

## The Art of Innocence

### 1 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 1

We see the room from the surveillance camera. It's dark, a single lamp casts an eerie aura of light around JAMES, his hands in cuffs as he leans back in his chair. He stares off into the abyss of darkness around him. The door behind him opens up and closes just as quickly. DETECTIVE BROOKS enters. James continues to stare, not even flinching as the old, wooden chair shrieks across the floor and Detective Brooks sits down. He sets down a small file on the table, leans back in his chair, and throws his right leg over his left as he opens up a notebook. Poised to write, he looks James over.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(cautiously)

James?

We now see James from Detective Brooks' perspective. His demeanor is defeated, and large black bags outline the underside of his eyes. His eyes quickly dart to Detective Brooks. The camera shifts to him as well.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

James, my name is Detective Brooks. It's my understanding that you've been questioned quite extensively tonight. It's also my understanding that you've been rather forward. Cooperative. We appreciate that, son.

From just behind the lamp, we now get a view of both of the men. James shows no emotion as his eyes drift back over into the infinite darkness blanketing most of the room.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(continuing, with a sigh)

I'm here for a confirmed statement. All I need are a few answers, recorded this time so we have them on record. After that, well . . .

The implication in Detective Brooks' voice still gets no reaction from James. The camera begins to move in towards James' eyes, as Detective Brooks continues to talk. The words are now inaudible though, as they are to James. Once the camera settles solely on his eyes, that might as well be dead, we hear inside his head.

JAMES

(narration, voice low and defeated)

How did I get here?

QUICK FADE OUT:

2 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY 2

QUICK FADE IN:

As the scene comes into view, a girl's laughter is heard faint, but then as if we are right next to it. The camera does a pan of the Brooklyn Bridge, New York City towering behind it, the sun high in the sky, and not a cloud in sight.

We then cut to a view from outside the railing of the behemoth of a bridge. A couple, James led by ELIZABETH, run hand in hand to the middle of the bridge. The wind blows slightly in their hair as they stop, cars zipping past behind them. They stare at the water below, casting quick smiles at each other. Elizabeth then tugs slightly on James' hand and they take a seat, James' back to the railing, and Elizabeth's to the cars. The scene calms, only the breeze heard for a moment. James' head lies lazily to the right, rested up against the rusting bridge railing. He stares at Elizabeth with an equal sense of tranquility and love, as she stares off into nowhere in particular, a look of pure wonderment plastered on her face.

JAMES

So what do you think?

Elizabeth laughs, peeling her eyes away from the world in front of her, and looks to James.

ELIZABETH

I think . . . it's wonderful.

JAMES

(playful sarcasm)

Oh is it? Hmm, I feel like someone has been trying to convince you that you'd love it for some time now.

Elizabeth shoves James lightly, a little nudge that cracks a smile and a laugh out of him.

ELIZABETH

(through a large smile)

Alright, yeah, you win. This day has been pretty fairy-tale like, I'll admit it.

We now see the two from the road, the camera still up close but Elizabeth's back is to us now. The two shift around so they face each other, the great expanse of water seeming to go on forever past them. James takes her hands.

JAMES

Good. I thought I might be able to convince you. Now someone just needs to finish up college so I can get her out here.

ELIZABETH

(mock offense)

Hey! I only have a semester left. Maybe another someone needs to have some patience!

James laughs, leans forward, and gives her a quick kiss.

JAMES

Yeah, yeah. I just can't wait to have you all to myself. That so bad?

Elizabeth now kisses him, then flips around and lies her head in James' lap. She takes hold of both of his hands and wraps herself in them, to James' amusement.

ELIZABETH  
Of course not.

James smiles, and places a kiss on her forehead, then leans back against the railing, his head now sideways against it. He sighs, and the two resume their staring off into the beautiful day.

ELIZABETH  
(a little worry, a lot of sleepiness)  
James?

His eyes flick down.

JAMES  
Yeah, Elle?

ELIZABETH  
What about the money? I mean, I know you've got the internship and all, but that's not exactly a gold mine. And of all places to live on a part-time job at a pizza place, and-

JAMES  
(shushing her, and laughing slightly)  
Whoa, hey. Easy, tiger.

Elizabeth rises back up to a sitting position, detangling herself from James' arms.

ELIZABETH  
(smiling)  
James, I'm serious. I'm worried.

He strokes the side of her face, managing to keep the smile that should be hurting her cheeks at this point.

JAMES  
Well . . . so am I. I don't have much right now, but an internship at the New York Times typically leads to something pretty good.

ELIZABETH  
(sighing)  
Yes, I know. and I'm not exactly trying to take away from your accomplishments, but . . . I don't know. I'll stop, it's just you never know. But if you think we'll be okay, then I'll trust you.

Before responding, he moves her back into their previous position, and lightly runs his hand up and down her arm.

JAMES

(mustered as much reassurance as he can)  
It's going to be alright.

With this, Elizabeth snuggles into him, and James looks back out to the river below. The camera pans around to look at them, zooming into just his face, with the bridge and blue sky around him. A look of uncertainty slides over him, once he's not under Elizabeth's inspection.

JAMES  
(maintaining the same voice from before)  
I promise.

FADE OUT:

3 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 3

FADE IN:

The hum of the air system is heard. We see Detective Brooks' hand scribbling something in his notebook. He lets out a long sigh as the pencil comes to a rest. We shift to see James, nothing left of what was seen in the previous sequence. Now he is back to the James we had been introduced to; staring forward, eyes showing no sign of life. His hands have now moved to his lap, still cuffed.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(slight agitation)

James . . . I need you to talk to me. I won't lie to you, nothing good is about to come your way.

(leaning forward in an attempt to get through to James)

But, son, at least try to help yourself a little. With what I've been told, you're ready to make a full pledge to guilt. Which, granted, in this circumstance isn't going to help much, but any help is needed for you at this point.

We now observe James from just over Detective Brooks' shoulder. The door behind him appears to show no sign of life on the other side of the blurred glass.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(putting the notebook and pencil down)

Why don't we start with your initial involvement?

He now scoots forward, the wooden chair screaming once again, as if it's being tortured. He places his hands upon the cold, metal table, looking into James' eyes; trying to will James to look at him.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

Tell me James . . . how did you become a part of New York City's most prominent gang?

Finally . . . James looks at the Detective sitting before him. We move to a side shot of the table, seeing the two men stare off.

JAMES  
(soft and weak)

Okay.

The camera pans back over into the dark spot James had just been staring into.

4 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 4

The hum of the air system fades, the screen still black. We zoom out to see four men, the darkness now having been part of a shadow in an alley. James, one of the four men, is kneeling on the ground, two large men to his left and right. In front of him, gun in hand, stands ACHILLE. The four men are within a quiet alley in New York City. The brick walls, allowing only a narrow space for the four men to be between, tower ever upward. In the distance, the end of the alleyway, is a semi-busy road, taxis idling past every few seconds. It's bright out, but only minimal light makes it between the skyscrapers of New York. It's tense. Only the breeze, and distant car horns are heard, as the scene starts. It appears that James is being held against his own will. Then he gathers something off of the ground, and Achille extends a hand for help. James grabs it with smile, and stands, with a pat on the back from Achille.

ACHILLE

(laughing)

We gonna' have to call you butter fingers, James.

In James' hands once again, we now see, is a black mask. The man to his right, TYREESE, and left, JAX, let out very low chuckles.

TYREESE

I love those things.

ACHILLE

T, shut up.

It's now apparent something not so lawful is going on as the four men all share a laugh.

The camera shifts to the other side of the alley. Behind Tyreese and Jax, lie two large, black bags. Achille lies a hand on James' shoulder. The sound quiets down, and once again, an intensity fills the scene. The camera looks at James from Achille's perspective.

ACHILLE

(sighing, the smile fading)

Anyway . . . you know what this means, right?

James glances at the gun in Achille's hand. After another moment of tension, the sounds of the city are heard once again and Achille flips the gun over in his hand, offering it to James.

ACHILLE

(large grin, a few gold teeth visible)

No more simple muggings for you.

JAX

(low, almost under his breath)  
Achille, man, that might as well've been a mugging.

ACHILLE  
(with a smile, but forceful)  
You shut up too, Jax.

With this, it's now apparent this is the leader of "New York's most prominent gang" as mentioned in the previous scene. Achille, the leader, has brought his two most trusted muscle along for what we can assume is James' induction. Achille maneuvers his head away from Jax and towards James again.

ACHILLE  
It's the thought that counts, right?

Achille pulls James into a half-hug, after he takes the gun, clapping him on the back.

ACHILLE  
Welcome to the family.

The camera focuses in on James' eyes, wrinkled from a grin.

JAMES  
Yeah . . . yeah.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK:

5 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 5

QUICK CUT IN:

Back in the interrogation room, the air system sounds louder than ever. We see Detective Brooks tapping his foot on the ground. Then from the end of the table, we see James staring at the Detective, as he writes extensively in his notebook.

DETECTIVE BROOKS  
(nodding)  
Good . . . very good, James.

He stops suddenly, his head shooting back up towards James. We shift to see just Detective Brooks, his dark, aged face, stark in the harsh light of the lamp on the table.

DETECTIVE BROOKS  
Now we're getting somewhere.

He takes a moment to adjust himself, as the camera shifts once again to our view of both men. Pencil poised to write once more, Detective Brooks looks to James.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

I'd like to talk about Elizabeth. Your relationship with her, more specifically.

James tenses up visibly, as we shift to see just him. He closes his eyes, his hands clasp tightly into fists, and he takes in a deep breath. We hear inaudible whispers, as Detective Brooks' words fade away. A hushed sound, a faraway scream. The indecipherable noise builds and builds, ending in what sounds to be a gunshot accompanied by the sound of Detective Brooks' voice.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(seemingly loud)

James!

James' eyes fly open. The room is quiet. His rigidness relaxes again. We look to Detective Brooks, his face pulled into that of concern, worry, and pity. His brows relax, and he sets down his notebook and pencil.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(cautiously)

Did you two have any issues?

We see the two from behind the lamp. No sound comes from James.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

Were you happy?

Silence. A white noise builds and builds, James now looking deep into Detective Brooks.

SUDDEN CUT TO BLACK:

6 INT. JAMES AND ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 6

FADE IN:

The blackness fades away to show Elizabeth's face, eyes covered by two hands.

JAMES

Okay . . . I have to move now. Do not peek.

James' hands drop out of shot, and we hear a door being unlocked and opened.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)

Wouldn't dare to.

We pan out , seeing as James steps back behind Elizabeth, and with his hands on her shoulders, nudges her out of the dimly lit hallway they were in.

JAMES

Alright, tiger. Open em' up.

Her eyes open, and as James grows blurry behind her, she stares forward with a look of pure amazement on her face, and a smile blossoming fully. We pan around the new apartment. It's sleek, modern, beautiful. A kitchen is off to the left, stairs leading to a loft serving as a second floor are to the right. In the middle is a leather couch, facing a rather large television, and beyond that are large, reach the ceiling, windows, with the perfect view of New York City. Sleek wooden floor board covers most of the entire place, giving it that new, but comfy feel. It's amazing, Elizabeth's reaction now believable.

We now watch the pair walk into the apartment from the kitchen, Elizabeth immediately going to the windows after making a quick lap around said kitchen.

ELIZABETH  
(amazed)  
James!

James lets out a laugh as he walks over to her at the windows, head hanging down, bashful.

JAMES  
You like it?

We zoom in on the two, the window behind Elizabeth as she puts her hands on James' chest.

ELIZABETH  
(scrunching her eyebrows at James)  
Like it? I . . . I love it!

The two laugh, and share a kiss.

ELIZABETH  
H- . . . how did you-

JAMES  
(cutting her off)  
I told you somethin' good would happen from that internship.

Elizabeth's mouth drops open.

ELIZABETH  
(after a second)  
So you got a job, made a crap ton of money from said job, bought an amazing apartment . . . and managed to hide ALL of that from me?

James shrugs, with a fantastic grin. Elizabeth shakes her head, and leans into him as they look back out the windows. We see as they do, the buildings, the lights, the people; practically the whole world visible from this singular spot. We now pan out, still looking towards the window, but James and Elizabeth now in view. They turn towards one another.

ELIZABETH



You're amazing . . .

JAMES

Eh, I do my best for you.

She pulls on his shirt, down a little, to kiss him once again.

ELIZABETH

I'm serious.

(after staring into his eyes a moment)

I don't know what I did to deserve you.

JAMES

(returns the stare)

You were you.

The two kiss again . . . and again, and again. After a moment, Elizabeth hops up, her legs wrapped around James, his arms holding her. The kissing grows more and more intense, and they then walk off screen. We still hear the laughs, and small little noises of love, as we pan over to the couch. On it lies a black backpack, partially open. We zoom in, and finally settle on it, slightly looking down. And just amidst the darkness of the inside of the bag, is the handle of a handgun.

FADE TO BLACK:

7 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 7

FADE IN:

We see James from just over Detective Brooks' left shoulder, the light of the lamp illuminating James, skin ghostly, eyes full of sorrow.

JAMES

(voice cracking, soft)

I . . . I can't. I can't talk . . . about, I just . . .

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(head nodding)

Okay. Okay, son.

Slight relief causes James' face to relax ever so slightly. It is clear now he is losing the silent shock. He no longer stares forward, dead to the world. His eyes blink back tears, and his hands grasp tightly to each other, slightly angled upward due to the cuffs still on the table. We cut over to the side of the table, as Detective Brooks sets his notebook down after having written something in it. His hand reaches down into his pocket and, after pulling out a key, he leans forward with a grunt. He unlocks the cuffs and sits back once more, as James rubs his right wrist.

JAMES

(confused)

Are you supp-

DETECTIVE BROOKS

I trust you.

(peering over his glasses)

Believe it or not.

The two look away from each other and Detective Brooks grabs his notebook once more. We look over to him adjusting to a comfortable position.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

Now, James. Were you always loyal to this so called family of yours?

We see the room from the surveillance camera, nothing but the sound of the air system is heard, as Detective Brooks looks to James, hesitating.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK:

8 INT. JAMES AND ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 8

FADE IN:

From the kitchen we see the door open slowly. James steps into the dark apartment, the only source of light is the busy city coming in through the large windows off screen. James softly shuts the door, glancing up the stairs to his right, a clear check to make sure Elizabeth is asleep. After staring for a few moments he sighs, and shakes his head. The camera follows him as he walks to the sofa, dropping his bag, and sliding out of his jacket. We cut to his perspective, looking down at his arm as the coat drops. There's a dark substance, streaked up the entirety of his forearm. We cut to him looking at it. Suddenly his eyes close, and he lets out another sigh, more distressed.

He then walks forward and we see him approaching from outside the windows of his apartment. He's cast in a ghostly, white light of the city, sparkles in his eyes that are now clearly outlined with large bags. Face set, and stern as he stares out at the city below, he pulls out his phone. The now apparent blood glistens on his arm as he dials a number in- three short taps- and lifts it to his ear. A 911 OPERATOR is heard faintly in the quietness.

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

JAMES

(quietly, hesitantly)

I, uh . . . anonymous tip . . .

911 OPERATOR

Sir, I'm going to need you to speak up, please.

JAMES

(rubbing his face with his other hand)

I need to leave an anonymous tip.

911 OPERATOR

Okay, go right ahead.

We zoom in slowly towards James' face, the city growing ever more clear in the reflection on his eyes. He looks more conflicted, more strained with every passing second.

911 OPERATOR

Sir . . . is there something you need to tell me?

The camera stops right on his eyes, starting to glisten now, a complete silhouette of the city in full view.

JAMES

(a whisper)

Yes.

9 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 9

The familiar sound of the air system is heard once more as James' eyes lose the gleam of the city, and are now just dark.

JAMES

Always.

We cut to see both men once more, back in the interrogation room. Detective Brooks looks at James quizzically, an eyebrow raised. He seems content after James doesn't even waiver, the emotion in the previous scene gone once more.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(muttering as he writes)

Loyalty . . . never wavered . . .

He sets down the notebook, his expression growing into both annoyance and disbelief.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

Son, look. I'm trying to be as patient as I possibly can be. And everything I've seen, everything I've heard so far, is changing right now.

(cutting to the other side of the table)

You're sure you're telling me what really happened?

We cut to look solely at James. After a moment passes, the wall starts breaking once more. His expression doesn't change, but a single tear slides down his face. His face is an instant from breaking into a sob, and he looks up, breathing in to try to stop it. The sound cuts out, and all that is heard is the air system as we watch James' face break out into a cry that is a roar, and he smacks the table, and he throws his hands up to his head, clawing at his hair. Detective Brooks comes into frame, trying to reach out to James, but his hand is smacked away harshly, as James' silent screams go on and on.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK:

10 INT. JAMES AND ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING 10

FADE IN:

Laughter is heard, faint at first, but growing to normal volume as the scene comes into focus. We see James and Achille laughing over a couple of beers at the end of his kitchen island. Off camera we glimpse Tyreese and Jax, coming in and out of the shot as they peruse the apartment. We focus a little more in on James and Achille as Tyreese passes behind them to go glance out the windows.

ACHILLE

(laughter trailing off into a grin)  
This really is a damn good place.

James nods, glancing around his own home.

ACHILLE

(shakes his head slightly)  
Gonna' miss comin' to visit.

JAMES

Hey, who's to say you can't? Just because I'm taking my leave doesn't mean you can't pop in every now and then.

ACHILLE

(sighing)  
Wish that were true . . . but after nearly getting my head blown off in my own base of operations, I'd say it's time for you to just cut ties where they need to be cut.

The camera shifts over to James, a slight tension mounting. His eyes flick away at the mention of the bust on Achille's hideout. Guilt. Worry. But he resumes the smile.

JAMES

Yeah . . . I really can't thank you enough, Achille. Not just for allowing me to get out, no dues or anything, but in a period like this? At a vulnerable time for you? I'm just,  
(he sighs)  
very grateful.

We now look sideways at the men from the kitchen, Tyreese and Jax blurry in the comfortable lighting of the living room and city lights streaming in from the windows.

ACHILLE

(setting his drink down on the marble counter)  
Least I could do, James. You've . . . been loyal. Strong. Willing to do what needs to be done in the name of us all. And hell, I'd say it's paid off for you.

JAMES

(laughing in agreement)  
For sure.

Achille pats James on the shoulder and together they walk over to the large windows. We cut to see them from outside said windows, Achille to James' right. The two men stare out into the city that Achille claims to own, the lights illuminating them in a very powerful way.

ACHILLE  
(nodding)  
Yeah . . . this is nice. Glad we could come see you off into the world.  
(smiling his golden smile)  
It's gonna' suck.

James laughs. Discomfort is obviously growing in him, and Achille is acting off. Detached. Analytical.

ACHILLE  
(lightly batting James on the arm)  
You know what I was doin' last night?

James looks over to meet Achille's gaze.

ACHILLE  
Talkin' to Richie. Boring shit, right?  
(Tyreese and Jax laugh from behind, so does James.)  
Yeah . . . yeah I thought so too. Oh, you know what Richie does right?

TYREEESE  
(standing up with Jax, approaching as hazy blobs from behind)  
Monitoring right?

ACHILLE  
Yeah T, monitoring . . . everything in the city.

Achille takes in a deep breath. James' face is going pale. He knows what's about to be said. His smile drops long before Achille's has.

ACHILLE  
And don't you know it . . . we hear ol' butter fingers on the phone . . . talkin' to the cops.  
(laughs, then goes silent)

All background noise is completely silent now. Tyreese and Jax take out their guns, and James' face falls with every second, realizing the inescapable nature of the situation.

ACHILLE  
(anger taking over his face)  
You know James, I thought you were a lot. But never . . . a damn snitch.

From behind, the door clicks with the sound of a key being inserted. The faint sound of Elizabeth already beginning to talk to James is heard.

The camera cuts to James, panic-ridden.

JAMES  
(shakily)  
Look, Achille, just-

Now we look at Achille, showing absolutely no care.

ACHILLE  
Let's welcome home your girl.

FADE OUT:

11 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 11

QUICK CUT IN:

The lamp has been angled up, a harsh light now bearing down on James. He sits with his arms on the table in front of him, breathing heavily. In and out, in and out. After a few moments, he slows, and Detective Brooks walks into frame from behind James. He's pacing, shaken, and wiping his face with his hands.

DETECTIVE BROOKS  
(confusion, disbelief)  
So you're telling me that . . .

He trails off, planting himself right next to James. James finally raises his head. His eyes are bloodshot, his face that of complete and utter sorrow and anger.

JAMES  
(whisper)  
Yeah . . .

Tears well up and his eyes drop down.

JAMES  
(voice cracking, and oh so low and broken)  
I killed her.

CUT TO BLACK:

12 INT. JAMES AND ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING 12

The same eyes from the previous scene pop back up, but now fresh. A high pitched white noise takes over, and we zoom out to just James' face. Tears are streamed down, and his expression is wrought with

raw terror. The noise builds and dies in an instant. Elizabeth's screams rise up, as we hear her struggle under what must be Tyreese's and Jax's holds. Zooming out a little more we see Achilles pacing behind James, his voice loud over the noise of the struggle.

ACHILLE

(fury)

You endanger MY home? MY people?

Make ME think I screwed up?

He walks off camera, and then pops back in, screaming right into James' ear.

ACHILLE

(incredibly loud)

WE TOOK YOU IN!

(calming only to make his point)

We built you up . . . made you a part of the family. And what the hell did we get as a thank you?

(stepping behind James)

Betrayal. Cowardly betrayal, deceit, and lies. And let me tell you . . . you ain't anything like I thought you were. I thought I saw somethin' in you, James, I really did . . . but I guess I can be wrong. You belong to this world.

(leaning in slightly)

And it's time to tear your apparent high ass down from the clouds. You know what's going to happen now. I'll let you say you love her.

We zoom back in to James, his face and shoulders visible. The scene fades in and out, Elizabeth's guttural screaming now just a white noise. James' words, that he speaks to Elizabeth, come in chunks, clear over the horrifying sounds.

JAMES

(shaky)

Elizabeth . . .

(shaking his head)

I didn't mean for this-

(grimacing, crying)

I love you . . .

(in between full sobs)

Please don't . . . I love you, I love you, Elizabeth . . .

After one more fade back in, it settles. A high pitched noise builds, and then dissipates. The room is dead quiet, save for Elizabeth's shaky breaths. We still are settled solely on James and nothing else.

JAMES

(already gone)

I'm sorry . . .

A single gunshot sends the screen into darkness.

CUT TO BLACK:

13 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 13

QUICK CUT IN:

From the side of the table, we see Detective Brooks looking down at James, hands supporting him over the table, his tie lightly scratching the surface of the metal.

The air system is off. Total silence.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(after shaking his head)

James . . .

He lies a hand on James' shoulder, which causes him to shrink back in his seat, but he does raise his head. We pan over to look at just him. He's looking back into the dark corner of the room again. This time his eyes aren't dead. They're bloodshot, and beyond devastated.

DETECTIVE BROOKS

(mimicking the words of the 911 operator)

James . . . is there something you need to tell me?

14 INT. JAMES AND ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING 14

After a brief silence we quickly cut back to the scene of that night. This time, we see a blurry shot of the kitchen. We hear the faint struggling of Elizabeth in the background, and eventually just the shaky breathing. The scene is in black and white, a clear thinking back of James in the interrogation room, as opposed to a literal scene. Finally a handgun, James' handgun, comes into view, being raised by his hand. It appears to be another shot of the shooting. But then we hear Achille's voice.

ACHILLE

(clear but quiet)

Welcome to the real world.

Just when it appears James is about to pull the trigger, as we've been led to believe, Achille's hand also appears in the shot, gloved, and wrapping itself over James'. Achille's finger maneuvers over James', and then pulls the trigger.

15 INT. NYPD POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 15

Instead of a gunshot, we jump back to the interrogation room. Terrifyingly silent, Detective Brooks' question still hanging over James.

We are looking only at James' eyes, as they both lose life once more while trying to contemplate if he should tell Detective Brooks. But what's coming is already clear. His eyes flick up, looking directly into the camera. They're dark. Lost. Dead.

JAMES



(barely a whisper)  
No.

A few moments of silence.

CUT TO BLACK: