

MY SCRIPT

an original screenplay by

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Fade In

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Dawn filters through leaves about to turn. Mist gently rises from the nearby creek.

A jogger bursts out of the tree line, sprinting along a well trod path. Her faded blue sweatshirt damp from sweat, hood cloaking her face. She taps her watch and her music kicks up a notch, pushing her faster.

She sprints around a turn, leaps over an old tree. She deftly dodges branches hidden in shadows. More obstacle course than lazy jog.

She runs close to the water. Two ducks squawk their displeasure as she races past.

Up a rise, then down towards a gravel lot. Her watch buzzes. She glances down, not missing a step:

MORNING RUN: 6 miles. Halfway Point.

A quick hit from her water bottle as she heads towards the gravel lot.

Then, a text pops up:

TO OR FROM?

She slows, frowning. She jogs closer to the lot. A black sedan sits there, engine running. Government plates.

CARL PERKINS, 55, hasn't aged well, sits behind the wheel, collar turned up against the morning chill. He sips from a huge travel mug while reading his phone.

CARL

Well?

DR. LORI REYES, 40's, fit, long brown hair in a tight pony tail, taps the trail head marker at her usual spot. She drops her hood and pulls out headphones, but keeps up her running pace.

CARL (CONT'D)

Making me sweat just watching.

LORI

To what do I owe the pleasure,
Director?

CARL

Can't a guy get some fresh air?

LORI
You haven't seen the outside of the
BAU in decades.

CARL
For damn good reason. I need a favor.

Carl produces a manila folder. Lori shakes her head.

LORI
You do remember that I retired.

CARL
People like us never retire.

LORI
Like you maybe. Tell you what.
Beat me home and I'll take a look.

CARL
Guess it's "to", eh?

LORI
It always is Carl.

She takes off, gravel PINGING against his car. Carl almost drops his coffee. He pops the car into reverse.

CARL
Shit!

Tires spit gravel. The race is on.

EXT. GRAVEL LOT - DAY

The sedan hurtles onto the road.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lori races down the path. She glances towards the road.
Smiles.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sedan roars down the narrow road.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Carl squints out the tinted windows while barely keeping his car on the road. Searches for Lori. He spots her. She's ahead of him!

CARL
Damn it! SHIT!

Carl hits the breaks, almost rear ending another car. He HONKS! Tries to move over, but swerves back as a truck zooms past. HONKS again. The other driver calmly sticks his arm out and gives the one finger salute.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sedan squeals around the slow car. Carl guns it, the sedan's engine groans.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lori races around a bend in the trail. Up a small rise. Sees the sedan is ahead of her now. She instantly veers off trail, leaves and twigs snapping under her feet.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sedan turns down a residential street.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lori races through the woods.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The sedan screeches to a halt. Carl leaps out, eyes on the tree line. Nothing. He smiles. Reaches to grab the manila folder.

A KNOCK on the passenger window makes him jump and bang his head. He grimaces at Lori, who smiles at him panting.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Carl tosses the folder on the counter. Lori pours a smoothie.

LORI
Healthy breakfast?

Carl looks dubiously at the very green and very healthy drink.

CARL
I'm good. Coffee and Coffee does me
just fine. What's in that anyways?

Lori wipes her face with a towel then takes a swig.

LORI
Oh the usual, innocent souls, goats
blood, kale.

CARL
Never did like kale. How is
retirement going Lori?

LORI

While not as exciting, teaching is
way less dangerous. And pays better.
You should consider it.

CARL

No one wants to hear me blather on
about the BAU and all the loonies we
lock up. Or the ones up for parole.

Lori stops cold. Fights back memories. Gingerly touches
the folder.

LORI

Already?

CARL

Twenty years, Lori.

She wanders across the room. Stops at a wall of pictures:
Her and her husband and their two kids.
An older picture of her Mom, Dad, her, her younger sister.
She lingers on her younger sister.

CARL (CONT'D)

His psychiatrist says he's better.
But not if you show up, and shove
that piece of shit back down into
his hell hole. I wouldn't ask, but-

LORI

When?

CARL

Next Thursday. I'll leave his file.
It's up to date. Thanks Lori.

Lori nods absently as Carl shows himself out. She turns
back to the folder.

Underneath FBI paperwork, a picture sticks out. She flips
it open.

She catches her breath and flinches ever so slightly as the
past crashes in on her.

PICTURE: a weathered right hand with TALI tattooed across
its knuckles.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

That same hand rests lightly on a table. Its partner rest next to it. The tattoo spells out: TALIONIS.

The hands belong to: ALEXI DRAGOVIC, 50's, black hair gone silver. Tattoos peak out from under his prison garb. He looks around, absorbing every detail.

The three person parole committee under the West Virginia Flag. His lawyer. Opposing Council.

And the mass of people in the room. He is searching for someone.

CHAIRMAN

Mrs. Reyes.

His eyes land on Lori. She doesn't flinch, but returns the stare. He nods his head. She just stares.

He returns his attention to the court room.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Lori Reyes? Do you wish to make a statement?

Lori stands, walks to the podium. Alexi inhales deeply as she walks by. She doesn't react.

LORI

Members of this parole committee, thank you for letting me speak. It has been twenty years since Mr. Dragovic was convicted of raping and murdering a young girl. And possibly more.

The crowd ripples with excitement. The Chairman SMACKS his gavel. Alexi barely smiles.

LAWYER

Objection!

CHAIRMAN

Quiet. Quiet! Mrs. Reyes, please keep your comments to the case at hand, and not other conjecture.

LORI

Does twenty years equal the life he has taken? The devastation he left behind?

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

Do we value our children so little that we would let their murderers go free after serving only the minimum? That is why I strongly protest the release of Mr. Dragovic. Despite turning states evidence against his partner in crime, despite what his doctors say, he is a killer. And should serve the full length of his term.

CHAIRMAN

Does the parolee have any comments he would like to add?

LAWYER

No, Mr. Chairman.

Alexi stands up, chains CLINKING.

ALEXI

I do, Mr. Chairman. I am only a man. A man who has done terrible things. While I have not found Jesus, as some of my fellow inmates have, I have instead found another savior. Medicine. Before, I was a man splintered into a thousand pieces, each one a voice I could not control. Only now, twenty years later, with the help of my medicine, am I whole again. I am not the man I was twenty years ago. Thank you.

Alexi sits down. The crowd again erupts. The chairman CRACKS his gavel several times.

CHAIRMAN

Thank you Mr. Dragovic. This parole committee will take all comments under advisement as we deliberate. Thank you. This session is adjourned.

Sheriff's swarm around Alexi. They lead him out the doors.

Lori's eyes bore into Alexi's back. Just as the door closes, he turns, sees her, and grins.