

DECEIT

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

DIANE, 42, checks her watch. It's 3:42 p.m.

Loud BEEPS are heard.

Diane runs for the entrance.

The warehouse explodes.

INT. HOSPITAL - THREE DAYS LATER

Diane opens her eyes. She lays in a hospital bed.

CHRISTOPHER, 43, sits in a chair at her bedside. He takes her hand when he sees her eyes open.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey, there you are.

Diane looks at him.

DIANE
Where am I?

CHRISTOPHER
You're in a hospital.

DIANE
Hospital?

Christopher nods his head.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Wha-- What happened?

Christopher furrows his brows.

CHRISTOPHER
You don't remember?

Diane's eyes go wide and she shakes her head.

DIANE
No.

CHRISTOPHER
What's the last thing you remember?

Diane takes a long pause.

DIANE
I don't know.

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)

Diane sits on the couch, papers strewn about on the coffee table in front of her.

Christopher enters. He takes off his coat and lays it across the back of a blue armchair.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey babe, how's it going?

Diane jumps up, her eyes wide.

DIANE
Chris, I'm remembering things.

Christopher cocks an eyebrow.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh really? That's great! What do you remember?

DIANE
I got an email. Someone promising answers about my father's death. But when I went back to look at the email again, it was gone.

Christopher folds his arms across his chest.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Clearly someone is trying to stop me from finding out the truth. Otherwise, why try to take me out? Why delete the email?

Christopher places his hands on her shoulders.

CHRISTOPHER
Di, slow down. There's something you should know.

Christopher gestures towards the couch.

Diane sits with Christopher.

Christopher takes a deep breath.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
I deleted the email.

Diane's eyes narrow.

DIANE
You what? Why would you do that?

Christopher closes his eyes and sighs. He then opens his eyes and looks back at Diane.

CHRISTOPHER
Because you need to let this go.

Diane jerks away from Christopher and stands back up.

DIANE
Who are you to tell me what I need?

Christopher rises slowly.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm the man that loves you and who
is trying to protect you.

Diane shakes her head and runs her fingers through her hair. She turns from Christopher and walks to the door. She stops and turns. She glares at Christopher.

DIANE
You had no right.

CHRISTOPHER
Come on, Di! Looking into this
almost got you blown up!

DIANE
I can't trust you anymore.

Diane opens the door and exits. The door slams behind her.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF CHRISTOPHER'S BUILDING - DAY

Diane's phone BEEPS. She checks it. There is a voicemail notification. She calls her voicemail and listens to the message.

A DEEP, GRAVELLY MAN'S voice speaks.

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)
Diane Baker. I have information
about your father's death. It
wasn't an accident.
(MORE)

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you're curious, ROCCO'S CAFE.
Eight o'clock, tomorrow morning.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLOTTE, 41, sits in an armchair, her legs crossed, a glass of red wine in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

CHARLOTTE
Does she know?

Charlotte's foster brother, BRANDON, 38, stands before her, his arms behind his back. He shakes his head.

BRANDON
She doesn't remember anything.

Charlotte takes a long drag from her cigarette and then blows out the smoke as she eyes him.

CHARLOTTE
Still, watch her. I don't want her digging up things she should know nothing about.

Charlotte takes a swig of her wine.

Brandon nods his head.

EXT. DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

There is a sealed manilla envelope stuffed halfway through the mail slot on her front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Diane walks into her house and sits down on the couch. She opens the envelope and pulls out pictures, along with a file. Diane places the file down next to her on the couch.

She looks at the pictures and gasps. In the picture HER FATHER, 48, sits on a bench next to a YOUNG BLONDE GIRL, 10.

Diane picks up the file and opens it. At the top of the file is a picture of the same young blonde girl who appears in the pictures with her father.

She reads the file. Her jaw drops.

She picks up her phone and dials. It goes straight to voicemail.

DIANE

Hey, it's me, Di. I need to talk to you, it's important. I'm meeting a contact tomorrow morning who's going to give me some answers about my father's death. I'm hoping to speak to you before then. Give me a call when you get this.

Diane hangs up the phone.

INT. ROCCO'S CAFE - DAY

Diane taps her fingers on the table, as she sits in a booth towards the back of the cafe.

WAITRESS, 24, walks up to the table with a pot of coffee in her hand.

WAITRESS

More coffee?

Diane checks her watch. It reads 10:15 a.m. She shakes her head.

DIANE

Just the check, please. Thanks.

INT. KITCHEN - CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diane leans against the counter, her arms folded across her chest, looking at Christopher.

Christopher fixes his coffee and then turns to face Diane. He leans against the same counter. He takes a sip of his coffee.

CHRISTOPHER

What makes you think she had something to do with his death?

DIANE

She knew him, Chris! When she was a little girl, she knew him! Why would she keep that from me when she knows I've been looking into this for years?

Christopher shrugs his shoulders.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know, Di. All the more reason you should leave this alone.

Diane sighs.

DIANE

Chris, I'm so close. All I need is confirmation. Please, Chris, just help me get it.

Christopher shakes his head.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not gonna help you go and get yourself killed. I'm sorry, Di.

Christopher turns and leaves the kitchen.

Diane follows him.

DIANE

At least tell me the contact's name. You're a detective, there's no way you didn't trace the IP address of the email before you deleted it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT'D)

Christopher stops, rolls his eyes and then turns to face Diane. He sighs.

Diane folds her arms across her chest.

DIANE

I'm going to find out, one way or another, with or without you. I'd rather it be with.

CHRISTOPHER

Ronald Watkins.

Diane nods.

DIANE

Thanks, babe.

Christopher shakes his head again.

CHRISTOPHER

Don't thank me. Just please be careful. And don't do anything stupid.

Diane wraps her arms around Christopher and kisses him.

DIANE

I love you.

CHRISTOPHER

I love you, too.

INT. STUDY - RONALD WATKIN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Diane searches the desk with gloved hands. When she finds nothing there, she walks over to the bookcase.

A picture of RONALD WATKINS, 68, and Diane's father sits on the top shelf of the bookcase, both of them in their police uniforms.

Diane moves the picture and then notices the book behind it, which is pulled out a little. Diane grabs the book and opens it.

The pages in the middle of the book have been cut out and there are pictures inside.

The pictures are from the year 2001, twenty years ago. There are pictures of Charlotte meeting with Diane's father in a diner. The twin towers are in the background outside the diner window.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Find anything interesting?

Diane's eyes widen and she drops the pictures. She turns around to see Charlotte pointing a gun at her.

Diane puts her hands up.

DIANE

Why didn't you tell me you knew my father when you were younger?

Charlotte shrugs her shoulders.

CHARLOTTE

There was no reason for you to know. Has nothing to do with you.

DIANE
You killed him, didn't you?

Charlotte smirks.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Why? He helped you!

Charlotte frowns.

CHARLOTTE
He lied to me. Abandoned me. He
promised he'd check in on me, but
he never did.

Diane frowns.

Charlotte's eyes tear up as she gestures to herself with the
gun in her hand.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I went through hell at those foster
homes! And he let it happen!

Christopher suddenly comes up behind Charlotte and tackles
her to the floor. He wrestles the gun from her hand.

The gun slides across the floor.

Charlotte gets up and grabs the lamp from the desk. She hits
Christopher over the head with it.

Christopher falls to the floor, unconscious.

Diane runs to Charlotte's gun and picks it up.

Charlotte strikes Christopher again with the lamp. She raises
her arm to strike him a third time.

CLICK.

Diane points the gun at Charlotte.

Charlotte stands and looks at Diane.

DIANE
You didn't have to kill him.

Charlotte laughs.

CHARLOTTE
You don't have the guts.

Tears fall from Diane's eyes as she pulls the trigger.

There is a loud BANG, BANG.

Charlotte screams and falls to the floor. Blood pools around her as she clutches her abdomen.

Diane walks up to Charlotte and shoots her in the head.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Multiple police cars outside Ronald Watkins' apartment.

-- Diane is arrested for Charlotte's murder.

-- Diane is interrogated by police.

-- Christopher testifies at Diane's arraignment.

-- It is determined that Diane shot Charlotte in defense of Christopher.

-- The charges are dismissed against Diane.

END MONTAGE

INT. NEWS BUILDING - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Diane puts the last of her personal items into a box. She carries the box into an elevator and hits one for the first floor.

EXT. NEWS BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Diane carries the box over to Christopher's dark blue 2019 Chevy Malibu and puts it in the trunk.

Christopher stands next to the driver's side door.

CHRISTOPHER
That everything?

Diane nods.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Sure about taking this sabbatical?

DIANE
Definitely. I need a break.

Christopher nods. He walks to the passenger's side and opens the door.

Diane smiles at him as she climbs into the car. The diamond on her ring sparkles in the sunlight.

CHRISTOPHER

So what are you gonna do now?

Diane shrugs and then smirks.

DIANE

Maybe I'll write a book.

Christopher closes the passenger's side door and then walks over to the driver's side and gets in. He drives off.

END