

POINT OF IMPACT #1

Script for 20 pages

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Revised on
09-04-12

PAGE 1

Koray, I'm envisioning this page as a series of page-wide "letterbox" panels, stacked one on top of the next.

PAGE 1, Panel One

We open on a shot of a city street at night. It's a quiet part of town, not the business district. It's full of apartment buildings, that sort of thing. There isn't much street traffic and no one is out walking on the street, either. We're looking at a car parked at the curb. It's a big, old sedan.

NO COPY

PAGE 1, Panel Two

Go closer on the car, so we can see that a young man and woman are inside. The man is in the driver's seat, the woman is in the passenger seat.

WOMAN: Okay, so ... I guess I should go in.

MAN: Yeah, probably.

MAN: Um, did you wanna maybe have dinner on Saturday?

PAGE 1, Panel Three

Go closer in on them still, as they move closer to each other, about to kiss.

WOMAN: That could be arranged.

MAN: Oh, good...

PAGE 1, Panel Four

Stay close in on the couple, only something large has suddenly smashed onto the roof of the car. The roof is denting in and the windows are smashing. The man and the woman are

screaming and surprised. Remember, we're tight on them, so it's okay if we're not even sure exactly what's happened.

WOMAN: AAH!

MAN: SHIT!

PAGE 2

PAGE 2, Splash

A down angle on the car, with a dead woman lying on it. The idea is that she fell from a high height, and landed on her back, on the roof of the car. The dead woman is Nicole, one of the characters I sent you. The man and woman who were seated inside the car are both getting out, looking shocked at what's on their roof.

MAN: Jesus Christ!

PAGE 3

PAGE 3, Panel One

Cut to a close shot on a framed wedding photo, featuring Nicole and Mitch. She's in a wedding dress, he's in a tuxedo, and they both look happy. They should look younger in this picture, but still easily recognizable.

FROM OFF: So how late was he?

PAGE 3, Panel Two

Big panel -- pull back to show Mitch, hard at work, typing furiously on his laptop keyboard. He's wearing his glasses, his hair is a mess, his shirt is rumpled, and he's got a lit cigarette hanging out of his mouth. His cubicle is a mess -- filled with papers and books, all stacked high. One of Mitch's co-workers, a fat guy named Carl, is standing in his cubicle, looking at Mitch.

Here are some examples of what a newspaper office looks like:

http://asianimages.files.wordpress.com/2007/08/ed_dept.jpg

<http://static.howstuffworks.com/gif/newspaper1.jpg>

<http://blogs.guardian.co.uk/editors/archives/NewsRoom.JPG>

<http://blogs.telegraph.co.uk/VirtualContent/84882/hub.jpg>

MITCH: The guy for the Weinstein piece? Three fucking hours.

MITCH: So now I've gotta stay late tonight just to put this piece to bed.

CARL: While your beautiful young wife has dinner waiting at home, eh, Mitch?

PAGE 3, Panel Three

Mitch looks up from his keyboard, inhaling a cigarette.

MITCH: Yeah, right. Nicole hasn't cooked a day in her life.

MITCH: Besides, she's got plans with her sister tonight, anyway.

PAGE 4

PAGE 4, Panel One

Cut to a close shot of a strip of photo booth photos, depicting Boone and Nicole, looking like they're having fun and are in love. Here's an example of what I mean:

http://myskitch.com/alexander_bain/photo_booth_pics-20070924-072742.jpg

Maybe show a bit of Boone's thumb in this shot, to convey that he's holding this strip of photos.

NO COPY

PAGE 4, Panel Two

Pull back for the biggest shot of the page, showing Boone sitting on a bed in a hotel room. He's wearing nothing but his boxer shorts, and is holding the strip of photos in his hands. The room is lit solely by the numerous candles he has lit. There's also a bottle of champagne chilling in an ice bucket on the nightstand. Boone looks happy.

NO COPY

PAGE 4, Panel Three

He looks over at the clock on the nightstand. We can see that the time displayed is 8:42.

CLOCK DISPLAY: 8:42

PAGE 4, Panel Four

Now on just Boone's face, and he looks worried and sad at the same time. We're trying to convey that he's waiting for Nicole and she's very late.

NO COPY

PAGE 5

PAGE 5, Panel One

Cut to the same street scene as page one, only it's a little while later and the police have arrived. Nicole's body is still splayed out on the car's roof, but the body's been covered with a white sheet, and the car has been cordoned off with police "CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS" tape. There are two police cars already on site, and numerous uniformed police officers are taking statements from the man and woman who were in the car. Other police personnel wearing black jackets that say CSI on the back are examining the crime scene. This can be a big, establishing panel.

NO COPY

PAGE 5, Panel Two

Abby and her partner, an overweight, middle-aged Black man named Dewey, approach. A uniformed police officer holds the crime scene tape up so they can pass under it. Both Abby and Dewey have their badges hung around their necks.

DEWEY: So what are we thinking? Jumper?

ABBY: How about we at least look at the body before we decide it's not a homicide, all right, Dewey?

DEWEY: You sure like to do things the hard way.

PAGE 5, Panel Three

Abby pulls the sheet back and recoils with surprise at Nicole's face.

ABBY: Oh, shit.

PAGE 6

PAGE 6, Panel One

Dewey looks concerned as Abby steps away from the body. She's obviously distraught.

DEWEY: What? What is it?

ABBY: Shit. Shit shit shit.

ABBY: I know her.

DEWEY: Seriously?

PAGE 6, Panel Two

Still on both of them, as Dewey looks sympathetic.

ABBY: Nicole something. We were in the same yoga class.

DEWEY: Aw, damn. I'm sorry.

DEWEY: Listen, I'll take over as primary, and we'll talk to Rivera, get you reassigned.

PAGE 6, Panel Three

On just Abby, looking serious. Dewey's dialog can come from off-panel.

ABBY: No, I want to work this.

DEWEY / off: I don't know if the bosses will let you stay on, even if I'm primary.

ABBY: Who's gonna tell them? And I'M primary.

PAGE 6, Panel Four

Dewey looks frustrated.

DEWEY: Abby, you can't work a murder of one of your friends. There's rules against that.

PAGE 6, Panel Five

Back on both of them.

ABBY: She wasn't my friend, exactly. We were friendly. There's a difference. And there's also rules against getting shit-faced on the job, but that hasn't stopped you.

DEWEY: Oh, that's how it's gonna be?

ABBY: I'm just saying ... I've kept my mouth shut for you more than once or twice.

PAGE 6, Panel Six

Dewey puts his hands up in mock surrender.

DEWEY: All right ... you're primary, and you didn't know the vic. But if this thing starts to go sideways, I'm gonna speak up.

PAGE 6, Panel Seven

On Abby, looking serious.

ABBY: Deal.

PAGE 7

PAGE 7, Panel One

Cut back to Mitch, sitting at his desk in the newspaper office. The place is nearly empty and

most of the lights are off. Mitch is typing on his keyboard.

MITCH: The ...

MITCH: ... fucking ...

MITCH: ... end.

PAGE 7, Panel Two

Mitch stands, stretching, raising his arms above his head as he yawns.

NO COPY

PAGE 7, Panel Three

Mitch closes his laptop with one hand and grabs his coat with the other.

NO COPY

PAGE 7, Panel Four

As Mitch (with his laptop bag slung over his shoulder) walks away from his desk, Carl (the fat guy he was talking to on Page 3) is passing by, also with his coat on. They're heading in the same direction, both leaving.

CARL: Finally outta here, eh?

MITCH: Yeah. What're you up to?

CARL: Heard on the police scanner that a woman took a header off a building over in the Heights. Landed on a car, from what I hear.

PAGE 7, Panel Five

On both of them, as they step into the elevator.

MITCH: Christ, am I glad I'm not on the police beat anymore.

PAGE 8

PAGE 8, Panel One

Cut to the roof of the building that Nicole was thrown off of, still nighttime. The building is six stories high – high enough so that the fall would kill Nicole, but it's not a skyscraper. Abby and Dewey are standing near the edge of the roof, and uniformed cops and CSI people are in the background, doing their jobs.

ABBY: This look right to you?

DEWEY: Yeah, this is probably the spot.

DEWEY: But here's something. How'd she land on the car?

PAGE 8, Panel Two

Severe down-shot, as Abby looks over the ledge towards the sidewalk and street below. We're positioned above her, so we can see past her, towards the street. Frame it so we can see that the sidewalk is directly below us, and the street (including the smashed car and other police cars, etc.) are in the street.

ABBY: Yeah. If she falls off the roof, she's landing on the sidewalk. The trajectory's all wrong for landing on the car.

PAGE 8, Panel Three

On just Dewey.

DEWEY: So ... what, then?

PAGE 8, Panel Four

They both look up towards the sky.

ABBY: She's thrown from something higher? A helicopter?

DEWEY: Nah. Body'd look a lot worse if she fell from that kinda height.

DEWEY: Plus, someone would've heard a helicopter, right?

PAGE 8, Panel Five

Back on just Abby, no longer looking up.

ABBY: Okay, so she didn't fall and she wasn't dropped from a helicopter.

ABBY: Did she jump?

PAGE 9

PAGE 9, Panel One

Back on both of them.

DEWEY: How do you figure? Trajectory's still wrong.

ABBY: Not if she got a running start.

PAGE 9, Panel Two

Dewey looks skeptical.

DEWEY: I don't buy it. Plus, she's still wearing one of her heels. If you were gonna

get a running start to jump off the roof, would you keep your heels on?

PAGE 8, Panel Three

Back on both of them, both thinking.

ABBY: Nope. So we can rule that out, too.

ABBY: Was she thrown off the roof?

DEWEY: Thrown... Hm...

PAGE 9, Panel Four

Again on both of them.

ABBY: Maybe two guys? If they're big enough, they could throw her in an arc that would put her on the car.

DEWEY: Yeah, yeah they could.

ABBY: Of course, that still doesn't address the BIG question...

PAGE 9, Panel Five

Pull back for a long shot of the building, as seen from a distance. It's up to you how far we go, and whether or not Abby and Dewey are even visible. I just want a nice shot to close out this scene.

ABBY: ... why the hell was she up here in the first place?

PAGE 10

PAGE 10, Panel One

Cut to a nighttime establishing shot of the hotel in which Boone has a room. It looks something like this, only it's not call the Camlin. Instead, it's called the Excalibur.

<http://static.panoramio.com/photos/original/5154197.jpg>

NO COPY

PAGE 10, Panel Two

Inside Boone's room, he's on his cellphone. He's lying in bed, shirtless. Frame this scene so we can't see his *right* forearm. He can be using his left hand to talk on the phone.

BOONE: Nicole, hey, it's me ... Boone. I know I'm not supposed to use this number unless it's an emergency, and maybe this doesn't qualify, but I don't care.

BOONE: I'm at our usual place, and you're ... well, NOT.

PAGE 10, Panel Three

Boone hesitates, unsure what to say next.

NO COPY

PAGE 10, Panel Four

Again on Boone, talking on the phone.

BOONE: Look, just call me, okay? Let me know everything's all right?

PAGE 10, Panel Five

Boone flips closed his cellphone and looks worried.

BOONE: Dammit.

PAGE 11

PAGE 11, Panel One

Cut to a nighttime shot of Mitch entering his front townhome through the front door. It's a nice, modern building, something like this:

<http://www.vancouver-3bedroom-townhouses.com/listing/image/2569496580.jpg>

NO COPY

PAGE 11, Panel Two

Inside, he's hanging his coat on the coat rack when he hears something upstairs.

SFX / from above: =creeek=

PAGE 11, Panel Three

He climbs the stairs.

MITCH: Babe?

PAGE 11, Panel Four

He goes into the darkened bedroom.

MITCH: Nic, are you still up?

PAGE 11, Panel Five

Push in close on Mitch's shocked reaction as he enters the darkened bedroom. We can't see what he's reacting to.

MITCH: I didn't wake you, did --

PAGE 12

PAGE 12, Panel One

In the bedroom – which is still dark – Mitch sees a man dressed in black (including a black ski mask to cover his face) rummaging through the dresser drawers.

MITCH: Hey!

PAGE 12, Panel Two

The intruder throws one of the drawers – still full of clothes, which go flying everywhere – at Mitch. Mitch doesn't actually need to be in this panel.

NO COPY

PAGE 12, Panel Three

Mitch dodges the thrown drawer, which crashes into the wall next to him, narrowly missing him.

NO COPY

PAGE 12, Panel Four

Mitch lunges at the intruder.

NO COPY

PAGE 12, Panel Five

Mitch tries to punch the intruder, but the intruder easily dodges his attempt.

NO COPY

PAGE 13

PAGE 13, Panel One

The intruder punches Mitch in the face, breaking his glasses right at the bridge of the nose.

MITCH: Nnf!

PAGE 13, Panel Two

Mitch – his nose already starting to bleed – tries to get his hands around the intruder's throat, to choke him.

NO COPY

PAGE 13, Panel Three

The intruder easily breaks Mitch's grip.

NO COPY

PAGE 13, Panel Four

The intruder punches Mitch again.

MITCH: Guh!

PAGE 13, Panel Five

The intruder punches Mitch *again*.

MITCH: Uuh!

PAGE 14

PAGE 14, Panel One

The intruder starts walking down the darkened hallway, ignoring Mitch (who's not even in this shot).

NO COPY

PAGE 14, Panel Two

Back to Mitch, on the floor. He looks like he's in a lot of pain.

NO COPY

PAGE 14, Panel Three

Mitch pulls himself to his feet.

NO COPY

PAGE 14, Panel Four

Mitch hobbles down the hall towards us (the readers).

NO COPY

PAGE 14, Panel Five

Mitch lunges at the intruder again.

NO COPY

PAGE 15

PAGE 15, Panel One

Mitch awkwardly tackles the intruder, who's elbowing Mitch in the face in the process.

MITCH: Enh --

INTRUDER: Uh!

PAGE 15, Panel Two

As Mitch falls to the floor he pulls at the intruder's *right* shirt sleeve.

NO COPY

PAGE 15, Panel Three

Close on the shirt sleeve as it tears, and we see a United States Marine Corp tattoo on the intruder's forearm. The tattoo looks like this:

<http://usmc81.blogspot.com/2007/12/usmc-tattoo-ega-eagle-globe-anchor.html>

NO COPY

PAGE 15, Panel Four

Mitch is on the floor as the intruder kicks him in the stomach.

MITCH: Guh --

PAGE 15, Panel Five

The intruder reacts to the sound of the doorbell ringing.

SFX =DING DONG=

PAGE 16

PAGE 16, Panel One

The intruder rushes through another darkened room (this one looks like a home office, with a desk, bookshelves, etc.). He grabs a closed laptop off the desk as he moves.

NO COPY

PAGE 16, Panel Two

There's a door in the home office that leads to a balcony, and the intruder exits through the door.

NO COPY

PAGE 16, Panel Three

The intruder vaults over the balcony railing.

NO COPY

PAGE 16, Panel Four

Back inside, Mitch pulling himself up onto his feet.

SFX: =DING DONG=

PAGE 16, Panel Five

Mitch walks awkwardly down the stairs.

MITCH: Coming ...

PAGE 17

PAGE 17, Panel One

Mitch opens the door and sees Abby and Dewey, who both look surprised.

DEWEY: Whoa.

ABBY: Mitchell Rafferty?

PAGE 17, Panel Two

On Mitch, who looks very much like he just lost a fight.

MITCH: Are you the police? Did someone hear the fight?

PAGE 17, Panel Three

Back on Abby and Dewey.

ABBY: Fight? Sir, are you all right?

MITCH: Yeah, I'm okay. Come on in.

PAGE 17, Panel Four

All three characters are in the kitchen, with the lights on.

MITCH: So someone called you, right?

ABBY: No, sir. We're here about Nicole Rafferty. Are you Mitchell Rafferty?

MITCH: Yeah, that's me. What about Nicole? She's not here.

PAGE 18

PAGE 18, Panel One

On just Abby.

ABBY: I know, sir. She's ... I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but your wife died earlier tonight.

PAGE 18, Panel Two

Mitch's eyes go wide with shock and disbelief.

NO COPY

PAGE 18, Panel Three

Again on Mitch, still in shock.

MITCH: I ...

MITCH: She ...

MITCH: But ...

PAGE 18, Panel Four

Pull back to a wide shot of the kitchen, with all three of them just standing there in silence. Mitch is in shock, Abby and Dewey are trying to be respectful and let him absorb the information.

NO COPY

PAGE 19

PAGE 19, Panel One

Cut to a wide, nighttime shot of the city.

NO COPY

PAGE 19, Panel Two

The man who attacked Mitch (we'll call him The Intruder) stands in a phone booth, talking on the phone. Keep him hidden in shadow, so we can't get a good look at him.

INTRUDER: I got the laptop.

ELECTRONIC / from phone: Any problems?

INTRUDER: The husband came home. Put up a bit of a fight.

ELECTRONIC / from phone: Is he still in play?

PAGE 19, Panel Three

Another angle on the man in the phone booth. Emphasize his torn sleeve, and his tattoo. But we still don't see his face.

INTRUDER: Yes, sir. We got interrupted by the doorbell. I figured my primary responsibility was to retrieve the laptop.

ELECTRONIC / from phone: No, it's all right. You did the right thing. What about our other problem?

INTRUDER: He's in the wind. But we're working on it.

PAGE 19, Panel Four

Another angle on the man in the phone booth.

ELECTRONIC / from phone: Okay. Bring the laptop in and keep me apprised of any further developments.

INTRUDER: Yes, sir.

PAGE 19, Panel Five

The man walks away from the phone booth, and away from us.

NO COPY

PAGE 20

PAGE 20, Panel One

Cut to a nighttime establishing shot of Mitch's townhome, as established on page 11.

SFX: =DEET DEET=

PAGE 20, Panel Two

Cut inside. We're in the living room now. Mitch is sitting on the couch and Dewey is in another chair, with his notepad open. Abby is leaving the room, pulling her cellphone out of her jacket.

SFX: =DEET DEET=

ABBY: Excuse me, I need to get this.

DEWEY: Go through it for me one more time please, Mr. Rafferty.

PAGE 20, Panel Three

In the hallway, Abby answers her cellphone.

ABBY: Abby Warren.

ELECTRONIC: Abby, this is Simon, from Technical Services. We were working on pulling everything off of Nicole Rafferty's cellphone when a call came in.

ELECTRONIC: We let voice-mail get it, of course. You should hear it. Sounds like it might be from a secret boyfriend or something.

ABBY: Please tell me you traced the call.

PAGE 20, Panel Four

Cut to Simon, a young, skinny Asian guy with glasses. He's on the phone at his computer, and on the computer is Boone's criminal mugshot photograph.

SIMON: You wound me. Of COURSE we traced the call.

SIMON: Caller was a PATRICK BOONE. He's ex-military, and he's got a sheet.

PAGE 20, Panel Five

In close on just Boone's mugshot photo. It's a shot of his head, but he's also holding up his right forearm so that we can see his tattoo – the same exact tattoo as the Intruder.

SIMON / from off: You're gonna want to talk to this guy.

CAPTION: End Part One