

THE HERALD

Written by

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INT. SHADOWED ROOM - DAY

Two shadowed male profiles speak into cellphones.

MAN #1 speaks in Polish.

MAN 1

We found her. She's the-

MAN 2

-one we've been looking for. I know  
time is of the essence.

The two men speak at once.

MAN 1

She'll come one way or  
another.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

She'll come one way or  
another.

INT. BRANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BRANDY, 26, rolls up the last of her clothes and stuffs them in the worn bookbag sitting on the pullout couch. She flips through various identifications at the bottom of the bag and selects one.

Sliding the ID in the pocket of her jeans laying on the bed, she peels off several bills from the stacks stuffed between the clothes. She stashes some bills in her bra, some in the waistband of her thong, covering an entwined triple moon birthmark on her hip. The rest goes in her jeans' pocket.

Zippering and locking the bag, she slides into the jeans and T-shirt waiting on the bed.

Walking to the bathroom, she dons a short, mousy-brown wig.

Returning to the main room, she slips on a zip-up hoodie, grabs her bookbag, and peers through the peephole.

When she is sure the coast is clear, she grabs something off the table next to the door and steps out. Locking the door, she spans a single piece of wet hair across the door and jamb, an arm's length above the lock.

Bending low, she places another piece of hair at the bottom of the door spanning the door and jamb.

Checking her security measures, she shoulders her bag, surveys the hall, one last time, then heads down the stairs, and out the building.

INT. AQUARIUM - DAY

Brandy watches as a lionfish expands, displaying its spines to the kids with their faces pressed up against the glass.

Laughing at their squeals of delight, she meanders towards the penguin enclosure.

A jab in her left kidney halts her steps.

Heavy, European broken English whispers in her ear.

LEOPOLD  
No scream nor run.

LEOPOLD KRAMER, late 40s, Polish, grabs her left arm with his left hand. The gun, held in his right hand, digs deeper into her kidney

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)  
Walk calm to car.

Brandy, face pale, eyes wide, nods.

Her eyes dart left then right.

The security guard herds the children into the theater.

The man's grip tightens on her arm, pulling her closer.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)  
Don't even think it.

Brandy swallows as her shaky hand reaches for the exit door handle.

Leopold pushes her through.

EXT. AQUARIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lifting her hand, Brandy shields her eyes against the bright sunlight.

Leopold jabs her with the gun.

LEOPOLD  
Move. To car.

BRANDY  
What are you going to do to me?

LEOPOLD

That depends on how much you love  
daughter.

Brandy whirls on him. Shock and fury war on her face.

BRANDY

Leave her out of this. She has  
nothing to do with this.

Leopold laughs, tightens his grip.

LEOPOLD

You think you cross Mr. Kemény and  
no suffer consequences?

BRANDY

I... I...

He shakes her.

LEOPOLD

Save lies. Mr. Kemény want hear  
them.

She struggles against his grip.

BRANDY

Let me go!

LEOPOLD

Struggle all you want. You come wit  
me, one way or other.

He drags her down a row of parked cars. A sedan pulls up in  
front of them.

PIPER, 25, leans over to look out the passenger window and  
address the couple.

PIPER

Excuse me. Can you tell me is this  
the South or North entrance? I'm  
supposed to pick up my husband...

Leopold leans down, glares at the woman interrupting him.

LEOPOLD

No. Go awa..

Something hard CRACKS against the base of Leopold's skull.

He releases his grip on Brandy's arm as he falls to the  
ground unconscious.

Brandy turns to run.

A beefy arm encased in leather grabs her around the waist and tosses her in the back of the sedan.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Brock, 26, Brandy's unknown triplet brother, dives in.

He slams the car door shut and yells at Piper.

BROCK

Drive!

The car squeals out of the lot.

Brock turns to Brandy frantically trying to open the other passenger door.

Grabbing her hands he pulls them away from the door and turns her so she's looking at him.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid. My name is Brock Redwing.

With one hand in the air, he slips two fingers in his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He tosses it to her.

Brandy opens it, reading the identification.

BRANDY

Atlantic City Police? What do you want with me?

BROCK

Your sister needs your help.

Brandy shakes her head.

BRANDY

I don't have a sister.

Brock grins.

BROCK

Actually, you do. And a brother. Me.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Brandy and Brock sit across from each other at a picnic table. Brandy has discarded the wig. Her curly, chocolate brown hair drapes across her shoulders, brushing her cheek with the occasional breeze.

Piper sits in the car, talking on her cell phone. She leans over and adjusts the volume on the police band radio sitting on the seat next to her.

BRANDY

So, let me get this straight.

Brandy stands and begins to pace.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I'm a triplet, whose parents died. To make it easier to adopt us, we were separated. No one was told we were triplets.

Brock nods.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Brooke, my... our sister is dying and needs a bone marrow transplant within the next 72 hours. But you can't donate because you had scarlet fever when you were younger and that could kill her. Did I get it all?

BROCK

Except for the fact that you're her last hope, yes.

Brandy shakes her head.

BRANDY

No. You're wrong. You've got the wrong woman. This is not my life.

Brock reaches into his wallet and pulls out a photo. He holds it out to Brandy.

BROCK

This is Brooke.

Brandy sits back down, takes the photo, and studies it.

BRANDY

This is me, but not me. Her eyes are different.

Brandy traces the faces with her finger.

BROCK

That's your sister and her husband  
at their wedding.

Brandy hands him the photo.

BRANDY

It's a beautiful picture of the  
three of you.

BROCK

So you'll help her?

Brandy gnaws on her thumbnail. Her eyes track from Brock to  
Piper back Brock.

BRANDY

No.

She stands and walks towards the car.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Mind if I get my bag? I've gotta  
go.

Brock grabs her arm, halting her progress.

BROCK

Why not? Go where?

BRANDY

Let go of me!

Brock releases her.

BROCK

I'm sorry.

BRANDY

You abduct me in the middle of a  
public parking lot and expect me to  
fly off to Atlantic City with you  
just on your word and a picture  
that you could have doctored with  
any half descent photoshop program.  
I'm not that gullible.

BROCK

What you are is scared and running.

BRANDY

How dare you! You don't know me or anything about me.

BROCK

I know you're supposed to be in Witness Protection. But due to a leak in WitSec your identity was compromised and now you're on the run for your life.

BRANDY

If you know all that, you know who is after me and how dangerous it is for me to be in any one place or near anybody.

BROCK

I'm not just anybody. I'm your brother.

BRANDY

Says you.

BROCK

You want DNA to prove it? Take the test to see if you're a match for Brooke. That'll be your proof.

Brandy throws up her hands and stalks away.

BROCK (CONT'D)

What?

Brandy whirls on him.

BRANDY

It's funny how you happened to show up at the perfect time with this story about my long lost family and how you and your friend-

She gestures to the car.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

-are going to protect me. Keep me safe.

She steps up to his face.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Who do you really work for? FBI? CIA? NSA? Homeland?

BROCK

I really work for Atlantic City  
Police. I really am your brother.

Brandy makes a rude noise and steps back. She spears her  
hair.

BRANDY

I'm not buying it. It's too  
coincidental. The same day one of  
Kemény's goons tries to kidnap me,  
and threatens my daughter, you save  
me and decide to hand me all of my  
dreams on a silver platter for the  
small price of my bone marrow.

Brock's eyes narrow.

BROCK

What daughter?

A sound between a PFFT and a laugh escapes Brandy's lips.

BRANDY

Didn't your handlers tell you about  
her? Hmmm. You G-men must be  
slipping. Kemény knew about her.

BROCK

Where is she?

BRANDY

Safe.

BROCK

Not if Kemény knows about her.  
He'll try to get her to use as  
leverage against you.

BRANDY

He already has and failed. She's  
protected from everyone, including  
government drones like you.

Brock groans and spears his hair in the exact same manner  
Brandy did moments before.

BROCK

How many times do I have to tell  
you? I'm not with any agency. I'm  
your brother.

BRANDY

You can say it until the cows learn to two step. I'm not buying it.

Brandy turns from him and walks to the car.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, I'll take my bag and get out of here.

Brock follows her.

BROCK

Your birthmark.

Brandy's hand freezes on the door handle. Her eyes wide with shock.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You have a birthmark on the crest of your hip. It looks like three moons intertwined.

Brandy swallows, sets her face, then turns and glares at him.

BRANDY

No, I don't.

Brock discards his jacket, unbuttons the first four buttons of his shirt. Pulling the shirt to one side, he shows her his birthmark. The mark is exactly as he described it.

BROCK

You don't have a birthmark that looks like this?

Brandy stares at the birthmark. Her hand reaches out ready to trace it. An inch from his skin she jerks her hand back.

Closing her eyes, she whispers.

BRANDY

It doesn't matter. It's too dangerous. No one else dies because of me.

Brock readjusts his shirt.

BROCK

They won't find you. Piper and I will protect you.

BRANDY

Why?

BROCK  
Because you're my sister and I  
protect my family.

BRANDY  
Why would Piper do it? What's in it  
for her?

Piper steps up behind Brandy.

PIPER  
Brock and I have been friends for  
years. His family is my family.

Brandy whirls to face Piper.

Brandy makes a sound of disbelief.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
If nothing else, think of it this  
way. You get a day of not looking  
over your shoulder, waiting for an  
attack. That's our job now.

BRANDY  
They'll come for me.

PIPER  
Who?

BRANDY  
Everyone.

Brock pulls his Sig Sauer from its holster, checks the clip,  
and replaces it.

BROCK  
Let them come. We'll be waiting.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE BROOKE'S ROOM - NEXT  
DAY

Brock, Brandy, Myles, and Piper stand outside watching as  
doctors and nurse race into Brooke's room.

The cardiac monitor reads erratic peaks.

Brooke's body flops in the bed.

The monitor shows a flat line.

Brooke's body flops again.

A small blip pops up on the screen.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL, OUTSIDE BROOKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brock, Brandy, Myles, and Piper talk to the DOCTOR. Brock, Myles, and Piper stand together supporting each other.

Brandy leans on the door jamb, only half listening to what the doctor says.

DOCTOR

Heart stopped. Going again.  
Responding to treatment. Transplant  
once stabilized. Next 24 hours.

Brandy walks down the hall and out of the hospital.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NEXT DAY

Brandy leans against the railing staring at the ocean waves slapping at the sandy shore.

WINFRED KEMÉNY, 55, rotund, approaches from the left.

A GEEKY looking man, 28, approaches from the right. In his hand is a tablet computer.

The two men lean on the railing, flanking Brandy.

KEMÉNY

It unwise to come alone.

Brandy turns her head to look Kemény in the eye.

BRANDY

Unlike you, who can't go anywhere  
without at least three guards?  
Where are the other two? Hiding?

Kemény smiles, shrugs.

KEMÉNY

Where's my property?

Brandy turns her back on the geeky man and faces Kemény.

BRANDY

What assurances do I get if I give  
it to you?

KEMÉNY

What you want?

BRANDY

My freedom. I want your word that you'll leave me and my family alone to live our lives in peace.

KEMÉNY

What I get in return?

BRANDY

The master drive and all the copies.

KEMÉNY

If don't agree?

BRANDY

The Feds will receive an anonymous e-mail within an hour with enough information to bury you and your entire family for the next century.

KEMÉNY

How I know you not give them already?

BRANDY

You're standing here talking to me.

Kemény's eyes bore into hers.

Brandy returns his stare.

KEMÉNY

Where's information?

BRANDY

Do we have a deal?

Kemény nods and replies in Polish.

KEMÉNY

Yes.

BRANDY

Your word?

Kemény nods.

Brandy pulls out a thumbdrive.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Everything you need is right here.

The geeky man takes the drive and plugs it into the tablet.

Brandy slowly creeps from between the two men.

On the tablet screen, a jumble of colored lines and waves appear, followed by a laughing Jolly Roger icon.

The geeky man swears in Polish and reports.

GEEKY MAN

It trick.

Brandy salutes Kemény, turns, and runs.

Kemény pulls out his Magnum as federal agents pop up from various hiding places, shouting, and surround them.

KEMÉNY

Bitch!

He fires one shot.

Brandy falls.

A volley of bullets pummel Kemény. He tumbles to the ground.

Brock races to Brandy's side, screaming.

BROCK

No. Brandy.

He flips her over and presses on the hole in her side.

Brandy reaches up to touch Brock's face. Her voice is weak.

BRANDY

Save Brooke. Keep me alive long enough to save her.

BROCK

Hang in there. The EMTs are here.

He steps back to make room for the EMTs.

Brandy croaks out his name.

BRANDY

Brock. Keep in touch with my daughter. Give her the video. It's in the Cloud. One for all of you. You are the key.

BROCK

Just be quiet and let them work.

Brandy moves the oxygen mask the EMT placed over her mouth.

BRANDY

I'm sorry I gave you such a hard  
time at first.

She gasps as they load her on a gurney and into the  
ambulance.

Brock follows.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy turns her head to find Brock.

He moves into her field of vision as the EMT works.

She holds out her hand. He takes it.

BRANDY

Thank you for being just as  
stubborn as I am. Thank you for  
introducing me to the family I  
never knew, but always wanted.

She coughs, takes a deep drag of oxygen. Her voice is weaker.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry our time together  
couldn't have been longer.

The EKG monitor flatlines.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY HOSPITAL - BROOKE'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Myles sits in the bed with a crying Brooke.

Brock and Piper sit in the visitor chairs.

BROOKE

Why wasn't she protected?

BROCK

She was. Kemény used armor piercing  
rounds. They tore right through her  
vest. Shredded her liver, according  
to the doctors.

Brock shakes his head.

BROCK (CONT'D)

If we weren't a block away when she flatlined, the doctors weren't sure they would have been able to harvest her bone marrow for you.

BROOKE

I don't care about the bone marrow. I want my sister.

She pounds on the bed.

BROCK

You think I don't? We did everything to protect her. This was her choice. She left you the greatest gift she could. Life.

PIPER

And her daughter.

Brooke looks at Piper inquiringly.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Before she died she left a series of videos for the two of you and her daughter. Her hope was that the three of you would become the family she never had.

Brooke wipes her eyes, leans on Myles.

BROCK

When you're released, I figured we'd go see her. Get to know her.

Brooke nods.

BROOKE

I think I would like that. For us and for Brandy.

Brock nods.

BROCK

For Brandy.