

A Circle of Life

By

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BLACK

SUPER: LOUISIANA, 1981

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA - DAY (1981)

ANNIBELE JACKSON, a 9 year old black girl in a knee high dress and two french braids in her hair, is carrying a little, red book with the "E" on the cover.

She is skipping through the grass and trees, going back home from school.

She skips right up to where the trees end and the open, grassy field starts. Annibele leans up against the last tree for a breather.

The open field used to be an old, slave plantation. In the center of this old plantation field, is her house.

Her house is a old, wooden, southern style home. Some of the old white paint has chipped off the outsides of the house. Across the front of the house, runs a brown wooden deck with a short stair case.

Annibele looks across the field and sees her house about fifty yards away. In front of the house, she sees her step dad's old truck.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(talking to herself)
What is he doin' home already?

Annibele takes a deep breath and proceed to walk toward her house. The closer she gets to her house, the slower she walks until the inevitable happens, and she reaches the short stair case to the deck, the deck that holds the opening to her hell, the door to her home.

Annibele stops at the bottom of the stairs and stares at the door before she says her prayer.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(whispering)
Dear Lord, please let me enter my
hell and face my devil one mo' day.
Don't let the devil get me like it
did my MOMMA. In Jesus name, Amen.

(CONTINUED)

Annibele slowly walks up the short staircase and steps onto the deck. She walks closer to the door and reaches for the knob. She wraps her small hand around the knob and turns it slowly.

The door POPS loose as she pushes it open and steps threw.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele takes another step into the her home and shuts the door behind her.

ALFRED JACKSON
What took ya' so long to get home,
Annibele?

Annibele turns around and walks towards the kitchen where she finds the devil himself, her step father, ALFRED JACKSON.

Alfred Jackson, a big black man who is an alcoholic and pure evil at heart, is leaning against the kitchen counter with his flask in one hand and a little, red dress in the other.

Annibele approaches him but stops at the kitchen table, not wanting to get to close to Aflred.

He holds the little, red dress out to Annibele.

ALFRED JACKSON
Here, I got another pretty dress
fo' ya'.

Annibele stares at the dress in horror.

ALFRED JACKSON
Well, ain't ya' gonna' be polite
and take it?

Annibele slowly walks around table and reaches out with a trembling hand, taking the red dress from Alfred. She wraps the dress around her mother's red diary and back peddles back to the other side of the kitchen table.

Alfred brings his flask to his lips and takes some big gulps of his alcohol, then wipes his mouth off with his forearm.

ALFRED JACKSON
Well...
(beat)
...I asked ya' a question. What
took so long?

(CONTINUED)

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Oh, nothin'. This is the same time
I always get here; ya' know that,
Alfred.

ALFRED JACKSON

Ya' sassin' me, lil' girl? Huh,
Annibele? Ya' think yo' smarter
than me? Is that what yo' problem
is?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

No, I'm just...

ALFRED JACKSON

(interrupting Annibele)

Yo' momma thought she was smarter
than me too, but yo' so smart ya'
probably already know that don't
ya'?

The mentioning of Annibele's mother sent a wave of hurt and hatred threw her heart. The hurt is for her mother and the hatred is for her step father.

Annibele's eyes start to water up as she clutches the red dress and her mother's little, red diary close to her chest.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Don't ya' talk to me about my
momma! Ya' keep her name out yo'
mouth!

ALFRED JACKSON

Yup, just like yo' momma; yo' mouth
is smarter than yo' brain.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I hate ya'!

ALFRED JACKSON

Oh, that hurts, baby.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

And I hope ya' burn in hell fo'
what ya' did too her. I hope ya'
burn slow. I never had hatred in my
heart til' ya' came in my life!

Annibele stares at him in silence, not backing down from her devil. She is breathing heavily and her heart is pounding her sternum.

(CONTINUED)

Alfred tips his flask to his lips and gulps down the rest of his drink. He stuff his empty flask in his back pocket.

ALFRED JACKSON

Ya' wanna' know somethin'?
Somethin' that makes me smile? I'm
happy I got rid of yo' sorry ass
momma. I told ya' those white
police won't give one damn about a
missin' black whore, and they won't
give a damn about a lil' stupid
black girl either.

Alfred suddenly charges at Annibele, but drunkenly stumbles into the kitchen table.

Annibele turns and sprints for the front door with the red dress and her mother's red diary in her hand. She swings the door open, runs across the deck, jumps down the stair case, and sprints as fast as she can threw the grassy field, and into the big trees.

Alfred gives one more drunken effort to give chase but only manages to stumble to the opened, front door way, where he gives up.

Annibele keeps running without looking back. She can't see him, but she can hear him yelling behind her.

ALFRED JACKSON

Annibele, get back here!
Annibelllllllllle!

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

LACEY AIMS, a thirty year old, plain looking bernette, shoots up in her bed from her nightmare, breathing heavily with sweat dripping from her face. She turns to look at her clock and sees it reads 2:13 AM.

She looks at LARRY, her husband, and notices he is still sleeping. She takes a slow, deep breath and carefully gets out of bed, making sure not to wake him.

Lacey heads for the bathroom.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BATHROOM

Lacey turns the sink on and uses her hands to rinse water on her face. She grabs a towel from the towel rack and dries her face off with it.

When she removes the towel from her face she finds herself looking in the mirror, thinking about who she is and who are her nightmares of.

LACEY AIMES
 (whisper to herself)
 The nightmares always feel so real,
 like I'm awake.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey delicately gets back into bed. She pulls the covers up to her chest and stares at the ceiling with her eyes wide open. The nightmares feel so real to her.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Larry, an abusive, alcoholic husband, is in his mechanic outfit, sitting in his favorite recliner while drinking a tall can.

Lacey appears from out of the hallway. She just got out of bed and is wearing a black robe. She has no make-up on and her hair is disheveled.

LARRY AIMES
 You look like shit, as usual.

LACEY AIMES
 (trying to avoid a fight)
 I couldn't sleep again last night.
 You know I have nightmares and it's
 been even worse every since...

Lacey stops herself from finishing her statement because Larry doesn't want her talking about ABBY anymore.

LARRY AIMES
 (being sarcastic)
 Oh, poor baby. Poor, little, old
 me. I can't sleep either, but I
 still got to go to work, while you
 sit on your ass collecting SSI
 because your depressed.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

Look Larry, I'm really trying but it's hard, and with your abuse of alcohol and your abuse of me...

Lacey stops herself from talking again, fearing that she will anger Larry by saying the wrong thing, but it's too late.

LARRY AIMES

Here we go again. Always blaming me for your shitty life. I'm always the bad guy, right? I drink too much; I abuse you. I do this, I do that. I know what the real problem is. Yea, I know what it is...

(beat)

...You blame me for what happened three years ago.

Larry stands up from his recliner with his beer can, now empty, in his hand.

LARRY AIMES

Well, get over it sweet heart, because God chose me.

Larry smirks at her and crushes the can in his hand.

LARRY AIMES

Yup, it's me and you, and I ain't going no where.

(being sarcastic)

Have fun at your appointment, wacko.

Larry flips the empty beer can at Lacey's face.

Lacey flinches and blocks the can from hitting her face, knocking it to the carpet.

LARRY AIMES

Wacko.

Larry turns around and leaves out the door to work.

Lacey bends over to pick the can up from the floor and throws it away.

LACEY AIMES

Happy birthday, Abby.

INT. LOS ANGELES/DOCTOR HASSEN OFFICE - DAY (2011)

DR. JAMES HASSEN, a young, black psychiatrist, is sitting in his bed leather chair behind a glass table. Dr. Hassen is wearing his white button up shirt, while typing on his laptop and listening to his head phones.

In the middle of his typing, Lacey walks in his office. Dr. Hassen slides his headphones off his ears, down to his neck, before he closes his laptop.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(addressing Lacey)
You must be my three o'clock?

Dr. Hassen gets out of his chair and walks around the glass table to greet Lacey. Lacey can see the wire from his headphones running down into his pocket.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(with his hand out)
Hi, my name is James Hassen, but
you can just call me James.

LACEY AIMES
Well, my name is Lacey Aimes. It's
nice to meet you, Dr. Hassen.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Please, just James. A doctor is
what I am; it's not my name. I'm
not big on titles. I don't think
I'm greater than the next person
because I know I'm stronger with
the next person...
(beat)
...anyways lets get started.

James Hassen motions over to the big leather chair and table he just came from. On the other side of the table is another smaller chair that Lacey assumed is for his patient.

They walk over to the table and chairs, and James pulls out the big leather chair.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(pulling out the chair out)
Here, have a seat, Lacey.

Lacey is caught off guard by the polite gesture and slowly sits down in the big leather chair.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

(a little uncertain)

Thanks, but doesn't the doctor get the big comfy chair.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Yea, usually, but see what I mean. You assume that I should have the nice, comfy chair just because I'm the doctor. Well, fortunately for you, I'm the doctor. This chair, Lacey, is for my patients. I want them to feel comfortable. They are the ones that want to feel better, and they're the ones sharing their most vulnerable thoughts and experiences. I want them too feel like there is no limits to what they can share with me.

James walks around the table and sits in the little chair on the other side.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I sit in this smaller chair to show you I'm not dominate to you. I want you to feel like your in control of these sessions and I'm just your friend, or like your side kick to help you fight whatever demons are haunting you, so to speak.

LACEY AIMES

(thinking out loud)

Yea, so to speak.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Now, I understand the county has covered you for up to two free sessions, so let's make as much progress as we can in this limited amount of time. Do you have any questions at this time?

LACEY AIMES

(shaking her head)

Um, no. Not right now.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Okay, let me explain how I run my sessions. First, I want you to know I think outside the box the box is in, and believe anything is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN (cont'd)
possible. I will ask you some questions and you can answer however you want. You can just touch the surface, or you can go into the depth of your soul, it's all up to you. The only thing I ask is that you answer honestly if you want to be free from your demons. Plus, no question I ask is for nothing.

James reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out a iPod and places it on the table.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I like to record my patient's sessions so I can put my full attention on what they are saying, and get the most out of it. I will go back later and listen to it again to take notes and reevaluate what we discussed. That's what you saw me doing when you walked in earlier.

LACEY AIMES
I see.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Well, are you ready to get to it?

LACEY AIMES
As ready as I'm going to be.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
There's no better way to be.

James Hassen starts the recorder on his iPod and starts speaking.

(speaking to the iPod)
It is January 25, 2011. I am James Hassen, having session one with Lacey Aimes.

(speaking to Lacey)
The first thing I would like to know is, what is your favorite thing to do to pass time.

LACEY AIMES
(caught of guard)
What? Oh, I like to do puzzles.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Puzzles? What kind of puzzles?

LACEY AIMES
Any kind; word, picture, number, riddles. Really, any kind. I love to use my brain to figure out missing information, making sense of non-sense, finding hidden connections between things. I love it. I'm not sure why, but I do. I have my own puzzle book I use at home. I'd rather do that, than watch TV.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Okay, puzzles it is. Let's get to why you're here. I received a copy of your chart from your social worker. I like to look them over before I meet with a new patient to have a better understanding of why they, or in this case, why you are here. I read your mental health history and discovered you have post-traumatic stress disorder, depression, a history of self-harm with suicide attempts, and insomnia.

Lacey takes a deep breath and puts her head down.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
What's wrong, Lacey?

LACEY AIMES
It just sounds so bad when you say it all out loud like that. Its...
(beat)
...its just been so hard the last three years, really the last fifteen years, but the last three have just been unbearable.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Then that's where we'll start. Tell me about when you started counting the last fifteen years.

Lacey takes another deep breath.

LACEY AIMES

I got my first boyfriend fifteen years ago. I was fifteen years old when I met Dusty Aimes. Dusty asked me if I wanted to come over his house one day after school.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Let me interrupt you for a second. What was your relationship with Dusty? Did you know him?

LACEY AIMES

No, before he asked me to come over, he never said anything to me. We had classes together and we would pass each other in the hall, but he didn't talk to me. I would catch him looking at me a lot, but now that I think about it, he was just watching me.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

So, is it safe for me to say you went with him because he was older and maybe popular?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, he was a senior in high school, plus boys never gave me any attention, so of course I said okay. I mean, don't get me wrong. I felt uncomfortable the whole time, but I went against my gut anyways.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

What happened when you got to Dustin's house?

LACEY AIMES

When we got to his house he showed me his room. We sat on his bed. He was nice at first, just holding my hand and rubbing my legs. We even shared a kiss, but when I wanted to stop he started to...

(beat)

...he started to rape me. He was so angry, so violent, so strong. I think he thought we were alone, but luckily for me his younger brother, Larry, was in the other room to hear my cries for help. Larry came

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (cont'd)
busting into the room to see what all the screams were about. He surprised Dusty. He jump right off of me and left the room. It was Larry who made sure I was okay and got home safely. We exchanged numbers when Larry got me back home and he continued to check on me to see how I was doing. One thing lead to another, and the next thing you know, he was my first and only boyfriend.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I guess I can deduce that Larry is your husband.

LACEY AIMES
Yea, he is. He asked me to marry him when I got pregnant with Abby, I was nineteen.

Lacey has a smile on her face after talking about her pregnancy with Abby.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Why don't you tell me more about your relationship and marriage to Larry.

LACEY AIMES
I am two years older than Larry, so it was a little odd dating a thirteen year old when I was fifteen because I was in high school when he was in junior high, but it became normal fast. Our relationship started how I think any other teenage relationship would start. You know, we would hangout and watch movies. If we weren't together, than we would be talking on the phone all night. Just stuff like that.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I noticed you said your relationship started like a normal teenage relationship. At what time did you stop considering your relationship with Larry no longer normal, or unhealthy?

(CONTINUED)

Lacey thinks for a minute and adjust her posture in the leather chair. She looks at the iPod, then back at James.

LACEY AIMES

I would have to say around the time I got pregnant. Me and Larry moved into a place when I turned eighteen. At the time, I was a waitress and he would work with his dad, painting houses. We did good for about six months, but then it all went down hill when Larry started drinking everyday. He got meaner and meaner, until he was just evil, pure evil.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Was there a time you wanted to leave?

LACEY AIMES

Oh yea, but I got pregnant before I could find the courage. After that, I felt trapped and it was all my fault.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

How?

LACEY AIMES

Because the pregnancy wasn't planned but I wasn't careful either. Don't get me wrong, I felt joy to have someone I can truly love, but I also felt trapped.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

How did Larry react when you told him you were having a baby?

Lacey's eyes start to water up.

James excuses himself, goes to the cupboard and grabs a box of tissues. He returns to his seat and hands the box of tissues to Lacey.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Go ahead and continue when your ready.

LACEY AIMES

(grabbing tissue)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Lacey wipes her eyes and nose with the tissue, then balls it up in her hand.

LACEY AIMES

He said, "great I have to learn how to love you for real now; I can't believe I let that happen".

DR. JAMES HASSEN

How did that make you feel?

LACEY AIMES

Like I was creating a disease. This was suppose to be the man who loves me and I'm suppose to have a family with, but he doesn't want anything to do with me unless it's on his terms. I just felt trapped.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I see. Lets move forward to when you had your daughter. What happened to your relationship after her birth?

Lacey blows her nose and throws the tissue in the trash.

LACEY AIMES

The only thing that changed is that now my daughter was in the middle of his coldness. Larry never helped with feeding or changing her. I had to get up every night with her and still had to clean the house, have Larry's lunch made for work, and dinner ready for when he returned. If I didn't, I wouldn't hear the end of it, but now Abby had to hear it to. Larry would put in my face how I wasn't working, even though he knows I just had a baby. He never made me feel loved no matter how hard I tried.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I'm going to ask a question that will hit a sensitive spot for you, alright?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, go ahead.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Is this when your self-harm and
suicide attempts began?

LACEY AIMES
(shocked by the question)
Uh, Uh no. I didn't start
inflicting pain on my self until I
was twenty-seven.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Now, here's a even tougher
question. What happened when you
were twenty seven?

Lacey get up out of the chair and starts pacing back and
forth behind it. Her heart is pounding in her chest.

LACEY AIMES
(pacing back and forth)
Oh, wow. I haven't talk about this
every since that day has past.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
It can be very helpful for you to
talk about it. Pain can heal.

LACEY AIMES
(still showing signs of
anxiousness)
I know but I was just trained not
to talk about it...
(beat)
...ever.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
This is a safe place for you to
find the strength to help me help
you.

LACEY AIMES
(calming down)
Alright, okay. Just give me a
second to gather my self.
(talking to herself)
I can do this. I can do this.

Lacey regains control of herself and walks to the big,
leather chair. She sits down and takes a slow, deep breath
before relaxing in the chair.

LACEY AIMES

It was January 27, 2008. I remember like it like it was yesterday. Larry was supposed to pick Abby up from school that day, and unfortunately he did.

EXT. FLASHBACK - LOS ANGELES/ABBY'S SCHOOL - DAY (2008)

Larry pulls up in front of Abby's, his seven year old daughter, school. He is in his white truck ready to pick her up. Larry immediately gets agitated when Abby is not outside waiting for him when he pulls up.

LARRY AIMES

(talking to himself)

Oh, come on, Abby! What the hell is taking you so long?

Just then the school bell RINGS as if to be pointing out that he is an asshole.

LARRY AIMES

(to the school bell)

Yea, Fuck you too.

Seconds later, an army of kids come pouring out of the school to catch their ride home or line up for the bus.

Larry immediately scans through the crowd of kids trying to spot Abby. Finally, he sees her amongst the crowd, walking and talking with some friends.

LARRY AIMES

Abby! Get over here, and hurry up!

Abby looks up and sees her father yelling for her through the open passenger window of his trunk.

LARRY AIMES

Don't just look at me, hurry up!

ABBY AIMES

(to her friends)

I got to go. I'll talk to you guys tomorrow.

Abby jogs towards her dad's truck and opens the door to get in. She jumps in the passenger seat and shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY AIMES

Hi, dad.

LARRY AIMES

Don't, hi dad, me. Next time you see me waiting for you, you hurry up.

ABBY AIMES

(feeling insecure)

Yes, dad.

Larry throws his truck into drive and pulls out into the street without looking as a car blows it's horn, BEEP BEEP!

Larry slams on the brakes as a car swerves left, just missing the front end of his truck.

LARRY AIMES

Damn it! See what can happen, Abby, when you make me mad and don't let me concentrate?

Larry stares at Abby but she says nothing back. Instead, she put her head down in shame.

LARRY AIMES

Stop feeling sorry for yourself and be happy your still alive.

Larry pulls the truck the rest of the way out into the street to head home. He is unnerved and can't wait to get a drink down his throat.

LARRY AIMES

(trying to sound nice)

Hey, honey? Will you reach into the glove box and hand daddy that bottle in there?

Abby reaches for the glove box and opens it. She looks inside and sees nothing but papers.

LARRY AIMES

(getting irritated)

It's behind all those papers. You have to move stuff around, Abby!

Abby pushes all the papers aside and sees a glass bottle of, what looks like, water.

She grabs the bottle with her small hands to remove it from the glove box, but fumbles it on the way out, dropping it to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

She immediately goes to pick it up but Larry stops her.

LARRY AIMES

Damn it, Abby! Just leave it! I'll
get it myself because you can't
seem to do anything right!

Larry takes one more quick glance at the road, then bends over to pick up his bottle. He reaches down as far as he can but can't quite get a hold of it.

Larry continues to try to grab for his bottle until he hears Abby yell.

ABBY AIMES

Dad, watch out!

Larry pops his head up to look out the windshield, but only in time to hear, BOOM!

INT. FLASHBACK - LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2008)

Lacey is sitting on the couch, waiting for her husband to return with her lovely daughter. Lacey starts to get worried because Abby is usually home at three o'clock and it is now three-thirty.

Lacey reaches for her puzzle book on the table. She opens it up and reads a riddle out loud.

LACEY AIMES

(reading the riddle)

If it takes one day for one man to
dig a hole, how long would it take
him to dig two and a half holes?

(figuring it out)

That's easy. You can't dig half a
hole, you either have a hole or you
don't.

Just then she is startled by a knock at the front door.

Lacey goes over to the door and hesitantly opens it, revealing two cops.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Excuse me, mam'. Are you Lacey
Aimes?

LACEY AIMES

(with fear of bad news)

Yes, yes, I am.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER 1
Your husband and daughter were in a
bad accident. They...

LACEY AIMES
(interrupting the officer)
What? Oh my... Are... are they
okay?

POLICE OFFICER 1
They are currently at the hospital,
I feel more comfortable with you
asking a doctor that question.

LACEY AIMES
Oh my God. I have to go.

Lacey grabs her keys and runs out the door.

INT. FLASHBACK - LOS ANGELES/HOSPITAL - DAY (2008)

Lacey runs into the hospital and heads straight to the
RECEPTIONIST'S desk.

LACEY AIMES
(to the receptionist)
I need to see my daughter and
husband! They were in a bad
accident!

RECEPTIONIST
Okay, calm down, mam. What are
their names.

LACEY AIMES
Larry and Abby Aimes!

The receptionist types some keys on the computer.

RECEPTIONIST
They were seen by DR. ANDERSON.
I'll let him know you are here.

LACEY AIMES
Please, thank you.

The receptionist gets on the phone, says a few words and
hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST
The doctor will be right out to
talk to you. Please, take a seat,
it shouldn't be long.

(CONTINUED)

Lacey walks over the waiting area and takes a seat.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
Oh God, please let them be okay.
Please don't let anything happen to
Abby.

A few moments later the doctor walks towards her.

DR. ANDERSON
Mrs. Aimes?

Lacey stands up out of the chair.

LACEY AIMES
Yes, are they alright? Please, tell
me they are alright.

DR. ANDERSON
They were in a bad accident. They
hit a tree pretty hard and...

LACEY AIMES
(interrupting the Dr.)
Well, are they okay?

DR. ANDERSON
Your husband suffered minor
injuries and will be fine but
Abby...
(beat)
...she unfortunately didn't have
her seat belt on and was ejected
from the vehicle.

LACEY AIMES
Please, please, please tell me
she's alive.

DR. ANDERSON
Abby is in critical condition. She
suffered major head trauma and
there is a lot of swelling in her
brain. She is alive but
non-responsive at this moment.

LACEY AIMES
What are you telling me? That I'm
going to lose my little girl? Huh?
Am I going to loose my little girl?
I can't lose her, I just can't lose
her.

DR. ANDERSON

I'm sorry but it's not looking promising. She is in ICU if you want to see her.

Lacey looks at the Dr. Anderson.

DR. ANDERSON

Of course you want to see her. I'll get you a pass and have a nurse escort you to her room.

Dr. Anderson instructs a NURSE show Lacey the way to Abby's room.

NURSE

Right this way, miss.

Lacey follows the nurse through some big swinging doors. The doors were labeled ICU.

After walking down a couple of halls they finally come to Abby's room.

NURSE

Here we are. She is in her bed. She can hear you but she won't respond. Just let me know if you need anything.

LACEY AIMES

Okay, thanks.

The nurse walks away and Lacey walks into Abby's room, all the way up to her bedside.

The sound of the heart monitor gets Lacey's full attention. Lacey reaches and grabs Abby's little hand.

LACEY AIMES

Oh my god, Abby. Why you? Out of all of us, why you? Why God? Why is Larry still breathing but my little girl's not? How is this fair?

Lacey pets Abby head and kisses her cheek.

LACEY AIMES

You are my whole world. You're the only thing I truly love and live for. Please, don't leave me, Abby. Please, don't leave me. I'll just die without you.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN

What are her birthdays like for you now?

LACEY AIMES

Well, this might sound funny, but I get her a cake and put up little party decorations for her. I kind of have a little party to honor her.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

No, that doesn't sound funny at all. I think that is great you have her living on inside of you. That way part of her is still alive.

LACEY AIMES

Yea, but none of me is alive.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Well, lets see if we can change that.

Dr. Hassen looks at the time on the ipod.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

It looks like we are out of time for this session and I have another appointment following right behind you. So, for now think of what we talked about and enjoy your daughter's birthday party.

LACEY AIMES

Yea, I will. I'm going to the party supply store right after this. Thank you Doc...

(stopping herself)

James.

Lacey gets up from the big, leather chair and walks toward the exit. She opens the door and just before she turns to shut it, Dr. Hassen says one last thing.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

We are all connected. There is a circle of life.

Lacey looks at him with a smile, trying not to show she was confused.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

(unsure)

Yes, we are. Have a good evening,
James.

Lacey closes the door behind her to leave.

INT. LOS ANGELES/PARTY SUPPLY STORE - DAY (2011)

Lacey is in a aisle of the party store, picking out supplies for Abby's party. Lacey reaches out and grabs a number 10 candle from the shelf.

While examining the candle, a LADY and her LITTLE BOY, walk behind Lacey, hand and hand.

As soon as they pass Lacey, the little boy breaks his grip from his mom's hand, and rushes at Lacey.

The little boy tries to climb her leg violently, startling Lacey, causing her to drop the number 10 candle onto the floor.

LITTLE BOY

(to Lacey)

Mom, mom, mom, mom!

LACEY AIMES

(trying not to seem scared)

What? Uh, no, no, no, honey. I'm
not your mom.

LITTLE BOY

Mom, mom, mom!

LADY

(to the little boy)

Come here and stop grabbing that
lady like that!

The lady grabs her son and pulls him off of Lacey.

The little boy continues to try to fight off his mother's hold, but is too little and unable.

LADY

What is wrong with you! Am I going
to have to tell your father?

The little boy starts to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

LADY

(to Lacey)

Sorry about that. I have no idea what that was about. He never done that before.

LACEY AIMES

It's okay. He just scared me a little, that's all.

(to the little boy)

How old are you, cutey?

The little boy holds up three fingers.

LITTLE BOY

(mispronouncing three)

Tree.

LACEY AIMES

Oh, well your becoming a big boy.

LADY

(to Lacey)

Actually, he's going to be three in two days. I'm trying to get an early start on his party.

LACEY AIMES

Good idea. Don't let me hold you up. You guys have a good time.

LADY

Thanks, maybe I'll see you around. Have a nice day.

The lady and her little boy make their way down the aisle. Just as they get ready to turn the corner, the little boy looks back one last time at Lacey.

They disappear around the end of the aisle.

LACEY AIMES

(talking to herself)

Okay, that was weird.

Lacey bends down and picks up the number 10 candle from the floor.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Lacey is sitting at the kitchen table with another empty chair for Abby. In the center of the table is a birthday cake with the number 10 candle on it.

A happy birthday balloon is tied to the head of the empty chair. In front of the chair, on the table, is a birthday hat.

Next to the hat is a framed picture of Abby. The last thing on the table is a trash bag, ready to go.

Lacey pulls a lighter out of her pocket and lights the number 10 candle.

LACEY AIMES

(singing to the picture)

Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear, Abby. Happy birthday to you.

(talking to the picture)

Happy birthday Abby. I know your happy, I'm trying to be too. I'm trying baby, I'm really trying hard. I'm still here, so so far, so good, right? Anyways, I really miss you. Sometimes I just can't wait to be with you again. I love...

Lacey hears the sound of Larry's truck pulling up.

She rushes and grabs the big trash bag, blows the candle out, and throws the birthday cake and hat in the bag. Lacey then pops the balloon and rips it from the chair.

She puts all the evidence of the party in the trash bag and stashes it on her side of the closet.

Lacey rushes out of her room, sits on the couch, and grabs her puzzle book. She opens it in perfect timing as Larry walks through the door.

LACEY AIMES

(a little winded)

Hi, Larry.

Larry looks at Lacey and then over at the table.

Lacey looks at the table and realizes she left the picture of Abby on it.

Larry looks at Lacey and sees her breathing heavy from hurrying around the house.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES

What were you doing?

LACEY AIMES

What do you mean? I'm sitting here doing puzzles.

LARRY AIMES

You are a puzzle. Why does it seem like your hiding something?

LACEY AIMES

I'm not hiding anything, Larry. You just imagining things.

LARRY AIMES

Then why is Abby picture on the damn table.

LACEY AIMES

I was doing some cleaning and must have forgot I set it there. I'll put it back in a minute.

Larry takes a big sniff in the air with his nose.

LARRY AIMES

What's that smell?

LACEY AIMES

What smell?

LARRY AIMES

Don't play stupid with me. It smells like you were burning something.

LACEY AIMES

I don't know Larry. I don't smell anything. Maybe it's the toast I made earlier.

LARRY AIMES

Hmm, you better not be having one of those stupid parties you love.

LACEY AIMES

No, I told you I will never throw another birth...

(beat)

...party again. I know the rule.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES
Oh yea, tell it to me.

LACEY AIMES
Come on, Larry. I don't want to say
the rule.

LARRY AIMES
To bad! Tell me what the fucking
rule is because I want to know for
sure that you remember it.

LACEY AIMES
(shakiness in her voice)
January 27, 2008 will never be
talked about or part of our lives
as long as I live.

LARRY AIMES
Good girl, and what does the Bible
say about it?

LACEY AIMES
God giveth, God taketh away.

LARRY AIMES
That's right. I guess your way
smarter than I thought. You just
might be good enough for me. I'm
going to take a shower now. Have my
dinner ready when I get out.

Larry walks away to take his shower.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Larry is on top of Lacey, using her body to pleasure himself. Larry thrust himself into her, grunting as she lays there in numb silence until he finishes. Larry gives out one last grunt, before rolling off of her and turning over.

LARRY AIMES
Go get cleaned up.

Lacey turns over and reaches for one of her medication bottles on her night stand. She reads the bottle to make sure it is her Ambien, then pours a hand full of pills in her hand.

Lacey stares at the pile of pills in her hand with dark thoughts in her head. She shakes the thoughts and pours all but one of the pills back into the bottle.

Lacey puts the pill in her mouth and swallows it with no water. She lays back down on her back and closes her eyes.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISISANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele walks into her house and doesn't see or hear anybody.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Hello, momma. Are ya' here? I have somethin' to give ya'.

Annibele is holding a little, red book with letter "E" on the cover. She walks down the hall towards her mothers room.

ANNIBELE JACKSON (CONTINUED)

(excited)

Momma, I made ya' somethin' at school. It's yo' very own diary, momma. I made it red because I know that's yo' favorite color.

Annibele reaches the open doorway to her mother's room and looks in. The site makes her heart drop.

Alfred is straddling her mom on the bed, with both hands on her neck, strangling every last inch of life out of her.

There is an opened, black shoe box beside her and about fifty photographs spread all over the bed and floor.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Momma! Momma!

(to Alfred)

What are ya' doin' to my momma? Get off her! Stop, Alfred! Yo' killin' her!

ALFED JACKSON

Too late.

Alfred gets off of Annibele's mother's stiff body and walks toward Annibele.

ALFRED JACKSON

It ain't my fault yo' momma couldn't mind her own business. See what happens when ya' put ya' nose in business that ain't yo's?

(CONTINUED)

Annibele looks at her mother's motionless body laying on the bed, then the box and pictures. When Abby looks back up at Alfred and he is bent down, face to face with her.

ALFRED JACKSON

This will be our secret, won't it?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Yes, sir. I won't tell a soul, I promise ya'.

Alfred reaches out and puts his hand around Annibele's neck. He squeezes her neck just enough to show he can kill her anytime he wants.

Alfred lets go of Annibele's neck and she gasps for air.

ALFRED JACKSON

I know ya' won't say nothin'. Ya' smarter than yo' momma, I hope. If I'm wrong, I'll kill ya' too. Besides, no white cop is gonna' care about yo' black ass momma or believe a lil' black girl like ya', remember that.

Annibele nods her head and clutches the little, red diary to her chest.

ALFRED JACKSON

Now, get outta' my face so I can clean this shit up. Plus, I gotta' put these beautiful pictures away.

Annibele turns to walk away.

ALFRED JACKSON

Oh, and Annibele, if ya' ever tempted to look at these pictures, I will kill ya'.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I won't look, I promise.

ALFRED JACKSON

Bet not.

Alfred shuts the room door so that Annibele can't see him putting his pictures up.

Annibele runs into her room and shuts the door. She sits at her dresser and looks into her big mirror and sees her cheeks are wet and her eyes are full of tears.

(CONTINUED)

Annibele places the little, red diary on her dresser, opens it and begins to write.

ANNIBELE (VO)

January 3, 1981, the day the devil took my momma' from me. I hate him fo' that and hope he burns in hell. Can the devil burn in hell? What did my momma discover to cause her to be murdered? What were those pictures of? I wanna' know. I gotta' know. I gotta' know what my momma died fo'. I will not let the truth get buried with my momma. I promised Alfred not to tell anyone but I never said I wouldn't write it fo' someone to read. This diary was fo' my momma and now I will use it in a way she would have wanted me to.

Annibele hears the back door open and close. She shuts the diary and hides it under her bed mattress.

She runs to her bedroom window to look out of it. She can see the backyard from it.

Annibele scans the backyard until she spots her step dad dragging her mother's body threw the field, all the up to the trees. Annibele notices a tree stomp with an axe wedged in it.

Alfred drags her corpse to the tree stomp and lets her go. With both hands he yanks the axe from the stomp. Alfred then repositions himself over her cold body. He raises the axe above his head and swings it down on her neck.

Annibele ducks behind the window seal and covers her mouth, trying not to scream and cry out loud. Annibele regains her composure and slowly raises to look out the window again, only to see Alfred looking right at her.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey wakes again, startled from her dream. Lacey looks over at her clock and see that it reads 2:13 a.m. Lacey turns to her husband and sees he is wide awake, looking at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

What are you doing awake?

LARRY AIMES

I told you I couldn't sleep either.
I been having bad nightmares.

LACEY AIMES

Do you want to take one of my
Ambiens? It will help you get some
sleep before work.

LARRY AIMES

No, I don't want one of your stupid
pills. I'd probably wouldn't be
able to get up for work in the
morning if I take that shit.

LACEY AIMES

I was just trying to...
(beat)
...oh, forget it.

Lacey gets up and walks into the bathroom.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey turns on the sink and rinses off her face, then dries
it off with a towel. She can't even feel the effects of her
Ambien anymore.

LACEY AIMES

(talking to herself)
Annibele, who are you?
(making fun of herself)
Who are you? Do you hear your self?
Your asking a little girl, you
dream about, who she is. Back to
life back to reality, Lacey. Back
to life back to reality.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey walks back to the bed and lays down. Larry is still
wide awake.

LACEY AIMES

(attempting to talk to Larry)
Do you ever have dreams that seem
real. I mean not only real, but
like you are connected to it?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES

What, like those psychics that dream where kids were murdered or something?

Larry sits up in annoyance to Lacey stupid question.

LARRY AIMES

No, I don't have stupid dreams that I think are real. Are you going even more crazy on me? Are you going to the point of no return?

LACEY AIMES

Look, never mind. Just forget I even asked.

LARRY AIMES

I wish you would just forget to ask. Wacko.

Larry slams back down in the bed.

Lacey turns over but keeps her eyes open in the dark, with her mind full of the name, Annibele.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Lacey is wearing her robe in the kitchen, brewing some fresh coffee.

Larry walks into the kitchen with wet hair from his morning shower and his mechanic outfit on. Larry doesn't look fresh but rather sluggish and tired.

LACEY AIMES

Good morning, Larry. Want some coffee?

LARRY AIMES

(irritated from lack of sleep)
What does it look like? Do I look like I'm ready for work?

LACEY AIMES

I'm just making sure...

LARRY AIMES

(interrupting Lacey)
Then you ask me that stupid ass question about if I think dreams are real. You annoyed me so much, I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES (cont'd)
couldn't sleep for the rest of the
night because that dumb question
just kept repeating in my head.

LACEY AIMES
(handing Larry a cup coffee)
I didn't mean to upset you. I just
thought since we were both having
problems sleeping because of
nightmares, we could talk about it.

LARRY AIMES
Why do we need to talk about it?
It's a fucking dream. Do you know
what a dream is? It is your mind
telling stories while you're
sleeping, okay. They're not real.

LACEY AIMES
Yea, but sometimes dreams can have
a deeper meanings. They can...

LARRY AIMES
(interrupting Lacey)
Okay, okay. You what to know what I
dream of all the time, or what?
Will that make you happy?

LACEY AIMES
Sure.

LARRY AIMES
Fine, I'm going to make this quick
because I got to go to work, and I
don't want to hear about this
stupid dream thing again, you hear
me?

LACEY AIMES
Yea, I will never mention it again.

LARRY AIMES
I keep having nightmares of this
guy. He's a big, black guy from the
south named Alfred. He's an evil
man, that does evil things. He does
real evil things, things that make
me look like a saint.

Lacey is trying not to show her anger towards Larry, so he
will keep talking. In her mind, nothing will make Larry a
saint.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES

Anyways, I have these nightmares every night. I take that back, I have these dreams every night, they're not nightmares to me.

LACEY AIMES

Then why are they keeping you up at night?

LARRY AIMES

Oh, Lacey, baby. They don't keep me up out of fear. They keep me up out of excitement...

(beat

...That's all I got to say about this. I'm going to work now, Wacko.

Larry slams back the cup of coffee and hands it to Lacey.

LARRY AIMES

Oh yea, you have your last psycho appointment today. Are you almost normal yet?

Lacey doesn't reply.

LARRY AIMES

I didn't think so.

Larry turns around and walks out the front door. Lacey walks over to the sink and puts the coffee mug in it.

LACEY AIMES

(talking to her self)

He said, Alfred. Why does it seem like I know that name. I must be really losing it. I really need my appointment today.

Lacey heads for the shower.

INT. LOS ANGELES/DOCTOR HASSEN OFFICE - DAY (2011)

Dr. Hassen is sitting in the small chair already, waiting for Lacey. The door opens and Lacey walks in and over to the big, leather chair.

LACEY AIMES

Hi, James.

Lacey takes her seat in the leather chair.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (CONTINUED)

How has your day been?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

My day has been active. How have you been?

LACEY AIMES

Not to good. I couldn't wait to get to this session.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Yes, I'm very interested in what we can uncover during this last session too. Your story has fascinated me, and I really want to help you with your demons. Do you want anything to drink before we start?

LACEY AIMES

No, I just want to get right to it.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

During this last session, what would you like to get accomplished?

LACEY AIMES

I would like to talk to you about something with complete openness and honesty.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

That's exactly why I am here, so let me help you with that.

Dr. Hassen pull his ipod out and places it on the table. Just as he reaches to start the recording Lacey chimes in.

LACEY AIMES

Wait. Don't record yet.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Okay, do you not want me recording this session?

LACEY AIMES

No, that's not it. I just want to ask you something before we start my session.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Okay sure, what is it?

LACEY AIMES

Like I said, I want to be able to talk to you with complete honesty and openness, and I think it would be easier for me if you told me something about yourself that you haven't share with your other patients. You know, let me know a secret you have, since I have to let you know most of mine. It doesn't have to be a big a secret, but a secret.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Very interesting theory. Alright, I'm game.

Dr. Hassen slouches down in his little chair and thinks for a second.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

My real name is Jamal.

LACEY AIMES

What? Really? Why do you tell me to call you James?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I changed it about twelve years ago.

LACEY AIMES

I heard of famous people doing that to have a name that sounds good. Like Anna Nichole Smith was born named Vickie Lynn Hogan.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Yea, but I didn't change it because I wanted to be famous. I changed it because of where Master Degrees come from.

Dr. Hassen points to the wall where he hangs his credentials.

Lacey looks at him a little confused.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN
It's from Princeton.

LACEY AIMES
I'm not sure I'm understanding what that has to do with you changing your name?

DR. JAMES HASSEN
You see, I applied to Princeton under my original name, Jamal. I received a letter of denial saying that they have meet this years quota and to try again next term. I didn't think anything of it, and tried again. I received the same denial letter, with the same response. So before I applied again, I went to court to change my name to James. I reapplied under my new name and received a new letter. Was my name change and acceptance to Princeton a coincidence? Maybe, maybe not. I didn't think about it much. I was just glad I was in the school of my choice. Every since then, I have been James.

LACEY AIMES
Well, that was an unexpected story.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I would say expect the unexpected but then there would be no surprises.

LACEY AIMES
Interesting.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Alright, are you ready to get started?

LACEY AIMES
As ready as I'm going to be.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
There's no better way to be.

Dr. James reaches for his ipod and presses record.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(speaking into the ipod)
It's January 26, 2012. I am James
Hassen, having session two with
Lacey Aimes.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Did you have your daughter's
birthday party yesturday?

LACEY AIMES
Yea.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
How do you set this party up?

LACEY AIMES
I usually get Abby a cake, a
balloon, a hat, and I set up a
portrait of her on the table. I
then sing happy birthday to her and
blow out her candle.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Does Larry celebrate Abby's
birthday with you?

LACEY AIMES
No way. Anything that has to do
with Abby is completely not allowed
in our life.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Why?

LACEY AIMES
Larry made it a rule we have to
follow. I had to rush and clean up
all the evidence of the party when
I heard him pull up after work. I
just threw everything in a trash
bag and stashed it in the closet.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Why do you let Larry have power
over you?

LACEY AIMES
Oh, I don't know. I guess it's just
because he scares me. He scares me
plus I have been with him for half
my life. I want to leave him but
the unknown holds a lot of fear.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN
And you without him is the unknown?

LACEY AIMES
Yea, I guess so.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
The unknown is what makes life exciting. The unknown is what keeps life from being redundant, and keeps us from being finished with living.

LACEY AIMES
Yea, but that doesn't stop it from being scary.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
No it doesn't, but if you explore the unknown, it becomes the known, and naturally becomes less scary.

LACEY AIMES
I got to say, James, you're a pretty smart person.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Thank you, but I'm not that smart. I just keep my mind open and full of thoughts at one time. If you do that, anyone can find their answers.

Lacey sits there for a second processing everything he just said.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
See, just like that.

LACEY AIMES
Just like what?

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I can tell right now, your mind was at work. You were thinking of not only the words I said, but why did I say them, how do they make sense, how do they not make sense, does it apply to you, or does it not apply to you. When your mind starts to process every day thoughts like that, you will find your answers.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

(sarcastic)

How do you know this? Did they teach you this at Princeton or something? The Wikipedia, youtube?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

None of the above. I told you, I think outside of the box the box is in. Most things I teach are my own theories and thoughts. Honestly, I use my intuition. I don't care about what I learned in school, I just had to get my Master's to legally help you.

LACEY AIMES

I see, you're definately a different type of psychiatrist. I like your style.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Thanks. Okay, lets get back on track, we don't have much time left.

LACEY AIMES

Sorry, your right.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

No need to apologize. I want to move our conversation to the self-harm issues. You mentioned when it started, but I want to talk about the actual actions of you harming yourself. I want to know what was going through your mind and how you attempted to inflict pain or death upon yourself.

Lacey gets quite.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Did I say something wrong?

LACEY AIMES

There is something I need to tell you...

(beat)

...I lied, I never tried to hurt myself.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN
You never tried to hurt yourself?

LACEY AIMES
No, never.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
What about the documentation in
your file that says you have a
history of self-harm.

LACEY AIMES
It was all Larry.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
So you never threw yourself off the
stairs?

LACEY AIMES
No.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Or slammed your arm in the car
door?

LACEY AIMES
No.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Or...

LACEY AIMES
(cutting of James)
No, I never jump out of a moving
car or slammed my head in a mirror.
I never did anything to myself
except marry the wrong person. I
would just take the blame, so he
wouldn't have to go to jail.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
So you never...

LACEY AIMES
(cutting James off again)
No, I told you I never...

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(cutting Lacey off to finish
his statement)
think about it?

LACEY AIMES

(not expecting James to say that)

Oh, oh. I, I. Yes, I think about it.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

How often do you think about hurting yourself?

LACEY AIMES

All the time. Every morning and night.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Last night?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, last night too.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Tell me about it. What was going on in your mind? What were you thinking of?

LACEY AIMES

I always feel a sadness inside me every since Abby died. I think the fact that I live with, and sleep with her killer, shames me. A shame I feel everyday. Anyways, last night after Larry used my body, I went to take my sleeping pill and just poured a hand full in my hand. It had to be at least fifteen or twenty of them. I just look at them, for what seemed like an hour, and then poured all but one back into the bottle. I'm not sure what I'm feeling or even if I'm feeling anything. It's just a deep dark emptiness. Feeling that kind of emptiness is scarier than fearing for your life.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

What do you mean?

LACEY AIMES

You still feel alive when your fearing for your life.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I see you have your own words of
wisdom. See, I can learn from you
too. We are all connected.

At the sound of that last statement by Dr. Hassen, Lacey
falls into deep thought about why he keeps saying that.

LACEY AIMES (VO)
(echoeing in her head)
We are all connected. What does
that mean? Why does he keep saying
that? We are all connected. How? By
the blood of Christ? How are we all
connected? How are we all
connected? How are we all...

DR. JAMES HASSEN
(snapping Lacey out of it)
Hello, Lacey. Lacey.

LACEY AIMES
(snapping out of it)
Uh, oh sorry. I was just day
dreaming.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Lets talk more about your sleeping
habbits. So your taking Ambien for
sleep, right?

LACEY AIMES
Yea, I take for my insomnia every
night.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
And how is that working for you?

LACEY AIMES
Not at all. I still wake up in the
middle of night and don't even feel
the Ambein.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
About what time do you wake up?

LACEY AIMES
Two-thirteen in the morning.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
You wake at about two-thirteen? Why
didn't you just say about two
o'clock or two-fifteen?

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

Because, I don't wake up at about two-thirteen, I wake up at exactly two-thirteen, every night.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Two-thirteen every single night?
How is that possible?

LACEY AIMES

I don't know, but I do. Every night, during my nightmares, I wake up at two thirteen?

Something Lacey said catches Dr. Hassen attention, and he pauses for a second.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

You said during my nightmares, not a nightmare. Why?

LACEY AIMES

I feel like it's my nightmare because I have it all the time. I don't even nap because having my nightmare once a night is plenty.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

So, you have a recurring nightmare. What are you doing in these nightmares?

LACEY AIMES

Well, that's the odd thing. I'm not ever in the nightmares.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

You're not in the nightmares?

LACEY AIMES

It's like, I feel like I'm in the nightmare but it's not me. Lacey Aimes is not a character in it. Instead, I am seeing through the eyes of a 9 year old, black girl named, Annibele.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Is it like you're inside Annibele?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, I would say that, and I feel this strong connection to her. It's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (cont'd)
like I'm seeing her memories when I
fall asleep.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Why do you think these are her
memories?

LACEY AIMES
Because, I can't control the
nightmares. It feels like I'm
watching a movie, and her eyes are
the projector. Everything just
happens, and I can't control one
thing. It's like everything that
happens, has to happen. I'm just in
her body, hanging on for the ride.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
I know her memories are not good
because you call them nightmares.
What are her memories of?

Lacey gets a serious look in her eyes before she begins to
speak.

LACEY AIMES
They're dark, they're horribly
dark. Her memories are always
revolved around her step father.
She calls him the devil.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
The devil? Is it metaphoric or is
there fantasy during her memories.

LACEY AIMES
I can definitely say her memories
feel more real than fake, but I
can't promise the devil thing is
metaphoric either. This man is evil
and does the blackest things.

DR. JAMES HASSEN
Does her memories capture him doing
these black things.

Lacey gets a sensation that she is closer to confronting her
own devil.

LACEY AIMES
She saw him kill her mother.

(CONTINUED)

Those words grab a hold of Dr. Hassen attention like a constricting python.

Dr. Hassen leans in closer.

LACEY AIMES (CONTINUED)

He did right in front of her. She came home one day after school, and walked in on him strangling her on the bed. He's an evil alcoholic, and she seems to know he has darker secrets he hides. I think he hurts Annibele too.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

What is his name?

LACEY AIMES

I don't know. The weird thing is, I can only remember Annibele's name. Her mom and step dad's names are fuzzy in my mind for some reason. I know their names have been mentioned in her memories, but I can only remember her's.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Do these memories seem to be in sequence or in order?

LACEY AIMES

Not at all. They are very random on a time line. Sometimes her mom is already dead, and sometimes she is still alive.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I heard of people having dreams like yours. Some believe they are psychics and can help find missing, murdered kids. Some people think it's subliminal messages, and some think a dream is just that, a dream. Do you think, maybe, Annibele represents how you feel, vulnerable and helpless, and the step dad represents Larry, drunk and violent?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, maybe, I don't know. It seems so much deeper than that too me.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Early you asked me to share something that I haven't told another patient. I have one more thing I want to tell you. Maybe it might help you find your answer, or maybe it will help you feel less alone.

LACEY AIMES

Anything can help.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I have a recurring nightmare too. It is similar to yours in the way that I'm seeing through the eyes of a woman named Etta. Her memories are crowded by man who verbally abuses her and beats her. It seems like he wants to kill her. Just like you, I can't remember the fine details or anyone else's name. What I told you is pretty much what I can remember. I forget most of the details right when I wake up. I believe you have the ability to remember more and if you concentrate, maybe everything you dream.

Dr. Hassen looks at the time on the ipod.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

It looks like we ran out of time. I'm sorry I couldn't help more, but I did the best I could with only two sessions. The rest is up to you. Is there anything you want to ask before we close this session?

Lacey thinks back to what Dr. Hassen said yesterday when she was leaving. Lacey looks at Dr. Hassen.

LACEY AIMES

Yesterday, before I left you said, "We are all connected, there is a circle of life." What did you mean by that?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Oh, that. That is something I can not answer for you.

Lacey looks at Dr. Hassen like he's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Some answers can only be accepted through experience. For now, just pay close attention to the clues around you. The clues from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. That is where your answers are.

LACEY AIMES

This has been interesting to say the least, James. I hope to see you again in another life.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

You know what? Let me give you my number incase you have any question, or want to talk about anything. I know two sessions is not enough.

Lacey puts his number in her phone.

LACEY AIMES

Thank you so much, James. Maybe we will cross path again.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Yea, maybe. Remember, we are all connected; there is a circle of life.

LACEY AIMES

I know, I know. I need to find to the meaning of that, myself.

Lacey and Dr. Hassen have a laugh as she turns to leave the office.

When she gets to the door, she turns around to address Dr. James one last time.

LACEY AIMES

Thanks for being there for me. It's been along time since someone has been there for me.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

I am stronger with the next person.

LACEY AIMES

Your interesting.

Lacey opens the door and leaves Dr. Hassens office.

INT. LOS ANGELES/GROCERY STORE - DAY (2011)

Lacey is walking down the aisle of the grocery store, shopping for Larry's dinner and some brownies, when she see's the lady from the party supply store, with her son.

Her son is being pushed the basket but Lacey still feels uncomfortable because of how her son reacted when he first seen her.

The lady walks down the aisle towards her but does not notice Lacey right away.

Lacey attempts to conceal her face by facing towards the brownies mixes on the shelves, hoping the lady will walk by without noticing her.

The lady almost walks right by her, but the little boy see's the brownie mixes.

LITTLE BOY
Brownies, Brownies!

LADY
Oh alright, just sit still.

The lady reaches for the brownie mix and notices Lacey standing next to her.

LADY
Oh, hi. I didn't expect to see you here. I guess it's small world.

LACEY AIMES
Yes it is.

The little boy in the basket's seat finally notices Lacey too and aggressively tries to reach for her, but can't because he's stuck in the seat.

LITTLE BOY
(reaching for Lacey)
Mom! Mommy! Mommy!

The lady grabs his arms and tries to push them down.

LADY
(to the little boy)
Stop doing that! Why do you keep calling her mom?
(to Lacey)
I'm so sorry again. This is the weirdest thing ever.

(CONTINUED)

Lacey is really feeling uncomfortable and just wants them to leave.

LACEY AIMES
(trying to get her to leave)
Maybe he's just tired.

LADY
Yea, you're probably right. I
should get home and lay him down.

LACEY AIMES
Okay, enjoy the rest of your day.

The lady pushes the basket away with her son in it, crying out loud with his hands out to Lacey.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
Please someone or something, tell
me what the hell is going on.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Lacey is sitting at the kitchen table in deep thought about her day. Thinking about what was said during her session and that weird moments in the grocery and party supply store. Lacey sits there so long she forgets to make dinner.

All of a sudden, she hears Larry's truck door shut.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
Shit, I've been daydreaming the
whole time and forgot to make
Larry's dinner. This should be fun.

Lacey hears the front door open and in comes Larry.

LARRY AIMES
What's for dinner? I'm starving.

LACEY AIMES
I forgot to make dinner.

LARRY AIMES
You forgot to make dinner?

LACEY AIMES
Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind
and I had a long day.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES

I had a fucking long day! I was the one at work. All you do is sit there and talk to a loony doctor. What, is your mouth so tired you couldn't make dinner?

LACEY AIMES

Please, can we not do this right now? I will make you dinner while you're in the shower.

Larry angrily walks to the refrigerator and takes a bottle of liquor out. Larry walks over and stands right in front of Lacey's face. He unscrews the lid, takes a big swig of liquor, and recaps the bottle.

Larry looks into Lacey's eyes for a second, then slaps her in her face with his free hand.

Lacey's face turns to the side from the impact of the slap. She feels the sting across her cheek, but picks her face up to look at Larry again. She is trying to be strong and trying not to cry.

Larry unloads his hand into the side of her face one more time. This time the sting was unbearable, forcing tears out of her eyes, satisfying Larry.

LARRY AIMES

Don't tell me what your going to do. I tell you what your going to do. Now, make my dinner while I take a shower.

Larry sets the bottle down on the kitchen table and walks off to the shower.

Lacey goes to the paper towels and pulls a piece off to clean her face. She turns on the kitchen sink and wets the paper towel.

LACEY AIMES

(talking to herself)

I don't know how long I can do this? It's just too much.

Lacey wipes her face with the paper towel and proceeds to make Larry's dinner. She sets the table for two, with plates of steak and potatoes.

She sits down at her plate, waiting for Larry to get out of the shower.

(CONTINUED)

Larry finally gets to the table, cleaned up and dressed, but doesn't take his seat. He looks at the plate of food in front of his seat.

LARRY AIMES

I'm not in the mood for steak. In a matter of fact, I don't want to eat anymore. Thinking about you in the shower just killed my appetite. I just want to go to bed. Clean this mess up from the table and meet me in the bedroom. I need you for a second for the one thing you are useful for.

Larry walks off to the bedroom and Lacey starts cleaning just wanting for this day to end.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Larry is on top of Lacey's body, pumping away. He using her body to satisfies himself, then rolls off of her body once he is done.

LARRY AIMES

Are you starting menopause early or something, because you don't get as wet as you used too?

Larry looks over at Lacey waiting for her response, but she doesn't.

LARRY AIMES

Nothing to say? Oh well, it still did the trick this time. See you in the morning.

Larry rolls over and pulls the cover up to go sleep.

Lacey gets up from the bed and goes into the bathroom to clean up. She shuts the bathroom door behind her.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (2011)

She leans over the sink to get a close look at herself in the mirror. She sees that one side of her face is bruised up and her eye is blackened.

LACEY AIMES

(talking to herself)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (cont'd)
Why do you keep putting yourself
through this? Look at your ugly
face.

Lacey turns on the water to the sink to cover up the sound,
and starts crying.

LACEY AIMES
Okay, okay. Stay strong. I have to
stay strong.

Lacey calms herself and heads back to bed.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey sees Larry has already fallen asleep.

LACEY AIMES
(whispering to Larry)
I hope your having a nightmare
right now.
(whispering to herself)
Speaking of nightmares, I guess I
should get ready for mine.

Lacey grabs the bottle of Ambien from her nightstand. She
pours the the pills in her hand again, enough to put her
lights out for good.

LACEY AIMES
(whispering to herself)
Yea right, you know you can't do
it, so stop thinking about it.

Lacey puts all but one of the pills back into the medication
bottle.

LACEY AIMES
(whispering to herself)
Sweet dreams.

Lacey throws the pill in her mouth and swallows it. She
climbs into her bed, pulls the covers up, and closes her
eyes.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S CLASS - DAY
(1981)

MRS. PORTER, Annibele's teacher, is explaining a project to the class they will be working on.

MRS. PORTER

This week we will be workin' on diaries.

(the students)

Uhhhhhhhh.

MRS. PORTER

Now, I don't want ya' to only write in them, but I want ya' to make them. Think about what color ya' wanna' use and what ya' wanna' put on the cover. If ya' have extra time, ya' can make another one to give to someone as a gift, okay. This is important, so listen up. The diary that ya' keep fo' yo' self, are fo' ya' to write in throughout the week, then turn it in to me at the end of the week. Is that clear?

(the students)

Yeaaaaa.

The school bell RINGS and the students start to gather their stuff to leave the class, but Annibele walks over to LIZZY, her best friend wearing a red dress, first.

Lizzy is still sitting at her desk.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Are ya' excited about this project?

LIZZY

Not really, I'm not much of a writer.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Well, I am, and I already know I'm gonna' make two. One fo' me and one fo' my momma. I gonna' make the cover red, just like the dress ya' got on. It's my momma's favorite color. I like yo' dress by the way, it's pretty.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY

Thanks. I never see ya' wear the same dress twice.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Yea, I gotta' lot of them.

LIZZY

Anyways, I gotta' hurry because I gotta' walk home today. It's be home in time, or else.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I know what ya' mean. Comon', I'll walk out with ya'. Let me grab my stuff real quick.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S SCHOOL - DAY
(1981)

Annibele and Lizzy walk out of their school's front entrance, up to the sidewalk.

LIZZY

I gotta' go this way.

Lizzy points to the right.

Annibele looks in the direction she pointed and see a truck that looks like Alfred's. Her mind shifts to the truck.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(really focused on the truck)

Oh, okay. I gotta' go the other way.

LIZZY

Alright, I'll talk to ya' later.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(still focused on the truck)

Yea sure, bye.

Lizzy starts walking down the side walk and Annibele walks in the other direction.

Annibele couldn't help but to look back once more, and sees Lizzy walking up to the passenger's side of truck.

Annibele watches Lizzy as she talks to the driver through the passenger window, then get's in the truck. The truck pulls off and drives away.

(CONTINUED)

Annibele watches the truck leave until she couldn't see it anymore.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(thinking out loud)
Nah, it couldn't be. Yea, it could.

Annibele turns around and continues to walk home.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele walks into the house and see's her mother in the kitchen preparing supper.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
Hi, momma. Where's Alfred?

MOMMA
I don't know, baby. He probaby has to work late. He should be home soon, I suppose. How was school?

The only thing on Annibele's mind about school is that she saw her step dads truck, and her best friend got into it.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
It was good, momma. I had fun.

MOMMA
Did ya' learn anythang?

ANNIBELE JACKSON
Yes, momma. We did some readin' and some math.

MOMMA
That's good, baby. Keep yo' head in them books and pay attention to that math. Child, yo' momma was no good at math, so ya' really need to pay attention to it. Ask yo' teachers for help when ya' don't understand, ya' hear me? Don't be embarrassed to ask questions. A question asked is an answer learned. Some wanna' be the one with the most money, but I'd rather be the one with the most answers. Do ya' understand me, baby?

(CONTINUED)

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I thinks so, momma. It's like
knowledge is power.

MOMMA

That's right. Okay, go put ya'
stuff up and clean up. Dinner is
just about ready.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Okay, momma.

Annibele doesn't leave right away, but stops and stares at
her mother instead.

MOMMA

What's wrong, Annibele?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I just want to let ya' know I love
ya'. Yo' all I got.

MOMMA

I love ya' too, baby. Yo' all I
got. Yo' my lil' angel.

Annibele and her mom embrace eachother, and squeeze with all
their love.

MOMMA

Now, go do what I told ya' to do.

Annibele goes to get cleaned up and ready for dinner.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE -
LATER(1981)

Annibele and her mother are sitting across from eachother at
the dinner table, eating their dinners.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(with her mouth full of food)
Thanks mom...

MOMMA

Don't talk with yo' mouth full.

Annibele swallows her food.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Sorry, momma. I was tryin' to say
thanks momma, yo' gumbo is good.

(CONTINUED)

MOMMA

Oh, thank ya' baby. It's yo' grandmother's recipe.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Have I ever met her, momma?

MOMMA

No, she died before ya' were born.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Oh.

MOMMA

(changing the subject)

How about a riddle?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Yea, I love riddles.

MOMMA

Okay. Listen closely. There are a hundred birds on a tree. A hunter shoots his shotgun and hits one. How many birds are left on the tree?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Hmm, well its obviously not ninty-nine, so I would say ninty-five.

MOMMA

Good guess, but no. There would be none.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

None?

MOMMA

They all would fly away from the noise of the gun.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Oh, I got it. That's a good one, momma. Can ya' say one mo'? Please, momma. I love riddles. Their so tricky.

MOMMA

Okay, one mo' then it's bedtime.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Okay, I promise.

MOMMA

How can I stand behind ya', and ya' stand behind me, at the same time?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

What? That sounds impossible fo' me to stand behind ya' and fo' ya' to be behind me, at the same time. I don't know, mamma. Using a mirror?

MOMMA

Nope. I'll tell ya' what, go sleep on it and get back to me later.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Alright, momma.

MOMMA

Now hurry up and finish yo' dinner and get ready fo' bed.

Annibele shoves the last couple of bites of gumbo into her mouth, and taks her plate to the sink to clean it. Annibele rinses and dries off her plate before putting it on the shelve.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Goodnite, momma.

MOMMA

Goodnite, baby.

Annibele went down the hall to get ready for bed, while her mom waited at the table for Alfred to come home.

INT./EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT(1981)

Annibele's mom is sitting at the kitchen table with some cold dinner on her plate, waiting for Alfred to come home. She looks at the clock on the wall and it reads eleven-thirty PM.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

Where in the world are ya', Alfred?

Moments later she hears a truck driving around her house, into the big backyard.

(CONTINUED)

The truck backs up to one of the big trees, and shines it's bright headlights through the kitchen window in back of the house.

Annibele's mom gets up and walks to the kitchen window. She pulls back the curtain to see what's going on but is blinded by the bright headlights shining through the window.

She can only hear the sound of the truck's engine rumbling.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

That sounds like Alfred's truck.

What is he doin'?

INT./EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM/BACKYARD - NIGHT (1981)

Annibele is awakened by the low rumble of the truck's engine from the backyard. She can't help her curiosity, and gets out of bed to see what's going on.

She walks over to her bedroom window, where she can see the backyard, and pulls back the window curtain. She see's a truck shining it's headlights into the back kitchen window.

Annibele scans the truck and notices the silhouette of a man behind the truck bed, which was open.

The silhouette reaches into the bed of the truck and drags a large object out of it, letting it drop straight to the the ground.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(whispering to herself)

What's that? Is that Alfred truck?

The silhouette drags the object off into the shadows of the trees.

Annibele continues to look out her bedroom window waiting for the silhouette to reappear from the trees.

A moment later, the silhouette comes hurrying back out of the shadows, jumps into the truck, and drives to the front of the house, where he parks and shuts of the engine.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - NIGHT
(1981)

Annibeles mom sits back down at the kitchen table just before Alfred comes through the front door.

Alfred closes the door behind him and turns around to his wife sitting at the kitchen table with the cold plate of food.

Alfred's wife looks at him with anger chiseled her face.

MOMMA

Where the hell were ya'? I made us dinner, and me and Annibele ate alone again!

ALFRED JACKSON

I had to work late, woman. Now, calm yo' tone with me, before ya' make me mad.

MOMMA

Yo' always mad anyways, might as well earn my ass whoopin' this time. Now, what are ya' doin' out there in the backyard?

ALFRED JACKSON

(angry with guilt)

I wasn't in the backyard woman! Yo' crazy!

MOMMA

I'm crazy? Why did ya' have the lights on yo' truck, shinin' through the kitchen window?

ALFRED JACKSON

Look, I had to get some wood out the back of my truck.

MOMMA

No ya' didn't. Ya' were tryin' to blind me, so I couldn't see what ya' were doin', weren't ya'? Yo' an evil, evil man. What did ya' do? What did ya' do, Alfred? Tell me what ya' did, damn ya'!

ALFRED JACKSON

(yells)

Listen!

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - NIGHT
(1981)

Annibele hears her step dad and mother arguing in the living room.

She quietly opens the door to her bedroom, and slowly walks down the hall to see what all the comotion is all about.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - NIGHT
(1981)

Annibele slides against the hallway wall, hoping her parents don't see her there.

ALFRED JACKSON
(quieting down)
Listen, I suggest ya' drop it and forget all about tonight.

MOMMA
Tonight!

ALFRED JACKSON
Lower yo' voice before ya' wake Annibele.

MOMMA
What about everynight! Everynight, I have to lie to Annibele, tellin' her yo' workin' late when I have no idea what yo' doin'. All I know is it gives me a sick feelin' in my stomach. What ever yo' doin', yo' doin' somthin' dark, and I'm goin' to find out what, and when I do, yo' gonna' burn in hell.

ALFRED JACKSON
Ya' first!

Alfred grabs Annibele's mom by the neck with one hand and starts to squeeze. He pushes her up against the wall, pinning her there as she tries to squeeze some air through her wind pipe while he crushes it.

Annibele comes running out of the hallway to her mother's rescue and jumps on Alfred.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
Stop Alfred! Get off my momma, yo' killin' her!

(CONTINUED)

Alfred sees Annibele's mom eyes roll in the back of head and lets go of her neck. Her body drops to the floor, passed out.

Annibele gets off of Alfred as he looks at his wife on the ground unconscious, taking big, gasping breaths.

ALFRED JACKSON
(to Annibele's mom unconscious)
Next time, I won't let go.

Alfred turns around to face Annibele.

Annibele sees the devil in his eyes.

Alfred takes some slow steps, to creeping closer to Annibele. With every step Alfred takes, Annibele takes a step back with the sense of danger in her gut.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(backing up)
Please stop, Alfred. I won't tell anyone. I just wanted to stop ya' from hurtin' my momma.

Alfred continues to step closer to Annibele.

ALFRED JACKSON
Did ya' ever think, who's gonna' stop me from hurtin' ya'? Yo' just a weaker, younger, prettier version of yo' momma. I like that.

Annibele takes her final step until her back presses up against the wall.

Alfred walks right up to her and bends down, so that he is eye to eye with Annibele.

ALFRED JACKSON
Ya' smell good. Ya' know, me and yo' momma don't get along like we used to.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
Please do what ever ya' want, just don't hurt my momma no mo'. I can't take it. She's a good momma.

ALFRED JACKSON
Please do what ever I want? That's what I'm gonna' do anyways and I don't need yo' permission!

(CONTINUED)

Alfred grabs Annibele and throws her hard to the floor. He jumps on top of her, choking and wrestling with her, trying to pry her legs apart.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Alfred, stop! Get off of me,
Please!

Alfred manages to get his body in between her legs, pins her hands above her head with one hand, and reaches under her dress with his free hand.

She was just a little girl and too weak to stop a man's strength.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

No, stop! Stop, Alfred!
Alfreeeeeeeeed!

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey jumps awake with Larry on top her, choking her with his hands around her neck.

Lacey immediately starts fighting for her survival. She manages to turn her head enough to see the clock reading 2:13 am.

LACEY AIMES

Get off of me, Larry!

LARRY AIMES

Ya' like that, Annibele. Don't worry, it won't take long.

LACEY AIMES

What? Get the fuck off me, Larry!

Lacey starts fighting more viciously and scratches Larry across the face.

Larry give a yell in pain as he falls off of her and comes back to reality.

LARRY AIMES

What the fuck did you do that for,
you stupid bitch?

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES
You were just trying to kill me and
called me Anni...

Lacey pauses for a second as she realizes the odd
coincidence that Larry called her Annibele.

LARRY AIMES
What the fuck are you talking
about? I was sleeping.

LARRY AIMES
No, you were on top of me, chalking
me.

LARRY AIMES
(being sarcastic)
I hate you so much, not even me
sleeping will stop me from killing
you. That's pretty funny. I'm going
back to sleep, have my breakfast
ready in the morning.

Larry turns over in the bed.

LARRY AIMES
Trying to kill you gives me an
appetite.

Larry chuckles.

Lacey gets out of the bed and walks into the bathroom as
usual.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (2011)

She looks into the mirror and notices marks on her neck from
his hands.

LACEY AIMES
(whispering to herself)
What the fuck is going on? He
called me Annibele and he was
choking me just like...
(realizing she remembers
Annibele step dad's name)
...Alfred was choker her, how is
that possible? What's the
connection?

Lacey turns on the bathroom sink and rinses her face off.
She reaches for the towel and dries her face off with it.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

(whispering to herself)

What's the connection? What was it that James was telling me? "We are all connected" and something about life. I can't remember. We are all connected and what? What the hell was it?

Staring at herself in the mirror.

LACEY AIMES

(whispering to herself)

Figure it out.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Larry walks into the kitchen with his hair still wet from his shower. He looks over at the kitchen table and sees his warm breakfast sitting on it.

Lacey walks over from the kitchen and sets a cup of steamy coffee down by his plate. Lacey is really trying to please Larry so she can get him to answer some questions about last night.

LACEY AIMES

Here you go, honey. Breakfast just like you requested last night.

Larry goes to take his seat at the table.

LARRY AIMES

Honey? You never call me honey.

LACEY AIMES

(realizing she overdoing it)

Oh, I don't know. I'm just in a good mood.

LARRY AIMES

(still trying to fight)

Yea whatever, honey. Did you put sugar in my coffee?

LACEY AIMES

(continues to manipulate Larry)

Yes, of couse I put sugar in your coffee. I've been given you your coffee for fifteen years now.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY AIMES

(Larry finally bites)

It has been a long time, hasn't it?
You and me have been through a lot
in our short lives.

LACEY AIMES

(taking advantage of his mood)

Remember when we first got
together? We used to talk to
eachother and say what was on our
minds. Why don't we talk anymore?

LARRY AIMES

(getting irritated)

What do you mean? We talk all the
time. You want to talk? Fine lets
talk. What do you want to talk
about? My job, my attitude, what?
You better not want to talk about
three years ago.

LACEY AIMES

(buttering him up)

What, of course not. I know the
rule. I would never break your
rules.

LARRY AIMES

Okay, well what then?

LACEY AIMES

I want to talk about last night.

LARRY AIMES

Why, because I was choking you? I
told you I was asleep. It's not my
fault my dreams hate you too.

LACEY AIMES

I just want to know what or who
you're dreaming of?

LARRY AIMES

Do we really got to talk about this
agian? Didn't we already discuss
this?

LACEY AIMES

Yes, but I need to know more.
Please, Larry.

Larry finishes off the rest of his coffee and gets up to get
his jacket and keys for work.

(CONTINUED)

Larry comes back and approaches Lacey again.

LARRY AIMES

Fine, but this is the last time. I have a dream about this big, black dude that does some really, how would you put it, heartless shit.

LACEY AIMES

What was he doing last night?

LARRY AIMES

He was choking the shit out of his stupid daughter or something. That's why I was choking the shit out you, okay.

LACEY AIMES

Where you in it?

LARRY AIMES

What?

LACEY AIMES

Do you see yourself in the dream?

LARRY AIMES

Yes, no. Fuck, I don't know, Lacey. Look, I got to to work.

Larry turns to the door to leave.

LACEY AIMES

Wait, one last thing.

LARRY AIMES

What? For Christ sake!

LACEY AIMES

What did you say his name was again? The guy you dream of.

Larry thinks for a minute.

LARRY AIMES

Alfred.

Lacey hearts drops as she realizes the connection of the names.

LARRY AIMES

Oh yea, and since we're talking about last night, there's something I forgot.

(CONTINUED)

Larry pulls back his hand and slaps the shit out of Lacey. Lacey falls to the floor in agony.

LARRY AIMES

That's for scratching my beautiful face...

(beat)

...I'll be home late tonight so don't worry about dinner.

Larry opens the front door and leaves.

Lacey curls up in a fetal position on the floor, crying. Slowly her cries turn into laugh. It's a laugh of happiness, sadness, peace, and agony. Lacey no longer knows how to feel.

Lacey calms herself and picks herself up from the floor. She takes her phone out of her pocket and looks for Dr. Hassen's phone number. She flips through her phone until she sees the contact name James.

INT. LOS ANGELES/DR. HASSEN HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Dr. Hassen is on the couch, dozing off with the TV on, when he is startled by his cell phone vibrating on his living room table.

He sits up to reach for his phone. He hits the button to answer.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

(groggy)

Hello?

INTERCUT: LACEY'S HOUSE/DR. HASSEN HOUSE

LACEY AIMES

(distressed)

James?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

(caught off guard)

Uh, yes. Lacey?

LACEY AIMES

Yea, its me.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Oh, hi. Is something wrong? Is there something I can help you with?

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

I don't know. I just had a really bad night and a even worst morning.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Why, what's going on?

LACEY AIMES

It just too much. I can't take it anymore.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

What's too much? Your not telling me anything.

LACEY AIMES

Everything is too much' Larry beating me. He just hit me in my fucking face that's still sore from the other night, and my dear Abby, I miss her. I need her, but instead God left me here with a heartless creature and these stupid, fucking nightmares! I hate them! I hate them as much as I hate Larry! Probably even more, at least I can figure out Larry. I can't figure out these God damn, motherfucking, recurring nightmares and memories, that aren't even mine!

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Okay, calm down Lacey.

LACEY AIMES

There's something I never told you. I've been having these nightmares since I can remember dreaming. It just got worst when Abby died and now I just can't take it anymore.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Listen, Lacey. You can free yourself from this. You just need to figure out the connection with you and the nightmares.

LACEY AIMES

I told you, I can't figure out the connection.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN

You love puzzles, right? Here is your toughest, most important puzzle of your life. If you uncover it's meaning and find the connections, you will uncover life's biggest secret. Just trust me.

LACEY AIMES

What? What are you saying? Why do you sound like you know something I don't know?

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Just trust me, Lacey. Pay close attention to the nightmares. There are clues and connections in them, you just have to find them. If you put the puzzle together you will understand everything very clearly, but I do have to warn you...

(beat)

...you might not accept it.

LACEY AIMES

What do you mean, I might not accept it? Look, I don't need riddles right now, I need answers.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Just trust me, Lacey. Have a goodnight.

LACEY AIMES

But...

Dr. Hassen hangs up his cell phone up before Lacey can finish her statement, and puts it back on the table.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

(talking to himself)

You can do it, Lacey. I know you can.

Dr. Hassen lays back down on the couch and immediately the same exhaustion over takes him.

Dr. Hassen falls to sleep.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele's mom is sitting at the kitchen table in silence.
She has tears in her eyes and a tissue in her hand.

Annibele comes walking through the front door.

MOMMA

Hi, baby. How was school?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

It was okay, I guess.

Annibele notices that her mother is crying.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

What's wrong, momma? Are ya' still
sad about the other day?

MOMMA

I'll be fine, baby. I'll always be
fine.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I figured out the answer to that
riddle, momma. I know how I can
stand behind ya' and ya' can stand
behind me, at the same time.

MOMMA

Oh yea, how?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Stand up and I'll show ya'.

Annibele's mom gets off of the couch and stands up.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Momma, come over to where there's
mo' space.

Annibele's mom walks to where there is more room.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Okay, watch. Stay there and don't
move.

Annibele walks behind her mother then turns around.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

See, if we stand back to back, I'm
behind ya' and yo' behind me.

(CONTINUED)

MOMMA

Very good.

Annibele's mom turns around and give Annibele a hug.

MOMMA

Yo' so smart, baby. I love ya'.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I love ya' too, momma.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele's mom is home alone. She is pacing back and forth in the living room with anxiety running through her.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

What are doin' all night, Alfred? I know ya' have a dark secret. What are ya' hidin'?

Annibele's mom goes into Alfred's bedroom.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ALFRED'S ROOM - DAY(1981)

Annibele's mom is scanning Alfred's room.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

Yo' out late every night. What are ya' hidin', Alfred?

She goes to Alfred's dresser, opening his drawers, and rambles through his clothes.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

Where is it? Yo' a sick fuck, I know it. Every sick asshole hides somethin'.

She goes to the closet, Alfred's side. She looks up at the top shelf and sees some box's.

She reaches for the box's and brings them down one by one. She goes through them, but only finding family photos.

(CONTINUED)

She put all the photos and box's back on the top shelf were she found them, then looks at the bottom of the closet. She notices a old, tool bag.

She bends over and unzips the tool bag. She puts her hand in it and pulls out a black, cardboard box. She walks over to the bed and puts the box on it. She stares at the box, for what seem like an hour.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

This is it, isn't it? This is yo'
dirty, lil' secret.

Annibele's mom puts both hands on the lid and opens it. She sets the lid down and looks inside the box to find a pile of photographs. Without thinking about it she dumps the whole box out onto the bed.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

What the???

She picks up one of the pictures to look at it.

Annibele's mom is disgusted at the image on the picture. It was a little girl in torn clothes and a beaten face. She could see finger markings on her neck like she has been strangled by hand.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

Ya' monster. Yo' the devil.

She reaches for another picture and sees another little girl. This one was nude, but with the same markings on her neck.

She throws that picture down and grabs another and another. They were all nude except for one. She starts going crazy, swinging at all the pictures on the bed, making them fly everywhere.

MOMMA

(talking to herself)

Ya monster! Ya monster!

During her tantrum she hears the front door shut and freezing all her actions. She looks up at the bedroom doorway and sees Alfred standing in it.

Alfred notices the pictures spread across the bed and the empty box with the lid beside it.

ALFRED JACKSON

I see ya' couldn't stay out of my business.

MOMMA

How could ya', they were so young, ya' bastard! I knew ya' were evil, I knew ya' were keepin' a secret.

ALFRED JACKSON

Oh, did ya'?

MOMMA

Yea, I did, but guess what, it's not a secret anymo'. I know everythang now. I know what ya' were doin' out in the backyard that night. Ya' were hidin' a body weren't ya', Alfred? That's why ya' always out late. Ya' not workin', ya' bein' a pervert. Why are ya' home right now, huh? There's no lil' girls to kill right now?

ALFRED JACKSON

No, I guess I'm gonna' have to settle for a fuckin', old bitch today.

Alfred charges Annibele's mom, knocking her onto the bed. He on top of her and puts both hands on her neck, squeezing so hard she can't squeak out a sound.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOS ANGELES/DR. HASSEN HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Dr. Hassen jumps up from his nap. He is still on the couch and looks at the clock. It reads five-thirty in afternoon; he has only been asleep for fifteen minutes.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

Damn nightmares.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey is in her bedroom pacing back and forth, in a trance like mood, whispering to herself worse than ever.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES

(talking to herself)

Okay, Lacey. You can do this.
Figure this shit out. It's just
another puzzle. Figure out the
puzzle. Okay, okay, what's the
connection? What's the connection?
No, don't start there. First,
figure out where to get the missing
information. Not where, but who,
who to get the missing information
from. Not James, not Larry, not
Alfred...

(beat)

...Annibele.

Lacey goes over and sits on the side of her bed. She grabs her bottle of sleeping pills from the night stand and stares at it for a moment.

She pours the some pills in her hand and looks at the clock. The clock reads six-thirty PM.

Lacey puts all but three pills back in the bottle.

LACEY AIMES

That's should be enough to put me
out for a while to find the clues.

Lacey throws the pills in her mouth and swallows. She lays down on her back with her head on her pillow.

LACEY AIMES

Well, Annibele, show me what I need
to know.

Lacey closes her eyes.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S HOUSE - DAY(1981)

Annibele walks through the front door, into the living room. She sees her mother sitting on the couch with a slight smile on her face and a folded piece of clothing besides her.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Hi, momma. What's that on the
couch?

MOMMA

It's fo' ya', baby. Alfred left ya'
gift.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Ya' and I both know that it's a dress, momma. I'm not a lil' girl no mo', and it's always a dress. I have over fifty of them.

Annibele's mom picks up the dress and holds it out so that Annibele can see it.

MOMMA

Isn't it pretty?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Yea, momma, it's pretty.

Annibele walks slowly over to her mother and takes the dress.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(curious)

Momma?

MOMMA

Yes, baby.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

How does Alfred buy me so many dresses? He always says we're broke, maybe he should stop buyin' me so many dresses. This is the third one this week.

MOMMA

He works from mornin' to night to buy ya' those dresses. I can't help it if he wanna' be nice to ya'.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(hiding her true feelings)

I guess yo' right.

MOMMA

Alright, go put yo' new dress up and get ready to do yo' homework.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Okay, momma.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - DAY (1981)

Annibele walks into her bedroom and heads for her closet. She opens her closet door and stares at all of her dresses hanging from wall to wall.

Without looking, she takes the dress in her hand and throws it on the floor of the closet. She looks down to see the floor is not a floor, just a pile of dresses.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
 (talking to herself)
 Where do ya' get these dresses,
 Alfred? I know ya' black hearted,
 and somethin' not right, not right
 at all. Lord, please protect us.

Annibele closes the closet door.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - NIGHT
 (1981)

Annibele is laying in her bed asleep when she is awoken from the sound SLAM of the front door shutting. She then hears a second SLAM of her parents bedroom door.

Annibele immediately hears a argument break out between her mother and Alfred.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ALFRED ROOM - NIGHT (1981)

MOMMA
 What have ya' been doin' out all
 night?

ALFRED JACKSON
 Don't start with me, ya' know I've
 been workin' all night.

MOMMA
 Til' one AM, Alfred? How stupid do
 ya' think I am?

ALFRED JACKSON
 Okay, maybe I went out with the
 boys and had some drinks. Is that
 okay with ya'?

(CONTINUED)

MOMMA

Why don't ya' just tell me that then? I'm supposed to be yo' wife.

ALFRED JACKSON

That's right, so stop given me a fuckin' headache and do yo' wifely duties.

MOMMA

No, Alfred! I'm not in the mood!

ALFRED JACKSON

No? Did ya tell me no?

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - NIGHT
(1981)

Annibele hears a loud SLAP and the cries of her mother. Annibele puts her head under the pillow trying to muffle her moms pleads for mercy.

MOMMA (OS)

Please don't, Alfred!

ALFRED JACKSON (OS)

Never tell me no, woman! I can do what I want with ya'! Yo mine!

MOMMA (OS)

No, stop! Please stop! Stop! Yo' hurtin' me! Yo' hurtin' me!

Annibele hears another SLAP and her mother just starts crying in agony. Annibele hears no more words, just cries, loud cries.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S CLASS - DAY
(1981)

Annibele is sitting at her desk working on her diaries. She has one diary already completed; it's bright red with a big, black letter "E" on the cover.

Annibele is finishing up her second diary, putting the letter "E" on it's cover as Mrs. Porter is doing walk bys to check on the student's work.

Mrs. Porter walks up to Annibele and notices her diaries.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PORTER

I see yo' goin' the extra mile
again and doin' two diaries. In a
matter of fact, yo' the only one
who did two.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

I wanted to make one fo' my momma.
Red is her favorite color.

MRS. PORTER

Oh yea, what the "E" fo'?

ANNIBELE JACKSON

It stands fo' her name, ETTA.

MRS. PORTER

Yo' momma has a pretty name.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Thanks, Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER

Keep up the good.

(bell rings)

RING! RING! RING!

Okay, class, before ya' leave,
leave yo' diaries in yo' desks. We
will be writin' in them in the
mornin'.

(to Annibele)

Ya' can go ahead and take yo'
momma's diary home to her.

(to the class)

Okay, Class dismissed.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S CLASS - DAY
(1981)

Mrs. Porter is calling roll in front of the class, checking
off names as she goes.

MRS. PORTER

James?

STUDENT 1 (OS)

Here.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PORTER
Sarah?

SUDENT 2 (OS)
Here.

MRS. PORTER
Lizzy?

No one replys.

Mrs. Porter looks up at her empty desk.

MRS. PORTER
(to the class)
Has anyone seen, Lizzy?
(the class)
Noooo.
(to Annibele)
What about ya', Annibele?

Annibele thought back to seeing Lizzy getting in that truck that look like Alfred's.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
I haven't see her since yesterday
when we left together.

MRS. PORTER
Hmm, maybe she's sick?

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ALFRED ROOM - NIGHT (1981)

Annibele goes flying into Alfred's room. She is breathing heavily and her adrenaline is pumping.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(talking to herself)
Okay, what did my mom see in that
box? What was so precious that ya'
had to kill her?

Annibele rushes to Alfred's dresser and rambles through all the draws, opening and slamming them quickly.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(talking to herself)
Where did my momma find yo' secret?
Of course, the closet.

(CONTINUED)

Annibele opens the closet door, pushing his clothes to the side, and then looks up top. She sees all the boxes.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(talking to herself)
To obvious.

Annibele looks down and sees the old tool bag. She stares at it, frozen in time, knowing that the secret is in there.

She bends over and opens the tool bag. She reaches inside and removes the black, cardboard box.

Annibele walks over to the bed her mother was killed on and places the box on it.

Annibele remove the lid and looks inside without touching.

She can't stop staring.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
(talking to herself)
Oh my God. Alfred, is the devil.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - NIGHT
(1981)

Annibele is sitting at her dresser, writing in her mother's diary, capturing all of Alfred's secrets.

ANNIBELE JACKSON (VO)
Today is January 4, 1981. I found out why Alfred killed my momma yesturday. I went fo' myself to find his dark secret and found it. In his closet is a old, tool bag full of darkness. There is over fifty picture of lil' girls, naked, and dead. I now know where he gets all my dresses from. I now know what he is doin' late at night. He is killin' lil' girls.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ ANNIBELES HOUSE - DAY
(1981)

Annibele is running from Alfred through the field with her mother's diary and Lizzy's red dress in her hands. She can still hear Alfred yelling her name behind her.

ALFRED JACKSON
Annibeeellllllleee! Come back!

Annibele keeps running until she reaches the trees. She finds a big tree, sits under it and starts to cry.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
I can't believe he killed ya' too,
Lizzy. I'm so sorry. Ya' didn't
deserve this. I'm so sorry. I miss
ya', I miss my momma. I'm all alone
now. All by myself.

Annibele cries it out and then regains her composure. She stands up from the tree.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
I know what to do. He'll pay, I
promise, momma. I promise, Lizzy.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S CLASS - DAY
(1981)

Annibele and the other students are in their seats as Mrs. Porter address the class.

MRS. PORTER
Okay, students, please pass up yo'
diaries to the front of the row, so
I can collect them.

Annibele gets her diary out of her desk and looks at it in a daze.

The student in front of her turns around and puts her hand out.

Annibele takes a deep breath and gives it to him.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ALFRED ROOM - NIGHT (1981)

Annibele walks into Alfred rooms and stares at the closet.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

Okay, momma. Tonight I'm gonna' end
it all.

Annibele heads for the closet and opens the door. She bends down and opens the old, tool bag. She reaches into the tool bag and pulls out the black box and places it on the bed.

Annibele removes the lid and sets it aside. She reaches in and grabs a handful of pictures.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

(talking to herself)

This is fo' Lizzy and my momma.

Annibele takes the handful of pictures and throws them into the air, yelling at the top of her lungs, venting all the emotions she has ever felt.

She reaches in the box again and grabs another handfull of pictures and throws them in the same fashion.

Annibele throws all the pictures, all over the room.

ANNIBELE JACKSON

How's that fo' bein' in yo'
business?

Annibele walks out of the room without looking back to see the mess she made.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - LATER
(1981)

Annibele is sitting at her desk writting in her mothers diary again.

ANNIBELE JACKSON (VO)

January 10, 1981. It is
twelve-forty AM. Alfred's still not
home yet, from what he calls work.
I decided to put a end to the
devil, even though I know he will
put an end to me. Last night I made
my last move of my plan to end this
evil in my life and my life, what
ever's left of it, all at once. I
went into his room and pulled out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNIBELE JACKSON (VO) (cont'd)

all his precious pictures and threw them across his room. He might be able to get away with killin' my momma but no one will forgive him fo' this. I know when he finds his pictures scattered around in his room he will kill me first, find this diary, read it, and then destroy it befo' someone else gets to read it because this diary contains the truth. This dairy tells his habits, the murder of my momma, the murder of my best friend, Lizzy, the murder of everyone's lil' girls. This diary contains his address, his truck, the fact he hides the bodies amongst the trees in the backyard of his own home. I have been watchin' him and know his every move. I know how he thinks and how he reacts. I am always one step ahead of him. He will come home late tonight, and see the mess I made in his room. Fear and rage will consume him and surely he will come in my room and kill me. He will kill me like he killed them, by stranglin' me around my neck with his bare hands. Once I am dead he will find this diary on my dresser and read it from front to back. He will then want to destroy it of course, but once he gets to this section of this last passage, he will realize that I had two diaries. One fo' my momma and one fo' school, and I wrote the exact samethang in it. It was due yesterday. The teacher has already read it and the polices are gonna' be here any moment. The puzzle is complete.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - LOUISIANA/ANNIBELE'S ROOM - NIGHT
(1981)

Alfred comes busting through Annibele's bedroom door and jumps on top of her, on her bed, and starts strangling her.

ALFRED JACKSON
Ya' fuckin' bitch! I told ya' to
stay out of my business!

Annibele is trying to fight back, scratching his face, and kicking the blanket and sheets around, but was no match for a man.

Alfred keeps squeezing as Annibele struggles as much as she can.

Annibele can feel her life slipping away. She turns her head to look at her mother potrait on top of her clock, beside her bed. She can see the time is two-twelve AM.

Annibele keeps staring at her mother's potrait as her life slowly slips away.

ANNIBELE JACKSON
I love ya, momma.

Annibele sees the clock turn to two-thirteen AM and she closes her eyes.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey shoots awake from her nightmare. She checks the clock and of course it reads two-thirteen AM. She looks over to the other side of the bed and notices that Larry is still not home from his night out with the boys.

Lacey is shook because she can remember so many details about the nightmare.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
Alfred, Annibele's step dad. Is
Larry dreaming about him?

Lacey gets out of the bed and goes into the living room.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (2011)

Lacey sits on the couch with her puzzle book ready incase Larry comes home.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
Alfred? Maybe he didn't get caught?
Maybe, Annibele wants me find her
and her mom's killer.

Lacey gets up on goes sits at the computer. She moves the mouse and the computer monitors comes on.

She types in, "Alfred, killer of over fifty little girls", in the search engine and hits the enter button.

A web link comes up reading "Alfred Jackson, Louisiana's Most Evil Killer".

Lacey clicks on it and reads the headline.

The headline was dated, February 2, 1983.

LACEY AIMES (VO)
(reading the headline)
Louisiana's infamous, little girl, killer didn't last long. Alfred Jackson, killed over fifty little girls, driving fear into Louisiana. He would take pictures of them before chopping them up and disposing of them in his back yard, behind the trees. Alfred Jackson's house was located in the center of a old, slave planation. This house held evil in it for years and became the place Alfred killed his own wife, Etta Jackson, and step-daughter, Annibele Jackson. The biggest twist in the story is that Annibele is the same person who brought Alfred down. Alfred was caught by his own step daughter's school diary. That's were she wrote all the details down and where to find the evidence, the pictures and bodies. Alfred was arrested minutes after he strangled Annibele to death at the age of nine. Detectives recovered a second diary from Annibele's room that hinted that she knew she was going to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (VO) (cont'd)
 Alfred was sentence to life with no
 parole, but today Alfred's sentence
 was change to death, not by a judge
 but by his own peers. After serving
 about two years of his sentence, on
 February 2, 1983, Alfred was fataly
 stabbed over fifty times on the
 state prison yard today.

Lacey stops reading.

LACEY AIMES
 (talking to herself)
 February 2, 1983? That is the same
 date as Larry's birthday. Does that
 mean something? Larry dreams about
 Alfred, who was killed on his
 birthday. I don't know. What I do
 know is that Alfred is dead so I
 don't need to find Annibele's
 killer. What the fuck do I need to
 do. What is my connection with this
 shit. Okay, lets go in a different
 direction. Find something that's a
 common factor, a name, a place, a
 number. A number? No, a time...
 (beat)
 ...two-thirteen. Two-thirteen, the
 time I always wake up, the time of
 Annibele's death...
 (beat)
 ...What's the date of Annibele's
 death? It's the same date she wrote
 her last diary entry, January 10,
 1981, my birthday.

Lacey rushes to the storage closet and pulls out a filing
 folder. She shuffles through the filing folder until she
 finds the one that is labeled, birth certificates. She
 reaches into the filing folder and pulls out her birth
 certificate.

Lacey reads it.

LACEY AIMES
 (reading the birth
 certificate)
 Lacey Aimes born on January 10,
 1981 at twelve-thirteen AM.
 (talking to herself)
 Twelve-thirteen AM and two-thirteen
 AM. She died the exact same minute
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (cont'd)

and day I was born, but not the same hour. The thirteens are the same but she died two hours after my birth, right. No, no, she lived in Louisiana. They have a different time zone that is two hours ahead...

(beat)

...She died at the exact same time I was born. She dies, I'm born, and I dream of Annibele's memories. It's like her life continues through my dreams, like our lives are co...

(beat)

...connected. Wait, Larry said he dreams of Alfred, and Alfred was killed on his birthday, and James said he has a recurring dream of, Etta...

(beat)

...Annibele's mother?

Lacey gets up quickly to get her phone from the charger. She goes through her contacts anxiously and finds the name, James.

INT. LOS ANGELES/DR. HASSEN ROOM - NIGHT (2011)

James is awoken by his phone ringing. He reaches over and picks his phone up from the night stand, and answer it.

DR. JAMES HASSEN

(half asleep)

Hello?

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey is on the phone with Dr. Hassen.

LACEY AIMES

Dr. Hassen! When is your birthday?

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)

What?

LACEY AIMES

I need to know when your birthday is. It's important!

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)
Okay, January 3, 1981.

LACEY AIMES
The day Etta was killed. You were
born the same day Annibele's mom
was killed. You're dreaming of
Annibele's mother, Larry is
dreaming of Annibele's step father,
and I dreaming of Annibele. We're
dreaming of them because we...
(beat)
...are them? We are reincarnated.

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)
I see you figure out the life's
secret. It can be overwhelming at
first, but you have to embrace the
knowledge that few will ever have.

LACEY AIMES
What? You knew this whole time. Why
didn't you just tell me that life
just goes in a fucking circle!

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)
I did, Lacey. I said we are all
connected and there is a circle of
life.

LACEY AIMES
I though you meant metaphoricaly,
not percisely!

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)
I told you, you have to figure it
out yourself, through your own
experience to accept it. If I would
have told you we are all
reincarnated, that we live and die
forever, there is no way you would
have believed me.

LACEY AIMES
I mean come on! We are reincarnated
for Christ sake! I shouldn't even
say for Christ sake anymore, since
I now know there is no fucking God!
And to think, I used to blame him
for this shitty life! Instead, it
turns out that it's an endless
circle bullshit, that has an
asshole killing me, just so I can
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES (cont'd)
marry him in another life, and have
him kill my daughter!

Lacey has an epiphany.

...The little boy at the party
store. I went there on, Abby's
birthday. The mother said his
birthday was in two days, the same
day Abby died. That's why he
thought I was his mother, because I
am. That was my Abby. I miss her so
much and now she is someone else's
child! This is too much for me to
know and accept, this changes
everything I believe in.

DR. JAMES HASSEN (OS)
Don't let it destroy you. To know
life's secret is very powerful,
either by helping or destroying
you.

LACEY AIMES
(breaking down)
Knowing life's secret? What's the
fucking secret? That life has no
point? There's no Heaven, no
angels, no demons, or no God. Life
is even more meaningless than ever!
Nothing we do matters, nothing at
all! We can love, we can hate, we
can live, we can die. Who cares,
you just do all over again. First,
I lose Abby and now I lose my
purpose! I hate life, I hate life,
I hate...

(beat)

...Goodbye, see you in another
life, James, or should I say mom.

Lacey hangs the phone up and heads for her bedroom.

INT. LOS ANGELES/LACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (2011)

Lacey goes over to her nightstand and grabs her Ambien pill
bottle. She pours the rest of the pills out into her hand.
There was at least fifteen of them.

Lacey looks at them with no fear in her.

(CONTINUED)

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
And to think, I thought I could
kill myself.

Lacey throws one pill in her mouth and swallows it. She puts another in her mouth and swallows it. She slowly puts every pill in her mouth one at a time until they are gone.

Lacey lays down in her bed.

LACEY AIMES
(talking to herself)
I always thought I would pray when
I was dieing, now I know I don't
have to.

Lacey's eyes start to close slowly.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES/HOSPITAL - NIGHT (2011)

The medical staff are quickly pushing Lacey, in a gurney, down the halls of the hospital.

Larry is rushing right beside Lacey while the NURSE is asking him questions.

NURSE
Do you know what happened?

LARRY AIMES
I just came home late after going
out and found her in the bed,
unconcious with her pill bottle
completely empty.

NURSE
What does she take?

LARRY AIMES
Ambien.

NURSE
Okay, sir, We're going to have to
ask you to wait in the waiting
room.

The medical staff take Lacey behind two big doors that read, Emergency Staff Only, on it.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK/HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS (2011)

An Asian Lady in New York, is being rolled in on a wheel chair by a nurse. She is huffing and puffing with her hands on her swollen stomach.

ASIAN LADY
Get this out of me! Hurry!

INT. NEW YORK/HOSPITAL/ASIAN LADY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2011)

The Nurse rolls the Asian lady to her room and helps her get into the hospital bed.

The doctor comes inside and closes the privacy curtain behind him. He looks at the sweaty, heavy breathing, Asian lady on the hospital bed.

DOCTOR 1
(to the nurse)
It looks like she's ready.
(to the Asian Lady)

The doctor rolls his chair to the end of the bed and puts his head down to look in between her legs.

DOCTOR 1
Okay, Give me some good pushes.

ASIAN LADY
Uhhhhh! Uhhhhh! Uhhhhhhhhhhh!

DOCTOR 1
Good, now breath, breath.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES/HOSPITAL/LACEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2011)

Lacey is laying on the hospital table unconscious.

The DOCTOR quickly examines her, feeling her pulse, and then uses a stethoscope to listen to her heart.

DOCTOR 2
Her heart has stoped.

He shines his light in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR 2
Looks like cardiac arrest due to an
over dose! We have to use the
cardiac defibrillator.

The Doctor grabs the defibrillator pads and rubs them
together to create a charge.

DOCTOR 2
Okay, everyone clear!

The medical staff step back as he places the pads on her
chest and delivers a shock.

A jolt of electricity is sent to Lacey's heart causing her
body to jump.

The doctor checks the heart monitor and notices that her
heart is still dead.

DOCTOR 2
Lets administer another shock.

The Doctor rubs the defibrillator pads together again.

DOCTOR 2
Everyone clear!

The medical staff step back as he places the pads on her
chest again to administer another shock.

Electricity hits Lacey's heart hard again, causing her body
to jump.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CHINA/HOSPITAL/ASIAN LADY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2011)

The Asian lady continues to push and breath, push and
breath.

DOCTOR 1
Alright, alright, I can see the
head, just keep doing what your
doing.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES/HOSPITAL/LACEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2011)

The Doctor examines Lacey again.

DOCTOR 2
Still no heart beat. Let's try one
more time, but then will call it.

The Doctor rubs the pads one last time with extra faith.

DOCTOR 2
Everyone clear!

He puts the pad on her chest again and administer one last
volt of lighting to Lacey's heart.

Lacey corpse jumps for the third time.

The Doctor looks at the heart monitor one last time and
examines her again.

DOCTOR 2
Lets pronounce her dead on January
29, 2012. Time, three-thirty AM.

INT. CHINA/HOSPITAL/ASIAN LADY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2011)

The Doctor is in between the legs of the Asian Lady, as she
give one last strong push.

ASIAN LADY
Uhhhhhhhhhh!

DOCTOR 1
I got it. I got it.
(baby crying)
Whaaaaaaa! Whaaaaaaa!
(to the nurse)
Lets document the birth at
six-thirty AM on January 29, 2011.

The doctor cuts the umbilical cord and hands the baby to his
mother.

DOCTOR 1
Here you are, miss, a beautiful,
baby boy.

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)

