

CONTINUED: (3)

"CHRISTIE"

TPT 6-D
60.

BETTANCOURT
I should get going.

DUNBAR
Have a good night.

Start He continues on with Hank. She watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNBAR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dunbar enters with Hank --

DUNBAR
Christie?
(no answer)
Christie?

CHRISTIE
In here Jim.

He moves into the bedroom --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Christie is sitting on the end of the bed, a packed duffel on the chair opposite her --

DUNBAR
Hey.

CHRISTIE
Hi. Heard on the news about your squad clearing that case.

DUNBAR
Yeah.

CHRISTIE
Did the guy give it up?

DUNBAR
I got him to go.

She smiles, nods. He's sat down beside her on the bed --

CHRISTIE
That's great. Congratulations.

A beat --

DUNBAR
What's going on? Something's not right.

(CONTINUED)

Blind Justice

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIE

I got a bag packed.

DUNBAR

Oh no, come on.

CHRISTIEI'm going to stay with my sister
for awhile --

DUNBAR

Can we just talk about this a
minute --CHRISTIEMaybe we'll talk, in a few weeks.
But now I need some time away.

DUNBAR

Baby, I love you. I need you --

CHRISTIE

Don't, okay? Please?

DUNBAR

I don't want you to go.

CHRISTIEOur lives have been about what you
want for too long. You wanted to get
back on the job, you wanted to obsess
over it and shut me out for so long --

DUNBAR

I was fighting for my life.

CHRISTIE

We should have been doing it together.

DUNBAR

I'm the one who's blind. I'm the one who
looks forward to sleeping at night
because I see in my dreams. I'm the one
who has to pull myself out of a pit every
morning when I wake up and remember I
can't see. And I'm the one who lives
with the fear that I might make a mistake
that'll put someone in harm's way.CHRISTIEThen why do it? Why put yourself
through that?

DUNBAR

Because if I quit, fear wins. That's
the one demon I can't live with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She stands, grabs her bag --

CHRISTIE

And I can't live with being shut out of your life.

DUNBAR

Please, stay. Just for an hour.

CHRISTIE

I can't.

DUNBAR

An hour.

CHRISTIE

I got to go.
(crying)
Bye Jimmy.

She walks out. The door closes. Dunbar's alone. He reacts to a sound out the window. It's beginning to rain.

CUT TO:

INT. PARK - NIGHT

Raining. Hank leads Dunbar to a bench sheltered under a tree. Dunbar sits. He listens to a slow patter of rain dripping from the tree above onto the bench beside him. He then turns his ear to the entirely different sound of the rain beating onto the leaves of a nearby Oak, then the ash tree across from him, which has a sound different from the pine a few feet away.

P.O.V. DUNBAR'S INNER VISION

The park around him is distorted but alive, lighting up and revealing itself with the falling rain.

He HEARS and then SEES the nuance of the raindrops on the leaves of the different trees.

His image of the park becomes complete, like a three-dimensional Impressionist painting.

RESUME

Dunbar, on the bench, in the rain, with his dog.

FADE OUT.

THE END