VERONICA

Written by

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EXT. QUICK MART PARKING LOT (NIGHT)

The black and white security camera catches a man walk out to the only car in the lot. He is greeted by a figure in a hooded sweat coat who immediately shoots him dead, rifles through his pockets and pumps several more rounds into his lifeless body before darting off.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A disaster zone of a tiny apartment. VERONICA BAKER, late 20s, cracks at her computer, eating an apple.

VERONICA

(V.O.)

Twelve hours out. My God. The first time I killed for money, it took exactly five days and four hours before I could eat anything and I still puked right after. Is that warm rumble of nausea in my stomach right now even real? Or have I convinced myself that I should be feeling it? Can I even feel anything anymore?

Veronica chucks the apple core and empties a bag of pills, chomping to a dry swallow. Keeps typing.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Is this how it goes? Am I gonna be stopping at a drive thru on the way home before long? Coroners and autopsy doctors keep coming to my mind at this moment. I have to think of them. They are on the job so long they can eat their lunch in the morgue. One hand holding a sandwich and the other in a dead man's chest. Swallowing down mouthfuls of roast beef over the sight of corpses and the stench of death. Is this where I say "professionals are professionals"???? A plumber can stomach things that would horrify and repulse a normal human being-

She studies her thoughts on screen before finishing.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Now so can I.

She examines several scars on her left forearm. She unfolds her buck knife to silently add another. She deletes the freshly typed page in favor of watching the blood run.

INT. LUCKY'S BAR

A newspaper shows grainy video stills of the murder below a headline of "POLICE HUNT FOR CONVENIENT STORE KILLER IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE A GANG RELATED ROBBERY-HOMICIDE" CHARLIE BURKE, 45, cheaply dressed, giggles while tapping the page.

CHARLIE

Gang related. Gang related.

Veronica is not trying to be the prettiest gal in this dive. She's exhausted, not returning any giggles.

VERONICA

Was the right neighborhood.

CHARLIE

Fucking A. The cops will be looking to pin it on the first monkey they catch with a piece on 'em.

Charlie holds up the newspaper.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is why I never let you tell me how you're going to do it. It's so much fun for me to read about it.

VERONTCA

Glad it's a blast. I don't offer to share any plans with you by the way.

An ancient waitress comes by to drop another double scotch for Charlie and refill Veronica's coffee.

CHARLITE

Thanks Hun.

He points out the story.

Do you believe this? Man shot dead over a few bucks in his wallet.

She leans over to see.

WAITRESS

They ought to just let those blacks have their own city. Wall it off like a big ole jail and let them all kill each other.

CHARLIE

(lauging)

You have my vote for Mayor.

Veronica shakes her head as the waitress walks away.

VERONICA

What the fuck is wrong with you? Knock it off.

CHARLIE

I get a kick of it. Can't help myself.

VERONICA

You're a sick fucking asshole.

CHARLIE

You're missing the point.

VERONICA

What?

CHARLIE

Ya think the cops think any different than she does? They don't, trust me. I didn't when I was a cop. Hell, I still don't. (laughs)

VERONICA

Yeah, I know you don't.

Charlie slides over the newspaper. Veronica finds a stack of cash as expected.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What's this?

CHARLIE

A bit of a problem with the up front money.

Veronica regains posture, looking like she could kill someone.

VERONTCA

Horseshit!

CHARLIE

She couldn't pull out the cash she thought she could. She was afraid she couldn't hide that kind of withdrawal and to be honest with you, I sorta like that she's this careful.

VERONICA

Well I don't like that. It's a surprise and it's too early in her end of the deal for Ga Damn surprises.

CHARLIE

This lady paid me in her fucking jewelry. OK? I actually find that a rather promising gesture and since I'm the one who had to go to all the trouble of fencing that shit around town, you shouldn't be the one pitching a bitch. Allright? There's five grand in there for ya.

VERONICA

You went to trouble fencing? You know what I did last night. You stopped by a fucking Pawn Store!

CHARLIE

C'mon Ronni I, I, -

VERONICA

(Interrupting)

I, I, I gotta pay you Ronni.
That's what ought to be coming
outta your damn mouth. I got
another fifty coming to me on this.
And-

Charlie's phone rings. He acts like he must take it.

CHARLIE

Burke's Detective Agency.(beat) OK.
Maggie, take a look at the log.
(beat) OK, now what's the most I
can possibly charge?
(MORE)

Twenty six hundred? OK, then what do you think I want you to bill them? You got it Hun. A stroke of genius. OK. Bye, bye now Hun. Jesus Ronni, you gotta pick up a day a week at the office. This bubble-head is driving me fucking nuts.

Charlie slides over a bag, packed with pills.

VERONICA

No more office work.

Veronica pops a few before pocketing them.

CHARLIE

I'll handle the grieving widow. In thirty days time, I'll have the money and you can go have a ball OK? Go shopping, hell, go on vacation. That "Ms. Hearns" I.D. I got ya is so clean, you could fly outta the country if you want. Hell, go see Paris.

VERONICA

I don't want to see Paris. I wanna see my money.

CHARLIE

OK, OK now listen. I think I really got something here. I just taped about 6 hours of this Orthapedic Surgeon fucking his nurse over at the Holiday Inn. The wife who hired me is this really fucking intense Russian broad. Sexy as hell by the way. She reminds me of that "Ilsa" ya know that blonde Nazi with the whip from those movies. You remember those?

VERONICA

No.

CHARLIE

Looks just like her but anyway, I think she's gonna be a player and I mean a big fucking player.

VERONICA

She'll forgive him.

CHARLIE

Listen to what I'm telling ya. She didn't cry when I showed her the tape. Icy bitch. Didn't flinch. They all cry, all of them. Not her. Silent. Like she's relieved she has a reason to hurt this quy.

VERONICA

So let her.

CHARLIE

So let her?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This Doctor is insured for low seven figures. The wife is looking like she's gonna be awfully fucking cooperative. We gotta move on this one.

Veronica winces as the drugs kick in.

VERONICA

No fucking way. No. I can't. I ain't even got paid for last night yet.

CHARLIE

I'm telling ya. This could be huge. You're gonna thank me.

VERONICA

I'm gonna thank you? I'm gonna go home. That's what I'm gonna do. And you are going to do me a favor and leave me be until you got my paycheck. That's what you're gonna do.

CHARLIE

OK, OK but listen to what I'm telling ya about this doctor thing. Just, just chew on it.

VERONICA

Chew on it?

Veronica walks out. Charlie slurps down the rest of his drink, watching her walk out.

CHARLIE

Fucking junkie.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY/NIGHT MONTAGE

"Ms. Elizabeth Hearns" is quite busy moving from computer to television, purchasing anything she can. Veronica has her credit card in hand to read off the numbers into her phone.

VERONICA

"Ms. Elizabeth Hearns" H-E-A-R-N-S...Yes, yes thank you.

More web-ads and informercials run day and night. The phone is glued to her face as she paces around. The more ridiculous the product, the more interested she is.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Elizabeth Hearns. I have a
VISA..Ready for the number? OK,
it's five, five, two....

Completed transactions end with "click to confirm your purchase", click, click, click. The days fly by.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

"..the gentleman on the TV said if
I call now, I get a second "SlapChop" absolutely free, did I call
in time? Oh good.

Her huge bag of pills deplete over the passing time.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Now, are all the snuggies the same size? Oh, really?

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica, slumped at her computer, looks over boxes piled up from her binge. Her bag of pills is on empty and so is she. She types into a search engine the one word in her head ESCAPE. She clicks enough times to bump into a banner "escape your world, escape your time, escape your demise". She clicks to launch another web ad. A fast-talking, TV-Style Pitchman, in a lab coat is very excited.

PITCHMAN

Are you looking for the ultimate security? Then how about securing the ultimate life insurance policy? The Escape Plan! The Escape Plan is the only policy that gives you a chance to escape your own death and travel hundreds, perhaps thousands of years to the future!

A slide of generic charts and graphs fly over the screen.

PITCHMAN (CONT'D)

People are living longer today. There's no telling how long we will be living in the future. You may be thinking to yourself "Why did I miss out", Well, with the Escape Plan, you won't miss out.

Veronica stares befuddled at this jerkoff.

PITCHMAN (CONT'D)

I know you're asking yourself "How can I afford this?" But do you realize that you are already a millionaire? That's right! The money you have in your checking account right now would be worth millions or even billions of dollars in ten or twenty centuries! So isn't it worth it? Your deposit will grow in a Swiss Bank account under your name. When you arrive, the lavish life-style you've always wanted will be waiting for you! So what are you waiting for? We accept all major credit cards and with an online enrollment, you'll receive instant coverage! Family plans are also available so don't hesitate, the future is waiting for you!

The ad ends with a huge disclaimer. Veronica is amused enough to finally spit out a sound.

VERONICA

Huh..

INT. BURKE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Charlie gawks at MRS. STVETLANA COLE, 40, beautiful Russian trophy wife that never let the shine dull on the trophy. She speaks in a robotic, Russian accent.

CHARLIE

It's very simple Mrs. Cole. This will be the last time we meet until after-

Charlie's hard breaks are intentional to look cool. They don't work.

SVETLANA

He is gone, I know.

CHARLIE

Yes. Yes. (beat) I often take this time right now to make sure you are absolutely, one hundred percent-

SVETLANA

(Interrupting)

Sure? I am ready Mr. Burke. All is planned? We have deal, yes?

She motions to a cash stuffed envelope on Charlie's desk.

CHARLIE

We most certainly do. Just remember to keep the cell phone I gave you available in case of an emergency and remember to only call me on the number I programmed in.

SVETLANA

I understand.

She grabs her coat, Charlie eyeballs her and jumps up.

CHARLIE

I know this is a very tough time for you Mrs. Cole. I went through a bad divorce myself. Actually two of them. If I could suggest that good company can be the very best medicine for a time like this.

Svetlana has been hit on daily for the last 25 years, she has seen worse come-ons, but not many.

SVETLANA

Medicine? I do not need any medicine. (beat) No thank you. My medicine will come when he is gone. Then I find my good company.

Charlie pretends to listen as he grabs the envelope.

CHARLIE

Perhaps dinner and a pair of the most understanding ears you could imagine?

Svetlana looks for the door. Charlie holds up the cash.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It would be my treat of course.

Charlie laughs so hard that his eyes close but quickly open to the slam of his office door. Svetlana said "no, thanks".

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well OK then. Commie bitch.

EXT. FAST FOOD PARKING LOT - DAY

Veronica's slow breathes is visible. Watching the sun set, she gets a vision of a warm sunset above a country landscape. Charlie arrives to destroy the moment.

CHARLIE

It's fifteen fucking degrees
outside Ronni!

Charlie appears fifty degrees colder than her despite his scarf, earmuffs and gloves.

VERONICA

I wanted to feel the cold air.

CHARLIE

What? Feel it on your own then. Fuck me!. C'mon, lets go in and get a coffee.

VERONICA

You got something for me?

Charlie reaches in to fist over a fresh bag of pills.

CHARLIE

Blowing through those things, No?

Veronica accepts, still transfixed on the sunset.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You remember I have an office, right? You used to work there, remember? It's indoors. It's nice and warm.

VERONICA

What about my money?

CHARLIE

Still waiting on the widow. It shouldn't be much longer. I know you didn't want to be called til that was worked out and all but I got something else cooking that makes that look like tip money.

Veronica is still a zombie, staring ahead.

VERONICA

Doctor's wife?

CHARLIE

That's right. The doctor's wife. You know it never ceases to amaze me that people-

VERONICA

(Interrupting)

It's cold out here. Let's just talk business.

CHARLIE

OK, that's what I like to hear, even if you say it like a total bitch. Half a million. Payable within sixty days of job. She's fucking loaded so she will be able to start kicking money over before any of the policies pay up.

VERONICA

Nothing up front?

CHARLIE

Nothing. I tried, believe me, I tried. She's a tough bitch, this Russian. She won't pay a dime in advance.

(MORE)

Must come from being from that country ya know? Afraid of getting ripped off or double crossed. They just don't trust men over there.

VERONICA

I don't blame her.

Veronica starts on the pills like it's popcorn.

CHARLIE

So? You want to get going on this? His name, address, surveillance info?

Charlie holds up an large envelope.

VERONICA

I don't know if I'm gonna be in on this one. I gotta leave. I gotta get the fuck outta here. I gotta go. I gotta escape.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about? Where the fuck you gonna go?

VERONICA

I don't know but someplace with a warm sunset.

CHARLIE

Yeah go to an island or something. You really gonna fucking blow this off?

VERONICA

I'm not talking about a vacation, I'm leaving for good.

CHARLIE

Yeah, right. You can't leave. Who you shitting?

VERONICA

I can leave. I can't stay.

CHARLIE

Yeah, 30 years old, no man, no family. C'mon Ronnis. What the fuck you gonna do? You leave here, you're leaving me and I'm all you fucking got.

VERONICA

Your the one that needs me.

CHARLITE

What do I need you for?

VERONICA

You can giggle at them newspaper stories and keep ruining people's lives with adultery videos. But you destroy everything from afar. You don't have the stomach for it up close. You can't do what I can do. Ya know ya can't. Don't be offended. Not many can.

CHARLIE

Let's talk about what I can do that you can't. I, with absolutely zero fucking help from you, have set up a job that's worth ten times what we've ever scored. Now, are you on board with this? You can go to your warm, cozy fucking sunsets after this. You can't go where you're going broke, can you?

Veronica casts her eyes back at the dimming sunset.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck this, I'm freezing my ass off here. Call me when you snap out of this shit.

Charlie drops the envelope marked "THE DOC" and leaves. Veronica doesn't budge. Charlie looks back at her from afar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fucking Junkie.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNSET

On a hill, an eight year old girl watches the warm sunset Dried tears and a bruise on her face. She is transfixed, running her hand through her hair.

REDNECK WOMAN

(O.S.)
Ronni! Ronni!
(MORE)

REDNECK WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ya git back in here girl! Your daddy's gonna have your hide, he catches you sitting out there again!

She ignores the threats and keeps up her routine.

REDNECK WOMAN (CONT'D)

(0.S.)

Damn it girl! I'm gonna have your hide if you don't git the fuck back in here!

The girl glances at the source of the voice, a rusted window screen on the shittiest trailer in the park.

REDNECK WOMAN (CONT'D)

(0.S.)

That's right gadammit! Move your ass now!

She opens her hand to let the hair she's torn from her head blow in the wind. She runs down and enters the trailer.

LITTLE GIRL

(O.S.)

I was just sitting Mama.

REDNECK WOMAN

(0.S.)

The fuck is wrong with you?

A crisp smack echoes out of the trailer.

REDNECK WOMAN (CONT'D)

(0.S.)

Now ya put your dress on for your Daddy! He gonna be gitting home from work right quick.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - DAY

Charlie, parked across the street, videos JEFFREY MILLER, 40, vigorously shoveling his drive way. His phone rings.

CHARLIE

Yeah? Uh huh. (beat) That's my girl! Warm sunsets cost money I told ya, don't they honey?

(MORE)

I'll see you at the office tomorrow morning.

He hangs up, driving up the man's half shoveled drive way and spitting snow all over. The man storms over to his window.

JEFFREY MILLER

What the fuck are you doing?

Charlie ignores him, fumbling with his camera.

CHARLIE

Hang on buddy.

JEFFREY MILLER

What? Get off my driveway motherfucker!

Charlie holds up the fresh footage of him shoveling.

CHARLIE

See that? I got your flag football highlights from last week. That was a nice diving catch by the way and you cleaning your gutters too.

JEFFREY MILLER

What the fuck is this?

CHARLIE

Your giving me a raise is what this is. Ya see, Liberty Mutual Insurance is paying me twelve hundred this week to sit out here and torpedo your two hundred thousand dollar back injury case. I get paid either way, makes no difference to me.

JEFFREY MILLER

So what then?

CHARLIE

Simple Pal. I'll be parked right there again same time tomorrow. You come up, drop off five grand in cash and I tell Liberty I never see you, your wife takes out the garbage, ya know.

The man begins to ponder Charlie's offer.

Don't waste time out here in the cold pretending I'm gonna negotiate with you. Besides, you don't want that back to get stiff now.

Charlie winks and begins backing out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

See ya tomorrow!

Charlie peels out leaving Mr. Miller holding his shovel.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

"THE DOC" envelope emptied, a pistol and photos of the handsome Dr. Cole with his nurse kissing, etc are strewn about. Veronica studies a real estate ad for "Southern Steals!" An old country house with a wrap around porch is for sale. On a table. a hypodermic needle next to a collection of industrial solvents marked TOXIC IF SWALLOWED.

INT. BURKE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Charlie watches MAGGIE HART, early 20s, cute but looks lost trying to enter information into a computer.

CHARLIE

Can ya just uh, like, hurry up? Please?

MAGGTE

Sure. I'm almost finished. Just got to, um find the customer here and, uh, I'll uh, get it printed here in a second.

CHARLITE

It's just a fucking invoice Honey.

MAGGIE

It will be done in a sec.

CHARLIE

Just make sure it looks nice, OK?

MAGGTE

My invoices always look nice. That's why you have me around.

As she leans forward, Charlie peeks at her shirt pull up in the rear to reveal sexy underwear.

CHARLIE

Yeah, that's why.

He eyes Veronica walk in and motions her towards his office.

MAGGIE

Hey there.

Veronica waves and walks into Charlie's office.

CHARLIE

OK, OK. I know you don't want suggestions but when I was following the Doc, he once stopped at a gas station off I-44 on his way home-

VERONICA

Wait, wait, wait.

She points out towards Maggie outside.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here. I doubt she'll be as understanding as I was.

CHARLIE

C'mon, she doesn't even know what planet she's on.

VERONICA

Grab your coat.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Charlie is freezing as he walks along with Veronica.

CHARLIE

He got the key from the attendant and used the bathroom. He must of missed a spot and needed to wash up or something before getting home to the wife. So, I was thinking, if he stops again. Ya know.

VERONICA

What I need to know is if he's ever alone in the hotel room during these meetings with her.

CHARLIE

The hotel? Yeah, I guess. She always leaves around five to catch her shift. He kills an hour and goes home at his regular time. Why?

VERONICA

There's an hour each time?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but the hotel? No fucking way. Too many people, cameras, employees-

Veronica holds her hand up and Charlie gets it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just saying that's a really fucking unnecessary risk. I mean, I know you like to figure this part out alone but I figured you'd just tail the guy from the hotel or office and wait for him to stop somewhere and BANG. Or something like that.

VERONICA

Yeah, something like that but waiting for him could take weeks or longer even. I don't have weeks. No, I want to get this done and get the fuck outta here. That's it.

CHARLITE

You remember asking me "how stupid do ya have to be to get caught?", Huh?. This is how. You don't give up your biggest edge. Your patience. Those pills are fucking up your brain.

VERONICA

I'm thinking clearly. Remember that thing I can do that you can't! I'm doing it one more fucking time to get out of this shit fucking existence and you'll be getting plenty out of it yourself so keep in mind that it doesn't get done if I don't do it, and I don't do it if I can't do it now.

CHARLIE

Just think. People are going to hear the shots in the fucking lobby. You won't be able to dump a gun in the ghetto, none of that will work.

VERONICA

I'm not even gonna need a gun. I got it worked out another way.

CHARLIE

You gonna plant a fucking bomb under the bed? You get it? It can't stink. Huge policies will be cashed, this guy is a pillar of his community, a member of the board certified shit, he gives lectures. It can't stink. It's gotta be clean. Or nobody is getting paid.

VERONICA

Well, what if the nurse wears him out or something. He has a heart attack.

CHARLIE

A heart attack?

VERONICA

Clean as it gets. I gotta needle set up. I get in his room, deliver the shot and it's bye, bye doctor and bye, bye Veronica.

CHARLIE

Jesus. OK, let's just say that this is possible. When you wanna do it?

VERONICA

Friday. They meet every Friday. Right?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

VERONTCA

Then no need to wait.

CHARLIE

How you getting in?

VERONICA

I'll work it out.

CHARLIE

So I take it, you're done telling me the details?

VERONICA

Yep.

CHARLIE

One more. What's in the needle?

VERONICA

A heart attack.

INT. HOLIDAY INN ROOM - DAY

DR. THOMAS COLE, 50, still huffing, washes up in the bathroom and looks in the mirror to catch his Nurse STACEY WELSH, 25, getting dressed. She gives his trophy wife a run for it.

DR. COLE

Whew, I'm telling ya, one of these days, you're going to give me a heart attack.

She eats up the compliment and flashes him some more of her body for his mirror viewing pleasure.

STACEY

It would be worth it though. Right?

She walks up to embrace him.

DR. COLE

It just might be.

They kiss like people cheating do.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Veronica stakes out the parking lot from across the street. She is wearing a dark wig and a green sports jacket like a bell hop. She catches Stacey strutting out and activates.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Stacey arrives at her car, checks her make up and starts it up. As she pulls away, she notices a groan from her car.

STACEY

Oh, what the hell?

She gets out to see she's got a flat tire.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Oh, son of a bitch!

Hurried, she grabs her purse and slams her door.

STACEY (CONT'D)

You better be able to change a tire Doctor Cole.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DR. COLE'S ROOM

The doctor is in a towel. A few taps on his door confuses him for a second but he smiles and walks over.

DR. COLE

You forget something?

He opens the door. It's Veronica with a rare smile.

VERONICA

Hello sir. I'm sorry to bother you but we are having a problem with the heat on this floor and maintenance thinks the short may be coming from you room. If I could sir, just check your thermostat?

He glances at her outfit and name tag. Good enough for him.

DR. COLE

Sure there, uh Judy. Can you just make it fast?

VERONICA

Won't be a minute sir.

Veronica is guided to the opposite side of the room. She fumbles with the thermostat and Dr. Cole politely watches.

DR. COLE

It's set to seventy-two degrees, been fine in here.

VERONICA

I see, Sir can you do me a favor and just tell me if the readout changes on this screen while I phone maintenance?

He switches places with Veronica as she pulls out a phone and takes position behind him.

DR. COLE

What am I looking for?

VERONICA

Just any change at all. Just please keep your eyes on that screen if ya could.

He stares at the tiny screen as she pulls out her needle. She has a vision of swiftly shooting him in the neck, dropping him. This vision freezes her. She can't do it.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

OK, just another moment. Any change at all.

DR. COLE

OK, I'm watching.

Growing bored, he glances in the bathroom mirror to see Veronica standing, needle raised and they make eye contact.

DR. COLE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He bolts at her, grabbing her arms and wrestling her down.

VERONICA

No, no. I wasn't gonna do it!

He overpowers her, keeping the needle away from him as she is now on her knees.

DR. COLE

Who the fuck are you!

VERONICA

Sir, sir. I'll leave, I'm sorry.

DR. COLE

Holy shit. That fucking bitch wife of mine hired you, didn't she?

VERONICA

She did but-

DR. COLE

What's in this, huh?

He begins to force her arm up with the needle.

DR. COLE (CONT'D)

How about you get stuck with this? Huh? Let's see what that cunt had in mind for me!

He pushes the needle towards her face. Veronica reaches under his towel to squeeze his bare balls with a death grip. He groans and hits his knees, allowing Veronica to shove the needle into his neck and inject him.

DR. COLE (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch!

He immediately convulses. She gets behind him and speeds up his death by squeezing his neck with her forearm.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - HALL

Stacey finds her room key and walks in to find Veronica in the difficult to explain situation of choking out the doctor. She freaks the fuck out.

STACEY

What fuck are doing you? Get off him.

Veronica drops him and holds up her hands as Stacey charges.

VERONICA

I think he had a heart attack Miss. I'm with the hotel staff and-

STACEY

(Interrupting)
Yeah, nice wig bitch!

Stacey tears off Veronica's wig. A cat fight for the ages breaks out. Veronica has killed before, but this crazy bitch gets the upper hand, smashing Veronica's head into the night stand repeatedly before scrambling to Dr. Cole.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Baby!, Baby?

She digs her cell phone out from her purse and pops it open.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, I'm at the Holiday Inn of First Street, room 301, there's a killer!-

Veronica grabs the desk phone, smashing it over Stacey's head, ending the call. She gets the phone cord around her neck, strangling Stacey to a slow death.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives through a suburban block. His phone rings.

CHARLIE

Yeah? What's up? Calm the fuck down. What problem? How bad? OK, OK, I'll be right there.

Charlie throws down the phone.

Stupid fucking Junkie!

He slams on his brakes in time for Mr. Jeffrey Miller to walk up with his envelope of cash as directed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon Stupid!

Charlie reaches out and Mr. Miller hands over the envelope perplexed. Charlie tears it out of his hand and speeds off.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie pulls into his garage, a banged up Veronica sneaks in, as the door closes behind her and scares Charlie.

CHARLIE

Jesus Ronni! What the fuck you doing to me?

Charlie notices Veronica's condition. She's huffing and in tears. He's obviously never seen her like this.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

OK now. Tell me what happened.

VERONICA

(Huffing)

It, it, it went bad Charlie. It's bad.

CHARLIE

Ya said that. How bad?

VERONICA

Really bad.

CHARLIE

Don't tell me you fucking swung and missed. Don't you fucking tell me that!

VERONICA

No, no, no.

Charlie walks over to put his hands on Veronica's shoulders.

CHARLIE

Good. That's good.

VERONICA

He's dead.

CHARLIE

OK? So?

VERONTCA

So's the nurse.

Charlie's hands go to his head. No more wishful thinking that it's not that bad. Veronica starts crying.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

She came in right after. She went crazy.

CHARLIE

Fuck. Did you set up a scene?

VERONICA

I choked her with the phone cord. I had no choice. There was nothing I could set up. I didn't have time to set anything up.

Charlie now looks worse than Veronica.

CHARLIE

And you fucking came here? To my fucking house?

VERONICA

I didn't know what do to. I don't know what to do. She got off a 911 call before I got her!

CHARLIE

She got off a 911 call? You let her get off a fucking 911 call!

VERONICA

She didn't give a description, just said a killer or something. Nobody saw me. I didn't use the lobby to enter or exit. I propped the side door with a pen to get in. I think if you plant like an anonymous tip with your guys on the force, you may be able to like lead them to a drug thing gone bad or a gambling thing or something.

Charlie is obviously thinking of something else as Veronica goes over her performance. He dips into his car.

CHARLIE

Here. There's five grand in there. The widow paid some more. Her check is in the mail so there should be more in a couple days if we need it but I got another widow to deal with on account of your total fuck up.

He hands her the envelope. She's calming down.

VERONICA

She's going to be looked at hard, the Russian.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah.

VERONICA

What if they break her down?

CHARLIE

I can't let that happen. I gotta get to her first. I gotta talk to her now. Before she does something stupid. Listen, I can't be worrying about you Ronni.

VERONICA

I know, I know. I'm sorry. Just tell me what I gotta do.

CHARLIE

First off, you got to stay the fuck away from me and my house. You're just gonna lay low now, OK? I don't want you leaving your place. I don't want you talking to anybody, especially me. I'll get to you when I know our next step, OK?

VERONICA

OK.

Charlie puts his hands back on her.

CHARLIE

Hey, it's gonna work out Hun. Here, calm the fuck down.

He dips into his car to produce a bag of pills.

You really fucked up.

Veronica nods and pockets them, still shaking and crying.

VERONICA

OK. I know fucked up bad Charlie. I'm sorry. I hesitated. I don't know what happened. I had him. I fucking had him.

CHARLIE

You just get home. Relax tonight. Get some sleep and I'll be in touch with ya.

Charlie gives her a half-hug. She returns her half.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Veronica walks in with a bag of fast food. After a long shower, she sits on her couch, staring at the food and pills. She whips the food against the wall, crying. She stares at the fresh bag of pills.

VERONICA

(crying)

Just relax. Just relax.

She pops a pill and drinks some water. She needs to sleep for a week. She walks to her bed and crawls in on her face.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie sits amongst piles of cigar ash and a bottle of scotch. He's been on that disposable cell phone for a while.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

I'm quite sure. If you can just show some patience, stay calm and just let it play out, I assure you the police will follow the trail we lay for them.

(MORE)

(beat) I'll make sure of it. (beat) It will work if we are very careful. I told you before Mrs. Cole, I have connections all over the police force. This will develop nicely. It will be perfect.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Veronica, still on her face, awakens to a soft noise. She's frozen as her bed sinks with the weight of another person! The sound of footsteps is all she needs to pop up. She is horrified to see a dead woman, nude in her bed. She is grabbed from behind. A soft voice speaks in her ear.

ADAM

Ms. Hearns, try to remain calm and remain still.

VERONICA

What the, uh, are you doooo-iii-nngg?

Veronica's speech and body slow to a complete stop.

ADAM

You've been paralyzed Ms. Hearns. It's just a safety precaution. Do not try to fight. Just breath deeply and remain calm.

Now paralysed, she is forced to keep looking straight ahead at the corpse in her bed, something is wrong!

ADAM (CONT'D)

She's clear. Let's exit.

Her eyes widen. Something is wrong all right, the corpse in bed is Veronica! She loses consciousness.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The eight year old Veronica lay asleep on her face. She awakens to the bed sinking with the weight of another person.

DAD

Hey princess.

The little girl remains as still as possible.

DAD (CONT'D)

C'mon. You can stay up with Daddy. Just gotta be real quiet.

Stiff as a board, she is scooped up out of bed.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Time has passed and the adult Veronica awakens in her bed quite groggy. CARTER, 45 stands at her bed. He is dressed like a doctor and speaks like one.

CARTER

How are you feeling Ms. Hearns?

Veronica takes in the scene, she can't move and is speaking to a stranger from her own bed.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Ms. Hearns? Can you speak?

Veronica tries to fight free to no avail.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You are restrained for your own protection at this time. I would advise that you relax unless you wish to remain restrained.

Veronica studies him, frightened to death.

VERONICA

What is this? What's going on? I'm being held hostage? Who the fuck are you? You're robbing me?

MR. CARTER

Interesting.

VERONICA

What?

CARTER

I prefer to ask new arrivals what they think is happening before they are briefed. I must admit that it scratches a certain itch of mine to hear what you deduce.

VERONICA

Arrivals? What is this? Why are you in my home? What are you doing here? Let me go. Get the fuck outta here!

Another man walks in the bedroom. He is ADAM, 30 younger, very large and strapping but speaks gently in a soft voice.

ADAM

Oh, you've begun.

CARTER

Just a moment ago.

Adam gives Veronica a smile as she studies him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Adam, meet Ms. Elizabeth Hearns. Ms. Hearns is being held hostage.

ADAM

Oh yeah? Really?

Adam takes a step and looks over Veronica.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Could fetch a nice ransom, I would say.

Veronica recognizes his voice.

VERONICA

You were, uh, in my uh, you grabbed me last night. You were in my bedroom.

ADAM

Correct Ms. Hearns. I'm sorry that it was frightening for you.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

By the way, a hostage situation would also be mighty scary and you need not be frightened anymore, I promise.

VERONICA

Let me go. What is going on here? Why can't I move.

ADAM

In simple terms, we are just going to make sure you are well enough to leave this place.

VERONICA

What do you mean leave? Leave my home?

ADAM

Ms. Hearns, it's not quite like that.

Carter does not share Adam's patience.

CARTER

Ms. Hearns, you purchased a life insurance policy. It was unlike any other policy. Our records show that you purchased it just days before it was activated. It was called the Escape Plan. Our records show that you were an online enrollment.

VERONICA

You guys fucking crazy? Are you fucking weirdos or something? Life insurance? What the fuck are you talking about? You have me tied up in my own bed.

Veronica looks at her paralyzed limbs again.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I've been raped. Haven't I? You fuckers raped me!

She fights even harder, screaming and crying.

ADAM

Ms. Hearns please. Just calm down.

Adam approaches to put his hand on her shoulder.

VERONICA

Don't fucking touch me!

ADAM

You have not been assaulted by us in any way. And you're not in your own bed right now Ms. Hearns. You're not in your apartment. You're not even in your own century for that matter. You purchased a plan that promised to bring you to the future. Remember? We've brought you. Your policy has been activated.

Veronica remembers that ridiculous web ad.

VERONICA

Fuck off. That wasn't real. That was bullshit. It was just a joke. Who the fuck are you guys?

Carter has had it, Adam kneels down to her.

ADAM

Elizabeth.

VERONICA

That's not my fucking name!

Veronica keeps fighting the restraints and spits at Adam.

ADAM

Ms. Hearns please.

CARTER

Unbelievable. This is your mess. You don't bring back a suicide. Here's why. We should never of made good on this and split her bank account. They're all unstable. She couldn't handle her own life. She can't handle this.

ADAM

It's my case. I got it. She'll be fine.

Veronica still crying.

VERONICA

Suicide? (beat) What?

ADAM

Yes, Ms. Hearns. The cyanide you ingested. Pills according to the police records. We've just detoxified your body of the poison. OK? We're good guys.

VERONICA

I never took cyanide! I didn't
kill myself! I'm not dead!

Carter, cutting the shit, walks up to her.

CARTER

You are not dead but everyone you know is long dead. Everyone you ever knew is dust and you ought to be as well.

ADAM

Too much, too fast. That will be enough Carter.

CARTER

Listen, I personally don't think you belong here. We are about second chances and life here. If it wasn't for my associate here, your policy woulda been cancelled and you'd still be dead. You didn't even want your first chance but don't worry, if you can't get your head on straight and I'm sure you can not, you will be given no further chances. You'll be erased back to that zoo you come from.

ADAM

That's it.

Adam walks over and gets Carter out of her face.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This one is mine. I told ya. I'm taking this one myself. It's all mine.

CARTER

She's all yours. You're wasting your time with her. Look at her arm for God's sake.

He points at the scars and fresh slice on her arm.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Think those are accidents? They're self-inflicted. She's never getting out of here. Never.

Adam escorts Carter out of the bedroom and walks back over to Veronica. He breaks into a full smile.

ADAM

Hi.

Veronica vomits and starts to pass out. Adam is quick to clean her up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh dear! It's gonna be OK. It's gonna be just fine.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK - DAY

The 8 year old Veronica again and more vomit. She is inducing it, finger in mouth. Her Mother, hyper, skinny white trash, walks in. Veronica acts like she's ill.

MOTHER

Ronni, you still sick girl?

She moves Veronica to peek into the dirty toliet bowl.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You eat something bad? You gonna get better now. Don't ya worry. I'll make ya some soup.

VERONICA

I really hurt Mama. In my stomach. I really hurt bad.

Veronica leans over more like she's going to vomit again.

MOTHER

Well I can't be taking you to no hospital. We can't be paying for that. You're Daddy will have a fit if I come home those with bills now.

Veronica cries at the lack of sympathy.

VERONICA

I really hurt Mama.

MOTHER

You know what they gonna do to you at a hospital? They gonna stick you with needles all over, then they gonna make ya swallow awful tastin medicine that don't do nothing anyhow. You oughta be happy I'm not taking ya.

Veronica falls to her knees to continue sobbing with her head on the toilet seat.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You just finish up in here and then come have your soup.

She is left crying at her failed escape attempt.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Veronica awakes alone, she can move now. She gets up, still sickly and makes it to her bedroom window. It's the view of the city she expected.

ADAM

(O.S.)

I had your restraints removed.

She jumps back, it wasn't a dream! Adam has walked in alone.

VERONTCA

Shit!

Veronica grabs a small lamp and raises it as a weapon.

ADAM

Please Ms. Hearns. This is counterproductive. If you would just relax...

Veronica charges forward with her makeshift club.

VERONICA

You get the fuck outta my way!

Adam shrugs, and fiddles with something in his hand. Veronica is stopped in her tracks, unable to move.

ADAM

Elizabeth. I've not hurt you. I've just stopped your brain from sending signals to your body.

Veronica is huffing and puffing as Adam walks over and disarms her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK now. I'd like to relieve you of this paralysis but I warn you that any attempts of violent discourse will end our time together. I'm sorry but those are the rules here. They must be followed.

Veronica is only able to breath and move her eyes. Adam puts the lamp back and keeps speaking as she is forced to listen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You will be dealing with Carter instead of me if you continue with this behavior. He handles the cancellations here. You don't want that.

He remains gentle and gets nearly nose to nose with her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You heard him. You will never get out of here if we do not make progress. I've arranged it that I will be dealing with your transition alone.

He smiles again. Same as before, warm and ear to ear.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I've volunteered. I believe we can do it even if many others do not.

VERONICA

You people are crazy. This is my bedroom. You think we're in the future? You broke into my apartment and drugged me.

ADAM

This room is merely a comfort zone. From your bed to the view.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's too dangerous to take you beyond this room right now. So you will not be leaving this room until, well, I feel we've made the necessary progress to take another step.

He grabs a chair and leads her to the edge of the bed to sit.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK, I'm going to turn this nasty device off so you can move. Please do not react with violence. I merely need to evaluate you and your mental fitness for placement in our world. You committed suicide Ms. Hearns. I understand you did that just moments ago in your mind so it's going to be very difficult for you to speak about. But, I'm afraid you must.

Veronica can still cry and the tears start to stream.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK, we'll get to that.

He is quick to produce a tissue and pat her face dry. He places the tissue in her dead hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I think your OK now. Not gonna hit me, Right? Go ahead.

He motions and she is able to dry her own tears now. She then, hits him in the face and bolts for the door.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't! It will hurt!

At the door way, she taken over by something painful. He runs over to pull her out and sit her down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You can't do that. I should told you. You are technically confined at this time so please do not approach the door or try to jump out the window or anything like that, OK? Please Ms. Hearns.

She stops shaking and calms down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's just like getting shocked. You're fine. I promise.

She's out of fight. Adam's nose is bleeding from her punch. She hands over the tissue.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What? Oh.

He dabs his nose.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thanks. Well, actually, no thanks for hitting me in the face. That's quite a wallop you pack by the way.

VERONICA

I don't get this. I don't want this. I want this all to go away. I want this to end.

ADAM

I know this is difficult. I know you wanted things to end. You're a suicide case but-

VERONICA

(Interrupting)

I didn't commit suicide. I didn't want to die. I wanted to live actually.

ADAM

OK? I'm not following you.

Veronica thinks better of confessing to multiple murders.

VERONICA

Then it just go too hard.

ADAM

I'm sure that it did. Life was so hard back in that world.

The reality of what has happened slaps her in the face.

VERONICA

Back in those days? (beat) What year is it then? How far ahead are we?

Um, well. I'm sorry Ms. Hearns. That can not be disclosed at this time. It's not permissible for me to share any technical or scientific information with you.

VERONICA

The year?

ADAM

Any reference data is strictly prohibited. That includes the current year. I'm sorry, but it is for your protection as an unstable mind could slip in to any number of schizophrenic or delusional states of reality.

VERONICA

What? Don't give me the computers to cavemen shit.

ADAM

I'm sorry?

VERONICA

Ya know. The old thought about how you couldn't make a caveman understand a computer. He would have no frame of reference for even electricity so it would be impossible, no matter how hard you try. So how would you even begin to explain time travel to me? Is that it type of thing?

ADAM

That's interesting but I would consider you a much more enlightened subject than a barbarian.

VERONICA

Don't. I wouldn't.

ADAM

Is your self view really that bad?

VERONICA

Forget it.

ADAM

Can I ask you something now?

VERONICA

I may not be able to answer you on account of you not understanding.

ADAM

Very good. I'll ask anyway. Earlier you assumed you were assaulted, raped actually.

VERONICA

Yes, of course. So what?

ADAM

Of course? Really? Have you always expected the absolute worst from people?

VERONICA

Yeah. And they've never let me down.

ADAM

I see.

VERONICA

What the hell? I'm exhausted.

She now looks like she may faint.

ADAM

It's from your detox. The solution we injected did save your life but it takes an enormous amount of your energy. The good news is that the solution has a sustainment element so you will not need to eat or drink. (beat) Or even go to the bathroom.

She's just about fallen asleep.

VERONICA

Wonderful.

Veronica lays back and is out. Adam tucks her in.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same night as seen before for the young Veronica. Dad puts her back in bed. She is upset.

DAD

Now, ya go to sleep little princess. You just had a bad dream is all. But your Daddy was here to save ya.

He tucks her in and gives her a kiss.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

The adult Veronica sits in her bed across from Adam. An obvious silence has been going for a while.

VERONICA

What?

ADAM

I'm just wondering how much a person has to be hurting to kill themselves. I don't think I could imagine.

VERONICA

No, you couldn't.

ADAM

The pain must of been unbearable. I'm assuming the drugs stopped working for you?

VERONICA

What are you talking about?

ADAM

Your body contained very high levels of narcotics. It was a challenge for the lab to sort out what actually killed you in the end. Even on your death certificate, your doctor wasn't sure if you overdosed or not.

VERONICA

Wait. Why aren't I-

Hurting? Sweating and shaking?

VERONTCA

Yeah. Wait, the solution you gave me?

ADAM

Correct. You've been fully detoxified.

VERONICA

OK, so you fixed me. I'm better now. There's nothing to talk about. I don't want to talk about anything. I'm not sure what your thinking you're going to get outta me.

ADAM

I need to make a case for you. For your life. Listen, you are sort of in a holding area now. You understand that? I want to help you but you need to let me. OK?

VERONICA

I can't help you.

ADAM

You certainly can.

VERONICA

What? Are you a psychiatrist or something?

ADAM

No, no, I'm not. I just have whole bunch of blanks that I need filled in. I can't do it without your help so please help me. Please?

Veronica walks over to see the same city view out the window.

VERONICA

I'm not a suicide case, OK? I'm pretty sure I was murdered actually. I was poisoned by my friend. Or boss. Or partner really. There is no need to evaluate my sanity or whatever you want to do here. I'm not a suicide case. I'm not lying to you. I'm not what you think.

I know you're not lying.

VERONICA

Why'd you say it like that? You know? Holy shit, you got something. Or you know something. What? You got me hooked up to something in here? A lie-detector machine or some bullshit? Ya know they're not 100 percent.

ADAM

No devices. You can trust me.

VERONICA

No. I don't trust anyone. I'm not gonna start with you.

ADAM

Yeah? Is that why you think you were murdered? Tell me why somebody would want to hurt you.

VERONICA

I stopped asking that a long time ago.

ADAM

Why's that?

VERONICA

Cause I never got an answer.

ADAM

Can I ask a favor of you?

VERONICA

Didn't know I was in the position to grant favors.

ADAM

You are for this one. Can I call you Veronica?

She freezes, a brief stare down ensues.

VERONICA

Why would you wanna call me that?

Another stare down.

I really, really like the name Veronica.

VERONICA

Oh, yeah?

ADAM

That's a very pretty name. Don't you think so?

VERONICA

What the fuck? Yeah, I guess it's OK. Where did ya come up with it?

ADAM

It's the name of a girl I want to get to know. I need to get to know. You see, I've been reading her diary. I know that's not a very nice thing to do but it was part of my case research to assimilate the hard drive of her computer. It's standard.

VERONICA

Really? Did you happen to think that she might delete her thoughts for a reason? Maybe because they're hers and not for anybody else to fucking read?

ADAM

I understand. If it helps. I've never shared with anyone.

VERONICA

No. No, it doesn't help. What do you know about me?

ADAM

If you mean do I know what you do for a living? The answer is yes. I do. But I'm not afraid of you. If I told anybody what I found, they never would of let me retrieve you.

VERONICA

So now what? You gonna have me thrown in some prison?

ADAM

No.

VERONICA

Then?

ADAM

I thought I could help you.

VERONICA

Help me what?

ADAM

Live maybe? Feel?

VERONICA

I don't think so.

ADAM

I didn't save your life for no reason. I want you to make it here and be accepted in but I can't be responsible for bringing a monster into our world. I have to know how you got here. From that trailer you grew up in to this very moment. You didn't type everything in your diary. You left blanks like I said.

VERONICA

I did for a reason.

ADAM

Especially your childhood.

VERONICA

Especially that.

ADAM

Sometimes the answers are farther back that you think.

VERONICA

Do you really want to sift through my life?

ADAM

It's the only way I can get you out of here. If it helps, we'll be sifting through it together. Just the two of us. That, I promise you so please. Just talk to me.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK

A sunset through a dirty window. Eight year old Veronica watches as a truck drive up beneath it. Dad is home.

MOTHER

Ya git now. Ya git on out now to greet your Daddy.

Veronica obeys with minimal enthusiasm.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Show him your new dress now Ronni.

Her little brother, JACOB, 5 year old, runs along with her to greet. DAD steps out 35, permanently sweaty white trash.

DAD

Now if that ain't the most beautiful sight a man could ask for.

He extends his arms as the kids walk up. Jacob stays back a step as Dad throws his affection at Veronica only.

DAD (CONT'D)

There's my little angel. I missed you. Did you miss your Daddy?

VERONICA

Yes Daddy.

JACOB

I missed you too Daddy.

Dad tousles Jacob's hair before giving all his attention back to Veronica via hugs and kisses.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Daddy, I want up too. I want up too.

Jacob throws his hands in the air but Dad, carries Veronica toward the towards the trailer. Jacob follows.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK

Montage of the family having dinner, playing and watching TV. Veronica has her fathers full attention in every scenario and ignores Jacob. Adam and Veronica's current conversation is heard over the montage.

(V.O.)

You were his favorite.

VERONICA

(V.O.)

By far.

ADAM

(V.O.)

Did he resent you? Your brother?

VERONICA

(V.O.)

No, never. He resented it about as much as a five year old could but he never resented me. He was just sweet. He was so sweet.

ADAM

(V.O.)

You ever feel guilty about all the attention?

That question settles the montage to a scene of Jacob opening a birthday present.

DAD

Happy Birthday!

Jacob is less than thrilled to find a wrench as his gift.

DAD (CONT'D)

So you can work with your Ole' Man someday.

Jacob sure is sweet, even finding a way to brag about his shitty gift.

JACOB

(To Veronica)

I get to go to work with Daddy now, ya see!

Veronica is happy to let Jacob have his moment. Dad pulls out another present.

DAD

Now princess, I got you something too.

VERONICA

But it's his birthday daddy, not mine.

DAD

Well this isn't a birthday present. This is a princess day present.

He hands her a present. Jacob stares. MOM, 35, skinny trash, has walked in.

DAD (CONT'D)

Well go ahead Princess. Open it up now. You deserve it for being my special little girl. I only got one.

MOM

Ya go ahead and open your gift now Ronni.

Veronica opens it up and finds a portable video game. Jacob fights back his tears.

DAD

You like your gift?

VERONICA

Thank you Daddy.

She gives him a hug and kiss. He pats Jacobs head before walking out with Mom following.

DAD

Let's get the cake.

Alone now, Jacob bursts into tears. Veronica sits next to him.

VERONICA

Here.

She puts the video game in his lap.

JACOB

No, it's for you. Daddy will get mad.

He shoves it back. She puts her arm around him.

VERONICA

You can play anytime you want.

JACOB

Promise?

VERONICA

Promise.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Adam sits across from Veronica, taking in the memory.

VERONICA

Yeah, I felt guilty.

ADAM

You really shouldn't let that bother you.

VERONICA

Impossible.

ADAM

It's not uncommon for parents to have favorites. I'd say it's probably the case in most families.

VERONICA

I never felt guilty about being favored. (beat) The guilt comes from why I was favored.

Veronica takes a break and walks to her window. That same city view is there. Adam steps up behind her to look.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You're saying this view is all fake. It's something constructed or a hologram or some shit like that?

ADAM

It's not even that complicated but yes, something like that.

VERONICA

Then can you make the sunset?

ADAM

I'm sorry?

VERONICA

It's always daytime out here. It hasn't changed. My window faces west for a reason. I want to see the sunset.

Oh, I don't know. It's a fixed sorta thing. I'm not supposed to show off anything, or, ya know what? I can check on that for you.

VERONICA

I'd like that.

ADAM

Well, then I'd like that.

Veronica turns and looks at Adam. He smiles and she quickly jumps at to kiss grab his pants. He jumps back.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey! What is this?

VERONICA

You've been nice to me.

She continues to throw herself at him.

ADAM

So this is how you respond? I do not want this from you. Is that what you think?

VERONICA

You saved my life. You didn't rat me out. Who cares? C'mon.

She continues, locked in on him.

ADAM

Veronica, stop. This is counterproductive. Listen, you're quite pretty but I'm not looking for this. Please, please, please. Stop!

She finally stops.

VERONICA

What? Are you a faggot?

ADAM

A faggot?

VERONICA

Yeah, that word go outta style of something? Do you like guys? What's wrong with you?

I did not intend to upset you or hurt you. Please understand that-

Veronica shoves the small lamp off the table.

VERONICA

(Interrupting)

Drop it! Fine!

Veronica jumps back on her bed. The tears start rolling.

ADAM

Look, I really think that-

VERONICA

(Interrupting)

Fuck! Did you hear me or not? Just fucking drop it!

ADAM

OK. It's dropped.

VERONICA

Can you go now? Can you please leave? Just get the fuck outta my bedroom!

ADAM

I can leave you for a while if that is your wish.

Veronica uses a mocking voice.

VERONICA

Yes, it's my wish. You even talk like a fag! Just go!

Veronica curls up in bed. Adam picks the lamp up and puts it back, he heads for the door and stops to look at her.

ADAM

I didn't do all this for (beat)
Your much prettier when your stong
by the way.

He walks out, leaving her crying in a ball.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK - NIGHT

Little Veronica and Jacob share the video game on the sofa. Mom is in the recliner getting heroin injected by Dad.

MOM

Careful, not too fast.

DAD

You'll be just fine. Be humming right along in a minute baby.

Veronica is eyeing them, Jacob plays the video game.

DAD (CONT'D)

OK now baby. You gone to heaven yet?

The drugs run through her body, she reclines back enjoying.

MOM

Oh yeah, it's heaven baby.

Dad stares at Veronica while he speaks to Jacob.

DAD

C'mon boy. Time to hit the sack now.

JACOB

Oh Daddy, I wanna stay up. I'll be real quiet.

DAD

Now boy!

Jacob dismounts from the sofa and kisses his parents. Veronica, not real happy about staying up, waves.

JACOB

Gnite.

Jacob notices Veronica's distress.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Are you goina go to bed too?

DAD

You don't be worrying about your sister. She's older than you. Now you git to bed or I'll smack ya one.

Jacob obeys but keeps eyes locked with his sisters as he leaves.

VERONTCA

Gnite.

Dad eyes Mom nod off and his attention goes to Veronica.

DAD

Ya get to stay up with your Daddy now.

Veronica knows this drill.

DAD (CONT'D)

And you know why?

VERONICA

Cause I'm your special princess is why.

Her answers are like a rehearsal.

DAD

You're right honey. You are my little special princess.

He sits beside her.

DAD (CONT'D)

You know what ya do now?

VERONICA

Yes Daddy.

Veronica sits on his lap. He bounces her.

DAD

Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up.

Veronica knows this drill as well. She see her Mom passed out in the recliner.

DAD (CONT'D)

You make your horsey noises now girl. Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up.

Veronica gives a minimal effort on her horsey noises.

DAD (CONT'D)

That a girl. Now turn around and give me your big smile.

He spins her around to see her smile.

DAD (CONT'D)

That smile is just what I rush home for every day. Now give me a big kiss.

He pecks her and she pecks him back.

DAD (CONT'D)

Again.

They repeat, he holds his kiss on longer. It's getting creepy.

DAD (CONT'D)

You know what makes your Daddy happy? I want one of those TV kisses I showed you.

Veronica take in the scenery while Dad is playing love scene with her. A panoramic of this dump as time passes.

DAD (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

That's a good girl. That's my princess.

Her view settles on in on Mom. She's awake! Veronica's tear filled eyes widen! Mom quickly pretends to be asleep.

DAD (CONT'D)

That's my beautiful girl.

Veronica's blink causes her tear-filled eyes to squirt.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

The adult Veronica has the same tear welled eyes.

ADAM

She knew.

Her eyes blink to squirt the tears just the same.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She always knew.

Veronica cleans up her face.

VERONICA

Moms are supposed to protect you, aren't they?

ADAM

Yes. Yes they are.

VERONICA

Well, they don't always.

ADAM

I see why you felt guilty about being the favorite.

VERONICA

No you don't. You don't understand anything.

Veronica shifts around.

ADAM

Are you all right?

VERONICA

No. I'm not. I don't know what's going on here. I don't know what to believe. I think there's a pretty good chance I've gone crazy here. I'm talking to a stranger about my life. I've been sitting in my bed for what feels like days but then it feels like a minute.

ADAM

Your body and brain is confused is all. It's just you assimilating.

VERONICA

I'm not assimilating. To anything.

ADAM

Yeah, you're probably right.

VERONICA

What is it with you? Why are you doing this? Why would you take interest in me?

ADAM

You're interesting. Do you think that I get an opportunity to speak with an assassin very often?

VERONICA

I'm not an assassin.

ADAM

Oh. That isn't right? Do you call it hit man or something? Hit woman maybe?

VERONICA

No. (beat) I'm not an assassin. I'm just a murderer.

ADAM

Why did you say that?

VERONICA

I don't know. I'm sick of lying. I'm sick of living a lie instead of a life. Pretending I'm justified doing what I do all cause of what happened to me. Like I'm special or something.

ADAM

That's painful. I'd like you to be outta that pain. I'm trying to help you do that.

VERONICA

I wouldn't deserve it. I don't deserve to be out of my pain.

ADAM

All because you killed?

VERONICA

Because I'm dead.(beat) Pain is the only thing I got. In some ways, even that's starting to go. Look what I told ya so far. I never woulda been able to do that before. Tell you that story.

ADAM

There's gotta be more to it. More to your story.

VERONTCA

There is.

EXT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK - NIGHT

Eight year old Veronica watches and listens to her parents talk to SHERIFF BRODY, 35, amidst the swirling red lights of emergency vehicles.

DAD

He must of slipped in there. He must of hit his head and got himself knocked out. That's all it took for the little quy.

Mom needs to be held upright by Dad as a stretcher with little Jacob's body is being carried out to the ambulance.

SHERIFF

A tragedy. A pure tragedy. I tell my wife ya can't take your eyes off of 'em for a second.

Veronica, balling, sees Jacobs arm drop from the stretcher. She runs over to put it back. She is watched by the adults.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

That girl is going to need to be really taken care of. You go on now and do just that. If there is anything else, I let you know.

DAD

Thank ya Sheriff.

Dad escorts Mom back. Veronica stays behind and stares daggers at both of them through her tears.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Veronica, upset from the memory, looks out her window as Adam digests what she just told him.

VERONICA

What happened to the sunset? You got any word on that?

ADAM

I did ask. I got a "No" but I'm working on something so give me a bit.

She stares out the window at the same city view.

ADAM (CONT'D)

They didn't kill him, did they?

VERONICA

They didn't protect him. My Mom had taken a bath and the tub had been clogged forever. Took a day to drain. There was still five inches of water in it. They were both so fucking high they didn't know their own son had drown until hours later. About the only thing I ever had in common with my brother was we both drowned in our parents filth. He must of slipped. He used to sleep walk. It was so cute. He would ask me for pancakes in the middle of the night. I would walk him back to bed, tuck him in. Then I would always ask for pancakes on those mornings. He didn't even remember.

ADAM

That is cute.

VERONICA

Yeah. Ya know what isn't cute? After I found him, they decided to wait a few more hours so they could sober up. They were afraid of the police and wanted to lose their pin dot pupils before calling an ambulance.

ADAM

Goodness.

VERONICA

No. Badness.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Little Jacob lay blue as Veronica tries to perform CPR as best as an eight year old can from seeing it on television.

VERONICA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Please don't go. Please.

Mom yells are muffled through the thin walls.

MOM

(O.S.)

Ronni. You heard your father. Ya git back to bed. There ain't nothing can be done for em.

A laugh track from a sitcom can be heard from the front room. Veronica gives up on her futile CPR and holds Jacob.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Veronica, blood boiling, keeps her story going through her anger and tears.

VERONICA

They told me to go back to bed. I couldn't. I stayed in the bathroom with him. They waited for the heroin to wear off. I just talked to him and told him I was sorry. I had started to go to bed early whenever I could. We shared a room and I felt safer in their from that fucking monster. If I wasn't sleeping, I could of found him in time.

ADAM

I know you're too smart to blame yourself for this. You were just a child.

VERONICA

I was hardly a child by then. I was his big sister. I shoulda protected him. I was hiding and thinking of myself while he drowned. I just remember I kept telling him I was sorry for sleeping. I stayed there with him for hours til the police showed up. He was all blue. I stayed there with him and they sat and watched fucking television.

Really, really crying.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

He was so sweet (beat) and they left him in there while they watched television.

Adam walks over to comfort her but Veronica brushes him off.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

No, I'm fine.

He finally asserts himself and grabs her to face him. She crumples into him and he holds her while she sobs.

ADAM

It's OK, It's OK.

Adam caresses her back.

VERONICA

He was so sweet.

INT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK

A seventeen year old Veronica waits and listens for her parents in the front room shooting heroin. Both parents are emaciated, much worse than seen before.

DAD

Oh, this shit has got a bite to it.

They both untie and stretch out on the sofa. That's Veronica's cue, she walks in.

VERONICA

Momma, Daddy.

They both stare at her, nodding in and out.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I may go to hell for what I've done. But it will be worth it just to watch you burn.

They both perk up, confused and weak.

MOM

Watch what Ronni?

VERONTCA

Watch you burn Momma! Ya know, like you watched me fucking burn my whole life!

DAD

Hey girl, you don't talk to your Momma that way.

Both parents are getting weaker. They are helpless to the tirade coming from their daughter.

VERONICA

Fuck you! I hate you! You son of a bitch! You fucking animal! I'm gonna pray every night for the rest of my life that you are in hell where you belong!

DAD

Girl I'm gonna knock out what ever got into you!

Dad attempts to get up but he can't. He's in pain.

VERONICA

You ain't knocking anything but on the devil's door.

She shows a can of powdered drain cleaner, a big poison warning. Mom screams at what just got shot in their veins.

MOM

Girl, what the fuck you do?

Both Mom and Dad are feeling the poison take over. They embrace each other and convulse in pain.

VERONICA

Watching you helpless. Watching you suffer like you did me. I'm watching you die Momma!

DAD

You fucking cunt! You little fucking whore!

Dad tries to lunge at her but falls on his face.

VERONICA

I know you're dying Daddy. You just keep on thinking that the worst is ahead of you. You got hell waiting for ya after this.

They both spit out their last noises and die on the sofa. Veronica picks up the phone.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Hello? There's something wrong with my parents. They are sick or something. You gotta send an ambulance right away. Their problem? They aint breathing.

She hangs up and surveys the carnage before clicking on the television and taking a seat in the recliner.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A sheet is thrown over Dad's face. Veronica plays a mourning child well as she talks to Sheriff Brody.

SHERIFF

You know where they were gettin there drugs Honey?

Veronica shakes her head.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Look Honey, you ain't using this stuff too now, are you?

VERONICA

No sir.

SHERIFF

We can get ya help. You can talk to someone down at the station. She's a good lady. Help ya deal with all this.

VERONICA

Thank ya Sheriff, but I ain't ready to be talking to nobody right now.

SHERIFF

Well OK, but we still gonna need ya to come down and answer some questions. This thing turns out to be a loaded up dose then they're gonna be wanting to know if your Mom or Dad had any fights with anybody or owed money. Ya know, stuff like that so you just think real hard Honey.

Veronica shakes her head in agreement.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Well all right. If you think of
anything else you think may help,
you just give me a call.

Sheriff hands her a card.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Or if you just need somebody to
talk to. I know you ain't got
nobody else so maybe you could
benefit from a little company.
It's could get lonely out here for
a young gal by herself.

The Sheriff looks her up and down. Veronica pretends to not notice he is indeed hitting on her.

VERONICA Thank you Sheriff.

She gazes at the trailer and cries. Creepy Sheriff takes the opportunity to put his arm around her and look with her as if sharing the moment.

EXT. SHITTIEST TRAILER IN THE PARK

Flames engulf the trailer. Veronica watches the fire rage. Emergency sirens get louder.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Veronica is no longer sobbing and Adam notices a slight grin.

ADAM

Made you feel good, huh?

VERONICA

It didn't hurt. That's for sure. Just burn the shit all down to the ground. It just felt right. (beat) Yeah, it felt good.

ADAM

I was talking about killing your parents more than burning down your home.

VERONICA

Yeah, I know. So was I.

Veronica scrunches her face and chuckles.

ADAM

What?

VERONICA

Can I scare you with anything I say? What's wrong with you? You're like-

ADAM

(Interrupting)

Different?

VERONICA

I guess so.

ADAM

I'm a bit of a misfit maybe.

VERONICA

Absolutely.

ADAM

Maybe that's why we're getting along so well here.

Amidst an awkward silence, Adam notices her first smile.

VERONICA

What?

Nothing.

VERONICA

What? Oh horseshit. I've told you my fucking life story and you're getting shy on me? Start talking. What's up?

ADAM

It would be inappropriate.

VERONICA

OK, now you're really gonna tell me.

ADAM

You have a pretty smile. It looks better on you than that locked up face I've gotten to know.

VERONICA

Oh.

ADAM

Ya know, I never knew what you looked liked. Before meeting you, I mean. I took your case, read your diary but couldn't find a photo.

VERONICA

Really?

ADAM

Really.

VERONICA

I'm sorry about before. When I snapped on you. I was a bitch. I acted like real asshole.

ADAM

It's perfectly fine.

VERONICA

No, it's not fine at all and it's not perfectly fine. You didn't deserve that. You are nice. You're kind, gentle.

Adam smiles in flattery.

Go on?

VERONTCA

And sweet.

His smile drains as they look at each other. Something is happening to both of them.

INT. BURKE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Charlie looks a bit fresher at ten years younger. ED BAUER, older than Charlie and his partner, sits across from him.

CHARLIE

Listen, blackmailing cheating husbands would be like owning a money machine.

ED

It's also illegal. And risky. And fucking stupid.

CHARLIE

What's stupid?

ED

We're a legitimate detective agency. Why the fuck would you want to get involved in black mail?

CHARLIE

Listen to what I'm telling ya. We're doing the guys a favor.

Ed rolls his eyes and laughs.

ED

Yeah, I'm sure they would agree with you.

CHARLIE

Listen. Once they do the math, they'll be begging to pay us. Why wouldn't they pay us five grand here, ten grand there when they're looking at half of their everything going bye bye? Their house, cars, and their fucking balls.

Ed laughs while considering.

ED

Yeah, but all it takes is one pissed off guy and there could be real fucking trouble.

CHARLIE

If that happens, which it wouldn't, we'd take care of it.

ED

Oh yeah. Right.

CHARLIE

Hey officer, this guy got pissed we taped him fucking some secretary and threatened us. Ya know, self defense would be a slam dunk over some raging adulterer charging in here. But that's not gonna happen anyway.

ED

It's really fucking unbelievable the effort you put into not working. It amazes me.

CHARLIE

Listen to what I'm telling ya.

ED

I'm fucking done listening. Knock it off already. It's too early in the fucking morning for this shit.

Charlie notices an eighteen year old Veronica come through the door.

CHARLIE

Yeah hun?

VERONICA

Umm. You had a position available for office work? You still looking?

Charlie and Ed check her out.

ED

That depends hun.

VERONICA

OK?

CHARLIE

We do a lot of surveillance here. A lot of surveillance. I'm one of the top PIs in the city.

Ed shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We're always catching people doing things here. Things they don't want to be caught doing. Know what I mean honey?

VERONICA

OK?

CHARLIE

Well, sifting through hours of a sex tape may not sit well with a nice girl like you. Know what I mean now?

Charlie is enjoying this topic.

VERONICA

I would be fine with that.

CHARLIE

You hiding that accent on purpose? Where ya from girl?

VERONICA

Not here.

ED

Just get into town?

VERONICA

Yeah.

ED

This isn't the type of job a girl comes to town to get.

Veronica shrugs.

VERONICA

Well, I'm not upbeat enough to do porn. So here I am.

They both laugh. She's hired.

INT. BURKE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Veronica tries to figure out the computer at her desk outside Charlie's office. Charlie and Ed are in there and the conversation can be heard outside.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The same conversation that Veronica has noticed carries on between Charlie, in his chair and Ed, pacing around.

ED

Don't tell me this! Don't tell me that you agreed to this shit!

CHARLIE

Don't get pissed. It would be so easy.

ED

So easy? It's a fucking murder. Don't ya see that?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I see a six figure pay day Eddie. I see a detective agency ninety days in the rear on every bill we got and not a single steady account.

ED

Hey, I got Liberty Mutual to agree to terms with us on work comp cases. It's steady work.

CHARLIE

Fuck Liberty Mutual. That's not gonna swing it. We gotta start using our fucking heads here.

ED

I am using my fucking head. What if this guy doesn't pay up? Huh? Ever think about that?

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

What if he gets looked at hard? What if he fucks up and, worse than that, lawyers-up and drops dime on us?

CHARLIE

It's gonna be handled. He's got a vacation home that he'll be away at so he won't even be in the same state.

ED

He'll stiff us for sure if he gets away with it.

CHARLIE

He's not going to stiff us Eddie. Listen to what I'm telling ya, I know people. I know human nature. Things that you don't know, OK? I've seen all kinds of people in all kinds of situations and I know what they'll do. He's gonna pay us with a smile.

ED

You realize that you are already guilty of conspiracy, right? Even if you don't do it. Who is supposed to do this by the way, huh?

CHARLIE

That's obvious, wouldn't you agree? You've got the experience and qualifications so the wet work would be handled by you.

ED

Wet work? Where the fuck are you getting this shit? And I have no experience in taking out some housewife in her kitchen, I have military experience. I also have a conscious and it's telling me that I can't live with this on my hands. I'm not in on this with you Charlie. I'll walk out. I don't wanna hear another word about what you're planning.

CHARLIE

C'mon. Knock it off. You think about it tonight and you'll be ready to move by tomorrow at lunch.

Charlie gets up to approach and comfort Ed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She's gonna be home all alone for three days. You could watch and be patient for the right time to move. Now she's gonna run over to see the kid she's banging at his shitty apartment in Westood at least once but other than that, she'll be there for ya.

Ed can't believe he's heard this out. He gets up.

ED

I'm passing on this shit. I'm out.

CHARLIE

You're out? Then you're a fucking idiot, not to mention a fucking pussy.

ED

That's fine with me. I'm out, I'm out of everything here. I can't be part of this. I'm too old to be sweating the cops, sweating jail and sweating some nervous widow making a mistake.

CHARLIE

Fuck it. You're out, you're out.

ED

Take care Charlie. Uh, good luck I guess.

Ed blows through Charile's door and Veronica puts her head back into her work. Charlie walks out to watch him leave.

CHARLIE

Fucking schmuck.

Veronica peeks back at Charlie and buries her head again. Charlie scans the distance between her and his office.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How's it going over there?

Fine. It's going fine.

Charlie approaches, keeping a close eye on her.

CHARLIE

Yeah? Ya know, I just realized that I'm not used to a person sitting out here.

Veronica keeps typing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let me just come out and ask you something. Did you hear anything?

Veronica stops typing and freezes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You heard everything.

VERONICA

I'm just working on this letter for your-

Charlie slams his hand on her desk and shoves her keyboard.

CHARLIE

(Interrupting)

Enough shit!

VERONICA

What?

CHARLIE

What? Got anything to say? You got a problem with what you heard?

VERONICA

Maybe.

CHARLIE

Maybe?

VERONICA

Yeah, maybe.

CHARLITE

Well talk then. Let's see if your mouth is as big as your ears are.

VERONICA

Why don't ya just take her out at the kid's apartment in Westbrook? Charlie's face scrunches up.

CHARLIE

Westbrook?

VERONICA

Yeah. It's a shit neighborhood and why not just get her walking to her car. That way, it will look like street crime. Ya know, a carjacking gone bad or a mugging or something. Plus, it will come to light that she was there fucking some other guy and the cops won't be eyeballing the husband as much as they usually do.

Charlie is trying to hide he is falling in love.

CHARLIE

Shit. Could use a gun. An untraceable gun. Hell, grab her purse and shit for good measure.

VERONICA

Exactly.

CHARLIE

I dunno, I had a plan already.

VERONICA

Yeah, I heard. A home invasion while the husband is outta town? Real clever. Everything that guy does, everyone he talks to, every penny he spends will be watched by the pigs.

CHARLIE

Watch that pig shit. I used to be a cop honey.

VERONICA

Then you know for sure I'm right about this.

CHARLIE

Yeah maybe. So what? If this job gets done do you think you're getting a piece for your two fucking cents here?

I can contribute more than my opinion.

CHARLIE

Like what?

VERONICA

You heard Ed. Sitting at this desk isn't a job that a girl comes into town for.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Adam is looking out the window as Veronica waits for a response.

ADAM

Why did you offer? Why wouldn't you just leave it alone?

VERONICA

I don't know. I felt like I had something of value for the first time in my life. A moral numbness that made me different than others. I guess I wanted to share it. Or show it off maybe.

ADAM

You really value your ability to kill?

VERONICA

At that moment. Yeah, I guess I did.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Waiting in her car, Veronica spots a woman walking out of the shitty apartments to her car. She gets out to meet her.

MRS. PRICE

Yes?

Veronica stalls at MRS. PRICE, attractive house wife.

Hi. Mrs. Price. I thought that was you.

MRS. PRICE

I'm sorry Hun, do we know each other?

Veronica pulls out a pistol.

VERONICA

Uh, Freeze!

Mrs. Price, scared to death, holds up her purse.

MRS. PRICE

Here hun, here's my purse. Take it. There's cash and credit cards in it.

Veronica freezes.

MRS. PRICE (CONT'D)

Oh, here's my keys, take my car. Just take it, it's yours.

Mrs. Price turns away from the gun, scared shitless.

MRS. PRICE (CONT'D)

OK? Look, I'm not even looking at you. I have no idea what you look like. I never saw you so just go ahead Honey.

Veronica, shaking so much, she needs two hands on the pistol.

MRS. PRICE (CONT'D)

Please, please don't hurt me.

Veronica sucks it up and starts firing. Mrs. Price drops, screaming. Veronica fires again to silence her.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vomiting is heard from the bathroom. Veronica staggers out to the coffee table. She picks up the barely eaten sandwich and throws it in the trash. A cell phone is ringing.

Yeah? Hey. (beat) yeah.
Everything is fine. (beat) What
do you think I mean? It's all
taken care of. (beat) Not that I
can tell. OK, OK. It all went
smooth. Look, I gotta go. I'll
check in with ya tomorrow.

Veronica pops the last of a bag of pills.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

One more thing. Can you get some more of that stuff you got me? The blue stuff. They did end up helping a little. (beat) I know ya said that. OK. I'll see ya.

She swaps her phone for her buck knife. She cuts her fresh, clean forearm. She winces and stares at the open wound.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Adam is still at the window, as Veronica looks over the several scars on her arm, including the fresh one.

ADAM

Don't ya know you have so much more to you? That the absolute ugliest thing about you isn't what you should be showing off. You've been through absolute hell in your life. Yes. But do you really think you're justified to go out into the world and do anything? Kill anybody?

VERONICA

It's what I knew. It's all I knew. I don't have anything else in me anymore. The ugliness is what I know. Pain is what I know. Whether I'm getting it or giving it. I knew what I was doing was wrong. I like to say it's something that took me time to realize but that ain't the case.

ADAM

So now you're just a casualty of self loathing? Self pity?

VERONICA

A casualty, yeah. That's a good word for me. I left home not wanting to be one of those abused girls that just found themselves another abuser. But I did just that finding Charlie. And there were casualties.

ED'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed is very interested in the newspaper. He flips through the pages covering the murder mystery of Mrs. Price.

ED

You fucking lunatic. You crazy motherfucker, you did it.

Knock, knock at the front door. Ed wasn't expecting company.

ED (CONT'D)

Yeah?

VERONICA

(O.S.)

Ed. It's Veronica. I really gotta talk to you right now. Please.

ED

Veronica? What the hell is going on?

VERONICA

(O.S.)

Can ya let me in? Please?

He opens and she walks in huffing and puffing.

ED

Hey, hey. What's wrong?

VERONICA

There was a murder. I heard Charlie talking about it. (MORE)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. This woman got killed. I think Charlie did it.

ED

I was just reading that. That crazy fucker. The Price woman got killed in Westbrook. They think it's a robbery.

VERONICA

I think that was the name of a client. I'm too scared to go to the office. But I can't go to the Police if I ain't sure.

ED

No. I'm sure of it. It's the right woman. He brought up killing her and I told him he was crazy.

He walks over to sit on his couch and search the paper.

ED (CONT'D)

That's right.

He starts reading.

ED (CONT'D)

Mrs. Donna Price, forty two, shot dead in an apparent...

Standing behind him, Veronica draws out a pistol.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Adam's face reflects this part was definitely a blank spot in her diary. Veronica's face shows why.

VERONICA

You read my diary. You saw I was getting ready to leave. Do you know why?

ADAM

I think so. It was because it was getting too hard. Too painful.

That's not it. It's because it was getting easier. It was hurting less and less. Then pretty soon, I can't feel anything. Not pain, not happiness.

ADAM

I see. Run to your sunsets. Before they aren't beautiful anymore.

VERONICA

Yeah.

ADAM

Come over here.

He motions her to the window.

VERONICA

Why?

ADAM

Please just come over.

She makes it over to see a beautiful sunset. No city view but a country setting just like she was dreaming of earlier.

VERONICA

You got this done for me?

ADAM

I knew what it meant to you.

Veronica wells up in tears as she admires the view.

VERONICA

I used to watch the sunset when I was little. Right after my brother died. I used to think that's what Heaven looked like. I used to talk to him every day cause ya know, I figure he's in heaven so he can hear me. I swear he talked back some days. Sundown was when my Father got home. Those moments were like going from heaven to hell. Felt like giving up.

ADAM

Have you?

What?

Adam lifts up her arm to look at her mutilations.

ADAM

Given up?

He point to the first and oldest scar.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This hurt.

He points at the next.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This one a bit.

He moves to another one further down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Not so much

He makes it to the fresh cut.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Not at all. Right? (beat) So what's next? Giving up?

VERONICA

No. No I haven't.

They get closer.

ADAM

Why?

VERONICA

Because there still are beautiful things.

ADAM

Yeah? Is that all?

VERONICA

No.

ADAM

There's more?

VERONICA

Yes.

ADAM

Tell me.

VERONICA

I can still feel.

ADAM

Just pain? Or something else?

They connect for a kiss. He wraps his arms around her. He picks her up easily and takes her to the bed to continue.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM

Veronica is surprised to wake alone. She gets to the window and there is no more sunset, just pure black.

CARTER

(0.S.)

Ms. Hearns. You will need to return to your bed now.

Veronica jumps as Carter has walks in with Adam behind.

VERONICA

What happened out there? You turn something off or what?

CARTER

Your bed Ms. Hearns. Now please.

She attempts to make eye contact with Adam but he won't.

VERONICA

What's going on now?

Carter looks into his hand as if he's holding something. Veronica reacts, she's paralyzed again.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

CARTER

Your policy has been dissolved Ms. Hearns.

VERONICA

What?

CARTER

Your claim has been rejected Madam. On the grounds of fraud.

She can still move her head to see Adam stare at the floor.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You've confessed to not being the policy holder, Ms. Elizabeth Hearns. You've also confessed to multiple murders, arson and insurance fraud over your lifetime. I'm sure you understand that you've been disqualified. You'll be returned.

Veronica, turning red with anger, yells at Adam.

VERONICA

Look at me! Look at me you son of a bitch!

CARTER

Effective immediately.

VERONICA

Wait a second, wait a second. Returned to what?

CARTER

To where we found you.

VERONICA

You mean dying?

CARTER

Yes. You can always take solace in the fact that you were already dead and like I said before, you never even deserved this chance. Sorry for any inconvenience this may have cause you.

She is confused and terrified, catching her breath.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I should probably still assist you with all this.

ADAM

No.

Adam looks at Veronica.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I said this one was mine. I said she was worth it. I was wrong. I'll take care of it all.

CARTER

Very well. Just remember, she was already dead.

Carter walks up to Veronica, getting right in her face.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I told you that you were never getting outta here.

Adam waits for Carter to leave.

ADAM

I must say that our time together was certainly interesting.

Adam scoops up the limp Veronica.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's time to go.

He carries her through the door and they are immediately back in Veronica's dark bedroom the night of her death.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK, hang on.

He puts her down next to the dead clone in bed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Should just be another second.

He goes into his pocket and she is free of her paralysis. She smacks him several times, he gets control of her.

VERONICA

You motherfucker! I told you everything! How could you do this? Why did you do this to me? You fucking bastard!

ADAM

Calm down. Calm down. Listen, it was the only way.

Adam pins her arms. Veronica is fighting.

You told him! You fucking told him everything!

Adam succeeds in holding her still.

ADAM

I said listen! I just saved your life. You weren't going to make it with us. Understand? I had to get you out of there. I had to get you back here. It was the only way I could protect you.

Adam releases one of her arms to caress her face.

VERONICA

Protect me?

ADAM

Protect you.

She hugs him, balling in his arms.

VERONICA

I thought you turned on me. I though you hated me.

ADAM

I know. I'm sorry. Never.

VERONICA

I thought you'd given up on me.

ADAM

Never.

VERONICA

Why did you do this?

ADAM

I couldn't bear the thought of what would happened to you if you stayed. Carter was right. You were never getting out of confinement. You would of been alone there.

He keeps touching her face as if it's the last time.

ADAM (CONT'D)

With no sunsets.

And no you?

ADAM

Yeah. That either.

She kisses him before realizing there's a dead body in her bed. She jumps.

VERONICA

Jesus!

ADAM

It's just a clone of you.

Veronica looks it over.

VERONICA

Looks just like me.

Adam studies the lifeless body with her.

ADAM

Maybe when I first met you. (beat) But not anymore.

VERONICA

Your were supposed to kill me, right?

ADAM

I was.

VERONICA

Poison me. Just like I was when you found me?

ADAM

I was to inject you. While you were paralyzed of course.

He shows her a needle from his pocket.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I missed my chance.

VERONICA

What are you going to do?

ADAM

I'm going to take this body out of here first. Then the rest, well I haven't really had time to plan that far ahead.

Aren't they gonna know you didn't kill me?

ADAM

Maybe. I don't know. I'm hoping they won't check.

VERONICA

Is that even possible?

ADAM

This whole thing with you was my project. I'm the one who set everything up. So I'm gonna try to close out your account myself. Wish me luck.

VERONICA

I don't know what to do now.

ADAM

You need to get out of here. Just in case. You've got to go far away. And, most importantly, stay out of trouble. Remember, Ms. Elizabeth Hearns is dead.

They kiss.

VERONICA

What about us?

ADAM

There is an us?

VERONICA

Is there?

ADAM

Veronica. My dear. I'm trying not to think of it.

VERONICA

Why?

ADAM

Because thinking of never seeing you again hurts me. I feel pain too.

Stay here with me. Fuck everyone else.

ADAM

My dear. I don't belong in your world anymore than you belong in mine.

VERONICA

You don't know that. It can be OK. We can just-

Adam holds his hand to her mouth.

ADAM

No. It can't be. Please dear.

He steps away.

VERONICA

Please.

ADAM

I must go.

VERONICA

I'll be all alone. I'm not sure if I can do it.

ADAM

You can handle anything Veronica Ann Baker.

VERONICA

Not without you. I needed you to figure out I wasn't dead. That I was alive and feeling this whole time.

ADAM

You always knew. I just reminded you.

VERONICA

If it was just that one time for us then I do understand. It's something I'll never forget. I understand you can't feel for me enough to give up everything and stay with me. ADAM

My dear, it was much more than our time together. I hesitate to tell you how much I hurt right now but I have to tell you that I chose you. You may have not thought of this but I've been working on your case for years before your retrieval. I became obsessed you could say. I read every word of yours. I read it over and over. It was unlike anything I had ever seen. We just don't make them like you anymore. I'm the one that talked them into retrieving you. I volunteered to work with you. I read your story. I knew how it ended. I never believed that I really fell in love with you through a diary, but.

Adam is choked up.

VERONICA

What?

ADAM

When I met you. I knew I had.

Veronica bolts over to comfort him.

VERONICA

I love you.

They kiss. Adam is comforted but they both know it's time.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I want you to listen to me. Don't even answer me. Just listen. If you can look into my computer, you then could see that I was looking at a few places down south to escape to. I took particular interest in one with a big wraparound porch. The address is right there. I'm going to be there. I'll be there in a month. You can meet me there.

ADAM

It's not that easy. It's complicated but I can't just pick a place and exact date. It takes an enormous amount of work ahead of time to settle on the date.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll never get to target a date within a month of this day without them figuring out I did something.

Veronica grabs him.

VERONICA

I don't care. I'll wait forever for you. We'll pick a day then, OK? Uh, the fourth of July. Any fourth of July, OK? I promise I'll wait out on that porch for you every fourth. I promise I will. Please tell me you'll try. It won't be my world. It will be our world. Please.

He kisses her before scooping up the dead clone. He looks at the face of the clone.

ADAM

Stay beautiful. You wear it so much better than this.

She watches him walk off with the dead body. He crosses the threshold, like newlyweds out her bedroom door. It's silent.

VERONICA

Adam? Adam?

She walks through her empty apartment. She returns to the bedroom overcome by sleepiness and faints on her face.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Veronica awakes on her face. While looking out the window to see the usual city view, her cell phone rings. She picks it up to see that it is Charlie. She lets it ring.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica at her computer, looks over the real estate ads. She checks her email. THE ESCAPE PLAN - "PROCESSING PROBLEM". She opens it and reads a portion of it aloud.

Declined? Ms. Elizabeth Hearns, your online purchase could not be processed due to the credit card being rejected. Please try again with another form of payment? What the fuck?

Veronica pulls out her credit card.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica is on the phone, reading the credit card number.

VERONICA

Five, five, two eight. Yes. Elizabeth Hearns. I need to check my limit. (beat) Yes? How long has it been over the limit? (beat) OK? Can you tell me if you declined any purchases I may have made online. I'm waiting on a, uh wedding dress. (beat) Can anybody over there tell me if a purchase had been declined? (beat) Well can't you check now?

She hangs up and sits on her sofa, casting her mind back to a few of Adam's comments.

ADAM

(V.O.) I'm sorry Ms. Hearns. That can not be disclosed at this time. It's not permissible for me to share any technical or scientific information with you.

Realization is creeping into her head.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(V.O.)..strictly prohibited...an unstable mind could slip in to any number of schizophrenic or delusional states of reality.

She's crying, remembering her conversations with Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(V.O.) It's complicated. It's complicated.

VERONICA

(V.O.) Computers to cavemen?...I wouldn't understand time travel?

Veronica sobs into her hands.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Researching the suspect pills on the computer, she reads "Goradal", "strong narcotic pain killer" "side effects" reads "Extreme drowsiness, hallucinations and temporary dimensia".

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica, at her computer, stares at a blank page before typing.

VERONICA

(V.O.)

If you were able to read what I wrote before then you should be able to read this. There's an upsetting feeling that's creeping into my mind. That feeling you get when something is too good to be true and you just know it. You were everything I always wanted. So big and strong that you could always protect me, so gentle that you could never hurt me. You saw through me. You reached me like nobody ever could and maybe that's the problem. You never explained anything about how you got me or brought me back. You never let me see or know anything that I hadn't already seen or known. I know the answer to all of this but I don't want to say it. Besides, what you made me feel was real. I feel. And that's real.

(MORE)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Even if you're not. I refuse to call you a hallucination.

She looks at the bag of pills next to the keyboard.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You're too much to fit in a tiny bag of pills. I'm going where I said I was.

She grabs the "Southern Steals" listing with the photo of the big old house with a wrap around porch.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Even though I want you to be real more than anything in the world, I know better. I've never hoped so much in my heart that I'm wrong about something, believe me. What I felt and what I feel is real for sure. I'm not giving up. I'm going to get my peace and my sunsets. I'm going to promise you that one day a year, as promised, a hopeful little girl will sit again and wish her heart out that the adult in her is wrong about you. I may owe you that.

Veronica leaves her words on screen.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica packs a single bag. Clothes, cash and a picture of her brother make the cut. She examines the pills.

VERONICA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Veronica closes the door. "301" is her door number. She hears a conversation down the hall. The foreign landlord speaking to the police.

LANDLORD

(O.S)

I called, I called. Someone called me. I don't know the guy. Said his friend in 301 might commit suicide.

POLICEMAN

(0.S.)

OK, OK,. Do you have the keys to that apartment?

Veronica listens as she back away.

LANDLORD

Yes, yes. I have them.

POLICEMAN

Do you know the tenant?

LANDLORD

No, no, not really. Quiet girl. She's always in her place.

As the voices get louder, Veronica bolts for the exit.

INT. CAR - APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Veronica sees the police car parked. She notices that Charlie has called her many more times. She speeds off.

INT. CAR - GAS STATION - DAY

Charlie reads the headline "THERE'S A KILLER!" a subtitle of CHILLING LAST MOMENT OF MURDER CAUGHT ON TAPE. It's Stacey's last words before Veronica killed her. Photo of the esteemed Dr. Cole next to it.

CHARLIE

Fucking Junkie bitch.

His disposable phone rings.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Burke. Yes Madam. I'm going to need it today. Now, in fact. (beat) You want this handled? You want this done right? (beat) I thought so, then it's gonna cost and it's gonna cost now. It's not even for me, OK? Others need to be taken care of. It will be fine. There's gonna be nobody following you around this early but I still don't want you near my office. Just get moving and get moving quick.

Charlie hangs up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fucking Commie bitch.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

The same headline in front of Veronica. Focused and not on drugs, she almost passes for a Starbucks snob, as if she's been through rehab. She isn't happy to see the photos of the deceased. "ESTEEMED SURGEON MURDERED..."

VERONICA

No way this is blowing over Charlie. No way fucking way.

She gulps her coffee and examines the bag of pills again.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie talks on the phone as he drives.

CHARLIE

Yeah. It's gonna add up. (beat) Hey, you connect the fucking dots over there. That's what I'm paying you for. (beat) Well, if anybody else needs to be taken care of then fine.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(beat) It will be fucking fine I said. Listen to what I'm telling ya, I'm into a deep pocket here so keep a fucking tab if ya got to, all right? Fuck!

Charlie hangs up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fucking people!

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Charlie pulls in his garage. He exits, with the newspaper.

VERONICA

(O.S.)

Hey Charlie.

Charlie jumps. Veronica has entered through the garage door again.

CHARLIE

Jesus!

VERONICA

No just me. (beat) Maybe resurrected the same way?

CHARLIE

What the fuck does that mean? What the fuck are you doing here? Are you feeling all right?

VERONICA

Why wouldn't I be feeling all right?

CHARLIE

I've been trying to call you all fucking morning and it's not like you should be so busy that you miss ten phone calls from me at a time like this.

Veronica keeps her eyes on him. Looking for any slip.

Sort of jumping the gun a little presuming me dead for missing a few phone calls, wouldn't you think?

Charlie thinks a second.

CHARLIE

Oh, wait. Did your fucking landlord over react? I was just hoping he'd wake you up out of your fucking drug coma.

VERONICA

He brought the police to my door. Thought I committed suicide. Maybe by pills?

CHARLIE

Oh, what a dumb fucking Arab. I was just hoping he would knock on your door for me was all. Wait, did you talk to the cops?

VERONICA

I ditched outta there before they got to my door.

CHARLIE

Good girl. You've always been able to sense danger and just slip on-

VERONICA

(Interrupting)
Shut the fuck up Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hey.

VERONICA

I'm in no mood for compliments.
I'm in the mood to find out what
was so damn important you needed to
get a hold of me that bad during my
lay-low time. Ya see, I got a
feeling that maybe you weren't
concerned I was dead with all those
calls. I think maybe you were
confirming I was.

CHARLIE

What? Hey. Paranoid fucking idiot!

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I got shit to talk to you about here. The type of shit that makes me call you a few times, yes.

He waves the news paper at her.

VERONICA

What then?

CHARLIE

What then? You see this? It's worse than I thought. It's worse than you told me. Word is there's prints, hairs and who knows what the fuck else! You gotta get the fuck outta here girl. I got money coming.

Veronica pulls the untraceable pistol Charlie stuffed the envelope with earlier.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

VERONICA

I'm not sure what to think here Charlie. I ain't for sure what to do.

CHARLIE

Hey, hey now. You're not well. You're sick in the head or something. What? Are you high?

VERONICA

You're right. I'm not feeling well. Not very well at all. And I need you to make me feel better really fucking fast here.

She motions him in and follows at a distance.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE

Charlie's house matches his eighties wardrobe. He walks submissively at gunpoint to grab a bottle of whiskey.

CHARLIE

Ronni, Ronni, Ronni. What do I gotta say to you? This is crazy.

VERONICA

What was in those pills you gave me last?

CHARLIE

What? I don't know. The usual I guess. Dope.

Veronica pulls out the bag.

VERONICA

You wanna make me feel better? You want to make an asshole outta me? Take one of these. Now.

CHARLIE

Sorry, I ain't a fucking junkie like you. Not my cup of tea.

Charlie raises his glass and gulps.

VERONICA

You look different Charlie. You don't have that look like you got the edge on someone like you usually do. You look nervous to me. That ain't good.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah? You have a fucking gun on me! I tend to get a little nervous when a cracked out, burnt out hick is a twitch away from pulling a trigger on me!

She throws the bag over.

VERONICA

Just one Charlie. And I put this down. Please make me put this down. Cause I'm pulling the trigger if I don't.

CHARLIE

Fuck!

He dips in and studies a pill.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Here! You fucking nut!

He pops it, followed by a drink.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

OK?

Veronica stares.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look!

He opens his mouth, swirling his tongue to show an empty mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Good? Happy? How long til I get high now?

She puts the gun on the table.

VERONICA

OK, OK. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

Sorry? What the fuck is wrong with you? What did you think?

VERONICA

I don't know.

CHARLIE

You're cracking up on me girl.

VERONICA

Maybe. Probably.

CHARLIE

OK, since you calm now, listen up. You need to take that trip you were talking about. You need to go somewhere, far away from here.

VERONICA

You said you got money coming?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I tapped the Russian for what they had in the house. Turns out, the good doctor had a safe. I had her to clean it out.

VERONICA

And?

CHARLIE

And I'm fucking giving it to you so you can get the fuck outta town. The best way to cover my ass right now is to cover yours. You gotta disappear.

Charlie pours another.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I haven't even figured out what the fuck I'm gonna do here.

He motions the bottle towards her, she refuses.

VERONICA

Any of your old pals giving ya an idea of what they're looking at?

CHARLIE

Cops are gonna be looking at the wife, of course. They always do. Maybe I can get them looking at that mistress of his. An ex boyfriend or drug dealer or something.

Veronica watches him pour drink after drink.

VERONICA

You OK?

CHARLIE

Fuck no, I'm not.

VERONICA

When is this Russian supposed to-

Ding dong. Charlie freezes.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You expecting somebody? Wait a minute, is that her?

She stands to catch a glimpse of Svetlana through the window.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Hey, hey. That's her. She's here. You had her come her?

Charlie pops up to get the door.

CHARLIE

Just wait here. I dont' want to freak her out. Hide that!

Charlie throws a newspaper over the gun and answers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey. This actually.

She barges through him. The high-heeled, sexy dressed Svetlana runs her eyes up and down the scrappy Veronica.

SVETLANA

Who is this?

CHARLIE

It's OK Mrs. Cole. She's part of the program.

Charlie stands between them as good as he can.

SVETLANA

She is part of the fuck up, I am sure.

VERONICA

Fuck you.

CHARLIE

OK girls, be nice. I see you brought something for us and I know you have to be on your way.

Svetlana has a large handbag.

SVETLANA

One hundred and twenty thousand is total. I'm taking this off when insurance pays.

CHARLITE

That's fine. That's fine.

SVETLANA

You shouldn't even get promised pay as you made such a big fucking mess of this.

CHARLIE

OK, OK. It's gonna work out if everybody here is just smart.

Charlie takes the money and motions Svetlana out.

Yeah, next time you want to kill your husband, you can do it yourself. Ya know, so it's not such a mess.

SVETLANA

Next time, I won't leave it to a puny man and some drug addict little girl.

CHARLIE

OK, OK.

Veronica is pissed enough to follow them to the door. Charlie tries to get her out before another word is said.

VERONICA

Yeah. Can't see why he cheated on a gold-digging, mail order bitch like you.

SVETLANA

Fuck you cunt! Who is this girl? You need her help? Why is she here for?

CHARLIE

She's OK, She's OK. She's my partner. She's helping out. I'll get in touch with you soon with the next move, OK? You just get back and play the sad wife. It will be fine. You're doing great, you're doing great.

Svetlana stops in the doorway in spite of Charlie's attempts.

SVETLANA

Partner? Ha! You look more like the set up girl, the stalker.

Charlie still forcing her out.

VERONICA

What did you say?

SVETTANA

I said to me, you look more like the drug addict girl the Police are to find dead on the pills. Everything stops. Charlie cracks an open smile out of panic, allowing the pill he hid between his lip and gum to fall on the floor in front of everyone.

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

When do police find that girl by the way?

Veronica is ignoring her and waiting for Charlie to face her. Svetlana is alone in not getting it.

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

What?

VERONICA

You motherfucker. You motherfucker!

Charlie finally turns to deliver the bottle of Johnnie Walker into Veronica's face. She hits the ground. Svetlana jumps.

CHARLIE

Close that door!

Svetlana is shocked but obeys. Veronica cheek and eye are pouring blood.

SVETLANA

What? What is this? What is this now?

CHARLITE

You want out of this? You do what I fucking say. Grab her feet.

SVETLANA

I'm not doing this.

CHARLITE

Grab her fucking feet!

Svetlana helps Charlie slide Veronica towards the kitchen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You couldn't just die? Huh, you junkie bitch!

Veronica, barely conscious, is not putting up a fight.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You gotta fucking tolerance like an elephant. I should just put a bullet in your tiny fucking brain!

SVETLANA

This is the stalker? Now what do you do? You said Police going to find her today. What the fuck happens now?

CHARLIE

Shut up! It will be OK. I'll drop her at my office. It will look like a suicide. We gotta move fast.

SVETLANA

What you mean suicide?

CHARLIE

Shut the fuck up! And watch her.

Charlie charges over to grab the pills. He's smashing them on the table with his bottle.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This enough to put you down? Huh?

He crushes handfuls of the pills into powder.

SVETLANA

Just shoot her.

Charlie is losing it. He grabs Svetlana by the ears.

CHARLIE

Suicide! Suicide! You dumb Commie bitch! I'm still gonna put that call in concerned with her stalking your husband after doing the surveillance on him. Ya know, she's a crazy bitch, crazy bitch!

He throws her back. Veronica begins to move.

VERONICA

Charlie. Don't do this. I'm leaving town. You don't have to do this. I'm gone.

He belts her again with the bottle. Her mouth is busted open and gushing blood.

CHARLIE

You're gone all right!

He sweeps the crushed pills into a glass of water and stirs with his finger.

SVETLANA

Suicide? Look at her face now!

He grabs Veronica's dead arm, pulling her sleeve to show all of the scars.

CHARLIE

Look at this fucking wreck. So she hurt herself some more, before killing herself. All because she couldn't have her perfect man. Your husband, the doctor. Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

Charlie gets back to the deadly cocktail.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Grab her head!

Svetlana grips Veronica's hair.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ya know what? This should go down easier if she's sucking wind.

He walks over and boots her in the stomach several times. She gasps for air.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hold her up. Get her mouth open.

Svetlana isn't gentle, grabbing Veronica's hair from behind to raise her to her knees as Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I want to get this whole thing down her throat so hold her steady.

SVETLANA

Hurry! Hurry! She is waking!

CHARLIE

How's this for getting my hands dirty? Time to die Ronni!

He gets a hand under Veronica's chin to pull her mouth open. Getting the glass just over her mouth.

SVETLANA

Ahhhhhhhh!

Svetlana's achilles has been severed, just above the top of her heel! Veronica reached behind with her buck knife and slashed in deep! CHARLIE

What? What?

As Svetlana falls to her knees, Veronica smacks Charlie's cocktail, sending the deadly drink in his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck!

He falls, slapping his own face and spitting. Veronica gets up, turning to send a hearty kick into Svetlana's face, knocking her nearly out. She heads for the door.

VERONICA

You're time to die Charlie.

She storms over to grab the pistol from the next room.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

It's my time to live.

CHARLIE

Please Ronni. Call an ambulance for me. Please Ronni, please Ronni.

She raises the gun on him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please don't Ronni. We can still get outta this. You win, OK? Please, please. I've been like a Father to you.

VERONICA

All too much.

Bang!, Bang! Charlie Burke ceases to exist. Veronica her back to Svetlana, speaks aloud.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

If you want outta this bitch. I suggest you hop the red eye to Transylvania or whereever the fuck you come from. I don't wanna kill another person the rest of my life AHHH!

The knife is jammed into the side of her neck. She drops the gun. Svetlana's hand still on the handle, Veronica reaches back to lock on the handle with her..

SVETLANA

Die you fucking druggie bitch!

Veronica shoves, snapping Svetlana's heel and sending her head back into the fridge. She breaks free and pulls the knife out of her neck to whip around with it, slashing Svetlana's throat open. Svetlana dies bleeding out as Veronica falls to the floor. She lays in the bloody kitchen, trying to stop the blood pumping outta her neck.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNSET

The sunset is more gorgeous than ever. The little Veronica is looking into heaven, talking to her brother as she described earlier. The sunset grows in intensity.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cops bang on the door.

OFFICER ROSE

Mr. Burke? Is anybody in there?

OFFICER LEARY

Let's breach.

OFFICER ROSE

Yeah?

OFFICER LEARY

Hell yeah, shots fired, ya breach.

They force the door open, guns drawn.

OFFICER ROSE

Police. Anybody here? Anybody

hurt?

As OFFICER ROSE takes the front room, OFFICER LEARY gets to the kitchen.

OFFICER LEARY

Ambulance! Call it in!

Rose chirps his radio and races over.

OFFICER ROSE

Holy shit!

OFFICER LEARY It's a fucking blood bath!

They're hard pressed not to step in blood on the linoleum.

OFFICER ROSE

(into radio)

Yeah, we got multiples down at two one one Cliff Ave. You can send medics but you're gonna need to call in homicide. Everyone's dead here.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE WITH A WRAP AROUND PORCH - DUSK

A chair rocks on the porch. Veronica, old scar on her neck, is years older. The colors of the popping fireworks reflect on her face. She stops rocking, it's quiet except for a single creak. She is still looking ahead. From behind, a male hand reaches out for her shoulder.

FADE OUT.