

To Save A Child

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OPEN ON:

EXT. A ROW OF SUBURBAN HOUSES -- EVENING

Three perfectly, identically decorated McMansions bask in the bliss of suburban fortress America, with tiny American flags by the doors, picturesque snow-covered lawns out front, and little paper bags aglow with candles curbside. A van, with a cartoon general and the words "Gen. Eric Services" sits in the driveway of the middle house.

ZOOM IN:

EXT. THE DECOY HOUSE -- EVENING

A slow zoom-in begins on that house in the middle, as a deadly serious newsman voice intones:

ROD (O.S.)

Bucks County, Pennsylvania. A good place to raise your kids. And, for child molesters, a bleeding ground. Bleeding?

JEFF (O.S.)

Keep rolling.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A six-man, three-camera team crowds a spacious kitchen. We see ROD SINCLAIR, a 40ish, All-American looking reporter in a business suit, through one of the cameras. The time stamp, "8:56 PM. 12/24/07," is on the screen.

ROD

Fuck!

(To himself)

You can do this! Peter Pedophile put his prick in Precocious Paulie's precious pants. Peter Pedophile put his prick -

Slick 20-something producer JEFF WOLFSON steps into the frame.

JEFF

Hey, don't worry about it. We've got two coming tonight, and at least ten minutes until the first one.

ROD

Jesus, who wrote this shit? How about you throw in some other impossible phrases?

JEFF

I - I'm sorry, you're right. Say whatever you think is appropriate. Ready and...go.

Jeff exits the frame.

ROD

Child predators! Where could they be lurking?

(Dramatically opens and closes a cabinet)

Anywhere! Right now, in this affluent Philadelphia suburb, a 40-year-old middle school teacher named William Brockman is on his way to meet who he believes to be a young teenage girl. For what happens, keep watching television's hottest proactive news program - Rod Sinclair presents: Rod Sinclair's *To Save A Child*.

JEFF (O.S.)

Poetry!

ROD

This fucking guy better show.

JEFF (O.S.)

He will.

ROD

Berleman would love an excuse to replace us with more of that hard news bullshit. Another *Where The In The World is Osama Bin Laden* special. Christ! I'd rather watch public television.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

ROSS and MATT, two young A/V geeks watch Rod live on monitors in the crowded, wire-filled van. Ross, typing furiously, sighs audibly and shakes his head.

ROSS

He gets more out of rape than the rapists.

MATT

I like the scent of desperation. Or is that chocolate?

ROSS

You want desperate? Check this guy out.

MATT

Where are you?

ROSS

The Lord of the Rings chatroom.

(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm a 13-year-old elf princess.
"Wally" is 56. We've only been
chatting an hour. Look at these.

Matt reacts with disgust to off-screen nude photos.

ROSS (CONT'D)

He calls it Gandalf the Grey. I'm
guessing those are the Two Towers.
The best part is that his IP puts
him in the neighborhood. What luck.

MATT

That reminds me, you'll love this.
Do you know what Sinclair was doing
ten years ago?

ROSS

Some game show, right?

MATT

It was the revival of *Press Your
Luck*. Found this on YouTube.

On the monitors, the two watch a disastrous clip featuring
Rod amid the obnoxious blinking lights and 70s pastel colors
of the old *Press Your Luck* set, with two contestants, one an
over-excited housewife and the other a flannel-clad GRUNGE
KID.

GRUNGE KID

No whammy. No whammy. No whammy.
Ah, [Bleep] it. This show sucks
balls.

The kid walks off the set as the camera lingers on Rod's
stunned face. Matt and Ross laugh hysterically.

CUT TO:

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door to the van slides open and two men look into the
van as the A/V guys clam up. The first man is the short,
paunchy town sheriff JACOB YOUNG, 59. Behind him is the
towering ROBERT BUCHARSON, 60, dressed in dark pants and a
black shirt with a fire-colored dragon silhouette on one
sleeve. He is the head of *Shameless Justice*; on his chest
is their fire-colored, block letter logo.

ROBERT

Gentlemen, I hope we're still on
task.

MATT AND ROSS

Yes, sir.

MATT

Ross and I think there are some issues with lighting the angle in front of the garage.

Staring down Matt and Ross, Robert addresses the Sheriff.

ROBERT

Well, Sheriff, make sure you give us enough time to set up a spotlight after you take this guy down.

SHERIFF YOUNG

We'll do our best, sir.

He looks over at an unmarked police car parked halfway down the street and gives two big thumbs up.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Two suburban cops, OFFICER TELL and OFFICER JOSEPHS, with nothing to do. They sit there, sipping coffee.

OFFICER TELL

Merry fucking Christmas.

OFFICER JOSEPHS

You ever think that maybe Santa is into kids?

OFFICER TELL

That'd explain the gifts.

OFFICER JOSEPHS

Pervert.

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jeff, Rod, and the camera crew sit in the gorgeous kitchen, its expansive marble countertops and wood paneling sparkling under the lights, killing time. Jeff's Blackberry plays a muzak version of "I Saw Her Standing There," and he takes it out of its holster to look.

JEFF

Oooh! The new opening is finished.

ROD

You got it on there?

JEFF

Yeah.

ROD

Let's see it.

Rod and Jeff gather around the tiny screen.

CUT TO:

THE BLACKBERRY SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

A montage set to dramatic orchestral music announcing an important television program.

In a green tint, a split-screen shows three different internet sex offenders entering three different homes, as though we are watching them through a night-vision rifle scope. James Bond-type elements, with dancing silhouettes and floating balls of lava lamp fluid, fill the screen. The silhouette of a smallish child, holding his face in his hands, is in the middle of the screen; another silhouetted figure swings on a rope and scoops the child up to safety.

One man, with a mustache and a dirty white t-shirt stands in an empty kitchen. A haze of smoke (from a small smoke bomb) begins to form next to him. Rod leaps out of the smoke, frightening him with an exclamation of "I'm Rod Sinclair!"

A Latino man in a button-down shirt looks around another empty kitchen, as Rod rises up into the frame as though on an invisible lift, repeating his line.

Next, a third sex offender, fat and bald, sits at a kitchen table. The door of the oven to his side opens and Rod climbs out, wearing an apron, holding a roast, and again yelling "I'm Rod Sinclair!"

The screen goes black, then Rod appears against the bare background, arms folded and all-business, as he holds a stamp and slams it directly into the camera. The text reads "Rod Sinclair Presents: Rod Sinclair's *To Save A Child*: EXTREME EDITION."

CUT TO:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ROD

If that doesn't boost the ratings, I don't know what will.

JEFF

A salute to the troops?

Rod pauses, appearing to actually consider the idea. He looks up.

ROD

Can we do something with that skylight?

Before Jeff can answer, ANNA LOGAN, a beautiful, 18 year-old wanna be actress whose first major gig is as bait tonight, anxiously walks over.

ANNA

Mr. Wolfson?

JEFF

You can call me, Jeff, Anna.

ROD

And me, Rod.

Rod places his elbow on the counter, feigning casual. It slips off and hits the edge. He cradles it, while trying to act cool.

ANNA

I was just wondering if we could go over my lines again.

JEFF

Sure! Sure...sit down.

ROD

Sit here.

Jeff points to a chair next to him, while Rod points to the countertop directly in front of him. Anna pulls up a chair from the kitchen table instead.

ANNA

I've been working on them a couple different ways.

(Clears her throat.)

"I'll be right down! I made some punch for you!" "I just got out of the shower! Have some fresh cookies!" "Oooh, I'm all wet. Nibble on my treats before I come."

ROD AND JEFF

(answering immediately
in unison)

The last one.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff and Robert sit behind Matt and Ross, going over some last minute details. On the monitors behind Matt and Ross, Rod is practicing repelling down from the skylight.

SHERIFF YOUNG

You got that chat transcript there?

ROBERT

Of course - Matt, could you?

Matt, irritated, begins to read the transcript in an unenthusiastic monotone.

MATT

HARDASABROCK - that's him: "Oh. Baby. I want to fuck you so hard. Right in the fuckhole. And then other places." FOXYFOURTEEN - that's us -

SHERIFF YOUNG

Your screen name is FoxyFourteen?

MATT

FuckMeFourteen was taken, and FoxyRodSinclair seemed a bit obvious. And also was taken.

ROBERT

Ross, could you do the other part? I want the Sheriff to understand the depth of what we're dealing with.

Ross clears his throat and quickly closes his eyes, a mock "getting into character" moment.

ROSS

Ahem...line?

MATT

HARDASABROCK: Right in the fuckhole. And then other places.

Ross does his part in a high-pitched shriek. Robert closes his eyes, salivating slightly during the exchange.

ROSS

FOXYFOURTEEN: You really want me bad?

MATT

HARDASABROCK: That's right.

ROSS

FOXYFOURTEEN: Really?

MATT

HARDASABROCK: Really.

ROSS

FOXYFOURTEEN: Really?

MATT

HARDASABROCK: Really.

Robert sucks in his saliva and snaps back to reality, a second too slow.

ROBERT

Scumbag.

The Sheriff straightens up, brushing crumbs off of his shirt.

SHERIFF YOUNG

This is heavy stuff. Be front page news for weeks. We haven't seen anything like this here. Not ever.

ROBERT

Well, today's your lucky day, Sheriff. Today you're the hero.

SHERIFF YOUNG

I was wondering when I'd be the hero!

ROBERT

Uh huh.

The Sheriff, excited, goes on, oblivious.

SHERIFF YOUNG

Matter of fact, last arrest we had was for trespassing. Jim Peterson over there on Spider Street snuck onto his neighbor's yard to watch the paint on his house dry. That was back in, lemme see, '98, I believe. Man, that was some paint.

Awkward silence.

SHERIFF YOUNG (CONT'D)

Hell, my gun's filled with Gatorade.
(Shakes it to demonstrate)

Matt notices some movement on the monitor showing the angle on the street. He elbows Ross and points to it.

MATT

(to Ross)
Ross - check that out.

ROSS

We've got incoming.

SHERIFF YOUNG

Shit.
(On his walkie-talkie)
Positions.

The Sheriff quietly squirts some Gatorade into his mouth with his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

JEFF

He's here!

ANNA

Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod.

ROD
 (pumping himself up)
 No whammy, no whammy, no whammy,
 child molester!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER TELL
 Uh, Jake...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

MATT
 Oh, fuck.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN -- LATER

There is a crisis. Rod, Jeff, the Sheriff, Robert, Anna and the camera crew are gathered in the kitchen.

ROD
 What made you think that a 14 year
 old girl would be sexually interested
 in you?

He addresses the question not to the 40-year-old man they thought they were going to nail, but to a 14-year-old boy, the chubby, slightly nebbish JOEY BROCKMAN. He sits, eating cookies as he speaks.

JOEY
 I just figured...you
 know...like...those shows...

ROBERT
 But what they - those men - what
 they are doing is wrong, Joey.
 Morally reprehensible and wrong.

JOEY
 She seemed impressed on the internet.
 Really impressed. And then she left
 me that voicemail...I thought maybe
 if I showed up and I wasn't 40, she'd
 still like me.

Silence.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 So, that's why I rode my bike. Did
 she really make these cookies?
 They're delicious!

ROD
Jesus Christ, kid. Jesus Christ.

SHERIFF YOUNG
Does your dad know you signed him up
for AOL to go into those chat rooms?

Underneath this conversation, Rod and Jeff quietly scheme.

ROD
(whispering)
How many cameras are there tonight?

JEFF
Our three, plus Bucharson's 2.

ROD
We need to get the tapes.

JEFF
What?

ROD
Can you imagine if those vultures at
Dateline see this? That dickless
slab of concrete Stone Phillips? We
need to destroy the tapes.

JEFF
I can get ours. What about Shameless
Justice?

ROD
It's our money.
(to Robert)
Robert, can I talk to you privately?

JOEY
Um, Mr. Sinclair, I just want to
say, I'm a big fan. Do you think
you could sign this for me?

Joey holds out a vinyl record cover. In bright colors, it
reads: "The Host of *PRESS YOUR LUCK* Rod Sinclair Presents:
Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* as Read by Rod Sinclair."

CUT TO:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rod and Robert stand stiffly, each man staring down the other.

ROD
We pay for all of this. The tapes
are mine. Give them to me.

ROBERT
I can't give those up.
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We owe these to the world - to show the public how victimized these children are, exploited once by godless, sex-crazed fiends and exploited again by the media.

ROD

The media? That's rich. This is a two-way street. Without me, you'd still be hurling Bibles at Democrats.

ROBERT

And without me - without Shameless Justice - you'd still be hosting *Try Your Luck*. At 4 am.

ROD

It's prime-time in Guam! And it's *Press Your Luck*, you fascist!

ROBERT

Give my best to Chuck Woolery.

Rod adjusts his tie, fixes his hair, and then lunges for him. They roll on the ground in a pathetic wrestling match.

ROD

Give me the tapes you son of a bitch!

ROBERT

Over my cold, dead body.

EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER JOSEPHS

How old was that kid, you think?
12? 13?

OFFICER TELL

Something like that.

OFFICER JOSEPHS

(sighs)
God. A 13-year-old child molester.
Really makes you think.

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff paces back and forth while Jeff and Joey talk. Anna sits next to Joey, comfortingly.

JEFF

Is this what we're talking about?
Is this something you're planning to go forward with, Joey?

JOEY

It's all I can do. I have to. My friends have all -

The Sheriff stops pacing.

SHERIFF YOUNG

(to Jeff)

You son of a bitch. You pick towns where we'd rather be ticketing teenagers who roll through stop signs, and then you draft us into these...clusterfucks.

JEFF

Excuse me, Sheriff, you were free to say "No" at any time.

SHERIFF YOUNG

And tell the county supervisor what? That we don't care about sex offenders? That we just gave up a chance to show where all that tax money for new equipment went? You know what happened when that Native American fellow filmed one of the deleted scenes of "The Village" here? Tourism tripled!

Jeff stands and takes a deep breath. He motions to the Sheriff to go to the other room.

JEFF

(gesturing towards
Joey)

Anna, could you...

ANNA

Could I - what?

JEFF

Well, just talk to him.

Jeff and Sheriff Young exit the room. Anna looks nervously at Joey.

ANNA

So, um, do you like reality shows, Joey?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ross continues his chatroom work; Matt bounces a tennis ball.

ROSS

What's better? Moist or wet?

MATT

What's the context?

ROSS

My 13-year-old vagina.

MATT

Moist. It's classier.

ROSS

Thought so.

(Pauses for a moment)

What's another word for clitoris?

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In their wrestling match, Robert now has Rod in a headlock.

ROBERT

From here, you look like Mike
Wallace's colon.

ROD

I'll kill you!

Jeff and Sheriff Young enter and break it up.

JEFF

Whoa! What the hell is going on
here, Rod? I expect this shit out
of Diane Sawyer but not you.

ROD

You're right. I'm sorry.

JEFF

Listen, forget the tapes. We've got
a bigger situation on our hands.

ROBERT

What are you talking about?

SHERIFF YOUNG

The kid's gonna go public.

Rod lets out a high-pitched gasp. Jeff tries to hold him.

SHERIFF YOUNG (CONT'D)

What the hell do you people get paid
for? You couldn't have figured out
you were luring in a goddamn teenager?
This is not what I was promised!
You showed me a surveillance van!

ROBERT

Back off, Sheriff. I'll snap my
fingers and have this town brimming
with so many protesters you'd think
queers were performing abortions on
Easter.

SHERIFF YOUNG

But, but.

(He composes himself)

Listen, he's done the math.

(MORE)

SHERIFF YOUNG (CONT'D)
 He's 14, Anna's 18, we're all older
 than that.

ROBERT
 I don't understand.

SHERIFF YOUNG
 Under state law, part of what it is
 included in felony attempted lewd or
 lascivious battery is setting up
 meetings or using sexually explicit
 language with a minor...

ROBERT
 I know that - it's the law these
 freaks get charged with.

JEFF
 Yeah, and it's the law we broke when
 Joey entered this house. And he
 knows it.

ROBERT
 So, in other words...

ROD
 We're fucked.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER JOSEPHS
 What do you think they're doing in
 there?

OFFICER TELL
 Well, they sure as hell ain't playing
 cards.

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Anna are playing "War," as the camera crew drink
 themselves into a stupor.

JOEY
 1, 2, 3, War.

ANNA
 Oh! You win again!

Their eyes connect.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Joey, I'm really sorry you got caught
 up in this.

JOEY
 Me too.

ANNA

But, don't you think you could be a little easier on Rod and everyone? They were just trying to do what they thought was right.

JOEY

I know. It's like, all the boys in school have already had girlfriends and made out with them and some got all the way to 3rd base. I haven't even kissed a girl.

ANNA

Everyone develops at their own pace. I didn't go on a date until I was 15.

JOEY

Oh, that can't be true. Look at you. And all those important people on TV, like Jamie-Lynn Spears and her boyfriend. Look at them. And look at me.

ANNA

Well, but, still...

Rod storms into the room, with Jeff, Robert and the Sheriff close behind him.

ROD

You don't blackmail me, you piece of shit. Do you understand me? You're not in my demographic. You don't matter to me, not one fucking bit.

ANNA

Whoa!

ROD

Get out of here. Go home. Take your fucking bike. Here's \$1000, go get ten more. Just leave.

JOEY

I can't.

JEFF

Listen, son, it's alright. You can leave, we can pretend this thing never happened.

JOEY

I told all the guys in my class. I was going to lose my virginity tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Ross watch the monitors. They both stifle laughs. Then Ross notices the progress of his chat.

ROSS
Ah, Wally signed off!

CUT TO

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JOEY
They'll know if I'm lying. I can't go back unless it happens. And, you can't send me back. I'm sorry, but I know how this works. This could be really bad for you. My dad is a lawyer, I understand the law here.

SHERIFF YOUNG
Alright, alright, let's calm down. It's a little premature to be talking about lawyers.

JOEY
And, and, I'm in love.

All the heads turn to Anna.

ANNA
What?

JOEY
I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Matt continues to watch the live feed from the house.

MATT
This is some fucked up shit here.

ROSS
Hell yes.

The camera reveals that Ross is watching a dog pageant.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DECOY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
Joey, what would it take for you to go home and keep quiet about this?

ANNA
Is EIB offering to bribe this kid?

ROD

Absolutely not. The views and opinions expressed by Jeff, myself, and the fine crew of *To Save A Child* -

The camera crew, thoroughly drunk, burp in acknowledgement.

ROD (CONT'D)

Do not in any way represent or reflect the positions or policies of the Excellence in Broadcasting Network.

JOEY

Her. I want her.

Jeff looks from Anna to Joey a few times; an idea is brewing.

JEFF

Anna?

ANNA

Forget it.

Joey looks down, hurt.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Joey, I'm sorry. You're a really nice kid, but -

SHERIFF YOUNG

But she's 18, and you're 14, and that's a felony.

ANNA

But I have a boyfriend.

Now, all the older men look down and curse under their breath.

ROD

Can I say something? As some of you may know, I used to host a little show called *Press Your Luck*. And, we had an incident after one of our first shows...the buzzer malfunctioned for one of the contestants. It was a blow-out. Only, we didn't realize the problem until after the show. Well, we couldn't revoke the prize, I mean, the guy won his extended stay in Atlantic City and he was damn well determined to enjoy his 4 days and 3 nights, not to mention the set of stainless steel cookware with built-in clock radio. But, the other contestant was really upset. She was going to talk to *Entertainment Tonight!* We'd only been on a week! It would've killed us.

JEFF

So?

ROD

So...so we gave them both trips to Atlantic City.

JOEY

I don't want to go to Atlantic City. The casinos smell like my grandpa and one time I found a needle on the beach.

ANNA

And I don't want any cookware.

ROD

No, I would think not. But what do you want, Anna?

ANNA

I don't know. To be an actress.

ROD

An actress? Like the ones on a show called *Lawyers and Cops*?

ANNA

Oh my god, yes.

SHERIFF YOUNG

Man, I love that show. That sound effect. You know the one, bum bum. Bum bum.

ROD

(to Joey and Anna)

Why don't you two come with me?

Suddenly, the door to the outside opens. WALLY, a fifty-year-old man with a tight t-shirt, too-short shorts, and big square glasses, enters. He holds a box of chocolates, a box of condoms, handcuffs, and the Lord of the Rings DVDs. The kitchen falls to a hush as he looks across the room.

WALLY

Oh...is there a line?

A beat. The Sheriff tackles him.

WALLY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to meet Rod!

On the sound of Wally getting whacked in the head we -

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. A DIFFERENT ROW OF SUBURBAN MCMANSIONS - TWILIGHT

It is the end of winter; trees are beginning to grow leaves again. Outside the middle house in this row of three, there is a basketball net in the driveway, a bicycle next to it and a black Lexus SUV with license plate "BROKHRD" parked against the garage.

JASON (O.S.)
Tell us about it again.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Yeah! Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BROCKMAN RESIDENCE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Misfits JASON and GEORGE, both 14 and nerdy enough to be Joey's friends, sit in his basement with him, watching television. They pester him for details about his big score.

JOEY
Well, she said "I love you."

GEORGE
Right at the beginning?!

JASON
Then what?

JOEY
You know, nothing, we were making out, and then she took my hand and moved it under her shirt. No big deal.

GEORGE
No way!

JASON
And then?!

JOEY
And then - wait, I want to see this.

All attention turns toward the television in front of them. The show's title - *Lawyers and Cops* - bold red and blue lettering on black background flashes on the screen. The camera moves in on the action, framed within the TV screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAYTIME -- AFTERNOON

Two grizzled, worn detectives, YAWLEY and McLEAN, are led through a crime scene by the shift supervisor, a bald, older Polish man named POLARSKI. It is a rainy, miserable day.

POLARSKI

One of da guys found her after he clocked in. She fell out of a crate.

YAWLEY

Think she could've come in off a ship?

POLARSKI

Doubt it. We take the lids off before we unload 'em, make sure the goddamn Greeks ain't cheatin' us.

YAWLEY

Any idea how long she could-a been inside?

POLARSKI

Sure as hell wasn't here when I clocked out last night.

MCLEAN

Yeah, they tend to show up after closing time. Who found her?

POLARSKI

Hey, Czerwinski, come here, deese guys are NYPD.

CZERWINSKI shuffles over, played (poorly) by Sheriff Young.

CZERWINSKI

I come in around 9. 9:15 maybe. I see crate not where belong. I pick up with lift and girl fall out. I don't know, dead, not dead, I call police.

MCLEAN

Yeah, well, she's dead now.

YAWLEY

And it wasn't seasickness that killed her either.

The camera pans down to the girl. Though her body is bruised and bloody and the clothes she is wearing are torn, the actress playing her is unmistakable - it is Anna Logan. On the blaring sounds of the show's distinctive "Bum bum," we -

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.