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LOVE KILLS

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT - A MOUTH - locked in a frozen scream. The lips are colored in blood-red lipstick. Used to conceal their actual dead, greyish hue.

The FRAME WIDENS to reveal it to be a man --dark featured, late 20s. His handsome face is a mask of agony from his throat having been slashed wide open.

He is sprawled out on a bed. The lower half of his nude body is covered by a bedsheet, blood-drenched around the crotch.

We are in a darkened bedroom; save for the glow of a t.v., positioned across from the bed.

INT. WAREHOUSE/PORN SET - DAY

ON-SCREEN - A hardcore porno shoot in progress. The setting is a dilapidated, barren warehouse.

A MAN, wearing a police uniform is tied to a chair.

A voluptuous brunette in high-heels, garter belt & stockings, white button-up, black tie and sunglasses mounts the cop. She begins to undress him.

As she mounts him, we see prominently displayed on the outer edge of her left thigh is a tattoo of "Hello Kitty".

They writhe and thrust in a frantic exertion of moviemaking sex.

BACK TO SCENE . . .

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

A hanging mirror on the wall has been intentionally angled to catch the reflection of the corpse. Scrawled across the mirror -- in the same blood-red lipstick -- are the words:

LOVE KILLS.

We then DISSOLVE MATCH CUT into:

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

. . . A bathroom mirror.

The faces of pair of young women reflected in it. Both are applying make-up, while familiarly maneuvering around each other in the process.

They are roommates **SABRINA**, 26, and **JOSIE**, 25.

Sabrina has flowing light hair and piercing green eyes. Her light make-up accentuates her natural beauty. However, its undermined by her repressed demeanor and permanent sad face.

Josie is her edgy counterpart with feline features framed by short, dark hair. She carries herself with an almost palpable sexuality. To emphasize this, she wears a slight sundress that barely contains her hourglass figure.

JOSIE

So, what are you doing up so early?

SABRINA

I'm spending the morning with Adam.
We're setting up for the showing.

JOSIE

And how goes it?

SABRINA

Okay. But I'm still not sure where
I want the paintings positioned.
You're still helping me tomorrow
night?

JOSIE

I said I would. That way I finally
get to look at your work in
progress.

SABRINA

Not until its done, Josie.

JOSIE

What is so special about this one?

SABRINA

That's exactly it Josie. This one
is special.

JOSIE

Well I guess I'll just have to wait and see.

SABRINA

Just remember what curiosity did to the cat.

JOSIE

Yeah, it made the cat want to scratch its roommates eyes out for being such a secretive bitch.

They share a lighthearted laugh.

Sabrina finishes up. Turns to Josie for approval. She wears a conservative, yet stylish business outfit.

SABRINA

So how do I look?

JOSIE

Good, especially since you're wearing my silk blouse.

Sabrina flashes a sheepish smile.

SABRINA

Sorry. I didn't think you'd mind.

JOSIE

That's not the problem. The problem is the way that you are wearing it.

Josie preens Sabrina's clothing, giving her a more casually hip look. Removes her own scarf and ties it around Sabrina's neck.

Josie steps back, admires her work.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Better.

(realizes)

A little overdressed for the gallery aren't you?

Sabrina hesitates.

SABRINA

I'm meeting my mother, for lunch afterwards.

Josie rolls her eyes, exasperated.

JOSIE

Why do you put yourself through
this shit, Sabrina?

SABRINA

It's just lunch.

JOSIE

Whatever.

SABRINA

(to change subject)
So what are you doing today?

JOSIE

"Cattle call" at eleven.

SABRINA

(hopeful)
Something good?

JOSIE

I don't know. Think I could win an
asking for starring something
called "Hellbound Ho's"?

SABRINA

Sounds like an instant classic.

Josie throws her a sharp look.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

(back-pedaling)
Everyone has to start somewhere,
right?
(sweetly)
And you've got more than enough
talent to easily be the best thing
in it.

Josie smiles, appreciatively.

JOSIE

Thanks, girl. I need to hear that
every now and then.

Sabrina smiles back.

SABRINA

(noticing)
Hey, where's your lucky pin?

JOSIE
It was a little too heavy for this
dress, so . . .

Josie begins to lift the hem of her dress to reveal a "Hello
Kitty" pin attached to the right side of her panties.

SABRINA
As if you needed any more luck
there.

From this angle, we also glimpse Josie's outer thigh . . .
Adorned with a familiar matching tattoo. She's the brunette
from the porn film!

Sabrina checks her watch.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
(harried)
I'm late! Adam is going to throw a
hissy fit.

Josie offers her cheek to Sabrina.

JOSIE
Kiss?

Sabrina impishly plants a kiss on Josie's mouth smearing her
carefully applied lipstick. Then hurries out the door.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
(good-natured)
Brat!

Josie then scrubs her lips clean and begins to re-apply her
lipstick as meticulously as before.

EXT. DEATH HEAD PRODUCTIONS - PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

Josie pulls into the lot in her convertible and parks. She
heads for an office building.

INT. "DEATH HEAD" OFFICE - LATE MORNING

A "holding tank" of attractive -- mainly blonde -- actresses,
intently studying dialogue sheets. Most are attired in
provocative clothing, displaying their "assets".

Josie is one of the few non-blondes among them.

The CASTING DIRECTOR, a plain woman, steps out.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Listen up, ladies! Today, we are only looking for blondes, five-eight and over.

Josie becomes discouraged. Starts to gather her things and takes hold a Cali-type blonde smirking at her.

JOSIE

(disgruntled, to herself)
Fuck this!

INT. "DEEP PINK" PRODUCTIONS - A SHORT TIME LATER

Seated behind his desk is JACK GOLD, a soft-porn producer in his late thirties.

Prominently displayed behind him is the framed poster for "RESERVOIR BITCHES," a porn version of the classic Tarantino film. Its art work showcases six vivacious women in a group pose. All wearing skimpy black blazers and sunglasses.

Jack addresses someone OFF CAMERA with a smug expression.

JACK

You've just learned an important life lesson.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Josie sits across from him, straining to keep her annoyance with him in check.

JOSIE

(flatly)
What's that Jack?

JACK

You need tits and talent to be a legit actress in this town.

JOSIE

Should I be writing this down?

JACK

You are here to see me. Are you forgetting that?

Josie cuts to the chase.

JOSIE

Do you have anything for me today or not?

JACK

We start filming "DEVIANTS 11"
tomorrow morning in Encino. I'm
sure we can find you a part
somewhere. Do you want it?

JOSIE

That depends. What do I have to do?

JACK

Does it really matter?

Josie sits in her seat indignantly. She makes no attempt to reply.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Josie climbs into her beaten convertible and drives off.

Out of the shadows appears a nondescript, mid-30's MAN.
Intently watching her drive off.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

The northern outskirts of downtown L.A. A seamy, desolated
industrial district converted into a bohemian neighborhood.

Standing outside a converted warehouse/loft building is a
teen girl smoking a joint. Her lithe figure attired in
casual clothes, two sizes too small. This is **LOLLA**, 17.

The convertible parks out front and Josie gets out.
Notices Lolla.

JOSIE

Lolla? Is that you?

A stoned Lolla casually glances over. We now see that her
pretty, girlish face has been sullied by a hard life.

Josie approaches tentatively.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You're back, huh?

LOLLA

A couple of days now. I promised
Eric that I'd be a good girl this
time.

Josie eyes the joint. Lolla giggles guiltily.

LOLLA (CONT'D)

You been behaving yourself?

JOSIE
Doing what I need to get by.

LOLLA
I can relate.

Josie studies Lolla uncertainly. Apprehensively asks:

JOSIE
You still pissed at me about
before?

LOLLA
(giggling)
Nah, its all bongwater under the
bridge now.
(hands over the joint)
A peace offering.

Josie takes the joint.

JOSIE
Thanks, I guess I'll be seeing you
around.

LOLLA
Guess so.

Josie enters the building.

Lolla stares after her, expression unreadable.

EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Dining on the patio of her posh, Brentwood home are MADELINE
LANE, late-40s, and her daughter . . . Sabrina.

Sabrina, conservatively attired again, picks at her salad as
she halfheartedly listens to her mother drone on.

MADELINE
. . . so there I was with the
Florida real estate market was
collapsing and South Beach property
was going for a third of the asking
price!

ANOTHER ANGLE - We see Madeline's salad has not been touched
as she continues drinking a Bloody Mary. She takes a drink
and resumes:

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Its good to be back in L.A . . .
 (beat)
 Here. With my little girl.

She reaches out and gently places her hand atop Sabrina's. Startled, Sabrina quickly moves her hand as if she was just touched by a stranger.

Madeline quickly hides her hurt and tries to move past this.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Its good to see you again.

Sabrina becomes annoyed.

SABRINA
 Mother, you have been back for a month now and we have met for lunch every week.

Madeline finishes her drink.

MADELINE
 Since when is a mother wanting to see her daughter a crime?

SABRINA
 Its not a crime, mother. Its just a facade.

Madeline is stung and angry.

MADELINE
 And what is that supposed to mean?

SABRINA
 (refusing to fight)
 Nothing.

MADELINE
 When will you leave the past behind Sabrina and let the wounds heal?

Sabrina rolls up her shirt sleeve exposing a scar across her right wrist -- A past suicide attempt.

SABRINA
 Because some wounds turn into scars.
 (standing up)
 I've got to go.

Sabrina gathers her things and leaves.

Madeline throws her napkin on the table in a act of frustration and exhaustion.

INT. VICTIM'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The opening murder scene is now a buzz with activity. Homicide detectives are well into the investigation.

Forensics teams search every nook-and-cranny for an evasive clue.

A woman appears in the door-way. Somber-faced and a little unkempt is DETECTIVE CAROLINE RHODES, mid 30's. She approaches the scene with a serious and determined demeanor.

A beat later a boyish faced man comes up beside her. He is her partner, DETECTIVE ANDREW ROSS, late-20's.

Both take in the grotesque crime scene before them.

ROSS

They don't pay us enough.

RHODES

Lets see what Trillman has to say.

They move into the room passing a detective -- COURTNEY -- using rubber gloves to remove the videotape from the VCR.

ROSS

Same tape as before, Courtney?

COURTNEY

It was played out when the body was found.

(reads the tape)

The title is different on this one?

RHODES

(with authority)

Check out the credits. See if there are any matches between this one and the other.

COURTNEY

You got it.

Rhodes and Ross move to the body. A thin, silver-haired man stands over it, scrutinizing the wounds. His rubber-gloved hands are smeared with blood. This is CORONER TRILLMAN.

RHODES
So Trillman, you got anything?

TRILLMAN
Well, gauging the size and depth of the wound I'm guessing the murder weapon was probably a switchblade.

RHODES
Doesn't help us much.

TRILLMAN
Then a bit of this info might: You are definitely looking for the same killer as before.

Ross groans.

ROSS
Just what L.A. needs -- Another serial killer.

TRILLMAN
Well this one is a little different. The man your looking for is a woman.

RHODES
(taken aback)
And you know, how?

TRILLMAN
Two reasons. One: the lacerations were strained and uneven, indicating a lack of upper body strength. And two . . .

He makes a dramatic pause to catch everyone's attention.

TRILLMAN (CONT'D)
She made him sleep on the wet spot.

The predominantly male room laughs.

Rhodes, however, does not.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

An entering Sabrina comes across, Lolla, still loitering around.

LOLLA
Hey.

SABRINA
 Long time no see, Lolla. What's new
 with you?

LOLLA
 This.

Lolla rolls out her tongue to reveal a stud pierced in the
 center.

Sabrina forces a curious response.

SABRINA
 That's . . . different.

LOLLA
 Thanks.
 (beat)
 I ran into Josie this afternoon.

SABRINA
 (a little surprised)
 You did?

LOLLA
 Yeah. We're cool. She looked
 better than she did earlier this
 morning.
 (plays to Sabrina's
 surprise)
 It was pretty early -- around four
 or five. I was out having a smoke
 on the fire escape -- Eric won't
 let me back in the loft yet. Saw
 her leaving the building.
 (beat)
 She looked really out of it.

Sabrina attempts to conceal her bewilderment.

SABRINA
 Probably insomnia again. She
 doesn't sleep very well.

LOLLA
 (unconvincing)
 I'll bet.

Lolla heads off leaving Sabrina to ponder.

INT. SABRINA AND JOSIE'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina enters their loft apartment. Finds Josie on the
 couch smoking the joint.

JOSIE
So what's new and improved Sabrina?

Sabrina looks at the joint with a hint of disgust.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
What?! It's a little celebration
solo style. I pick up my ho
ensemble tomorrow.

Sabrina sits down on the couch as if she is about to start a
confrontation.

Josie begins to look a little defensive.

Sabrina quickly breaks a smile and gives her a big hug.

SABRINA
Congratulations, Jo. That's
terrific.

Josie lets out a relaxing sigh.

JOSIE
It's just a bit part. But it'll
catch me up on a few bills.

SABRINA
Still, good for you!

The guilt begins to catch up with Josie. She quickly offers
the joint to propel the conversation forward.

Sabrina eyes it with contempt.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
I don't think so.

JOSIE
(playfully)
So what kind of an artist are you
then?

Sabrina stands up to turn on some lights.

SABRINA
I thought you were going to cut
that from your diet?

JOSIE
(exasperated)
Jesus, Sabrina. Relax. It was a
little celebratory joint.
(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

See what happens when you meet with your mother. You start to act like her.

SABRINA

Don't even go there, Josie.

JOSIE

(irritated)

Don't spoil my party, Sabrina. Just this once help me celebrate.

(playfully pleading)

Pleaseee . . .

Sabrina resigns and crosses back to the couch and accepts the joint. She takes a strong pull and immediately goes into a hacking fit.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(proudly)

That's my girl. The more you cough the more you get off. So, where do feel like going?

SABRINA

(still coughing)

No where. I'm in for the night.

JOSIE

If you think we're going to keep the celebration within these four walls you are sadly mistaken. Tonight . . . We're dancing.

SABRINA

You know I don't know how to dance.

Josie switches on the stereo. Sweeps Sabrina by the arm, off the couch. A sexy ballad begins to play/

They come together as a dancing couple, sway to the sexy ballad playing on the system.

JOSIE

I'll lead.

Josie playfully throws her arms around Sabrina's neck. Sabrina tentatively places her hands on Josie's hips. They subtly begin to sway to the rhythm.

As the song continues, they become more comfortable in each other's arms. Sabrina rests her head on Josie's shoulder.

We begin to see Josie relax for the first time.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I miss this.

Sabrina on the other hand is become more uptight.

SABRINA
(softly)
It's been a while since we've done
this.

JOSIE
Not since Crossroads.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CROSSROADS INSTITUTION - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Antiseptic, white walls and grated windows indicate our whereabouts to inside some sort of a clinical institution.

Surrealistically, two teenage girls, wearing drab, grey uniforms, playfully slow dancing.

INT. LOFT - (PRESENT DAY)

The dancing between Sabrina and Josie continues. Sabrina begins to stroke Josie's back.

A stoned Josie is too lost in her own world to even question it.

Sabrina slides her hand down towards Josie's buttocks and pulls her head back so that they are now face to face.

The sexual tension builds as Josie comes out of her stoned trance and looks Sabrina in the eye. Just as it seems they are about to kiss . . .

Josie awakens with energy and playfully kisses Sabrina on the cheek.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Let's get ready to go!

Josie dashes off to her room, leaving behind a crestfallen Sabrina.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The interior of the apartment is packed. We find Sabrina seated alone, and not at all happy about it.

An inebriated Josie suddenly appears.

SABRINA
Where have you been?

JOSIE
Just getting a drink.

SABRINA
Or ten.

Josie ignores her, scans the place for intriguing men.

JOSIE
Let me go to the bathroom and we'll
split, okay?

SABRINA
Please hurry.

Josie ascends a set of nearby stairs.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As Josie makes her way to the restroom, she comes across a cool guy (who we'll soon learn is inexplicably named MILO).

COOL GUY/MILO
(his best opening line)
I have my own band.

Josie eyes him, challengingly.

JOSIE
So what are you looking for? A
fan or a fuck?

She takes his hand. Leads him into a darkened, secluded area of the club that overlooks the first floor.

They consume each other in a hard, lustful kiss. His hand anxiously slips under her skirt.

Josie abruptly pushes him off of her. Pulls out a vial of cocaine. Snorts directly from it.

Milo does the same. Attempts to hike up her skirt.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
(giggling)
What kind of slut do you think I
am?

She suddenly shifts around, positions herself over the railing. Displays her thonged ass in all its glory.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

This kind. Now come and get it.

Milo unfastens his zipper. Inserts himself into her.

They animalistically writhe together, to the POUNDING MUSIC filling the air.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, FIRST FLOOR

Josie impatiently checks her watch. Proceeds upstairs.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina heads for the restroom. Stops upon hearing a few GUTTURAL GRUNTS. Advances towards them . . . And discovers an unaware Josie in mid-coital.

In deep anguish, Sabrina runs off.

INT. LOFT, SABRINA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Still dressed in her nightclub attire, Sabrina lays on top of her bed. Sobbing softly to herself.

INT. LOFT BATHROOM

Sabrina enters. Studies herself in the mirror. Frowns heavily at her reflection -- sad faced and puffy eyes.

She impulsively takes Josie's lipstick from the drawer. Mimics Josie's meticulous application. Admires her handiwork.

The FRONT DOOR is HEARD OPENING.

Sabrina peaks out the bathroom door.

INT. LOFT, MAIN AREA - NIGHT

THROUGH HER POV - Josie and the Cool Guy, arms wrapped around each other, stagger across the loft. Disappear into her room.

INT. LOFT, BATHROOM

REVERSE ANGLE - Sabrina returns to the mirror. Glares at herself, riled with self-loathing. Angrily scribbles lipstick over her mirror image until it no longer exists.

FADE OUT.

Then we FADE INTO:

INT. LOFT, SABRINA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Asleep in bed, Sabrina is startled awake by a POUNDING sound.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Someone KNOCKS HARD, again. Sabrina arrives at the door.

SABRINA

Who is it?

An authoritative, familiar female voice speaks out:

FEMALE VOICE

LAPD. Please open up.

Worried, Sabrina quickly composes herself and opens the door.

Rhodes and Ross stand in the doorway. Both hold their badges up for display. Enter the room.

RHODES

Are you Josie Taylor?

SABRINA

Uh, no. I'm her roommate Sabrina Prescott. Can I help you?

RHODES

(sharply)

By getting Josie Taylor.

SABRINA

Sure.

(nervous)

I'll wake her up.

An intimidated Sabrina starts off.

Sabrina hurries off to Josie's room and enters without knocking.

INT. LOFT, JOSIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josie is sound asleep in bed . . . alone. Her nude body intertwined amongst the rumped sheets.

Sabrina appears over her.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Josie?

Josie stirs and winces with annoyance.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

The police are here to see you.

Josie sits up instantly, awake and fully concerned.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM AREA - Rhodes takes in her surroundings.

Moves over to the wall, decorated by several paintings; all grim and bizarre in nature.

She intently studies one behind her -- A sobbing, young woman trapped inside a womb.

RHODES

(mutters, under her
breath)

Pleasant.

She walks over to the painting in order to get a better look at the initials in the lower right corner.

Notices the initials "S.P."

SABRINA

(off camera)

She'll be right out.

Rhodes turns to see that Sabrina has returned to the room.

RHODES

(pointing to the painting)
Do you make a living at this?

SABRINA

My first professional showing
Sweeny Gallery this weekend. I
don't really paint for money. It's
more of an outlet.

Josie enters the room wearing a skimpy, silk kimono.

JOSIE

You wanted to see me?

RHODES
 Ms. Taylor I am Detective
 Rhodes. My partner, Detective
 Ross. We'd just like to ask you
 a few questions.

Josie settles onto the couch beside Sabrina.

ROSS
 (to Sabrina)
 We'd like to talk to Ms. Taylor
 alone.

JOSIE
 Sabrina is my best friend. Whatever
 you have to say to me can be said
 in front of her.

Ross begins to object. Rhodes interjects:

RHODES
 (to Ross)
 That's fine.

Ross resignedly looks back to Josie.

ROSS
 Could I use your bathroom?

JOSIE
 (flirtatiously)
 Around the corner from my bedroom.

Ross smiles back courteously and walks off.

Rhodes, still standing behind Josie, suddenly becomes uncharacteristically friendly. Offers up an accommodating smile to the roommates.

RHODES
 Nice robe . . .

She abruptly gets in Josie's startled face.

RHODES (CONT'D)
 (snaps)
 Do you star in porn fills under
 the name Kitty Kitty?

Sabrina reacts and Josie turns ice cold.

JOSIE
 (evenly)
 You're with Vice?

RHODES
Used to be. Now, I'm Homicide

The roommates react.

RHODES (CONT'D)
How many adult film have you made?

JOSIE
(edgy)
If you're with Homicide why are you
questioning me?

Rhodes pulls out a pair of photos. Casually tosses them onto
the coffee table.

RHODES
Do you know either of these two
men?

Josie glances down at the photos, appears genuinely
uncertain.

JOSIE
(reluctantly)
I might. They look familiar.

RHODES
And you, Ms. Prescott?

Sabrina looks at her wide-eyed and startled.

SABRINA
Excuse me?!

Rhodes nods her head to the photos.

Sabrina picks them up, studies them closely. She appears to
be hiding something.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Well . . . Like Josie, I'm not too
sure either.

RHODES
Maybe their names'll bright light --
Stefan Derry and Lee Michaels.

JOSIE
I know them.

RHODES
How well did you know them?

JOSIE
Only in the biblical sense.

RHODES
Were they familiar with your body
of work?

JOSIE
I have no idea.
(shock value)
I barely remember fucking them.

Rhodes stares back, blankly. Bluntly states:

RHODES
They've both been murdered.

Both roomies are stunned.

RHODES (CONT'D)
How well did you know them, Ms.
Prescott?

Sabrina avoids eye contact.

SABRINA
We were "friendly".

Josie grows increasingly irritated.

JOSIE
(trying to contain
herself)
Are you implying that we are
suspects?

RHODES
(reassuringly)
This is just routine questioning.

Ross re-enters the living room area.

ROSS
So how are we coming along?

RHODES
I'm done. Do you have any
questions?

ROSS
I'm sure you covered everything.
(feigned afterthought)
(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)
 Actually, just a quick one: Where
 were you between three and six
 yesterday morning, Ms. Taylor?

The question is more troubling to Sabrina than Josie.

JOSIE
 (without hesitation)
 Here. In bed.

ROSS
 Can that be verified by anyone?

JOSIE
 (sarcastically)
 Sorry, I took the night off to
 recover.

RHODES
 And you Ms. Prescott?

SABRINA
 Painting. I usually work at night.

RHODES
 (to Ross)
 Then I guess that's that.
 (to roomies)
 We'll let ourselves out.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Rhodes and Ross walk down the hallway.

ROSS
 So, how'd the "girl talk" go?

RHODES
 (calmly)
 Fine.

ROSS
 Look what I found. In the bathroom
 trash can.

He pulls out an evidence bag. It contains the blood-red
 lipstick, worn down to a nub.

RHODES
 What'd you bring it for? It won't
 be admissible as evidence.

ROSS

No. But it might help up figure out if we're headed in the right direction.

He holds up the bag and reads the lipstick's label.

ROSS (CONT'D)

"Deep Red". Reads Josie Taylor to me. Is that who you like?

RHODES

I don't know. Could go either way. Both of them seemed pretty out there to me.

ROSS

(realizing)

That's why you wanted to question them together.

RHODES

I wanted to see how well they would play off each other.

ROSS

Are you thinking there's some sort team thing going on. Some sort of lesbian thing?

RHODES

Doubt it. Too many secrets between those two for that kind of intimacy.

(beat)

Besides, the Taylor girl was a little too sweet on you.

ROSS

(flattered)

You think so?

RHODES

Yeah, but remember when you ask her out that her past two lovers have something in common . . . Death by decapitation and castration.

Ross looks up to the third floor and shudders.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING, STREET - CONTINUOUS

The detectives exit the building.

Rhodes turns around to look at the building and notices Lolla sitting in an open window smoking a cigarette.

They lock eyes, Lolla flicks her cigarette butt onto the street and turns away.

Rhodes stares after her, contemplating something. Finally turns, resumes walking with Ross.

INT. LOFT, JOSIE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sabrina peeks her head into the room, sees Josie rummaging through her closet.

SABRINA
(softly)
Josie?

Josie turns her head, concealing her shame with annoyance.

JOSIE
What the fuck do you want?

Sabrina tentatively enters the room.

SABRINA
Who do you think killed them?

JOSIE
Do I look like I give a shit?

Sabrina hesitates before asking her next question:

SABRINA
Were you really here the other night?

JOSIE
(defensively)
Of course. Where else would I be?

She notices a bed on her bedside table. Picks it up and reads it:

INSERT OF NOTE - reads: It was nice to have met you. Maybe we could do it again some time -- Milo (213) 441 -6784.

BACK TO SCENE

Josie crumples it up, throws it in the trash can.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(dismayed)

Can't believe I fucked someone
named Milo. Must've been seriously
trashed.

She resumes searching through her racked clothing.

Sabrina appears irritated.

SABRINA

(subtly snarky)

Is that your friend from last
night?

JOSIE

It was a one-night stand. That
makes him only an acquaintance.

Josie slips off her robe, revealing her nakedness. Turns
back to Sabrina, holding up a modest dress.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

What do you think Sabrina, too
conservative for a porn shoot?

SABRINA

(startled)

You're going to make another one?!
After the police were just here?

JOSIE

Sure seems that way.

Josie tosses aside the dress. Begins dressing in jeans and a
t-shirt.

SABRINA

Why didn't you tell me you were
making these kinds of movies?

JOSIE

It's not something I'm real proud
of. It just do it for the money.

SABRINA

If you need the money why not just
ask? There's more than enough in
my trust fund.

JOSIE

Madeline would love that! Then
I'd be not just a leech but a slut
too.

SABRINA

That money is none of her goddamn business.

JOSIE

Try telling that to her.

She finishes dressing. Heads for the door.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

I need to get going.

Josie heads towards the door.

SABRINA

I wish you wouldn't.

Josie stops at the door.

JOSIE

And if wishes came true I wouldn't have to be selling my tits and ass.

She exits.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE MORNING

Josie's convertible cruises through the placid streets of an nice old neighborhood in the Valley

Her car stops in front of a plain craftsman style house. Josie gets out of car and head towards the house.

EXT. LOCATION HOUSE - SAME

Josie quickly checks herself over. KNOCKS on the door. Its answered by a harried, college-aged young man -- A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

P.A.

Help you?

JOSIE

Jack Gold sent me.

The P.A. gives her a quick once-over. Seems to approve. He steps aside, allowing her to enter.

INT. LOCATION HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In contrast to the quiet, cozy exterior, the interior is chaotic activity involving a film crew.

The P.A. ushers Josie to the couch.

P.A.
 Make yourself comfortable. I'll let
 wardrobe know your here.

He hands her a ridiculously thin script. Walks off.

Josie earnestly start to read the material. Begins to hear
 GUTTURAL SEXUAL SOUNDS from the next room. She curiously
 follows the sounds to a nearby, ajar door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A completely empty room . . . Save for a collection of film
 equipment, currently in use by a skeleton crew. Red lighting
 gels bounce of its black lacquered walls.

The DIRECTOR, another film student-type, oversees his cast in
 the middle of an intense sex scene . . .

An fresh-faced, (LATE) TEEN GIRL squats on all fours, attired
 in a shredded bridal gown. Her MALE CO-STAR thrusts into her
 from behind, nude save for a priest's collar. Standing over
 her is an OLDER WOMAN, forcing the Teen Girl to fellate a
 plastic bridal bouquet.

ON THE AJAR DOOR

Through its open sliver, we see a wide-eyed Josie peeking
 into the room.

BACK TO SCENE

The Teen Girl GAGS violently on the bouquet. The Older Woman
 removes it in disgust, SHARPLY slaps her across the face.

INT. LOCATION HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Josie appears quite edgy. Dashes into a secluded corner,
 pulls out a vial of cocaine. Snorts directly from it.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

ON A FRONT DOOR

MAN'S VOICE, (OS)
 It's open.

ERIC MASON, a tall, lanky bohemian in his late 20's, drags
 himself into FRAME. Opens the door.

ERIC
(yelling)
It's open.

He opens it to reveal Sabrina. She takes notice of his tousled hair, rumpled undershirt and dirty jeans.

SABRINA
Did I wake you, Eric?

Eric rubs the sleep from his eyes.

ERIC
Its okay. Come in.

Sabrina steps inside.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I had a late shoot last night.
Come on it.

As Sabrina enters, we see that there are photo equipment and photos scattered everywhere.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm gonna jump-start my heart. Do
you want some?

SABRINA
No thanks.

He disappears to the adjacent kitchen.

Sabrina, meanwhile, peruses some of the photos. They all display downtown Hollywood decadence in all its gritty luster.

Eric returns with a coffee mug in hand. Settles onto the couch.

Sabrina is still looking at the photos, stops on a particular one.

INSERT OF PHOTO - A baby-faced, teen hooker loiters on a street corner. She blankly stares down they street, lost in thought. Once we get through all the garish make-up, we recognize it as being Lolla.

BACK TO SCENE

Sabrina sits across from Eric.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
How's the photo book coming?

ERIC

(sourly)

Its not. Looks like I'll end up
doing model shoots for the rest of
my career.

SABRINA

(sarcastic)

Tough work. It must be awful
working with beautiful women
everyday.

ERIC

Its all surface. All I'm doing is
taking pictures of paper dolls.

(points to the still)

Those people are real.

SABRINA

When I look at them I start to feel
better about my own life.

ERIC

Funny. They make most people
suicidal.

Eric catches his faux pas, makes a face to himself.

Sabrina flashes a reassuring smile. Changes the subject

SABRINA

So what's up with the note on my
door? Why'd you want to see me?

ERIC

Well, I was hoping you could tell
me why the cops were here this
morning?

(beat)

Lolla saw them from the fire escape
and started freaking out. She
thinks they're after her.

SABRINA

(suspicious)

Does she have a reason to be
concerned?

ERIC

She's just being paranoid. But
after all she's been through it's
pretty understandable.

SABRINA

I guess.

Eric catches the skepticism dripping from her last comment.

ERIC

Is there a problem?

Sabrina hesitates.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sabrina, her past is her past. How does anyone expect her to move on from it when they won't?

Sabrina still doesn't seem convinced.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Listen, the deal is that if she serious about straightening out this time she can stay here.

SABRINA

You're a nice guy Eric.

ERIC

(frowning)

And you know what they say about nice guys.

SABRINA

They finish last.

Eric looks at her intently.

ERIC

They aren't even aloud to play.

Sabrina shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

SABRINA

To answer your question -- The police were here to see Josie.

ERIC

Why?

SABRINA

There was a fight at the party we went to last night that got way out of hand. And they want to take Josie's statement.

Sabrina stands up.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better be going. Josie is meeting me later to help set up the gallery.

ERIC

Congratulations on that, by the way.

SABRINA

Thanks! Will you make it for the opening Saturday night?

ERIC

Of course.

Eric stares at Sabrina for a prolonged beat.

She uneasily crosses to the front door, Eric following up behind her.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sabrina, why don't we go out sometime? Maybe after your showing.

SABRINA

Not such a good idea Eric.

ERIC

Because of my past with Josie three years ago?

SABRINA

More like because of your present with Lolla.

ERIC

(puzzled)

Lolla and me?!

(catches on)

There's nothing going on between us. I'm just here to give her hand.

SABRINA

Then you need to have a talk with her because she's in love with you.

ERIC

And you are certain of this because...?

SABRINA
 (from experience)
 I just know about these things.

Before he can question her she is out the door . . .

No good-bye.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Not bothering with the elevator Sabrina takes the stairs.

The CAMERA HOLDS on the freight elevator as Lolla's face appears from it's shadowy confines. She icily glares after Sabrina. Jealousy etched in her face.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Sabrina rounds the corner to find her front door slightly open. She tentatively steps forward. Pushes it open wide.

Sabrina pushes the door slightly and it swings wide open. Remains planted in the doorway. She warily looks around the open loft but sees no one.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 (uneased)
 Josie, you home? Josie?

She hesitates. Enters

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK Sabrina cautiously moving through the loft, checks for signs of an intruder. Intermittently calls for "Josie".

Opens her bedroom door . . . Nothing unusual.

Josie's bedroom . . . Nope.

Her studio . . . The same.

Bathroom . . . Ditto.

LIVING ROOM AREA - A bewildered Sabrina ends up here.

Beside her, the phone RINGS, UNNATURALLY LOUD against the loft's quiet environment.

A startled Sabrina calms herself. Answers it.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. JOSIE'S CAR - SAME - (MOVING)

Josie is at the other end. Her twitchy demeanor indicates her to be high.

JOSIE

(almost babbling)

Sabrina, its me. I've got bad news.
I'm not gonna be able to help you
out tonight at the gallery.

We INTERCUT as necessary between Josie and Sabrina.

Sabrina grows suspicious.

SABRINA

Josie, are you alright? You sound
sort of . . . strange.

JOSIE

(defensively)

I'm fine. Seriously! Just a
little burnt out. They're making
me stick around for some night
shooting.

(heartfelt)

Sorry Sabrina, but there's nothing
I can do.

SABRINA

(flatly)

Yeah, sure. I'll see you later.

JOSIE

Maybe in the morning, we cou--

The line DISCONNECTS on her. INTERCUTTING ENDS on a deflated Josie.

INT. LOFT, BATHROOM (SHOWER) - MINUTES LATER

Sabrina hangs her head beneath the shower head, crest-fallen.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN, HOLDS on the back of her head.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

(caustically)

Hey, bitch!

Still in TIGHT SHOT, Sabrina turns around . . . Revealing her to now be around sixteen-years-old.

INT. CROSSROADS INSTITUTION, SHOWER ROOM - (FLASHBACK)

THE FRAME WIDENS.

We find her standing at the sinks in only a towel. Its ripped off of her, leaving her naked.

A startled Sabrina spins around, arms protectively concealing her nudity.

A HUSKY TEEN GIRL stand before her. Hair yanked back in a taunt ponytail. She salaciously eyes Sabrina.

SABRINA
(terrified)
W-W-What do you want?!

HUSKY GIRL
I want to play in your "doll
house".

Sabrina strikes a defensive pose that lacks conviction.

SABRINA
(feebly)
Get the hell away from me!

The girl heedlessly lunges at Sabrina, shoves her down into the corner. Assertively pulls in for a kiss. Sabrina cringes, whimpers in despair.

GIRL
(re: whimpering)
Oh, I like that.

The girl, suddenly and inexplicably, cries out. A hand enters FRAME, clutches her ponytail. She is yanked off Sabrina and flung aside.

The girl lands sprawled on the wet shower floor. She looks up to find Josie -- fierce beyond her 15 years -- glowering down at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Josie, this in none of your busi--

Josie suddenly lets loose with several brutal kicks to her mid-section. The girl cringes in the fetal position, crying.

JOSIE
That's for talking shit about me
in group therapy. Next time, I
won't play so nice.

Walking off, Josie casually acknowledges Sabrina.

A trembling Sabrina remains cowering in the corner. She is expecting to be Josie's next victim.

Josie simply shrugs, exit . . .

INT. INSTITUTION, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - (FLASHBACK)

She crosses out to the door.

SABRINA'S VOICE (OS)
Hey!

She turns around to see Sabrina, towel draped around her, standing in the shower room doorway.

SABRINA
(at a loss for words)
I just . . . well . . . I wanted to
. . . thank you.

Josie eyes her quizzically

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Back there . . . In the shower.

Josie just nods her head. Eyes Sabrina's hands. Breaks into an impish smile.

JOSIE
Matching bracelets.

She holds up her hands for display. There are cuts around both her wrists.

Sabrina glances at her own suicidal scarring. Looks back up to find Josie gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOFT, BATHROOM - (PRESENT DAY)

Staring into the sink mirror, Josie snaps from her reverie. Appears to come to some sort of decision.

INT. LOFT, JOSIE'S BEDROOM

Still damp from her shower, Sabrina fishes through the waste can. Removes a crumpled piece of paper, reads it. Dials out on Josie's bedside phone.

A MALE VOICE answers at the other end.

We INTERCUT as necessary to their conversation.

SABRINA
Hi. Is this Milo?

MILO (OS)
(irritated)
Yeah. Who's this?

SABRINA
I'm looking for Josie.

MILO (OS)
(still irritated)
Who?

SABRINA
Josie? You met her at "Rigor
Mortis".

MILO (OS)
(remembering)
Yeah.
(fondly remembering)
Oh. Yeah.

SABRINA
I was wondering if she might be
around.

MILO (OS)
Not here.
(flirtatiously)
You know, I have my own band.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A woman with short dark hair, dressed in a familiar sundress, proceeds down a corridor. Reads the numbers off passing doors.

She comes to a particular door, KNOCKS.

Beat.

The door opens. Standing there is Milo, adorned in only a pair of leather pants. His muscular physique on display.

He appraises the woman, smiles appreciatively.

MILO (CONT'D)

You look a lot like your sister.

WOMAN

I try.

MILO

You know, you didn't tell me your name over the phone.

CLOSE-UP - THE WOMAN - Its Sabrina! Her face framed within a bob-cut wig.

SABRINA

Just call me . . . Kitty.

She smiles. Curled lips adorned in blood-red lipstick.

INT. LAPD HOMICIDE DIVISION - LATE NIGHT

The late hour has mollified regular activity. Graveyard shift is on with a few bored detectives on call, others catch up on paperwork.

Among them is Rhodes, at her desk. Intently reading her computer screen.

She remains unaware as LIEUTENANT KRANZ, headed home, comes up beside her.

KRANZ

You still here, Caroline?

Rhodes doesn't respond. preoccupied with her computer.

KRANZ (CONT'D)

"Lipstick Murders"?

RHODES

(distracted)

Yeah.

KRANZ

We need to find something quick.
We can't keep the flies off the
shit forever.

He settles onto the desk edge. Points to a report labeled JUVENILE on her desk.

KRANZ (CONT'D)
What's this?

RHODES
Nothing admissible, Lieutenant.

KRANZ
Try me anyway.

Rhodes pulls herself away from her computer to give the Lieutenant her full attention.

RHODES
When I searched Criminal Records, nothing came up on either Josie Taylor or Sabrina Prescott.

KRANZ
Why did you check out both of them? Only Josie Taylor is our suspect.

RHODES
Just being thorough. Anyway, on a hunch, I had a friend over at Juvie hook me into their mainframe and that is what I came up with . . .

Kranz opens the file and begins to thumb through it.

RHODES (CONT'D)
They befriended each other when they were both patients at Crossroads Mental Institution for Juveniles.

KRANZ
What were they in for?

RHODES
Sabrina Prescott was admitted after a suicide attempt when she was fifteen. She was released three years later on her eighteenth birthday.

KRANZ
Three years is a long time for a suicide attempt. Does the file go into details?

RHODES
(exasperated)
No.

KRANZ

And Josie Taylor?

RHODES

Much more interesting.

(beat)

She was admitted at fourteen for psychiatric evaluation, after she stabbed her father. She claimed he had tried to rape her.

KRANZ

She sounds good for our killer.

RHODES

Maybe . . . Maybe not. She was proven right when it turned out three other of their foster kids were also being molested by him.

(beat)

The charges were dropped against Josie Taylor. But she remained a patient for a suicide attempt three days after she was admitted. Being a ward of the state, Child Services didn't know what to do with her. So, they kept her committed until she turned eighteen -- then dumped her on the street.

KRANZ

Rhodes, let me ask you something. Why are you doing all this?

RHODES

I don't understand your question.

KRANZ

You took a big risk to retrieve these files and they're useless. We could never use them against the Taylor woman if she turns out to be the killer.

(scolding)

In fact, you may have put the whole case in jeopardy if anyone finds out about it. These records were to stay sealed until their death.

RHODES

(sharply)

To tell you the truth Lieutenant, its not her death I'm all that worried about right now.

Kranz grows exasperated.

KRANZ

You take these cases too personally, Rhodes. That's your problem.

He walks off.

Rhodes watches him leave. Then goes back to work.

Her phone RINGS.

RHODES

Rhodes, Homicide . . . Yeah . . .
Where? . . . I know the area. I'll
be there in twenty.

Rhodes gets up and shuts off her terminal.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The investigation is just getting under way. Forensics and detectives are still taking in the scene. A police photographer shoots the room.

Milo's nude body lays in the middle of a shredded waterbed, literally soaking in his own watery blood. Like the prior victim his throat has been slit and his bare crotch is a bloody mess.

On the wall is a poster for "Hot Monkey Sex", presumably his oft mentioned band. Its been defaced in blood-red lipstick with "Love Kills" scrawled in large letters.

A bleary-eyed Ross enters. Spots Rhodes standing alongside the body with Trillman. He joins them.

RHODES (CONT'D)

Nice of you to join us, Ross.

Ross stands beside her and tries to stifle a yawn.

ROSS

Sorry, I'm late.

CLOSE-UP OF MILO'S FACE -- Pallid except for the familiar blood-red lipstick smeared onto his mouth.

BACK TO SCENE

RHODES

So what do we have besides our fourth murder, boys?

TRILLMAN

I wouldn't say that, Detective.

Trillman bends down and removes something from Milo's hair with a pair of tweezers and places it in an evidence bag.

RHODES

What is it?

Trillman holds a bag up to the light.

TRILLMAN

Its a paint chip.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

As the sun is making it's morning ascent, Josie's convertible arrives in the lot.

A languished Josie, still dressed from the night before, drags herself out of the car.

Oblivious to the silver, late-model SUV parked a few cars back.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD - We glimpse the face of the man from the underground parking lot.

INT. LOFT - MINUTES LATER

Josie enters. Immediately notices Sabrina, still clad in sleep wear, staring out one of the lofts large windows.

JOSIE

Sabrina, you weren't up all night waiting for me, were you?

No response.

Josie approaches and falsifies an explanation.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

The director was some kid just out of USC film school, who insisted on doing take after take! You'd think he was directing "Citizen Fucking Kane".

(tries to add humor)

It was more like "Citizen Candy Cane."

She reaches Sabrina, who is still ignoring her. Begins to be serious.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry if I worried you,
Sabrina.

Josie scrutinizes Sabrina. Watches her vacantly staring out the window. She is lost in some sort of reverie.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Sabrina?

The phone RINGS.

Josie answers it. Her eyes never leave Sabrina.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. SWEENEY GALLERY - SAME TIME

Gallery owner ADAM, an effeminate Brit, is on the line. He nervously paces around his gallery on his cell phone. In the b.g., we can see a few of Sabrina's paintings on display.

ADAM
Josie, its Adam. Is Sabrina there?

INTERCUT as necessary during their conversation.

JOSIE
She can't talk right now, Adam.

ADAM
(impatiently)
It is very important, Josie.
(beat)
The police just left.

JOSIE
(stunned)
What did they want?

ADAM
They photographed her work I
already have hanging in here.
They also took particular
interest in "Heart Breaker".
What's this all about, Josie?

JOSIE
Sorry Adam I have to go.

ADAM

Josie what is going on, what--

The line is DISCONNECTED.

END the INTERCUTTING on a perplexed Adam. He walks out of FRAME. The CAMERA PUSHES IN on a specific painting on the wall.

THE PAINTING - Displays a young woman, baring a striking resemblance to Sabrina, stabbing herself in the heart with a switchblade knife.

Its small placard reads "Heart Breaker".

INT. LOFT - SAME TIME

Josie returns to Sabrina.

JOSIE

Have the police been here, Sabrina?

Sabrina snaps from her reverie. Begins sobbing. Shakes her head sternly.

SABRINA

They called. They want me to come in for questioning.

JOSIE

(tries to stay calm)

Did they say you're a suspect?

SABRINA

They said I'm not. But they would still be advising me of my rights.

(looks at Josie)

I'm so scared, Josie! What am I going to do?

Josie pulls Sabrina into a consoling embrace. Her concealed face registers genuine worry.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

What am I going to do, Josie?

Josie suddenly grows coldly decisive.

JOSIE

I know what needs to be done.

INT. LOFT - LATE AFTERNOON

The girls are curled up on the couch together. A maternal Josie holds a despondent Sabrina, gently stroking her hair.

Both are lost in their own thoughts.

A KNOCK on the front door startles them.

Sabrina stiffens in Josie's arms. Josie whispers reassuringly into her ear.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
It's alright.

She straightens up. Walks over and opens the door.

On the other side of the door is Madeline. She pretty much ignores Josie, enters. Directly approaches Sabrina.

MADELINE
Sabrina.

SABRINA
(coolly)
Mother.

MADELINE
I've talked to Mr. Rome. He wants to meet with us as soon as possible. You need to get dressed.

SABRINA
I want Josie to come with me.

MADELINE
(sternly)
Sabrina, this is a personal matter. Its not a good idea.

Josie comes over to them.

JOSIE
Your mother is right.

She receives a startled look from both Sabrina and Madeline.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
This is serious, Sabrina. Not something you wanna screw around with.
(with finality)
Now go get ready.

SABRINA
 (near tears again)
 But I need you!

Madeline contains her disgust.

JOSIE
 (snaps)
 Be a fucking grown-up, Sabrina!

A heartbroken Sabrina scurries away.

Josie stares after her. Straining to keep her hard demeanor from cracking with emotion.

Madeline looks to her, begrudgingly appreciative.

MADELINE
 I'm grateful for what you have done.

Josie says nothing.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Having her get in touch with me.
 She would never have done it on her own.

JOSIE
 I didn't do this for you. I'm doing this for Sabrina.

MADELINE
 Well, you did the right thing. No offense, but I have a few more resources at my disposal than a porn star . . . I mean, actress.

Josie reacts.

JOSIE
 What are you talking about?

Madeline simply offers an enigmatic smile.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The prestigious office of a powerful man. A sprawling view of Los Angeles is his backdrop.

Attorney MR. ROME wears an expensive suit and carries himself with the demeanor of arrogant elitism.

Rome sits authoritatively behind a massive desk. Madeline and Sabrina are at the other end, listening intently.

ROME

(grand smile)

Sabrina, you can be assured that everything is going to be alright.

SABRINA

(taken back)

It is?

ROME

I've temporarily neutralized your "predicament". But you have my word that soon we'll be putting all of this behind us.

Sabrina is not convinced.

Rome pulls out a legal pad. Scans over his notes.

ROME (CONT'D)

I've seen the evidence they have against you, Sabrina. Its both circumstantial and weak. Enough so that I was able to defer the police from even questioning you.

Madeline is genuinely relieved. Sabrina is unresponsive.

MADELINE

That's very good, Howard.

SABRINA

What evidence?

ROME

I'm not able to elaborate. But I can tell you that it was found on the last victim.

(off Sabrina's look)

It was found early this morning.

Sabrina grows more concerned.

ROME (CONT'D)

We also feel that it would be better if you stayed with your mother over the next few days.

Sabrina reacts.

ROME (CONT'D)

(elaborating to calm her)
There is the possibility -- no matter how small -- the police could still put together a case strong enough to come after us with a search warrant.

(beat)

If this should occur, you're better off in a more controlled "environment".

SABRINA

I don't understand.

ROME

They are less likely to try anything if they are dealing with a well-respected, affluent citizen like you mother.

SABRINA

What do you mean "try anything"?

ROME

I'm talking about anything from the loss of your rights to the planting of evidence. Read the papers. We are talking about the LAPD.

MADELINE

Its for your own good, darling.

Sabrina slumps in the chair, defeated.

A conspiring glance passes between Madeline and Rome.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

ROME

That should be Mr. Walsh.

Sabrina turns to Madeline.

SABRINA

Who?

Behind them we see a man -- from the waist down -- enter and approach.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Ladies.

Sabrina and Madeline turn around to see him.

Its the man "stalking" Josie from the underground parking lot.

MAN
Jim Walsh, Security Specialist.

INT. LOFT, SABRINA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

A moping Sabrina gathers clothes and puts them into a bag.
Josie stands aside, watching on.

JOSIE
Its only for a few days, Sabrina.

SABRINA
I don't want to go, Josie. I like being here. With you.

JOSIE
This will soon blow over and then you can come home.

Sabrina moves over to a canvas leaning against a wall in the corner, covered by an oil rag. She carefully slips it into a canvas carrying case.

Josie attempts to lighten the mood:

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Will I ever see that damn painting?

SABRINA
The second I finish it. I'd like you to be first one to see it.

JOSIE
I have something for you, Sabrina.

She opens her hand. In her palm, the "Hello Kitty" pin.

SABRINA
I can't take that Josie. Its your lucky pin.

JOSIE
You can't keep it. Its just a loaner.
(softly)
Something to remind you of me.

Josie places in her palm, closes it.

Sabrina smiles, teary eyed.

SABRINA
 (mouths it)
 Thank you.

Her face contorts with worry.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 What about you, Josie, being here
 all alone? You hate that.

Josie forces a confident smile for her friend.

JOSIE
 I'll be fine Sabrina. I'm a big
 girl.

They embrace. Pull apart.

SABRINA
 They're waiting for me.

JOSIE
 They?

SABRINA
 My mother and Walsh, a security guy
 she brought on to investigate. I'd
 better get going.

She quickly gathers her things.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 I'll give you a call when I get
 settled in.

She gives Josie a quick peck on the cheek and is gone.

EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Madeline and Sabrina walk up to the front door. Madeline
 stops to address Sabrina:

MADELINE
 I'm glad to have you staying with
 me, Sabrina. Regardless of the
 consequences.

Madeline opens the door and they walk inside.

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the foyer Madeline unloads her purse, keys.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Can I get you anything?

SABRINA
I just want to go to bed right now.

Sabrina starts up the stairs. Madeline follows.

INT. SABRINA'S OLD ROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

Darkness.

A door opens. Silhouettes of Sabrina and Madeline against the lit hallway. The FLICK of a light switch is heard.

We now find ourselves in a room best described as belonging to a "teenage girl" in the mid-90s.

MADELINE
(proudly)
Just the way it was . . .
(hesitates)
. . . before you went away.

Sabrina stares into the room, uneasily.

SABRINA
Is it possible to stay in one of
the guest rooms? I feel a little
weird being back in here.

Madeline is hurt.

MADELINE
I suppose I could make up one of
the other rooms.

Sabrina curiously wanders into the room. Soaks up its memories.

SABRINA
Actually, maybe, I will stay here.
It's not . . . so bad.

MADELINE
(ecstatic)
Wonderful. Well, I'll let you get
settled in, Sabrina.

She turns to leave.

SABRINA
Mother?

Madeline turns around. Finds Sabrina beside a mantle of framed childhood photographs. She views them with bewilderment.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Where's the picture of daddy?

MADELINE
(sourly)
I had it removed. Out of sight,
out of mind.

SABRINA
I'd like them back.

MADELINE
(begrudgingly)
When Sandra arrives in the morning,
I'll have her get them out of the
attic.

SABRINA
Thank you. I'd appreciate it.

An irked Madeline turns on her heel. Walks away.

INT. LOFT - LATE NIGHT

Josie is tearing through the living room of the apartment. Turning over everything in search of something.

Sifting down deep into the bowels of the sofa she pulls out her vial of cocaine. She examines it . . . Empty.

JOSIE
(erupting)
Fuck!

She flings it across the room. Storms for the front door. Grabs her jacket on the way out.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

. . . and bumps into Eric, startling her.

ERIC
Sorry about that, Josie.

JOSIE
(catching her breath)
Its alright. You just scared the
shit out of me.

ERIC
I was coming up to see Sabrina. Is she around?

JOSIE
No. She's staying with her mother for a few days.

ERIC
(taken back)
She is? That's a surprise.

JOSIE
Its a personal matter.

ERIC
Oh.
(contemplates)
Then maybe I should talk to you.

He glances uneasily around the corridor.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We should talk someplace else.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Josie admires the nighttime skyline of downtown L.A.. She shivers against the breezy air. Looks up at the sky.

JOSIE
Not many stars tonight.

She looks back on the rooftop to see a worried Eric staring at her.

ERIC
Josie, I'm not certain but I think Sabrina might be in danger.

Josie reacts.

JOSIE
(confused)
What are you talking about?

ERIC
I just had a huge argument with Lolla about there being something between me and Sabrina.

JOSIE
Well isn't there?

ERIC

Not what Lolla's saying. I mean,
I've never even laid a hand on
Sabrina and Lolla's accusing me of
fucking her.

JOSIE

So, why are so worried about
Sabrina? You never considered
Lolla dangerous before.

ERIC

(troubled)

I've never seen Lolla like this
before.

JOSIE

What? Jealous?

ERIC

If it was just jealousy I wouldn't
be so concerned. But I've never
seen her filled with so much rage.
(reluctant)
Josie, she scared me.

JOSIE

Where is she now?

ERIC

God only knows. She stormed out of
my loft a half-hour ago.

A disturbing thought comes over Josie's mind.

JOSIE

Does Lolla know about us? Our
little fling in the past?

ERIC

If she does she didn't say
anything. All she talked about
was "that cunt Sabrina."
(beat)
She broke the lock off my door with
a switchblade. I'll have to get it
fixed in the morning.

JOSIE

Christ, Eric! Well, Sabrina's at
her mother's house. She's safe
there.

JOSIE'S POV - Trickling down the sleeve of Eric's t-shirt is a small trail of blood.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
What's this?

She lifts up the shirt sleeve to reveal his upper arm bandaged up, blood seeps through it.

Eric recoils and winces from Josie's touch.

ERIC
She cut me.

JOSIE
Jesus, Eric! Call the fucking cops on her.

ERIC
If it weren't for the fact that she's spent her whole life learning how to dodge them, that just might seem like a good idea.

Josie looks at him evenly. Lets it go.

JOSIE
Just watch your back.

She gives him a friendly peck on the cheek and heads for the roof access door.

ERIC
(calling after her)
Hey Josie, what about you?

She flashes him a sad smile.

JOSIE
What about me?

She disappears through the door.

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE, SABRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina is in bed, on the phone. Over the line we hear REPEATED RINGING. She hangs up, slightly perturbed.

SABRINA
Where could she be?

She looks at the "Hello Kitty" pin, set on her night stand table. Shifts her gaze to the ceiling. Becomes lost in thought.

INT. CROSSROADS INSTITUTE, DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina (now 18) and Josie (now 17) wearing matching forlorn expressions. They speak in a hushed conversation:

JOSIE

Are you afraid, Sabrina?

Sabrina nods, sadly.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You should be happy. Tomorrow morning you're out of this shit hole.

SABRINA

(timidly)

But it'll be without you.

Josie forces up an amused facade.

JOSIE

Hey, you're the one who's eighteen now. Not eight.

(more somber)

So, then, what? You going to live with your mother again?

Sabrina responds resentfully.

SABRINA

She hasn't been here for the past three years. Why should I go to her now?

JOSIE

So, what'll you do?

SABRINA

(shrugs)

I can open my trust fund now. That's plenty for us to live off of.

Josie reacts.

JOSIE

Us?

She appears uncharacteristically vulnerable. Forces back the tears welling in eyes.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

But I'm not getting out of here for another seven months. Are you planning on waiting for me?

Sabrina is surprised that this was even a question.

SABRINA

Of course. You're my best friend, Josie!

(beat)

You're . . . more.

She slowly leans in, kisses a stunned Josie on the lips.

Josie finds herself succumbing to the deep kiss.

Sabrina breaks free, heatedly whispers into Josie's ear:

SABRINA (CONT'D)

You're a lot more than that.

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE, SABRINA'S ROOM - (PRESENT)

Sabrina lays on her bed, deep in thought. Her hands disappear beneath the covers. They begin to make a downward decent . . .

INT. CROSSROADS INSTITUTE, DORM ROOM -(FLASHBACK)

Sabrina is now removing Josie's drab grey clothing. Stares into Josie's eyes, adoringly.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I love you, Josie.

JOSIE

(reserved)

I love you, too.

Sabrina takes the initiative and moves in to kiss Josie. She kisses and caresses Josie with true feeling.

Josie now removes Sabrina's clothing.

They being exploring each other with the urgency and curiosity of inexperienced young lovers. Their intimacy is more love than lust . . . More sensual than sexual . . . more compassion than passion.

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE, SABRINA'S ROOM - (PRESENT DAY)

Sabrina continues to masturbate. Her face contorts with a mix of ecstasy and emotional anguish.

INT. CROSSROADS, INSTITUTE DORM ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Looks like we have a couple of girls playing doctor here.

Sabrina and Josie are startled from their passion. Turn to find an old NURSE entering. Accompanied by a pair of snickering ORDERLIES.

The disgusted Nurse steps up to them. Looks at Josie.

NURSE

I expected something like this from you.

(turns to Sabrina)

But not from you, Miss Prescott. Does this seem like an act of good mental health to you?

Sabrina and Josie are quickly trying to re-dress.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Seeing how you're being discharged tomorrow, there isn't much I can do with you.

(looks to Josie)

However . . .

The Nurse gestures to the orderlies.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Have Miss Taylor put into isolated confinement for the next two weeks.

Josie explodes with panic.

JOSIE

No! Fuck that! You can't put me back in there! I'm not going!

The orderlies move in on her. Josie violently lashes out at them. Sabrina tries to join in.

SABRINA

Leave her alone.

Orderly #1 takes hold of Sabrina and restrains her. She despairingly watches Josie being dragged off by Orderly #2.

JOSIE
 (pleading)
 Please don't put me in that fucking
 cell! I'm sorry! Don't do this!
 Please!

Sabrina cries out for her.

SABRINA
 Josie!

Josie desperately latches onto a passing door frame. Reaches out with her free hand for Sabrina.

JOSIE
 Sabrina!

And then she is gone.

A devastated Sabrina slumps in the orderly's arms. He releases her. She collapses to the floor.

The nurse stares down at her with a self-satisfied smirk.

NURSE
 Tomorrow's your big day, Miss
 Prescott. I suggest you get
 some rest.

The Nurse and remaining orderly exit. Leaving behind Sabrina, sobbing uncontrollably.

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE, SABRINA'S ROOM - (PRESENT)

An emotionally-spent Sabrina is motionlessly strewn out on the bed. Appearing almost dead, save for a tear tracking down her right cheek.

A KNOCK at the door startles her.

Sabrina abruptly sits up.

SABRINA
 (wiping her tears)
 Yes?

MADELINE (OS)
 Sabrina, may I come in?

SABRINA
 Uh . . . yeah.

An inebriated Madeline enters. Glass of warm milk in hand.

MADELINE

I brought you warm milk. It used to help you sleep when you were younger.

Sabrina studies her mother. Takes the glass and sets it on her night stand.

SABRINA

Thank you.

MADELINE

Can we talk for a few minutes?

SABRINA

(reluctant)

Sure.

Madeline settles onto the bed.

MADELINE

Sweetie, I know that you're not responsible for these murders.

SABRINA

(amused)

Should I take that as a compliment mother?

MADELINE

What I mean to say is that I am certain that Mr. Walsh will get to the bottom of this whole thing.

SABRINA

(suspicious)

What are you talking about? I thought he was just some security guy.

MADELINE

(assuring her)

In addition, he's a private detective. We need to take all the precautions we can.

(beat)

Especially if the killer turns out to be someone you know.

Sabrina is beginning to catch her mother's drift. Turns irate.

SABRINA

What are you trying to say, mother?

A flustered Madeline blurts out:

MADELINE

That self-destructive little whore roommate of yours is capable of anything. Why can't you see that?

Sabrina glares at her.

SABRINA

(cold and evenly)

All I see is a bitter old woman who is jealous of her daughter's best friend. And you want to know why? Because you weren't there for me when Josie was.

MADELINE

Is that what you call someone who is now trying to frame you for murder?

Sabrina jumps out of bed.

SABRINA

I'm not going to stay here and listen to your drunken bullshit.

She hurriedly begins gathering her things together.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I know now why daddy left you. For the same reason I am going to?

MADELINE

How can you still care for a man who left us over a decade ago?! He's never even tried to contact you once.

(pained)

While you, continually crucify me for any attempt at reconciliation.

SABRINA

Because you drove him off!

MADELINE

(outraged)

I did no such thing!

SABRINA

You treated us both like
commodities your entire life.
You'd cash us in for a higher
social status in a heartbeat.

MADELINE

What are you talking about?

SABRINA

Your turn to answer a question,
Mother. The morning daddy left
. . . That morning . . . What were
you more concerned with? That I
had just slashed my wrists? Or
that I got blood all over your
Oriental rug?

Sabrina throws a jacket on over her sleeping attire.

MADELINE

What have I done to deserve this
from you?

Sabrina grabs her belongings and heads out the door.

Madeline struggles to stand up.

INT. UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR/STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina storms down the stairs. Madeline appears at the top
of the stairs. Holding herself up by the railing.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You have no idea! No idea what
you have put me through, Sabrina.
Those three years you were away
were nothing but hell on me!

Sabrina stops towards the bottom of the staircase and turns
around to face her.

SABRINA

Yeah, I've heard traveling through
Europe for three consecutive years
can be murder.

Madeline deflates before her daughter.

MADELINE

Where are you going?

SABRINA
 (definitively)
 As far away from here as I can get.

Sabrina storms the remaining stairs. Crosses to the front door and SLAMS the door shut behind her.

EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sabrina steps onto the front porch and takes off running down the driveway.

EXT. AFFLUENT NEIGHBORHOOD - SECONDS LATER

Sabrina runs down the driveway onto the sidewalk. She looks around and proceeds up the street.

Headlights light up behind her. It begins to approach.

Sabrina sees this, quickens her step.

The vehicle pulls up, revealing itself to be a familiar SUV. Its passenger window slides down.

Walsh is behind the wheel.

WALSH
 Is everything alright?

SABRINA
 No.

Sabrina resumes walking. Walsh cruises beside her.

WALSH
 Do you want a ride somewhere, Ms. Prescott?

SABRINA
 I'm okay.

WALSH
 Just walking the streets in you pajamas? Get in. I'll take you wherever you need to go.

SABRINA
 I said I'm okay. Now please leave me alone.

WALSH
 Ms. Prescott, your mother lot of money to do my job. So why not just let me do it?

Sabrina grudgingly climbs aboard.

INT. WALSH'S SUV - NIGHT - (MOVING)

WALSH (CONT'D)
So, where am I going?

SABRINA
Nearest hotel will work.

WALSH
Got it.

He speeds off, pulling the vehicle OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. MOTEL - FEW MINUTES LATER

The SUV arrives outside of a modest motel.

INT. WALSH'S SUV

WALSH (CONT'D)
This alright with you?

SABRINA
Yeah.
(beat)
I'd appreciate it if you didn't
tell my mother where I'm at.

Walsh appears apprehensive.

WALSH
I'm sorry but I just can't do that.
She signs my checks.

SABRINA
I'll tell you what. I'll pay you
twice your going rate to work for
me instead.

WALSH
What are you getting at?

SABRINA
I'm not going back there, Mr.
Walsh. Your gonna be out of job
anyway. Take my offer and then go
take a vacation . . . After you
handle one thing for me.

Walsh ponders over this and then seems to agree.

WALSH

What's that, Ms. Prescott?

SABRINA

Go back to my building. Keep an eye on Josie for me. She's in more danger being alone in the loft than I am here.

She removes a photo from her wallet. Hands it over to him.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

That's Josie.

Walsh glances at the photo, slips it away.

WALSH

Consider your friend safe.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The SUV arrives in the desolated neighborhood. Parks a few car lengths back from the loft building.

INT. WALSH'S SUV - SAME TIME

Walsh pulls out his cell phone, dials out.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Mrs. Prescott, this is Walsh. Sorry to call so late. I just wanted you to know that Sabrina is safe at a nearby motel. Funny thing is. She hired me to keep an eye on her friend. Afraid she might be in danger. Anyway, I agreed to take her on. It'll enable me to look over the rest of the loft since no one seems to be home right now. Go ahead and give me a call in the morning or when you get this message. Good night.

Walsh disconnects. Removes a silver-plated handgun from the glove box. Climbs out of the vehicle.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - SECONDS LATER

Walsh pulls out a set of keys, unlocks the entry door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Walsh knocks on their loft door. Waits for a beat.

No response.

Walsh uses the same set of keys to unlock the door. Slips inside the loft.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh takes out a miniature flashlight. Turns it on. Begins to familiarly maneuver through the loft.

INT. LOFT, JOSIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters. Scopes out the room. Moves over to the bureau. Examines the various make-ups atop it.

Suddenly, a dark shadow moves past him . . .

Walsh reacts. Looks to see a dark figure through the loft window. Its climbing up the outside fire escape to the next floor.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Shit!

He bolts from the room.

INT. LOFT, MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Walsh crosses the loft, scurries out the front door . . .

INT. ERIC'S LOFT, DARKROOM - SAME TIME

Under the glow-red darkroom lighting, Eric develops prints.

He uses a pair of tongs to remove a print from a pan of developing fluid. Studies it.

A muddled, continuous SOUND emits through the door.

Eric snaps his head, startled.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT, MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

He steps out to find the loft empty and dark. He warily looks around.

ERIC

Lolla?

No response.

Suddenly, there is POUNDING on his front door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Walsh SLAMS his fists against it.

WALSH

Hello! Hello in there! Is anybody home! You need to get out of there!

INT. LOFT, HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Walsh's shouts are MUFFLED and INCOHERENT through the thick door. We now also see its been jerry-rigged to lock with a 2X4 and an old cargo lock.

Eric tersely takes steps backwards, away from the door . . . Deeper into the dark loft.

ERIC

(yelling)

Lolla, you need to go away! Come back in the morning and we can talk! I'm not letting you--

He suddenly senses something behind him. Turns to see his T.V. set turned on and (MOS) playing the following:

INT. CLASSROOM/PORN SET - DAY

A pair of girls dressed in pigtails and schoolgirl outfits fervidly make out atop the teacher's desk.

One of them is clearly Josie. The other girl's face, however, is concealed by the camera angle.

Josie slips off the desk, bends the other girl over it. Hikes her skirt, begins to spank her with a ruler.

The other girl MOANS, reaches out, slips her hand under Josie's skirt. She then turns her head . . .

Its Lolla!

INT. ERIC'S LOFT, MAIN AREA - SAME TIME

Eric is shocked.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

The front door is now being PUMMELED by Walsh's body weight outside.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Lolla?

Behind him, a metallic flash appears . . . Comes across his throat . . . Fiercely SLASHES across it . . .

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Walsh repeatedly KICKS his foot against the door knob until finally . . .

INT. ERIC'S LOFT, MAIN AREA - SAME TIME

The door FLIES OPEN, sending the 2X4 and cargo lock flying.

Walsh steps in just inside. Flips on the light switch. Finds himself staring at . . .

Eric collapses to the floor, futilely clenching his severed throat. Blood gushes between his fingers

WALSH

Sonofabitch!

Walsh then notices one of the loft windows wide open, leading out to the fire escape.

He bolts out the door, giving chase.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh flies down the stairs, two-or-three at a time . . .

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He charges out the entry door. Rushes over to his SUV. Sets his gun atop its rooftop, searching his pocket for his car keys.

Suddenly, a dark figure appears behind him. Strikes down with a switchblade --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S LOFT, MAIN AREA - MORNING

Yet another crime scene in progress. Rhodes and Ross are once again here, taking it all in.

Rhodes turns to the nearest uniformed cop.

RHODES
Who found the body?

He gestures to a few feet over to A PRETTY WOMAN is being questioned by a detective.

UNIFORM
A model. Had an early morning appointment with the victim for a photo shoot.

Eric's corpse now lays directly before the T.V. Scrawled in blood-red lipstick across its screen: LOVE KILLS.

Trillman comes up to Rhodes.

TRILLMAN
As you can see, the body was moved.
(off their looks)
Not by my people. Or yours.

RHODES
Then it was the killer?

TRILLMAN
Apparently. As well, this scene is a lot messier. Your gal must have been in some sort of a hurry.

Ross kneels down, studies a streak of blood running from Eric's body to its original position a few feet away.

Courtney appears. A videotape in his rubber-gloved hands.

COURTNEY
You wanna see the tape?

RHODES
Not particularly. Is there anything interesting about it?

COURTNEY
Well, just that this tape wasn't played out. It was stopped about halfway through.

TIME LAPSE: A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rhodes, Ross and Courtney stand before a VCR attached to a portable TV.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
I had this unit brought in while
they dust the scene.

He inserts the tape. Presses "play".

ONSCREEN - Josie and Lolla resume. However, the camera angle
again keeps us from clearly seeing Lolla's face.

BACK TO SCENE

Ross blandly recognizes Josie.

ROSS
No big plot twist here.

RHODES
We've seen enough. Shut it off,
Courtney.

Courtney reaches over to turn off the VCR.

Rhodes suddenly reacts. Locks eyes back onto the screen.

RHODES (CONT'D)
Pause the tape!

Courtney hits the "pause" button.

ONSCREEN - IN FREEZE FRAME -- A close-up of an aroused Lolla.

BACK TO SCENE

COURTNEY
You know her?

Rhodes looks intently at the screen.

RHODES
It's the girl from the other day.
The one on the fire escape.

Rhodes goes to the nearest Uniform officer.

RHODES (CONT'D)
I want this place tossed. Try to
find me anything on that girl . . .

Rhodes gestures to the frozen image of Lolla on the
television.

UNIFORM
(pointing)
You mean like that picture, there?

She follows his gesture to a pile of stills. Lolla's photo is laying on top.

Rhodes picks up the photo. A look of recognition comes over her face.

RHODES
(recognition)
Lethal Lolla.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Rhodes and Ross head towards the staircase. Rhodes is elaborating:

RHODES (CONT'D)
I remember her from Vice. She was an underage street hooker. I busted her a dozen time for solicitation.
(beat)
And a few times for assault . . . with a switchblade. She stuck a couple of her johns.

ROSS
She ever done any time?

RHODES
No. The johns were generally too embarrassed to ever press charges. And the wounds were usually superficial.

ROSS
Usually?

RHODES
Lolla had this pimp, a real nasty piece of work named Royce. One day parts of him were found all over the city.

ROSS
Was Lolla a suspect?

RHODES
One of dozens. As far as I know, the case was never solved.

ROSS
Well, what happened to Lolla?

RHODES

She disappeared into the cracks in the sidewalk. A few months later I was promoted to Homicide and I never saw her again.

They arrive at the loft. A UNIFORM COP is posted.

RHODES (CONT'D)

She home?

UNIFORM #2

Yes ma'am. Hasn't tried to leave.

Rhodes KNOCKS on the door.

It opens expectantly.

Josie stands before them. Her eyes puffy and red from crying. She looks exhausted.

INT. LOFT- MINUTES LATER

Josie is slumped on the couch. Rhodes and Ross remain standing.

RHODES

What has you crying?

JOSIE

I'm on my period.

(annoyed)

Why the fuck do you think?! A friend of mine is dead!

RHODES

So, the victim was a "friend" of yours? Like the others.

JOSIE

(bitter)

Not like the others. I liked Eric.

ROSS

Tell us about Lolla.

RHODES

And you can start with "Afterschool Delight"

JOSIE

(evenly)

Its a movie I did. With Lolla.

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

A year-and- a-half, maybe two years ago.

RHODES

Is that how you two met?

JOSIE

No. She was living upstairs with Eric at the time.

RHODES

And their relationship?

JOSIE

Not the kind you want it to be. He was trying to help her get her shit together. He likes to help people . . . Liked.

RHODES

And how did he know her?

JOSIE

Eric took pictures down in Hollywood on the weekends. He was putting together a photo book. That's how they met.

RHODES

I think I remember seeing him around.

JOSIE

He felt sorry for her. He let her stay with him.

RHODES

And how did this go on?

JOSIE

She was there on and off. When she would go back to her old ways he would kick her out.

RHODES

For example?

JOSIE

For example, "Afterschool Delight".

RHODES

So, it was her idea to do the movie?

JOSIE

She was the one with the connections who set it up for me. I just needed the money. It's the same reason I still do them.

ROSS

Anything go on between the two of you?

JOSIE

Nothing that wasn't for the camera. She was just a kid.

RHODES

So then what was she doing having sex with you in a porno movie?

JOSIE

(defensive)

I didn't know she was fifteen at the time! When I did find out I turned her in.

ROSS

To who?

JOSIE

To the company making the movie -- "In The Pink". They immediately kicked her off the roster and word got around. No one'd make anymore movies with her.

RHODES

It's safe to assume then that she didn't take it well?

JOSIE

I was just trying to look out for her.

(softly)

She kind of reminded me of myself.

ROSS

Do you have any idea where she could be?

JOSIE

(shrugging)

Anywhere in Hollywood would be my guess.

(realizing)

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Does this mean that Sabrina is no longer your suspect?

The detectives exchange looks. A silent decision is passed between them. Rhodes speaks for both of them.

RHODES

Yes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE MORNING

A bland, Holiday Inn-style room.

Sabrina, clad in paint-stained overalls, is seated in the corner. Applying a touch-up to "Girls At Play", poised on a chair as a makeshift easel. (We still can't see the painting)

She puts on the finishing touches. Breaks into a satisfied smile. Pulls out her cell phone. Dials out.

A few RINGS are heard over the line. Josie then picks up.

JOSIE'S VOICE (OS)

(filtered)

Hello?

SABRINA

Josie, its me! I have terrific news --!

JOSIE'S VOICE (OS)

(filtered)

Sabrina, thank God! I was worried about you. I called your mother's house and she said you just up and left last night.

SABRINA

It's a long story, Josie. I don't want to get into it over the phone.

JOSIE'S VOICE (OS)

(filtered)

Where are you? I'll come pick you up.

EXT. JOSIE'S CONVERTIBLE - LATE MORNING - (MOVING)

Sabrina stares out her window, tears welled up.

JOSIE
You alright, Sabrina

SABRINA
Eric's dead?! It . . . just
doesn't make any sense. I
can't even believe it!

JOSIE
I hate to be the bitch in this
conversation, Sabrina; but this
is not that hard to believe.

SABRINA
What do you mean?

JOSIE
We were both worried about Eric
letting Lolla live with him. I
like her and all but let's face it,
the girl had fucking issues.

SABRINA
So, you think Lolla was capable of
all these murders?

JOSIE
The important thing is the cops
think so.

Sabrina, however, appears troubled.

Josie observes this. Attempts to lighten the mood:

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Hey, didn't you have some good news
for me over the phone?

SABRINA
(flatly)
Yeah. I finished "Girls at Play."

JOSIE
Really?! Can I see it?

SABRINA
Well, what I wanted to do was show
it to you tonight.

JOSIE
Tonight?

SABRINA

Yeah. I still need to arrange the paintings for my gallery showing. So, I thought it might be fun to have a sleep-over at the gallery.

JOSIE

And Adam will let you do this?

SABRINA

He's already agreed. I have a set of keys to the gallery in my bag.

JOSIE

Sounds like fun. Lets do it!

SABRINA

I don't know. It just doesn't seem right anymore.

JOSIE

Dammit Sabrina! Let it go. It's over. We've got to move on.

SABRINA

(resignedly)
I guess you're right.

JOSIE

Good girl!

Sabrina offers up a reserved smile.

INT. LAPD HOMICIDE, LT. KRANZ'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A packed house of detectives. Including Ross and Courtney. Kranz sits at his desk.

All attention is on Rhodes who is running the show.

RHODES

A citywide A.P.B. is now out for our key suspect - Lolla Marshall, a.k.a. "Lethal Lolla".

(beat)

She was -- and still may be -- a hooker familiar with the Hollywood area. Their Vice squad has been specifically alerted to keep an eye out for her.

(beat)

(MORE)

RHODES (CONT'D)

Prowler units are also patrolling the neighborhood of the last crime scene in the unlikely possibility she returns there. Questions?

There are none.

Rhodes turns to Kranz.

RHODES (CONT'D)

Anything to add, Lieutenant?

KRANZ

Nothing. Except that we get out there and find her. The media has begun to catch wind of these murders. We don't need another dead body to add fuel to their fire.

EXT. ANGELES CREST NATIONAL FOREST - SAME TIME

A deserted mountainous area. Parked on a bare patch of dirt is Walsh's SUV.

A FEMALE HIKER and her DOG come up the trail. The dog runs up to the driver side window and begins to sniff.

The female hiker walks to retrieve her dog. When she gets to the window of the car she SCREAMS.

HIKER'S POV -- Walsh sitting on the drivers-side dead. Throat slashed from ear to ear. Blood-red lipstick decorates his lips.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sabrina's Lexus is parked out front.

Josie loads overnight gear into the back seat. Meanwhile, Sabrina carefully packs her paintings into the open trunk.

They finish up. Climb into the vehicle. Drive off.

The headlights of a parked sedan brighten. It pulls out, tailing Sabrina's Lexus.

INT. GALLERY - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The front door to a darkened gallery opens. Sabrina and Josie enter. Sleeping bags in hand.

Sabrina hits the light switch. Displaying the gallery in all its clinical splendor.

JOSIE
(wryly)
All the comforts of home.

SABRINA
You're the one who wanted to do this.

JOSIE
I know. I'm just being a smart-ass.

INT. SEDAN - SAME TIME

Rhodes and Ross stakeout the front of the gallery.

ROSS
You really think Lolla may try to come after them?

RHODES
That's what were here to find out. Get comfortable. Want some coffee?

ROSS
I could do that.

Rhodes exits the car.

EXT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina and Josie exit the gallery to remove more paintings from the Lexus.

INT. SEDAN - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Rhodes climbs back behind the wheel. Hands Ross his coffee. Takes a sip from her own.

RHODES
Did I miss anything?

ROSS
Just them unloading stuff. Looks like this one might be an all-nighter.

RHODES
Well, that'll make our job easier.

Rhodes's cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

RHODES (CONT'D)
This is Rhodes . . . I'm on my way.

Rhodes shuts off the phone, throws out her coffee and starts the car. She SPEEDS down the street.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - (MOVING)

RHODES (CONT'D)
Courtney picked up over the
dispatch a report of suspicious
activity back at the loft.

INT. GALLERY - MEANWHILE

Josie and Sabrina set down the last of the paintings, covered by sheets.

JOSIE
So, which one is it?

Sabrina takes her hand and leads her to a painting, hung and covered with a piece of black velvet.

SABRINA
Adam had it picked up from the
hotel this morning. I want it to
be the centerpiece.

JOSIE
(frowning)
I thought I was going to see it
first.

SABRINA
You are. I made Adam promise not
peek when he had it framed.

Josie begins to brim with anticipation.

JOSIE
So let me see it!

SABRINA
First things first.

She moves over to a nearby cabinet. Removes from it a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
First we celebrate. Compliments of
Adam.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, FOYER - MINUTES LATER

Rhodes and Ross enter. Meet up with a UNIFORM (#3) and MS.
CAVANAUGH.

UNIFORM #3
We were patrolling the neighborhood
when we received a call from Ms.
Cavanaugh, the building manager.

MS. CAVANAUGH
And I called after receiving a call
from one of my tenants.

ROSS
Which one would that be, ma'am?

MS. CAVANAUGH
She refused to identify herself.
Probably scared to death because
of that murder last night.

ROSS
What did the tenant tell you?

MS. CAVANAUGH
She was taking something down
into the basement and heard noises.
Like someone moving around.

ROSS
It couldn't have just been another
tenant?

MS. CAVANAUGH
She didn't seem to think she saw a
lock broken on door.
(apologetic)
I didn't know what to do. So I
called it in.

ROSS
Don't worry about it ma'am. You
did the right thing. We'll take
it from here.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, STAIRS/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Ross, scale down steps to the basement door. The lock on the door has indeed been broken off.

They enter. Discover a labyrinth of basement before them.

RHODES

This is going to be fun.

They head off towards the maze

INT. GALLERY - SAME TIME

Amidst the stark surroundings of the gallery, Josie and Sabrina sit in the middle of the room drinking champagne.

Sabrina raises her glass in a toast. CLINK!

INT. LOFT BUILDING, BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Ross's flashlight catches a glimpse of silver, he finds a light switch and turns on a light.

Lolla is revealed, dead and hanging from the ceiling.

INT. GALLERY - SAME TIME

The girls hang the paintings as an inebriated Sabrina and Josie drink directly from the bottle. Their laughter and chatting is MOS.

INT. LOFT BUILDING, BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Ross and Rhodes put on rubber gloves and bring Lolla to the ground and lean her against a wall.

Her mouth hangs slightly open.

Rhodes studies the body, becomes inexplicably flustered.

RHODES (CONT'D)

Shit!

ROSS

What is it?

RHODES

She's been dead for hours.
Probably long enough to not be our suspect.

Rhodes leans forward Lolla's head. Points to the back of her neck.

RHODES (CONT'D)
 (frowns)
 Look.

A piercing stab wound below the hairline.

ROSS
 I guess we still have a killer to find.

The flashlight catches something metallic in her mouth . . .

ROSS (CONT'D)
 There's something inside her mouth.

Rhodes fully opens Lolla's mouth. Ross looks over her shoulder for a better look.

ROSS (CONT'D)
 What is it?

Rhodes pulls out Lolla's tongue. This reveals the stud has been replaced . . . By Josie's "Hello Kitty" pin.

RHODES
 We gotta go back to the gallery.

INT. GALLERY - SAME TIME

The tipsy roommates are sprawled on the floor, sleeping bags laid out beneath. Dressed in sleep wear.

Sabrina finishes up relating the previous night's events.

SABRINA
 . . .And then her private detective guy dropped me off at that motel.

JOSIE
 (in awe)
 That's great, Sabrina! I'm so proud of you for finally standing up to her!

SABRINA
 Me, too.

JOSIE
 So what did you and your mother argue about?

SABRINA

She said you were the killer and
were trying to set me up for the
murders.

Josie lets out a large laugh. Sabrina joins in, relieved.

JOSIE

That's funny! I can't believe her.
Pathetic old woman.

Sabrina turns serious.

SABRINA

It wouldn't matter anyway.

JOSIE

What do you mean?

SABRINA

If you were the killer.

Josie stares at her, taken aback.

JOSIE

But I'm not.

SABRINA

I know that. I was just saying.

Josie studies Sabrina.

JOSIE

Sabrina, did you really think I
could be the killer?

Sabrina hesitates.

JOSIE

(hurt)

How could you? We've been best
friends for years! Don't you know
me by now?

Sabrina refuses to make eye contact.

SABRINA

When the police first came to see
us, you lied to them.

JOSIE

About what?

SABRINA
 About being in the loft late
 Tuesday night . . . When you
 weren't.

JOSIE
 (testily)
 How are you so certain?

SABRINA
 I just know.
 (beat)
 You lied to me about it too.

Josie abruptly becomes angry, more with herself than
 Sabrina. Retrieves her overnight case.

JOSIE
 You're absolutely right. I left
 the loft to get this.

She pulls out her vial of cocaine. Holds it up for display.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
 I told you I stopped. But I
 haven't. I . . . can't.

Sabrina is both troubled and relieved. She embraces her
 friend.

SABRINA
 You're gonna be alright, Josie.
 That's what I'm here for.

Sabrina pulls back. Passionately kisses Josie.

Josie breaks away, startled.

JOSIE
 Why did you kiss me like that?

Sabrina gazes at her, adoringly.

SABRINA
 I love you, Josie. Very much.
 Ever since Crossroads.
 (fondly)
 Remember out last night together.

JOSIE
 We were kids! We were just . . .
 you know, screwing around.

Sabrina erupts. We've never seen her like this before.

SABRINA

I bet you'd have enjoyed it more if you got paid! You've really "made it" as an actress.

Josie is wounded by this.

JOSIE

That's not fair.

SABRINA

You're the one who's not being fair. After everything I've done for you!

JOSIE

What are you talking about?

Sabrina becomes disgusted.

SABRINA

What I did . . . with those men.

Josie is alarmed. Struggles to remain composed.

JOSIE

What did you do, Sabrina?

Sabrina begins to sob.

SABRINA

I cheated on you.

JOSIE

(confused)
What?!

SABRINA

I had sex with them.

JOSIE

(sternly)
Who, Sabrina?!

SABRINA

The men you slept with!
(contrite)
I only did it to be closer to you.
To have someone inside of me who
had been inside of you. That's all
I ever wanted.

Josie takes Sabrina's face in her hands and stares into her eyes.

JOSIE
 Sabrina, I have to ask you this.
 This is important. Answer me
 truthfully.
 (apprehensive)
 Did you kill those men?

SABRINA
 (incredulously)
 No! Of course not! They meant
 nothing to me. It's you that I
 love, Josie.

Josie grows disconcerted.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 You believe me, don't you?

JOSIE
 I don't know. I don't know
 anything right now. I have to
 think about all this.

Josie grabs her overnight case and runs into the ladies
 bathroom.

Sabrina stares after her, heartbroken.

INT. GALLERY, WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josie enters. Moves over to the sink. Throws her overnight
 bag onto the counter.

INT. GALLERY - SAME TIME

INSERT - THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE - is SMASHED. A female hand
 clutches onto the neck. The jagged teeth offer a makeshift
 weapon.

SABRINA'S VOICE (OS)
 (sobbing)
 Sorry, Josie. But there really is
 no other choice.

INT. GALLERY, WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME TIME

Josie digs through her overnight bag. She pulls out the vial
 of cocaine.

JOSIE
 No more.

She pours the contents down the drain.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
Admirable. But too little too
late. Don't you think?

Josie looks into the mirror. Reacts

Standing behind her is Madeline!

Josie spins around, startled.

JOSIE
(jarred)
What are you doing here?! Who let
you in?!

Madeline flashes a demented smile.

MADELINE
One of the perks of being a realtor
-- Access to master keys! And as
for why I'm here . . .

She draws Walsh's silver revolver. Uses her free hand to
take out a blood-red lipstick. Tosses it to her.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Put it on.

Josie just stares at her.

Madeline points the gun at her head, COCKS it.

A seething Josie applies it. She intentionally makes a messy
job of it, more mouth than lip.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
It'll have to do. Now write on the
mirror: LOVE KILLS and then sign
your name.

Josie stares at her, coolly.

JOSIE
You're an even sicker bitch than
I had imagined . . . And that's
saying a lot.

Madeline SMACKS her in the mouth, using the barrel of the
gun.

Josie is stunned. Her lower lip bleeding.

MADELINE

Write it!

Josie writes the message. Crooked and sloppy.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Now for the fun part.

Madeline reaches into her pocket. Pulls out a switchblade knife -- the murder weapon. Tosses it to her.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Cut your wrists. Shouldn't be too hard for you. You've had some practice.

Josie is in disbelief.

JOSIE

You are the most pathetic woman--

MADELINE

(losing patience)

No matter what happens in this room Josie. You are going to die! You need to accept this.

JOSIE

Then you may as well pull the trigger. Because I'm not playing your warped little game.

Madeline shrugs. Levels the gun on her.

MADELINE

Fine. I have no problem with that.
(dramatic pause)
But something to keep in mind. If I do shoot you, Sabrina will hear the gunshot. And she'll come in to investigate.

JOSIE

So? She's your child! You would never hurt her!

MADELINE

Maybe . . . Maybe not. I've even surprised myself of what I've been capable of over the past few days.

The realization hits Josie like a sucker punch.

JOSIE

You've created all of this!

Madeline says nothing. Stares at her with cold, dead eyes devoid of all emotion.

Josie knows what she has to do now. She FLICKS open the switchblade -- Its blade is covered in dried blood. Defiantly glowers at Madeline.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

Josie hastily slashes both of her wrists. She cries out.

Blood pours from the wounds. The sink water turns an instant pink.

Madeline turns the water on in the sink and stops the drain.

She places Josie's hands in the sink.

Josie starts to cry. Pained.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?

MADELINE

For the love of my child, of course. I have no sympathy for you. You, the little whore who tried to take my Sabrina away from me. But you know better now. Don't you?

Josie says nothing. She cringes from the pain. The sink water is now a deep shade of red.

Madeline now becomes lost in tormented thought.

MADELINE

Her father was the same way. Except he tried to take me away from her. Said I needed "help". Tried to have me put away.
(directly to Josie)
I don't think I have a problem. Do you?

Josie says nothing.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Well anyway. I took care of him. I made it look like he left us. Everyone thought he had wandering eyes anyway. It wasn't that difficult to make it look like he ran off with some slut . . . Like yourself.

JOSIE

Is that why you ran off to Europe? To avoid the Police?

Madeline becomes annoyed.

MADELINE

I was heartbroken! After doing what I did to secure a better life for her, she tries to kill herself over him!

Josie subtly raises her hands. Keeps them above water. The bleeding begins to diminish.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

She didn't want me?! Fine! I sent her away to Crossroads and travelled to Europe. Then I relocated to Florida.

(grows depressed)

But the maternal bonds are hard to sever. I missed her terribly.

Josie is growing dazed. Struggles to keep her wits.

JOSIE

I was there. I know that you never once checked up on her.

MADELINE

You're wrong. I did. Or rather, Mr. Walsh, the private investigator I hired did.

(gloating)

I know more about you and her than you even want to know.

Darkness clouds over Madeline.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Then I learned what you did to her. Corrupting her, heart and soul. And that's when I decided to come back.

Madeline levels the gun at Josie's forehead.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

But it was too late. She had fallen desperately in love with you. And, desperate times called for desperate measures.

JOSIE

So you started killing people?

Madeline studies Josie. Checks her wrists . . . Which are back inside the bloodied water.

MADELINE

I set you up. To get you away from Sabrina.

(disgusted)

But the police were stupid and useless. They did nothing!

Madeline steps back.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

So I did something different.

JOSIE

You set up Sabrina for the next murder.

MADELINE

I thought it would bring us closer together. I was the only one who could help her.

(beat)

Nothing bad could have happened to her. I was already setting up that other whore -- Lolla -- for the murders.

(dismayed)

But things got screwed-up. We got fight. Sabrina left. Walsh ended the wrong place at the wrong time. It all turned into a big mess.

Josie leans up to the sink. Struggling to remain standing.

JOSIE

(light-headed)

It that . . . that why you're doing . . . this?

MADELINE

(amused)

I'm doing this to bring it all full circle, you stupid bitch.

(beat)

When the police find that other whore's body in the basement, there will be a clue that even they can't miss. And it'll lead them directly back to you.

JOSIE

And . . . and what about . . . Sabrina?

MADELINE

Once she recovers from finding you, she'll be fine.

(aspiring)

I'll be there to comfort her. And I will have my daughter back.

Josie suddenly drops to the floor.

Madeline eyes her, approvingly. Puts away the revolver.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

My work here is done.

She kneels down. Checks Josie for a pulse. Her face resisters alarm.

Josie suddenly rolls over. Switchblade in hand. Plunges it into Madeline's chest.

With waning strength, Josie straightens. Exits.

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

She drags herself forward. Leans to the wall for support. Her blood trailing the antiseptic walls.

JOSIE

(weakly)

Sabrina?! Sabrina?! We . . . we need to . . . get out of here!

Josie appears lost and disoriented.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(feebly)

Sabrina?

She turns and finds herself looking at "Girls at Play" awaiting unveiling.

A dark figure is slumped on the ground.

Josie precariously moves towards it.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Sabrina? Is . . . Is that . . .
you?

Josie suddenly slips. Falters to the floor. Screams in sheer horror.

Sprawled out before her is Sabrina, self-inflicted gash to her jugular. Broken champagne bottleneck still clutched in hand.

A despondent Josie crawls over to Sabrina. Places Sabrina's head in her lap. Soothingly begins rocking the dead Sabrina.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, sweetie . . . So sorry I
didn't forgive you.

She starts to nod off. Lapses into unconsciousness.

Madeline suddenly appears, staggering forth. Her side is bleeding. Gun clutched in hand.

MADELINE
Get away from her you whore!

He eyes suddenly widen in sheer horror, seeing her dead daughter for the first time.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
You did this! You bitch!

She presses the gun to Josie's temple. Squeezes on the trigger.

Suddenly another gun is heard being COCKED!

Madeline spins around.

Rhodes and Ross stands before her, gun leveled.

RHODES
Police, freeze!

Before Madeline can react, Josie leaps up . . . Buries the bottleneck into her heart.

The detectives open fire . . .

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Josie is blasted against the wall. As she slides down, her hand seeks purchase, latches onto the velvet veil, pulls it down with her.

Beat.

Rhodes and Ross approach the trio of bloody bodies. They completely ignore . . .

The fully revealed "Girls At Play" painting.

THE CAMERA PUSHES in for a closer look...

It is unlike any of Sabrina's other paintings. In bright, warm colors. A pleasant scene of beauty and tranquility.

The painting features two girls in flowing white gowns. They stroll, hand-in-hand, through a sprawling, lustrous meadow.

Their faces are familiar -- Josie and Sabrina as teenagers . . . Except with an innocence and happiness deprived from their real lives.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END