 20 year old Jeffrey Womack stands before them, fully dressed and completely unsurprised. His BROTHER watches on in the background.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Good evening detectives. Or...
good morning at this point, eh?

JIM BURKE
Jeffrey Womack, you are under
arrest for the murder of Marcia
Trimble.

The two uniformed officers enter the apartment to clear it
as Burke steps around Jeff and cuffs him. Pat steps
forward.

PAT APEL
This is your day of reckoning.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Who are you supposed to be, kiddo?

The young ADA almost blushes, recovers quickly.

PAT APEL
I'm the version of you that went
to school.

As Burke leads him away -

JEFFREY WOMACK
Can I get my shoes, at least?

Everyone ignores him and they exit. Diane lingers at the
door, then bends down and grabs a PAIR OF SHOES.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - MORNING

Bedlam on the courthouse steps. Finally, an arrest! John
Hollins walks down the courthouse steps, BRIEFCASE in hand.
Reporters jostle for position.

JOHN HOLLINS
After close to five years of
malicious hounding, my client
Jeffrey Womack was arrested for
Marcia Trimble's murder during a
cloak and dagger operation at
2:00am last night. They went out
and tried to hotbox him and get a
confession. The public wanted an
arrest, ANY arrest, and that's
what they gave them.

REPORTER #1
Did Jeffrey make a statement
during the arrest?

JOHN HOLLINS
Of course not. My client is no
more an idiot than he is a killer.
(MORE)

JOHN HOLLINS (CONT'D)
And luckily, thanks to a well placed source, we were able to anticipate the arrest and prepare accordingly.

REPORTER #2
Are you saying there are members of law enforcement who are helping you?

JOHN HOLLINS
Contrary to what the brass would tell you, not every cop in Nashville thinks Jeffrey is a killer. Some in the department carry this strange belief that a murder investigation should be wide ranging and comprehensive, rather than blindingly narrow. I suggest you do some of your own digging.

And he's off, walking away as reporters shout questions at him.

INT. TOM SHRIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Shriver is in the middle of dressing down Pat for the late night arrest.

TOM SHRIVER
What the hell were you doing, arresting that boy at 2:00 in the morning?

Pat shrugs, doesn't think it's a big deal.

PAT APEL
Jeff is paranoid and distraught. We thought he might attempt suicide if he was made aware of the arrest beforehand.

TOM SHRIVER
Hooker already called to tell me his editorial will say Jeffrey was taken "in the middle of the night like the Gestapo." And I'm inclined to agree with him.

PAT APEL
We started looking for him on Monday!

(MORE)

PAT APEL (CONT'D)

It's not like we planned for a late night arrest - 12:30 was around the time Burke finally got eyes on him.

TOM SHRIVER

Hollins has already filed a motion for dismissal.

PAT APEL

Of course he has.

TOM SHRIVER

Which the judge is taking under advisement.

PAT APEL

What?!

TOM SHRIVER

That's right.

Shriver holds up a piece of paper, reads it like a list.

TOM SHRIVER (CONT'D)

Womack had already been cleared by polygraph examinations - plural, mind you - by the police. Police have engaged in "persistent harassing" tactics without cause. The delay in charging Womack violated his constitutional rights. The evidence brought against him was available in 1975. The unwarranted delay has caused severe prejudice in Womack's life
(a beat)
Pat... is this case even going to make it to trial?

PAT APEL

Yes! It is. We are using testimony gathered in the last six months as evidence there was a window of opportunity for him to take her.

TOM SHRIVER

And then what? Was the body in the shed the entire time, or just for those last couple days? Was it moved in between her disappearance, death, and discovery?

A beat as he waits for Pat, who doesn't have an answer.

TOM SHRIVER (CONT'D)
These aren't rhetorical questions.

PAT APEL
(uncomfortable)
We're saying the body was moved
into the shed close to the time it
was discovered. To... to stick to
the theory that Jeffrey, a kid
from the neighborhood, was in the
vicinity to move it there easily.

TOM SHRIVER
Using what? He has no car. He
lived with his parents. Where
would he have kept the body? And
how did he transport it?

PAT APEL
We have multiple witnesses saying
he ki-

TOM SHRIVER
Pat. Enough with the witness
testimony. That we have in
spades. We both know those alone
will not draw a guilty verdict.
We can't have any more slip ups
here if we want a conviction.

PAT APEL
You're right. I'll just -

Tom holds up a hand to silence him.

TOM SHRIVER
I'm going to be taking over this
case personally as it goes to
trial. Torry will assist.

Pat's done. He knows it. No point in arguing.

PAT APEL
I see. Will that be all?

TOM SHRIVER
I'm sorry, son.

Pat stands and walks out of the office.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM -
MORNING

Tight on a TV in the conference room playing a morning news
station.

NEWS ANCHOR #1

Assistant District Attorney Patrick Apel resigned today after controversy surrounding the Marcia Trimble case. Apel reportedly arrested suspect Jeffrey Womack and charged him with the young girl's murder prematurely. ADA Torry Johnson has taken his place to assist District Attorney Tom Shriver in the prosecution. Though Apel maintains they had gathered enough evidence against Womack, the defendant's attorney John Hollins believes it's a good sign that the prosecution is divided on whether he should have been arrested in the first place.

NEWS ANCHOR #2

Womack was 15 when the 9 year old disappeared in February 1975. Her body was found a month later in a shed belonging to the Thorpe family, neighbors of both the Trimble's and Womack's. Now 20, the court must first determine if he will be tried as a juvenile or as an adult. The hearing is set for October 9th.

The TV snaps to black. It's somber in the conference room. Mason, Burke, and Diane sit together, unsure of what to do next.

GEORGE MASON

There goes our white knight.

JIM BURKE

Five years of work. Five. And it's not even going to make it to trial.

DIANE VAUGHN

We don't know that yet. The judge could deny the motion for dismissal.

GEORGE MASON

Right. Because of timing, not necessarily because he believes the reasons given by Hollins weren't pertinent. It'll come up again. Right now the important thing is to figure out if he'll be tried as a juvenile or adult.

DIANE VAUGHN
So what can we do?

JIM BURKE
We wait.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed courtroom, with Charles, Chuck, and Virginia seated towards the front. John Hollins and Jeffrey Womack on one side, Tom Shriver and ADA TORRY JOHNSON on the other. JUDGE RICHARD JENKINS is about to rule on the dismissal of charges as well as the court Jeffrey would be tried in.

JUDGE RICHARD JENKINS
In regards to the motion to
dismiss the charges against
Jeffrey Womack for the murder of
Marcia Trimble: the motion is
denied.

A win for the prosecution, a loss for the defense. It shows on their faces.

JUDGE RICHARD JENKINS (CONT'D)
Additionally, I am denying the
defense's discovery motion
requesting the prosecution show
them all evidence against Jeffrey
Womack. These rulings are based
on timing. Simply put: the
requests are premature,
inappropriate for this transfer
hearing to decide if Mr. Womack
will be tried as a juvenile or
adult.

At this John whispers something reassuring into Jeffrey's ear. Jeffrey nods, his face grim.

JUDGE RICHARD JENKINS (CONT'D)
Now then. In the case of Jeffrey
Womack vs the State: I'm ruling
that the defendant will be tried
as an adult, given that some of
the evidence critical for the
prosecution's case was gathered in
the years leading up to his
arrest, during which he was past
the age of 18.

John looks over at his client, who seems to be on the verge of breaking down. Doesn't know what to say.

INT. TRIMBLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Virginia is reading a SPIRITUAL BOOK on the couch. A folded BLANKET and PILLOW sit on the corner of the couch - evidence for our astute viewers that Charles is sleeping in the living room.

Charles enters, anger etched on his face. He slams a copy of THE TENNESSEAN down on the coffee table in front of her.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Lower. Your. Voice. What are you talking about?

CHARLES TRIMBLE
That... that... quote! Right there!

He jabs his finger down at the paper. Virginia picks it up and reads aloud.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
"That boy is not guilty until a jury decides that he is. And I think this community owes it to him to consider him innocent until a jury changes that."

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Well... did you say it?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Of course I did.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
What exactly are you playing at?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
Charles, this is out of our hands now. We have to trust the Lord will guide the jury to -

Charles spins on a heel and storms out of the room. The front door slams shut.

INT. TOM SHRIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Diane, Burke, and Mason sit before Tom. He sits grimly behind his desk with Torry standing to his right.

TOM SHRIVER

I wanted to take a moment to thank you for the incredible amount of time and energy you've put into this case. The time line has been a complex problem from day one, and I don't believe we would have a good idea of who murdered Marcia without the three of you.

He pauses, then rips off the band-aid.

TOM SHRIVER (CONT'D)

It is only right that you hear this from me first: This morning my office contacted Judge Jenkins and officially requested that the charges against Jeffrey Womack be dropped. I've already spoken with his team, and we're going to release a statement in the next couple hours. I didn't want you to be blindsided when it goes public this evening.

Burke looks livid. George even keeled. Diane... it's hard to tell. She doesn't look too surprised. Torry breaks the uncomfortable silence.

TORRY JOHNSON

Do you have any questions for us? We will be as open and transparent with you as possible.

GEORGE MASON

How did you arrive at this decision?

TOM SHRIVER

The hearings to decide if Womack should be tried as a juvenile or adult - did you notice what they devolved into?

DIANE VAUGHN

Hollins argued the case instead of contending which court Jeffrey should be tried.

TOM SHRIVER

Exactly. It was a dry run for the defense to air out every discrepancy the prosecution had.

JIM BURKE

(hot)

Are you saying this is our fault?

TORRY JOHNSON

No. Not at all. The pieces make sense, but I think we can agree that Pat... uhh...

He looks to Shriver, uncomfortable with bad mouthing the previous ADA.

TOM SHRIVER

Pat had good intentions, but he misled you into thinking that we had a winnable case. I am truly sorry for that.

JIM BURKE

Pat was right! It's clear he had the window. The wrist watches Peggy Morgan wears prove the timing in her statement isn't reliable.

*

TOM SHRIVER

But there are holes. Too many of them. The jury is going to hear from us, and we're going to paint the best picture possible. And it's a good one - he fits the bill as someone who could have done it. We can show that easily with everything you've gathered. But then John Hollins is going to stand up, and he's going to go down the list and hammer home every part of this case that looks funny. It will be more than enough for the seed of doubt to grow.

TORRY JOHNSON

He'll start with the sexual activities taking place in the neighborhood, how there were multiple children involved to show that Jeff isn't the only kid from the neighborhood who could have done it. And then he'll move on to Dr. Francisco's changing theories concerning her time of death - that alone will make it look like we have been operating with faulty information. And even if we nail down that the body was moved into the shed shortly before Easter, he'll just argue that a 15 year old kid wouldn't have had the resources to store and move a body.

TOM SHRIVER

There were no actual witnesses, no fingerprints collected at the scene matching Jeffrey. You mentioned the wrist watches, but other than that can you give me any other solid evidence collected in the last four years that would help with a guilty verdict?

Burke stands, incensed.

JIM BURKE

This is bullshit. We haven't been sitting around since her body was found waiting for him to confess. We have plenty of people who will testify Jeffrey told them he killed her.

TOM SHRIVER

That's true. A lot of people have said Jeffrey confessed to them; that is one of our strongest points. But take Hughes Dedmon, Jeff's old classmate from Hillsboro High. During the hearing he testified that Jeffrey admitted to killing her during gym class, but then during Hollins cross he was asked if Jeffrey was serious or kidding. Hughes' response, and I'm quoting, "it could be true or it might not be true."

TORRY JOHNSON

Nowhere close to proving beyond a reasonable doubt.

JIM BURKE

I don't have to listen to this shit. We have him, now, right now. Best chance we'll ever have. And you're gonna let him walk.

TOM SHRIVER

Jim -

JIM BURKE

No. You might be ready to let this case go, but I'm not. Never.

Burke storms out, leaving an uncomfortable group behind him
as we -

FADE OUT.

ACT EIGHT

INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

From behind, we follow two men as they approach a door with opaque glass windows. On it, peeling black tape forms the (unofficial) title of the Homicide / Cold Case Unit:

Murder Squad

SUPER: Nashville Cold Case Unit, 2007

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - SAME

Jim Burke, now retired, and Captain MIKEY MILLER, Commander of the Western Precinct, enter to find a well organized bullpen with a meeting room on one side and a single office in the back. A few OFFICERS look up as they stride past them to the office.

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - PRIDEMORE'S OFFICE - SAME

Inside we find Detective BILL PRIDEMORE, stocky and broad shouldered, sitting at his desk. He's an aging product of the Midwest, but don't let the quick smile or easy going manner fool you - he's excellent at his job.

At the moment, however, he's daydreaming of retirement on the golf course and doesn't notice Miller and Burke at the door. Miller, grinning, knocks slowly and deliberately to bring him back to earth.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Oh... shit... hey Mikey. How's the Western?

MIKEY MILLER

If I'm interrupting something important I can come back.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Mentally trading in the gun and badge for golf clubs.

Miller and Burke enter. A LAVA LAMP sits on the desk and there are photos of Bill with family and friends on the wall.

MIKEY MILLER

After the Perry March conviction
no one could blame you. How many
cases you got left in you?

BILL PRIDEMORE

I dunno. A couple, maybe.

He stands, acknowledging Burke.

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)

Bill Pridemore.

JIM BURKE

Jim Burke.

The men shake and Bill indicates the two seats across from
him, which the men take.

BILL PRIDEMORE

What brings you boys out to my
little corner of the world?

MIKEY MILLER

Passion project. Something I've
been trying to close for the last
15 years - you ever hear of Marcia
Trimble?

BILL PRIDEMORE

Vaguely.

He stands, walks around his desk to the doorway --

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)

Hang on a sec. HEY PAT!

PAT PASTIGLIONE, tall and slender with a thin black
mustache, enters. The Queens bred Irish-Italian is a
contrast to Bill and looks most comfortable wearing sharp
dress clothes than jeans and a t-shirt.

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)

Pat Pastiglione, meet Captain
Mikey Miller and Jim Burke.

The men shake as --

JIM BURKE

Retired.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Pleasure.

BILL PRIDEMORE

They were just starting to tell me about the Marcia Trimble cold case. Thought you'd want to sit in.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

They don't get any colder than Marcia Trimble. That was back in the 70's, right?

MIKEY MILLER

1975. When's the last time you took a fresh look at the case?

BILL PRIDEMORE

Never have. Nothing new to really look over, is there?

Burke and Miller exchange a look. Miller holds up a FILE marked "Review of Marcia Trimble Homicide Investigation (1990-1991)," then lays it on Bill's desk.

MIKEY MILLER

This is a summary of everything. All our follow up interviews with the main players from the first investigation. All the DNA samples we collected in the subsequent years. Everything.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Were you with the case back in '75?

MIKEY MILLER

Jim was. And he stayed on it after Womack's case was dropped by the prosecutors in '79.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Looking into other leads? Other connections with open cases at the time?

JIM BURKE

It's in the report, but there actually weren't any other open investigation at the time. 1970's Nashville suburbs... those were quieter days.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

(to Mikey)

And when did you get involved?

MIKEY MILLER

Summer of '90. I was the commander of the Personal Crimes Division at the time when Jim contacted me.

JIM BURKE

With all this new DNA technology becoming available, it stood to reason that a review of the case could produce definitive results.

MIKEY MILLER

We had the semen stains found on Marcia's clothes. All we needed was a person to match it too.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Who did you collect DNA samples from?

JIM BURKE

Anyone and everyone who was a potential suspect. Jeffrey obviously, but also Carl Egerton, John Thorpe, and a couple other kids from the neighborhood at the time.

MIKEY MILLER

Unfortunately none of them matched the stains collected from Marcia's clothes because the DNA evidence from the scene was contaminated.

JIM BURKE

We didn't use gloves back then. It was a different time.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

So how is this going to help us? Sounds like a dead end.

JIM BURKE

The DNA technology is much more advanced now than when we looked in the early 90's. It has to be worth the time to check again.

(beat)

Look... I'll be the first to acknowledge we had some miscues that plagued the investigation. No doubt about it. But that doesn't change the fact that someone killed a nine year old girl and got away with it. And we've been this close

(MORE)

JIM BURKE (CONT'D)
(thumb and forefinger
inches apart)
From nailing the guy who did it.
I can't just... I mean to say that
if my shortcomings are the reason
Jeffrey Womack got away with
murder. And that we almost had
him...

He trails off, haunted. Bill and Pat exchange a look.

BILL PRIDEMORE
We'll take a look at everything.
No guarantee we officially reopen
the case.

Miller and Burke stand.

MIKEY MILLER
That's all we're asking for.
Thank you Bill. Pat.

The men shake again. Miller and Burke turn and exit.

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Much like the detectives from the first investigation, Bill and Pat have taken over the conference room. Six BOXES marked "Marcia Trimble" are being unpacked and various FILES laid out across the table.

Pat reaches into one of the boxes -

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Found it. Diane's stuff.

He pulls out Diane's signature RED NOTEBOOK. The front is marked: "Sarah Des Prez / Marcia Trimble"

Bill looks up from a file. As Pat begins to flip through it -

PAT PASTIGLIONE (CONT'D)
Damn. A cop who was also
literate. Who'da thought?

He starts to read from the pages as we --

FADE OUT.

EXT. JEFFREY WOMACK'S HOME - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Pat climb the steps to Jeffrey's home - a small, one bedroom house in a lower income, cookie cutter suburb.

Bill knocks, and after a moment Jeff answers the door. He's aged considerably and his eyes are dull - the years as a suspect have taken its toll.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Can I help you?

BILL PRIDEMORE
Jeffrey Womack?

He nods.

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)
I'm detective Bill Pridemore, this is Sergeant Pat Pastiglione.

Jeffrey's shoulders sag and he rests his head against the doorframe. This again.

JEFFREY WOMACK
I'm not giving you people any more of my hair or skin. I've given enough of my life to Nashville PD.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
We're not here for that. And we're not here to interrogate you.

BILL PRIDEMORE
We're only here for your side of the story. May we come in?

A moment as Jeffrey considers how to play it.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Yeah. Sure. Come on, we'll talk out back.

EXT. JEFFREY WOMACK'S HOME - BACK PORCH - DAY

Bill and Pat sit outside on cheap FOLDING CHAIRS in the shade. Jeffrey comes out with two glasses of water, which he hands to the detectives.

Jeffrey remains standing and lights a cigarette.

BILL PRIDEMORE

As members of the Cold Case Unit,
part of our job is to review open
murders to decide if recent
advancements in technology enable
us to pursue suspects in ways
previous investigations were
unable to.

JEFFREY WOMACK

Makes sense. But they already did
that back in the early 90's. Just
when I was finally feeling good
about starting a life for myself.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

We understand they collected hair
and blood samples?

JEFFREY WOMACK

Yeah. "They" ever tell you how it
happened? I had worked my way up
to the assistant manager at a
Burger King when they busted in
during a day shift. What do you
think that did for my chances at a
promotion?

BILL PRIDEMORE

You've really been put through the
ringer. We know that.

JEFFREY WOMACK

It's the one guy who has it out
for me: Jim Burke. He couldn't
care less that my DNA didn't match
what was found at the crime scene.
He's been followi-

LINDSEY WOMACK, 20, sticks her head out the back door.

LINDSEY WOMACK

Dad. I'm going to Mom's.

Her eyes narrow.

LINDSEY WOMACK (CONT'D)

Who are they?

JEFFREY WOMACK

It's okay sweetheart.

LINDSEY WOMACK

Are they cops?!

(to Bill and Pat)

His entire life has been hell
thanks to you people.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Linds, it's okay. I promise.

If looks could kill... but she turns to go. Lets the door slam behind her.

JEFFREY WOMACK (CONT'D)
She has about the same views on authority I did at that age.

BILL PRIDEMORE
Perfectly understandable.

JEFFREY WOMACK
Christ. It's crazy though, right? How many of us were cocky assholes when we were young?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Me. Most of us.

JEFFREY WOMACK
More than anything, that's the flaw I'm still paying for. I couldn't let it go. Kept poking at Burke. And now I'll never let it down.

BILL PRIDEMORE
Is there anyone in law enforcement who saw things from your side?

JEFFREY WOMACK
Not really. Once I became public enemy number one they all kinda banded together against me. One of them was nice to me though. It's funny, I have this vivid memory of her bringing my shoes to the police station when I was first arrested. Diane... something. Maybe "Vinn"?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Diane Vaughn? She was on this case?

JEFFREY WOMACK
That's the one. She still around?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
She passed in the 90's. Cancer. I never worked with her directly, but she had an amazing reputation. I'm not surprised at all you remember her.

JEFFREY WOMACK
(genuine)
That's too bad.
(a beat)
You sure it wasn't Burke who bit
it?

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - PRIDEMORE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pat strides into Bill's office with Diane's RED NOTEBOOK in hand. Bill looks up from the morning paper.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Something's been bugging me, ever
since we started sorting through
all this. I couldn't place it
until this morning.

BILL PRIDEMORE
What's up?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
In our first meeting, Jim stated
there were no other open murder
investigations in the area.

BILL PRIDEMORE
Yeah, it's in the report.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
He was wrong.

Pat holds up the notebook.

PAT PASTIGLIONE (CONT'D)
Sarah Des Prez. She was a
Vanderbilt student who was raped
and murdered 23 days before
Marcia. That was the case Diane
was pulled off of to help with the
Trimble investigation. No one was
ever arrested.

BILL PRIDEMORE
How far apart are the crime
scenes?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Sarah's apartment was just off
Vanderbilt's campus... five miles
from Copeland Drive.

The surprised look on Bill's face says it all. And as the detectives contemplate what this connection means we --

FADE OUT.

ACT NINE

INT. METRO POLICE PROPERTY ROOM - EVIDENCE LOCKER - LATER

Pat walks down a narrow corridor of dusty shelves filled with boxes of evidence. He stops toward the end of a row, then pulls down an old BOX marked "Sarah Des Prez." The FBI logo is stamped next to it.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Pat sets the box down on the counter where a DESK JOCKEY COP checks evidence in and out. As he starts to fill out the paperwork -

PAT PASTIGLIONE

FBI logo stamped on this box. Can you tell me what that's about?

DESK JOCKEY COP

Usually means evidence from the case was sent to them for testing. I can put in a request to have them contact you with that info.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

That would be great. They can call me here.

Pat hands the Desk Jockey Cop his card.

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The conference room table has been split in two, with the BOXES and FILES for the Trimble case on one end and the BOXES and FILES from the Des Prez case on the other.

Bill and Pat are on the Des Prez side of the room. Pat holds up a PIECE OF PAPER.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Hey, you worked with James Sledge back in the day, right?

BILL PRIDEMORE

Top notch professional.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Well, he was the detective called to the scene when Sarah's body was discovered by her father. He wrote: "Third floor apartment with exit from kitchen to fire escape. Kitchen door locked. No visible signs of forced entry."

BILL PRIDEMORE

So she knew her killer?

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Potentially. You up for a drive?

EXT. GRAYLYNN APARTMENTS - LATER

Bill and Pat climb the steps of the Graylynn apartments with the LANDLORD.

At the third floor landing the Landlord unlocks the apartment door that used to be Sarah's.

LANDLORD

Tenant asked that I stay with you while you look around.

But Bill and Pat have stopped at the landing. They survey the area as Bill holds up a photo taken on the night Sarah's body was discovered.

BILL PRIDEMORE

(indicating)

That area, right over there. That light above it has been put in recently. See how dark it is in the photo?

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Anyone could have been hiding out there.

BILL PRIDEMORE

I doubt it was a college student.

As the two men head for the door Pat gets a phone call. He hangs back as Bill heads inside. "Modest" would be a kind way to describe the cramped, one bedroom apartment.

Bill feels a tug on his arm. He turns to Pat, who looks devastated.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
That was the FBI. All of the
records of Sarah's case were
destroyed in '95.

BILL PRIDEMORE
What about the physical evidence?
The hairs collected at the scene?

Pat can only shake his head, grim. The wheels in Bill's
head are turning.

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)
We'll have to use what we can. We
still have plenty of physical
evidence collected at the scene -
like the blankets and clothes.
Let's get it to the lab to see if
they can pull any DNA.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Charles and Virginia walk slowly down a suburban street,
catching up after many years apart.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Thanks for taking the time to meet
with me. I was sorry to hear
about Frank's condition,
especially so soon after your
wedding.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
He's alive. The strokes and
seizures are gone. That's all
that matters.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
Chuck said he's helping with the
move to Kentucky?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
He is.

Silence for a moment.

CHARLES TRIMBLE
I'm not drinking anymore.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE
(too little, too late)
That's great to hear. Is that why
you reached out?

CHARLES TRIMBLE

No. Actually, a detective called me from the cold case unit. It sounds like they may reopen Marcia's case. Thought I'd reach out to you before they did.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

And why is that?

CHARLES TRIMBLE

Last time it was nonstop. Cops all over the neighborhood. I thought it might be easier for you to hear about it from someone other than them.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

I never had a problem with the investigation.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

That's true.

(rueful)

You handled it better than I did.

A beat. He's right. Not that it matters now.

CHARLES TRIMBLE (CONT'D)

It didn't seem to effect you at all. I never even saw you cry. Not once.

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

You weren't paying attention.

CHARLES TRIMBLE

I'm sorry. I was lost in myself. I felt so helpless.

A beat.

CHARLES TRIMBLE (CONT'D)

How did you do it? Keep it all together on the outside?

VIRGINIA TRIMBLE

In this one life we get all you can do is figure out how to deal with what happens. I had faith in God.

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - PRIDEMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Special Agents JOE MINOR and CHAD JOHNSON from the TBI CRIME LAB are meeting with Bill and Pat.

Joe hands Bill a file labeled "Official Serology / DNA Report" with "Confidential" stamped across it.

JOE MINOR

We wanted to deliver this to you
in person.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Assuming the big red
"Confidential" has something to do
with that.

CHAD JOHNSON

Kinda wanted to see your face to
be honest.

JOE MINOR

An examination of the bedspread
and blouse revealed the presence
of semen. The DNA was isolated
and analyzed, rendering it valid
to compare with other samples.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Yes!

He slaps Bill on the shoulder.

PAT PASTIGLIONE (CONT'D)

All we have to do now is match it
to a suspect.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Thank you so much for coming out.

Joe and Chad grin, exchange looks.

JOE MINOR

Go on then.

CHAD JOHNSON

You sure?

BILL PRIDEMORE

What?

CHAD JOHNSON

The DNA taken from the bedsheets -
we input the profile into CODIS
Database and we... well we got a
match to another unsolved case:
Number 75-30512.

(MORE)

CHAD JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(a beat)
Marcia Trimble.

And off the detectives shocked faces we --

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT TEN

INT. COLD CASE UNIT - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Bill, Pat, and DA TOM THURMAN sit at the conference table. The case files have been stacked neatly at the end of the table.

Miller and Burke enter.

MIKEY MILLER
Sorry we're late, thanks for
reaching out. This is all just...
well, it's unbelievable, isn't it?
Oh, Jim, do you know DA Tom
Thurman?

As the men shake -

JIM BURKE
We met briefly years ago. How are
you Tom?

TOM THURMAN
Well, Jim. Thanks. Have a seat
guys.

Miller and Burke sit.

MIKEY MILLER
So... Sarah Des Prez and Marcia
Trimble. The same killer.

BILL PRIDEMORE
We got lucky. Once we realized
the crimes happened 23 days apart,
and that they were in such close
vicinity, we started chasing Sarah
to get to Marcia.

He shoots Burke a delicate look.

JIM BURKE
All those hours with Diane. All
those meetings and car rides and
court dates.... It never once
occurred to me. Stupid.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

(blunt)

How was that connection never made?

JIM BURKE

It was... well, Marcia was really the first time a child was abducted and murdered in Nashville. The story went national, reporters hounding us at every turn. The spotlight was on us in a big way, and I think the Chief just threw everything he had at it, other cases be damned.

He trails off, years of regret lining his face. Bill clocks it, decides it doesn't matter now.

BILL PRIDEMORE

At this time we don't need to look into the past anymore. We have plenty right here to go on.

MIKEY MILLER

What's next?

BILL PRIDEMORE

We have a strong DNA sample to use, so we can cast a wide net and test any male whose name is in the Sarah Des Prez file. Not to mention the DNA samples for the Trimble case you guys collected back in the 90's.

TOM THURMAN

I can assure you: when one of these cases go down, they both go down.

MIKEY MILLER

Who are you going to start with?

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Jerome Barrett. He was arrested and convicted for a string of rapes that occurred shortly after Sarah's death.

MIKEY MILLER

Don't you already have his DNA from that conviction?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
 Anyone who was placed in the
 Tennessee State Department of
 Corrections prior to 1996 is not
 required to provide a DNA
 standard. He's not even in the
 system.

BILL PRIDEMORE
 He soon will be.

INT. MEMPHIS, TN - JEROME BARRETT'S HOME - DAY

Bill and Pat pull up to Jerome's house in a squad car.
 It's a rough part of town, lots of rundown yards and broken
 fencing.

As the detectives get out of the car, Jerome walks down the
 driveway towards them. He is wearing army fatigue pants,
 an army jacket, black work boots, and a knit cap.

BILL PRIDEMORE
 I'm detective Bill Pridemore, this
 is Sergeant Pat Pastiglione. Are
 you Jerome Barrett?

JEROME BARRETT
 Yes.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
 Do you have an ID?

Barrett takes his WALLET out of a jacket pocket and hands
 his license to Pat.

PAT PASTIGLIONE (CONT'D)
 You sure this is you?

JEROME BARRETT
 I've lost a lot of weight
 recently. Religious fasting.

Satisfied, Pat hands the ID back.

BILL PRIDEMORE
 Mr. Barrett, we're from Nashville.
 Homicide. We have a search
 warrant to collect your DNA in
 relation to the open Sarah Des
 Prez and Marcia Trimble case.

Bill produces the SEARCH WARRANT from the inside of his
 jacket and hands it to Barrett.

BILL PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)
Please read this.

Jerome takes the warrant without comment and looks it over.
After a moment -

JEROME BARRETT
That's not me. I didn't have
anything to do with Sarah or I
would have been arrested years
ago. And who the hell is Marcia
Trimble?

PAT PASTIGLIONE
We -

JEROME BARRETT
What specific facts did you tell
the judge to get this warrant?

BILL PRIDEMORE
Everything you need to know is on
that paper. You can either
consent to a mouth swab now or we
can take you in for it.

Jerome pauses, but he's cornered.

JEROME BARRETT
Aight, then.

Pat puts on a pair of WHITE GLOVES and then swabs Jerome's
mouth with a COTTON SWAB.

PAT PASTIGLIONE
Done. Relatively painless, right?

Jerome shrugs.

BILL PRIDEMORE
This is standard procedure for
eliminating suspects in a case.
We'll compare your DNA to the DNA
evidence collected at the scene.
If they don't match you'll never
hear from us again.

JEROME BARRETT
(angry)
Well, I won't see you again, will
I?!

As the detectives climb into the car -

BILL PRIDEMORE
Have a nice day Mr. Barrett.

They pull away, but Jerome stands rooted to the spot.
 Watches the car until it turns a corner and disappears.

EXT. TRAMMELL HUDSON'S HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Bill and Pat pull up to TRAMMELL HUDSON'S house to find the
 middle aged father doing some yard work.

MOMENTS LATER

Trammell leans on his RAKE as Pat swabs his cheek.

TRAMMELL HUDSON

Don't know why Sarah wanted to go
 out with me that night anyway.
 She probably thought I was just
 some frat boy trying to get in her
 pants.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

And were you?

TRAMMELL HUDSON

Truth be told, probably. I could
 tell she was definitely feeling it
 when we were dancing in the SAE
 house. But she had too much to
 drink... Hell, we both did, so I
 took her home early. My dad
 always said I should walk a girl
 to the door, but I kinda got the
 sense she didn't want me to.

He stops, shakes his head.

TRAMMELL HUDSON (CONT'D)

Maybe I should have insisted. I
 think about that, even now.

An uncomfortable silence. What else is there really to
 say?

BILL PRIDEMORE

We'll contact you as soon as the
 results come in.

TRAMMELL HUDSON

Appreciate that. Good luck.

INT. ROGER DES PREZ HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill and Pat sit with Sarah's father, ROGER DES PREZ, and
 his wife PATRICIA DES PREZ.

The living room is adorned with family photos of the large family throughout the years.

BILL PRIDEMORE

Thank you for making the time to speak with us. We wanted to tell you in person that we've officially reopened your daughter's case.

PATRICIA DES PREZ

We're curious to hear what has changed in the last 30 years. Are there new suspects?

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Not at the moment, but given recent DNA advancements we're hopeful that we'll be able to follow up on the original list of suspects more thoroughly.

BILL PRIDEMORE

DNA testing has proved effective with past cold cases because we can compare DNA of anyone whose name is in the case file. It's a much more methodical and accurate way to eliminate suspects.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

We understand that you found the body?

PATRICIA DES PREZ

Wait a minute. Are you trying to sa-

ROGER DES PREZ

(quiet)

Yes. I found Sarah.

His voice is almost a whisper as he thinks back to the day.

ROGER DES PREZ (CONT'D)

It was 11:00PM and her supervisor at the dorm called to say she hadn't shown up for work. That was most unlike her. I took my son with me. We unlocked the door and found her on the bed in a tangle of sheets. Wearing... wearing only her blouse. Bruises on her face. She had no pulse. I tried to revive her, but...

He trails off, haunted.

ROGER DES PREZ (CONT'D)
I will provide my DNA for you
detectives. Not now. My attorney
will handle the details. You will
never speak to me directly again.

INT. TBI CRIME LAB - LOBBY - DAY

Pat and Bill are met by Chad Johnson in the lobby of the
TBI Crime Lab.

CHAD JOHNSON
Bill. Pat. Thanks for coming to
see us.

The men shake and he leads them to the elevator. As they
wait for it to arrive -

CHAD JOHNSON (CONT'D)
We're not going to the lab.
There's a conference room upstairs
that has more room.

Bill and Pat catch each others eyes. Something's up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chad leads Bill and Pat into a conference room that is
packed with scientists in white coats and a few higher ups
in suits.

TBI Director MARK GWYN extends a hand from the head of the
table. The detectives shake.

MARK GWYN
I'm TBI Crime Lab Director Mark
Gwyn. Please sit.

He indicates the two empty seats.

There's a moment of charged silence, then -

MARK GWYN (CONT'D)
I guess you're wondering why we
brought you up here. Usually most
of our communication takes place
over the phone or through the
mail. In this case we thought a
face to face would be more
appropriate, considering we have
the results of the DNA test
concerning Sarah Des Prez.
(a beat)
(MORE)

MARK GWYN (CONT'D)

Based on the preliminary results,
there is a match between the
evidence collected at Sarah Des
Prez's apartment with one Jerome
S. Barrett.

Elated, Pat slams an open palm down on the table.

BILL PRIDEMORE

That's good news. Excellent work
everyone.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

So that means...

MARK GWYN

We also have a match in another
one of your unsolved murder cases.
In case 75-30512, we have a match
with the evidence provided in that
case to Jerome S. Barrett. That's
the Trimble case, of course.

Smiles now, and a smattering of applause. Bill sits back
in his seat, overwhelmed.

MARK GWYN (CONT'D)

Bill, Pat... everyone in this room
has worked on that case at one
time or another. That's the
reason we all wanted to come to
this meeting.

Mark slides a file across the table to the detectives.

MARK GWYN (CONT'D)

We've assembled Jerome Barrett's
profile; here's everything we have
on him. Each agent had an
assignment. It's all there.

Bill takes the file, slowly flips through it.

MARK GWYN (CONT'D)

This is top priority. Anything
the TBI can do for you, let us
know.

Bill looks up, doesn't know what to say. Pat finds his
voice first.

PAT PASTIGLIONE

Thank you.
(then, to the room)
Thank you all.

MARK GWYN
Congratulations detectives.

EXT. MEMPHIS, TN - JEROME BARRETT'S HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Jerome is cutting the grass when cop cars light up and descend on him from all sides. He looks wildly around, searching for an escape. It's much too late and he's surrounded in seconds.

Bill, Pat, and Miller exit an undercover car and face the killer. And as they step forward to arrest him we -

FADE OUT.

EXT. JEFFREY WOMACK'S HOME - FRONT YARD - MAGIC HOUR

We're on another car parked outside of a house. Jeffrey Womack's house. Jim Burke sits inside the car, unsure if he has the courage to face Jeffrey.

Burke takes a deep breath and exits the car. He faces the house.

Jeffrey stands in the doorway, waiting. And as Burke walks up the sidewalk to the front porch we climb above Jeffrey's house, above the tree line, until we have a beautiful view of downtown Nashville in the distance. Over this image -

SUPER:

On January 30, 2009, Jerome Barrett was convicted of First Degree Murder in the killing of Sarah Des Prez. He was sentenced to life in prison.

On July 18, 2009, Jerome Barrett was convicted on two counts of Second Degree Murder in the kidnapping and killing of Marcia Trimble. He was sentenced to 44 years in prison, the same age Marcia would have been.

Detective Diane Vaughn passed away on May 28, 1994. Though she didn't live to see the conviction, her efforts during the Sarah Des Prez and Marcia Trimble cases directly led to Jerome Barrett's arrest years later.

It is widely accepted by locals that February 25, 1975 is the day Nashville lost its innocence.