

A REFLECTION OF EVIL

WRITTEN BY:

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FADE IN.

1 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY 1

2 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

The house comfortable. Bright. Welcoming. Moving through the living room we come to a long hallway leading to a closed bedroom door.

3 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 3

Sitting in the middle of several dolls (arranged in a semi circle around her), is CHERE JONES. A nine year old BLACK girl starring at the dolls as if she were trying to get to the truth about something. After a long beat --

She picks up the cloth doll closest to her. Bringing it up to her ear as if it were telling her a secret.

CHERE

Thank you Misty... I'm sure that was difficult for you. But I can't believe what you're saying.

CHERE, placing the doll in front of the others as if it had just testified before a jury.

CHERE (CONT'D)

So... some of you don't like my games?

CHERE looking at each doll as if she expected one to come forward and confuse to the allegations.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Whoever doesn't like my games please tell me now.

CHERE waiting for an answer.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Very well then...

Looking just behind the dolls we see a dressing mirror.

CHERE getting up... walking over to the mirror. Studying her reflection for a long beat. Placing a thoughtful forefinger over her lips.

CHERE (CONT'D)
 So how will we find out who does
 not like playing with me?

Looking back at the dolls. Then back into the mirror. Her eyes filling with excitement.

CHERE (CONT'D)
 That's an excellent idea...

CHERE, walking over to a small desk. Pulling out a pair of large SCISSORS. A satisfying smile appearing on her lips as she moves towards the DOLLS.

Dropping to her knees. Picking up a DOLL at the center of the circle. Holding the DOLL in front of her. Opening and closing the blades of the SCISSORS several times before cutting off the DOLL'S head.

Picking up another doll; holding it in front of her.

CHERE (CONT'D)
 So you're not happy with my games?

CHERE stabbing the DOLL several times -- about to cut off its head when --

The door opens. Standing in the doorway eyes wide open is CHERE'S IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER LINDA. Watching as her sister repeatedly stabs the doll.

CHERE giving her sister a **"welcome to the party"** look before cutting off the DOLL'S head. Relishing the look of horror on her sister's face.

LINDA, turning. Starting down the hallway. CHERE giving chase as we hear LINDA yell out.

LINDA
 MOMMIE!!!

CHERE catching her sister. Pushing her against the wall. Pressing the SCISSORS to her throat. LINDA fearful.

CHERE
 (stern voice) You interrupted my game. Now I'll never know who doesn't like my games.

LINDA delivering the message from her mother.

LINDA
 (in a fearful low voice) Mommy wants you.

CHERE, stepping back slowly. Releasing her sister. LINDA quickly taking off down the hallway. CHERE calling to her.

CHERE

LINDA.

LINDA turning around to see her sister pointing the SCISSORS at her. Bringing them up to her neck as if she were cutting off one of the DOLL'S head. A sadistic smile across her face.

CHERE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't tell MOMMY about this if I were you.

Opening and closing the SCISSORS twice.

FADE TO BLACK.

4	INSERT: TITLE - REFLECTION OF EVIL - CREDITS.	4
5	INSERT: PRESENT DAY.	5
6	FADE IN.	6
7	EXT. MONTAGE OF THE CITY OF CHARLOTTE	7
8	EXT. COUNTY PARK RUNNING TRAIL - DAY	8
	We see a young BLACK woman (THIRTY). DR. LINDA JONES. Confident. Athletic. Running along the trail listening to music on her earbuds.	
	We follow her through the park and onto a street of trendy restaurants and townhomes. Ending her run in front of her steps. Checking her WATCH before heading inside.	
9	INT. SHOWER - DAY - CONTINUOUS	9
	We see LINDA's silhouette through the glass.	
10	INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS	10
	LINDA, standing in front of a mirror dressed in a very smart outfit. Turning around, taking a last look at herself before exiting the room.	

11 INT. GARAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 11

We see LINDA sitting in the front seat of a late model Automobile. The garage door opening. The car pulling out.

12 EXT. NON DESCRIPT TWO STORY BUILDING - DAY 12

LINDA'S car pulling into the parking lot. Heading into the building where a sign outside the entrance reads:

MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGY TREATMENT CENTER.

13 INT. RECEPTION DESK ENTRANCE - DAY 13

Sitting at a small desk A TWENTY TWO year old PSYCH student looking at her computer. A name tag on her blouse showing her name: LEEANN CHAVEZ.

LINDA, stepping through the door. Scanning the office as if it were the first time she'd ever seen it. LEEANN looking up from her computer with a smile.

LEEANN

Good morning DR. JONES.

LINDA

Mor__ning (searching for her name)

Seeing the name tag.

CHERE

LEEANN. Wow! That coffee smells really good.

LEEANN

Just made it. I was about to pour another cup. School's been brutal.

LINDA

Maybe I'll join you.

LINDA following LEEANN past a row of small conference rooms. LINDA, walking behind her paying special attention to the names printed on the doors.

LEEANN

I was up studying till three last night -- exams coming up.

LEEANN'S words fading into a mesh of inaudible blah, blah, blah as LINDA continues to survey the building.

Suddenly stopping. Pulling her cell phone from her purse. Pretending to take a call. Waving to LEEANN to go ahead.

LINDA, turning around. Walking back towards the front of the building. LEEANN continuing down the hall towards the breakroom.

LINDA, seeing the office door barring her name. Turning the knob. The door LOCKED. About to turn around -- suddenly startled by LEEANN standing behind her.

LINDA

Whoa

They share a nervous laugh.

LEEANN

Didn't mean to scare you. I saw you didn't have your badge.

LINDA

I must have forgotten it.

LEEANN, handing LINDA the cup of coffee.

LEEANN

Here, let me.

LEEANN, pulling her security badge from her side.

LEEANN (CONT'D)

Coffee's the way you like BLACK.
Two sugars.

LINDA, walking into the office. Turning around quickly. Allowing only herself to enter.

LINDA

I'm sorry... I need to get a few things done. You understand right? And thanks for the coffee.

LEEANN

Sure...?

LINDA, closing the door. Walking over to the desk. Throwing the coffee in the trash. Taking a seat behind the desk; scanning the office.

On the walls. Honorary degrees from NC State, Wake Forest. Pictures of LINDA receiving awards for her Psychiatric work.

Reaching into her purse. Pulling out her computer and a set of keys.

Trying several in the desk before finding one that fits.

Curiously thumbing through files before turning her attention back to the computer. Flipping open the lid. A perplex look on her face.

14 INT. OUTSIDE OF LINDA'S DOOR RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS 14
The door opening.

LINDA
LEEANN, you got a minute. I'm
having trouble logging on to the
network.

LEEANN, starting towards the office.

15 INT. RECEPTION WAITING AREA - DAY - LATER 15
Sitting in three very uncomfortable chairs are Mr. & Mrs.
THOMPSON with their son DARIOUS(20).

We see a clock on the wall behind LEEANN that reads: 1:45pm.
Mr. THOMPSON thumbing through a magazine. Starring at LEEANN
who cannot ignore his persistent stare.

LEEANN
I'm sure it won't be too much
longer. I've called her cell. It's
really not like her to miss a
session.

DR. JONES walking through the door. A large shopping bag over
her shoulder. Stepping up to LEEANN'S desk.

LINDA
(excitedly) You wouldn't believe
the shoes I just found...

LEEANN, shooting her a look. Tilting her head in the
direction of the THOMPSON family.

LEEANN
(mouthing the words) Your ONE
O'CLOCK.

LINDA, looking at the family, and back at LEEANN.

LEEANN (CONT'D)
(under her breath) DARIOUS THOMPSON

LINDA heading into her office. Dropping the shopping bag behind her desk. Opening up the desk draw. Searching for DARIOUS'S FILE. Shimming it.

DARIOUS FILE:

DARIOUS THOMPSON - Male

AGE: 20

DIAGNOSED: RUMINATION - Preoccupation with perceived mistakes, feelings of guilt, anger or frustration.

OBSERVATIONS: Patient tends become **extremely violent** when **he cannot gain control of obsessive thoughts.**

RECOMMENDED TREATMENT THERAPY: Cognitive Behavior Therapy (CBT). Work to change underlying obsessive constructs.

LAST SESSION DATE: July 9, 2020 - Next session date: August 9, 2020 1:00pm.

LINDA, opening the door. Stepping into the reception area. Nodding to LEEANN.

LEEANN (CONT'D)

The DOCTOR will see you now.

The family getting up moving towards DR. JONE'S OFFICE.

16 INT. DR. JONES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

16

LINDA, seated behind her desk. The THOMPSON'S seated in front her.

LINDA

I want to apologize for being late.

I misread my calendar. It won't

happen again.

Turning to DARIOUS.

LINDA (CONT'D)

So how are we feeling?

DARIOUS, looking over at his parents who nervously return the look. Re-adjusting themselves in their chairs.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what. We'll break
this session into two today.

Let's start with you DARIOUS.

The THOMPSON'S nodding. Getting up. LINDA also standing.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We have coffee in the breakroom.
I'll have LEEANN come and get you
when it's time.

The door closing behind them. DARIOUS starting to pace.
Shaking his head back and forth.

DARIOUS
JESUS. I can' take another minute
of living with those fucking
people.

I'm really not the one who needs to
be here. Not by a long shot.

DARIOUS stopping in midsentence. Turning to LINDA.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)
You got a cigarette?

LINDA
DARIOUS, please sit down.

Pointing at the chair.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(calming voice) DARIOUS sit.

DARIOUS, standing behind the chair in an act of semi
defiance.

LINDA (CONT'D)
What have they done to cause you to
feel this way?

DARIOUS
Don't give me that "tell me about
you're feelings bullshit". Have you
been listening to me?

I'm a prisoner. Everyday. Don't do
this. Stop doing that. They're the
ones who need help. Fucking trying
to control me. I'm not a child.

LINDA

Of course not. No one's saying that. But clearly the situation seems to be consuming you.

You need to find a way to release the pressure you feel before your thoughts become so extreme.

Have you ever thought about what that might **look** like?

DARIOUS watching LINDA get up from her desk. Dragging her hand lightly along the top of the desk as she moves towards him.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What that might **feel** like?

CHERE circling around the chair. Running her hand over his shoulder. DARIOUS, not really sure what is going on.

LINDA starting to massage his neck. Seemingly toying with him the way a cat would a mouse.

LINDA (CONT'D)

You need to give your mind an exit ramp. A way to release **all** that pressure.

DARIOUS trying to turn around. LINDA forcing him to stay put.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Tell me DARIOUS, have you ever been with a boy?

DARIOUS tensing up.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Ooh, I guess that's a no.

LINDA, moving her hands across his chest.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(low seductive voice) A woman?

DARIOUS, shaking his head.

LINDA (CONT'D)

So much pressure. Let's try this...

LINDA kissing him on the neck. Stepping around the chair placing a kiss on his cheek. Gilding him up. Bringing him closer to her. Kissing him.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT: THREE DAYS EARLIER.

We hear repeated banging on a door.

FADE IN.

17 INT. FRONT DOOR OF LINDA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 17

The hallway dimly lit. PUSHING IN towards the door. The knocking continuing.

LINDA (O.S.)
Hello...?

From the other side of the door we hear a voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's me...

LINDA, sliding the door blinds aside to see her IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER CHERE standing outside looking a little more than annoyed.

LINDA opening the door. They look each other up and down but do not speak. LINDA Nodding for sister enter.

CHERE walking past her sister carrying only a backpack.

CHERE
Nice to see you too.

LINDA closing the door, following CHERE down the hallway to the KITCHEN.

LINDA
There's food in the frig.

CHERE, opening the frig; taking out a bottle of wine and a small block of cheese. Placing them on the table.

CHERE
You got crackers?

LINDA pointing to the cupboard.

LINDA
Next cupboard.

CHERE, taking the crackers from the cupboard; along with a small plate. Grabbing a small knife from the butcher block before taking a seat at the table.

We watch as she pours herself a large glass of WINE, deliberately taking her time slicing the block of cheese.

Placing each slice on its own cracker. All the while refusing to look at her sister.

LINDA, watching her sister playing one of her little mind games before becoming fed up.

LINDA (CONT'D)
So what happened this time?

CHERE, holding up the palm of her hand in a "talk to the hand" gesture.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(angrily) NO! You don't get to do that, you're in my house, and I have a right to know what you're up to.

I don't want any of your fun & games showing up on my doorstep.

CHERE taking a long sip of wine.

CHERE
Just going through a bad patch.

LINDA
So I guess that means you're not working?

CHERE, looking at her sister for the first time.

CHERE
(very direct voice) Like I said...
I'm going through a bad patch.

(tilting her head back and forth) But you wouldn't know anything about that --

Now would you DR. JONES?

CHERE taking another long sip.

CHERE (CONT'D)

(laughingly) Or maybe you would --
Where's ROGER?

LINDA

We're working a few things out
right now... But never mind that.

CHERE finishing the glass of wine. Pouring herself another.
Leaning back in the chair, holding the glass up.

CHERE

(snaredly) Does my being here upset
you that much...

LINDA, becoming noticeably more upset.

LINDA

CHERE, I'll be blunt. I don't trust
you.

After what you did when mom died.
Stealing from her... Dad... Me...

It's like you're always playing
these games. And I'm not having it.

Truth is -- The only reason I
agreed to let you come here tonight
is to tell you to your face that
You're out of Mom and Dad's WILL.

The judge awarded me complete
ownership of the ESTATE.

SO YOU GET NOTHING.

A COLD menacing look coming over CHERE'S face. Walking up to
her sister. Getting in her face. Their eyes locked in a
virtual war of wills.

CHERE

(low angry voice) You can't do
that.

LINDA

It's done... Maybe a little hard
love is what you need -- cause god
knows --

You never tried to love anybody who
couldn't do something for you.

CHERE

How the fuck would you know what I need?

LINDA moving past CHERE towards the sink.

LINDA

I said you could stay here tonight, but in the morning. I want you gone.

CHERE

You won't have to wait that long.

CHERE heading down the hallway to the bathroom.

18 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

18

CHERE, slamming the door closed behind her. Pacing nervously back and forth. Looking at her reflection in the mirror.

CHERE

(to herself) I told you we shouldn't have come. No.No.No.No. We can make this work.

CHERE turning on the facet. Splashing water on her face. Looking for a towel under the sink where we see --

Rolls of toilet paper, towels and several tools (A pair of pliers, a screwdriver and a HAMMER). CHERE reaching under the sink. Taking out the hammer. Starring into the mirror before turning to leave.

19 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

19

LINDA, standing over the sink washing CHERE'S wine glass.

LINDA

I was thinking. I can at least get you a hotel room for --

We hear the THUD of the hammer hitting the back of LINDA'S head. Her body falling to the floor.

CHERE dropping to her knees; hitting her sister over and over again in the head. The blood spattering around the room and onto CHERE'S face where we see -- a now familiar smile.

FADE TO BLACK.

- 20 FADE IN. 20
- 21 INT. BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - MORNING 21
- CHERE lying in bed. Suddenly springing up from a dead sleep. Gasping. Getting her bearings. Rubbing her eyes. Dried blood still on her hands and the sheets. Getting out of bed. Heading downstairs in a half daze.
- 22 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 22
- CHERE walking over to her sister's body. Standing over her and the pool of blood on the floor. CHERE walking over to the refrigerator. Taking out a carton of milk.
- Moving to the cupboard. Taking out a bowl and a box of cereal. Sitting down at the table starting to eat.
- Looking down at her sister's body as she put another spoonful of CEREAL in her mouth. Letting go a deep sigh thinking about the upcoming task.
- 23 INT. STORE AISLE FOR CLEANING SUPPLIES - DAY 23
- We see CHERE pushing a shopping cart going through the motions of shopping. Picking up a bottle of bleach, a container of comet, some sponges, and a bright YELLOW colored rain jacket with matching pants.
- 24 INT. HOME IMPROVEMENT STORE AISLE - DAY 24
- CHERE pushing the shopping cart. Looking at the information signs above each aisle. Coming to the POWER TOOLS AISLE. Stopping in front of the SAWS.
- Picking up the first box. Looking at its power rating. Putting it back. Picking up a bigger box. Checking the power rating again Nodding her head and placing it into the cart.
- Continuing to the next aisle. Throwing in a bag of LAWN BAGS.
- 25 EXT. HOME IMPROVEMENT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 25
- CHERE, pushing the shopping cart towards her sister's car. Placing the BAGS in the trunk.

26 INT. LINDA'S TOWNHOUSE GARAGE - LATER 26

We see CHERE wearing the bright yellow rain jacket and pants, dragging her sister's body into the garage. Placing garbage bags and a blanket underneath her.

Plugging in the POWER cord of the SAW. Giving the starter a few good tugs. The Engine coming to life.

LATER: CHERE on her knees placing her sister's body parts into one of the garbage bags.

27 INT. INSIDE VIEW FROM LINDA'S CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS 27

CHERE placing the bags into the trunk. Closing the trunk.

28 INT. KITCHEN - LATER - CONTINUOUS 28

CHERE wearing rubber gloves with a sponge in her hand. A bucket of water on the floor next to her. Reaching into the bucket, bringing out a handful of soapy water. Scrubbing the floors. Wiping her brow.

29 INT. LINDA'S GARAGE. - CONTINUOUS LATER. 29

We see CHERE sitting in the driver's seat of her sister's car wearing jeans and a BLACK sweatshirt. Lost in thought.

CLOSE ON: The review mirror.

CHERE adjusting the mirror. Fixing her hair.

CHERE
I think we're good.

CHERE clicking the remote. The door opening as she heads out into the city.

30 EXT. REMOTE COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 30

CHERE, driving. Listening to an R&B station. Pulling to the side of the road. Opening the trunk. Holding her nose as the smell of her decaying sister's body escapes.

Taking out a shovel and flash light. Lifting the bags of her sister remains. Starting into the woods.

31 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

We hear the sound of the shovel hitting dirt. The flashlight showing us the shallow grave. CHERE throwing the two bags in.

Throwing dirt back into the hold as if it were just another day at the office.

32 EXT. SELF SERVICE CAR WASH - EARLY MORNING 32

CHERE taking the mats from the front and back seats. Grabbing the MAT from the trunk. Placing the lot into a large garbage bag.

Walking over to the box on the wall. Placing several coins into the slot. The machine starting it's cycle.

33 EXT. LARGE TRASH CONTAINER BEHIND BIG LOT - CONTINUOUS 33

CHERE pulling up to the CONTAINER. Looking around. Throwing the bags in before driving off.

34 INT. BACK DECK OF LINDA'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT 34

CHERE sitting with a glass of wine. Lifting it into the air. Toasting to her new life as DR. LINDA JONES.

CHERE

To the new DR. LINDA JONES.

35 INT. LINDA'S STUDY - MORNING 35

CHERE dressed in LINDA'S pajamas walking into the room. Starting to rummage through LINDA'S records looking for the WILL. Finding it. Looking at the cover page. The LAW FIRM of Dewey, Cheatum & Howe. 1 Douglas Parkway, Charlotte, NC.

Turning the page. Immediately realizing she had a new problem.

BENEFICIARIES -- MR. ROGER M. JONES, and MRS. LINDA C. JONES.

CHERE

FUCK!

The doorbell ringing. Standing outside with coffee mugs in hand are two women in sweatpants. CHERE looking at them through the blinds not sure who they are. Opening the door.

TINA
Hey girl. You ready?

CHERE willing to play the situation through. Pointing to her pajamas.

CHERE
(laughingly) do I look ready.

TINA
Well I could use an excuse not to go out today anyway.

The women starting to laugh as they make their way past CHERE.

CHARLOTTE
Well since you're not ready we might as well get a quick refill or maybe a little pick me up.

CHERE
I haven't got...

TINA
That's okay girl we know where everything is.

CHERE closing the door, trying to beat them into the kitchen before they have the chance to see the WILL.

CHARLOTTE going to the cupboard. Taking out the container of coffee. Starting to make a pot.

TINA, watching CHERE as she picks up the bottle of Bailey's Irish Cream sitting on the counter.

CHERE, nonchalantly gathering the papers from the table. Still not sure who the two women are, or what they're names might be.

36

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

36

TINA
You heard about Dr. Richards right?

CHARLOTTE
So young.

CHERE
What happened to Dr. Richards?

TINA

Girl, he died day before yesterday.
Heart Attack at his sister's house.

You just never know. Shame, that
was a good looking man.

CHARLOTTE

Didn't you guys worked at that
center together? What was the name?

CHERE, acting as if she were searching for the name when TINA
jumps in.

TINA

SOUTHSIDE MEDICAL?

CHARLOTTE

Yah, that's it. You two were close
right?

CHERE

Close enough I guess. I mean. I
should send his family a card or
something.

CHARLOTE starting to pour herself a cup of coffee. Walking
over, pouring TINA a cup. TINA pouring Bailey's into hers.
CHERE, waving her off.

CHARLOTTE

So what's up with you and ROGER?

Cause it don't look like you're
giving up your practice. Not that I
blame you.

CHERE

Who said anything about giving up
my practice.

TINA and CHARLOTTE bust out laughing.

TINA

Girl that's all you've been talking
about is ROGER's ultimatum.

CHARLOTTE

Wanting you to choose between
having your career or having his
babies.

CHERE, placing the papers down. Walking over to the window.

BETTY

And since we haven't seen ROGER around in a awhile -- We just supposed you had made your decision.

CHERE

Well you can just stop supposing.

ROGER and I are... working a few things out is all.

CHARLOTTE

Is that why you're looking over your WILL. So you can just work a few things out.

TINA, and CHARLOTTE break in to laughter again. TINA giving CHARLOTTE a high five.

CHERE, a stern look on her face.

CHERE

So yo'all got jokes. Well maybe you need to take you and your jokes and get up on outta here.

CHARLOTTE

Why you getting so testy. We just funnin with you. You know how we do.

CHERE turning to the sink. Her back to both CHARLOTTE and TINA.

CHARLOTTE and TINA looking at each other with a "what the fucks wrong with you" look.

CHARLOTTE checking her WATCH.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Well I'm not gonna get my steps in standing here.

TINA

Me neither.

The two women drink up and start heading for the front door. CHERE still at the sink.

TINA (CONT'D)

We out girl... but you should know this.

We're gonna tell you stuff from time to time you may not like, but need to hear -- because we're friends... been friends, but today.

You acting funny.

I think you need to solve your ROGER problem so you can get back to being the real you.

TINA walking though the door being held open by CHARLOTTE. As the door closes, we hear hear CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Oh no you didn't.

TINA

I had too. Acting all weird and shit.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 37

CHERE, realizing TINA might be more than right. ROGER was a problem that needed to be solved before more complications reared their ugly head.

38 INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY 38

The front door opening. CHERE walking in. LEEANN getting to her desk.

CHERE

Busy day today?

CHERE, standing at the door with her security badge.

LEEANN, sitting down at her desk. Checking her computer.

LEEANN

You've got an appointment at ELEVEN. ONE. Then your board meeting at 3:30.

LINDA continuing into her office. Closing the door. Putting on the white lab coat hanging in the corner. Taking a seat at her desk, pulling out her laptop.

CHERE
(to herself) YOLANDA PRESCOT

CLOSE ON: the computer screen.

YOLANDA PRESCOT - **Born RONALD PRESCOT**

DIAGNOSIS: SOMATIC DELUSIONAL DISORDER - believes physical defects exist with (his/her) and others appearances. Difficulty understanding concept of "love" acceptance.

MUTIPLE SUICIDE ATTEMPS - HISTORY OF DRUG ABUSE.

Currently **servng 12 months** in MECKLENBURG COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.

Suddenly a knock at the door.

LINDA
Come in.

LEEANN, sticking her head in.

LEEANN
DR. JONES. I've had several calls from DARIOUS THOMPSON saying he really needs to speak to you. I asked him what it was about. He said you'd know.

LINDA
When is his next session?

LEEANN
Not till next week.

LINDA
Let him know he'll have to wait. And confirm whether he's still taking his medication.

If he thinks he's a danger to himself or others we can have him admitted. Otherwise, tell him I will see him next week during his family session.

LEEANN
Ma'am?

LINDA
 He's working through some control
 exercises. He needs to figure this
 first one out for himself.

LEEANN
 Yes ma'am.

LEEANN, closing the door.

39 INT. OUTSIDE DR. JONES OFFICE DOOR. - DAY - LATER. 39

Standing in front of LEEANN is an ORDERLY from the
 MECKLENBURG COUNTY CORRECTIONS, next to him a very attractive
 BLACK woman wearing an ORANGE colored Jumpsuit. YOLANDA
 PRESCOT (27).

The door to DR. JONES office opening. The ORDERLY handing
 LEEANN a document.

ORDERLY
 Please sign here.

LEEANN
 I can't sign that.

DR. JONES stepping into the reception area.

DR. JONES
 Here, I'll sign.

The ORDERLY handing the document to DR. JONES. Checking the
 signature.

ORDERLY
 I'll return in an hours time.

LEEANN and DR. JONES give the ORDERLY a peculiar look. The
 ORDERLY turning to leave.

YOLANDA following DR. JONES into her office.

YOLANDA
 You know I can help you with those
 pesky little bags under your eyes.

DR. JONES ignoring the comment.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
 I'm just saying.

DR. JONES
 Have a seat YOLANDA?

DR. JONES taking the chart from her desk.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

So I hear things are good since our last visit. No major conflicts with the inmates. No self inflicted injuries. Looks like your making progress.

YOLANDA

If you say so... At the end of the day it's whatever you say that matters right?

DR. JONES

So you don't feel like you're making progress?

YOLANDA pausing for a beat considering the question.

YOLANDA

It's bullshit. I come in. We talk. I tell you I'm doing better. You go -- okay that's great, but who knows?

Maybe you keep me locked up so you keep getting paid from the state.

(smiling) These sessions are a waste of time. Other than they get me out of my cell for a while.

YOLANDA striking a pose. Rolling her eyes.

DR. JONES

Well let's just cut to the chase then.

I believe you're hiding behind a wall of fabricated delusions which has left you incapable of being able to love anything, or anyone, including yourself.

And until you learn how to trust someone -- including yourself.

You'll never be able to truly love anyone or come out from behind your little wall.

YOLANDA, nervously rearranging herself in the chair.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

So here we are. Left to answer the only question that really matters.

When are you going to start loving yourself so you can free yourself.

They share an awkward silence for a long beat before YOLANDA gets up from the chair. Walking around the room. Looking back over her shoulder at DR. JONES.

YOLANDA

What I want -- What I want is to not feel like I'm being judged for who I am. Sure I wanna be Loved... But what fuck does that even look like?

YOLANDA, looking out the window as if the answer to her question were just outside. Turning her attention back to DR. JONES.

DR. JONES with that now familiar look -- studying her prey.

Walking over to the window. Standing in front of YOLANDA. YOLANDA, turning to DR. JONES.

DR. JONES

For everything in life we have to take a first step. And that step starts with trust. So I'm asking you to trust me.

YOLANDA, taking in a deep breath.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

As a gesture of good faith. What if I could fix it so you could leave the correctional facility for a week.

YOLANDA... a look of skepticism.

YOLANDA

You can do that.

DR. JONES

If I put through the paperwork. I'm thinking maybe as soon as tomorrow.

YOLANDA

That would be wonderful.

DR. JONES
Just promise me you'll start
working on loving yourself.

YOLANDA nodding.

But if you fuck this opportunity
up. Back you go... We clear?

DR. JONES starting to walk towards the door. YOLANDA
following her.

40

I/E. DR. JONES CAR - DRIVING IN THE CITY - NIGHT

40

CLOSE ON: The car's dashboard.

Scrolling through LINDA'S contact list. Finding ROGER'S NAME.

CHERE
Call ROGER.

Hey, it's me...

No response on the other end for a long beat.

ROGER (O.C.)
Ya?

CHERE
Hey it's me... I was thinking...
Maybe it might be time for us to
get together -- Start to work
things out.

ROGER (O.C.)
We've been through this.

CHERE
I know -- but I'm thinking maybe we
can talk about what family life
might look like.

You know timing... Finances.

Again, a long pause.

CHERE (CONT'D)
You still there.

ROGER (O.C.)
Why the sudden change of heart?

CHERE

Maybe I'm just getting over my fear
of becoming a mother, or maybe I
just miss us.

ROGER

(a laugh to himself) Are you okay?
Cause this ain't like you.

CHERE

Maybe it's a NEW ME.

How does Sunday for dinner sound?
(laughing to herself) You can even
choose the restaurant.

ROGER

Sunday sound fine. Sevenish?

CHERE

Seven's fine.

CHERE ending the call. A gleeful look on her face thinking
about the new game she's just started.

FADE OUT.

41 FADE IN. 41

42 INT. LINDA'S LIVINGROOM - LATER - NIGHT 42

CHERE lying on the couch in silk pajamas. A glass of RED WINE
on the on the table. The bottle half empty. Jazz music
playing as her eyes start to wonder around the room.

Above the fireplace pictures of her sister and ROGER on
vacation in ROME, PARIS. EGYPT. Continuing, she comes to an
8x10 picture of LINDA and her parents.

Several smaller pictures surround it: pictures of her sister
and parents together.

CHERE going over; taking it off the shelve. The realization
hitter her that she's not in even one of the pictures. Like
she never existed.

She begins walking through the room collecting picture after
picture. A picture of LINDA and her parents at Christmas.

Heading to the garage. Dumping the lot into the trash.

Walking back to the room. Opening up a desk draw. Taking out several letters. Reading the one top.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER:

My dearest LINDA. The time away from you has been the worst pain that I've had to endure. But knowing that I will see you again at the end of this tour fills my heart with overwhelming joy.

Continuing to thumb through the letters. Seeing pictures of ROGER dressed in a MILITARY UNIFORM. Taking the draw out of the desk. Dumping the contents into a trash basket. Taking it to the Garage.

43 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 43

Standing in front of the sink. She pours the last of the wine into her glass. Taking a long sip. Looking down at the spot where her sister lay dead only a day before.

CHERE

What was yours... WELL IT'S MINE
NOW. **YOU GET NOTHING.**

CUT TO:

44 INT. HAIR SOLON - DAY 44

We see three BLACK women sitting in chairs getting their hair styled by two BLACK WOMEN. As we pan down the row of chairs we come to a third chair where we see YOLANDA browsing through a magazine.

Standing behind her; combing through her hair is a slender BLACK MAN named POOKIE NELSON (32) sporting a Carolina Panther's bandanna and a colorful silk shirt.

POOKIE NELSON

You know these roots are
just screaming for some real
color.

YOLANDA

You know you need to
stop.

From the next chair a woman can be overheard talking to the television screen.

WOMAN 1

Look at that fool.

On the television screen we see a news segment of President Trump standing in front of a podium talking about the Corona Virus.

POOKIE

That man don't know how to tell the truth. Can't stand his ass.

WOMAN 1

I don't understand people voting for that racist liar.

And he'll probably get re-elected Lord help us.

WOMAN 2

If Biden we're stronger. Stop trying to be all nice.

POOKIE

Well I'm voting for him. And after he wins... I'll be rejoicing in the streets.

POOKIE turning YOLANDA around in the chair. YOLANDA lowering the magazine; starring into a mirror running the length of the wall.

YOLANDA

I think I want it shorter this time... Kind of a Gabrielle Union meets Rihanna.

The two share a laugh.

POOKIE

I got you.

POOKIE turning her around.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

You gotta be happy to be out.

So you know I have to ask. How'd that happen?

YOLANDA

I wouldn't say I'm out. County SHRINK is doing me a solid so I can learn how to love myself.

POOKIE

You don't need no shrink for that.

What you need is a real Doctor.

(MORE)

POOKIE (CONT'D)

One that'll love you for you, makes house calls, and is always be there for you.

The other two women in the chairs next to YOLANDA nodding their heads... knowing where the conversation is headed.

Because the Doctor I'm talking about is a healer and his name is --

POOKIE gleeful as he speaks.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

JESUS. Woo!

POOKIE reaching over and applying a small dash of color to YOLANDA head.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

If you'll open up your heart to him he will fill yours with joy and you will come to know him as your LORD and savior.

YOLANDA taking the whole discussion with a grain of salt.

YOLANDA

That might work for some people, but I'm not

POOKIE cutting her off.

POOKIE

See that's where you're wrong. Like I always say... Just try JESUS.

As a matter a fact. Today's you're lucky day. I've got a bible study meeting tomorrow tonight and guess who's coming.

YOLANDA

I don't think so...

POOKIE

I bet If I give you this treatment for you'd bring you butt down there.

The women in the SOLON looking at YOLANDA, who acknowledges their not so subtle pressure.

YOLANDA

Well, I guess I'm going to meet a
Doctor tomorrow night.

POOKIE

Un Huh.. Be good for you.

CUT TO:

45 INT. DR. JONES'S OFFICE - DAY

45

CHERE sitting at her desk. Typing notes into her computer.
Sitting on the other side of the desk is a thirty something
BLACK MAN named ANTOINE RAY. A Pedophile with a long history
of child abuse, currently out on parole.

ANTOINE, leg swung over the arm of the chair watching CHERE
type.

ANTOINE

You're hair's different.

CHERE ignoring the comment. Continuing to type.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Kinda retro Janet Jackson.

CHERE peering over the top of her computer with distain.

CHERE

You taking your meds?

ANTOINE

Everyday.

CHERE closing the lid of the computer.

CHERE

Tell me ANTOINE... What is it about
children you enjoy so much.

ANTOINE pulling a toothpick from his pocket.

ANTOINE

I preserve their innocence.

That's something they can't do for
themselves. They're too young to
see it.

CHERE

See what exactly?

ANTOINE

Their own innocence, and they a little bit each and everyday until they become --

ANTOINE pausing for a long beat.

CHERE

Become?

ANTOINE leaning forward in his chair.

ANTOINE

Like you and me...

Participating in a societal construct that doesn't give a shit about either of us. And yet -- Here we are.

Did you know that if a parent is deemed unfit. The State can come in and take their kids away from them.

So what's worst?
In your pro-fess-shennel o-pinion.

Leaving kids with drug addicted parents or institutionalizing um for the rest of their lives?

Cause it seems to me, you and I --
We got a lot in common.

CHERE

How do you mean?

ANTOINE

From where I sit --
You and I...
We're just manifestations of a broken social services experiment.

Think about it.

You're here trying to figure out what makes me tick when you're as much a prisoner of the system as I am.

(laughing) Do you not see the insanity in that?

ANTOINE letting the question resonate for a beat. A satisfying grim across his face.

The only difference is -- I didn't enter it by CHOICE.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
(very measured tone) That's why I know I'm helping them. Because I get to them before you and your system corrupt them.

CHERE... leaning back in her chair. Letting go a deep sigh. Looking a little disturbed.

CHERE
So you think by hurting... No killing children you're actually helping them?

What about their future?

You're taking that away from them by playing god.

CHERE picking up ANTOINE'S file. Getting up from her desk. Starting to walk around the room as she looks through the file.

CHERE (CONT'D)
So does molesting young girls make you feel more powerful in some way?

ANTOINE
Girls are weak. Evil. Put here by god to destroy us men. Says so right there in the good book of Genesis.

You know. **Original sin and all.**

ANTOINE watching CHERE move around the room.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Do I make you nervous Doc?

CHERE ignoring the question.

CHERE
Do you feel empowered after these deeds?

ANTOINE turning towards CHERE.

ANTOINE

I guess that's the sixty four thousand dollar question now ain't it?

ANTOINE laughing out.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

But you need me Doc. The way BATMAN needs the JOKER.

Without me. Others like me. You serve no useful purpose. You see Doc. I complete you Doc.

CHERE closing the file.

CHERE

Tell me about your mother.

ANTOINE'S tone changing. Visibly angered by the question.

ANTOINE

Nothing to tell.

ANTOINE getting up. Leaning against the wall.

CHERE

Did you have relationship with her growing up?

ANTOINE

Were you listening to me? I was a ward of the state. My mother was unfit. So no --

I didn't have what you might call a relationship with my mother.

CHERE

But you blame her for what happened to you.

ANTOINE

She was weak.

But let me ask you something Doc. Who do you blame for the shit you covet?

CHERE walking over to the door.

CHERE

I think our time is up for today.
I'll see you're prescriptions are
refilled. Make sure you take them.

CHERE opening the office door. Walking over to LEEANN'S desk.
ANTOINE walking behind her.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Please see that Mr. Ray's
prescriptions are refilled. And
schedule another appointment for
Friday.

CHERE walking past ANTOINE back into her office. ANTOINE
checking out her backside. Giving LEEANN a big smile.

- 46 INT. DR. JONE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER 46
- CHERE closing the door. Resting against it. Exhaling. Playing
back the session in her mind for a long beat before grabbing
her purse.
- 47 INT. RECEPTION DESK AREA - FEW MINUTES LATER - CONTINUOUS 47
- CHERE rushing out of the office. LEEANN watching her leave.
- 48 INT. BAR - DAY 48
- CHERE sitting in a booth, an untouched glass of wine in front
of her. Her head resting on her hands. The session with
kindling childhood memories as she takes a sip of wine.
- 49 FLASHBACK TO CHERE'S CHILDHOOD - AGE 8 49
- 50 EXT. BACKYARD FAMILY BBQ - DAY 50
- CLOSE ON: Steaks and burgers cooking on a grill. We hear
sixties funk music playing over a boombox.
- Pulling back we see older men sitting around a table playing
cards, smoking and drinking. Kids running around the yard
playing tag.
- A group of women standing by the backdoor of an old weather
beaten house.

One of the women telling a story of a passionate night with a boyfriend.

WOMAN 4
(barely audible) And it was...

The woman expanding her hands. The other women's eyes getting bigger as they break into laughter.

A young girl running out of the house being chased by boy.

AUNT MARY
You kids better stop playing in that house.

A young CHERE walking up to her AUNT.

CHERE
Aunt MARY, can I use the bathroom.

AUNT MARY
(laughing to herself) Now which one is you. I can't tell my own nieces apart.

CHERE
CHERE.

AUNT MARY
Go on in there. You know where it is. If somebody's in there use the one upstairs.

CHERE stepping inside the house.

Standing by the BBQ grill drinking watching CHERE entering the house is her UNCLE LEWIS (40).

51 INT. KITCHEN - DAY CONTINUOUS 51

CHERE. Walking quickly through the room. Singing coming from the bathroom. CHERE waiting for a long beat before deciding to go upstairs.

52 EXT. BACKYARD FAMILY BBQ- DAY 52

UNCLE LEWIS finishing his beer. Heading towards the house. Stumbling a bit as he makes his way past the group of women still gathered at the door.

The women looking away as he tips his empty bottle at them. AUNT MARY giving him a "you're drunk again" look.

53 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

53

UNCLE LEWIS placing the empty bottle on the counter; continuing to the refrigerator. Grabbing another beer when we hear the toilet flushing. A heavyset women coming out of the bathroom. Ignoring him, making her way outside.

UNCLE LEWIS turning to look at her backside as she steps out the door.

Cracking open the beer; taking a swig. Looking up towards the ceiling before heading towards the stairs.

54 INT. OUTSIDE THE UPSTAIRS BATHROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

54

Standing outside the door. Taking another sip of beer. He starts to hum a song. When we hear the toilet flush. Water running in the sink.

A moment later the door opening. CHERE looking up at her UNCLE. Starting to step out of the bathroom.

Her UNCLE placing a hand across the doorway.

UNCLE LEWIS
(though laughter) You're LINDA
right?

CHERE looking down at the floor. A voice telling her to scream.

CHERE
(low voice) CHERE.

Her UNCLE taking her by the shoulder. Leading her back into the bathroom. Closing the door.

UNCLE LEWIS
How old are you now?

CHERE unable to answer.

Her UNCLE Placing the beer on the sink. Lifting her up to the mirror. CHERE squirming in his arms; trying to resist.

UNCLE LEWIS (CONT'D)
Look how pretty you are.

CHERE
(starting to cry) I have to go back
downstairs.

UNCLE LEWIS forcing her to look into the mirror.

UNCLE LEWIS
 (very stern low voice) Stop all
 that crying and look into the
 mirror like I told you.

CHERE looking into the mirror, in that moment the sight of
 her reflection somehow serving to calm her fears as tears run
 down her face.

Her UNCLE letting her down. Running his hand along her face.

UNCLE LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Now you and I are going to play a
 little game. It'll be our little
 secret.

CHERE starring into space.

UNCLE LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I said do you understand me? Cause
 if you ever tell anybody about our
 little game. Trust me. I'll skin
 you alive.

CHERE remaining still as her UNCLE turns her around. Undoing
 the top button of her blouse.

END OF FLASHBACK

55 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 55

CHERE letting out a gasp before realizing she's sitting in
 the booth. Picking up the check. Reaching into her purse.
 Dropping a Twenty dollar bill on the table and leaving.

56 INT. LINDA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 56

We hear laughter coming from the KITCHEN as we move through
 the hallway to see CHARLOTTE, TINA and CHERE sitting around
 the table eating Chinese food and drinking wine.

CHARLOTTE
 (through laughter) And there I was
 about to pee on myself waiting for
 this heffer to finish whatever it
 was she was doing in there, cause
 all I know is I gotta piss.

Finally. I couldn't take it
 anymore. I squatted and pee'd right
 there on the floor.

The women continuing to laugh.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I'm sure whoever it was in there
stepped right in that shit.

CHERE
That's terrible.

CHARLOTTE
That's what she gets for
taking a long ass pee.

TINA
I guess I guess I won't be
taking a long ass pee around
you anytime soon.

CHERE holding up her wine glass.

CHERE
Hey Hey Hey. A toast. I want to
once again -- apologize for acting
all funny the other day.

CHARLOTTE
Uh huh...

TINA
Let the girl finish.

CHERE
Thank you for coming over.

TINA
You know how we do.

Glasses clinking.

CHARLOTTE
So you're gonna do it?

CHERE nodding. Tilting her glass.

CHERE
Yep.

TINA
Well get ready for shitty diapers,
no sleep, and sore boobs.

CHARLOTTE
You need to stop. Seriously though.
Congratulations.

I wouldn't done it, but what do I
know.

TINA

Well I can tell ya. I got three.

And let me tell you... The first time you see that little bundle of joy.

It changes you.

TINA pausing. Looking at CHARLOTTE and CHERE.

TINA (CONT'D)

(through laughter) Into the bitch they love to hate.

They all bust out laughing as glasses clink

FADE OUT.

57 FADE IN. 57

58 INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY 58

The room eerily quiet with the exception of the clock ticking over LEEANN'S head.

LEEANN looking at her watch.

CLOSE ON: LEEANN'S WATCH. Two Twenty Two.

Panning right we see DARIOUS THOMPSON. The only patient in the waiting area looking at his watch. Leaning forward, confirming the time on the clock above LEEANN'S head.

LEEANN, glancing over at DARIOUS, returning to her computer just as DR. JONE'S opens her door.

DARIOUS immediately standing.

CHERE

DARIOUS.

DARIOUS moving quickly across the room. LEEANN watching him move like puppy happy to see its master.

59 INT. DR. JONES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 59

CHERE leading DARIOUS into her office. The door closing. CHERE leaning against the front of her desk.

Pointing to the chair. DARIOUS taking a seat like an obedient puppy.

CHERE

Good to see you DARIOUS.

DARIOUS nervously rocking back and forth like an addict gone to long without a fix.

DARIOUS

I called you.

CHERE looking down at him.

CHERE

I tried to show you what was possible. How to take away the power your parents have over you and take control so your thoughts don't begin to race, but apparently you don't want to listen to your Doctor.

DARIOUS standing up. Getting in CHERE'S face.

DARIOUS

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME. It's because of you that's all I think about all day. Every day. Over and over again.

Stepping over to the window.

And you didn't take my call!

CHERE

For good reason. You say you hate to be controlled by your parents. I think you're using them as an excuse to hide the fact you're afraid of being in control and what that would mean for you.

Having to actually be responsible for yourself with no one else to blame for when you don't get your way, or things don't go right.

I didn't take your call as a test -- which you failed miserably.

(MORE)

CHERE (CONT'D)

So you need to decide if you're going to continue to use your parents as crutches the rest of your life or take control and eliminate the source of your pain.

But know this. When you do. I'll be here for you. If you don't. Get use to having you parents tuck you in at night.

DARIOUS, biting down hard on his lip. Looking like a child who'd been scolded by his parents; and now plotting to have to have them killed.

DARIOUS acknowledging the comment. Turning to leave. Looking back at CHERE. Walking out the door.

CHERE watching the door close. Her cell phone ringing.
CLOSE ON Phone ID: ROGER.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Hey.

ROGER (O.C.)

Hey, Hoping I'm not catching you at a bad time, but I was thinking.

Why wait till Saturday if you're free. And I won't take no for an answer.

CHERE

Sorry. I wish I could, but I've got a meeting with the board that'll probably run late.

ROGER (O.C.)

So have you thought about when you might tell them you're leaving.

CHERE

(musingly) No... Not yet, but I guess it'll give us something to talk about on Saturday. Gotta go.

ROGER (O.C.)

(laughing) Bye.

CHERE hanging up.

61 EXT. POOKIE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 61

The house, old with bed sheets hanging in the windows. A raggedly ford mustang sitting in the driveway.

62 INT. POOKIE'S KITCHEN - DAY 62

BOBBY BLUE BLAND PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND

On the counter we see a bottle of Mayonnaise, an open package of boloney, and a loaf of white bread. A hand reaching for several slices of boloney.

CLOSE ON: A black skillet with butter melting.

We see two hands placing boloney slices into the skillet. Pulling back we see POOKIE wearing a silk robe and a black silk bandanna on his head.

POOKIE putting Mayonnaise on the bread when we hear a knock at the door.

POOKIE

Hold on...

POOKIE, looking annoyed. Putting the slices of bread down on the table. Checking the boloney. Wiping his hands on the apron tied around his waste.

The knocking continuing.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

I said hold on...

Stepping through the door is YOLANDA wearing Jeans and a Diva Tee Shirt. POOKIE giving her a look.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

I didn't know JOCK C. PENNE was having a sale.

POOKIE heading back into the kitchen. YOLANDA following her.

YOLANDA

You gotta lot nerve looking like the NBC peacock.

POOKIE

I don't know what you're talking about. I make everything look good. I'm making a late lunch. You want anything?

POOKIE turning the boloney over.

YOLANDA taking a seat at the two person kitchen table.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

YOLANDA

What you got... Steak, chicken?

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Boloney Sandwiches

POOKIE

Boloney Sandwiches

POOKIE putting the two Boloney sandwiches on plates. Handing one to YOLANDA.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you stopped by I've got something for you.

YOLANDA

I can't say long. I have to meet my parole office.

.

POOKIE bowing his head and saying a short pray to himself.

POOKIE

I thought miss thang fixed that.

YOLANDA

She fixed the getting out part, but I still have to report that I've been looking for a job, not doing drugs. You know, parole violation shit.

POOKIE taking a bite of his sandwich. Getting up. Going over to the refrigerator. Taking out a picture of Kool-Aid.

Tipping the picture towards YOLANDA.

YOLANDA shaking her head as POOKIE heads back over to the table. Sitting the picture down.

POOKIE

That reminds me, I've got something for you.

POOKIE going into another room and coming back with a bible.

POOKIE sitting down at the table. Taking another bite of his sandwich. YOLANDA examining the bible.

YOLANDA
What is this?

POOKIE
It's your new guide to happiness
and he's only one you need to start
loving herself because he love you
first.

YOLANDA
I can't accept this.

POOKIE
Hush. Take it. Start with John 3:16
to get started. I'm just glad
you're coming tonight?

YOLANDA
(reluctant tone) I owe you.

POOKIE
Cause can't nobody do what I do.

Looking at her watch.

YOLANDA
I have to run or I'll miss my
meeting. Love you.

POOKIE
Love you more.

POOKIE watching YOLANDA leave. Taking another bite of his
sandwich.

FADE OUT.

We hear a church organ and hands clapping.

67 FADE IN.

67

INT. CHURCH SANTUARY - EARLY EVENING

Worshippers dressed in "come as you are clothing" singing in
the pews. Standing in the back taking it all in is YOLANDA,
her new bible in hand. Standing next to her wearing a white
dress shirt, jeans and a stylist jacket is her friend POOKIE
clapping his hands and rocking to the beat.

POOKIE and YOLANDA seated with a small group of bible study members their bibles open listening to a woman named RUTH tell how JESUS CHRIST saved her life.

<p>WOMAN IN CHURCH ROOM And darrin I war'... hungry. A needa stuck in ma arm and no reason dat I cud think of to go on living... BUT THAT NIGHT.</p>	<p>MAN IN CHURCH ROOM Tell your story now.</p>
---	---

The woman clapping her hands together.

RUTH
 Whoo!!! That night a voice said to
 me -- Ruth, youin not alone. I'm
 HERE wit ya, and I love you.

A woman taking RUTH's hand.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 (tearfully) He said I need you to
 GIT UP RUTH. I GOT WORK for you to
 do.

I didn't deserve it. I-in didn't
 even think he knew my name, but he
 did.

And he said I need ya ta go tell ta
 others who-in suffering from tdis
 here affliction -- they can get
 better through me.

So you know what I'in did?

Looking around at the worshippers.

WOMAN 3 (O.C.)
 What'd you do?

RUTH
 Although I did not think I was
 worthy. I askeded da LORD to
 forgiven me and I gave myself unto
 him.

And from that moment till today I
 been saved...

The group starting to clap. A woman placing her hands on
 RUTH.

Slowly one by one each of the bible study members reach out and put a hand on RUTH. Anointing her with the spirit of JESUS.

YOLANDA watching POOKIE place his hand onto RUTH as DEACON WALKER starts to pray.

A tear running down YOLANDA'S cheek never having seen such an outpouring of love before.

DEACON WALKER (O.C.)

AMEN

POOKIE looking over at YOLANDA, seeing the seeds of change taking place. Giving her a confirming nod.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

70 EXT. DARIOUS THOMPSON'S PARENT'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The home well kept, but we can't help but notice the security bars around each of the windows intended to keep bad things out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The THOMPSON'S having a night cap of Bailey's and coffee. DARIOUS walking into the room from the garage.

GLORIA THOMPSON

Don't forget to lock up.

DARIOUS

I still have to bring in my bike.

DARIOUS'S mother starting to get up from the table.

DARIOUS moving quickly over to the table.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)

Here mom, let me refresh that for you.

His father lifting his cup up. DARIOUS taking both cups and walking over to the sink. Adding coffee to their cups. Picking up the BAILEY'S. Pouring it into the cup. Reaching into his pocket. Taking out a small veil of AMBIEN. Dropping a pill into each cup.

Placing the veil back into his pocket. Taking the cups over to his parents.

His parents taking a sip of the tainted beverage as they walk towards their bedroom.

71 INT. DARIOUS THOMPSON'S PARENT'S GARAGE - NIGHT - LATER 71

DARIOUS searching through the cluttered shelves finding the gas can. Swirling it around a couple times. Taking the tank.

Lighting a cigarette. Looking down at the container of gasoline. Taking a few more puffs -- throwing the cigarette away he walks into the house.

72 INT. DARIOUS THOMPSON'S PARENT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 72

DARIOUS setting the gas tank down. Walking through the house to a closed bedroom door. Opening it a crack.

Through the doorway we make out two bodies lying in bed. DARIOUS closing the door. Walking back into the KITCHEN.

Grabbing a chair. Taking it with him down the hallway. Setting it down just beneath one of the installed fire alarms. Stepping up. He undoes the smoke alarm. Taking the batteries out, pulling it from the ceiling.

Repeating the process in the KITCHEN. Looking towards his parents bedroom thinking he heard a noise. Continuing. Walking through the house sprinkling gasoline.

Emptying the last of it outside his parents door. Walking to the backdoor. Taking out a book of matches. Lighting a cigarette.

Taking a couple puffs before placing the cigarette in between the fold of the match book. Setting the match book on a spot of the gasoline, and walking out the door. Getting on his bicycle and peddling down the street.

73 EXT. MECKLEBURG PSYCHIATRIC & NUROLOGICAL CENTER - DAY 73

CHERE pulling into the parking lot.

74 INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS 74

CHERE about to go straight into her office when LEEANN calls to her.

LEEANN

DR. JONES. A guy dropped this off.

LEEANN handing her a WHITE ENVELOPE with two words on the front. DR. JONES.

CHERE looking curiously at the non descript envelope.

CHERE

Thank you.

Walking into her office. Closing the door. Tearing open the envelope. Slowly walking towards her desk; starting to read the letter.

IT'S DONE... I'M FREE. I NEED TO SEE YOU.

Holding the letter to her chest. Taking a seat in her chair. Continuing to stare at the letter for a beat before placing it on the desk.

Pleased in the knowledge her game was moving forward, but even more excited about seeing how it might all play out. Pausing for a beat. Reaching for the folder at the end of her desk.

CLOSE ON THE FOLDER DISPLAYING THE NAME: ANTOINE RAY.

FILE: ANTOINE RAY - FATHER (Unknown)

MOTHER (DIANE RAY)

Last know address: 6661 Cramerton Drive, Charlotte, NC 28234

Phone number: Not Listed.

Mother suffers from chronic drug addition and has not demonstrated the ability to provide adequate nourishment and child safety in the home.

STATE of NORTH CAROLINA **ward to the state declaration:**

ANTOINE RAY age TWELVE (12).

CHERE closing the folder. Looking at her watch.

69

I/E. CHERE DRIVING HER CAR - AFTERNOON

69

An intense look on her face.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CHERE pulling up to a group of row houses. Confirming the correct address on her phone. Taking a deep breath before getting out.

CHERE, knocking on the door. No answer for a long beat. From inside the house we hear a voice.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER (O.C.)
Who it is?

CHERE
MRS. RAY. My name is DR. LINDA JONES, I work with your son and I need to speak with you.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER (O.C.)
He ain't here.

CHERE
MRS. RAY. I'm concerned about ANTOINE, I think you know what I'm talking about -- MRS. RAY.

The inside door opening. The screen door remaining closed. ANTOINE'S MOTHER looking like a woman whose only known hardship in her life.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER
I haven't seen him, and if I did. He wouldn't be coming back in this house. No sir.

CHERE
Then you know what he's capable of?

ANTOINE'S MOTHER
I'm sorry, I can't help you.

CHERE
MRS. RAY. I'm trying to help your son get better. Just answer one question, then I'll go.

CHERE (CONT'D)
Did your son ever molest any of his relatives?

Without saying a word the look on MRS. RAY'S face confirming the painful truth.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER
Like I said, I can't help you.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER closing the door. CHERE turning to leave. Walking back to her car.

Standing across the street Watching CHERE get into her car is ANTONIE. Lighting a cigarette. Taking a drag before heading towards his mother's house.

INT. DR. JONES'S OFFICE - EVENING

Outside the door we hear people shouting. We recognize LEEANN'S voice.

LEEANN (O.C.)
You can't go in there.

ANTOINE (O.C.)
This is between me and the Doc.

CHERE, opening the door to see ANTOINE RAY standing in the doorway wearing a wife beater tee-shirt and jeans. A toothpick resting on his lip.

CHERE nodding at LEEANN.

CHERE
ANTOINE.

ANTOINE walking into the office. CHERE clicking her pen several times as she takes a seat behind her desk. Pulling out a large note pad. ANTOINE standing in front of her desk.

CHERE not giving him the satisfaction of looking at him.

CHERE (CONT'D)
Last time we spoke, you said you
and I were part of the same system.
I found that somewhat fascinating.

ANTOINE
Did you find it so fascinating you
had to go by my mother's house?

CHERE sitting back in the chair.

CHERE
It's not uncommon for a Doctor to
conduct research on behalf of their
patients.

Especially when trying to determine
the extend to which a parent might
have had a negative influence on a
patient's behavior.

You all but said so yourself.

ANTOINE

I told you. I haven't seen my mother.

CHERE

And yet you were there to see me conduct a research visit. Have a seat ANTOINE or stand.

ANTOINE taking a seat.

CHERE (CONT'D)

I've got a question. And don't worry this session is on me.

ANTOINE

Whatever.

CHERE

You're first victim. Was it a relative?

ANTOINE taking the toothpick out of his mouth.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Were they younger than you. Did the act make you feel like you had power over them?

And I bet you never once thought about what how you act affected them.

ANTOINE taking the toothpick from his mouth. Leaning forward.

ANTOINE

Nope, never thought about. But if you must know. She wasn't what you might call pretty or anything.

She was just (pausing) quiet.

Maybe eight or nine.

Sitting in the living room watching television. Holding on to some stupid stuff puppy.

So I walked over to her and grabbed it. I remember her jumping off the couch like a cat trying to get it back.

Crying... she just wouldn't stop.

(MORE)

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

So I told her I'd give it back to her if she played hide and seek with me.

I started counting to ten. She went to hide in the closet.

When I opened the door. I remember her looking up at me.

She said... Can I have my puppy back now. As I handed it back to her I saw such innocence.

And I knew she would never be that innocence again.

ANTOINE sitting back in the chair. His eyes closed as if he were savoring the memory when --

Suddenly a knock at the door. From the other side of the door we hear LEEANN.

LEEANN (O.C.)

DR. JONES. You're next appointment is here.

CHERE

Thank you LEEANN. I'll be right out.

ANTOINE getting up to leave.

ANTOINE

So what did my mother tell you?

CHERE

Nothing you didn't already know.

ANTOINE placing his hand on the door in front of CHERE. Looking deep into her only inches away -- he asks her.

ANTOINE

You never answered did answer my question Doc.
If we're part of the same system, what do you covet Doctor?

Their eyes staying locked in a war of wills for a long beat.

CHERE
They say curiosity killed the cat.
I'd be careful if I were you.

ANTOINE opening the door and leaving.

INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON

CHERE walking out of her office.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Looking for her keys when coming up behind her is DARIOUS.

DARIOUS
DR. JONES.

CHERE
Oh my god! DARIOUS.

DARIOUS
I called your office. You didn't
take my call. I wanted see you.

CHERE
Things have been a little bit crazy
for both of us?

DARIOUS begrudgingly acknowledging the cold hard truth.

DARIOUS
You said we'd be together.

CHERE
And we will, (pausing) Tomorrow.

Everyone will be gone by THREE. We
can meet here around 5:30. Just you
and I... Alone.

CHERE giving him a passionate kiss before getting into her
car. Not even a look or wave goodbye.

DARIOUS watching her drive away.

CUT TO:

The window of the MEDICAL CENTER. LEEANN watching the
intimate exchange between DARIOUS and CHERE. Curiously
watching DARIOUS walk away.

INT. DR. JONE'S BEDROOM - FRIDAY NIGHT

The television news playing in the background. CHERE sitting in bed with her feet under the covers. A glass of wine on the night stand.

ANTOINE'S impromptu session playing over and over in her head.

Taking a sip of wine. Saying out loud what was on her mind.

CHERE
(to herself) Stay focused.

Walking over to the dressing mirror in the corner. Dazedly looking into it -- trying to find a connection. Nothing. Taking the remote turning off the Television.

Pulling the covers up to her neck. Staring at the ceiling fan. Watching the blades turning round and round until we watch her fall into a deep sleep.

CHERE REMEMBERS: DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. CHERE'S AUNT KITCHEN - EVENING

Blades of a fan rotating round and round. Pulling back we see CHERE'S AUNT MARY with her back to us standing over the sink washing dishes when we hear a knock at the back door.

Standing outside her niece CHERE (age 17). AUNT MARY wiping off her hands on her apron, and greeting her with a big smile.

AUNT MARY
Hey now... come on in.

CHERE
I can't stay. Momma told me to drop this off.

CHERE handing her a bag of sweet potatoes and greens.

AUNT MARY
That's non sense. You come on in here and have something to eat.

CHERE
I really can't AUNT MARY.

AUNT MARY taking her by the arm and ushering her into the house.

AUNT MARY

Now you have yourself a seat over there.

CHERE taking a seat at the table. AUNT MARY going over to the refrigerator. Taking out some leftover ham, macaroni casserole.

Stepping into the kitchen with an empty glass, UNCLE LEWIS. CHERE getting up from the table headed for the backdoor.

CHERE

AUNT MARY. I really have to go.

AUNT MARY

Hold on child. Let me at least put this in a bag for you.

UNCLE LEWIS

Look what the cat done dreg in.

UNCLE LEWIS walking over to the cupboard. Taking out a bottle of bourbon. Giving himself a hefty pour.

LEWIS

To what do we owe this honor?

ANTOINE

Leave the poor girl alone LEWIS. I'm trying to get her out of here.

UNCLE LEWIS

Well if she's in such a rush I can give her a ride.

AUNT MARY

LEWIS you're drunk, and if you're not -- you're on your way. Ain't no way you should be driving. Least not with a child in the car.

CHERE standing by the backdoor suddenly an epiphany hitting her. We watch as her demeanor changes right in front of us. Her eyes keenly focused on her UNCLE LEWIS.

AUNT MARY closing up the bag.

AUNT MARY (CONT'D)

Here you go honey. You tell yo mother not to study to hard.

Handing CHERE the bag.

CHERE

You know AUNT MARY it is kinda a long walk with it getting dark and all.
I probably could use the ride,
I have homework.

UNCLE LEWIS taking a drink. A wide grind on his face.

AUNT MARY

Well just wait a minute I'll take you myself.

UNCLE LEWIS

No. No. I got this. I just gotta get my keys.

UNCLE LEWIS heading for the living room. AUNT MARY following in behind him.

AUNT MARY (O.C.)

LEWIS you can't be taking that child no where.

UNCLE LEWIS (O.S.)

I'm fine.

CHERE looking to see the coast is clear. Walking over to the counter drawer. Taking out a small knife. Starring at it as if it were chosen to do a special task.

Sticking it in the front of her jeans just below her waist. Quickly taking her seat at the table as --

UNCLE LEWIS reenters the room holding his keys just out of reach of his wife.

AUNT MARY

LEWIS, for the last time gimme those keys.

UNCLE LEWIS signaling to CHERE to go. Turning to around to AUNT MARY with a drunken gaze in his eyes.

UNCLE LEWIS

That's enough now.

CHERE grabbing the bag of food, heading out the door. UNCLE LEWIS right behind her.

AUNT MARY standing at the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY AUNT MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CHERE getting into the front seat. Staying close to the door. Looking straight ahead and not putting on her seatbelt.

The engine coming alive as they back out of the driveway.

I/E. INSIDE UNCLE LEWIS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

UNCLE LEWIS turning the radio. Reaching over the visor for his pack of cigarette. Taking the book of matches from the ashtray. Smoke escaping the window as he places the book of matches back into the ashtray. Staring over at his niece.

UNCLE LEWIS

Now that's real music. Not like that shit you kids listen to.

CHERE continuing to just look straight out the front windshield. The car moving through traffic when we see a corner street sign.

CLOSE ON THE SIGN: LINCOLN STREET

CHERE watching as they pass it.

CHERE

You were suppose to turn there.

UNCLE LEWIS

Gonna make a quick stop at the liquor store.

UNCLE LEWIS continuing to drive. Turning into a desolate construction site. CHERE, nervously looking over at her UNCLE as the car comes to a stop and the headlight go out. CHERE sliding her hand into her jeans.

UNCLE LEWIS looking over.

UNCLE LEWIS (CONT'D)

You remember the little game we played before?

UNCLE LEWIS starting to loosen his belt. CHERE tightening her grip on the knife.

UNCLE LEWIS leaning towards her. Placing his hand around her neck, starting to pull her towards him as CHERE screams out

CHERE

NO!!!

Plunging the knife deep into his groin. UNCLE LEWIS yelling out. CHERE getting to her knees. Stabbing him over and over in the stomach before tiring and falling back into the passenger seat.

Blood on her hands and clothes. Her breathing heavy. Finally drawing enough courage to look over at her UNCLE.

Blood over his hands. Holding his stomach. Turning his head slowly towards her. CHERE watching his eyes meet hers. His head falling forward.

CLOSE ON: THE MATCHES SITTING IN THE ASHTRAY.

CHERE taking the matchbook from the ashtray. Walking to the rear of the car.

Tearing away a piece of her blouse. Placing it into the gas tank opening. Nervously trying to strike the first match. Watching it fall to the ground. Taking out another one.

Striking it several times before seeing the flame. Lighting the rag and walking away.

Moments later. The car exploding as we hear the beep, beep, beep of the alarm clock and see the ceiling fan blades turning like before.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

CHERE hitting the alarm. 6:30am. Searching for the TV REMOTE. We hear the voice of a local news caster.

NEWS CASTER (O.S)

An elderly couple lost their lives in a fire on Charlotte's West side last night.

Mr. And Mrs. Kevin THOMPSON were killed when flames engulf their home. Authorities are looking into the cause of that fire. In other news.

CHERE, turning it off. Her cell phone buzzing. On the face of the phone a list of calendar reminders. TINA and CHARLOTTE walk. Dinner with ROGER.

CHERE texting CHARLOTTE:

Hey girl I'm not gonna be able to make it today. Something's come up... tomorrow works. L

CHERE making her way to the bathroom.

I/E. CHERE DRIVING HER CAR - MORNING

In the backseat we see the dressing mirror.

INT. HAIR SOLON - DAY

The chairs filled with women getting their hair done. Seated in one of the on deck chairs reading a magazine and listening to the latest gossip is YOLANDA.

Stepping through the door -- looking as if she were searching for a long lost child is CHERE. POOKIE looking up from his client's weave.

POOKIE
Can I help you?

Every woman in the SOLON turning to get a good look at CHERE before going back to their business.

CHERE continuing into the SOLON. POOKIE making eye contact with YOLANDA. Nodding towards CHERE.

YOLANDA with an alarmed look. Stands up.

YOLANDA
(whisper) What are you doing her?

CHERE
I need to speak to you.

YOLANDA looking over at POOKIE shaking his head in disapproval.

CHERE (CONT'D)
Privately.

YOLANDA starting for the door. CHERE following her (being watched by every woman as they pass by. The door of the SOLON closing behind them. The gossip mill in the SOLON starting to buzz.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF SOLON - CONTINUOUS

YOLANDA facing CHERE. What are you doing? I don't want people know my business.

CHERE

I don't damn what you want. If it wasn't for me you'd still be sitting in jail. So just shut up and listen.

YOLANDA

What?

CHERE

I need a favor. And in exchange I'll make your release permeant and no more Doctor visits. And as long as you don't do something stupid, you can probably stay that way.

YOLANDA considering the proposal.

YOLANDA

What is it?

CHERE

Meet me at the center at 5:30.

YOLANDA

But I told POOKIE

CHERE (CONT'D)

I don't give a fuck what you told POOKIE. You either meet me there today, or go back to jail on Monday. It's your choice.

YOLANDA watching CHERE walk away realizing she really didn't have a choice. Looking at her watch.

EXT. MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGICAL MEDICAL CENTER. - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

CHERE unlocking the door. Carrying the dressing mirror into her Office. Setting it caddy corner from her desk. Sitting at the desk, getting up several times; making sure her reflection was visibly from her desk.

We hear a ding from her cell phone. Reaching into her purse.

CLOSE ON THE CELL PHONE: TEXT FROM ROGER

Looking fwd to seeing U 2nite. Hope UR up 4 a late night. CU at seven - ROGER.

Opening her computer. Starting to type. After several minutes we hear the printer spitting out pages. CHERE reaching for the pages.

INT. POOKIE'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

POOKIE and YOLANDA sitting at the table. POOKIE clearly upset
YOLANDA will not be joining him for the revival meeting.

POOKIE, giving YOLANDA a "you gotta be a fool to believe her"
look.

POOKIE

All I'm saying is put you're trust
in JESUS and he will set you on the
right path.

YOLANDA

I'm know. But this is my chance. I
know you believe in JESUS and all.
But right now I have the chance to
start over. You understand --
right?

POOKIE reluctantly acknowledging YOLANDA'S predicament.
Taking her hand.

POOKIE

Just do me a favor. If something
doesn't feel right, you call me.

The TWO share a best friends in world hug before YOLANDA gets
up to leave.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGICAL MEDICAL
CENTER. - DAY - 5:30PM

YOLANDA. Dressed in a jean skirt and a bright ORANGE top
standing outside. CHERE opening the door.

CHERE

Come in.

The CENTER is different than we've seen it. Appearing DARK
and eerily empty.

CHERE leading YOLANDA to her office, which is also dark. The
lone light on CHERE'S desk casting shadows throughout the
room.

INT. DR. JONE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHERE

Take a seat. Sorry about the lights, their programmed to go off during non working hours.

YOLANDA taking a seat in the now familiar chair for her sessions.

YOLANDA

So what is it?

CHERE walking over to the front of her desk. Leaning on it in an apparent power play over YOLANDA, fidgeting in her seat.

CHERE

Can you give us a minute.

YOLANDA

Us?

CHERE

Come in and have a seat DARIOUS.

Standing at the door is DARIOUS. A bewildered look on his face at the site of YOLANDA.

DARIOUS

(whispering in CHEREE'S ear) You said we'd be alone.

DARIOUS, taking his time walking to the empty chair next to YOLANDA. Standing behind it.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)

So who's this?

CHERE

Let's call this your buddy introduction party.

CHERE reaching behind her. Picking up the two printed pages.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Here are your release forms. No more sessions, and no more prison.

CHERE walking over to the mirror. Adjusting her hair.

CHERE (CONT'D)

What I need from you is a little commitment and we all get what we want.

YOLANDA

Commitment?

CHERE

I'll be blunt. I'm meeting with a man tonight and I need for him to have a little accident.

A little hit and run type accident.

YOLANDA

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa. You want us to kiss somebody? I'm not killing anybody. Jail or no jail.

CHERE turning to DARIOUS.

DARIOUS

What happens after the guys dead?

CHERE

You and I together never to be heard from again.

DARIOUS

I'm in.

CHERE walking back to her desk. Picking up the release letter.

CHERE

If you're not prepared to carry out this request. I rip this up and replace it with this.

Reaching behind her again. A second letter addressed to the North Carolina State Psychiatric Board.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER: which CHERE starts to read:

CHERE (CONT'D)

After numerous sessions with the patient YOLANDA PRESCOT, I DR. LINDA JONES have determined that the patient is not only a danger to herself, but moreover the society at large and should be reprimanded to a Federal Psychiatric prison until such time, (and you should pay attention to this part) she is deemed able to interact in a positive state of mind with the state or local prison populations.

YOLANDA, not able to understand how this could be happening to her sinks in her seat. Defeated.

YOLANDA
So when does this take place.

CHERE
Actually, you don't have much time.
I'll be at this address.

Handing YOLANDA a slip of paper with the address 201 Tryon Street and a picture of ROGER.

CHERE (CONT'D)
I'll be on the corner wearing a RED dress. I'll wave a RED scarf when I see him. He's Military so be on time.

DARIOIUS You can drive my car, I'll report it stolen after the accident.

When you're done. You can pick up your get out of jail free letter.

Looking at DARIOIUS.

CHERE (CONT'D)
And DARIOIUS. You get everything we talked about.

CHERE walking towards the door. DARIOIUS following. YOLANDA still somewhat shell shocked by what she's heard and expected to do.

CHERE handing DARIOIUS her car keys. YOLANDA giving CHERE a "I'm not the crazy one" look before following DARIOIUS out the door.

CHERE walking past the mirror confident. Seemingly not having to seek its direction on this before taking a step back. Looking into the mirror at herself.

CHERE (CONT'D)
I know right... I LOVE this game.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

I/E. INSIDE LINDA'S CAR - EVENING

DARIOUS smoking a cigarette. YOLANDA looking over at him still not believing she's in the car going to kill somebody she doesn't even know.

YOLANDA
So what's your story?

DARIOUS ignoring her. Taking another drag of his cigarette.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
Are you one of DR. JONES patients?

DARIOUS
Has anyone ever told you, you talk too fucking much? From where I'm sitting. All you gotta do is tag along and you got yourself a get out of jail free card.

YOLANDA
I don't wanna kill anybody. I'd rather go back to jail -- that just ain't me.

DARIOUS looking over at her. Starting to laugh out loud.

DARIOUS
That's the funniest shit I've ever heard. OMG.

YOLANDA starring out the front windshield starting to pray out loud.

YOLANDA
Heavenly FATHER, I ask for your forgiveness and your blessing. Not only for me lord, but for DARIOUS too. That he may come to know your name as I have.

DARIOUS
What the fuck are you doing? Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up NOW!

YOLANDA continuing to pray.

YOLANDA
Give me strength dear lord to make it through this day. For you are the DOCTOR that can wipe away sins.

(MORE)

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

In JESUS name I pray for your
Forgiveness.

DARIOUS looking over at YOLANDA and back to road several
times in quick succession.

DARIOUS

Are you done? Are you fucking done?
Cause you're freaking me out.
Yah I'd say I'm officially fuckin
freaked right now -- Thank you for
that.

What are you worried about anyway.
You do this. Blam! No more jail.
Sweet.

YOLANDA

Letting me out.

DARIOUS

What?

YOLANDA

Just let me out. I can't do this.

DARIOUS

You're serious.

YOLANDA starting to unlock the door. Pulling the handle.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa. (laughing) Okay,
You want out.

I mean I'm the one driving the car
anyway. So in theory, you don't
have to be here.

As long as that fucker dies tonight
that's all that matters.

DARIOUS, pulling over. Stopping the car.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)

Get out.

DARIOUS looking straight ahead.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)

I SAID GET OUT!

YOLANDA opening the door. Getting out. Watching the car
disappear into traffic.

Taking out her cell phone. Nervously dialing.

YOLANDA

(Through crying) I. I.. I need you to come get me. (pausing for a minute) I'm on Wilkinson. 2020 Wilkinson by the Wal-Mart.

The line going dead.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Thank you JESUS.

I/E. UBER RIDE SHARE - NIGHT

CHERE, dressed in a very attractive RED dress. Looking confident. Checking her watch. Pulling out a small compact mirror. Checking her face.

The UBER pulling up in front of the restaurant. CHERE getting out. Starting to walk to the corner of the street. Looking at her watch again 6:55pm

I/E. INSIDE LINDA'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DARIOUS taking a drag of his cigarette. Stretching his neck. Turning up the radio. CLOSE ON: The dashboard clock reading: 6:58pm

DARIOUS turning the corner onto Tyron Street. A block away from CHERE and destiny. Pulling into an open parking space just past the stop light.

EXT. CORNER OF TYRON & WEST 5TH STREET. - CONTINUOUS

CHERE reaching the corner. Looking around searching for a man she'd only met through her sister's pictures. Looking at her cell phone: 6:59pm. It starts to ring. ROGER.

CHERE

Hello.

ROGER

I just wanted to tell you. You look wonderful.

CHERE

Where are you.

ROGER

Coming to you now.

ROGER waving his cell phone in the air starting to walk across the street. A smile on his face halfway through the intersection when --

BLAM!!! The Toyota slamming into ROGER sending his body into the air and down the street. We hear screaming as the BLACK CAMERY speeds off and around the corner.

CHERE watching the shocked reactions of people passing by. People starting to rush into the street. Crowding around ROGER's mangled body.

A shot of ROGER. Eyes open, but lifeless.

CUT TO:

ROGER POV: We see the sky from the ground with people crowding around. We hear a heartbeat slowing down, its beat becoming slower and slower until... NOTHING.

CUT TO:

CHERE Walking into a small bar on the corner. Sitting down at the bar. The bartender coming up to her.

BARTENDER

You look like you just won the lottery... What'll have?

CHERE

Champaign...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. DR. JONE'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Two candles light up the room with a romantic glow. CHERE and DARIOUS lying on the couch. CHERE with a wine glass. DARIOUS a glass of BRANDY. DARIOUS giving her a kiss on the cheek.

DARIOUS
(giggling) He never knew what hit
him. I literally watched him fly
off the bumper and down the
street.

DARIOUS holding up his glass. Twisting it around in his hand.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)
And in that moment. I never felt
more alive.

CHERE
And what about the car?

DARIOUS
Stolen. Sitting at the bottom of
Lake Wylie.

DARIOUS turning his attention back to CHERE.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)
And what about the insurance
money... MEXICO?

CHERE
That might be a while. Insurance
companies don't just give their
money away.

DARIOUS
But you're getting it right?

CHERE sitting up. Speaking in a more serious tone.

CHERE
What we need right now -- is for
you to lay low so we can get to
MEXICO.

DARIOUS
(teasingly) Why don't I just stay
here?

DARIOUS taking a sip from his drink.

CHERE

Oh... No reason at all.

Other than the COPS investigating ROGER'S hit and run, and the insurance company investigating his death.

Having you around here only complicates things.

DARIOUS

What? You want me to hide out in some crappy motel like in the movies?

CHERE getting off the couch. Walking into the kitchen with her wine glass. DARIOUS following in behind her like a good little puppy.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHERE looking out the window. Turning back towards DARIOUS.

CHERE

This ain't no game. Sooner or later the cops are going to asking about your parents death.

And I don't think you're ready for that kind of pressure. So the best thing for you to do is hide out till we get the money.

Maybe West Virginia.

DARIOUS

You want me to leave?

CHERE

Either that -- or talk to the police and run the risk of going to jail. And speaking of jail.

Where's YOLANDA?

DARIOUS

I didn't see the need for her to just tagging along so I told her to get out.

CHERE'S about to explode and just as fast a smile gracing her lips.

CHERE
That was probably a good idea.

DARIOUS, looking delighted that CHERE acknowledge his idea as being good. DARRIOS circling around the table.

DARIOUS
I don't want to argue.

Placing his hand on her Shoulder. Taking her hand; kissing it.

CHERE, playing the cat and mouse again. Acquiescing.

CHERE
MEXICO?

DARIOUS smiling.

DARIOUS
MEXICO...

INT. LINDA'S RECEPTION AREA - MONDAY - DAY

LEEANN, sitting typing at her desk. A BLACK MAN with grey hair (60) walking in with a KANGO hat. Taking it off as he approaches her desk.

LEEANN looking up.

LEEANN
May I help you?

DET. MARTIN
I'm here to speak with a DR. LINDA JONES. My name is DETECTIVE MARTIN.

DET. MARTIN handing her a card.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)
I don't have an appointment or anything. But I was hoping the good DOCTOR could spare me a few minutes.

LEEANN getting up and walking over to DR. JONES OFFICE. A quick tap on the door before opening it.

CHERE (O.C.)
Come in.

LEEANN stepping in. Handing CHERE the card.

LEEANN

There's a DET. MARTIN asking for a few minutes to speak with you.

CHERE examining the card.

CHERE

Have him come in.

LEEANN escorting DET. MARTIN in. Slightly closing the door behind her, remaining outside the door.

DET. MARTIN walking towards the two Leather chairs in front of CHERE'S DESK. CHERE standing. Shaking his hand.

CHERE (CONT'D)

DET. MARTIN. Does this have anything to do with my husband's accident?

Taking out a small note pad.

DET. MARTIN

No. No. You have a patient. DARIOUS THOMPSON.

CHERE

Yes...

DET. MARTIN

Have you seen him lately.

CHERE

Not since his last session.

DET. MARTIN

Is there anything you can tell me about him. Was he acting erratic, taking drugs, or talk about killing anyone?

CHERE

Can you tell me what this about?

DET. MARTIN

Well it's not like it isn't public knowledge. You might have heard about an elderly couple died in a fire a few days ago.

CHERE

Yes.

DET. MARTIN

The fire was deemed suspicious. The Fire Marshall believe some type of accelerant was used. And DARIOIUS'S disappeared around that same time.

CHERE

I'm sorry... What's that got to do with me?.

DET. MARTIN

Nothing, as far as I can tell.

I'm just doing my due diligence. Running down possible leads.

CHERE

Sorry, I don't believe I can help you.

DET. MARTIN watching, observing CHERE'S body language.

DET. MARTIN

Did DARIOUS suggest that he or his family had any enemies he made you aware of?

CHERE

No. He never mentioned any.

CHERE starting to walk towards the door.

LEEANN stepping away from the door. Quickly heading to her desk.

DET. MARTIN seeing CHERE standing at the door. Getting up to leave.

DET. MARTIN

Well if he happens to stop by you wouldn't mind letting me know would you. You have my card.

CHERE

Sorry I couldn't have been more help.

CHERE nodding. DET. MARTIN walking through the door. LEEANN getting up from her desk and following him out.

EXT. OUTSIDE MECKLENBURG PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICAL CENTER -
CONTINUOUS

LEEANN stepping through the door.

LEEANN
DET. MARTIN.

DET. MARTIN turning to LEEANN, walking back towards her.

LEEANN, nervously looking around.

LEEANN (CONT'D)
(nervously) I don't know if DR.
JONES knows anything about that
fire, but she did see DARIOUS the
other day and they looked to be
having more than a patient-DOCTOR
relationship

DET. MARTIN
Why are you saying?

LEEANN
I don't know. Something about DR.
JONES is different lately. I can't
put my finger on it, but she's
changed. I don't feel like I can
trust her.

DET. MARTIN
Well, I appreciate the information.
Do me a favor though. If DARIOUS
does show up can you give me a
call.

LEEANN nodding. DET. MARTIN handing her a card, and a great
big smile. LEEANN going back into the building.

CUT TO:

Inside the MEDICAL CENTER. CHERE looking through the window
at LEEANN and DET. MARTIN. A very peculiar look on her face.

I/E. DET. MARTIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DET. MARTIN dialing on his cell.

DET. MARTIN

Hey Vicki it's me. Do me a favor. Go ahead and run that credit card check on DARIOUS. See if anything shows up. Might be a dead end, but you never know.

DET. MARTIN hanging up.

INT. POOKIE'S KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

POOKIE and YOLANDA holding hands over a bucket of KFC. Just finishing grace.

POOKIE

Amen.

POOKIE taking a wing and drumstick, placing it on his plate. YOLANDA placing a thigh on hers. POOKIE grabbing a biscuit. Seeing YOLANDA lost in her thoughts.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

What?

YOLANDA

It's been two days and I haven't heard anything from DR. JONES.

POOKIE

Maybe she's all bark and no bite. With what you know, you could send her ass to jail.

YOLANDA

It doesn't work that way. She's up to something.

POOKIE

Hey take it for what it is. You can't worry about stuff you don't have control over. Let JESUS handle it, you'll be alright.

YOLANDA sighing. Starting to eat the chicken.

INT. DR. JONES OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

A lone desk lamp illuminating CHERE'S desk as she thumbs through YOLANDA'S file. Taking out her cell phone. CLOSE ON: The cell phone. Scrolling through the contacts. Coming to YOLAND'S name.

Looking at YOLANDA'S name for a long beat before deciding against making the call. Putting the phone away.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

CHERE sitting down to a plate of spaghetti and a glass of wine. Picking at her plate when -- The doorbell rings.

At the door is CHARLOTTE and TINA. CHARLOTTE handing CHERE a sympathy card and giving CHERE a hug as they enter the house.

CHARLOTTE

Hey girl we're so sorry to here about ROGER. We woulda come over sooner but the way he died all tragic and shit. We wanted to wait.

TINA following CHARLOTTE down the hall to the KITCHEN.

CHERE

Thank you. It' been a little rough.

TINA

We're not gonna stay. We just wanted to let you know we're here for you if you needed to talk.

CHERE

Not too much to talk about.

TINA

So when's the funeral?

CHERE

I'm not having one. He wanted to be cremated. Maybe a memorial service.

CHARLOTTE

Have you talked to his family?

CHERE

No. We weren't close.

CHARLOTTE

So sad. Just when you two were working things out.

TINA

I guess that means you'll be staying on at the Medical Center?

CHERE

I don't know. I was thinking I might need a change. Might start to doing a little traveling. You know. See the world and everything.

TINA

Not that it's any of my business and I know you do alright. I just hope the insurance company don't try to take advantage of you.

CHARLOTTE

Ah huh... Happened to my Aunt Joyce. They held up her burial monies so long she ended up fighting with them for the longest.

CHERE

No... nothing like that.

A long awkward silence hanging over the conversation. CHARLOTTE looking at the bottle of wine. Thinking twice about the idea.

CHARLOTTE

Girl we gonna get up out your hair. We just wanted to see how you waz doing.

CHERE

Thank you for stopping by.

The two women turn and head for the door. TINA looking into the living room. Seeing the two empty glasses on the table.

CHARLOTTE

Alright, let us know if you need anything.

CHERE

I will.

CHARLOTTE

You know how we do.

The women hug. CHERE closing the door after them.

The two women walking down the sidewalk.

TINA

She didn't look all that upset to me.

CHARLOTTE

Well you know they were separated
for a while.

TINA

Yah, maybe a little too long. I saw
two glasses on the coffee table.
One was wine glass and the other
was for something else.

CHARLOTTE

Girl you be trippin. Maybe ROGER
stopped over for a little advance
baby booty call.

TINA

Ah huh. Well you know ROGER didn't
drink.

The two women share a "things that make you go hum" look as
they continue down the street.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON

CHERE sitting at the table, her cell phone at her ear.

CHERE

Hello LEEANN. DR. JONES. Sorry to bother you so late in the day, but I just got a call from the BOARD and well... they're looking at making a few changes around case loads and bringing several new DOCTORS.

I was wondering if you might be able to come in tomorrow evening?

I wouldn't normally ask this of you but I need your help. Maybe for three hours from 8pm - 11pm

A pause on the other end for a beat.

LEEANN (O.C.)

Sure DR. JONES. That'll actually work out better for me so I can get some studying done.

CHERE

Thank you LEEANN. I'll see you then.

CHERE hanging up. Dialing again.

I/E. YOLANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The phone ringing. YOLANDA looking at the screen of her phone. RESTRICTED.

YOLANDA

Hello.

CHERE

Hello. YOLANDA --

DR. JONES. Don't say a word. I just need you to listen to me. Clearly you've made a that choice that you knew would have consequences.

YOLANDA

I plan to rescinded your little
release authorization and return
your ass to prison on Monday unless
you meeting me tomorrow so we can
work out our little
misunderstanding.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHERE getting up from the table. Walking towards the window.

CHERE

So meet me at my office at 8:15pm.
The door will be open. Don't show.

Well that's your choice.

CHERE hanging up.

I/E. YOLANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

YOLANDA sighing. Realizing this time -- she had to go.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dialing another number - The dial tone ringing. A male voice
on the other end.

CHERE

ANTOINE. DR. JONES.
I want to give you a chance to get
out of your so called SYSTEM and
live the rest of your life anyway
you choose.

ANTOINE (O.C.)

Ah-huh. So what's the catch?

CHERE

Not over the phone. Meet me at my
office tomorrow at quarter to nine.
The doors will be open.

CHERE hanging up. Sighing. Thinking about the best way to
approach the next call. CHERE dialing once again.

CHERE (CONT'D)

DARIOUS, It's me. How you holding
up?

INT. HOTEL ROOM. - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DARIOUS standing by the window looking outside.

DARIOUS
(panicky) How the fuck do you think
I'm doing stuck here in this
fucking hotel...

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHERE
DARIOUS we don't have time for
this. A detective stopped by
looking for you.

Said it was related to your
parents. So unless you're ready to
go to jail just shut the fuck up
and listen.

Silence on the other end of the line.

CHERE (CONT'D)
You want us to be together -- then
we gotta get you out of the country
before this thing blows up on us.

DARIOUS
Yes, but...

CHERE
Find a way to meet me at my office
at 9pm tomorrow.

Be careful. The cops and that
Detective are looking for you.

You understand?

DARIOUS
I'm not a child.

CHERE
Nine o'clock. And don't worry,
we'll figure this out together.

CHERE hanging up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. - CONTINUOUS

DARIOUS looking around the room. Walking over to a half empty bottle of Brandy. Taking a swig. His thoughts starting to race; finding it hard to control the rage building inside him.

Throwing the glass down and watching it shatter into a hundred pieces.

INT. LINDA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHERE walking down the long hallway. Entering the bathroom. Doing her best to control the quiet storm raging just beneath the surface.

Leaning over the sink. Her reflection not willing to hide her true feelings about the players in the game.

CHERE

You're right. They're all guilty.

I/E. DET. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving through uptown CHARLOTTE, DET. MARTIN pulling over by a small park. Taking out his cell phone and calling VICKI.

DET. MARTIN

Hey. I...ah know It's late but did anything come of the DARIOUS'S credit cards?

Ah huh. That's what I thought. Do me a favor.

DET. Listening to VICKI.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)

I know-- I know. I owe you from the last favor but this is for this favor.

See what you can come up with on a DR. LINDA JONES. Doctor of Psychiatry. Charlotte address.

No. Nothing specific. Just the usual. Yah, I know, know... I owe you.

DET. MARTIN hanging up the phone. Sitting back. Studying the notes he'd written. Taping his pen.

Unable to put a finger on something starring him right in the face. Finally giving up on chasing the thought. Putting the car in gear and driving off.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

CHERE walking with a purpose down the aisle. Stopping in front of the alcohol and antiseptic products. A sign on the shelf says "SEE THE PHARMACIST". Walking up to the window. A young clerk coming to greet her.

CHERE

Hello, my name is DR. JONES and our practice is in need of CLOROFORM. The sign said see the Pharmacist.

CLERK

Yes ma'am, we keep products like that behind the counter. What size you need?

CHERE

300ML

The clerk going back to retrieve the bottle, placing it next to the cash register.

CLERK

Gonna need your signature. Will that be all? \$27.00.

CHERE, handing the CLERK thirty dollars in cash.

CHERE

Keep the change.

Leaving the store.

EXT. DARIOUS THOMPSON'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police TAPE lying on the ground. The street empty. Eerily dark with the exception of a house down the street with its front porch light on.

DET. MARTIN. Pulling into a space across the street. Killing the engine.

I/E. INSIDE DET. MARTIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Surveying the neighborhood. Picking up the half eaten bag of Beef Jerky from the passenger seat.

Plopping the balance of the bag into his mouth before taking a big stretch to get comfortable. It was going to be a long night.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - MIDDAY

Coming from the BOSE radio.

WEATHER ANNOUNCER

Periods of heavy rain and thunder storms tonight with the possibility of flooding in low lying areas. And now back to more smooth jazz.

JAZZ MUSIC starting to play.

CLOSE ON: an open gym bag.

Being thrown into the GYM BAG are several pieces of rope. The bottle of CLOROFORM, RAGS, and a pair of large SILVER SCISSORS.

The bag being zipped up. Pulling back we see CHERE carrying it out the door dressed in all BLACK.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHERE throwing the bag onto the table when we hear her phone a buzz.

Checking her emails. TELESTAR FINANCIAL INSURANCE.

CLOSE ON: Dear DR. JONES. We regret to inform you that your beneficiary benefits are still under review pending newly obtained video from your husband's accident. We apologize for the delay in executing payment.

CHERE

Figures.

CUT TO:

INT. POOKIE'S KITCHEN - EVENING - MOS - IN SLOW MOTION.

POOKIE AND YOLANDA sitting at the table. POOKIE with a bible in his hand, the other on YOLANDA'S shoulder praying.

POOKIE finishing his prayer. YOLANDA looking up at him with a glow on her face having just accepted JESUS CHRIST as her personal savior.

Handing YOLANDA the bible. Gesturing for her to look inside the cover. YOLANDA opening the bible to see:

CLOSE ON: To my friend YOLANDA PRESCOT, who on this 1st day of August 2020 accepted the LORD JESUS CHRIST into her life and learned what it is to truly be loved.

Signed POOKIE.

POOKIE sitting two glasses and a bottle of sparking wine on the table.

YOLANDA holding the bible to her chest. They share I "I know you have to go" moment as YOLANDA heads for the door. POOKIE watching her leave.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - NIGHT - MOS - SLOW MOTION

A handful of students are scattered throughout the theater style room. CLOSE ON LEEANN finishing the last of her questions on the exam. Feeling pretty good.

Walking towards the front of the classroom. Placing the exam in the basket with the others. The room monitor giving her a congratulatory look as she walks out the door. Checking her phone as she leaves.

EXT. ANTOINE MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANTOINE standing across the street from his mother's house smoking a cigarette. Seeing his mother he starts across the street. The two arriving at the front door at the same time.

His mother barely acknowledging him out of the corner of her eye. Shaking her head. Disgusted by the very sight of him.

ANTOINE

It wasn't my fault Mama. It was an accident. I tried to catch him.

ANTOINE'S Mother turning around and pointing a finger at him.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER

Leave me alone.

ANTOINE taking a step towards her. His voice starting to crack.

ANTOINE

I know you always blamed me for JUSTIN'S death, but I tried to save him.

(MORE)

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

I watched him die while you were out getting high.

Not a day goes by that I don't see him tumbling down the stairs. But where were you Mama?

ANTOINE'S MOTHER

You were a monster.

ANTOINE

Mama. I was a little boy left alone to watch his younger brother.

A little boy who needed his mother to say everything was gonna be alright.

But you loved getting high more than you loved us. You let child services take me away.

So If anyone's to blame for how I turned out... It's you. But what I really came by to say is -- I forgive you Mama. I forgive you.

His mother turning her back to him. Waving him off.

ANTOINE'S MOTHER

Ah...

ANTOINE (MOS)

ANTOINE watching as she continues towards the house. Tears welling up in his eyes as she approaches the screen door.

CLOSE ON: His mother placing her key into the door lock. Opening the door only **wide enough for her to step inside.** Never looking back at her son as he watches the door close.

A lite rain starting to fall. ANTOINE clenching his lip. A look of lost hope in his eyes as we begin to hear thunder in the distance.

ANTOINE walking towards the backdrop of darkening clouds and the coming storm.

EXT. DARIOUS THOMPSON'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain falling as we hear thunder echoing in the distance.

I/E. INSIDE DET. MARTIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DET. MARTIN emptying the last of the BEEF JERKY into his hands. Eating the tiny pieces.

DET. MARTIN
Well, it was worth a shot.

Starting the car. The windshield wipers coming on when we see

A dark figure coming from behind the THOMPSON'S house; walking into the street.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)
You gotta be shitting me.

DET. MARTIN turning off the car. The DARK figure (wearing a hoodie) starting to pick up his pace. DET. MARTIN getting out of the car. Cutting through a back yard. Catching up to the figure on the next street.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)
DARIOUS!

The figure taking off running. DET. MARTIN. Watching the figure disappear down the street. Starting to chase after him before stopping after a few short yards. DET. MARTIN hunched over, breathing heavy. Realizing his days of chasing a fugitive were well behind him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DARIOUS looking behind him. Realizing no one was following. The rain coming down harder now. DARIOUS looking at his watch. Seven Forty Five. Repositioning his hoodie. Walking with a purpose.

EXT. MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGICAL MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING.

EXT. MECKLENGURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

The rain pouring down as an SUV pulls up in front of the building. From inside we see an oversized BLACK umbrella pop out from the front passenger side door.

LEEANN (V.O.)
Thanks for the ride guys.

Stepping out and closing the door is LEEANN. Making a dash for the front entrance of the center. Shaking the umbrella. Pulling out her cell phone before opening the door and stepping inside.

INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The room almost total dark. LEEANN reaching into her pocket, taking out her cell phone. Shining its flashlight around the eerily quiet room as she tries the light switch several times.

The small beam of light moving through the room as we begin to hear the tick. Tick, Tick of the clock over LEEANN'S DESK.

LEEANN
DR. JONES?

LEEANN moving towards her desk. Nothing out of order. Lifting up the lid of the computer on her desk. The screen failing to come alive.

Shining the light down the breakroom hallway.

LEEANN (CONT'D)
DR. JONES.

When she notices DR. JONE'S office door slightly ajar.

Shining the light through the small opening. Seeing it reflect off the dressing mirror. Suddenly startled by what she believes is a person moving in the room.

LEEANN (CONT'D)
(in a whisper) DR. JONES.

Her curiosity getting the better of her stepping into the office.

INT. DR. JONES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Streetlights from outside the window illuminating the office. A tiny voice in LEEANN'S head telling her to run as she moves closer to the desk where we see --

A single handwritten note. Picking it up. She shines her cell phone light on it and begins reading. CLOSE ON THE NOTE which reads:

Hear no evil. See no evil. Speak no evil repeated on the entire page.

Suddenly we see a shadow stepping out from behind the mirror.
LEEANN placing the note back on the desk just as --

CHERE covers her face with the CLOROFORM CLOTH.

LEEANN quickly losing consciousness. CHERE easing her onto
the floor. Picking up her cell phone. Turning it off.
Removing the sim card before starting to drag LEEANN'S body
out of the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. ..

I/E. CHARLOTTE BUS - NIGHT

Sitting in a seat by the window is a figure wearing a BLACK
HOODIE. We move in closer to see DARIOUS looking out the
window. Distant... Alone. Grappling with the reality of
killing his parents after seeing the ash and rubble of what
was once their home.

The bus stopping. Rain drops streaking down the side of the
window. An older Woman getting on. Walking down the aisle.

Sitting in the seat across from DARIOUS. Starring at him.

DARIOUS placing his feet on the seat next to him. Pulling the
HOODIE completely over his head. Retreating into his world of
darkness.

INT. DET. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car pulling up in front a dilapidated ranch style house.
The rain starting to subside. DET. MARTIN turning off the
engine. About to get out of the car when --

His phone rings. VICKI

DET. MARTIN
(jokingly) And I was just about to
pick up flowers and Chocolate.

VICKI (V.O.)
Lucky me...

DET. MARTIN
Ah, I didn't say they were for you.

VICKI (V.O.)
I guess I'll just keep my little
information to myself then.

DET. MARTIN
I'm just joking. What do ya got?

VICKI (V.O.)
First off, looks like our doctor
recently become a widow, but
there's a problem with the
insurance company issuing a
continuance of investigation.

Why you might ask?

Because a local store surveillance
camera captured some footage of the
person driving the car that hit her
husband and -- Wait for it.

That person is none other than our
own. MR. DARIOUS THOMPSON.

DET. MARTIN
WHOA!!!

VICKI (V.O.)
It gets better...

Our doctor had an identical twin
sister nobody's heard from since
she was admitted to a psych
hospital for killing her uncle
years ago.

She was release after it came to
light that her uncle had been
molested her at an early age. Seems
like everyone in the family knew
about it, but no one ever said
anything.

She was in and out of trouble for
years until a couple years ago when
she just up and disappeared.

DET. MARTIN flipping through his note book. Nodding his head.

DET. MARTIN
That's it.

V.O.)
That's what?

DET. MARTIN

Just something the receptionist at the Medical Center told me.

Didn't think too much of it at the time. But it makes sense.

VICKI

What?

DET. MARTIN

Just a hunch... So what do I owe you?

VICKI (V.O.)

I don't know. Here's one. How about letting me get some sleep?

The line going silent. DET. MARTIN starting the car. Driving off.

EXT. CORNER OF THE BLOCK NEAR MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

On his cell phone. Walking in the rain and not giving a shit about it is ANTOINE.

ANTOINE

Look T. This shit's for real, and if it goes right. I'm out.

Who knows... Might step to Vegas, Cali. Get set up out there. Start living over again.

Yo, I gotta run. Peace.

ANTOINE arriving at the MEDICAL CENTER.

EXT. MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGICAL MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Pulling up in front of the building is a BLUE CAMERY displaying an UBER sign in the window.

Getting out dressed in jeans and a BLACK rain coat is YOLANDA.

The UBER driving away as she start to approach the building. ANTOINE arriving at the front door at the same time.

They share an uncomfotable silence as ANTOINE opens the door.

INT. DR. JONE'S RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The room much different than before. Well lit as DR. JONES steps out of her office -- surprised to see the two patients arriving together.

DR. JONES

MS. PRESCOT. MR. RAY... You're a little early.

ANTOINE

Yo, I can wait. Handle your business.

DR. JONES

Good. We won't be but a minute. Please. Go in -- have a seat.

The Desk lamp on DR. JONES DESK lighting the room.

ANTOINE taking a seat in the leather chair in front of CHERE'S DESK. CHERE closing the door.

Turning her attention to YOLANDA. Giving her a "you betrayed me" look as they walk down the hallway.

CHERE opening the door to the first conference room where we see two chairs. YOLANDA taking the chair at head of the table. CHERE shutting the door.

Walking around the chair, placing both hands on the table and looking YOLANDA in the eyes.

CHERE

What to do... What to do?

CHERE (CONT'D)

You know what they say. When a dog bits its master, you have to put it down.

CHERE stepping back. Slowly walking around YOLANDA'S chair.
YOLANDA summing the courage to speak.

YOLANDA

I know you're upset. But I couldn't
commit MURDER as god is my

CHERE placing the CLOROFORM CLOTH over YOLANDA'S face.

YOLANDA pulling at CHERE'S arm for only a few seconds before
falling unconscious.

CHERE

Yah - Well...

Walking out of the room. Turning off the lights.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Standing outside her office door. Speaking loudly. Opening
the front door.

CHERE

I'm sure everything will work
itself out. Be safe.

CHERE slamming the door close. Opening the door to her OFFICE
to see --

INT. LINDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANTOINE standing in front of the MIRROR looking at himself.

CHERE

What do you think you're doing?

ANTOINE holding up both hands and backing away as CHERE makes
her way to her desk.

ANTOINE

Whoa, Whoa.

CHERE gesturing to ANTOINE to have a seat. ANTOINE laughing
to himself.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

So... How's this work Doc? You just
sign an order and I walk away from
the system?

CHERE reaching into her desk. Pulling out ANTOINE'S FILE.

CHERE
You know what this is? It's your
life in the system.

CHERE walking towards the MIRROR. Holding the file in front of it for a beat. Presenting it as if she was presenting states evidence in front of a jury. Continuing towards ANTOINE.

ANTOINE
Just tell me when I can leave.

ANTOINE swiveling around in the chair. Placing a toothpick in his mouth.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
You know Doc. After this is all
over I...

SLOW MOTION: CHERE dropping the file on the floor.

Wrapping her hands around ANTOINE'S mouth and nose from behind the chair. Pulling back hard. ANTOINE struggling to get to his feet. Grabbing CHERE, hurling her onto the floor. Staggering towards her.

CHERE, dazed... Seeing the CLOTH on the floor next to her. Slowly making her way towards it when --

ANTOINE grabs her foot. Pulling her towards him. Taking her by the neck. Choking her with both hands. CHERE coughing. Choking. Pulling at ANTOINE'S arm. ANTOINE asserting more pressure.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
(quietly) That's it. Just let it
go. Let it all go. It'll be all be
over soon.

CHERE'S body starting to go limp when --

We hear a loud THUD; and watch ANTOINE'S eyes roll back into his head as he and CHERE hit the floor. CHERE holding her throat. Coughing.

Standing over ANTOINE'S body is DARIOUS holding a blood stained brick. Breathing heavy. Walking over to help CHERE.

DARIOUS
Who the fuck is that?

CHERE
(still coughing) One of my
patients. I was reviewing a file
when he busted in. I never saw him
coming.

DARIOUS looking down at ANTOINE. Turning to CHERE. Helping
her to her feet.

CHERE (CONT'D)
(panicky) I have to call the
police. I have to report this...

Holding on to DARIOUS.

CHERE (CONT'D)
You can't be here.

DARIOUS
Leave with me.

DARIOUS holding onto her arm. CHERE focused on getting
ANTOINE into the chair.

CHERE
Help me get him into the chair.

Together they lift ANTOINE. CHERE wandering towards the
MIRROR. Playing with her hair in an awkward manner. Not
really fixing it. Reaching into the front part of her jeans
just below the waistline. Feeling the handle of the knife.

DARIOUS
What are you doing?

DARIOUS walking up behind her. Putting his hands on her arms.
Pulling her close to him.

DARIOUS (CONT'D)
(quietly pleading) Leave with me.

CHERE looking hypnotically into the MIRROR -- feeling the
connection.

CHERE
You're right. It's time.

CHERE pulling out the KNIFE. DARIOUS too late to react.
Watching the knife disappear into his heart. CHERE stabbing
him again and again. Watching him fall to the floor.

An orgasmic look in her eyes as she holds up the knife.

I/E. DET. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DET. MARTIN moving though the streets of CHARLOTTE. Pulling out his cell phone.

DET. MARTIN
Call TONY.

A voice coming on the other line.

TONY (V.O.)
This better be good.

DET. MARTIN
Come on you still owe me.

TONY (V.O.)
POP? HEY what's up?

DET. MARTIN
I got a favor to ask. I was wondering if you might be able to send a car to meet me at an address. Could be nothing, but?

TONY (V.O.)
Yah, Yah. I know. You never know. Text me the address. ETA?

DET. MARTIN
TEN minutes.

TONY (V.O.)
Dinner at Rudolph's.

DET. MARTIN
Just you?

TONY (V.O.)
Denise.

DET. MARTIN
No kids and you got a deal.

TONY (V.O.)
Night POP.

INT. LINDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The office dimly lit. Pulling back we see ANTOINE, YOLANDA and LEEANN still unconscious. Bound, gagged and their chairs positioned in a semi-circle with CHERE standing in the middle of the group with a large pair of SCISSORS.

We watch as she takes out a small container of smelling salts. Moving it under each players nose.

CHERE

Now we can finish our game.

The group waking to find themselves tied to the chairs. YOLANDA, the first to see DARIOUS'S body lying on the floor. Screaming through her gag.

YOLANDA

(tearfully nervous) Oh my GOD. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

CHERE walking by YOLANDA'S chair.

CHERE

(sarcastically) I'm sorry... some of our players didn't make the CUT.

CHERE facing the group. Pointing the SCISSORS.

CHERE (CONT'D)

Eni... Meani... minei... moe. Tell me MIRROR... Who should be the first to go?

CHERE pointing the SCISSORS at ANTOINE.

ANTOINE starting to pull against his bindings as CHERE moves behind his chair. Slowly rubbing the SCISSORS along his neck. Opening and closing the blades near his ear.

CHERE (CONT'D)

You took away the innocence of children. The same way it was taken from me.

CHERE jabbing the SCISSORS deep into his NECK. BLOOD squirting from the wound. CHERE watching ANTOINE'S body twitch and shake in fascination. The same way a young boy might watch an insect.

YOLANDA and LEEANN screaming through their gags. Pulling hard against their bindings.

CHERE removing the SCISSORS from ANTOINE'S neck. Stepping back, experiencing the measure of the sensations running through her body before suddenly turning her attention to YOLANDA.

I/E. DET. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DET. MARTIN pulling into the MEDICAL CENTER parking lot.
Walking up quickly to the building's front door.

INT. MECKLENBURG COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC & NEUROLOGICAL MEDICAL
CENTER - CONTINUOUS

We see the knob turning as DET. MARTIN steps in quietly
surveying the darkened room. Suddenly hearing a voice coming
from DR. JONES'S OFFICE. Taking his 9mm from its holster.
Opening the door just a crack to see...

INT. DR. JONES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

YOLANDA pulling hard against her bindings. CHERE standing
over her. SCISSORS held high. LEEANN watching the horror
unfolding before her eyes.

CHERE placing a finger up to her lips. YOLANDA looking up at
the SCISSORS. Frantic.

YOLANDA

NO. NO.

CHERE

You're a BAD little doggie.

The SCISSORS slicing into YOLANDA'S shoulder. CHERE raising
the SCISSORS again about to strike when DET. MARTIN steps
into the ROOM with his 9mm pointed at CHERE.

DET. MARTIN

DR. JONES. Put down the SCISSORS.

DET. MARTIN moving slowly towards her. Looking at ANTOINE'S
body slump over in the chair.

CHERE'S with a Cheshire Cat smile slowly lowers the SCISSORS.

CHERE

DET. MARTIN... you are interrupting
my game.

DET. MARTIN

Just put the SCISSORS down.

Through the window we see the flicker of flashing police
lights. DET. MARTIN circling over towards the window. Keeping
the gun pointed at CHERE... who starts to slowly positioning
herself behind YOLANDA.

CHERE
 I'm sorry **DETECTIVE** but **WE'VE GOTTA**
SEE HOW THIS GAME ENDS.

CHERE jabbing the SCISSORS into YOLANDA'S NECK. DET. MARTIN firing a shot that misses her as she dives for the floor. At the same time we hear what sounds like glass breaking.

CHERE'S POV: CHERE lying on her stomach. Seeing the MIRROR shattered to pieces. Screams out.

CHERE (CONT'D)
 NO!!!

Getting to her knees. Crawling towards the mirror as a second shot rings out. Hitting her in the thigh. Recoiling in agonizing pain. Grabbing her leg.

DET. MARTIN, moving towards YOLANDA. Taking off her gag. Putting pressure on her neck.

DET. MARTIN
 Hold on. You're gonna be okay.

CHERE (CONT'D)
 (angishing) No. No.

CHERE, still trying to pull herself closer to the MIRROR. A POLICE OFFICER entering the room. Gun drawn; pointed it at DET. MARTIN.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Whoa...Whoa. DET. MARTIN retired.

The POLICE OFFICE motioning for DET. MARTIN to drop his gun.

DET. MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Look... I'm the one who called Sgt. DIAZ to have him send somebody over here. This woman needs medical attention. Call it in.

The OFFICER reaching over to the walkie talkie on his shoulder.

CHERE, having made it over to the base of the MIRROR. Looking up to it as if it were her messiah. Starting to laugh.

OFFICER REED (O.C.)
 Office REED 3442. Multiple injuries. Male suspect on location identifying as DET. MARTIN TAYLOR. Priority: Sgt. DIAZ call back... copy.

DET. MARTIN. Holding his hands up. Nodding towards LEEANN.

OFFICER REED. Waving his gun towards her. DET. MARTIN removing her gag. Untying her as she weeps. LEEANN wrapping her arms around him.

DET. MARTIN
(somberly) It's okay now.

OFFICER REED circling around to CHERE. Her leg bleeding. CHERE looking at him and laughing. OFFICER REED putting his gun back in its holster. Looking at CHERE'S leg.

OFFICER REED
We need to get a tourniquet on this.

DET. MARTIN. Going back to tend to YOLANDA slumped in her chair. LEEANN making her way to the door.

LEEANN
There's an emergency kit behind my desk.

LEEANN continuing to hobble through the door. DET. MARTIN checking YOLANDA'S pulse.

IN SLOW MOTION: MOS

OFFICER REED starting to get up to help DET. MARTIN -- out of the corner of his eye -- DET. MARTIN (seeing CHERE pulling the SCISSORS from beneath her leg), reaching for his gun.

OFFICER REED'S eyes budging with fear from the sight of DET. MARTIN reaching for his gun; feeling the SCISSORS entering his neck as CHERE flashes a familiar sinister smile at DET. MARTIN.

OFFICER REED falling to the floor. The SCISSORS sticking out of his neck. DET. MARTIN standing over CHERE pointing his 9mm. Their eyes locked together for a long beat.

When PARAMEDICS and POLICE burst through the door pointing their guns at DET. MARTIN commanding him to drop his weapon.

PARAMEDIC rush to examine the carnage of victims. LEEANN standing in the doorway looking at DET. MARTIN with a "why didn't you kill her" look on her face as PARAMEDICS escort her away.

DET. MARTIN showing an officer his identification. While an officer places hang cuffs on CHERE and PARAMEDICS lift her onto a gurney. DET. MARTIN watching her being taken away.

We do a 360 degree look around the room ending up looking at DET. MARTIN starring at the remaining shards of broken MIRROR.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT: ONE WEEK LATER.

INT. CHARLOTTE PARK - DAY

The sun shinning as families enjoy time walking along the Riverwalk. Sitting on a Park Bench eating the last few pieces from a bag of BEEF JERKY is DET. MARTIN. His cell phone ringing: **VICKI**

DET. MARTIN
(laughingly) Did you get the
Flowers and Chocolate I sent over?

VICKI (V.O.)
No. But I did get a very nice check
in the mail -- and you still owe
me.

DET. MARTIN watching a family go by.

DET. MARTIN
So what's up?

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - MENTAL HEALTH HOSPITAL - DAY

We see CHERE sitting on a bed in the corner with her knees held close to her chest rocking back and forth holding a small doll next to her cheek. She looks content. Happy.

VICKI (V.O.)
Turns out the woman they arrested
was not the real DR. LINDA JONES
but her identical twin sister
CHERE. She admitted to killing her
sister. Hammer to the head.

DET. MARTIN (V.O.)
OH...

VICKI (V.O.)
I know right. You know she was
raped by her Uncle when she was
very young.

(MORE)

VICKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anyway seems the trauma she
suffered was more extensive than
the Doctors had originally
diagnosed.

The camera moving in closer and closer on CHERE.

VICKI (V.O.)
To think, she created her own
little games as a defensive
mechanism so she wouldn't let
herself be hurt, but in the end,
she ended up hurting so many.

DET. MARTIN (V.O.)
Where they have her. She won't be
hurting anyone for a long time.

As the camera dolly's in... we see a familiar smile on
CHERE'S face as she turns to look at the doll. Stroking its
hair. Suddenly her face becoming menacing as she rips the
head off of the doll.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.