

CHLOE CLEOPATRA TAYLOR

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

CLEOPATRA, 18, walks up the sidewalk holding tightly to her text books. She glances behind her, fear in her eyes.

A HOODED FIGURE is following close behind. He slows when she glances back. She picks up her steps. He does too. She rounds a corner. He follows.

He picks up his pace and gets close to her. She looks back, begins running. He runs after her and grabs her. The books fall from her hands. She screams. A window high above her closes.

Her attacker takes out a knife. He puts his index finger to her lips, then knife to her throat.

He pulls her into the alley.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Cleopatra opens her eyes. She is lying naked beneath covers with PATRICK, 22.

Cleopatra stares at the ceiling. Patrick stares at her.

PATRICK

Tell me.

A single tear escapes her eyes. Patrick sits up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Baby, what is it?

CLEOPATRA

I'm pregnant.

Patrick looks away worried. He gets out of bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick and Cleopatra are having dinner. Cleopatra picks at her food. Patrick tries to feed her. She blocks his attempt with her hand.

CLEOPATRA

I can't carry this child. Even if  
its yours.

PATRICK  
A little too late for that.

CLEOPATRA  
Maybe fifty years ago. Not now.

Patrick considers her words.

PATRICK  
You're not having an abortion.

CLEOPATRA  
Ma mother doesn't know I was raped.  
Ma father can't know. Have to get  
rid of it.

PATRICK  
This 'it' could be my child.

CLEOPATRA  
Could be his. Just need you to give  
me the money for an abortion.

PATRICK  
You're not aborting this child.

CLEOPATRA  
We don't have a choice.

PATRICK  
Yeah we do.

CLEOPATRA  
It is ma body that will change, ma  
life that is ruined, ma choice.

PATRICK  
We'll make it work.

CLEOPATRA  
You say that now.

PATRICK  
Always wanted a child. Even have a  
name. If its a boy, Patrick Taylor  
Junior. A girl, Chloe Cleopatra  
Taylor.

Cleopatra breaks and begins crying. Patrick takes her hand  
and kisses it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I know you are confused, and hurt  
but I want this child.

CLEOPATRA  
Confused and hurt. Don't quite sum  
up how I feel Patrick.

PATRICK  
I know we can do this.

CLEOPATRA  
I want to believe you. You have  
been there for me in more ways than  
I deserve.

PATRICK  
That will never change Cleo.

CLEOPATRA  
No one else calls me that.

INT. ENTRANCE TO ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Patrick walks the streets looking, searching for someone familiar. He stops when he sees the books at the entrance to the alleyway.

He picks them up and looks into the semi dark alleyway.

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Patrick stoops by Cleopatra. She is lying in a folded position like a foetus sobbing. Patrick touches her and she squirms.

He picks her up and carries her out of the alley.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Patrick holds Cleopatra's hand. The memory fading in their eyes.

CLEOPATRA  
You came looking for me. Knew you  
loved me then as I know you love me  
now. Need you to understand that I  
can't live with a constant reminder  
of that night.

PATRICK  
It's a life.

CLEOPATRA  
The product of a rape.

PATRICK

Every child that is conceived is  
conceived with a purpose. We kill  
that life, we also kill God's  
purpose for that life.

CLEOPATRA

What of your own reputation at  
church?

PATRICK

Gave that up when I started having  
sex.

CLEOPATRA

Don't think I can do this. Wish you  
could understand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TREVOR, 42, sits by the dining table waiting, smoking and  
drinking from a Jack Daniels bottle.

MAUD, 35, walks with a plate of sandwiches. She puts it on  
the table for Trevor.

Trevor looks at it, then at her.

TREVOR

What is this?

MAUD

Tuna sandwich baby.

TREVOR

For dinner?

MAUD

Its all we got ---

Trevor hits the plate from in front of him. It crashes to the  
floor.

He gets up and grabs Maud.

TREVOR

Is this your way of rubbing in the  
fact that I'm jobless?

MAUD

No baby.

TREVOR

You love pointing out my weakness,  
don't you --- showing up all my  
faults.

Cleopatra comes in.

Trevor sees her and releases Maud. They share uncomfortable  
and intimidating glances. Trevor leaves with a grunt.

CLEOPATRA

You ok mom?

MAUD

How was school?

CLEOPATRA

I need to tell you something.

Cleopatra sits her down.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Please don't freak out or over-  
react. I'm pregnant.

Uncomfortable moment of silence.

MAUD

I told you to stop seeing that boy.

CLEOPATRA

I love him.

MAUD

You just started college. This will  
ruin everything.

CLEOPATRA

You're overreacting.

MAUD

Which is a normal response to  
something like this.

Maud paces the room, hand on hip, hand on forehead.

MAUD (CONT'D)

Never wanted this for you  
Cleopatra. Your father can't know.

CLEOPATRA

Eventually its gonna be hard to  
hide, Mom.

MAUD  
Is there a friend you can stay  
with?

CLEOPATRA  
Just Patrick.

MAUD  
Would his parents approve?

CLEOPATRA  
They're dead.

MAUD  
Pack your things and leave tonight.

CLEOPATRA  
Leave you here alone with him?

MAUD  
Don't worry about me. My season of  
peace is coming.

EXT. PATRICKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Cleopatra is standing outside the door with two large bags.  
She knocks and waits.

Patrick opens the door dressed in pyjamas. He looks behind  
him on the clock on the wall reading 3:05 A.M.

CLEOPATRA  
Sorry to wake you. Had to leave  
when he was asleep.

PATRICK  
I wasn't sleeping.

Patrick looks at her bags.

CLEOPATRA  
I have no where else to go.

PATRICK  
I know.

Patrick takes her bags and they go inside.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleopatra and Patrick lie down. Neither can sleep.

CLEOPATRA

Think your parents would approve of me.

PATRICK

Yeah. Think yours would approve of me?

CLEOPATRA

Mom, eventually. Dad, never.

PATRICK

You are lucky to have both parents alive.

CLEOPATRA

You're the lucky one. Wish I had what you have. At least your parents died leaving you this house --- and enough money to get you through college.

PATRICK

I'd rather have them.

Uncomfortable silence.

CLEOPATRA

Still not convinced we're doing the right thing. Worried about ma mom.

PATRICK

Your mom can take care of herself.

EXT. MAUD'S HOME - DAY

Police cars everywhere. House has been cordoned off. Neighbors stand outside the perimeter looking in. Uniforms everywhere.

INT. MAUD'S HOME - DAY

Trevor lies dead in a pool of blood. A knife is sticking out of his chest. Police go through collecting evidence.

EXT. MAUD'S HOME - DAY

Cleopatra forces her way past the spectators. A Police Officer holds her. She looks across as her mom is escorted from the house in handcuffs.

Maud is smiling, finally.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Cleopatra sits with Maud at a table. There is a guard keeping close watch on all prisoners meeting with friends and family.

CLEOPATRA  
So much happening all at once.  
Feels like a dream.

MAUD  
A good dream. Your father is dead.  
I feel nothing but peace.

CLEOPATRA  
You should have just left.

MAUD  
And go where? Because of him, I had  
no family. No friends. Monsters  
like that don't deserve to live.

CLEOPATRA  
Was it worth spending your life in  
prison mom?

MAUD  
Freedom is worth any price. You  
just make sure you raise your child  
to make better choices. Our  
mistakes aren't worth repeating.

CLEOPATRA  
Love you Mom.

MAUD  
See you around kiddo.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cleopatra is wheeled into the emergency room in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Cleopatra is lying on the bed soaked in blood. Nurses are inserting I.V. And adjusting the drip.

DOCTOR BEARD, early 50's, rushes in putting on gloves and face mask.

NURSE  
Her blood pressure is high. She may  
go into shock.

DOCTOR BEARD  
Is this her first child?

NURSE  
Yes Doctor.

Doctor looks over her chart and examines the x-ray and ultra  
sound images.

DOCTOR BEARD  
I don't think we can save both  
mother and child.

Cleopatra grabs the doctors hand.

CLEOPATRA  
Save ma daughter. Save Chloe.

Doctor nods. He gets to work.

INT. CAR - DAY

Patrick is speeding down the highway. His cell phone beeps.  
He picks it up and reads a text.

He looks up from the phone just in time to see a truck coming  
towards him. He drops the phone. Grabs the wheel with both  
hands and swerve. Its too late.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Cleopatra stands by the side of a grave holding a new born  
baby. Tears stream down her face.

CLEOPATRA  
Chloe, meet your father. Patrick  
Taylor.

Cleopatra holds her baby close. She walks away from the  
grave.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT - 24 YEARS LATER

A single car sits in the parking lot. JAMES, 26, sits behind  
the wheel tapping the steering with his fingers.

SECURITY GUARD opens the Supermarket door. CHLOE, 23, Gothic chick steps through the doors. Guard watches as she hurries across the parking lot and into the car. The doors to the supermarket closes.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

James looks across at Chloe. He smiles. She doesn't.

CHLOE  
Really hate this job.

JAMES  
The job or the people?

CHLOE  
Both.

JAMES  
I still think I could teach you to draw plans.

CHLOE  
So I can steal all your clients.  
Not worth it.

JAMES  
We really don't have enough  
Architects in this world to meet  
the growing demands.

CHLOE  
That's your dream. I have ma own.  
Can we go? Think we can make it?

JAMES  
We'll make it.

James turns the key in the ignition. The car doesn't respond. He tries again several times. Engines clicks but refuses to turn over.

He continues trying. Eventually the car starts

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Don't say it.

CHLOE  
You can do better than this piece  
of junk.

The car pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Car pull up on the kerb at the front door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

James & Chloe watch as the sign on the door spins from open to close and the shutters are drawn. Lights go out inside.

CHLOE  
Could have used the extra money.

JAMES  
I know another place. Orion's Club.  
Across town. They open late.

CHLOE  
I sense a but.

JAMES  
They don't pay.

Chloe sighs. Disappointment written all over her face.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I could just take you home.

CHLOE  
Orion's Club. Could use the extra  
exposure.

INT. ORION'S CLUB - NIGHT

CHLOE stands at a microphone on a small lit stage performing an original poem. Patrons sit in a semi lit area around tables. Some standing against the walls.

Drinks are being poured by waitresses in short skirts. Patrons distracted or just not very interested in the night's entertainment.

CHLOE  
--- the agony of being me...I fear  
I might not make it to eternity.  
Everything I touch spoils, Can't  
seem to say it right, can't stop  
myself from annoying friends, who  
say they care.  
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Cant accept maself, but expects others to ---and to ma best friends I say, If I don't make it, its not because you never tried, but help -- - didn't come.

Chloe waits for the applause, but only gets one. JAMES shows his appreciation, but does so alone.

Chloe steps from the stage disappointed.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Chloe and James collect ice cream from a street side vendor. James pays and they walk off along the secluded sidewalk heading out of the city.

CHLOE

Maybe I need to work on ma delivery. Probably not enough emotions. Facial expression. Physical gestures.

JAMES

I liked it.

CHLOE

You like everything I do.

JAMES

I think it was good. Really solid.

CHLOE

Your mother know you tell lies?

JAMES

Wish you could accept that I'm not just telling you what you want to hear.

CHLOE

How is Church?

JAMES

You ask as if you're interested?

CHLOE

Friends do that.

JAMES

Mom keeps asking me about you.

CHLOE  
Your mom don't even like me.

JAMES  
Just the dark side of you --- and  
that spike you wear around your  
neck.

CHLOE  
Dark helps us better appreciate  
light.

JAMES  
Night is young. Maybe we could go  
see a late movie.

CHLOE  
It's late. Need ma bed.

James takes out two tickets.

JAMES  
Already bought the tickets.

CHLOE  
Sorry. Gotta sleep for work  
tomorrow. I'm sure you can find  
someone else to go with you.

JAMES  
Not quite the answer I was looking  
for.

CHLOE  
I'll make it up to you. Anything  
you want.

JAMES  
You can come with me to Church  
Sunday.

CHLOE  
Except that.

JAMES  
A kiss good night.

CHLOE  
And that.

JAMES  
You would think after 20 years I  
would be getting some different  
responses by now.

CHLOE

After 20 years you still don't see  
that you get the better part of me.

Chloe squeezes his hand and crosses the street waving down a taxi, leaving James frozen in thought.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleopatra is lies teasingly in the couch. GREG, 45, hairy, thick and groggy looking fellow wearing a Security Guard uniform, gun strapped to his belt, stands over her.

She bites her fingers seductively. He takes off the belt with the gun. She likes to be teased. He likes to tease. He takes off his shirt. She pulls him down and they kiss.

Chloe comes in.

Cleopatra jumps from under Greg and try to recompose herself.

CLEOPATRA

You were not supposed to be here  
for another two hours.

Chloe looks at them and shakes her head.

CHLOE

People like you why they invented  
bedrooms.

GREG

Chloe.

CHLOE

Greg.

Greg holds Cleopatra's arm.

GREG

You said we would have the place to  
ourselves.

Cleopatra pulls her arm away from him.

CLEOPATRA

Things don't always work the way we  
plan.

Greg puts his shirt on.

GREG

I'll be in the bedroom.

Greg takes his belt and goes up the stairs.

Cleopatra pulls out a box of cigarette and puts one in her mouth. Chloe takes it out.

CHLOE

You start smoking again?

CLEOPATRA

It helps.

CHLOE

Why are you with that looser? What happened to Paul.

CLEOPATRA

Paul was last year.

CHLOE

The one you were with last month.

CLEOPATRA

Phillip. Nice guy. He left me for his wife.

CHLOE

And you're back with Greg.

CLEOPATRA

Somebody has to pay ma bills. Buy ma clothes. Support ma bad habits.

CHLOE

You could get a job.

CLEOPATRA

Why aren't you at the movies?

CHLOE

You knew about that?

CLEOPATRA

You need a life outside of that laptop of yours.

CHLOE

If I'm gonna be a published writer, I need to write.

CLEOPATRA

Only 5% of writers get published.

CHLOE

I have all intention of being in that 5%.

CLEOPATRA

I just think you can do better for yourself.

CHLOE

And I think you can do better than Greg. How many times has he tried to kill you?

Cleopatra touches a scar on her face.

CLEOPATRA

How was work?

CHLOE

I have stuff to do.

Chloe heads to her room. Cleopatra finds her bottle of Vodka and pours herself a glass. She drinks.

INT. CHLOES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe sits in front of her laptop. She is staring at a blank screen with a blinking cursor waiting for her fingers to begin typing.

Her stare is blank, probably reflecting her mind.

She hears the sound of arguing in an adjoining room. She covers her ears to block out the sounds.

She minimizes the empty document and opens her picture folder. She begins looking at pictures of Patrick and her mom in happier days. 25 years ago.

She touches the face of her father longingly staring at him. She puts her hand over Cleopatra standing next to him. She looks, then removes her hand.

She searches for her cell phone. Finding it, she dials and puts the phone to her ears.

CHLOE

How was the movie?

(listens)

Sorry about that. Thinking of coming with you to church. Probably regret it, but we'll see. Have a good night.

Chloe hangs up.

She shuts down her computer and goes to bed.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Chloe is at the counter packing bags for customers checking out.

SANDRA, 30's, supervisor with a bad attitude strolls past gesturing for Chloe to follow her.

INT. NARROW PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Sandra confronts Chloe.

SANDRA  
You want this job?

CHLOE  
Yeah.

SANDRA  
Don't seem like it. Keep getting complains that you are packing toiletries with food stuff. I'm sure we've had this conversation before.

CHLOE  
There are 15 people packing bags.

SANDRA  
Only one devil-looking girl. That's how customers describe you.

CHLOE  
Instead of constantly finding fault. Show me how to please you.

SANDRA  
If it was up to me, the only thing I would be showing you is the door.

Sandra leaves. Chloe sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Cleopatra is busy making breakfast. She stands by the stove scrambling eggs. Her face is swollen and bruised.

Chloe, fully dressed for work, walks in and goes to the fridge. She takes out a box of cereal and some milk.

CLEOPATRA  
I was making breakfast.

CHLOE  
I don't eat eggs.

CLEOPATRA  
I forgot.

CHLOE  
Neither do you.

No response.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
What happen to your face?

CLEOPATRA  
Walked into a door.

CHLOE  
Right. Gonna go church with James  
Sunday. Wanna come?

CLEOPATRA  
Not ma thing.

CHLOE  
What is your thing mom? Walking  
into doors?

Cleopatra puts the eggs on a plate with four slices of toast. She picks up a cup of tea and walks out of the kitchen.

Chloe has lost her appetite. She puts the stuff back in the fridge, grabs her bag and leaves.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The choir arrayed in purple robe is singing. Some members listen passively, others actively raising hands and singing along.

Chloe sits passively, hands folded. James actively participating beside her.

The choir finishes and James sits.

PASTOR KATHLEEN JONES, late 40's, walks to the podium.

KATHLEEN  
Such a beautiful congregation.  
Greetings ---

JAMES  
You ok?

Chloe points at some people staring at them. They turn away when she points.

CHLOE  
Reminders of why I don't go to church.

JAMES  
Its their problem if they can't appreciate different.

CHLOE  
Its ok if you don't want to sit with me. Can't imagine what its like for the pastors son sitting with the Goth.

JAMES  
I'm sitting where I want to sit.

A lady sitting behind them leans forward and gestures for them to be quiet.

Chloe folds her arms. James smiles.

KATHLEEN  
--- today we have in our midst, Prophet Phil who will bring the word. Make him welcome.

Some cheer as PHIL, mid 30's walk to the podium clutching his bible.

PHIL  
Greetings brothers, sisters, friends. God gave me a Word for this church. Maybe not for everyone, but particularly for one.

Phil is looking in the direction of Chloe and James.

CHLOE  
This is not good.

JAMES  
Don't leave.

CHLOE  
Don't make him pick on me.

PHIL  
(points at Chloe)  
Come here young lady.

CHLOE  
(to James)  
Can I say no?

JAMES  
Some may be offended if you do.

CHLOE  
Don't care.

JAMES  
Relax and go with the flow. What's  
the worst that could happen?

Chloe reluctantly gets up and walks to the altar. She stands before Phil who seems to be in a brief trance.

Chloe is not sure how to react.

Calmly he opens his eyes and looks at her.

PHIL  
You have many questions.

CHLOE  
Just one.

PHIL  
No need to question His existence  
Chloe, you are way past that.

CHLOE  
How'd you know ma name?

PHIL  
Before you were conceived God knew  
you. Before you were formed he  
ordained you a scribe. Your writing  
will change the world.

Chloe looks around at Paul. He knows the question she is asking, he responds with a shake of his head.

Chloe looks back at Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)

No one here knows you better than God. He told me everything Chloe.

CHLOE

I don't even believe in God.

PHIL

You want that to be true. But you know better. You have always known better. He has only one question for you as well.

Phil steps off the platform to stand directly in front of Chloe.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Will you follow Him?

Chloe tries to suppress the emotions building up inside her. She almost chokes on her tears.

PHIL (CONT'D)

He needs you to accomplish a great task. He has a purpose for you and the gift he has given you. You only need to lift those hands and surrender. Stop running. Stop hiding. Stop resisting.

Chloe is reluctant. Phil holds her hand and raises them. He lets go and they stay raised.

James is also in tears.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

James sits with Chloe on the front bench. People are still filing out of the Church.

CHLOE

Not sure what just happened.

JAMES

I think you just gave your heart to Jesus.

CHLOE

Whatever I did. I've never been more at peace.

JAMES

Come over for dinner. Mom insists.

James take Chloe by the hand and she gets up. They hug.

Chloe looks past James shoulder to see a man standing by the door. A very familiar face.

Patrick smiles at her, then leaves.

James notices her expression. He follows her stare to the door but there is no one.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What is it?

Chloe runs towards the door. James is confused.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Patrick runs up the street. Chloe follows after him. He rounds a corner. She goes after him.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Chloe runs up to the entrance. She stops and looks around. Patrick is nowhere in sight.

She rubs her head in frustration.

Patrick appears from the alleyway. He grabs her and pulls her into the darkness.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Patrick releases Chloe.

She looks at him not sure how to respond to this.

CHLOE

You're dead.

PATRICK

If that were true, then you would be dead too.

CHLOE

You can't be him.

PATRICK

Your name is Chloe Cleopatra Taylor. Born in New Orleans hospital on November 10, 1976.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You have a birth mark on the side  
of your stomach. A mole ---

CHLOE

Stop.

PATRICK

Somebody lied to you Chloe. You  
need to know the truth.

CHLOE

Why now? After all these years.

PATRICK

Sorry. Had to make sure you were  
ready.

CHLOE

This is stupid. You're dead.

Chloe tries to leave. Patrick holds her arm.

PATRICK

Don't blame you Chloe. But you need  
to know the truth. The truth will  
set you free.

He lets her go. Chloe looks to the entrance of the alleyway,  
then turns to face Patrick but he is gone. No doors, no other  
entrances or exits but he is gone.

James appears at the entrance to the alleyway. He comes over  
to Chloe.

JAMES

What's going on?

CHLOE

Have to take a rain check on  
dinner.

Chloe leaves James standing alone in the alleyway confused.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kathleen is busy cooking oven baked chicken, potatoes and  
baking a cake.

James walks in.

KATHLEEN

Where's Chloe?

JAMES

Not coming.

Kathleen looks at the quantity of food she is preparing.

KATHLEEN

Hope you are really hungry.

James is more disappointed and sad than hungry.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Know how you feel about her.

JAMES

My feelings are not the problem.

KATHLEEN

Only someone you love can hurt you baby. Maybe you need to tell her how you feel.

JAMES

She's smart. I think she knows.

KATHLEEN

She may assume, but she can't know unless you tell her. You don't want to know you missed something beautiful cause you choose to be silent.

Kathleen's cell phone starts to ring. She looks at the number and put the phone aside ignoring it.

JAMES

Who are you ignoring today?

KATHLEEN

Your father.

JAMES

Why's he calling you?

KATHLEEN

Actually he's been hounding me for weeks. Wants me to move back to Jamaica to live with him. Even uses the whole 'better harvest fields' argument.

JAMES

The Caribbean could use more evangelists.

KATHLEEN

Agreed. Gave it some consideration.  
Today changed that.

JAMES

One getting saved.

KATHLEEN

First for the year. Was beginning  
to think I had no effect on people.

JAMES

Told you to stop being so hard on  
yourself.

KATHLEEN

A church with no one getting saved  
is a dead church. With a dead  
pastor.

JAMES

Chloe was the last person anyone  
expected to surrender.

KATHLEEN

Including me. God has a way of  
reminding us its his church.

JAMES

Guess Jamaica isn't an option.

KATHLEEN

For more reasons than one. A  
leopard never changes his spots.

Kathleen pulls a finish cake from the oven. James is ready to eat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cleopatra and Greg are watching a television program. Greg is in his uniform. The gun belt is on the coffee table before them.

Cleopatra stares at the gun. Greg stares at her. She notices him looking and directs her eyes to the television.

A talk show program is airing. Two men, host and a writer. The host holds up a book titled 'The Unwanted Child'

HOST

Here with me in studio today is  
Author Bobby Riley.

(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D)

Distinguished writer of this book  
"The Unwanted Child." Welcome  
Bobby.

BOBBY

Pleasure.

HOST

Most obvious question now is are  
you pro or post abortion.

BOBBY

Margaret Sanger says it best:  
"Ignorance breeds poverty and  
poverty breeds ignorance. There is  
only one cure for both and that is  
to stop breeding these things."

HOST

By 'these things' you mean babies?

BOBBY

Tissues. Just fragments. Not babies  
unless they are born. Understand  
this, poverty exist because parents  
are having children they cannot  
provide for. Its a vicious cycle  
with only one alternative.

HOST

Do we have the authority to decide  
if a baby lives or dies?

BOBBY

Tissues. Fragments.

HOST

Living tissues with a soul.

BOBBY

Religious bigotry.

HOST

Why is killing a baby inside legal  
but after birth, illegal. That  
makes sense to you?

BOBBY

Sensing a bit of prejudice.

HOST

If sex is for pro-creation and we don't want to procreate, we should be writing books on abstinence. Not murder.

BOBBY

I would like to call it compassionate social program.

HOST

A baby in a trash can outside your house makes you a psychopath; but a baby in the trash can outside an abortion clinic is compassionate social program.

The television program is cut due to 'technical issues beyond their control'

GREG

More like social issues beyond their control.

Cleopatra is deep in thought. Greg notices.

GREG (CONT'D)

Don't make this Jesus freak get to you. Studio should fire him.

CLEOPATRA

Wanted to do an abortion. Seems like the right thing to do then.

GREG

Seems better than raising a child who don't love you.

A door opens and slams.

GREG (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Chloe storms in.

CHLOE

Greg.

GREG

Chloe.

CHLOE

Need to speak with ma mother alone. Please.

GREG  
Gotta go to work anyway.

Greg tries to kiss Cleopatra. She turns her face away. His face changes color. He looks at Chloe. He forces a smile. Buckles his belt.

CLEOPATRA  
Later.

GREG  
What's the point. She'll be here.

CHLOE  
I'm not particularly fond of you either.

GREG  
Good to know.

Greg leaves.

CLEOPATRA  
You don't like to see me happy.

CHLOE  
You know that word? Didn't think you do.

CLEOPATRA  
I know you don't like ma taste in men. Nothing wrong with pretending.

CHLOE  
If you're content with massaging fists with your face --- that's your thing.

CLEOPATRA  
You don't talk to me like that.

CHLOE  
I saw ma father today.

Cleopatra is not sure how to respond.

CLEOPATRA  
Your father is dead ---

CHLOE  
He looked pretty alive for dead.

CLEOPATRA

Its not enough that you try to scare off all ma sources of income. Now you come to me with this. What do you want from me?

CHLOE

The truth.

CLEOPATRA

You want to hear me say your father is alive?

CHLOE

If its the truth.

CLEOPATRA

He's not. He's dead. Let me spell it for you: D.E.D. I have just begun to accept that. You should too.

CHLOE

If that is true, then I'm seeing dead people.

CLEOPATRA

I wouldn't be surprised.

CHLOE

He knew the day I was born and where. He knew ma full name. If I was imagining him, how would he know.

CLEOPATRA

Because you know.

CHLOE

It doesn't make any sense.

CLEOPATRA

Your father died on his way to the hospital. He wouldn't know if you were born on that day or days after. You know. Its your illusion, your mind creating whoever it is you think you saw.

CHLOE

I know what I saw.

Cleopatra pulls out a crumpled business card from one of the counter drawer. She gives it to Chloe.

CLEOPATRA

This is the number for a very good psychiatrist.

CHLOE

I don't need a shrink.

CLEOPATRA

His name is Doctor Kenneth Ross. He helped me out once. Go see him.

CHLOE

I know what I saw. I'm not crazy.

Cleopatra shoves the card in Chloe's hand bag.

CLEOPATRA

Chloe if you don't get some help, none of us in this house will ever have any peace.

CHLOE

I'm the problem?

CLEOPATRA

You have issues that need to be addressed.

CHLOE

Is that what you and Greg discuss when I'm not here?

CLEOPATRA

The day you were born. Had a decision to make. The hardest decision I had to make in this life. I did it alone. Your father was not there. He was busy dying. Took me long enough to accept that. Don't torture me with your illusions.

Cleopatra exits the room.

Chloe bangs her fist against her head.

EXT. RESTAURANT - SUNSET

James sit alone in a semi lit restaurant. He checks his watch.

Chloe comes in from work. She sits opposite him.

CHLOE

Sorry. Work. Extremely hungry.

They take up the menus and open them looking at the options.

A waiter comes over and pours some rich sparkling red wine in their glasses. He then pours some water in another glass. He smiles and walk away leaving the bottle of wine behind.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I saw him James. Talked to him. You think I'm crazy too.

JAMES

Can't wrap my mind around it but no. You're perfectly sane.

CHLOE

Don't know about that.

JAMES

If the man you saw wasn't your father, then who was he.

CHLOE

Ma father is either alive or I'm going nuts.

James takes her hand. Chloe drinks some water.

JAMES

Everything is going to be fine.

CHLOE

Don't know about that either. I see the darkness coming.

JAMES

Life is just another poem to you isn't it.

CHLOE

Poetry are just fragments of life.

JAMES

You haven't written anything in a while.

CHLOE

I write everyday. That's what writers do. Just nothing worth going public. Fragments ---

Chloe looks at her glass of white wine. She takes the bottle and look at it, also white.

JAMES  
What is it?

CHLOE  
This is white wine.

JAMES  
Ravenswood. Great brand.

CHLOE  
The waiter poured red wine.

James eyes narrow.

JAMES  
I was here when he poured the white wine. Complimentary wine is always white.

CHLOE  
I must really be losing ma mind.

JAMES  
We should order. Hunger can make you see things.

James signal for a waiter to come over. Chloe is staring at the bottle of wine.

CHLOE  
Need to find out what's going on, James. I'm taking a day from work tomorrow.

JAMES  
Sure you want to do that.

CHLOE  
I don't have a choice.

A Waiter comes over and takes their order.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH - MORNING

A large room with small cubicles dividing up the staff.

Chloe waits impatiently at the reception counter. A few people wait behind her. She rings the bell again.

A short stocky woman in her 50's walks out. Chloe looks at the name on her name tag. Her name is PEARL.

PEARL  
What can I do for you ma'am?

CHLOE  
I need to get a death certificate.

PEARL  
Name. Relation to the deceased.

CHLOE  
Patrick Taylor. Daughter.

PEARL  
Your name.

CHLOE  
Chloe Taylor.

Pearl goes on the computer and types. She waits.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
How long is this going to take?

PEARL  
Good question.

They wait some more. Computer finally beeps.

PEARL (CONT'D)  
Not seeing that name ma'am.

CHLOE  
Are you sure?

PEARL  
I don't argue with technology.

CHLOE  
Everybody who has died in the past  
25 years is on your system?

PEARL  
No ma'am. We got computers only  
last year. Not fully updated yet.

CHLOE  
Ma father died 24 years ago.

PEARL  
In that case...

Pearl takes out a 3 page application form from a folder under her desk and hands it to Chloe.

PEARL (CONT'D)

--- You need to fill out this form and submit it with a valid form of identification and proof of address. Waiting period of 10 working days.

CHLOE

Can't wait 10 days.

PEARL

You have any idea how many death certificates are accumulated over 24 years.

CHLOE

You should have a proper filing system.

PEARL

This is a government office sweetheart. They don't pay us enough to do a proper filing system. Please step aside.

Chloe looks behind at the waiting customers. She steps aside. Another customer quickly takes her place.

Chloe pulls out a pen and begin filling out the form. It asked for a ID number. She pulls out her drivers license and is about to write off the number, but notices her mothers face and number on it.

Her eyes narrow.

Chloe cuts in front of the other customer to get Pearl's attention.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Ma'am ---

CHLOE

I'm sorry. Please look at this and tell me what you see.

Pearl reluctantly takes the license.

PEARL

Drivers license for Cleopatra Jones. Good picture. Expires on November 10, 2017. Friend of yours?

Gives the license back to Chloe.

CHLOE  
Ma mother. She hasn't driven in 24  
years. Her license was never  
renewed.

PEARL  
Lady, you got issues. But you need  
to move on so I can deal with these  
other customers.

Chloe excuses herself.

CHLOE  
Can I take the form home?

PEARL  
Sure.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH - DAY

Chloe stands by the side of the road. She looks in all  
directions not sure which way to go.

She goes in her bag. Finds the card her mother gave her.  
Stares at it. Pulls out her cell phone. Dials.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Serene and relaxing office with an aquarium in the center.

Chloe lies in a reclining chair staring at the ceiling.  
Doctor Kenneth Ross sit in an upright chair with notebook and  
pen.

KENNETH  
How are you these days?

CHLOE  
Not sure.

KENNETH  
You look good.

CHLOE  
If you say so.

KENNETH  
You don't agree.

CHLOE

That's not why I'm here.

KENNETH

Indeed. Small talk is good. Helps you to relax.

CHLOE

Not a problem if this session was free.

KENNETH

Why are you here?

CHLOE

I've been seeing things. Wine changing color, ma mothers name and face on ma license. Ma dead father.

KENNETH

Do you have any hobbies?

CHLOE

I write.

KENNETH

Do you enjoy writing?

CHLOE

Yes. Want to write full time. Just not financial rewarding at the moment.

KENNETH

It's not strange for a writer to have illusions. New writers often tend to confuse dreams with reality.

CHLOE

I don't dream.

KENNETH

Everybody has dreams. Its detox for the subconsciousness.

CHLOE

I don't have dreams.

KENNETH

The fact that you think that, indicates you may have dreams you think are real.

CHLOE

I close ma eyes and I see darkness. That's all there is when I sleep. I wake up from darkness, not dreams.

KENNETH

How would you explain the things you have seen?

CHLOE

I wouldn't be here if I could.

KENNETH

If in reality you see someone who is dead. Either you both are alive or you both are dead. One of those conclusions must be true and sound even if one of the premise is false. If you are dead, then I am dead --- we could go on and on.

CHLOE

English.

KENNETH

You either have an extra-ordinary gift of communicating with the dead or you really did see your father.

CHLOE

Not sure this is helping.

KENNETH

Give it time. The mind is a powerful thing. Eventually the line between imagination and reality will automatically be established.

CHLOE

What do I do while I wait?

KENNETH

Write. Focus all your energy on that one thing you really enjoy doing.

Doctor Kenneth checks through his notes.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Also, you went to church the other day and made a commitment to follow Jesus. You should follow through with that.

CHLOE  
How do you know about that?

KENNETH  
You told me.

CHLOE  
No I didn't.

KENNETH  
Its here in my notes Cleopatra.

CHLOE  
Ma name is not Cleopatra.

Doctor Kenneth sighs. He looks at his watch and revisits his notes.

KENNETH  
Our time is up. Want to recommend  
we have more than one session for  
the month.

Doctor Kenneth writes a prescription. He tears the page from the pad and gives it to Chloe.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Pharmacist will give you  
instructions.

Chloe looks at the prescription. It's written for Cleopatra.

CHLOE  
This is written in my mother's  
name.

She gives it back to him. He sighs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe sits before her laptop deep in thought. She rubs her forehead. She looks at the bible sitting beside her laptop. She takes it up and opens it. She reads a little bit and closes it again.

She looks at the blank page, then begin typing feverishly on the keyboard of her laptop.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Chloe packs bags for customers. She tries to be courteous and smile. Some return the smile. Others don't.

Sandra watches her from a distance.

INT. BEACH SIDE - SUNSET

Chloe sits on top of a small hill overlooking the sea and watches as the sun goes down. Her laptop is on her lap and she types momentarily.

She smiles at her own thoughts and the beauty painted before her eyes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Chloe continues to type on her laptop as she drinks a cup of coffee. She observes her surrounding. The business man reading his newspaper; mother and daughter stopping at the newsstand and buy the mornings paper.

Cars passing. Professionals on their way to work. Students walking, laughing. Idlers just being passive.

Chloe continues to type, finding inspiration in just about everything.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Chloe watches a movie. The seats to her left and right are empty. She is eating popcorn and smiling at the visuals on screen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Cleopatra and Greg are eating bagels and drinking coffee from the kitchen counter. They are both dressed in pyjamas.

Chloe comes in and goes to the fridge.

CHLOE

Good morning.

They stare at her with strange eyes unable to respond to such a strange greeting.

She pours herself a glass of orange juice trying hard not to look at Greg.

CLEOPATRA

I know you must be wondering why it looks like Greg spent the night.

CHLOE

I know he was here mom.  
Unfortunately, the walls are not  
sound proof.

CLEOPATRA

We haven't talked much these past  
few weeks. I noticed how focused  
you have been with your writing and  
didn't want to interfere.

CHLOE

What is it?

CLEOPATRA

Greg will be sleeping here tonight.  
Maybe every night after that.

CHLOE

Whatever makes you happy mom?

Chloe leaves drinking from her glass.

GREG

Who was that?

CLEOPATRA

Think it has something to do with  
church.

GREG

Ice queen is divorcing the devil.

Cleopatra lightly punches him on the shoulder. They seem  
happy.

INT. JAMES BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Chloe is let in by James. She is holding a  
huge stack of printed papers. Documents separated by paper  
clips. He leaves the door open.

Room has three computers linked to each other. He is working  
on some building drawings. There are rolls of paper all over  
the room. Plans spread out on the desk, floor and bed. Hardly  
anywhere to walk, sit or sleep.

CHLOE

Awesome room.

JAMES

Needs a little work.

CHLOE  
You need an office.

JAMES  
This is my office.

CHLOE  
Where do you sleep?

JAMES  
Mostly in the couch. Living room.  
As it is now, this room is pretty  
neat. Did some tidying up this  
morning.

CHLOE  
What's the condition of this room  
on a normal day.

JAMES  
You don't want to know. Make  
yourself at home.

CHLOE  
You always leave your bedroom door  
open?

JAMES  
Only when the hot girls come over.

Chloe finds somewhere to sit on the bed. She rests the  
printed papers beside her. James find somewhere to sit beside  
her on the bed.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
When you said you wanted me to read  
some of your more recent work, I  
had a smaller portion in mind.

CHLOE  
If you can't get through it all --

JAMES  
I'll try. Love reading your work.

CHLOE  
You only say that to encourage me.

JAMES  
Something wrong with me being your  
number one fan?

CHLOE  
You mean ma only fan.

JAMES  
Number can only go higher from one.

Chloe seems a bit down.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Problems?

CHLOE  
You think I could move in with you?

JAMES  
My mother would never approve.

CHLOE  
Mom moved in with her boyfriend  
when she was pregnant.

JAMES  
Are you pregnant?

CHLOE  
Not yet.

JAMES  
Are you trying to get pregnant?

CHLOE  
Not yet.

JAMES  
Thank God.

Chloe laughs. She hasn't laughed in a while. They stare into each other's eyes. James moves his lips closer to hers. She pulls away.

CHLOE  
What are you doing?

JAMES  
May have misread that. Thought we  
were about to kiss.

CHLOE  
Why would you think that?

JAMES  
Nothing.

CHLOE  
Best friends don't kiss.

JAMES

I know.

CHLOE

Is there something you want to tell me, James?

James considers. He takes up a few sheets from off the piles.

JAMES

Are these all poems?

CHLOE

Short stories. One novelette. Think the novelette would make a good movie. Gonna stop at the book store and get some books on writing a movie script.

JAMES

Love your enthusiasm.

CHLOE

Only ma enthusiasm?

James smiles. Remains silent.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Chloe is at the playwriting and screenwriting sections. She is looking at several books. Hard to choose. She decides on a few titles.

She pulls them from the shelf creating a space big enough to see the adjoining aisle, and the face of Patrick staring back at her.

She quickly goes around to the other isle, but there is no one.

She goes to the cashier.

The cashier smiles and scans the book. Chloe looks back down the aisle again. Patrick is standing at the end. He steps behind the shelf out of sight.

Chloe races back down the Isle searching for him. The Cashier is no longer smiling. Chloe reaches the end of the aisle. Look in both directions. No one is there.

Chloe comes back to the cashier who hands her the books already packaged.

CHLOE  
How much?

CASHIER  
Already paid for.

CHLOE  
I don't remember paying you.

CASHIER  
You didn't. He did.

Cashier points outside. Patrick is standing by the side of the busy roadway. Waiting.

EXT. STREETSIDE - DAY

Chloe comes and stands beside him.

CHLOE  
You're not a figment of ma  
imagination are you.

PATRICK  
Afraid not.

CHLOE  
What do you want from me?

PATRICK  
This is not your life Chloe. We are  
all trapped in an endless  
meaningless cycle. None of us are  
free. Nothing is as it seems.

CHLOE  
Have absolutely no idea what you're  
talking about.

PATRICK  
Guess I'll just have to show you.

Patrick steps out in the path of an incoming bus. Chloe screams. Bus slams into Patrick.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe jumps out of her sleep. Frantic, wipes her face looking for blood. It is clean.

She takes slow breathes to calm her beating heart. Her hand touches some books beside her on the bed. It is the books she had picked up in the book store.

Chloe's phone beeps. She picks up the phone. Text message from James. "Dinner. My Place. 7PM."

She gets out of bed.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chloe is washing up. Getting ready to leave. She reapplies her make-up. Fixes her hair. Looks at her spike collar. She takes it off. Stuffs it in her bag.

Sandra comes in.

SANDRA

Need you to do stock taking tonight.

CHLOE

Was just about to leave.

SANDRA

You took a day this week. Been late a few mornings. Taking extended lunch breaks. Leaving work excessively early. You're doing stock taking tonight.

CHLOE

Can I do it tomorrow?

SANDRA

No. But you could quit.

Sandra leaves. Chloe takes out her phone. She calls James. Operator comes on.

OPERATOR

You have no credit to make this call.

Chloe throws down the phone. Hits her fist in the mirror.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

James and Kathleen are at the dining table. James looks at his watch. Food is prepared and set on the table. James looks at the empty seat and sighs.

JAMES  
She's not coming. Work.

KATHLEEN  
Send her a text.

JAMES  
Why?

KATHLEEN  
So she knows you are understanding.  
Tell her we're rescheduling dinner  
for Sunday.

JAMES  
I'll do it later. Now we eat.

James help himself to some of the food.

EXT. CLEOPATRA'S HOME - NIGHT

A car pulls up and Cleopatra steps out. She waves at the driver and walks towards the house.

Greg is watching through a window. He releases the curtain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleopatra closes the door and puts her keys in her bag. Greg is standing by the coach drinking.

GREG  
Who was that?

CLEOPATRA  
Excuse me.

GREG  
Whose car did you just step out of?

CLEOPATRA  
You're drunk.

GREG  
Knew it was just a matter of time.

CLEOPATRA  
It was a taxi.

GREG  
You think I'm a fool don't you.

CLEOPATRA  
Baby, you're not thinking straight.

Greg hits her. She yelps falling in the coach. He comes over her.

GREG  
You look thirsty. You thirsty.

Greg sticks the mouth of the bottle in her mouth. She drinks and gags on the alcohol.

GREG (CONT'D)  
See I'm not such a bad guy. I share my stuff with you. Who you been sharing your stuff with?

CHLOE'S (O.S.)  
Get off her.

Greg turns to see Chloe standing by the door holding her bag in her hand.

GREG  
Hello prodigal daughter. Now the whole family is here.

Cleopatra pushes Greg hard and he falls backward into a small coffee table.

He quickly gets up and grabs her, glass still falling from his clothes.

Chloe hits him with her bag on top of his head. A trail of blood seeps down his face. He grabs her bag and empties it. A stone falls out along with other women stuff.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You made me bleed.

Greg grabs Chloe and slaps her across the face.

Cleopatra picks up the stone and hit him again in the head. He falls unconscious.

CHLOE  
You ok?

CLEOPATRA  
Had it under control.

CHLOE  
I know you did.

Cleopatra takes out a pack of cigarettes. She puts one to her mouth.

Chloe grabs it. She also takes away the pack.

CLEOPATRA

This is ma house. I will smoke if I want to.

CHLOE

Not on ma watch.

CLEOPATRA

You used to smoke. I got that pack from your room.

CHLOE

I used to do a lot of things mom.

CLEOPATRA

Oh forgot. You found Jesus. Good for you.

CHLOE

Why do you hate me so much?

CLEOPATRA

I don't. Just that, you remind me of him --- your father.

CHLOE

You still love him?

CLEOPATRA

Never stopped. The pain never stopped either. I know you think I can do better with ma choice of men. Maybe I can but its easier to loose a worm than a good man.

CHLOE

Had a recent experience at church. A love I still think I don't deserve. Still don't understand how a Supreme being could leave His throne to die for people. Fact is, He did.

CLEOPATRA

I see you changing and --- I envy you.

CHLOE

Can be yours. A gift. All you have to do is accept it.

CLEOPATRA

Always wanted the best for you Chloe. Just didn't have it to give. Glad you found God. When I needed Him he wasn't there. Don't need him now.

CHLOE

I will pray for you mom.

CLEOPATRA

Whatever makes you happy honey.

CHLOE

(looking at Greg)

What do we do about him?

CLEOPATRA

I will put him where he belongs.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - LATER

A garbage truck is moving through the neighborhood collecting garbage. There is a huge pile up at one particular house.

The men alight from the truck and begin removing the huge pile. Buried beneath is Greg. Still unconscious. The garbage men look at each other as Greg stirs and begin to regain consciousness.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Chloe is having dinner with James and Kathleen. The table is well decorated. Plenty food. Pot roast chicken, potato salad, greens, pumpkin rice, appetizers and deserts.

James looks at Chloe. She has a troubled expression.

JAMES

Sunday is not an appropriate day to be thinking about work.

CHLOE

Not thinking about work. This is a lot of food for three people.

JAMES

That's my mom.

KATHLEEN

Grew up in a poor family. Never had enough. Mentally I prefer more than less. Would you mind saying grace, Chloe?

CHLOE

Yes I would.

JAMES

I'll do it.

They bow their head in prayer.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Father, I thank you for life, health, family, friends and food. Bless this moment and this meal in Jesus name.

KATHLEEN

Amen. Help yourselves.

James take his food in proper serving proportions. Kathleen does the same.

Chloe piles the food on her plate almost to overflowing. She eats with the fork only.

CHLOE

Taste great.

KATHLEEN

Thank you.

They eat in silence a bit.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Haven't seen you in church since the day you made your commitment.

JAMES

Mom.

CHLOE

Its ok. Not quite used to being noticed. Its nice. I've been focussed on writing and Sundays are great for inspiration.

KATHLEEN

James is always praying for you.

JAMES

Mom.

KATHLEEN

Just making conversation. You're just sitting there as if you have nothing to say to this awesome young lady.

Chloe brushes. James wants to hide his head in some sand somewhere.

CHLOE

He's not very good at making conversation.

KATHLEEN

IKR.

CHLOE

OMG.

JAMES

I should probably excuse myself from this table.

KATHLEEN

Sorry. Gonna go check on the cake.

CHLOE

Love cake. But I have nowhere to put it.

KATHLEEN

That you can take home.

Kathleen exits the room.

CHLOE

Your mom is cool.

JAMES

Got something for you.

James picks up a manual from off the ground. Its a 2012 Writers Market.

CHLOE

Almost bought one a these in the booksto ---

Chloe is lost in thought for a moment.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
I have the books so I must have  
been to the bookstore right.

James is not following.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Don't know if it was a dream or  
not.

JAMES  
What are you talking about?

CHLOE  
Not sure. Think I'm losing touch  
with reality.

James touches her hand.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
If I don't know when I'm dreaming,  
how will I know when I'm awake?

JAMES  
Maybe you've been writing too much.

CHLOE  
Have you read any?

JAMES  
Read them all. Why'd you think I  
got you this book. Time for you to  
approach publishers.

CHLOE  
You really think so.

JAMES  
You're an awesome writer. The world  
needs to know your name --- and  
they will.

A loud crash coming from the kitchen. James and Chloe quickly  
moves towards the sound.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kathleen is picking up glass shards from off the tiled  
kitchen floor. James begins to help her.

KATHLEEN  
Thought I saw a man standing  
outside the window.

Chloe goes to the window, leaning over the sink. She looks out in all directions.

James looks up at her. Chloe looks back at him and shakes her head. There is no one. Look of concern remain on her face.

James takes a knife out of the kitchen drawer.

JAMES

I'll go check it out.

CHLOE

Be careful.

James leaves. Chloe helps Kathleen with the shards of glass still on the floor.

Kathleen stares at Chloe. Chloe notices.

KATHLEEN

They say eyes are windows into a person's soul. You know what I see in your eyes Chloe. Fear. Confusion. Pain.

CHLOE

Read a book once. It was a very crappy book, but it had the most awesome cover.

KATHLEEN

Not judging you Chloe. James told me you have some unexplained issues. You've been seeing things.

CHLOE

James told you that?

KATHLEEN

He talks about you all the time.

CHLOE

And I'm flattered but some things are personal.

KATHLEEN

Sorry. I shouldn't have told you that.

CHLOE

But you did. I'm gonna go.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Chloe comes out the door as James rounds the corner still clutching the kitchen knife.

JAMES

Think the coast is clear ---

Chloe breezes past him and heads up the road.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Moom!

He runs in the house.

EXT. BEACHSIDE - EVENING

Chloe sits alone watching the sun go down.

James comes up behind her carrying the Writers Market and a bundle of roses. He sits beside her. She is not quite happy to see him.

CHLOE

How'd you find me?

JAMES

Just had to look in all the places I thought you would be. This was my last stop.

CHLOE

I wanted to be alone.

JAMES

Just wanted to talk to you a sec.

CHLOE

Sure --- times up. Please go.

JAMES

I'm not going anywhere.

CHLOE

I'll go.

Chloe tries to get up, but James holds her arm.

JAMES

Please. I'm trying to apologize.

Chloe relaxes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mom is from a broken home. Her own marriage ended badly. Only good thing that came from it was me. Dad was very abusive.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Kathleen is punched in the face. A small boy sits crouched in a corner sobbing, watching.

EXT. BEACH SIDE - PRESENT

The sun has almost completely gone down.

JAMES

Now she thinks it's her job to save the world. She just wanted to help.

CHLOE

What happened to your dad?

JAMES

Apparently he has been doing counselling and is professing to be a changed man. He wants us to come home. We would probably be relocating to Jamaica now, if not for you.

Chloe looks at James. He gives her the bunch of roses. She takes them.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nature is beautiful.

CHLOE

If you take the time to notice.

JAMES

Been lying to you about something. I'm not just in love with your writing --- also in love with the writer.

Chloe smells the roses. She gaze out at the sea flickering the last remaining rays of sunlight.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe's bed is a mess. Huge manila envelopes, printed documents, regular size envelopes, laptop, printer. The Writers Market manual is opened beside her.

She is folding letters to publishers and placing them in envelopes. She is sorting through printed manuscripts and placing them in envelopes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chloe is cleaning off some of her very heavy make up. She removes some of her excessive jewellery. She examines her clothes.

INT. CLOTHES STORE - DAY

Chloe is shopping for new clothes. Casual, semi formal. She tries on several different types of clothes. She is not quite liking the different looks.

INT. JEWELLERY STORE - DAY

James is looking at some engagement rings. The sales clerk is very casual and pleasant as she shows him several different options.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Chloe walks in with a cumbersome amount of envelopes to mail. She finds an available counter. The attendee looks up at the clock. Almost lunch time. She is not amused.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Chloe sips on coffee looking on a blank screen. She begins to type: "'The Cross' - Original Screenplay by Chloe Cleopatra Taylor"

Chloe smiles at the prospects. Ideas are flowing; her fingers are typing.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Chloe is busy packing bags and enjoying it. She displays excessive mannerisms to the customers: smiling, shaking their hands, even taking out some bags for an elderly woman.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Chloe and James sit together closer to the front. Kathleen is preaching. Some of the congregation is sleeping. Chloe looks at James. He puts his hand on top of hers. She is slightly uncomfortable but accepts the gesture.

Chloe looks back at the podium. Patrick is sitting on the choir. She blinks. Patrick is gone. An old man sits in his place.

James notices her furrowed brows.

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - DAY

Chloe holds her head down in the face basin to wash her face. She reaches for a towel and dries her wet face. She opens her eyes and Patrick is standing behind her.

Chloe throws the towel at him.

CHLOE

Why won't you just leave me alone?

PATRICK

Can't.

CHLOE

It's easy. Just do the same thing you did for 24 years.

PATRICK

You think I enjoy this. I don't. I need an explanation as much as you do.

CHLOE

What is there to explain? Last time I saw you a bus hit you.

PATRICK

Woke up the next morning and I was fine.

CHLOE

It was a dream.

PATRICK

You dreaming now?

CHLOE

You're dead.

Patrick grabs one of Chloe's hand and takes one of her fingers. He pulls it back until it hurts.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You're hurting me.

PATRICK  
That's pain. You feel the agony  
surging through your body.  
Undeniable. Yet in dreams you feel  
no pain.

Chloe looks concerned.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Question is, if this is not a  
dream. How are we able to do this?

Patrick grabs Chloe's arm.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Chloe and Patrick are standing in the middle of a desert.  
Nothing but sand for miles.

Chloe looks around, confused.

CHLOE  
How'd you do that?

PATRICK  
I'm looking for answers too Chloe.  
Strange things happen everyday that  
I can't explain. Most people either  
ignore it or don't care. But you  
care. Can't be contented living  
like this.

CHLOE  
I don't understand.

PATRICK  
No matter what I do today, I'm  
going to wake up tomorrow. Only I  
don't every remember going to  
sleep.

Chloe stoops down and takes a handful of sand. She feels the  
texture.

CHLOE  
This is not real?

Patrick touches her shoulder.

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - DAY

Chloe is alone again, staring at her own reflection. She looks around but there is no one else there with her. She opens her hand and it is full of sand.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

James is sitting alone on the front bench. The building is otherwise empty. Chloe comes out heading for the door with urgency.

James goes after her and catches up. He stands in her way.

JAMES

Why is it every time I think we're  
ok, you start acting like this?

CHLOE

I have to go.

JAMES

Where?

CHLOE

The visions. Whatever it is I'm  
seeing. They are not going away.  
Need to know why.

JAMES

Let me help you.

CHLOE

How?

JAMES

We can figure it out together.

Chloe is flattered. She touches the side of his face.

CHLOE

One day you're going to meet  
someone better than me. Someone who  
will love you as much as you love  
me.

Chloe kisses him on his cheek.

JAMES

Where are you going?

CHLOE  
Need to get some answers.

Chloe leaves. James takes out an engagement ring. He stares at it.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - KENNETH'S OFFICE - DAY

RECEPTIONIST is sending a text on her blackberry and giggling like a high school girl.

Chloe walks in and past her desk heading towards the office door. Receptionist jumps from her seat.

RECEPTIONIST  
Miss, you can't go in there without an appointment.

INT. KENNETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Kenneth is with a patient when Chloe barges in. The Receptionist is behind her walking prematurely on six inch heels.

RECEPTIONIST  
Tried to stop her sir.

CHLOE  
Need to talk to you.

KENNETH  
Our appointment is not for another two weeks.

CHLOE  
Not here as a patient.

Kenneth considers.

RECEPTIONIST  
Should I call security.

KENNETH  
No need. She is not a threat. Give us a minute.

Receptionist helps the other client off the reclined bed and they both leave.

CHLOE  
Who am I?

KENNETH  
You don't know who you are?

CHLOE  
Talk to me without the  
psychological slant.

KENNETH  
You are Cleopatra.

CHLOE  
Is there a file here on me?

KENNETH  
There is a file for all my  
patients.

CHLOE  
Can I see it?

KENNETH  
Its not our policy to show clients  
their file.

CHLOE  
Please.

Kenneth considers. He goes to his desk and opens the bottom drawer. He scans through the file tabs. He finds hers and pull it out.

Chloe opens it. There is a picture of her mother. The name on the application is also her mothers.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Does she have children?

KENNETH  
A bit disturbing hearing you refer  
to yourself in the third person.

CHLOE  
Do I have children?

KENNETH  
What is this about?

Chloe slams her hand on his desk. He eases back in his chair.

CHLOE  
Do I have children?

KENNETH

Have you been taking your medication?

CHLOE

I don't take medications.

KENNETH

What have you been doing with the prescriptions?

CHLOE

You only gave me one prescription.

KENNETH

I give you a prescription every month.

CHLOE

Why do I need medication? What's wrong with me?

KENNETH

You have the file.

Chloe opens the file. She skips through the pages reading. She shakes her head in disbelief. Her heart rate is increasing, sweat breaks out on her forehead. She closes the file and hands it back to Doctor. She leaves.

Doctor opens the file and make a notation.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe searches through her mothers drawers, creating a mess and not really caring.

She finds a bedside drawer that is locked. She searches for a key. She finds a scissors instead. She begins to dig off the lock with the scissors. The scissors breaks. She leaves.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

There is a tool box in a corner. Garage is otherwise empty as if its not in use. Chloe goes to the tool box. Also locked. There is a piece of iron on one of the shelves. She takes it and breaks the lock.

Inside she pulls out a crowbar.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe digs open the drawer. Inside are documents. Chloe skims through them. Newspaper articles. One particular one with the face of Patrick. Headline reads "2 Fatalities in a Motor Vehicle Accident." The other is a woman. Unidentified.

Chloe pockets that clipping. She searches again. Finds a stack of unfulfilled prescriptions for one drug: "Perphenazine". She sees a gun underneath some more documents.

She pulls out the gun and examines it. She puts it back, restocks the drawer and pushes it back in.

INT. CHLOES BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe is on her laptop. She does a google search for Perphenazine. "Perphenazine is used to treat psychosis (e.g. in schizophrenics) and the manic phases of bipolar disorder."

Chloe does a google search for 'bipolar disorder' - "Bipolar Disorder, also known as manic-depressive illness, is a serious medical illness that causes shifts in a person's mood, energy, and ability to function."

She googles schizophrenics: "It most commonly manifests itself as auditory hallucinations, paranoid or bizarre delusions, or disorganized speech and thinking, and it is accompanied by significant social or occupational dysfunction."

Chloe slams the laptop lid shut.

Cleopatra walks in.

CLEOPATRA

Have you been in ma room?

CHLOE

All this time I thought you were just trying to cope with your bad choices.

CLEOPATRA

What?

CHLOE

Why does your psychiatrist think I'm you?

CLEOPATRA

What is this about?

Chloe shows her the prescriptions. Cleopatra looks at them. Frowns.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)  
I'm not a psycho.

CHLOE  
Doctor Kenneth thinks you are!

CLEOPATRA  
I'm not the one seeing dead people.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chloe steps from the shower wrapping the towel around her waist. She comes up to the mirror and its all fogged up. She use her hand to wipe the fog away revealing a reflection of her mother's face.

She steps back, slips and falls hitting her head on the toilet knocking her unconscious.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chloe opens her eyes. James is sitting by the side of her bed. Chloe sits up and feels the back of her head. No bumps or bruise.

JAMES  
You ok?

CHLOE  
What are you doing here?

James hands her a manuscript.

JAMES  
Returning this.

Chloe looks at the movie script in her hand.

CHLOE  
I finished it?

JAMES  
Also picked up your mail at the post office.

James hands her some envelopes. Chloe skips through them.

CHLOE  
These are from publishers.

Chloe begins opening them. One rejection letter after another.

Chloe breaks down. She swipes the letters off her bed.

JAMES  
Don't do that.

CHLOE  
Need to be alone for a while.

JAMES  
You're a great writer Chloe.

CHLOE  
Nobody agrees with you.

JAMES  
This screenplay of yours is awesome.

CHLOE  
That's what you said about everything else.

JAMES  
This is different.

CHLOE  
How is it different? Unless you lied.

JAMES  
I don't mean it like that.

CHLOE  
You think maybe you could leave me alone to grieve a little.

James considers.

JAMES  
You're not a quitter, Chloe.

He leaves.

Chloe sinks back in the bed and allow the tears to flow freely. She grabs the letters and throws them away from her.

She grabs the printed movie script and begins tearing it up, throwing away the pieces.

She cries some more.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cleopatra is drinking hard. Her hair is a mess.

Chloe is passing through to the kitchen about to leave for work. Cleopatra sees her and scoffs.

CLEOPATRA  
You happy now?

CHLOE  
What?

CLEOPATRA  
I'm all alone. That's what you  
wanted right.

CHLOE  
He was abusing you.

CLEOPATRA  
But I wasn't lonely. Or broke.  
Who's gonna pay the bills around  
here?

CHLOE  
You're drunk. Not thinking  
straight.

CLEOPATRA  
I never wanted you. Patrick  
insisted that we tried, but I knew  
you would ruin ma life.

CHLOE  
I ruined your life?

CLEOPATRA  
I would have been so much happier  
if you were never born.

CHLOE  
I'm late for work.

Chloe leaves.

CLEOPATRA  
Patrick would still be alive.

Cleopatra drinks some more. She lights up a cigarette.

## INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chloe walks in and takes off her working clothes. She looks at herself in the mirror. Eyes are red and swollen from crying.

She paces back and forth. She sits on the toilet. She bangs her head. She gets up and paces some more. She sits again. She goes in her bag and takes out a razor.

Tears flow down her cheeks, face painted with running make-up.

She holds the razor to her wrist. She cries, bites her lips and slits her wrist. Her face twist in pain. She slides to the floor. Her wrist bleeding. The bathroom begins to grow dark and red. Her eyes slowly close.

## INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chloe jumps out of her sleep. Checks her wrist. No mark. Her brows furrow.

She gets out of bed. Finds her purse and searches. She pulls out the article about Patrick's accident.

## INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chloe sits with a Clerk at the Police Station. A plump woman named MERL, mid 40's, very impatient.

Chloe feels a vibration in her bag. She pulls out her cell phone. Sandra is calling. She rejects the call and put the phone back in her bag.

Merl is tapping her fingers on the desk. Chloe shows her the article.

CHLOE

Is there anything you can tell me  
about this accident?

MERL

When did it happen?

CHLOE

November 10, 1990.

MERL

24 years ago?

CHLOE

Yeah.

MERL

Lady, this is a Police Station. Not an archive.

CHLOE

Could I get more information at an archive?

MERL

I don't know.

CHLOE

But you said ---

MERL

I know what I said. What do you want?

CHLOE

It says two people died in this accident. The second victim is identified as a woman, but no name.

MERL

I'm sure at some point after that article was written she was identified.

CHLOE

How would I get that information?

Merl thinks. Sighs.

She tears off a page from her note pad and puts it in front of Chloe with a pen.

MERL

Leave your contact info. I will call if I find anything.

CHLOE

Really appreciate this.

MERL

Sure.

Chloe writes her name and number.

INT. TRAVELLING TAXI - DAY

Chloe sits in the back seat. Head leaned against the car. Eyes lost in space. Phone in hand. It begins to vibrate. Chloe lets it ring out. 18 missed calls from Sandra.

Chloe closes her eyes. Considers.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Taxi pulls to the side of the road. Chloe gets out. She pays the taxi. Taxi drives off.

She stands by the side of the road. Cars, trucks, vans whizzing past above the speed limit of 75. Chloe's eyes is fixed on the other side of the highway eight lanes across.

She begins walking across the highway. Vehicles are missing her by a fraction of an inch, some swerving slightly to avoid hitting her. She makes it midway and jumps the median.

She begins walking across the other 4 lanes without being hit. She makes it across 3 lanes and stop in the middle of the forth.

She turns to face incoming traffic. There is a truck blazing towards her at top speed, horns blazing.

Chloe closes her eyes. In less than a second she will be dead.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe's eyes open. She jumps out of bed and check for any bruises on her body. Nothing. Still perfect.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Chloe sits with James on a park bench.

JAMES

What's happening to you?

CHLOE

Think I'm losing ma mind. Actually I'm pretty sure I am.

JAMES

You're a writer. Its expected that the worlds you create will somehow creep into your reality.

CHLOE  
It's more than that. Ma life is a  
collection of fragments.

JAMES  
You probably just take life a  
little too seriously.

CHLOE  
Do you ever see anything that's ---  
odd.

JAMES  
That gentleman over there is pretty  
odd. He's jogging in jeans.

CHLOE  
You don't take me serious?

JAMES  
Should I.

CHLOE  
I expect you to.

JAMES  
How about if I just told you the  
truth?

CHLOE  
I expect nothing less from you.

JAMES  
You're acting a little crazy. Life  
will feel incomplete if you keep  
leaving things unfinished.

CHLOE  
What have I left unfinished?

JAMES  
Your writing. Me. Maybe its time  
you saw something through to  
fruition.

CHLOE  
You don't believe anything I've  
told you?

JAMES  
I think its all in your mind.

Chloe considers for a moment.

CHLOE  
Maybe I can show you.

Chloe takes his hand and they leave the park.

EXT. STREETSIDE - DAY

Chloe and James stand in front of a twenty story building. Chloe looks up to the top floor.

Chloe grabs James arm and closes her eyes. Nothing happens.

CHLOE  
Guess we're doing this the  
traditional way.

She goes towards the entrance of the building. James follows.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

Elevator door opens. Chloe and James step out. Chloe walks towards the edge of the building. James is following a bit reluctantly.

JAMES  
What are we doing up here?

CHLOE  
Showing you that I'm not crazy.

JAMES  
Or confirming it.

Chloe stands on the ledge.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I think we should go back down now.

CHLOE  
Do you have trouble sleeping at  
nights James?

JAMES  
I don't think so. My problem is in  
waking up.

CHLOE  
Do you remember going to sleep?

JAMES  
Can you please come away from that  
ledge.

CHLOE

Tonight, try to remember. I'll see you when I wake up.

Chloe jumps to her death. James is horrified. Confused. He looks down to see a crowd begin to gather down below.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chloe opens her eyes. She gets out of bed and checks her phone. One missed text from James: "Dinner. Usual Spot. 7PM."

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kathleen is cooking up a storm. James sits by the counter lost in thought. Kathleen notices and tries to ignore him but its not working.

KATHLEEN

Have you told her how you feel?

JAMES

Didn't make much difference.

KATHLEEN

Have faith. It will.

JAMES

Not so sure anything will ever change between me and her. She's on a downward spiral about to crash. I can't seem to do anything to stop it.

KATHLEEN

There is power in prayer. She got saved. That's a start.

JAMES

You should read her screenplay. Passion on the Cross. Brought me to tears. If it ever makes it to the screen, I'm pretty sure we'll experience a worldwide harvest.

KATHLEEN

Maybe you need to make sure it gets to the screen.

JAMES

95% of new screenwriters never make it.

KATHLEEN

With God all things are possible.

Kathleen gives James a taste of her cake mixture. He likes it.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

James waits. Checks his watch. He looks up to see Chloe coming over. He smiles.

JAMES

Not bad. Just a hour and a half late.

CHLOE

Work. Witch is on ma case. Says I've gotten tardy. You think she even knows what that word means?

JAMES

You're gonna get yourself fired if you don't stop chasing ghosts.

Chloe picks up the menu and scans through it.

CHLOE

You remember anything from yesterday.

JAMES

Anything in particular.

CHLOE

Just wanted to know if anything about yesterday stands out in your mind.

JAMES

The park was nice. Standing in front of that building was very romantic.

CHLOE

What happened after that?

JAMES

Are you about to get all weird on me again?

CHLOE

What do you mean?

JAMES  
Seriously.

A Waiter comes and pour sparkling white wine into their glasses. He smiles and moves to another table.

Chloe stares at the glass of wine. James has a serious case of deja vu.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I can do this anymore Chloe.

CHLOE  
Do what?

JAMES  
Us.

CHLOE  
We're just friends.

JAMES  
Exactly.

CHLOE  
What are we talking about?

JAMES  
Is there a point in our lives that I've never been there for you?

CHLOE  
Not that I recall.

JAMES  
So why are we still just friends.

CHLOE  
You want to do this now. Here.

JAMES  
Yes.

CHLOE  
Because I don't love you --- like that.

JAMES  
You sure about that.

CHLOE  
I would know. I think that's how it works.

JAMES

Maybe you are incapable of feeling love.

CHLOE

That would make me a psycho --- you think I'm mental!

JAMES

I think something is wrong and we can't rule out any possibility.

Chloe has lost her appetite. She throws down the menu on the table.

CHLOE

I used to feel safe around you. Normal. But you are just like everything else in ma life.

James does nothing to stop her as she leaves.

EXT. BEACHSIDE - SUNSET

Chloe watches the sun go down alone. She is crying.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

James sits alone with bible open in his lap. He tries to read. He slams the bible shut. He stares out over the city.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe sits before her laptop. The screen is blank, cursor blinking, waiting. The calendar reads 'Sunday'

Chloe looks at a freshly printed manuscript of her screenplay. She touches it. She gets up and finds the Writers Market. She sits again and opens the manual browsing through for Screenplay publishers.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kathleen is delivering the word. James sits alone. He looks longingly at the empty seat beside him.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Chloe goes into the post office to do mailings.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S HOME - DAY

Chloe rings the doorbell and waits. Kathleen opens the door.

KATHLEEN

Chloe.

CHLOE

That's me.

KATHLEEN

Haven't seen you in a while.

CHLOE

It's been kinda weird, but I guess you already know that.

KATHLEEN

Oh yes.

CHLOE

Is James here?

KATHLEEN

For the past few days he's mostly been out. Have no idea where he is.

CHLOE

Thanks.

Chloe walks away. Kathleen watches her for a moment, then closes the door.

EXT. PARK - DAY

James is sitting on the park bench feeding birds.

Chloe comes and sit beside him.

JAMES

How'd you find me?

CHLOE

Just had to look in all the places I thought you would be. This was ma last stop.

JAMES

I'm not going to apologize for telling you the truth.

CHLOE

I'm not asking you to.

JAMES

So why are you here.

Chloe takes some unopened envelopes from her hand bag.

CHLOE

Sent out some letters to producers and agents. Got some replies, but afraid to open them.

JAMES

You want to do it here?

CHLOE

Why not? Its a nice view. There's a garbage bin right there. Its the perfect place to get rejected.

James smiles. He takes the envelopes and beginning opening them. The first is a rejection letter. He crushes it and throws it at the bin missing it.

The second also a rejection letter. He crushes it and gives that one to Chloe. She throws it at the bin and misses.

Third, forth and fifth also rejections. He and Chloe now take turns to try and make a basket using the bin.

Sixth to eight is also crushed and thrown at the bin. They are enjoying themselves.

Only one envelop remaining.

JAMES

You should open this one.

CHLOE

Don't think I can.

JAMES

The score is tied two all. This is your chance to pull ahead.

Chloe takes it. She breathes hard and tear the envelope. She pulls out the letter and opens it. She begins to read. Her expression remains neutral as she looks up at James from the letter.

CHLOE

Think I'll keep this one.

JAMES

You sure?

CHLOE  
Sorry James.

JAMES  
For what?

CHLOE  
You're no longer the only one who  
loves ma writing.

James is ecstatic. Excitement, laughter and celebration.  
Chloe jumps on James kissing him. Joyous moment turns a bit  
awkward.

They go back to sitting on the bench.

James reads the letter.

JAMES  
Producers want to meet. Guess  
you're going to Los Angeles.

CHLOE  
Guess so.

JAMES  
Negotiations could takes weeks.  
Maybe even some rewrites.

CHLOE  
Yeah.

JAMES  
Gonna miss you.

CHLOE  
Maybe you won't have to.

James smiles. Chloe hugs him. They kiss.

INT. SUPERVISORS OFFICE - DAY

Sandra is at her desk sorting paper work. Chloe comes in  
without knocking.

SANDRA  
You're supposed to knock. Why  
aren't you in uniform?

Chloe puts her resignation letter on her desk.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
What is this?

CHLOE  
No need to show me the door. I'll  
let maself out.

Chloe leaves slamming the door hard. Sandra looks at the  
letter and frowns.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe is packing some bags. Her mother stands at the door  
with arms folded.

CLEOPATRA  
How long will you be gone?

CHLOE  
Couple weeks.

Cleopatra moves in closer.

CLEOPATRA  
I always knew you would make it big  
one day.

CHLOE  
No you didn't mom.

CLEOPATRA  
Would it help to say I'm sorry.

CHLOE  
Doubt it.

CLEOPATRA  
Why are you giving me such a hard  
time?

CHLOE  
I'm nothing more than a means to an  
end for you.

CLEOPATRA  
Ma actions are your motivation.

CHLOE  
You disowned me. Hurt me. Tortured  
me. Why change now?

CLEOPATRA  
I'm trying to be happy for you.

CHLOE

Don't hurt yourself. I'm fine.  
You've never cared about anyone but  
yourself.

Chloe grabs a few of her bags and brushes past her mom.  
Cleopatra takes two other bags and follows after her.

CLEOPATRA

We can work this out baby.

INT. ATLANTIC OFFICE - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Chloe sits with Producers, Directors and a few selected  
staff. Each have a copy of the screenplay as they discuss it  
with Chloe. She is taking notes.

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION - DAY

Chloe sits with the Director behind the camera as he gives  
instructions to his actors and crew.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

There is a poster for a new release. The title of the movie:  
'Passion of the Cross.' A long line extends from the cashier  
all the way into the parking lot.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Chloe and James sit at the back watching the movie in a sold  
out theatre. Chloe looks around at some of the patrons. Mixed  
emotions. Some crying, some laughter, mostly conviction.

A young man sits close enough to make out his face under the  
soft light of the screen. He is in tears. Fist pressed to his  
mouth as he watches intently. Chloe sees no one else for the  
duration of the movie.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - LATER

The movie ends and a message comes on the screen asking  
everyone to remain seated for a two minutes.

The screen changes. Question appears on screen: "Chloe  
Cleopatra Taylor, will you be my wife?"



The room seems to fall in a hush on her entrance. James take her hand. The room applauds.

JAMES  
Ladies and gentlemen, the lady of  
the hour.

CHLOE  
(to James)  
All this really necessary.

JAMES  
Absolutely, just smile and wave.

Chloe helps herself to a glass of wine and some caviar. Guest come to meet and greet her.

James takes a glass of wine and clears his throat.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Everyone. Thank you all for coming.  
I don't know how many of you have  
seen the newspapers. Passion on the  
Cross has topped the movie chart  
for 8 consecutive weeks.

The room applauds.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
We have received thousands of fan e-  
mail from people whose lives has  
changed. So far over 3 million  
people worldwide have received the  
Lord Jesus Christ.

The room applauds again. Chloe blushes.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
We have letters from people who  
were contemplating suicide.  
Alcoholics, drug addicts,  
prostitutes, criminals. Turning  
away from sin to the Lord. Question  
has often been asked, can one man  
make a difference. Jesus did. My  
beautiful fiancée Chloe did.

Everyone raises their glasses and drink. Chloe sees her mother standing near the door. She goes over to her.

CHLOE  
Hi mom.

CLEOPATRA  
You look different.

CHLOE  
So do you.

CLEOPATRA  
Rehab. It has that effect on  
people. I miss you.

Chloe hugs her.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)  
Really appreciate what you have  
done.

CHLOE  
Want to do so much more.

CLEOPATRA  
I've said and done things I'm not  
proud of ---

CHLOE  
All we have is this moment. Right  
now I'm happy. All ma favorite  
people are here. No need to spoil  
it.

CLEOPATRA  
Something I need to tell you.

CHLOE  
It can wait.

Chloe pulls her into the life of the party. James carries a  
cell phone to Chloe.

JAMES  
Someone on the phone for you. Says  
her name is Merl.

CHLOE  
I don't know any Merl.

JAMES  
You don't know 99% of the people  
who know you now.

Chloe takes the phone and excuses herself.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Chloe stands overlooking the city. She puts the phone to her ear.

CHLOE  
This is Chloe.

MERL  
Not sure you remember me, but a while back you came to the police station enquiring about an accident that happened over two decades ago.

CHLOE  
Yes.

MERL  
I have something for you.

CHLOE  
What did you find out?

MERL  
Come see me. Don't wait too long.

The phone clicks. Chloe turns to see James looking back at her. He wants a signal that everything is OK. He doesn't get one.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chloe and James sit at Merl's desk. She is scanning through a file.

MERL  
Had totally forgotten about you, but was cleaning my desk the other day and came across your contact information. Took me a while to place it.

CHLOE  
Can you just tell us what you found?

Merl takes out a photograph from the folder and places it before Chloe. Its a picture of a younger Kathleen Jones.

JAMES  
That's my mom.

MERL

Sorry about your loss, though by  
now you must have gotten over it.

JAMES

My loss?

EXT. HIGHWAY - FLASHBACK

Patrick's car is speeding down the highway. It begins to drift. A truck hits it. Kathleen is behind the wheel of another car coming up hard behind Patrick. Her car is also hit.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

James stare blankly at the photograph. Chloe closes her eyes to block the sudden rush of emotions.

MERL

Nothing in the report about her  
having a kid.

James gets up and leave. Chloe follows him out. Merl watches them go. She shakes her head.

MERL (CONT'D)

Your welcome.

She closes the file and picks up the phone.

EXT. FRONT OF POLICE STATION - DAY

James is coming down the steps hard. Chloe struggles to catch up to him.

CHLOE

James. Wait. Please.

James swiftly turns to her.

JAMES

Your paranoia is apparently catchy.  
You should stay away from me.

CHLOE

You think I'm doing this?

JAMES

Are you?

CHLOE

No.

JAMES

This your way of getting me to believe your crazy stories. Is that why you insisted I come with you?

CHLOE

I had no idea what I was going to hear.

JAMES

Do everyone a favor Chloe and check yourself into a mental hospital.

James leaves her standing.

She pulls the engagement ring of her finger and throws it after him. She takes off her heels and run off leaving them on the side of the road.

EXT. STREETSIDE - DAY

Chloe walks along the roadway. Rain is pouring. She is crying. Arms folded under her breast. Tears and rain streaming down her face.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Chloe sits on the bench in the rain. An umbrella opens over her head. Patrick sits beside her holding the umbrella.

CHLOE

For a brief moment I was happy.

PATRICK

How long you think that was gonna last? A day. Two days. We are caught in a vicious cycle Chloe. For it to end, the writer must die.

CHLOE

I killed maself. Stepped off a building. Jumped in front of a truck. I keep waking up.

Patrick looks confused. Chloe notices his expression.

PATRICK

Its not you.

CHLOE  
Sorry to disappoint you.

PATRICK  
Our life is being written. For the story to end, the writer must die. I thought you were the writer.

CHLOE  
If I am not creating this, then who is?

Patrick considers.

PATRICK  
I think we both know the answer to that.

Chloe considers.

CHLOE  
You want me to kill ma own mother?

PATRICK  
Gotta make a choice Chloe. No matter how hard you try, nothing will ever change.

CHLOE  
Maybe you're the crazy one.

Chloe gets off the bench and walk off in the pouring rain.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S HOME - DAY

Chloe knocks on the door. Kathleen opens.

CHLOE  
Is James here?

KATHLEEN  
Sorry. I don't know anyone by that name.

CHLOE  
He's your son.

KATHLEEN  
I don't have a son.

Kathleen looks at Chloe like a complete stranger.

CHLOE  
You don't know who I am do you?

KATHLEEN  
I'm usually pretty good with faces.  
Just not placing yours right now.

Chloe quickly leaves. Kathleen shakes her head.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Young people!

She closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cleopatra and Greg are making out in the sofa. Chloe walks in. Cleopatra pushes Greg off and tries to straighten herself. She drinks some liquor.

CLEOPATRA  
You're not supposed to be here for  
another few hours.

CHLOE  
Why is he here?

GREG  
You gonna tell her or should I.

Greg puts on his shirt.

CLEOPATRA  
Honey, Greg and I are getting  
married.

Chloe knees weaken. She manages to catch herself. Chloe runs up the stairs. Door slams.

GREG  
That went well.

Cleopatra pulls him back in. They kiss.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe sits on the side of her bed. Her eyes red, angry. Her laptop is open. Blank document. Blinking cursor. Cell phone beeps. Text from James, "Dinner. Same place. 7P.M." Cell phone rings. Sandra is calling.

Chloe throws the phone against the wall. It hits the wall hard and falls on the ground still in tact. Nothing strange for Chloe anymore. She looks towards the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg and Cleopatra are asleep arm in arm. Chloe sneaks in.

She carefully steps to the closet. Greg's uniform is hung loosely. His belt with gun is hanging on a hook behind the door. Chloe pulls out the gun. The door creaks.

Greg's eyes snap open. Chloe points the gun at him. Greg eyes are filled with fear. He shakes Cleopatra who wakes up.

CLEOPATRA

What're you doing Chloe?

CHLOE

I think I know why this world evolves around you Mom.

GREG

Put the gun down before someone gets hurt.

CHLOE

You're free to go, Greg.

GREG

What?

CHLOE

Get out!

Greg gets out of bed and quickly pulls on a pants on shirt.

CLEOPATRA

You're leaving?

GREG

This is obviously a family squabble. I know better than to get involved.

Greg leaves pulling on his shoes. Cleopatra sits up in the bed. She pulls the sheet off.

CLEOPATRA

I'm your mother, Chloe.

CHLOE

There is no other way. I wish there was.

Chloe closes her eyes and pulls the trigger. Cleopatra is hit in the chest. She falls in the bed lifeless.

Chloe breaks down. She climbs in the bed and rest the gun down. She picks up Cleopatra's head resting it in her lap.

EXT. CLEOPATRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Police cars are parked outside the house. A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN approaches Greg. He points at the house. Three policemen pull gun and cautiously approach.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Three Policemen step into the bedroom. Guns trailed on Chloe. Still weeping. They bark orders at her, but she doesn't move. Chloe looks at the gun on the bed. She wipes her tears. She looks at the police. Only one way out.

She picks up the gun and points it at them. They fire.

Room slowly fade to black.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - MORNING

Cleopatra slowly opens her eyes. She is lying in an hospital bed. Her hands are tied to the sides. Doctor Kenneth sits close by with a note pad.

CLEOPATRA

I survived.

KENNETH

Survived what?

CLEOPATRA

Ma daughter Chloe shot me. Thought I was dead. If she didn't agree with me getting married she could have just said so.

Doctor Kenneth looks at a glass window in the room. He sees only a reflection of the room. Someone watches from the other side.

KENNETH

Five years ago you said she stabbed you. Five years before that you said she pushed you off a building. You remember any of that?

CLEOPATRA

Chloe has issues. That's why I sent her to you. Even paid for the sessions.

KENNETH

Where is Chloe now?

CLEOPATRA

I don't know. Have you seen her? Can you tell me why ma hands are tied.

KENNETH

That's enough for today.

Kenneth leaves the room.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

A much older Patrick is standing at the glass looking into the room. Kenneth joins him. He removes his glasses.

KENNETH

25 years and no progress. I've tried Electroconvulsive Therapy, Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation. Nothing works. Absolutely no change.

PATRICK

We haven't tried the truth.

KENNETH

Schizophrenics live in a constant state of denial. They don't usually respond very well to the truth.

PATRICK

Its all we have left. You take care of the paperwork. Want to sign the release form today.

KENNETH

I'm not so sure that's a good idea Mr. Taylor.

PATRICK

You tried doctor. Now its my turn.

Patrick stares at Cleopatra through the tinted glass.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Cleopatra's eyes are close. Patrick walks in. He starts to pull the straps holding her wrist to the bed. Cleopatra opens her eyes. Her brows furrow as she stares at Patrick.

CLEOPATRA

You look just like ma Patrick ---  
just older.

PATRICK

I am your Patrick.

CLEOPATRA

You couldn't be. He's dead. Motor  
vehicle accident.

PATRICK

All in your head Cleo.

Cleopatra sits up. She stares at Patrick.

CLEOPATRA

No one else calls me that. How?  
What's going on?

Cleopatra rubs her wrists. She looks around the room.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Where am I?

PATRICK

Jubilee Hospital. Psychiatric Ward.

CLEOPATRA

Why was I strapped to a bed in a  
psychiatric Ward?

PATRICK

You were a danger to yourself and  
everyone else. See those scratches  
on the walls.

Cleopatra looks at the walls to see marks made forcibly with fingernails. She looks at her own fingernails. They are broken and discolored.

Patrick turns his cheek to show some healed scratches on his own face.

CLEOPATRA

I did that?

PATRICK

You've been suffering from deep psychological trauma, clinical depression, short term amnesia and schizophrenia. You have some neuropsychiatric illness.

Cleopatra is not understanding a word he is saying.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You imagine things. Think they are real.

CLEOPATRA

Where's Chloe? Where's ma daughter?  
Where is she?

Patrick is not sure he should respond. Cleopatra gets off the bed and shouts at the glass.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Where is ma daughter?

He hits her fist against the glass. Patrick holds her. She fights him off. He grabs her hands. She continues fighting.

Doctor Kenneth comes in. Patrick gestures for him to leave. Reluctantly he does.

PATRICK

It's time for you to face the truth  
Cleo.

Cleopatra pushes him off. Goes to a corner in the room.

CLEOPATRA

You're dead. I've had to relive  
that day for years.

PATRICK

I'm not the one who died.

CLEOPATRA

Chloe told me she saw you. I never  
believed her.

PATRICK

Chloe was never born Cleo.

CLEOPATRA

What?

PATRICK

Chloe was never born. You had an abortion.

Cleopatra's knees weaken. Patrick goes to her and holds her. He carries her to the side of the bed. She sits. Considers. Horror in her eyes. Recognition.

EXT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cleopatra walks towards the entrance. She passes a small group of protestors at the front with anti-abortion placards.

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cleopatra speaks to the specialist Doctor. He takes her money. Counts it. Writes a prescription and gives her some pills with written and verbal instructions.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Cleopatra wakes up in a pool of blood. Horrified and afraid she screams. Patrick wakes up also covered in blood. He hugs her and takes her to the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cleopatra sits in silence. Motionless. Loss in thought. Her eyes lifeless and cold.

Maud and Trevor watches her. Not sure what to do.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Cleopatra is wielded in by Maud. She is given some papers. She looks them over and begins signing them.

A news report is on television. James Jones shot his father who was abusing his wife, a Pastor Kathleen Jones. James is in custody awaiting trial.

Cleopatra is admitted. Shows no emotions as Maud kisses her and leaves. A Nurse takes her down the long hallway.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - PRESENT DAY

Cleopatra holds her heart. Unable to contain the emotions welling up inside her. She begins to cry. Patrick hugs her.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

The doors are closed permanently. A chained is holding it together with a huge lock. A sign is posted on the door; "For Sale!"

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARIBBEAN - FLASHBACK

Kathleen moves in with her ex-husband Greg. They hug. James comes in with bags. His father is in tears. He hugs his son awkwardly.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Patrons are watching an action movie. Same crowd, same young man. No Chloe and James. No tears, no convictions.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The young man looks up at a tree. He ties a knot in a rope he is carrying and puts it around his neck. He climbs up the tree and hangs himself.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Maud sits in prison alone. No family. No friends. No visitors. No hope.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

James sits in prison alone.

INT. SEVERAL CHURCHES ACROSS THE COUNTRY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Empty seats that would have been filled by all the people who would have been saved through Chloe's writings.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - PRESENT DAY

Patrick is holding Cleopatra tightly to his chest. She weeps uncontrollably.

CLEOPATRA

Chloe would have changed the world.

PATRICK

God has forgiven you. I have forgiven you. You need to forgive yourself.

CLEOPATRA

I don't deserve forgiveness for what I have done.

PATRICK

You've carried this burden long enough. Time to be free.

Patrick tries to dry her tears. It keeps flowing.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Patrick takes Cleopatra in. They take a seat closer to the front. Cleopatra's eyes are still swollen from crying.

A YOUNG MAN is delivering the Word.

YOUNG MAN

We've all been to that place. Messed up. Cast down. Choices we have made cost us pain. But God wants to turn that pain into promise. That mess into a message. We don't always have to understand. Just believe. God wants to use your pain to save others from it. Sometimes one have to fall to stop a hundred from falling.

Young man opens up his bible on the podium.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

God said "I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope, an expected end."

He closes the bible. Steps off the platform.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

God knew you would be here today. Open your heart to him. Get up and come. Declare today that you will no longer walk in darkness but light.

Cleopatra is on her feet. Patrick stands with her. He takes her hand and they walk to the altar.

Young man meets them at the altar. The church is on their feet.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

All things work together for good to those who love the Lord. God already knows what you have done yesterday. He's more concerned with what you will do today.

Young man rests his hand on Cleopatra.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

God saw you coming. Told me to tell you, let it go. You have held it for too long. Today is your day of deliverance.

Cleopatra is in tears.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Cleopatra and Patrick sit on the front bench in silence. Cleopatra seems to be a little more at peace.

Members are still filing out.

CLEOPATRA

This is ma first time in church. Still I get the feeling God was expecting me.

PATRICK

He really does care about us Cleo.

CLEOPATRA

Always saw you people as fanatics. Church just a preferred drug.

PATRICK

Guess now you're one of us.

CLEOPATRA

Chloe really had an impact on me. And it wasn't even real.

PATRICK

Maybe it was.

CLEOPATRA  
What do you mean?

PATRICK  
Been thinking about it. Nobody  
knows her story like you. Maybe it  
needs to be told.

Cleopatra considers. They both do.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
If you don't mind the support I  
would love to be there.

CLEOPATRA  
You've always been there.

PATRICK  
Not as a friend.

Patrick takes out an engagement ring. Cleopatra is  
overwhelmed. She hugs him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick is asleep. Cleopatra sits in front of a laptop and a  
blank screen. Cursor blinking. She looks at a pic on the  
table of her and Patrick on their wedding day.

She smiles and begins typing.

EXT. SOMEWHERE HEAVENLY - DAY

Chloe stands gazing into time. Her golden hair glides with  
shifting winds. Her white gown sparkles under a light more  
magnificent than the sun. Her face pure radiance. A perfect  
body in a perfect place.

She sees beyond the physical barrier of her world. She sees a  
hidden world. A world significantly different from hers, but  
familiar. She smiles.

CHLOE  
See you soon Mom. Dad.

Chloe strolls off down a golden path towards a city of light;  
perfectly adorned with rivers of pure water; and  
magnificently decorated with trees blooming green and loaded  
with fruits, grass soft, plush, perfect.

A place like earth, but different. Better. Perfect.

**TITLE:**

**115,000 Abortions are done worldwide everyday. (The  
Guttmacher Institute - 2008)**

**115,000 Presidents, Teachers, Lawyers, Doctors, Pastors,  
Evangelist, World Changers, Trend Setters, Life Savers ---  
Aborted daily.**

**84% of all abortions were performed on unmarried women. (CDC -  
2007)**

FADE TO BLACK.