

LET IT GO

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

This dimly-lit, upscale kitchen has a stairwell and two doors, with a window that looks out over the city lights.

BOBBY BILLOWS, 48, typical, gruff, police detective. Teenage music blares from upstairs. GRACE BILLOWS, 18, headstrong, donning her graduation gown, strolls down the stairs into the kitchen.

BOBBY

Wow, you look amazing.

GRACE

Not just amazing, but smart too.

Grace curtseys. They both laugh. Grace grabs her purse off the counter and she heads for the front door.

BOBBY

Hold on, Grace. I have something for you.

Bobby reaches in his coat pocket and hands Grace a small black box. Grace opens the box to find a ring and reads the engraving.

GRACE

Grace, You'll always be my little girl - Dad.

Grace throws her arms around her dad. She pulls away and wipes a tear from her cheek.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Dad, I'm going to have to fix my makeup.

Bobby points to the lid of the box. Grace pulls out a check. Grace stares at it. Tears stream down her cheek.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't understand. You said I couldn't go to school with Dustin.

Bobby grabs the last of his mixed drink and swigs it down.

BOBBY

You were right. I can't judge Dustin by who his dad is.

Grace jumps up and down. She throws herself at her dad. Bobby stumbles back. They laugh and hug.

GRACE

Oh, I can't wait to tell Dustin.

Bobby puts out his bent elbow. Grace hooks it with her elbow.

BOBBY

Well, shall we then?

They head out the front door.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A typical unmarked police car with a computer, radio, and divider illuminating a soft glow onto Bobby and Grace.

Grace stares at her new ring. She turns to Bobby.

GRACE

What do you think will happen to Dustin's dad?

BOBBY

If he cooperates with internal affairs, he could cut a deal and do the minimum.

GRACE

How long is that?

BOBBY

He's looking at five years.

GRACE

I just don't get it. Why did Luke steal all that money and then try to blame you?

BOBBY

I don't know. I guess he was angry that I was moving to a detective without him.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A busy street lined with parked cars. The entire block is lit up from the lights in the auditorium.

Bobby pulls in an open space near the entrance. Grace bounds out of the car.

BOBBY

What? You're not going to walk in with me?

Grace pauses. She turns to her dad.

GRACE

You're kidding, right?

Bobby steps onto the sidewalk. He chuckles.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm kidding. Go find hi--

Grace runs off.

Bobby checks his watch. He steps around the building. He lights a cigarette. Bobby walks toward Loud VOICES coming from the rear parking lot.

EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The large parking lot is full of cars. The lights from the front of the adjacent football field shine on half of the parking. A few flickering street lights strobe on the other half.

LUKE JOHNSON, 48, former police officer, shouts inaudibly at DUSTIN JOHNSON, 18, athletic-built teen in his graduation gown.

Bobby walks toward them. Luke turns to Bobby.

LUKE

What do you want?

BOBBY

Hey, Dustin, Grace is looking for you.

Dustin lifts his eyes from his feet to his dad.

DUSTIN

Can I go, sir?

LUKE

I'm not done with you yet!

BOBBY

Oh, Luke. I'm sure it can wait till later!

Luke takes a step toward Bobby.

LUKE

Well, I guess the detective has spoken.

Dustin scampers away. Bobby turns his back to Luke. Luke grabs Bobby by the arm. Bobby whips around.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, detective. We need to talk.

BOBBY

I don't have anything to talk to you about.

LUKE

How about you and that little liar of yours thinking you're too good for my Dustin?

BOBBY

What the hell are you rambling about Luke?

Luke cocks his head and grins.

LUKE

Don't play stupid. I know you won't let Grace go to the same school.

Spit sprays Bobby's face. He steps back and shoves Luke away.

BOBBY

You don't know shit!

LUKE

Oh, I do know.

Luke paces in a circle around Bobby. He flails his arms around. Bobby lights a cigarette. He spins at pace with Luke.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I know that you're both liars!

BOBBY

Don't fucking do this.

LUKE

Do what? Tell the truth, just like you told the truth.

BOBBY

What the fuck did you expect? You set me up!

LUKE

I expected my partner to keep his promise and have my back!

BOBBY

And what, take the rap for you?

LUKE

They didn't have shit on you! All you had to do is keep your mouth shut!

Luke stops. He raises his fist. Bobby throws down his cigarette. He steps toward Luke.

Luke lowers his fist at the sound of high heels CLICKING behind him.

GRACE

Hey, have either of you seen Dustin?

BOBBY

He's looking for you. Go back to the school!

GRACE

Is everything okay?

Bobby grabs Grace by the hand and pulls her away from Luke.

BOBBY

Yeah, let's go find Dustin.

Luke lunges forward. He grabs Grace's arm. Luke yanks her away from Bobby. He pulls her back. He backs them against a car.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Luke! What the hell are you doing?

LUKE

Back the fuck up!

Luke wraps his arm around Grace's chest and pulls her tight. He pulls a revolver out from his waist band and aims it at Bobby.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Your little angel isn't such an angel, after all.

BOBBY

What?

GRACE  
Dad, please!

BOBBY  
Luke, let her go! This is nuts!

Bobby inches forward. Luke turns the gun onto Grace.

LUKE  
Stop! Throw down your gun.

Bobby reaches underneath his suit and retrieves his service revolver. He tosses it to the ground.

BOBBY  
Now let her go!

LUKE  
Go ahead, Grace, tell daddy what  
you and Dustin have been hiding.

Luke drags Grace forward. He aims the gun at Bobby. Grace pulls at Luke's arm. Applause and music BOOM from the auditorium. Luke flinches.

Grace breaks free, but falls to the ground. She immediately stands and scurries away.

Bobby drops down. He grabs his gun and aims it at Luke. Luke disappears behind a car. Bobby looks back at Grace.

BOBBY  
You okay?

Grace hunches between two cars. Bobby follows Luke, gun drawn. Grace screams. Bobby turns around. Luke holds Grace in his grasp.

LUKE  
You see, Bobby. I have always been  
a better cop.

Luke scuffles away from Bobby. He tightens his grip on Grace. Bobby lowers his gun slightly.

BOBBY  
Okay. Okay. Just let Grace go.  
She's got nothing to do with this.

Luke shuffles his gun from Grace to Bobby.

LUKE

Oh, that's where you're wrong. Do you really think I'm going to let you raise my grandchild?

Bobby freezes. He lowers his gun to his side.

BOBBY

Wha, what did you say?

Luke laughs a crazed laugh.

LUKE

And you call yourself a detective.

GRACE

I'm sorry, Dad.

Luke holds his gun to Grace's head.

LUKE

Whoa. Be careful, Bobby. I have your whole world in my hands.

Bobby hesitates then tosses his gun to the ground.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I warned that coward son of mine that if he didn't leave her, something terrible would happen.

Grace cries hysterically. Bobby shuffles forward. He holds his hands in the air.

LUKE (CONT'D)

This works better, anyways. I lose my freedom, and you lose your Grace!

BOBBY

Come on, Luke, you don't want to hurt Grace. Look I can talk to internal affairs--get you a softer sentence or something

Luke aims his gun at Bobby. He shakes it up and down.

LUKE

Don't fucking insult me! I know that I'm going away for life! I'm a fucking cop for christ's sake.



The auditorium door SLAMS. Luke looks away from Bobby. Bobby leaps forward. He grabs the gun. Grace is knocked to the ground. Footsteps run up behind. Dustin pulls Grace away.

Bobby braces the gun in the air. He punches Luke in the kidney. Luke doubles over.

Luke stands up and headbutts Bobby. Bobby tackles Luke to the ground. The gun flies out of Luke's hand. Luke rolls on top of Bobby. He punches him in the face.

Bobby tosses Luke to the side and rolls away. Luke jumps up. He reaches for the gun. Bobby grabs Luke's leg and pulls him to the ground. Luke kicks at Bobby's face.

Luke crawls to the gun. Luke sits up. He aims the gun at Bobby. A SHOT rings out. Luke falls to the ground. Bobby turns to Grace. Dustin aims Bobby's gun at Luke.

INT. MCNEIL PRISON - DAY - TEN YEARS LATER

Bobby enters a standard visiting room lined with stalls. Prisoners in orange jumpsuits on one side and men and women in street clothes on the other.

Bobby sits on a metal stool. Luke enters the room in handcuffs. A correction officer sits Luke on a metal stool facing Bobby. He cuffs one of Luke's hands to a metal bar.

Bobby picks up the phone on the counter. Luke picks up his phone.

BOBBY

How are you doing?

LUKE

I'm good. How's Faith?

BOBBY

She's getting big. Did you get the pictures I sent?

LUKE

Yeah, thank you. So what's up?

BOBBY

Well, I spoke to your attorney.

LUKE

I'm sorry, man. I told them not to call you.

Bobby holds up a legal document to the window. Luke reads it. His eyes fill with tears.

BOBBY

You won't be free-- but you'll be able to meet your granddaughter.

LUKE

Thank you.

BOBBY

It's not for you. It's for Dustin and Faith.

Bobby stands to leave. He walks a few steps. He comes back and picks up the phone.

LUKE

Yeah.

BOBBY

You were a good cop. I wish things had turned out different.

LUKE

Thanks. Me too.

BOBBY

Take care.

Bobby leaves.

INSERT - LEGAL DOCUMENT, which reads:

"Luke Johnson approved for immediate transfer to a minimum-security psychiatric hospital."

End