

SECOND GLANCE

by

Sue Morris

*(First ten pages)*

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[suemorrisscreenwriter@gmail.com](mailto:suemorrisscreenwriter@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

A DROP OF BLOOD, hanging, poised...

It falls, splashes into a crimson circle, becomes...

THE SUN, sinking behind the Chicago skyline.

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREETS - DAY

A late spring afternoon is drawing towards evening. The streets are choked with traffic. Horns blare in frustration.

INT. CAR - DAY

VINCENT CASTELLANO drums his fingers impatiently on the steering wheel.

Mid-30s. Casually dressed. Attractive in a way that has less to do with looks, more to do with sheer physical presence. And, when he chooses, a certain twinkly charm.

Vincent glances across at his friend JOE SULLIVAN (mid-30s) in the passenger seat. Joe has a bloodstained makeshift bandage around his hand and an agitated look in his eyes.

VINCENT

You okay?

JOE

She'll kill me if I'm not there.

The wail of a siren. Vincent checks the rear view mirror, sees an emergency ambulance weaving through the traffic.

VINCENT

Hold on.

He pulls the car over to let the ambulance pass -

- and then pulls sharply back out, into the space created in its wake. Horns protest. Joe waves his hand in apology.

Vincent hangs on the tail of the ambulance as it carves its way down the street.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - DAY

The ambulance pulls up. The doors fly open. The AMBULANCE CREW unload a gurney as DR. BETH TYLER (30) comes out to assist.

There's a luminous vitality about Beth, even in drab scrubs with her blonde hair pulled back from her face. And although it's the tail end of a long shift, she's completely focused.

BETH

What have we got?

AMBULANCE CREW MEMBER

Ellen Kaminski, age twenty-eight.  
Multiple knife wounds, chest and  
abdomen. She's unconscious.  
Hypotensive with a tachycardia.

A brief glimpse of KAMINSKI - blonde hair, face covered by an oxygen mask - as they wheel the gurney into the building.

INT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NURSES connect the monitoring equipment. Beth deftly examines Kaminski as an older MALE DOCTOR oversees.

MALE DOCTOR

B.P. eighty over fifty.

BETH

Pneumothorax. We need chest drains.

The cardiac monitor beeps an alert.

BETH (cont'd)

She's arrested.

Beth begins cardiac massage.

INT. HOSPITAL/ER WAITING AREA - DAY

Vincent and Joe approach the desk. A calendar shows the date: May 10th. Vincent gives the pretty DESK CLERK a warm smile.

VINCENT

Hi, how are you?

DESK CLERK

Fine, thank you. What's the name?

VINCENT

Vincent. What's yours?

She gives Vincent a cool stare. Joe elbows him aside.

JOE

Joe Sullivan.

DESK CLERK  
Take a seat, please.

Vincent and Joe walk over to the seating area.

JOE  
Hey, don't worry about me. Just hit  
on the girls, why don't you.

VINCENT  
I need the practice. Got some ground  
to make up.

INT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

Kaminski is now intubated. Beth continues with the cardiac  
massage, but the monitor shows no effect. Flatline.

MALE DOCTOR  
Sorry, Beth. She's been down over  
forty minutes. I'm calling it. Time  
of death six twenty-two. Thanks,  
everyone.

Beth gently moves a stray strand of hair off Kaminski's face.  
The nurses clear up. The two doctors walk through into the -

INT. HOSPITAL/SCRUB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- where they clean their hands.

BETH  
She looked like me.

MALE DOCTOR  
You did all you could. Let it go.

Beth watches the blood swirl away down the drain.

INT. HOSPITAL/ER WAITING AREA - EVENING

Joe checks a text on his phone.

JOE  
They're taking her to Prentice.  
Five centimeters dilated.

Vincent gives him a look. Too much information.

JOE (cont'd)  
Christ, Vin, it's really happening.  
I'm going to be a father.

Vincent smiles at his friend's flood of emotions.

Then Beth walks through the room.

She's unaware of Vincent's attention snapping to her. It's a thorough appraisal. Up and down.

The desk clerk spots Beth and stands up, waving an envelope.

DESK CLERK  
Doctor Tyler? This came for you.

Beth takes the envelope, marked 'Private and Confidential'.

BETH  
Thanks. See you tomorrow.

As she turns, she collides with a WOMAN carrying a LITTLE GIRL. She apologizes, as the envelope goes flying -

- and lands near Vincent. He registers the Chicago Police Department logo as he picks it up and hands it back to Beth.

VINCENT  
Here you go.

BETH  
Thanks.

She walks away. His gaze follows her out of the room. She doesn't look back.

Vincent turns back to Joe, who's watching him, amused. Vincent smiles, shrugs. Oh well.

INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Beth pulls the Police Department letter out of the envelope. It's headed: 'RE: MRS. ELAINE CASEY'. As she reads down...

BETH  
(under her breath)  
Useless bastards.

She shoves the letter in her pocket and carries on walking.

INT. HOSPITAL/STAFF CHANGING ROOM - EVENING

Beth pulls on a silk blouse over her unblemished skin. A FRIEND is getting changed nearby.

BETH'S FRIEND  
Out with Adam tonight?

BETH  
Art exhibition.

BETH'S FRIEND  
Classy. You met his parents yet?

BETH  
Not yet. Soon, I think.

Beth applies lipstick in front of the mirror.

BETH'S FRIEND  
Just give me some notice of the  
wedding. I'll need to buy a hat.  
(off Beth's look)  
You don't need blush.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - EVENING

DR. ADAM POWELL (mid-30s) unclips his ID badge and puts it in his pocket.

Beth comes out. Adam smiles, produces a bunch of roses. Beth beams with pleasure as she inhales the scent.

BETH  
They're beautiful! Thank you.  
(kisses him)  
But aren't they going to need water?

DR. ADAM POWELL  
That's okay. We can drop them off at  
your place first.

As they walk off, a police car pulls up.

A FEMALE UNIFORMED OFFICER gets out. In the passenger seat, DETECTIVE EDDIE FRANKLIN (40s) quickly does what he can with a comb to disguise his thinning hair before he too gets out.

The two cops head for the hospital entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL/ER WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin enters as a nurse takes Joe away for treatment. Vincent is still there and catches Franklin's eye.

FRANKLIN

Hey, Lieutenant! How's it going?

VINCENT

Not so bad. I just brought Joe in. He got the call to say his wife's gone into labor and then promptly shut his hand in the car door. Looks like he broke something. What are you doing here?

FRANKLIN

Girl knifed in her apartment. Could be my guy again. We just heard she didn't make it. Not that that's your problem any more.

VINCENT

Damn right. Come the weekend, you won't see me for dust. Friday night, usual place - all invited.

FRANKLIN

(amused)

Does that include Martinez?

VINCENT

I'm sure Internal Affairs have better things to do with their time.

The female officer arrives. She gives Vincent a curt nod. There's an awkward moment between them.

FEMALE OFFICER

(to Franklin)

I'll go check at the desk.

She walks off.

VINCENT

(by way of explanation)

She's a friend of Kim's.

FRANKLIN

Right... Hey, if I don't make it Friday night, have a good rest-of-your-life.

VINCENT  
You too, Eddie.

They shake hands, then Franklin follows the female officer out of the waiting area.

Vincent takes a seat, near the woman that Beth collided with earlier. Her little girl is sprawled on the floor with paper and crayons, drawing flowers...

CUT TO:

...BETH'S ROSES, scattered. Engulfed in a spreading pool of blood.

The blood swirls and eddies around the petals, red turning to gray as we PLUNGE DOWN -

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

A snagged clump of vegetation and debris, buffeted by the current. And a glimpse of something caught up in it, something pale and bloated... the decaying foot of a DEAD WOMAN.

Part of the debris breaks free and is pulled away by the water. The corpse, released, floats up towards the early morning light.

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER. OUTSKIRTS OF GOLDING, ILLINOIS

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

DIVERS retrieve the body from the water as Sheriff's Deputy RONA GARSIDE (30s) supervises from the bank. Other DEPUTIES move screens into place for privacy.

A Coroner's van is parked nearby. Further along the bank is a County Sheriff's Department car. A middle-aged MAN in a fishing jacket sits in the back. He looks pale, his breathing labored.

DR. HARLAN FELLOWES, a genial man in his late 50s, moves from the car to join Deputy WILL TOWNSEND (30s) a discreet distance away. There are traces of dark circles under Townsend's eyes.

DEPUTY TOWNSEND  
Is he going to be okay?

DR. FELLOWES  
He's had a shock. I've told him to take it easy for a couple of days. Can you run him home, Will?



DEPUTY TOWNSEND  
No problem. Thanks, Harlan.

DR. FELLOWES  
You look tired.

DEPUTY TOWNSEND  
Up at three. Sean's teething.

Townsend heads for the car. As Dr. Fellowes walks up the bank, a FORMIDABLE-LOOKING DOG trots down to meet him.

DR. FELLOWES  
Hello, Max.

Two women follow the dog. One is KERRY WEBBER (early 20s), pert in T-shirt and shorts despite her breathlessness from their run.

The other is Beth. Now in her mid-30s, her hair several shades darker and in a different style than before. She wears sweatpants and a long-sleeved top with a high neckline.

KERRY  
Is it that woman?

DR. FELLOWES  
Looks like it.

Their attention is diverted by a patrol car pulling up further along the bank. The two occupants get out. One is the boyish figure of Sheriff's Deputy TOM DOYLE (mid-20s).

The other is Vincent. Now about 40, a little grayer around the temples but still in good shape. And now he has a real aura of authority, not just because of the Sheriff's uniform.

KERRY  
Ooh, new guy.

DR. FELLOWES  
Arrived yesterday.

KERRY  
Have you met him? What's he like?

DR. FELLOWES  
I've met him briefly. And before you ask, he's divorced.

KERRY  
Really. Hmmm. Too old for me. But he could be the one for you, Beth.

Beth and Dr. Fellowes share a moment of amusement.

BETH  
Gee, thanks, Kerry, but I've told you  
before. I'm not interested.

KERRY  
You've got to be interested.

BETH  
He's not my type.

KERRY  
No one's ever your type.

Vincent spots them, walks across. Dr. Fellowes steps forward  
to meet him. The two men shake hands.

VINCENT  
Doctor Fellowes.

DR. FELLOWES  
Sheriff. Sad business.

VINCENT  
Yeah.

Kerry coughs, none too discreetly.

DR. FELLOWES  
Oh, I'm sorry. Vincent Castellano,  
this is Kerry Webber.

KERRY  
Pleased to meet you.

VINCENT  
Same here.

DR. FELLOWES  
And this is Beth Harrison.

BETH  
Hello.

Vincent suddenly gives Beth his full attention.

VINCENT  
Have we met before?

BETH  
(smile faltering)  
No.

Dr. Fellowes shoots Beth a quizzical glance.

The dog pushes his way protectively in front of Beth, teeth bared. Vincent, sizing him up, extends a hand for him to sniff.

VINCENT  
What's his name?

BETH  
Max.

Max licks Vincent's fingers. The others look on in surprise.

VINCENT  
Cute dog.

BETH  
He doesn't normally take to people  
that fast.

The young Deputy Doyle approaches, a little diffidently. He nods and smiles at them all - particularly at Kerry.

DEPUTY DOYLE  
Excuse me. Sheriff?

VINCENT  
I'll be right over.  
(to the women)  
Nice meeting you both.

KERRY  
And you.

Vincent and Doyle walk away towards the screened-off area.

KERRY (cont'd)  
Nice eyes... Yeah, he's got  
potential.

Beth refuses to bite. Instead she pets the dog.

BETH  
You turncoat, Max. Since when have  
you been a cute dog?

Dr. Fellowes watches Beth closely. She gives him a weak smile. Kerry is cheerfully oblivious.

Vincent glances back over his shoulder at Beth. For a moment their eyes meet, before Beth quickly looks away.