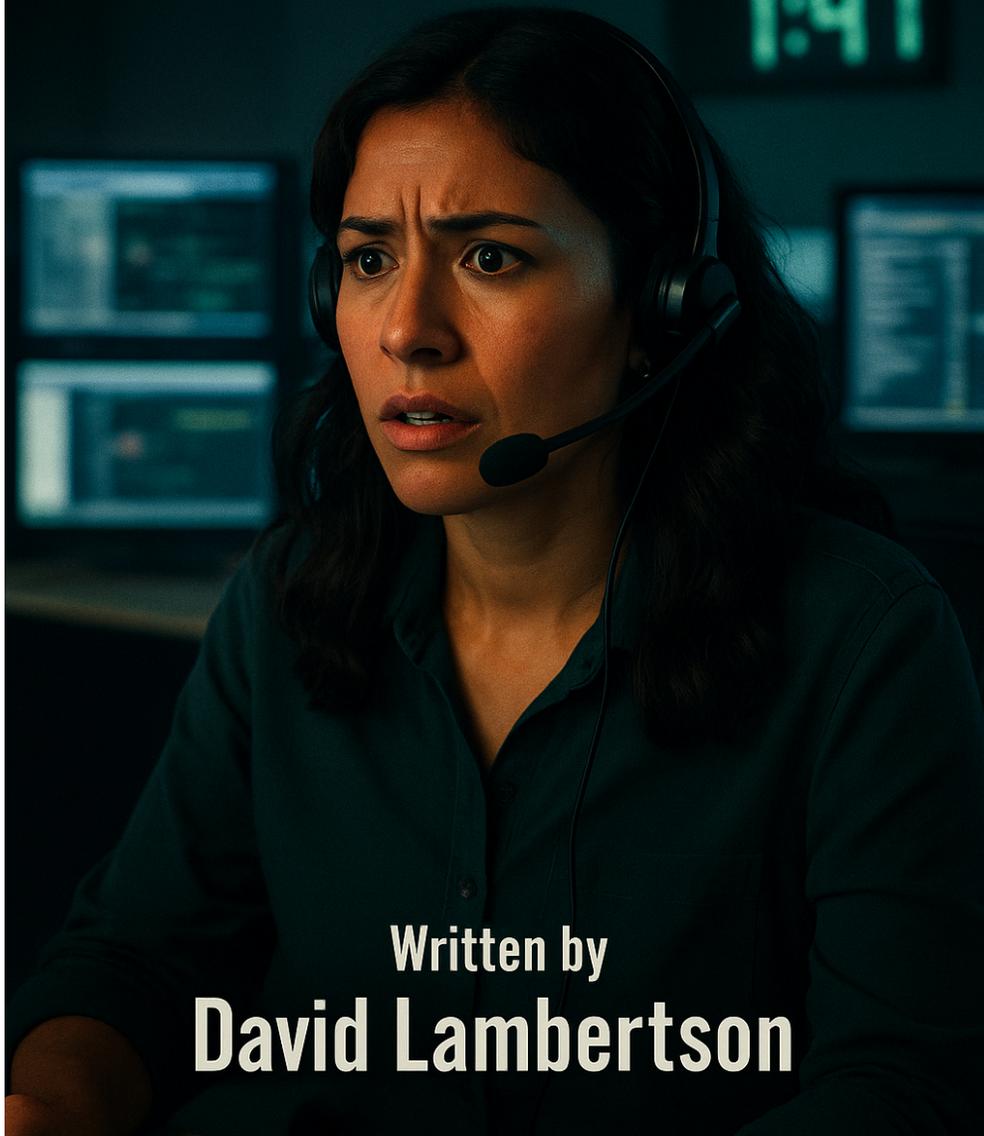


WHAT'S YOUR EMERGENCY...?



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INT. NEW ORLEANS 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

The blue glow of a computer screen illuminates the face of ZOEY MARTÍNEZ (43), Spanish/Black mix - Creole roots.

She wears simple dark clothes, no makeup - no nonsense. A HEADSET rests atop her hair, pulled back in a tight ponytail.

Her calm eyes laser-focused on the screen... Calculating. Her face devoid of fear or panic - someone in total control.

She's in the middle of a call.

(We can always hear what Zoey hears in her headset)

ZOEY

It's pretty cold outside. You got to be freezing, right?

Zoey's fingers fly over the keyboard. On her display: *MALE, 20s, T-SHIRT, BALL CAP.*

ZOEY

Abel, you still with me?

ABEL (V.O.)

(slurred, distraught)

I swear to God... I'm going to walk in front of the next semi-truck I --

ZOEY

Don't do that, hon.

ABEL (V.O.)

It's over! Why not!?

ZOEY

Because I'm just now getting to know you. Now, do me a favor, can you see any road signs?

ABEL (V.O.)

What the fuck do you think!?

ZOEY

C'mon, be a friend. Gimme one.

The HONK of a semi-truck and a rush of air emanating from Abel's phone.... An agonizing moment passes.

ZOEY

Abel...?

ABEL (V.O.)
 Claiborne Avenue, one mile... I
 think I'm going to be sick.

Zoey's works the keyboard. On her display: *I-10 EAST, NEAR
 CLAIBORNE RAMP. SUICIDAL.*

Just as she types that, across the bullpen at the --

RADIO DISPATCH CONSOLE

Dispatcher LIAM GUIDRY (30), ripped biceps straining the
 sleeves of his tight polo shirt, scans Zoey's entries on his
 screen.

LIAM
 (into mic)
 Unit 22, we have him on the
 shoulder, I-10 East, near Claiborne
 ramp. White male, twenties, ball
 cap.

ZOEY'S STATION

ZOEY
 Were you drinking tonight, Abel?

ABEL (V.O.)
 No... I did some coke maybe.

On the keyboard: *HIGH. PROBABLY COCAINE.*

RADIO DISPATCH CONSOLE

LIAM
 Be advised, caller admits cocaine
 use.

ZOEY'S STATION

ZOEY's eyes land on A REAL TIME MAP display on her screen.

One CALLER ICON reflects Abel's approximate location and
 another the location of the responding NEW ORLEANS POLICE
 DEPARTMENT (NOPD) patrol cars.

The space between ABEL'S ICON and the NOPD RESPONSE ICON is
 closing fast... They're almost there.

ABEL (V.O.)
 I need to die! No one's gonna give
 a fucking shit anyway.

ZOEY
I would. You know that. We're
friends now.

MORE HONKS AND SOUNDS OF TRAFFIC...

ZOEY
Hey, darling - do me a favor. Move
back a bit. Make sure you're on the
shoulder.
(just the roar of traffic)
Abel, are you there...?

An anxious pause as Zoey stares at the NOPD ICON near the
CALLER ICON on her monitor.

ZOEY
(hopeful whisper)
C'mon....

LIAM (O.S.)
They're on scene.

ABEL (V.O.)
You called the fucking cops on me!?

NOPD OFFICER (V.O.)
I need you to step back a few feet.

ABEL (V.O.)
You fucking cunt!

NOPD OFFICER
We got him.

ABEL (V.O.)
(distant/away from phone)
Bitch!

Zoey removes her headset, sets it on her console - releases a
long, slow exhale from pursed lips.

She turns, looks towards Liam - shoots him a thumbs up. Then
turns towards the station next to her. There --

Rookie operator AMELIA BROUSSARD (25), trim and fit, swivels
nervously - first day on the job jitters.

AMELIA
You make it look so easy.

Zoey shrugs as she eyeballs her screen.

ZOEY
You'll get used to it.

AMELIA
You called him darling.

ZOEY
And...?

AMELIA
In training, they said to always
use terms of respect. Like Sir or --

ZOEY
You can call em Sir, mister,
cocksucker, dickhead - whatever.
Just pick the right one.

AMELIA
I'm lost.

ZOEY
(points at monitor)
He didn't need to feel respected.
He needed to feel cared for.

Amelia nods - she gets it.

Amelia scans the room, a dozen or so 9-1-1 stations. All
manned by someone, either perched in their chair or chatting
with a co-worker. AND --

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS scattered about - that time of year.

AMELIA
Is it always this quiet?

OPERATOR #1
Rook bitch said the Q word!

OPERATOR #2
Oh, for fuck's sake.

CONNIE THIBODEAUX (50) - huge, thick - built like a
linebacker, lumbers over, sticks a meaty paw out.

CONNIE
Hey, rook - I'm Connie. Your shift
supervisor.

Amelia, nervous as a cat in a dog pound, takes Connie's hand.

AMELIA
Amelia...

Connie smiles - a sculpted row of glimmering white teeth.
That smile evaporates as she bends down to Amelia's ear.

CONNIE
(quietly)
You say the Q word again during
shift, I'm gonna thump you.

Connie rights herself. That lovely smile returns as she
squeezes Amelia's shoulder... *Just a little too hard.*

CONNIE
We good now?

Amelia swallows, nods meekly. Connie strolls away.

AMELIA
(to Zoey)
What's that about?

ZOEY
People think saying the Q word out
loud is a jinx. Like calls will
start flooding in all of a sudden.

AMELIA
Now they all hate me?

ZOEY
Just the boss.

The dispatch center suddenly grows busier. CHIRPS and BUZZES
and more eyes on screens as call volume picks up.

Accusatory glares from other OPERATORS towards Amelia.

ZOEY
Now everybody.

AMELIA
Was your first day like this?

Zoey puts her headset back on...

ZOEY
No.

AMELIA
Lucky you.

ZOEY
My first day was Katrina.

AMELIA

Fuck...

ZOEY'S STATION - JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT

Zoey adjusts her headset - taps the keyboard.

ZOEY

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

Zoey flinches as an eerie, crackly STATIC CRACKLE bleeds into her headset. Echoing words - nearly undiscernible.

ZOEY

(muttering)

What the fuck...?

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)

Zzz...death...zzzz...comes...zzz...

Zoey WINCES, grips her temple - a sudden BOLT OF PAIN.

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)

Zzz...zzz...

ZOEY

Hello...?

Zoey's monitor glitches - FLASH OFF - FLASH ON.

The digital clock on the screen freezes: *12:14:07 A.M.*

She blinks hard, shakes her head. Vision clears.

Zoey whacks the side of her monitor.

The crackle clears... Dead silence.

ZOEY

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

BOY (V.O.)

Is this the lady who helps people?

Zoey exhales - *relief*. Things seem to be working again.

ZOEY

Hey, sweetie. Are you in danger?

BOY (V.O.)

I don't think so.

ZOEY

What's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
 Danny.

ZOEY
 Nice to meet you, Danny? Can you
 tell me how old you are?

BOY (V.O.)
 Six.

Zoey works the keyboard: *CHILD IN DANGER, DANNY - AGE 6*

ZOEY
 Where are you?

BOY (V.O.)
 Outside... My house.

ZOEY
 Do you know your address, Danny?

BOY (V.O.)
 2555.

ZOEY
 Wow, you're so smart. How about
 your street name?

BOY (V.O.)
 Fwanklin.

Zoey works the keyboard: *9TH WARD. 2555 FRANKLIN. CHILD
 POSSIBLY IN DANGER.*

RADIO DISPATCH CONSOLE

Liam scans Zoey's entry.

LIAM
 All units in the area of 2555
 Franklin be advised, Child in
 danger. Unattended.
 (at Zoey)
 All I'm getting is your CAD entry -
 no call record.

ZOEY'S STATION

Zoey lowers her headset mic, cups it.

ZOEY
 (at Liam)
 I'm glitching. Just go off the CAD.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
 (back on mic)
 Why are you outside, Danny?

BOY (V.O.)
 My Daddy won't wake up. Mommy gave
 me her phone and said for me and
 Duke to run outside and talk to
 you... Just before she fell asleep
 she said bad air.

Zoey works the keyboard: *CARBON MONOXIDE IN HOUSE...?*

LIAM (O.S.)
 Engine Seven. Medic Four. Possible
 CO exposure reported. Repeat,
 address is 2555 Franklin.

ZOEY'S STATION

ZOEY
 Who's Duke, Danny?

BOY (V.O.)
 My dog... Can I go inside now?

ZOEY
 No - no - no, Danny. We have some
 nice people on the way to help.

BOY (V.O.)
 But I'm cold.

Zoey taps her head - Thinks....

The REAL TIME MAP display on a nearby screen shows the NOPD
 RESPONSE ICON closing in on the LOCATION.

ZOEY (V.O.)
 Why don't you tell me what you want
 Santa to bring you for Christmas?

BOY (V.O.)
 Santa already came. I got a bike.

ZOEY
 Why would Santa have already -- ?

BOY (V.O.)
 I'm going back in. Bye.

ZOEY
 Danny, no.
 (line goes dead)
 Danny...!?

EXT. HOUSE - 2555 FRANKLIN AVE - NIGHT

The RED LIGHTS of a Fire Engine flash across the facade of the modest home - front door wide open.

A NOPD PATROL CAR parked curbside.

Two Paramedics, pushing an empty gurney, chit-chat as they lumber out the front door - head towards the Fire Engine.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny on the floor scratching the ears of DUKE, a large, playful, German Shepherd.

Danny's DAD and MOM together on the sofa and --

QUITE ALIVE...

Two POLICE OFFICER'S loom over them. One tall and lean, a veteran of the force - the other, young and athletic.

TALL OFFICER

You're positive about that?

DAD

(yawning)

Nobody called 9-1-1.

The Tall Officer looks suspiciously at Dad - *Maybe a wife-beater..?*

TALL OFFICER

(at Mom)

Nobody? You're sure...?

MOM

I swear. I was reading. They were both asleep.

The Tall Officer nods toward the Young Officer.

YOUNG OFFICER

We need to check your cell phones.

Mom hands her phone over.

MOM

We only have the one.

The Young Officer scrolls through recent calls.

YOUNG OFFICER

No 9-1-1 calls.

The Tall Officer snatches his HAND RADIO from its harness.

TALL OFFICER
Need a confirmation on dispatch
address. We have 2555 Franklin.

LIAM (V.O.)
(filtered thru radio)
Address confirmed.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Typical beige, government-issued office. Half of one wall made of glass giving a view of the entire dispatch center.

Connie, perched at the corner of a small table eyeballing Zoey, gripping the arms of a chair - choking on her anger.

CONNIE
Ain't the chair's fault, girl.

Zoey's doesn't respond. Her focus - the dispatch center on the other side of the glass.

There, the Tall Officer briefs CARL KINCAID (60), Director of 9-1-1 Operations. He's got that NASA Mission Control look.

The Tall Officer departs. Kincaid enters the office, face flushed with controlled anger - makes a beeline to his desk.

KINCAID
(gathering paperwork)
When was the last time you took a
day off Martinez?

ZOEY
It was a real call, Sir.

KINCAID
Connie?

CONNIE
Been more than two years for her.

ZOEY
I don't need --

KINCAID
I didn't ask.
(at Connie)
What did you find?

CONNIE

Liam said he dispatched from Zoey's CAD entries. But there's no record of the call anywhere.

Kincaid snatches his suit coat from a rack.

ZOEY

I told you, the console was glitching. I heard him. The boy. Said his Mommy and Daddy wouldn't wake up.

KINCAID

You're scheduled for a counseling session with Dr. Ellis tomorrow, 9:00 A.M. After that, take a week's vacation.

Kincaid heads for the door.

KINCAID

Or a suspension. Your choice.

ZOEY

I don't need time off.

Kincaid turns, locks his angry eyes on Zoey's.

KINCAID

I'd stay and chat, but thanks to you I got to apologize to a piece of shit, Chief of Police that I hate with all my soul.

Kincaid slams the door as he exits.

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - DR. ELLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Tidy. Two prominent diplomas centered on a bland wall above a shelf. In between those diplomas --

AN AGED FRAMED PHOTO - a TEEN GIRL, with a thousand-watt smile. Could have passed for a younger Zoey.

Beneath the photo, brass fleur-de-lis bookends hold steady a stack of psychology texts and self-help books.

DR. ELLIS (70) nestled in an over-stuffed chair balancing a tablet computer on knee as he peruses Zoey's file.

He has a cropped, grey Afro. Age spots pepper his wrinkled face. A man who could have retired long ago - but didn't.

Zoey, settled on a sofa across from him - hands anxiously locked around a cup of coffee.

DR. ELLIS
(perusing the file)
Why don't you ever take vacation?

ZOEY
I like my job... You don't need a break from something you like.

DR. ELLIS
Of course you do. Whether you love something or hate something, doing it non-stop becomes monotonous... Tedious.

Silence for a moment... Dr. Ellis looks up.

DR. ELLIS
You don't understand?

ZOEY
I'm not stupid. I just disagree.

DR. ELLIS
Never wanted to just go away with someone?

ZOEY
I don't have a someone.

Dr. Ellis takes in Zoey's GLARE - then back to the file.

DR. ELLIS
Some people don't take time off because they don't tolerate change well. They want to always be in control.

ZOEY
That's not me.

DR. ELLIS
Control is a necessary illusion, but it can also be a cage.

ZOEY
I'm not caged.
(firm)
I - like - my - job.

DR. ELLIS
 Yes, you mentioned that.
 (taps the file)
 I made a note.

More file perusing... More dead time.

DR. ELLIS
 This call... Allegedly came in on -

ZOEY
 December 20th at precisely 12:14
 A.M. And it wasn't allegedly. It
 was real. A kid. Six. Outside in
 the cold. Parents unconscious --

DR. ELLIS
 Christmas season.

ZOEY
 What...?

DR. ELLIS
 Tell me about your Christmas's...
 When you were six.

Zoey's eyes bounce. Christmas when she was six...? What the
 fuck does that have to do -- *Ahh... Now she sees the angle...*

Zoey stands, heads for the door.

ZOEY
 Oh, you can just fuck off right
 there, Doc.

DR. ELLIS
 Did I hit a nerve?

ZOEY
 Don't be self-impressed. All you
 did was read my file and fiddle-
 fucked around trying to connect
 random dots.

DR. ELLIS
 Dots?

ZOEY
 (mocking)
 Oh... *Zoey was a foster child.
 Never had a real Christmas so she's
 now hallucinating about kids and
 Christmas tragedies.*

Zoey grabs the doorknob, ready to bolt.

DR. ELLIS
You were a foster child?

Zoey pivots, studies him... Her eyes fill with suspicion.

ZOEY
That's not in my file?

DR. ELLIS
Of course not.

ZOEY
Huh...

DR. ELLIS
So, Christmas when you were six...?

ZOEY
I don't remember.

Ellis sizes her up... *Truthful?*

DR. ELLIS
We'll leave that for now.

ZOEY
Can I go back to work?

A tense pause...

Dr. Ellis pops up and retrieves a hardback book from the center of his bookshelf. Title: *THE BODY REMEMBERS*.

DR. ELLIS
In a week.
(hands the book to Zoey)
You can read this to kill time.

Zoey nods... *Better than nothing.*

Dr. Ellis returns to his chair, settles in.

DR. ELLIS
And I want you to come back for another session.

ZOEY
You think that's really necessary?

DR. ELLIS
No. I just really like you.

Finally, Zoey lets a smile cross her face.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Old and tiny - Built in 1910. One wall made entirely of brick. The living room and kitchen squeezed into one room.

Zoey, cradling a grocery bag, enters. She sets it on a table next to the book from Dr. Ellis: *THE BODY REMEMBERS*.

PATCH, a large GOLDEN RETREIVER bounds into the room.

SUPER: THREE DAYS LATER - CHRISTMAS

Zoey stoops down, cradles Patch, scratches his ear as his tail wags a mile a minute.

ZOEY
You miss me, boy?

Zoey reaches in her pocket, shows Patch a dog bone treat with a Christmas bow on it.

BARK-BARK-BARK - *gimme that bone.*

ZOEY
But where's my present?

BARK-BARK-BARK - Spinning and tail wagging.

ZOEY
Okay, okay...

Zoey releases the bone. Patch scampers away with it.

She scans her tiny apartment, not a decoration in sight.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The light from a wall-mounted, muted TV, playing *IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE* dances across --

Zoey's face, nestled on a sofa reading the book from Dr. Ellis. She yawns, checks the clock on her phone: *12:14 A.M.*

EXT. 2555 FRANKLIN AVENUE - SAME TIME

Duke, little Danny's German Shepard frantically BARKS and scratches at a closed front door - full panic mode.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

An ELDERLY WOMAN cradles a landline phone to her ear.

ELDERLY WOMAN

He won't stop barking. Ain't no one
gonna get any sleep round here.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zoey still on the sofa, asleep - book resting on her chest.

EXT. 2555 FRANKLIN AVENUE - NIGHT

The blue and red strobe from a PATROL CAR parked curbside
streaks across the yard.

A CORONER VAN parked in the driveway.

Duke, leash hooked to a fence BARKS ferociously. His angst
directed at --

The open front door.

INT. 2555 FRANKLIN AVENUE - NIGHT

The corpses of Mom, Dad and Danny strewn on the sofa...
Peaceful, as if sleeping.

A CORONER ASSISTANT cradles Danny's limp body and lays it on
a gurney.

TWO POLICEMEN in the corner of the room inspecting an
improperly vented gas space heater. Next to the heater --

A BRAND NEW BIKE.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zoey asleep on the sofa, head twitching... Disturbed.

Her eyes flutter open. She stretches, yawns and spots --

A thin, RAISED LINE embedded in the skin on the interior of
her forearm - jagged zig-zag, two-inches long.

Not a cut. More like an image of static frozen mid-pulse.



ZOEY
What the fuck...?

INT. NEW ORLEANS 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Humming with chatter and phone traffic.

Zoey pushes through, takes her seat, slips her headset on.

Liam approaches.

LIAM
Good to have you back.

ZOEY
Yeah... Thanks.

Liam lingers there a moment... awkwardness hangs in the air.

LIAM
Look, I'm sorry I couldn't verify
your call.

ZOEY
No problem.

LIAM
I just get the CAD read --

ZOEY
Liam, not your fault. We're good.

Liam nods, gives her a squeeze on the shoulder - heads off.

Two stations away AMELIA swivels in her chair, sheepish grin.

AMELIA
I didn't say the Q word once while
you were gone.

ZOEY
Everyone still hates you.

Connie approaches from behind, wraps her arms around Amelia's torso - an encouraging hug.

CONNIE
Don't pay no attention to her.
(a wink at Zoey)
Everyone knows she's batshit crazy
now.

A smile from Zoey. Chuckles from nearby Operators.

LATER - NEAR END OF SHIFT.

Zoey her console - taps her headset.

ZOEY

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

DRUNK MAN (V.O.)

Yeah... uh... neighbor's cat been
staring at me through my window all
damn night... Creepy bastard.

Zoey, deadpan face, types briskly. Seconds later...

LIAM (O.S.)

You think I'm going to dispatch for
a fucking cat?

Zoey turns to Amelia - smiles.

ZOEY

Sir... Has the cat made any
threats?

DRUNK MAN (V.O.)

I can't tell.

ZOEY

Is he armed?

DRUNK MAN (V.O.)

(belch)

No reason not to think so.

Zoey types into the CAD: *CAT MAY BE ARMED AND DANGEROUS.*

LIAM (O.S.)

Oh c'mon!

Amelia snorts out a laugh.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoey at her console, near the end of a call.

ZOEY

(into mic)

They've arrived?

(listening)

Okay, you're in good hands now.

(listening)

Thank you... You're welcome.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Shit.

Zoey turns towards Amelia, fumbling through her purse.

AMELIA

I left my Ozempic shot in the car.

Zoey gives her a dead-eyed stare of disbelief as she takes in Amelia's trim and fit physique.

ZOEY

Please tell me you're diabetic.

AMELIA

(standing)

I'll be right back - cover for me?

Amelia scurries off without waiting for an answer.

Zoey adjusts her headset - taps the keyboard. Another call.

ZOEY

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

Zoey flinches as a now familiar eerie, crackly STATIC CRACKLE bleeds into her headset.

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)

Zzz... your...zzzz...time...zzz.

The THROB OF A HEADACHE hits again, much sharper this time. She presses the heel of her palm to her forehead.

ZOEY

Jesus Christ...

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)

Zzz...your...zzzz...time...zzz...

She blinks hard - struggles for focus.

Zoey taps her clenched fists on the console.

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)

Zzz...your...zzzz...time...zzz...

Then RIPS off her headset, tosses it aside - *she's had enough of this shit.*

CENTER OR THE ROOM

Connie, eyes locked on Zoey.

BACK AT ZOEY'S CONSOLE

Zoey lets a moment pass ... Measured breaths... Finally, everything returns to normal just as Connie nears.

CONNIE
What's going on, Zoey?

ZOEY
Nothing... Um, all's good. Fine.

CONNIE
Didn't seem like nothing.

Zoey's eyes bounce - *caught in a lie.*

ZOEY
The console... It was glitching again.

Connie moves closer to the console, her back now to Zoey, as she inspects the monitor with an expert eye.

CONNIE
Seems to be working normal to me.
What was it...?

Connie turns around just in time to see Zoey escaping out the Dispatch Center door.

CONNIE
Doing...?

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - CORRIDOR - MORNING

HENRY (24), a twitchy, sweaty, nervous rail-thin young man paces towards Dr. Ellis' office and spots --

A BODY crumpled against the wall just outside the door.

Henry tilts his head, looks at the body with a morbid curiosity... *Dead or alive?*

He gives the body a gentle kick.

It awakens, turns over and it is --

Zoey.

HENRY
What are you doing?

Zoey rubs her eyes, regaining her bearings and focus.

ZOEY
I'm here to see Doctor Ellis?

HENRY
You can't. He's seeing me.

DR. ELLIS (O.C.)
Henry? Zoey...?

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - DR. ELLIS' OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Ellis hands Henry a prescription script.

DR. ELLIS
I'll call it in to the pharmacy,
Henry. But take that with you just
in case.

HENRY
In case they don't trust me?

DR. ELLIS
(taken aback)
What? No... Of course not.

HENRY
So they do trust me?

DR. ELLIS
(confused)
Do they know you?

Henry snatches the prescription.

HENRY
(leaving)
No one really does.

Henry opens the door and spots Zoey, leaning against the
corridor wall.

HENRY
I'm done. Now you can see him.

A roll of the eyes from Zoey... *Whatever dude.*

LATER

Zoey on the edge of the sofa - anxious... *Seeking answers.*

ZOEY
A weird static. Then a pounding
headache, just like the first time.

DR. ELLIS
Whoa! Headache like the first time?

ZOEY
I didn't mention that before?

Dr. Ellis, irritated, feverishly writes a note.

DR. ELLIS
Of course you didn't.

ZOEY
(re: the note)
What's that?

DR. ELLIS
I'm scheduling you for an MRI.

ZOEY
Is that really necessary?
(off: Ellis glare)
Okay...

Dr. Ellis just now notices the raised zig-zag static scar on the inside of Zoey's forearm.

DR. ELLIS
That's new.

Zoey instinctively cradles her arm, covering the scar.

ZOEY
It's uh... Just a scratch. Playing
around with the dog.

DR. ELLIS
It didn't look like a scratch.

ZOEY
It's a scratch.

DR. ELLIS
Are you a liar?

ZOEY
(standing in anger)
Fuck you.

DR. ELLIS
Fuck you.

Zoey's slacked-jaw, taken aback... *Doctors don't talk like that.*

DR. ELLIS
Sorry, but I needed to snap you
back on track. Besides, it's my
office, my time.

ZOEY
Meaning?

DR. ELLIS
I get to ask any questions I want.

Dr. Ellis points at the sofa. Zoey slowly retakes her seat.

ZOEY
I'm not a liar.

DR. ELLIS
Noted.

A tense pause... Finally, Dr. Ellis points at Zoey's arm.

DR. ELLIS
Your dog have a name?

ZOEY
Patch... It's short for Dispatch.

DR. ELLIS
Ahh, very apropos. Rescue dog?

ZOEY
Sort of... I took a call, about
four years ago. The only thing I
could hear on the line was this dog
barking.

DR. ELLIS
No caller?

ZOEY
Gone. Heart attack. He must have
died right after calling 9-1-1.
(remembering)
I never heard a dog bark quite like
that... I swear it was like crying.
(back to the present)
Anyway, turns out the man lived
alone. So the dog was sent to the
pound. I felt like I needed to see
it - you know, close the loop. Next
thing I know, I got a dog... Things
like that happen to 9-1-1 operators
from time to time.

DR. ELLIS
Why did you become an operator?

ZOEY
Good pay, solid benefits --

DR. ELLIS
Tell me really why.

Zoey bites her lower lip - she does hate *sharing*.

ZOEY
I bounced around homes all my life.
Seems like there's not a great
adoption market for Creole mutts...
The last foster dad I had raped me
for more than a year. Right up to
exactly one day before my
eighteenth birthday... On that day
he tried to kill me.
(off Dr. Ellis' look)
I was about to be emancipated.

DR. ELLIS
Zoey, I am sorry. No one should --

ZOEY
I was able to call 9-1-1.

DR. ELLIS
So he was arrested?

ZOEY
No. They put a bullet in his skull.
(leans forward)
I'm a 9-1-1 operator because it is
the only part of the system that
ever helped me.

Dr. Ellis lets that hang in the air for a moment.

ZOEY
And I don't want to talk about that
anymore.

DR. ELLIS
Fair enough... For now.

Zoey scans the room, her eyes land on the AGED FRAME PHOTO OF
THE TEEN GIRL with the thousand-watt smile.

ZOEY
Daughter...?

DR. ELLIS
Yes. Nadine.

ZOEY
Pretty.

DR. ELLIS
She was.
(too matter of fact)
She took her life when she was
fourteen.

Silent... Awkward.

ZOEY
Is that why, um.... Um , why you
decided to become a psychiatrist?

DR. ELLIS
It's when I decided to stop being
one... For a while.
(a bit of sarcasm)
And I don't want to talk about that
anymore.

Zoey feigns a tip of the hat... *Touché*

ZOEY
Fair enough.

DR. ELLIS
Did you read the book?

Zoey nods. Ellis leans back, steeple his fingers.

DR. ELLIS
And what did you take from it?

ZOEY
That sometimes people just have to
get past the things that that they
can't get over.

DR. ELLIS
Very good... Now, do you still
think the 9-1-1 call was real?

Zoey glances towards the window... Fights off a tear. For the
first time, she's not quite sure.

EXT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Zoey and Amelia stride towards their cars.

SUPER: A WEEK LATER

AMELIA

God, it's going to be good to have a day off. Hey - you want to grab some breakfast with me?

ZOEY

Thanks... Can't.

Amelia nods... Shrugs, obviously disappointed.

Zoey stops, clasps Amelia's hand.

ZOEY

Look, I'm lousy at friendship. But I really do have an appointment. Next time for sure - okay?

AMELIA

Yeah... Okay.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

Zoey lies flat on an MRI machine patient table.

A male medical TECHNICIAN hovers over her.

TECHNICIAN

Okay Ms. Martinez, I'm going to slide you in. I need for you to keep very, very still for about thirty minutes. Can you do that?

ZOEY

What's my option?

TECHNICIAN

I could ask the Doctor for some sedatives. But you'll need someone to pick you up. No driving.

ZOEY

I was kidding.

TECHNICIAN

Seriously, they can give you Valium or --

ZOEY

Batter up.

The Technician nods, slides Zoey under the MRI canopy.

INT/EXT. SEDAN - NEW ORLEANS STREET (TRAVELING) - MORNING

Zoey yawns.

She reaches a STOP SIGN.

RING - RING - the bell from a bike.

Zoey glances across the street - spots a YOUNG BOY pedaling his heart out on what appears to be a brand-new bike.

ZOEY
Christ... Just do it.

INT/EXT. USED SEDAN - FRANKLIN AVENUE - (TRAVELING) - DAY

Zoey's sedan creeps down the street as she tries to eyeball the addresses.

THERE - She spots it: **2555**.

Zoey pulls up curbside.

EXT. 2555 FRANKLIN AVENUE - DAY

Zoey at the front door - does a gentle KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK.

No answer. Zoey knocks louder.

She leans - sees if she can catch any signs of life through the front window. She jiggles the doorknob - no luck.

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.)
You wit the news?

Zoey turns, spots the ELDERLY WOMAN, pink robe, hair in curlers, watching from her porch.

ZOEY
No, ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Then you shouldn't be looking so hard. This street'll take that personally.

ZOEY
I'm a 9-1-1 Operator.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I didn't call no 9-1-1. I called the police.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Zoey approaches.

ZOEY
(re: the house)
Something happen?

ELDERLY WOMAN
They all dead.

Zoey closes her eyes, grabs a porch rail for support - this is the gut-punch she worried about.

ZOEY
When?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Christmas night. I told that man to be careful with that heater.

ZOEY
Was there a boy - Danny...?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Dead fo sure. Thought you said you were 9-1-1. Why don't you know --

ZOEY
Did he have a bike?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Why in da world you want to know that? He wern't kilt by no bike.

ZOEY
Please? It's important.

The woman studies Zoey.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Got one on Christmas day. Lil' man did laps all da way from the hydrant to Ms. Dupré's mailbox like it was Mardi Gras. Red bow on it bigger'n his head. Only got to ride that thing one day... Died that night. Poor child.

INT/EXT. USED SEDAN - FRANKLIN AVENUE - (TRAVELING) - DAY

Zoey, reddened eyes, tear-streaked cheeks, chokes the wheel as she drives, lost in thought. Then --

She spots the zig-zag, mark on the interior of her forearm...
Remembers the night it first appeared... *Christmas*.

She hits the brakes - bursts out the car door.

She steadies herself against the frame of the sedan... Dry
heaving, trying to catch a full breath. Then --

Violently vomits on the asphalt. Then looks skyward.

ZOEY

What are you doing!?

A sudden realization consumes her face.

ZOEY

Maybe nothing...

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Just before the start of the shift. At the conference table --

Kincaid, eyes narrowed in disbelief stares down a very
animated Zoey. Leaning back in a chair next to Zoey is --

Connie, with a - *WTF expression* - that surely would piss Zoey
off if she saw it.

ZOEY

The neighbor said she thought it
was CO poisonings and --

KINCAID

(making a note)
Neighbor claimed CO pois --

ZOEY

No, not exactly that. She said she
told them to be careful with the
heater. That the boy had a bike,
just like in the call. That...
(re: Kincaid's notetaking)
Why are you taking notes instead of
listening to me!?

Connie leans forward, grasps Zoey's forearm.

CONNIE

Easy, girl.

ZOEY

Sir, please - just call NOPD.
Someone had to plan this. The call
I got had to be a warning, Like...

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Like a bomb threat. It all makes sense now.

KINCAID

Did you sleep today?

ZOEY

Pardon?

KINCAID

You have a night shift in thirty minutes. Did you spend all day on this, or did you get some sleep?

ZOEY

(lying)
I slept...

KINCAID

Alright. Go.

ZOEY

You'll call --

KINCAID

I will.
(nods towards door)
Close it behind you.

Zoey leaves. Kincaid studies her through the glass wall as she makes her way to the dispatch center.

CONNIE

You're really calling the police?

KINCAID

Yeah... But don't count on that ending well.

CONNIE

Meaning...?

KINCAID

Some arsonists set fires so that they can show up - just in time to put them out. You know, be a hero.

CONNIE

What are you saying?

KINCAID

Maybe she didn't show up in time.

Connie shifts uneasily.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Near shift end and unusually quiet - like everyone left town.

Amelia fiddles with her phone while Zoey meticulously uses a Q-Tip to clean the dust and dirt in between the letters on her keyboard.

Liam strides by - taps the side of Amelia's chair.

LIAM
Doing good, rook.

Amelia admires Liam backside as Zoey continues her cleaning.

AMELIA
Liam's pretty sexy, huh?

ZOEY
(still focused on task)
Be careful. He's a wannabe cop.

AMELIA
Wannabe? Why isn't he one?

ZOEY
Can't be. He's color blind.

AMELIA
Huh...? Kind of ironic.

Zoey gives her a - *WTF are you talking about look.*

AMELIA
Because we could use some color-blind cops.

ZOEY
So says the pasty white girl.

AMELIA
You don't agree?

Zoey side-eyes her.

ZOEY
When I call 9-1-1, I don't care what color the cops are as long as they show up and save my ass.

DAY SHIFT OPERATORS start to saunter in.

ZOEY
 (at Amelia)
 Time to go.

Connie approaches as Zoey gathers her things.

CONNIE
 Kincaid says you need to go talk to
 a Detective Landry.
 (hands Zoey a CARD)
 That's his number and the station
 address and --

ZOEY
 (snatching the card)
 Perfect. Thanks, Connie.

Connie's eyes drop as she watches Zoey scampers off.

EXT. NOPD STATION - DAY

Built in 1826 - a two-story marble and brick structure with ornate moldings. Once a bank, now a District Police Station.

Zoey hesitates at the front door, stares at her reflection in the mirrored glass - haggard, tired... Energy zapped.

She takes a deep breath, grabs the handle - enters.

INT. NOPD STATION - WITNESS ROOM - DAY

Zoey chokes the arms of her chair as she anxiously waits for the next question from --

DETECTIVE LUIS LANDRY (40), across from her, alligator shoes perched up on the corner of the table.

He's clad in a dapper suit, far too expensive for a New Orleans Detective salary. He fiddles with a coffee stir stick clenched between his lips as he focuses on a file in his lap.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
 So, Missus Pitre...
 (off Zoey's look)
 The kind elderly neighbor you
 chatted with.
 (Zoey nods)
 She seemed to think you pretty much
 knew all the details before she
 told you anything. That a fair
 assessment, Ms. Martinez?

ZOEY
 I told you, Zoey's fine. And yes.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Because you got the 9-1-1 call
several days ahead of time?

ZOEY
Like I said in my statement.

Landry lets his feet slip to the floor - leans forward.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
The one that there's no record of?

ZOEY
It was a real call.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
And somehow even though there's no
record you remembered the address?

Zoey nods... *She doesn't like where this is going.*

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Out of hundreds, who knows maybe
thousands of calls you put this
address to memory... You got one of
those photographic memory things?

ZOEY
(tense/suspicious)
I was raised in the ninth ward.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
But not at.... Lookie there, I
already forgot the address myself.
(checks file)
2555 Franklin Avenue.

Zoey looks off, jaw locked - *WHO IS THIS COCKSUCKER?*

DETECTIVE LANDRY
So what'd be your theory here, Ms.
Martinez... Zoey, if you were me?

ZOEY
That there's a crazy person out
there... Somewhere. Calling in
threats ahead of time. Then making
them happen.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Very odd. Very odd indeed. You
yourself said the caller was a boy.
A six-year-old if I remember
correctly.

A hesitant nod from Zoey - *it's starting to unravel for her.*

DETECTIVE LANDRY

You'd have me believe that I should be chasing some six-year-old serial killer.

ZOEY

That's not what I meant.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

He'd have to be some kind of a devil child.

ZOEY

I don't know! Maybe it was recorded.... They recorded a boy and played it.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

A recording? Meaning they would have already known what questions you were going to ask?

(taps the file)

Knew you were going to ask him his age. Knew you were going to talk about his bike?

Landry closes the folder, stands. Looms over Zoey.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

I sincerely appreciate you coming in. But I need one more favor. I need you to give me a DNA swab. You know, just so we can rule you out from the scene. That'd be okay now, wouldn't it?

A trembling nod from Zoey.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

I need you to say yes out loud if you would. We're recording.

ZOEY

Yes.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

Very good. We cherish cooperation here. Now you just sit quiet for a moment. Someone will be right in.

WITNESS ROOM - LATER

Zoey, rigid in her chair, mouth wide open.

A FEMALE OFFICER wipes the inside her mouth with a DNA swab.

FEMALE OFFICER
Just one more and then you can go.

Zoey trembles as the Female Officer drops the swab in an evidence bag and retrieves a fresh one.

FEMALE OFFICER
Relax, girl. You haven't a worry as long as you're innocent.

Zoey's eyelids drop and flutter.

INSERT FLASHBACK

Zoey's bare hand on the Franklin house doorknob.

BACK TO SCENE

The Officer positions the swab in front of Zoey's mouth.

FEMALE OFFICER
Okay, open up.

Zoey obliges. A lone tear trickles down her cheek as the Officer swabs the inside of her mouth.

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - DR. ELLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Ellis keeps a clinical eye on --

Zoey on the sofa - dark circles under exhausted eyes, now reddened with hours of tears.

She cradles a SOFA PILLOW against her torso... *Like it was emotional armor.*

ZOEY
(sobbing, out of control)
And when he said... He said how
does a six year old fake a call...
I knew then... I knew... I knew...

Zoey buries her face in the pillow.

ZOEY
(screaming/muffled)
I'm going fucking crazy!

Dr. Ellis stands, roams the room... Giving Zoey time to vent.

He runs a finger along the bottom of the frame holding Nadine's picture... *Remembers.*

ZOEY

What is happening to me?

DR. ELLIS

We've spent far too little time together for me to make a specific, clinical diagnosis.

ZOEY

Give me something.

Dr. Ellis returns to his chair.

DR. ELLIS

Maybe psychotic episodes... Schizophrenia, a bipolar disorder. Even anxiety disorders can cause delusions.

ZOEY

Coming out of nowhere?

DR. ELLIS

Could be hereditary... Normally, right about now, we would be talking about family history... You're sure you have no records?

Zoey fumbles through her purse, hands the card that Connie gave her to Dr. Ellis.

ZOEY

He made me give a DNA sample.

DR. ELLIS

(examining card)
Ah... Detective Luis Landry.

ZOEY

You know him?

DR. ELLIS

In a manner. Be careful with him. He's razor sharp.

ZOEY

I don't need to be careful.
(off: Ellis look)
Because I'm not a killer.

DR. ELLIS
I'm going to prescribe you
something for --

ZOEY
You didn't agree.

Dr. Ellis stands, strolls to his desk - takes a seat and starts scribbling out a prescription.

DR. ELLIS
To help you sleep. I need you to
have fresh bearings in order to get
a real baseline.

ZOEY
Say you know I'm not a killer.

He returns offers the prescription to Zoey.

DR. ELLIS
You should also consider moving to
the day shift. Sleep patterns --

ZOEY
Say it!

DR. ELLIS
How could I possibly know?

The words hang there... Zoey glares at Dr. Ellis as she stands, snatches the prescription from his hand...

ZOEY
We're done.

Zoey pivots, heads for the door - slams it behind her.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small, cramped - everything well organized - no room for wasted space.

Dim, the only light cast in from the bathroom.

Zoey perched on the side of a twin bed, phone pressed against her ear. Patch on the floor at her feet.

ZOEY
(into phone)
Day Shift for just a week or so...
Doc thinks it may be sleep
deprivation is all.
(listening)

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Tuesday would be great. That'll
give me an extra day to reset.

(listening)

Thanks, Connie. You're the best.

Zoey ends the call. Snatches a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE from the nightstand, rolls it in her hand - *Should she take them...?*

Patch whimpers at her feet.

ZOEY

Sssh, boy... These aren't for you.

(thinking)

Fuck it.

Zoey snaps the lid, pops two pills in her mouth - grimaces as she dry swallows.

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The crack of dawn.

The lobby door swings open, a refreshed Zoey, along with a leashed Patch, emerge.

Zoey closes her eyes, smiles as the cool morning breeze kisses her face... *She just had the best night of sleep in her life.*

She tugs at Patch's leash.

ZOEY

C'mon, boy.

EXT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Zoey's sedan rumbles into the lot.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

Some STAFF mingle about the room - Some already at their stations.

They look different than the night shift... Like they cared what they looked like - crisply ironed and clean clothes, men in nice polos, women in casual business attire. On the graveyard shift, a clean hoodie was treated as formal wear.

They shoot quick, curious, *Scarlet Letter*-type glances at Zoey as she strolls towards her console.

Zoey ignores them. She arrives at her console, sets her thermos down, takes a seat as she taps the keyboard.

ZOEY
 (to no one and everyone)
 The name is Zoey.
 (puts headset on)
 I am the crazy one you all heard
 about.

INT. NOPD POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY

The din from the hustle and bustle of a busy station in the heart of an urban center permeates the air.

But, in a quiet --

CORNER OF THE ROOM

Dr. Ellis and Detective Landry sit in folding chairs sipping coffee from a machine perched atop a small file cabinet.

DR. ELLIS
 No more nightmares?

Landry runs his fingers down the seam in his Armani slacks, not quite crisp enough for him.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
 They are long gone.

DR. ELLIS
 And no more panic --

DETECTIVE LANDRY
 Doc... It's been two years.

DR. ELLIS
 Really? That long? Huh...?

DETECTIVE LANDRY
 Lookie here, Doc. You know I appreciate all you've done for me, and I would be inclined to just sit here and drink this...
 (raises coffee cup)
 Incredibly pedestrian elixir all day long. But for the love of our dear Lord, what the fuck do you really want?

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - SAME TIME

Quiet... Zoey scans the room, takes in the other OPERATORS chit chatting with each other... *Silently debates if she wants to make friends.*

One BLONDE OPERATOR catches Zoey eyes, quickly averts them - *not wanting to engage with the crazy person.*

ZOEY
(muttering)
Fuck em...

A call pops. Zoey taps her head set.

ZOEY
9-1-1, what's your emergency?

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
Zzz...death...zzzz...dream...zzz.

Zoey presses the heels of her palms to her forehead.

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
Zzz...zzzz...zzzz...zzzz.

A bolt of pain surges in her head like her brain stem was directly connected to the beat of static from the headset.

Zoey's monitor glitches - FLASH OFF - FLASH ON.

The digital clock on the screen freezes: *06:01:47.*

She clasps her headset, ready to tear it off, but then --

YOUNG MAN
Hello?

Zoey closes her eyes, hoping the call just evaporates,

YOUNG MAN
Anyone...? Is this 9-1-1!?

Zoey swallows, clears her throat - taps the headphone.

ZOEY
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

Zoey eyes the screen - *NO RECORD OF A INBOUND CALL.*

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
I'm stuck in traffic on the Huey
Long Bridge. This dude in a tow
truck just stopped dead center --

ZOEY
You called 9-1-1 for a traffic
issue?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
 No. Christ! The tow truck driver's
 climbing up the bridge railing. I
 think he's going to jump.

Zoey's fingers instinctively start towards the keyboard.

Then --

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
 Zzz...zzzzzzzz...zzz.

Zoey's fingers tremble over the keyboard.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
 It's hard to tell in the darkness.

Zoey starts to type - stops herself at the last second -
 reaches for her phone as eyes the monitor clock: 06:01:47.

She glances at the WALL CLOCK: 4:00 P.M.

ZOEY
 Darkness...? You're positive?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
 (calling out - distant)
 Dude, get down.
 (back into phone)
 Fuck - he's military or
 something... Got camo on... He just
 put a beret on. Hey, you sending
 someone? Oh my God! I think he's
 jumping!

ZOEY
 Can you get to --

Nothing but... *DIAL TONE*.

ZOEY
 Are you still there?

DIAL TONE...

Zoey eyes the monitor - normal now. Clock reset to current
 time: 4:00 PM.

ZOEY
 (calling out)
 Um... Think I had a glitch. Anyone
 get a call from someone on the Huey
 Long Bridge?

OPERATOR #1 (O.S.)
Not me.

OPERATOR # 2 (O.S.)
Nada.

ZOEY
(calling out)
Radio - anything on...

Zoey swivels her chair to scan the room - spots the Day Shift Dispatcher, FAT WAYNE (50), as rude as he is round - soda in hand, popping chips in his mouth.

ZOEY
Dispatch - you get anything on the Huey Long Bridge?

FAT WAYNE
Is it on your screen?

ZOEY
No.

FAT WAYNE
Then it ain't on mine then - is it?

Zoey moves her headset mic away, puts her personal phone to her mouth, hits RECORD.

ZOEY
(into phone, quietly)
This is Zoey Martinez. It is 4:03 P.M. - Wednesday, January 10th. At 6:01 this evening, a man dressed in a military uniform will attempt to ... or... Succeed in... Jumping off the Huey Long Bridge.

INT/EXT. ZOEY'S SEDAN - HIGHWAY - DUSK (TRAVELING)

Zoey laser focused on the road as she white knuckles the wheel - tense as banjo strings. Then startled by --

HER PHONE RING.

She takes a peek - Caller ID: *DR. ELLIS*.

She kills the call, tosses her phone on the console.

It RINGS again.

Zoey drives on.

EXT. JEFFERSON PARISH - RIVER ROAD - AFTER SUNSET

Zoey's sedan rumbles down the and comes to a stop. She swings her door open, satchel in hand, and marches towards the --

EXT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - DUSK

An old, authentic, dive bar with a historic feel. Its faded green exterior walls peppered with hand-painted advertising.

Zoey pushes through the old wooden door into --

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - DUSK

Old, rustic, filled with mismatched barstools and ashtrays of every sort. This is a - *fuck your no smoking rule* - joint.

Zoey approaches the bar, manned by PETE (50). A lit cigarette hangs from his lips - shaves once a week at best.

ZOEY

Pete, two Abita's.

Pete pivots, grabs two chilled Abita Beer Bottles, sets them on the counter.

PETE

You expecting someone? Ain't like you to share company.

ZOEY

No.

PETE

Because if you need company, you know that I'm always --

Zoey grabs the bottles.

ZOEY

(walking away)

I'm going to be out back for a while.

EXT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - BACK LOT - NIGHT

More of an unkempt lawn - dried grass and tree stumps.

Zoey's perched on one of those stumps.

One empty bottle on the ground next to her. The other nestled between her legs as she focuses a pair of binoculars on --

THE HUEY LONG BRIDGE - miles off in the distance, hundreds of feet above the Mississippi River.

ZOEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

A matrix of STEEL TRUSSES hovers above the bridge platform carrying an unending stream of cars... *The evening rush.*

Zoey lowers the binoculars, checks the time on her phone:
05:30 PM.

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - NIGHT

Pete at the bar, all by his lonesome, watching a football game on a mounted TV.

Zoey strides in from the back.

PETE

Another one already?

Zoey reaches the bar.

ZOEY

You still got your burner phone?

PETE

Yeah. Why...?

ZOEY

I need you to call 9-1-1.

PETE

(with a chuckle)

You fixing to rob me?

ZOEY

Tell them that a man is going to try to jump off the Huey Long Bridge.

PETE

Gonna...? What the fuck?

ZOEY

Tell them it is going to happen at exactly 6:01. They need to get their now. Do it.

PETE

That's crazy. You call. I'm not going to get in the middle of --

ZOEY
I'll sleep with you.

PETE
Done.

Pete pulls out his phone. Zoey hustles to the back.

ZOEY - BACK ON THE STUMP

She takes a long sip of her Abita beer before checking the ALARM SCREEN on her phone, set for: 06:00.

Zoey sets the phone next to her, brings the binoculars back to her eyes.

ZOEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

The RED and BLUE lights from two NOPD patrol cars stopped in the middle of the bridge stream across the night sky.

FOUR OFFICERS walk up and down the bridge - looking. Confused at the absence of any emergency... But looking.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Good job, Pete...

A growing traffic jam builds behind them.

The POV of the binoculars swivels up and down the length of the bridge - searching.

BACK ON THE STUMP

Zoey's chest rises and falls with deep breaths as we watch the clock on the phone. A few quiet moments pass. Then --

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP = 06:00

ZOEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

Focused on the bridge. Cars clearly visible.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Please, just be a fucking dream.

A LARGE WHITE TOW TRUCK stops as it approaches the traffic jam. The smoke from hard braking tires wafts in the air.

ZOEY (O.S.)
No...

The DRIVER, clad in MILITARY CAMOS, a BERET in hand, and screaming at no one in particular exits the truck.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Where are you guys?

NOPD's finest come on scene... Approach the driver.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Finally...

But the Driver darts to the side of the bridge, slowly climbs the trusses.

Zoey moves the binoculars to the jammed cars near him. Spots a YOUNG MAN, phone to his ear talking to someone. She can almost make out the words he yells.

YOUNG MAN
(mouthed - without sound)
Dude, get down...

The binoculars shift back to the DRIVER, now standing upright on a truss, wobbling in the night breeze.

The Police Officers move closer - shouting something.

It grabs the Driver's attention, but for just a moment...

He wobbles again.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Please don't.... Don't... Don't.

The TRUCK DRIVER finds his bearings, places his Beret on his head, stands with perfect posture before he...

Salutes - leans forward... Plummets towards his death.

ZOEY - BACK ON THE STUMP

The binoculars fall from Zoey's hands, clattering to the ground.

Her gaze remains fixed on the bridge. Eyes wide. Mouth open. Frozen in despair.

A quiet breeze chills the streak of tears on her cheeks.

She raises the Abita toward her lips - *can't do it*. Her arms shaking too badly to complete the simple motion.

As she lowers her forearm, she sees it --

The thin, zig-zag, line embedded in the skin has changed form... Expanded to two spikes now.



Zoey's eyes widen as she realizes... Someone...

Or something...

Is keeping score.

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - NIGHT

Zoey wanders back in, eyes on her phone screen.

ZOEY
One more, Pete.

PETE
You sure? You've already had --

The glare from Zoey tells Pete... *She's sure.*

Zoey slides into a booth, hits the VOICE MAIL ICON.

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
(filtered thru phone)
*Zoey, it's Doctor Ellis. I've been
trying to reach you all day. I have
some news. Call me back.... Please.*

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - LATER

A smattering of patrons.

Zoey and Dr. Ellis at a corner booth.

Pete approaches, places two beers on the table.

ZOEY
Thanks, Pete.

Dr. Ellis hands Peter a Twenty. Pete snatches it up, then locks eyes on Zoey.

PETE
You know you still owe me.

ZOEY
I'm good for it.

PETE
Screw it. I ain't no charity case.
One day you're going to want it for
real. I can wait till then.

Pete gives Zoey a wink, strolls off.

DR. ELLIS
What was that all about?

ZOEY
I promised I'd fuck him if he
called 9-1-1 for me.

Dr. Ellis flinches - taken aback.

ZOEY
(sarcasm)
Was that wrong?

Dr. Ellis shakes his head, rises to leave.

Zoey grabs his arm.

ZOEY
Sorry. I'm just exhausted. Please,
your news?

Dr. Ellis takes a long sip on his beer - contemplates.

DR. ELLIS
I went to see Detective Landry.

ZOEY
And...?

DR. ELLIS
Nothing yet on the DNA test. They
got a backlog at the lab.

ZOEY
But that's not your news.

DR. ELLIS
I asked Landry to run a DNA match
against the DOJ database.

Zoey's eyes narrow in confusion....

DR. ELLIS
To find any relatives. We talked
about the hereditary nature of
mental illness... Remember?

ZOEY
I'm not mentally ill.

DR. ELLIS
I found your father. He's in the
State prison - Angola. We could --

Zoey turns her forearm upright, the scar visible.



ZOEY
It happened again. One spike for
Danny. One for the soldier.

Dr. Ellis gently clasps Zoey's forearm - examines it. He
gently traces the outline of the scar with his finger.

DR. ELLIS
(a whisper - to himself)
Heartbeats...

ZOEY
What?

DR. ELLIS
Like from an EKG readout... Two
heartbeats followed by a flat line.
(sudden concern)
Zoey, are you cutting yourself?

ZOEY
No! They just appear when people
die. Fuck! How crazy do you think I
am!?

ZOEY (CONT'D)

(takes a breath)

Two hours ago I got a 9-1-1 call.

Zoey hits a PLAY ICON on her phone, sets it on the table.

ZOEY'S VOICE

(from phone speaker)

This is Zoey Martinez. It is 4:03 P.M. - Wednesday, January 10th. At 6:01 this evening, a man dressed in a military uniform will attempt to ... Or... Succeed in... Jumping off the Huey Long Bridge.

Dr. Ellis is confused... Shaken - *this is impossible.*

DR. ELLIS

How would I know that it --

ZOEY

Pete!

Peter lumbers over.

ZOEY

(re: Dr. Ellis)

Tell him. What I made you do.

PETE

You sure about that, Zoey?

ZOEY

Tell him.

PETE

Just around five-thirty, she made me call 9-1-1... To report a jumper... That was going to happen at six.

DR. ELLIS

Did it?

Zoey drinks back her beer, then stands - holds the inside of her forearm up - presses her finger on the second beat.

ZOEY

Check the local news on your phone.

(leaving)

I'll be out back.

EXT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - BACK LOT - NIGHT

Zoey by the stump, arms crossed in a self-hug as she gazes at the twinkling lights of the HUEY LONG BRIDGE.

Dr. Ellis approaches... Takes in the view.

ZOEY
Your verdict, Doc?

DR. ELLIS
Somehow, I have to find a way to believe in something I've trained my entire life to dismiss.

Zoey glances at Dr. Ellis, then eyes back on the bridge.

ZOEY
I should have gone to the bridge myself. I thought calling --

DR. ELLIS
Stop.

A moment slips by...

DR. ELLIS
Your MRI results came back.

ZOEY
And?

DR. ELLIS
Normal.

ZOEY
Hmmm... Was kind of rooting they wouldn't be. Now what?

DR. ELLIS
We need to go see your father.

ZOEY
Not happening.

DR. ELLIS
Zoey, we may learn things. I've told you, disorders are hereditary. Maybe this thing you're --

ZOEY
He murdered my mother.

DR. ELLIS
You knew...?

Zoey nods.

ZOEY
Killed her when I was a baby... Let
him rot wherever he is.

DR. ELLIS
Zoey... He might provide a link. An
explanation... Something. Anything.

ZOEY
I got to go. I got a shift.

DR. ELLIS
(surprised)
What happened to working days?

ZOEY
Tried it. All it did was lead me
here. If I'm going to be crazy
anyway, I'd rather be crazy around
people I know. Make sense?

Dr. Ellis nods... *Makes sense.*

INT. NEW ORLEANS, 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Phones ring in a lazy rhythm as Connie strolls through the
dispatch center keeping an eye of operations.

She stops, chats with Liam at Radio Dispatch. Meanwhile...

AT ZOEY'S CONSOLE

Zoey - idle at the moment - watches a lonely looking, sad-
faced PATCH on a PET CAM through her phone screen.

ZOEY
Poor, boy... Mama be home soon.

Next to Zoey...

AMELIA'S CONSOLE

Amelia straightens adjusts her headset as a call hits.

AMELIA
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

(We can always hear what Amelia hears)

A twenty-something NANNY, Caribbean accent is on the line.

NANNY (V.O.)
The boy. He's been bitten! By a
snake!

AMELIA
(a little too nervous)
Um... A snake? Okay, okay. Um, is
he breathing normal?

Amelia's nervousness catches Zoey's attention.

NANNY (V.O.)
No!

AMELIA
How old is he?

NANNY (V.O.)
Ten! Send someone!

AMELIA
Please... um, calm down. I'm trying
to help...

Zoey stands behind Amelia, takes in her screen as Amelia
types: CAD ENTRY: *Snake Bite. Boy - 10.*

NANNY (V.O.)
Tell me what to do!

Amelia just freezes - like she's staring at the cockpit of a
747 for the first time and hasn't clue on how anything works.

ZOEY
(low, whisper)
Amelia...?

NANNY (V.O.)
Help!

ZOEY
Amelia get the location.
(yelling out)
Get ready, Liam.

LIAM (O.S.)
I'm waiting.

AMELIA
Can... Um, your location?

NANNY (V.O.)

I don't know the address. It's a park, off Victory Avenue... There's a stone arch near the playground.

AMELIA

A stone arch in a playground...?

ZOEY

(yelling out)

Liam - City Park at the Victory Arch.

(low - at Amelia)

Victory Arch, City Park. Type it in.

CAD ENTRY: *Victory Arch, City Park.*

ZOEY

Good girl.

LIAM (O.S.)

Unit 14, respond City Park, Victory Arch area. Child snake-bite victim.

NANNY (V.O.)

He's starting to go into seizure!

Amelia types, CAD ENTRY: *Boy in seizure.*

ZOEY

(shouting)

Liam, cancel ground. We near air med!

AT THE RADIO CONSOLE

LIAM (O.S.)

Stand by-possible envenomation, pediatric. Requesting AirMed 2 for transport to Ochsner.

THRU RADIO (V.O.)

Copy, Dispatch. ETA six to ten minutes. Upload GPS.

LIAM

(yelling at Zoey)

Hope you're right. That's a fifteen-grand flight.

BACK AT AMELIA'S CONSOLE.

Zoey waves Liam off as she stays focused on Amelia's CAD.

NANNY (V.O.)
He's vomiting!

Amelia removes her headset, makes a handoff motion to Zoey.

AMELIA
I can't do it.

Zoey presses down on Amelia's shoulder, not letting her move.

ZOEY
No fucking way. Find out if she
knows the snake type.

AMELIA
(trembling)
Do you know the type of snake?

NANNY (V.O.)
Rattler. Oh God... He's vomiting...
Shaking...

CAD ENTRY: *Rattlesnake. Seizure worsening.*

Zoey's fingers fly over her phone. She finds what she's
looking for and puts the screen in front of Amelia's face.

ZOEY
Tell her.

AMELIA
(reading phone screen)
Keep his leg below his heart...
Don't suck out the venom... Don't
use a tourniquet. Just keep him
still.

NANNY (V.O.)
Okay...

AMELIA
How's he doing?

NANNY (V.O.)
Shaking worse... eyes closed... Oh,
My God.

Amelia trembles as she types: CAD ENTRY: *Gone???*

Zoey whispers in her ear.

ZOEY
(quiet, but firm)
Don't you leave her now.

AMELIA
 Hang on... I'm sure they'll be
 there any minute... I promise.

NANNY (V.O.)
 I think he's gone...

The only thing Amelia hears now is SOBBING.

AMELIA
 What's his name?

Zoey gives Amelia a squeeze on the shoulder... *Good job.*

NANNY (V.O.)
 Ethan... Ethan Price.

AMELIA
 Oh, that's a cool name. You're
 doing great. Help's on the way.

NANNY (V.O.)
 I hear a helicopter!

WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zoey leans against the sink listening to --

Amelia, vomiting her soul out in a closed stall.

AMELIA (O.S.)
 I want to be alone!
 (sobbing)
 I can't do this.

ZOEY
 Every one has a panic call. It's
 part of the learning process.

AMELIA
 (wailing)
 Did you?

ZOEY
 I said everyone.

AMELIA
 I'm a fucking loser... Loser...

ZOEY

Hey, how about we have that
breakfast after shift this morning.
Just you and me?

Connie enters just as Amelia vomits again, then resumes
SOBBING. Connie nods to the stall... *What's the scoop?*

Zoey motions towards the door.

JUST OUTSIDE OF RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ZOEY

Her brother died from a
snakebite... Family camping trip.
This one just freaked her is all.
She'll be good. Trust me.

Connie nods, starts to walk away - stops.

CONNIE

Oh... The kid made it. Good call on
that Air Med.

ZOEY

That was Amelia's call. I just
yelled out what she told me.

CONNIE

Yeah... Right.

INT. RUBY SLIPPER DINER - DAWN

Just opening. A scattering of PATRONS.

Clinking silverware, the hiss of an espresso wand, the low
hum of conversation

Light from a rising sun spilling through the windows,
catching the bright red bar stools.

Zoey sits in a booth across from --

Amelia, fingers gripped tight around a coffee cup, the trauma
of the night still etched in her face.

ZOEY

And it's more common than you'd
think. That first call that brings
back your own trauma... It's bound
to freeze anyone.

ZOEY

It happens to everyone.

Zoey takes a sip of coffee, eyeballs Amelia.

ZOEY
A rape call.

AMELIA
You were ra --

ZOEY
This is our first breakfast. We
ain't going that deep.

AMELIA
Okay. Then...?

ZOEY
A girl-talky thing. You...
(drums her fingers)
You got a boyfriend?

AMELIA
I had a date, well... Two dates
recently... With Liam.

ZOEY
Dating the color-blind, wannabe-cop
even after all my warnings?

AMELIA
He's sweet. And funny. And he
listens. Oh, and he's not that
color-blind.

ZOEY
Wait until he doesn't notice that
you dyed your hair.

A - *wtf are you talking about* - look from Amelia.

Zoey points at her hair.

ZOEY
I went burnt orange for a month.
Not a word. No clue.

Amelia laughs as a WAITRESS refills her coffee cup and sets a plate of beignets on the table. Steam rises. Powdered sugar floats like dust in a sunbeam.

WAITRESS
I'll be right back.

Amelia snatches a beignet - quite pleased.

AMELIA

Love these.

Amelia wipes the white powder off her blouse.

AMELIA

Your turn.

ZOEY

What do you want to know?

AMELIA

You pick. Romance. Family...?

Amelia takes another bite.

ZOEY

My father murdered my mother.

Amelia nearly chokes, freezes - stares at Zoey.

AMELIA

You're not joking.

Zoey shakes her head.

AMELIA

When?

ZOEY

I was an infant.

AMELIA

Jesus Christ, Zoey. I'm so sorry --

ZOEY

(hating sympathy)
Don't.

A pause...

AMELIA

Where is he now?

ZOEY

According to my shrink - Angola
Prison. He wants me to go see him.
He thinks it might have something
to do with these... You know... The
calls I get.

AMELIA

Are you going to? Go see him?

ZOEY
I don't think so...

Amelia reaches across the table, puts her hand over Zoey's.

Zoey lets her hand stay there, just for a moment... *A big deal for her.*

Then pulls her hand away.

ZOEY
(calling to waitress)
We're ready to order now.
(at Amelia)
So, Liam - as good as he looks?

INT/EXT. ZOEY'S APT - BLACK SUV - (PARKED) - NOON

Dr. Ellis at the wheel.

Eyes focused on the front lobby doors to Zoey's apartment.

He checks his watch, then back to the door.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

Finally, Zoey, clad in a black hoodie, emerges from the door and lumbers towards the SUV.

Even from a distance, we can see something ain't quite right.

She looks worn, ragged, tired eyes... *Like someone physically and emotionally dragged her through the ringer.*

She opens the door and slides in.

ZOEY
Sorry I'm late. Patch was tossing a fit.

DR. ELLIS
Not a problem.

As Zoey reaches for the seatbelt, Dr. Ellis notices that the tips of her fingers on one hand are blackened... *Ink stained.*

Zoey pulls her hoodie over her head.

ZOEY
I'm going to sleep a bit if that's okay... Long shift.

INT/EXT. BLACK SUV - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - DAY

Dr. Ellis at the wheel...

Classical music gently wafts in from the car speakers.

Zoey, hoodie still covering her head, leans against the window... Asleep.

She twitches and mumbles... *Not a peaceful sleep.*

EXT. RURAL TWO-LANE - A FEW HOURS LATER

Dr. Ellis drives down a two-lane road cutting through miles of flat delta farmland.

Zoey, awake now, takes in the fallow cotton fields.

In the distance... Razor wire glinting in the sun.

EXT. LOUISIANA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Known simply as ANGOLA, sprawls across eighteen thousand acres of river-bound land.

Once a slave plantation, now the largest maximum-security prison in America.

Beyond it - guard towers, high fences coiled with razor wire, and armed sentries.

Low red-brick buildings sit like scars on the landscape, their walls stained by a century of humidity and sweat.

The Mississippi River glimmers in the distance, looping around the property like a moat.

Inside the fences, men in white uniforms bend over fields of crops under the eye of mounted guards.

Crows CAW. A diesel tractor drones.

The scene is both pastoral and punishing - like a working plantation frozen in time.

The SUV slows to a stop at the --

FRONT GUARD GATE

Dr. Ellis flashes his credentials to the GUARD.

The gates groan open, metal scraping against metal, and the SUV rolls forward.

INT. ANGOLA STATE PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

Fluorescent lights flicker above a drab room, low ceiling – built for waiting.

A buzzing soda machine hums beside a wall of *NO PHYSICAL CONTACT* signs and crayon drawings from inmates' kids.

Zoey sits rigid at a metal table – arms folded tight, knuckles white. Dr. Ellis next to her.

A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER watches from a raised perch – mirrored sunglasses, expression unreadable.

Across the room, an INMATE hugs his SON goodbye... The Correctional Officer notices, but lets that one go.

The steel door at the far end BUZZES.

A GUARD escorts TOMAS MENARD (75), into the room. His hair – snow white and wiry. His posture crumpled... *Defeated*.

And his blind, eerie eyes... Clouded like grey marbles.

The Guard gestures towards Dr Ellis and Zoey – *is this him?*

Dr. Ellis nods. Zoey doesn't even notice the gesture; her eyes locked on Tomas.

The Guard assists Tomas with taking a seat.

GUARD
(leaving)
Twenty minutes.

ZOEY
Do you know who I am?

A long pause.

TOMAS
(hoarse/raspy)
Dey said you was Zoey.

Tomas senses the air.

TOMAS
Who you got wit' you, huh?

DR. ELLIS
I'm Doctor Ellis.

TOMAS

A doctah? Heh - jus' in da nick o'
time, yeah...
(heavy, raspy cough)
Got me some throat cancer.

DR. ELLIS

I'm not that kind of Doctor.

TOMAS

Didn't suspect so.

ZOEY

Why did you kill my mother?

TOMAS

Lemme touch ya face first, jus'
wanna know what my girl look like.

ZOEY

Why did --

TOMAS

Please, child. I'll be dead soon
'nough, yeah.

Zoey looks towards Dr. Ellis for guidance.

DR. ELLIS

Your call.

Zoey scoots her chair closer to Tomas.

ZOEY

Go ahead.

Tomas reaches his hand towards Zoey's face.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

No touching!

TOMAS

What, you scared o' an old blind
man!? Now, I'm goin see my girl.
(heavy, raspy cough)
You don't like it, you shoot me,
you fucker!

The Officer rolls his eyes as Tomas caresses the features on
Zoey's face. Zoey flinches.

TOMAS

Ain't nothin' t'be scared of,
child... Lord, you the spit of ya
mama, yeah.

Tomas removes his hand from Zoey's face.

TOMAS

Had to kill your Momma. No choice.

ZOEY

Bullshit.

Dr. Ellis reaches over, places a hand on Zoey's forearm.
Mouths... *Relax.*

TOMAS

Your mama was what de old folks
call a dream catcher. But she
warn't no dream catcher, not
really. She was a witch, least
dat's what de Creole used t'say.
She hear t'ings... Bad t'ings
before dey come. An' once she hear
'em, dere was no stoppin' it.
Didn't matter how hard she prayed.

ZOEY

Heard them where?

TOMAS

In da air. Da radio... TV...
Everywhere. Anywhere... She hear
dem tings. One day, she say she
hear me scream. Hear me say I'm
blind. Horrible scream. Week later,
some fool rob me - threw acid in my
face. Blind as a damn bat since
den.

ZOEY

That's why you killed her?

TOMAS

Naw. Loved her too much for dat.

ZOEY

Loved her!?

TOMAS

Wit all my heart. I swear, child.

Tomas shakes his head... Hates the memory.

ZOEY

Then why!?

TOMAS

Cause one day she said she hear you dyin'. My baby girl - dead. An' legend say... Da only way a vision can't come true if de dreamer be dead. It was you or her. I done choked de life outta her... So you could live. Hoping you don't catch it.

ZOEY

Catch it?

TOMAS

The curse. She got it from her mama... An' her mama got it from hers. Dey say it can run in de blood, child. Not your blood, yes?

Zoey doesn't say anything - frozen.

TOMAS

No death marks on yo arms, yeah?

Zoey instinctively covers her forearm even though her marks are covered by her shirt sleeve.

DR. ELLIS

Was there any --

ZOEY

What was her name?

TOMAS

Cassie... Dat's what I called her. World knew her as Cassandra, but...
(taps chest)
She was Cassie in my heart.

An inadvertent sob from Zoey. She cups her mouth - muffles it not wanting any emotional display for this man.

GUARD (O.S.)

Almost time.

Tomas moves his head, senses the air.

TOMAS

What you was gon' ask me, Doc?

DR. ELLIS

Was there any diagnosis of mental illness in the family?

Tomas leans back in his chair. Even though he is blind, we know there is derision in his mind.

TOMAS

Lemme see, now... I done choked de woman o' my life t'death. An' dat woman, she could make folks die jus' by listenin' t'what de wind was sayin'. So tell me, Doc - dat crazy 'nough fo' ya? Or jus' bad luck chasin' us down?

DR. ELLIS

Did you have any brothers or sisters?

TOMAS

No.

DR. ELLIS

Did she?

TOMAS

One sista. Go by Marie. But she warn't cursed like my Cassie

The Guard approaches, takes Tomas arm - uprights him.

GUARD

Time to go.

The Guard pulls Tomas away from the table.

TOMAS

Tell me, child. Not in your blood - right?

Zoey's eyes narrow in anger as she watches Tomas pulled toward the door.

TOMAS

Right!?

DR. ELLIS

Zoey, there's no need...

ZOEY

I am marked, Papa. It was all a waste.

TOMAS
Don't tell me dat!

ZOEY
I hear the voices.

The Guard almost had Tomas at the door now.

TOMAS
(as he is pulled out)
No!

ZOEY
Then people die.

TOMAS (O.S.)
(diminishing screams)
DON'T TELL ME DAT... Don't tell
me...

INT/EXT. BLACK SUV - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

A black sky thick with stars hangs over an interstate thick with headlights.

Dr. Ellis at the wheel. Zoey in the passenger seat, gazing out the window into the darkness... *Lost in thought.*

Dr. Ellis glances at her blackened fingertips.

DR. ELLIS
Did you plan on telling me?

ZOEY
(still gazing outside)
Telling you what?

DR. ELLIS
About your arrest.

Now that gets Zoey's attention - She curls her fingers to conceal her fingertips.

DR. ELLIS
You were arrested and booked - yes?

BEGIN FLASHBACK - SEQUENCE

INT. 9-1-1 OPERATIONS CENTER - ZOEY'S CONSOLE - NIGHT.

Eerily quiet... You can hear the hum of the fluorescents.

ZOEY (V.O.)
It happened last night.

Amelia over at the Radio console chit-chatting with Liam.
 Connie, feet propped up, reading a book.
 All just killing time...

Except for at --

ZOEY'S STATION

A CALL pops. Zoey answers.

ZOEY
 What's your --

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
Zzz...coming...zzzz...tonight...

Zoey's head fills with agonizing pain.

ZOEY
 Fuck...

The monitor glitching - FLASH OFF - FLASH ON.

The digital clock on the screen rolls and freezes: 11:30:07.

Zoey claws at her headset to rip it off but at the last second hears...

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 Help! She's not breathing!

ZOEY
 Who, ma'am?

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 My daughter!

Zoey's breathing accelerates... Sweat beads on her forehead.

THERE'S NO RECORD OF A CALL ON HER SCREEN.

Zoey removes her fingers from the keyboard, grabs her cell phone - opens a NOTEPAD APP.

ZOEY
 Your daughter's name and age?

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 Jessie Roberts, seventeen - she's turning blue! We found her face down in the lake!

Zoey taps the information into her cell phone.

FRANTIC FATHER (V.O.)
 (off in the distance)
 Tell them the address!

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 8340 Lakeshore Drive! Right on the
 water-by the rocks!

Zoey taps the information into her cell phone.

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 My husband's trying CPR... Oh God!

ZOEY
 What's your name?

FRANTIC MOTHER (V.O.)
 Katie. Her head's all bleeding, she
 must have slipped on the dock.

FRANTIC FATHER (V.O.)
 (off in the distance)
 She's gone! Our baby's gone!

HUMMMM... The line goes dead.

ZOEY
 Katie...?

NOTHING....

Zoey removes her headset as she glances at the wall clock:
 8:00 P.M.

INT/EXT. ZOEY'S SEDAN - HIGHWAY - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Zoey zips down the road - WAY PAST THE SPEED LIMIT

She eyes the phone set on a dashboard holder. GOOGLE MAPS on
 the display, governing her route.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
*Take the next exit towards
 Lakeshore Drive...*

EXT. 8340 LAKESHORE DRIVE - LAKEFRONT HOME - NIGHT

Zoey's sedan jerks to a halt in front of a two-story house.

She bursts from the car, sprints up the walkway, reaches for
 the doorbell and -

Hesitates... Takes a huge breath, slowly exhales as she shakes the nerves from her hands - presses the bell - DING.

The door cracks open - stops at the chain lock. KATIE ROBERTS (45), face appears in the small space.

KATIE

The sign said no solicitors. Did you not see --

ZOEY

I'm not a solicitor.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

(in background)

It's late. Who the hell is it?

ZOEY

(at Katie)

I'm an operator from the 9-1-1 Center. I'm following up on a dropped call that pinged near your address.

Katie closes the door, unhooks the chain lock - reopens.

KATIE

It wasn't us.

(calling back)

Honey, did you call 9-1-1?

HUSBAND

What!?

Katie shakes her head - gives Zoey the - *MEN* - look.

KATIE

Did you call 9-1-1?

A few moments pass. The HUSBAND reaches the door.

HUSBAND

(at Zoey, accusatory)

What's this all about?

ZOEY

Like I was telling Katie --

KATIE

How do you know my name?

ZOEY

Um... I cross-checked the address
with County property records before
coming out. Got your name --

KATIE

(now suspicious)
Then it would have been Katherine.

ZOEY

So, no 9-1-1 calls?

HUSBAND

(firm/testy)
No.

ZOEY

Maybe from someone else then. Do
you have children?

HUSBAND

A daughter. But she's out.

ZOEY

Maybe she called before --

HUSBAND

I think it's best you leave now.

ZOEY

Sure... thanks for your time.

Zoey turns, makes a beeline to the sedan.

The Husband and Katie watch as the sedan pulls away from the
curb before closing their front door.

MOMENTS LATER

Zoey sneaking down the sidewalk back to the house.

She spots an access to the backyard - towards the lake.

EXT. 8340 LAKESHORE DRIVE - BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The full moon casts a halo over a wooden dock that extends
from the edge of the yard into the still waters of a lake.

A wooden boat shed stands next to the dock.

Zoey creeps towards the shed, goes to the rear and slides to
the ground - out of sight.

HOURS LATER

The lake shimmers, black and endless under the moonlight.

She yawns, rubs her eyes. Not working. She pinches her cheeks - HARD. Got to stay awake.

The CREAK of the back door grabs Zoey's attention.

She cradles her hands around her cell phone to kill the glow as she checks the time: 11:29.

JESSIE (O.S.)
I'm telling you, he's a total dick.

Zoey stuffs her phone in her jacket, crouches low...

JESSIE (17), one arm tatted up and dressed far too skimpy for the cool night air dangles a BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS as she drunkenly shuffles into view.

She takes a swig as she skips up onto the dock, phone pressed against her ear.

JESSIE
(into phone)
Fuck him anyway. He's mid at best.

Another swig as she scans the area.

JESSIE
(into phone)
Just some uppers... At the party.

Jessie staggers further down, then drops her phone on the dock, wet with dew. It skids a few feet away.

JESSIE
Fuck.

Jessie stumbles towards her phone, loses her footing and --

FALLS - her head cracking on the side of the dock.

SPLASH - as her body hits the water. She's out cold.

Floating like a corpse.

Zoey bolts up and charges down the dock, stoops down to grab Jessie's arm - no good, too far away.

ZOEY
Help!

Zoey dives into the lake - reaches Jesse.

BACKYARD

SLAM - the back door flies open, a flashlight sweeps across the backyard towards the dock.

Kathie and her Husband come into view.

ZOEY (O.S.)
 (from the water)
 Help!

AT THE LAKE

A drenched Zoey huffs and puffs as she drags Jessie to the shore.

Jessie, just coming to, reaches for her bloody forehead.

JESSIE
 Ow...

Katie and the Husband reach the shoreline just as Jessie examines her hand, bloodied from the forehead wound.

JESSIE
 What the fuck...?

Katie and the Husband scoot down, cradle Jessie.

KATIE
 What happened?

JESSIE
 I think I fell...

Katie and the Husband glance towards Zoey with a look of gratitude - fading to suspicion as they recognize Zoey.

JESSIE
 Or was pushed.

Zoey nears.

ZOEY
 (re: Jessie's wound)
 Do you have a first aid kit?

The Husband blocks Zoey's path to Jessie.

HUSBAND
 Keep your hands off her!

ZOEY
She fell off the dock.

HUSBAND
(at Katie)
Call the police.

KATIE
Don't you think --

HUSBAND
Now!
(at Zoey)
You fucking psycho!
(at Katie)
The police. Now!

Zoey dashes off.

INT/EXT. SEDAN - NEW ORLEANS HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Zoey speeds down the highway.

She reaches in her jacket pocket for her phone...

ZOEY
Fuck...

EXT. LAKESHORE DRIVE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Two NOPD OFFICERS sweeping the yard with large flashlights.

A bream catches a glimpse of Zoey's phone near the boat shed.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Zoey sprawled on the sofa, staring at the ceiling.

Patch, asleep on the floor nearby.

Patch's head snap pivots to the door - *GROWL...GROWL.*

ZOEY
What's up, boy?

KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK - three precise raps at the door.

Patch darts for the door - leaps up, plants his paws on the wood as he BARKS with the fever of a junkyard guard dog.

ZOEY
(rising)
Easy...

BARK - BARK - BARK...

DETECTIVE LANDRY (O.S.)
(outside the door)
Tether the beast.

ZOEY
Patch - bedroom.

Patch hesitates...

ZOEY
Go.

Then scampers off as Zoey opens the door revealing Detective Landry.

ZOEY
What do you want?

Landry reaches in his pocket and retrieves --

ZOEY'S PHONE. Jiggles it in front of her.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Lookie what I found.

Zoey instinctively reaches for it.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Oh, I am afraid not yet. Meet me at
the station. Now.

INT. NOPD STATION - WITNESS ROOM - MORNING

Zoey across from Detective Landry, eyeing her phone centered on the table.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Can I assume that just like the
other case, I will find no record
of this 9-1-1 call.

ZOEY
You already know the answer to
that.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Of course. But I need you to say
it. For my record.

ZOEY
There's nothing on the system.
(re: phone on table)

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Can I have it back? I need to call work.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

No need for that. You've been placed on administrative leave. At my request. Apologies.

ZOEY

Why would you --

DETECTIVE LANDRY

I view it as a crime scene and you as a potential contaminant. For example, you might be inclined to go back and create a record for these mysterious calls.

ZOEY

That would be impossible.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

Consider it an abundance of caution. Now, if you would, we need to print and book you.

ZOEY

For saving someone!?

DETECTIVE LANDRY

Ah... poor thing. No. They're filing trespassing charges.

Zoey buries her head in her hands.

Detective Landry slides her phone across the table.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

You sign a statement saying you were there, and you can keep that.

INT. NOPD STATION - BOOKING STATION - DAY

A POLICE CADET rolls Zoey's fingers over an ink pad - the standard printing process for all the accused.

Zoey retrieves a wipe from a nearby box - applies it to her fingers - doesn't clean anything.

POLICE CADET

Sorry, they dried out.

EXT. NOPD STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

An angry Zoey, clad in a hoodie, bursts from the door.

INT/EXT. SEDAN (PARKED) - NOPD STATION LOT - DAY

Zoey, phone to her ear, glares at the remnants of BLACK INK STAINS on her fingertips.

ZOEY

(into phone)

Yes, I'm sure now. But I can go on my own...

(listening)

Okay, okay... You win. Pick me up at my apartment?

(listening)

Thank you, Doc.

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - DR. ELLIS OFFICE - MORNING

Dr. Ellis at his desk, phone to his ear.

DR. ELLIS

(into phone)

It's not a problem.

Dr. Ellis ends the call, looks towards Henry, arms wrapped around his torso, gently rocking on the sofa.

DR. ELLIS

Henry, something's come up. Can we reschedule?

HENRY

No... NO!. I need to talk. It's my turn.

DR. ELLIS

Henry, some times my patients have emergencies. If you had one, you'd certainly want me to make time for you... Yes?

Henry gives a nervous, tension-filled nod.

HENRY

Maybe... Okay.

DR. ELLIS

I'll get you in tomorrow. I promise.

INT/EXT. ZOEY'S APT - BLACK SUV - (PARKED) - NOON

Dr. Ellis at the wheel.

Zoey - worn, ragged, tired eyes opens the door and slides in.

ZOEY
Sorry I'm late. Patch was tossing a
fit.

DR. ELLIS
Not a problem.

Zoey reaches for the seatbelt... Dr. Ellis notices her Ink-stained fingertips.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - BACK TO

INT. BLACK SUV - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

ZOEY
I know I should have told you.

Dr. Ellis contemplates as he keeps his eye on the road.

ZOEY
Are you mad at me?

DR. ELLIS
I'm not angry. But I think you
might need someone else. I know
people, good people. I can make a
referral.

ZOEY
I'm sorry. Honest to God. But I
couldn't have told you.

DR. ELLIS
That's my point.

ZOEY
I was arrested again. By that same
prick... I just thought you'd think
I was legit crazy... That I was
making things up... And this one
was so different.

DR. ELLIS
How...?

ZOEY
She didn't die.

A tense silence as the SUV roll on...

ZOEY

Please, Doc... Don't give up on me.

More silence. Then...

DR. ELLIS

We need to find your Aunt.

INT. NOPD BULLPEN - LANDRY'S DESK - DAY

Landry, leaning back in his chair, phone to his ear with his alligator shoes propped on the corner of the desk.

Dr. Ellis, huffing and puffing, arrives and sets a box containing a brand-new ESPRESSO MACHINE on the desk.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

(into phone)

Got an emergency - call you back.

Landry stands, runs his hand over the espresso box.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

Well I'll be tucked and fucked. A Breville Plus Espresso Machine. For me...?

DR. ELLIS

Correct.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

(taps the box)

I am surmising that you require another favor and recognize that I no longer owe you one.

DR. ELLIS

Correct.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

And you believe that such favor would be provided in exchange for this high-quality brewer?

DR. ELLIS

Correct.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

And if I were to tell you that I prefer a different brewer?

DR. ELLIS
I'd find a different detective.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
State your terms, Sir.

DR. ELLIS
Cassandra Menard had --

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Who?

DR. ELLIS
The woman murdered by Tomas Menard.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Ahhh... Yes, of course.

DR. ELLIS
She had a sister... Marie.
I need an address.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
How do you know I won't find a
Death Certificate instead?

DR. ELLIS
I don't. Do you want the espresso
machine or not?

Landry feigns a salute signaling his acceptance of the deal.

Dr. Ellis nods, starts to leave - stops.

DR. ELLIS
Any update on Zoey's case?

DETECTIVE LANDRY
You know I can't tell you that.

DR. ELLIS
I just thought that --

DETECTIVE LANDRY
And you know why I can't.

DR. ELLIS
Fine...

Dr. Ellis starts his departure but --

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Not sure why you have taken her
under your wing as you have.

DETECTIVE LANDRY (CONT'D)
 She's nothing but lies and
 fantasies. You know that, right?

Dr. Ellis takes this in... *Ruminates.*

DOCTOR ELLIS
 Neither of us choose our clientele.
 Find out about the sister.
 (leaving)
 You despicable fuck...

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Ellis on the end of the sofa. Patch inexplicably at his feet begging for attention as --

Zoey brews coffee in the kitchen area.

DR. ELLIS
 Your father certainly is
 delusional.

ZOEY
 Does that even matter anymore?

DR. ELLIS
 It's a part of the puzzle.

ZOEY
 Puzzle...? He said my mother heard
 deaths from the future. Maybe
 caused those deaths. Maybe I cause -

DR. ELLIS
 There's no proof of that.

ZOEY
 Doesn't mean it's not possible.

Zoey glares out the window.

DR. ELLIS
 I'm going to follow-up with the
 prison medical staff and see what
 meds your father's been on, whether
 he has had psychotic --

Zoey nears, places a cup of coffee by Doc.

ZOEY
 Don't make me say it.

DR. ELLIS
 Say it...?

ZOEY
It's not obvious?

Dr Ellis shakes his head... *WTF are you talking about?*

ZOEY
I'm not your daughter. You can't
bring her back by saving me and --

DR. ELLIS
I know that --

ZOEY
Sssh...
(a moment passes)
Your daughter didn't get whatever
burdened her from you. You know
that right?

Dr. Ellis' face reveals... *He's not so sure.*

Zoey leans over, kisses him on the temple.

ZOEY
Just grieve her.

Zoey takes a seat, sips from her own cup of coffee.

Patch nuzzles closer to Dr. Ellis, whimpers for more
attention - finally rewarded with a scratch on the ear.

ZOEY
He trusts you. And he doesn't trust
anyone.

DR. ELLIS
Hmm...

ZOEY
Just like me.

EXT. BACKROADS TO PINE APPLE, ALABAMA - DUSK

The black SUV eats up the narrow two-lane road, pine forest
closing in on both sides like a green tunnel.

The asphalt is cracked, patched, and cracked again - a road
only the locals bother with.

The world out here is quiet... Other than the lonely howl of
dogs and the buzz of insects.

INSIDE THE SUV

Dr. Ellis at the wheel.

Zoey in the passenger seat gazing out the window at:

- A boarded-up general store with a sun-faded Coke sign.
- A church the size of a living room.
- A dirt driveway disappearing into the trees.

ON THE ROAD

The SUV rolls on and the deeper they get, the more the woods thin out – revealing old farmland gone wild.

Tall grass, broken fences, a barn that leans like it's had one storm too many.

The SUV pulls onto a long gravel road lined with pines.

Off in the distance:

EXT. DILAPATED HOUSE - DAY

The setting sun casts an orange halo over a small, wood house. Gray from age, hurricane shutters half-hanging.

On its sagging porch, a lone rocking chair. Smoke curls lazily from a metal chimney pipe.

The SUV kicks up gravel pellets as it comes to a stop.

Dr. Ellis and Zoey exit the SUV and make their way towards the porch of the tiny house.

Zoey hesitates. Dr. Ellis gives her a reassuring nod.

KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK.

An anxious moment passes.

The door CREAKS open.

MARIE THIBODEAUX (70s), Creole features and fierce green eyes peers out – house dress, faded shawl, a life written deep into her face.

MARIE

Lord have mercy... You Cassie's girl alright. I sees her in you.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - A BIT LATER

A maze of herbs, candles, Mason jars, Catholic icons, and photos stained with time.

Marie gently rolls in a rickety rocker. Dr. Ellis and Zoey in wooden chairs sipping homemade sweet tea.

MARIE

Yo mama been hearin' death 'fore it
come... Since she was lil bitty -
six year old.

ZOEY

Where did she hear it?

MARIE

Sometime in dreams... Sometime it
seep through de radio static.
Sometime it just oozed out from
shadows... Slow-like.

Ellis watches Zoey carefully.

ZOEY

Did she cause them?

MARIE

What you mean, child?

ZOEY

Did she dream death into existence?

MARIE

Cassie ain't make nothin' happen to
nobody. She just hear it 'forehand.

ZOEY

Did she try to stop it? Warn them?

MARIE

At first, yeah... But death stick
on dem like swamp mud on a boot.

ZOEY

But she saved some?

MARIE

Yeah... But dat didn't matter.

ZOEY

I'm confused.

MARIE

Every soul she save, every single one - they live but take another soul in dey place. An' dat soul always be somebody closer to Cassie. Like she callin' de reaper back mad at her. Death don't bargain, child. Somebody always gotta pay.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SPEEDING CAR - CANAL STREET - SAME TIME

Jessie Roberts slouches at the wheel of a YELLOW JEEP CHEROKEE speeding down Canal Street.

A half-empty bottle of JACK DANIELS rolls on the passenger seat.

Her phone rings, she fumbles around in her purse for it.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - A BIT LATER

ZOEY

Then why haven't I died? My father said he killed my Mother to save me.

MARIE

I don't rightly know. Maybe Cassie hear you die a grown woman... What your poppa say?

Zoey shakes her head.

ZOEY

I didn't ask.

MARIE

Probably fo the best. That fool crazy... Been so since he lost his eyes.

An ominous pause...

ZOEY

I saved someone.

MARIE

Poor child... Death still comin'.
Just gon' take somebody else.
Least dat's what always happened
wit Cassie.

CUT TO

EXT. INTERSECTION OF CANAL AND BOURBON STREETS

A beaming Amelia grasps Liam's muscular hand as they wait for the light to change.

It finally flips from RED to GREEN. Liam, just stares at it not noticing the difference.

AMELIA

C'mon, it's green.

Amelia steps into the street, tugging at Liam's hand and is --

CRUSHED by a YELLOW JEEP CHEROKEE barreling through the intersection.

LIAM (O.S.)

Amelia!

The Jeep Cherokee rolls over Amelia's body, careens into a steel light pole with a thickening THUD.

The door creaks open, Jessie, bloodied and drunk, stumbles out.

INT/EXT. SUV - PINE APPLE ROAD (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Quiet. The hum of the tires on the road the only sound.

Zoey yawns as she peers at the screen of the phone.

ZOEY

We won't make it back till dawn. If
you need to stop at a hotel it's --

DOCTOR ELLIS

I'll be fine... I want to beat the
storm. Besides, I kind of like
driving at night... It's soothing.

Lightening CRACKLES in the sky.

ZOEY

You ain't going to beat the storm.

For a long stretch, neither speaks.

Another streak of lightening.

DR. ELLIS
I don't know what to say.

ZOEY
You do.

DR. ELLIS
You can't work as a 9-1-1 Operator
anymore.

ZOEY
How do you know I won't just hear
it other places? Like my mother
did.

Dr. Ellis considers this.

DR. ELLIS
Because you haven't.

ZOEY
And I saved Jessie. Maybe Marie was
wrong... Maybe this isn't a curse.
Maybe it's a gift.

DR. ELLIS
Do you feel gifted? Does this feel
like a blessing?

Zoey shakes her head, slumps back in her seat - dead tired.

DR. ELLIS
Try to get some sleep.

One more lightening BOLT, then THE ROLL OF THUNDER.

INT. SUV - GAS STATION - OUTSKIRTS OF NEW ORLEANS - PRE DAWN

Rain pours down from darkened skies.

While Dr. Ellis pumps gas, Zoey stirs awake, stretches -
yawns, tries to get her bearings.

She catches a glimpse of her inner forearm.



Now three beats...

ZOEY
That can't be...

She checks her phone...

A TON OF MISSED CALLS... All from Connie.

Zoey hits the call icon, puts the phone to her ear.

ZOEY
Connie...?

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

As Doctor Ellis replaces the gas nozzle, he's jolted by a --
MUFFLED SCREAM from inside the SUV.

Zoey bursts out the passenger door and runs towards an
adjacent --

WEED-FILLED ANBANDONED LOT.

She falls to her knees in the mud soaked ground.

SCREAMS... Guttural - *angry at the whole fucking world.*

ZOEY
Oh God... Oh God... Oh God.

Dr. Ellis arrives, kneels down next to her.

DR. ELLIS
Zoey...?

Zoey turns her forearm revealing the third heartbeat.

DR. ELLIS
Jessie...?

ZOEY
 (agonizing sob)
 Amelia... I killed her.

Zoey falls to the ground, crunches up in a fetal position.

And wails...

A FLASH of LIGHTENING scrambles across the sky.

THUNDER ROLLS...

FADE TO.

OVER BLACK

The sounds of birds CHIRPING... *Spring?*

FADE IN:

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The street is quiet... Peaceful.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Zoey rounds the corner of the building, Patch on a leash.

She stops short.

Detective Landry, with a 1950's-style Fedora perched on his head, is sitting on her stoop.

Not lurking.

Not hiding.

Relaxed - like he belongs there.

He holds a paper cup of coffee, steam long gone.

Zoey instinctively tightens her grip on Patch's leash.

ZOEY
 What do you want?

Landry looks up - easy smile, like a calm alligator.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
 You're not answering your phone.
 Ms. Martinez.

Patch lets out a LOW GROWL...

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Easy, hero.

Landry takes a slow sip of his coffee.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
I have just been informed that the
Roberts have dropped the
trespassing charges against you.

ZOEY
What does that mean?

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Well, given no trespassing charges
and none of your found DNA inside
the Franklin House... It means I'm
stuck. And I do fucking hate being
stuck.

ZOEY
I meant for me.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
Yes, of course you did. The
department has released its request
on your suspension. As unwise as I
may find it, you are free to return
to work.

ZOEY
That bothers you?

DETECTIVE LANDRY
It does indeed.
(standing)
Because I still suspect that you
are a special kind of psycho and I
just don't how to prove it.

ZOEY
Maybe you're just bad at your job.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
How do you do it? How did you make
it happen?

Zoey doesn't respond... *Likes that this prick is confused.*

Detective Landry tips his Fedora in a salute and farewell.

DETECTIVE LANDRY
I will be watching.

He strolls away.

EXT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Zoey strolls throughout the lot towards the building.

Liam, just coming off the night shift, exits the door.

ZOEY
(feigned energy)
You're still looking good.

LIAM
Zoey...?

They near each other, share the embrace of old friends.

ZOEY
It's good so see you.

Breaking the embrace.

ZOEY
You okay?

LIAM
Not at all. You?

ZOEY
Total wreck.

They share a knowing smile.

LIAM
(re: the entrance door)
Are you coming back?

ZOEY
Quitting. Just came for the
paperwork... Get my things.

LIAM
To do what?

ZOEY
I'm going to work with Foster Kids.
Doc got me a job.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - MORNING

The low hum of calls, keyboards, and voices fills the room.

The glass doors slide open and Zoey steps inside. Heads turn.
Some recognize Zoey. Some pay her no mind.

She goes to her console, sees a small box – her personal items obviously already packaged up.

A MALE OPERATOR, back to Zoey, is at Amelia's old console. He stands, removes his headset.

MALE OPERATOR
Ah, new rookie... Thank God you're here. I've had to piss for an hour.

ZOEY
I'm not --

MALE OPERATOR
(hands Zoey his headset)
Cover for me. Be right back.

He scurries off.

ZOEY
Damn it...

Zoey stares at Amelia's console... *Remembers.*

She dons the headset, slides into the console seat... One last time. Starts to remove it and --

PING, a call hits.

Zoey scans the room, no sign of the Male Operator. Everyone else busy.

PING...

Zoey taps the headset.

ZOEY
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

She flinches, clamps her eyes shut – the familiar bolt of pain returns.

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
Zzz.....time... zzzz.....it's
time.... zzzz.

The digital clock on the screen rolls and freezes: 12:00

EERIE STATIC (V.O.)
Zzz.....sorry...zzz....sorry.....zzz.

The static swells, then –

A MAN'S VOICE breaks through, ragged, breathless, talking to someone else.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hello...? HELLO!

Zoey eyes the CAD - no call showing.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I need help!

Zoey taps her headset.

ZOEY
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Someone's been shot.

Zoey flinches - the voice now familiar. It's --

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
She's bleeding out. Chest wound.
You have to get someone here fast!

ZOEY (V.O.)
(gasping - thru headset)
I was right, Doc...

Zoey freezes - recognizing her own voice.

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Is anyone there!?
(at person there)
Oh, God - it should have been me.
Why!? It should have been me.

ZOEY
It's a woman... Shot?

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Yes! Send help!

ZOEY
Her name?

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Why the hell does that --

ZOEY
Her name?

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Zoey Martinez. Is someone coming!?

Then DIAL TONE.

Zoey stares at the screen - time still stuck: 12:00.

The monitor flickers - now back to normal.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Zoey on the floor, back against the wall, as she scratches Patch's ear cradled next to her.

She's lost in thought, gently bouncing her head against the wall.

TAP... TAP... TAP...

Zoey glances at her forearm... Still three beats.

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Oh, God - it should have been me.
Why!? It should have been me.

Zoey closes her eyes... Tears trickle down her cheek...

ZOEY
I can't... I can't...

RING - her cell phone ring brings her back to real time.

CALLER ID: DR. ELLIS.

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - DR. ELLIS' OFFICE - DUSK

Dr. Ellis at his desk, phone to his ear, gathering up things before going home.

DR. ELLIS
How did it go?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL - ZOEY'S APT - DR. ELLIS OFFICE

ZOEY
Good. You know... It's sad saying
goodbye to people.

DR. ELLIS
But you have a new journey ahead.

ZOEY
Yeah... I do.

DR. ELLIS
Hey, I need a favor. Remember that
book I loaned you?

ZOEY
The Body Remembers.

DR. ELLIS
That's it. I need it back. I'd just
order a new one but I have a
patient coming tomorrow and --

ZOEY
I'll drop it by off.

DR. ELLIS
Great. I'll meet you in the lot.

Zoey closes her eyes - inhales all the air she can.

ZOEY
What time?

Zoey bites her lip - hard.

DR. ELLIS
Can you do noon?
(off no response)
Zoey...? Are you there?

KITCHEN AREA - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Zoey stoops down and removes a bag of dog food from the
cabinet beneath the sink.

Patch whimpers and whines, wags his tail at the sight of it.

She pours some food in a bowl on the floor. Patch immediately
goes for it.

She stares at Patch gobbling the food... Contemplates.

ZOEY
Yeah... Right...

MOMENTS LATER

Zoey places the dog food bag on top the small dinette table -
then takes a seat.

Pen and paper already on the table.

ZOEY (V.O.)
(as she writes)
*Dear, Doc. Sorry, you're stuck with
him... You're the only one he
trusts.*

Zoey slides off the chair, down to the floor next to Patch. She nuzzles him and kisses his head.

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - NIGHT

Pete mans the bar as usual.

Not too busy - it's a week night.

Zoey strolls in yielding a beaming smile from Pete.

PETE

Well, I'll be damned. Look what the wind blew in.

Zoey saddles up at the bar.

ZOEY

What's it take for a girl to get a beer round here?

Pete reaches down, grabs a cold Abita Beer Bottle and sets it in front of Zoey.

PETE

Here you go, babe.

Zoey takes a gulp.

ZOEY

What time you figuring to close tonight, Pete?

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Pete sleeps peacefully, arm draped over Zoey.

Zoey lies awake, staring at him, as if there was a need to memorize everything.

She gently lifts his arm, slips out from under it.

Pete stirs awake.

PETE

Hey... What you doing?

Zoey plants a light kiss on his cheek, then scoots upright, throws her shirt on.

ZOEY

I need to go.

PETE
That's a shame.

Zoey reaches back with her hand, places it palm down on Pete's bare chest.

ZOEY
I don't know why I waited.

PETE
What?

ZOEY
Sssh...

EXT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Just a few cars parked. One of them --

ZOEY'S SEDAN

In the passenger seat the book: *THE BODY REMEMBERS*.

Zoey, in the driver seat stares at her phone screen: 11:58.

She opens the CONTACT LIST. Presses *DOC ELLIS*.

ZOEY
I'm here. I'll be right...

Zoey kills the call because just then --

PARKING LOT

She spots Dr. Ellis walking from the lot entrance towards her car... Smiling... Waving.

Zoey grabs the book, exits her car.

Walks towards an approaching Dr. Ellis. Then --

Sees a manic Henry - sweaty, trembling, revolver in hand come from the corner and start pacing towards Dr. Ellis.

DR. ELLIS
Zoey, thanks so much for --

HENRY
(raising the gun)
You're supposed to be **FIXING ME!**

ZOEY
Look out!

Dr. Ellis instinctively ducks to the side.

Zoey's eyes lock on Henry's.

His are manic. Hers are peaceful... *Sensing the inevitable.*

ZOEY
Of course...

BANG - BANG!

ELLIS
NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bullets pierce Zoey's chest.

She staggers, drops to the ground.

Henry drops the revolver, bounds off.

An ominous red circle of blood spreads on Zoey's blouse.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - SAME TIME

DAYSHIFT OPERATOR
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

DR. ELLIS (V.O.)
Please I need help!

INT. CITY PSYCH SERVICES - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Dr. Ellis, on the concrete floor next to Zoey. His cell phone by him ON SPEAKER.

DR. ELLIS
Someone's been shot. She's bleeding out. Chest wound. You have to get someone here fast!

Zoey, eyes still open feels the fading.

DAYSHIFT OPERATOR (V.O.)
Someone is on their way, Sir.

DR. ELLIS
Oh, God - it should have been me. Why her!? It should have been me!

DAY SHIFT OPERATOR (V.O.)
It's a woman... Shot?

DR. ELLIS
Yes! Send help!

DAY SHIFT OPERATOR (V.O.)
Her name?

DR. ELLIS
Why the hell does that --

DAY SHIFT DISPATCHER
Her name?

DR. ELLIS
Zoey Martinez. Is someone coming!?

DAY SHIFT OPERATOR (V.O.)
I have an ETA of four minutes now.
Keep talking to her. Can you do
that for me please?

DR. ELLIS
Zoey...

Zoey's eyes flutter.

DR. ELLIS
No - no - no. Stay with me.

Zoey gasps, clutching at his sleeve.

ZOEY
(gasping)
Doc... You were wrong...
(gasp)
I was right...
(peaceful smile)
It's a gift...

Zoey's eyes flutter.

DR. ELLIS
No... No...

ZOEY
(serene)
Ah... Nadine's here....

The SCREAMS OF SIRENS in the distance.

DR. ELLIS
You're not going!

Zoey's eyes roll...

DR. ELLIS
Look at me! Look at me!

Zoey exhales... Her last breath...

The scar on her forearm changes one last time...



Just a simple flat line.

FADE OUT.