

HEARTBEAT

screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DAY

A teen girl in jeans and an orange jack-o-lantern sweatshirt carries a short stack of books along the grassy roadside. This is --

ABRA NEEDHAM (17), high school junior, blonde pigtails and candy corn hairclips. Abra listens to her MP3 as the pop music drowns out the sounds of --

A HELICOPTER circling the perimeter.

Abra mouths the words to her favorite jam as we

INTERCUT MUSIC with the whipping HELO BLADES.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Abra walks the winding sidewalks of this quaint and quiet little HOA. Some ducks pass her by on the way to a small pond. She smiles as she watches a duckling cross and attempt to catch up.

The heavy black SHADOWS of HELICOPTER BLADES eclipse the sidewalk before her.

Abra stares into the sky and at

The passing helicopter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Abra checks a small lockbox for her spare key. She types in a short code and opens. No key.

ABRA
Oh, come on.

Abra turns the doorknob. Already UNLOCKED as she cautiously enters the home.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Abra pokes her head in, unsure.

ABRA
Mom! Are you guys back?!

No answer.

Abra heads inside, shuts and locks the door behind her.

ABRA (CONT'D)
You left the door unlocked and
there's a helicopter in our
neighborhood!

Abra heads for the kitchen, tosses her keys on the middle
centerpiece, opens the fridge and grabs a can of soda.
She cracks it, takes a huge CHUG.

Abra stares down at the stack of bills still in the same spot
she left them. She squints, confused.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Mom!

Abra heads for her parents bedroom.

MASTER BEDROOM

Abra pops in. The bed still made. Nothing on the floor.
She makes her way to a large walk-in closet.

It is still in good order. She turns to the bathroom. The
door shut.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Mom, are you on the pot?

No answer. Abra opens, no one inside.

Abra, now concerned, heads out.

LIVING ROOM

Abra spots the tv remote, coffee table books, her bag of
chips and empty soda cans from last night still in the
same spot.

And then looks up at the SLIDING GLASS DOOR and spots a
NOTICE of some kind taped to the glass. She walks over,
reads it.

MESSAGE:

We have your dog. You can pick him up here - K. Fieldman
 Abra dials her Mom. Waits for the other end.

ABRA (CONT'D)

So I come home and the front door's unlocked.

(listens)

Yes. I locked it. Just like I've done every morning for ten years without fail.

(listens)

I don't know that either, but the spare key is also missing.

(listens)

No, I didn't lose my key but I didn't feel like digging them out of my bag. Did you guys take it out of the box for any reason?

(listens)

No, it didn't fall in the grass. I checked.

Abra hears the WHIPPING sounds of the HELO overhead. She opens the sliding door and stares through the netted pool screen at the passing helicopter.

ABRA (CONT'D)

By the way, there's a helicopter flying around.

(listens)

I don't know. For at least the last ten minutes. Looks like it's from The Sheriff's Office.

(listens)

Okay, okay. I'm going inside.

Right. Lock the doors. I know. I always do.

Abra heads in, shuts the sliding glass door, phone still to her ear.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Pinkston?

Abra rolls her eyes, checks a full bowl of dog food on the floor.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Umm...

(beat)

Yeah. He's fine. You know. He's Pinkston. Still chewin his balls.

(listens)

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, Mom. I won't go anywhere.

(listens)

Now don't you think that's a little extreme?

(listens)

Fine. As soon as I hang up, I'll check them.

(listens)

Okay. Sounds good. I'll have it all cleaned up and spotless. I promise.

(listens)

Yeah. Love you too. Bye.

Abra hangs up. She walks to the note on the glass door, dials Fieldman's number.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello? Mrs. Fieldman? Yeah, this is Abra Needham from down the street.

(listens)

I actually have no idea. He was in his crate when I left this morning.

(rolls her eyes)

Yes, I'm sure. I saw me do it.

(listens)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound so...

(listen)

No, please don't do that. Don't call them.

(listen)

I don't know what happened. It's possible the pool man let him run around the deck and he got out. I honestly don't know.

(listens)

I know you do. And I appreciate your help. I do. I can come get him right now.

(listens)

Ten minutes. Yes, ma'am. Bye.

Abra hangs up, walks down the hall toward the

SPARE ROOM

and checks Pinkston's dog cage. The door open and no dog.

Abra dials a new number. Waits. Puts it on SPEAKER PHONE as we hear a DIAL TONE.

AMY (O.S.)
What's up, bitch?

Abra leans on the door frame.

ABRA
So how much did we have to drink
last night?

AMY (O.S.)
I don't know. A lot. Why?

ABRA
Pinkston got out. Did you let him
outside?

AMY (O.S.)
Why would I let your dog outside?

ABRA
Okay. Did I let him outside?

AMY (O.S.)
Ummm. No.

ABRA
Are you sure?

AMY (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm sure. So are we doing
anything tonight or what?

Abra heads down the hall and back into

THE LIVING ROOM

where she peeks out the glass door and into the blue sky. In
search of the helicopter.

ABRA
I don't know. My head still hurts
from last night. Why? What're you
thinking?

AMY (O.S.)
We got invited to a bonfire.

ABRA
By who?

AMY (O.S.)
The shit stains. Who else?

ABRA

Yuck. I'd rather sit here and watch this helicopter for the next four hours than deal with those knuckleheads.

AMY (O.S.)

What helicopter?

Abra stares in all directions, but no helo.

ABRA

Just some helicopter that keeps circling the house like a creeper. Anything happening I need to know about?

AMY (O.S.)

You mean you haven't heard? It's all over the news. I think someone at school's finally out pranked you.

ABRA

Impossible.

AMY (O.S.)

Turn on the tv and see for yourself.

Abra grabs the tv remote from the coffee table and flips through the channels.

ABRA

Yeah, I'm looking right now.

Abra hears the whipping HELO BLADES and turns her attention to the glass door.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Look. Let me check this out and call you back.

Abra hangs up, stops on a NEWS REPORT.

REPORTER

...but you do have to wonder, given that this is Halloween, are these types of things really newsworthy? It seems to me we're fueling the fire by even acknowledging this kind of idiocy. Is this something we need to be taking seriously?

In the corner of the screen, a video recorded from a smartphone in front of the local high school.

In the shallows of a COIN POND sits what looks like a large BRICK OF ICE. The video CUTS TO:

A second VIDEO of POLICE as they pulls the giant ICE BRICK from the water. Several SEVERED HANDS suspended in the half melted ice.

ABRA

Holy shit.

She laughs.

GUEST

Oh, absolutely, they should be taken seriously. This is domestic terrorism in it's most primal form. Because, unlike twenty and thirty years ago, the line between fantasy and reality in this new video game, youtube culture has become, frankly, almost invisible.

ABRA

No argument here.

The video of the large ICE BRICK cuts to a new video of POLICE at a corner BUS STOP near an elementary school.

A on-scene OFFICER picks up a CLOWN'S MASK from the asphalt.

GUEST

What's a harmless joke in one perverted person's mind could very well be an act of extreme violence. Just like we're seeing today.

REPORTER

Again, it could be nothing more than just a harmless joke. We don't know.

GUEST

Greg, me and you have seen teenagers...we're talking kids...set their own pets on fire because they got bored. There are grown men smoking bath salts and chewing people's faces off like Night of the Living Dead.

(MORE)

GUEST (CONT'D)

To say that we're living in a different time is putting it mildly...

ABRA

Come on. Tell me what happened.

Abra changes the channel. Stops on a second NEWS REPORT. A FIELD REPORTER at the scene in front of the elementary school where a second incident has taken place.

FIELD REPORTER

...As you can see, one of the three young men had lost his mask during this altercation with the boy's father. At that point, all three retreated into the woods you see behind me...

The reporter turns, faces the small forest full of tall oak trees.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)

Now, Mister McCormick is reportedly in stable condition following what police are now calling...a most shocking and unpredictable turn of events. Although the young man in question has not been positively identified, Sheriff Dwayne Hudson says he will be facing charges of aggravated assault and attempted murder.

ABRA

Oh my God.

Abra changes the channel. A third NEWS REPORT at the scene of a hospital's EMERGENCY ROOM.

REPORTER

The child's father, Nathan McCormick, suffered multiple stab wounds from his attacker but has miraculously survived and is expected to make a full recovery.

Abra turns down the volume and rushes to the sliding glass door. She stares up at the sky. The helicopter now gone.

She dials a number on her cell. Waits.

ABRA

I just saw. Crazy, huh? Who do you think did it?

AMY (O.S.)

You mean the bus stop?

ABRA

Not that shit. Just some punks who finally got their ass whipped. I mean the ice cube.

AMY (O.S.)

Pretty fuckin genius, I'll give em that. So anyways, these douche bags over at the elementary school. That's like, right in your backyard isn't it?

Abra walks to her front window, peels back the blinds and stares up, into the sky. The helicopter is nowhere to be seen.

ABRA

Yeah. It's like two blocks away. So what?

AMY (O.S.)

So...didn't they just say they escaped into the woods behind the school?

ABRA

Yeah. So what? Why would they wanna come here? There's security all over the place. Your dog can't even shit here without them stopping you. Fucking HOA.

Abra walks the house, locks all the windows while she speaks with her friend.

ABRA (CONT'D)

So, anyways. Back to the ice cube full of hands. I know you know who did it.

AMY (O.S.)

If I did, I would've told you already. No one saying shit.

ABRA

Of course no one's owning up to it. Not yet.

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

And when it melts and they find out those hands are from the Halloween store, no one's gonna care.

AMY (O.S.)

Oh my God.

ABRA

What?

AMY (O.S.)

Are you still watching the news?

ABRA

No, not really. Give me a sec.

Abra turns the volume back up on the NEWS REPORT.

REPORTER

Police are now confirming that the incidents at both schools were, in fact, the work of the same crew of three or four young men. Who witnesses claim were wearing 'very realistic and very sadistic clown costumes'. A direct quote from one school official at East Moreland High School who saw two of these young men running from the school fountain around Two Thirty this afternoon...

Abra turns down the volume as she returns to her conversation on the phone.

ABRA

So these guys straight up cut this guy at the bus stop. Who the hell did this?

AMY (O.S.)

Why do you keep asking me like I know something?

ABRA

Oh, come on. Somebody has to know something. And you're the queen of fucking gossip. How many calls have you made so far?

AMY (O.S.)

Like, three.

ABRA

Yeah, like three hundred. You won't even be able to sleep tonight until you know who did it.

AMY (O.S.)

Oh, really?

ABRA

That's right. Because you wanna be the first to spread it all over school. It's killing you that someone else knows this big secret and isn't telling you. I can hear you biting your nails as we speak.

The whipping sound of HELICOPTER BLADES catches Abra's attention.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. I gotta go. Call you back in a bit. Bye.

Abra hangs up.

LATER

Abra has her feet kicked up, over the armrest of a front room chair as she peeks in between the blinds and up at the sky.

Her phone to her ear.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Whatta you mean nobody knows? Somebody has to know. This is like my hundredth call.

(listens)

Okay, so if you had to guess who it was. Who was it?

(listens)

They got suspended? When?

(listens)

No, I didn't hear because I don't pay attention to what those losers do.

Abra stares over at a photo of her and her dog PINKSTON on an end table.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Pinkston.

(listens)

My dog. Look, I gotta go.

Abra hangs up.

BAM BAM BAM!

Three loud KNOCKS to the front door startle the hell out of Abra as she grabs her chest. She crawls from her chair and grabs a GOLF CLUB from the carpet.

FRONT DOOR

Abra is careful as she stares through a PEEPHOLE. It is none other than MRS. FIELDMAN and PINKSTON in her arms.

Abra answers.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hi.

FIELDMAN

Don't hi me. What happened to ten minutes? That was an hour ago.

ABRA

I know. I'm sorry. I got caught on the phone.

Fieldman stares her up and down. A disgusted look.

FIELDMAN

Mmm hmm.

ABRA

I appreciate it though.

Abra grabs Pinkston and walks him inside. Fieldman pokes her head inside.

FIELDMAN

Where's your Mom and Dad? I'm sure they wouldn't appreciate you leaving their dog with the neighbors to tend to.

ABRA

You're right. They wouldn't. And again, I'm very sorry. I don't know what happened. I really don't.

FIELDMAN

Have you been watching the news?

ABRA

Yeah, I heard. Crazy, huh?

FIELDMAN

I hope those boys get what's coming to them. And I don't mean another slap on the wrist and business as usual. I know that's the new politically correct thing these days.

ABRA

Speaking of. Maybe you should be indoors. Just in case. With everything that's happening and all. Police helicopters. Crazy killer clowns. That sort of thing.

Fieldman cracks a smug laugh.

FIELDMAN

You think I'm afraid of these kids? Just spoiled punks that need a good crack in the mouth. And I'll tell you one thing. If I see them, they better stay clear of me. I won't go easy on them like their parents. Or the courts most likely will.

(scoffs)

As if any of them gave a damn. Blaming society on bad parenting. Oh no no. They don't wanna try me.

ABRA

I have no doubt that when they see you coming, they'll be sure to steer clear of you, Mrs. Fieldman.

Fieldman gives Abra a nasty stare and heads home.

FIELDMAN

(half-hearted)

Have a good day.

ABRA

Thank you!

Abra flips her the bird as Fieldman's back is turned.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Abra reheats last night's Chinese in a microwave. She pulls it out, heads for the living room but TRIPS on a dog toy.

The plate of Chinese goes FLYING across the room as Abra face plants.

Pinkston goes to town on the free buffet.

ABRA

Hey! That's mine ya little ball sniffer!

KITCHEN - LATER

Abra sits at a kitchen table, reads a Chinese takeout menu and dials their number.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Hi. I'd like to place an order for delivery.

LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Abra watches some TV while she waits for dinner to arrive. She anxiously flips through channels. Bored out of her mind. Her school books opened on the table before her. Some homework halfway done.

Abra checks her watch. Dials a number.

ABRA

Hello. Yes. I ordered something about an hour and ten minutes ago and it never showed.

(listens)

Needham. Abra Needham.

(listens)

That's impossible. Because they never showed.

(listens)

Well can you call them? See what's taking so long?

(listens)

Thanks. Of course I'll pick up. Thank you.

Abra hangs up. She heads for the

KITCHEN

and opens the fridge. Absolutely nothing catches her fancy. She angrily shuts the door.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Shit. Come on already.

Abra stretches her back, rubs at her neck as she once again hears the HELICOPTER CIRCLING the area.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

Abra races to the front window, peers through the blinds and up at the sky.

The helicopter is back in the neighborhood. A SPOTLIGHT now beams onto the quiet suburban streets.

The light PASSES OVER a compact TWO DOOR CAR parked at the curb in front of Abra's house.

ABRA (CONT'D)
About fucking time.

Abra rushes to the door, unlocks and heads outside.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abra moves for the car but notices it's empty. No driver. She stares up at the helo now closer to the ground than ever.

Abra grows scared, covers her cold arms and quickly heads back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abra checks her phone. Dials the takeout place.

ABRA
Yeah, this is Abra Needham. I called a little while ago. Listen. What kind of car does your guy drive?
(listens)
Yes, the delivery man. What kind?
(listens)
Yes. He's here. I mean, I think he's here. I don't know. Let me call you back.

Abra hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Shhhit.

Abra notices the front door still unlocked. She rushes to the door and dead bolts it.

BAM BAM BAM!

Three loud KNOCKS almost scare Abra out of her socks.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Who is it?

DELIVERY MAN

Takeout guy!

Abra smiles, walks to the peephole.

ABRA POV

No one on the other side of the door.

ABRA

(whispers)

What the hell?

Abra steps back a bit, away from the door. She stares behind her. Now scared.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Yeah! Gimme a second! Be right there!

Abra heads to the front room, grabs the golf club from before and heads back to the door. She reaches for the knob but retracts.

ABRA (CONT'D)

What am I doing? Its Chinese food. Just open the door.

Abra unlocks the door, opens. No one on the other side. But the two door car is still at the curb.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello?

Abra peeks her head around the corner. She sees what looks like a quick blur of someone walking around the side of the house.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 Hey! Where are you going?!

Abra runs back inside and shuts the door.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abra locks and deadbolts the door. She races toward the back of the house where the sliding glass door is exposed and the blinds pulled back.

Abra quickly SHUTS THE BLINDS as this mystery person opens the rear screen door and a PAIR OF FEET are seen through the slats of the blinds.

ABRA
 The money's on the front step!
 Just leave it by the door and I'll
 get it!

Abra rolls her eyes. That was dumb and she knows it.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 Hello?

FRONT ROOM - LATER

Abra stands at the front window, now in full panic mode as the two door still sits at the curb and the HELO still overhead.

Abra dials 911. Waits.

VOICE
 911. What's your emergency?

ABRA
 Yeah, I'm at 2227 Deerfield Drive.
 I'd like to report a strange car
 parked in front of my house.
 (listens)
 Yes. It's at the curb. Just
 sitting there.
 (listens)
 I know that's not illegal. Look,
 it's hard to explain, but someone's
 been knocking at the door and
 running away.
 (listens)
 Yes, I'm aware it's Halloween. But
 there's a police helicopter
 circling my house as we speak.
 (listens)
 (MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

Yes, I have my door locked.
Everything's locked. But I need
you to...

(listens)

Look. I'm telling you, something
isn't right here. I need you to
send the cops. Okay?

(listens)

Look, just do it already!

Abra hangs up. They call back. She answers.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello??

(listens)

So let me get this straight. You
refuse to help me. But you won't
let me off the phone?

(listens)

Yes, I heard about what happened.
That's why I'm worried.

(listens)

Well, now you know. So you can
send a cop out to my house, right?

(listens)

Oh, never mind!

Abra hangs up. She dials her mother.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Mom. How close are you guys to
getting home?

(listens)

No reason. I'm just...bored I
guess. So how long?

(listens)

No, I haven't trashed the house. I
just miss you guys, okay? Am I not
allowed to miss you guys?

Abra heads back to the front window, peeks outside. The two
door car now GONE.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I love you too. Gotta go.
Bye.

Abra hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Abra dials a new number.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hey. Did you guys ever hear back from your delivery guy?

(listens)

Never came back, huh? I see.

(listens)

Uh. No. No thanks. I'm okay.

You guys can make it up next time.

Bye.

Abra hangs up. She hears a SPLASH coming from the back pool deck.

POOL DECK

Abra peeks through the blinds at the outside pool deck. The blue water FULLY LIT in the otherwise dark porch.

ABRA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Abra quietly unlocks the sliding door and steps

OUTSIDE - POOL DECK

where she walks passed some furniture and BUSTS her toe against a chair leg.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch.

Abra DROPS HER CELL on the ground, grabs her aching toe and foot.

Pinkston BARKS at the front door. Abra spots him by the door and quickly heads inside. She leaves --

Her PHONE still on the ground.

Abra shuts the glass door and locks it up. She heads for the door where Pinkston scratches at the lock.

ABRA (CONT'D)

You hear something? What is it?

Abra peeks through the PEEPHOLE.

ABRA'S POV

No one on the other side.

Abra runs for the

FRONT ROOM BLINDS

and peeks outside. She sees a couple TRICK OR TREATERS peer through the front window and SCREAMS OUT.

Abra grabs her chest and tries to catch her breath.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Abra heads to the door, unlocks and greets a young teenage couple with candy bags. Hillary and The Donald.

GIRL

Trick or treat!

ABRA

Do you have any idea what's going on out here?

BOY

Come on, man. Nobody cares about that stupid shit. No biggie.

ABRA

Did you guys do something to my pool?

BOY

Huh?

ABRA

Did you two mess with our pool?

GIRL

No. Why?

ABRA

Forget it. No reason.

She leans on the door frame in a tired slump.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Aren't you a little old to be trick or treating?

GIRL

Are you ever really too old to go trick or treating?

ABRA

Yes. Now go get inside.

Abra shuts the door in their faces. Locks and deadbolts.

GIRL

Be rude why don't you.

BOY

Let's go. She don't have no candy
anyways.

The young couple turns to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abra heads to a corner

BATHROOM

Where she shuts the door and locks behind her.

LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A FLUSHING TOILET is heard. Into the room walks Abra who
reaches into an empty pocket.

ABRA

Shhhit.

Abra digs in both pockets. No phone. She turns to the
sliding glass door.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Abra walks to the door, unlocks and heads out onto the pool
deck where her phone no longer sits.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Come on. Where is it?

As Abra searches, she can't help but notice a BROWN PAPER BAG
of takeout food rested on the glass table.

She opens it up. Several Chinese takeout cartons inside.
Now, scared to death, she walks to the edge of the pool.

Something that looks like a BODY in a DARK COAT floats near
the ladder.

Abra SCREAMS out and RUNS INSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abra grabs the house phone from her mattress, runs into her closet, quickly shuts the door behind her.

INT. ABRA'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Abra sits in complete darkness other than the light from the phone's digital screen. She dials 911.

911 OPERATOR

911. What's the nature of your emergency?

ABRA

(quiet)

This is Abra Needham. I'm at 2227 Deerfield Drive and there's a body in my swimming pool. Please someone.

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am this line is reserved for emergencies only. I believe we've already spoken about this twice this evening.

ABRA

Fine. Then send the cops here to arrest me. I don't care. Just send someone. Please.

(panicked)

They could be in the house right now.

911 OPERATOR

Okay, I'm gonna need you to calm down and speak a little more clearly, Miss Needham. Who is they?

ABRA

Send-the-COPS, you dumb bitch. Is that clear enough for you?

Abra hangs up. Checks her watch. 8:12

Some time passes. Abra pulls a long string as a bulb lights the room. She checks her watch. 9:30

She hears the faint sounds of someone BEATING on the front door.

MAN'S VOICE
 (distant)
 Hello?!

Abra stands, puts her ear to the closet door.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Hello?! Anyone home?!

Abra quietly unlocks the door and peeks her head out.

INT. ABRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abra, knife in hand, slowly walks the hallway and back into
 THE LIVING ROOM

where she hears another KNOCK at the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Miss Needham! Open the door!

Another two KNOCKS.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL DECK - NIGHT

Abra stares into the pool water. She watches as POLICE
 DETECTIVE RAY DOBBS (50s), fat, grey, pulls a black
 wetsuit from the shallow end.

Next to Abra is Dobbs partner JACK HUGHES (40s), tall,
 handsome, clean cut.

DOBBS
 Well. Here's your body.

ABRA
 That wasn't there before.

HUGHES
 You sure about that? We didn't put
 it there.

ABRA
 Yeah, I know. It was probably the
 same ones who dumped the takeout
 guy.

HUGHES
 Takeout guy?

ABRA

The Chinese delivery guy. He was knocking on the front door and when I didn't answer, he tried the back porch. That's when they killed him and dumped him in the water.

Dobbs and Hughes catch eyes. A smug grin on Dobbs face.

DOBBS

You know, my son tells me you're quite the prankster at school.

Abra can hardly believe it, shoots him the thousand yard stare.

ABRA

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

HUGHES

I think my partner's implying you've made this all up.

ABRA

Why would I do that? Because I would love to hear it.

DOBBS

Why any of these kids do anything. For the attention. Just like those punks who dumped those fake hands in the water fountain.

ABRA

Fake?

HUGHES

Straight from the gag store. Very funny, huh?

(beat)

First severed hands in the water fountain and now dead bodies in swimming pools. It only makes sense.

Abra scoffs at the two men.

ABRA

So I'm just doing all this for attention?

DOBBS

You see the helicopter, all the hoopla on the news and thought you'd join the act for all your fans. Why not? After all, it is Halloween.

Abra turns her back on the cops.

ABRA

I can't believe this.

HUGHES

You made three 911 calls tonight. Three. And hung up each time. Couldn't have been that scared, Abra. Why don't you tell us the truth. We can go home and get some rest. It's been a long night.

Abra turns to the men.

ABRA

Wait a minute. Did you catch these guys?

DOBBS

About two blocks from here. They stopped at the pharmacy to get some gauze and bandages for our stabber's hand. Seems he tore it up pretty good cutting Mister McCormack.

HUGHES

Turns out they carjacked some poor bastard's Honda. Found it in the parking lot stinking all to high hell of grass and God knows what else.

Abra thinks it all over.

ABRA

What color was the car?

Hughes and Dobbs share a look. Dobbs motions to the screen door to leave.

HUGHES

Goodnight, Miss Needham.

The two partners head for the door.

ABRA

Wait a minute. You said they stole a car. What kind of car was it?

HUGHES

Goodnight, Miss Needham. And lock your doors. There's a lot of crazies out there.

ABRA

Yeah, I noticed.

Hughes and Dobbs head out the screen door. Abra spots her cell phone just underneath a deck chair.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abra rubs Pinkston's belly on the couch as she finishes her homework. But she can't concentrate as she angrily tosses a pencil across the room.

She stares at the front door. Still scared.

ABRA

It was just a joke. It's all over. No one's trying to kill you.

Abra sends her fifth text her friend Amy. No response in forever. She dials.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hey. I just sent my like hundredth text and you're not answering.

(sighs)

You're probably pissed about tonight. Believe me, when you hear what I've been through you'll understand. So...call me back. I'm bored. Bye.

Abra hangs up. She can't keep her eyes off the front door. She slowly stands, quietly walks to the front window and

Pulls back the blinds.

ABRA'S POV

A new car parked at the curb.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Amy?

Abra redials Amy's number as she keeps her eyes on the car by the curb.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Amy, pick up. Please. I'm staring at your car, right now. If you're there, please call me back.

Abra hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Shhhit.

A man dressed as an EVIL CLOWN throws AMY (17), cute, red hair and Halloween makeup, against the front window.

AMY

Please! Abra! Help me!

Abra stumbles backward --

TRIPS over Pinkston and hits her head hard. She struggles to stand as she hears the intense --

RUSTLING of the front DOORKNOB.

And then --

BANG BANG BANG

Three very HARD KNOCKS.

EVIL CLOWN (O.S.)

Why you talkin' shit, Abra? I'm a loser? You wanna say that shit to my face?

BANG BANG BANG

Abra backs away from the door, panicked, unsure of her next move. And then from the SLIDING GLASS DOOR we hear a

BANG BANG BANG

Three more KNOCKS as Abra spins around.

ABRA

Go AWAY!!!

Abra runs for her parents

MASTER BEDROOM

and heads for a large walk-in closet.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET

Abra rushes into the almost pitch black room with her smartphone in hand. It is the only thing lighting the otherwise black abyss.

TEXT: What do you want?

Abra waits. And then a response.

VIDEO: Amy is on the cold sidewalk as one clown holds her down while the other points the camera back and forth between himself and Amy.

ABRA

Oh my God.

VIDEO: The clown with the phone holds a LONG BLADE in front of the camera. He reaches back as Amy SCREAMS.

The video CUTS OFF.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Amy. Oh God.

Abra covers her mouth. And then --

A second VIDEO loads on her messages.

VIDEO: Abra's own back as she hides in the closet.

Abra slowly figures it out and spins around.

A TEEN BOY in the corner holds a FLASHLIGHT under his CLOWN MASK as

Abra SCREAMS OUT and holds up her BUTCHER KNIFE.

Her and the clown wrestle in the dark as the KNIFE PIERCES FLESH.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Abra opens the door and falls out onto the bedroom carpet. She quickly stands, knife still in hand as

The clown crawls out. His stomach DRIPS with BLOOD as he collapses before Abra's feet.

Abra stares down at her handy work and then back to her phone as a third video appears.

VIDEO: Amy's eyes stare into nowhere. The victim of some kind of assault.

EVIL CLOWN
(mimics Amy)
Help me, Abra. Help me.

Abra puts the phone in her pocket and stares down at the dead lump before her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The clown from in the house exits the front door as his cohort is busy pulling his pants up near a patch of bushes.

Amy lay beaten and assaulted on the ground, hidden by the row of thick bushes.

The two clown masks catch eyes. The one by the door is obviously female as the bad clown catches on.

Abra ditches her clown mask and makes a run for a nearby lake. The clown chases after her.

NEARBY LAKE

Abra runs deep into the trees, over fallen logs, through pointed branches. Her hands badly cut as she pushes her way through the forestry.

She stares behind her. A second clown not too far behind. And then a third appears from another direction.

Abra spots the HEADLIGHTS of passing traffic in the near distance as she runs like hell for freedom.

ABRA
Help me! Please!

Abra runs up the side of a hill and down a steep slope. The highway a bit farther than we thought. Still a good distance away.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Oh God! Somebody, please!

Abra attempts a short cut and runs up the side of a long train track. The two clowns almost catch up to her.

Abra TRIPS and face plants.

The two clowns approach her. All three try to catch their breaths.

EVIL CLOWN #1

Look at her. She's had enough, man.

EVIL CLOWN #2

She ain't had enough. She ain't had nearly enough.

EVIL CLOWN #1

We don't have time for this shit! Let's go!

Evil Clown #2 undoes the string on his pants as Abra watches in horror.

EVIL CLOWN #2

Fuck you, man. Take off if you don't wanna watch.

The other clown runs off. Into the night.

ABRA

Help me!!!

EVIL CLOWN #2

Go ahead and scream, bitch. You gonna be screamin in a minute.

Abra stares up at him with dead eyes. A state of shock.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MR. NEEDHAM'S CAR - DAY

JACK NEEDHAM (50s), white bread, perfectly manicured beard and hundred dollar haircut, behind the wheel. Next to him, his wife SUSAN (40s), elegant, gorgeous.

JACK

I've dialed her fifteen times since last night.

SUSAN

Well. She's probably busy at school.

JACK
At Five o'clock? She's on that
damn thing every two seconds.

SUSAN
Well. We're almost home. You can
ask her yourself.

JACK
Oh, I'm going to. Right after I
take her phone away for two weeks.

Susan smiles, holds in a laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
What? You don't believe me?

SUSAN
No. I don't believe you.

JACK
Okay. We'll see.

Jack sets his phone down.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

The Needham's park their car in the driveway. Mrs. Fieldman
watches them from down the street as she prunes her flowers.

The trunk pops open and out steps --

Jack and Susan. Jack makes for the trunk as Susan heads for
the door with the keys.

JACK
I just remembered. We were gonna
stop and get a key made.

SUSAN
Let's worry about it later. I'm
tired.

Jack pulls some luggage from the back. Susan heads for the
door, key out and ready.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Susan stops at the kitchen counter and sets her keys down.
She peeks into the

LIVING ROOM

and no sign of Abra in her usual spot on the couch.

SUSAN

Abra?

Susan walks to Abra's

BEDROOM

and creaks the door open. Pokes her head in.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Abra? Yoohoo.

Susan stares down at the rug and sees the SHADOW of someone
in the bathroom. She heads toward the bathroom door, looks
and spots

Abra curled up on the floor, tears down her face, red eyes
and strangely quiet.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Baby, what is it?

Susan kneels before her. She's near catatonic. No emotion
and no real response.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Honey, talk to me.

Susan tears up.

JACK (O.S.)

Susan!!!

Susan jumps, her nerves razzled. She hurries out of the
bedroom, toward the sound of Jack's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

The dead body of the stabbed closet clown lay face down on
the cold tile. Blood spilled everywhere.

Jack holds a frightened Susan in his arms.

JACK
What the hell happened?
(to Abra)
Abra!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Abra in bed, on her side, eyes open, stares into nowhere. The sound of her parents voice barely audible from the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detectives Hughes and Dobbs are back as they sip coffees and speak with Jack and Susan at the kitchen table.

DOBBS
I know she's still in a bit of shock, but it's very important we speak with your daughter.

SUSAN
She hasn't spoken but five words since we got home. She can barely look us in the eye let alone tell us anything about last night. It's like she's...in outer space or something.

Susan tears up as Jack rubs her back.

HUGHES
I've arranged for Abra to speak with a doctor. Someone really great. Someone who deals with victims of mental and physical trauma.

DOBBS
Her...quiet state is very typical of these kinds of cases, Mister Needham. It may take her days. Even weeks to open up about what went down here. It's like her mind's way of dealing with the stress.

SUSAN

But we're her parents! I don't understand!

HUGHES

You have to be open to the distinct possibility that what happened to Abra is very personal. Very personal and very traumatic.

Jack and Susan share a look of shock.

JACK

You're saying she was...

Jack tears up.

HUGHES

I'm saying...Abra may open up a lot easier talking with a stranger.

SUSAN

Who was he?

DOBBS

Don't know. Not yet. We didn't find any ID on the body. No license, no cell phone. Nothing to help put a name with a face.

Jack excuses himself from the table, walks to a kitchen window and stares out in a stupor.

Dobbs watches him with suspicion.

HUGHES

We're hoping Abra could help us out with that one.

DOBBS

Are you sure neither of you touched the body? Maybe checked his pockets?

Jack is strangely silent. Susan watches him.

SUSAN

No. We've been with Abra since we got here. Why are you asking?

DOBBS

Found his left pocket turned inside out.

Susan checks with Jack.

HUGHES

What my partner means is. A teen kid like this. To not have his phone on him. It's just not something we see too often.

JACK

Yeah, well, people don't often get stabbed in our bathroom either. But it happened.

Dobbs checks with Hughes who keeps all eyes on Jack.

HUGHES

Right.

SUSAN

Is there anything else you need from us?

DOBBS

We're gonna need Abra to come with us to the station. Standard procedure. Get her set up with the doctor. Just the two of them. Look at it this way. It will give her some time away from this house and someone to talk to other than her parents or the cops.

HUGHES

But please understand something. We're not placing her under arrest. All we wanna do is figure out what happened here.

JACK

It's pretty damn clear what happened.

DOBBS

Take it easy, Mister Needham.

HUGHES

Hey, partner. Why don't you go wait in the car. Give us a sec.

Dobbs can hardly believe it.

DOBBS

Sure thing, partner.

Dobbs gives them all the stink eye and heads for the door.

HUGHES

He's an asshole but he's right.
Abra obviously doesn't feel
comfortable being in this house.
Not right now.

JACK

Yeah. I'm sure she doesn't.

HUGHES

So we can do one of two things. We
can call her an ambulance and
arrange to meet her at the
hospital, or she can come with us
now. Either way, I'll see to it
she gets the help she needs.

SUSAN

I'll let her know.

Susan excuses herself. Jack suspiciously stares out the window in silence. Hughes watches him closely.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Abra sits in a dimly lit room at a small table. A barely functioning light hangs from the ceiling.

Across from her sits DR. LEIGH ANN BECKER (30s), bookish, awkward, compassionate eyes.

DR. BECKER

No one knows you're here, Abra.
Just your parents. Detectives
Hughes and Dobbs. And me.

(a smile)

That's it. No one's accused you
of doing anything wrong.

Abra purposely looks away from her.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)

This isn't an interrogation or an
attempt to get a confession of
guilt. Your parents, and the
police, believe you're the real
victim here. You have nothing to
feel guilty about. All they
wanna do is help you.

Abra shrugs at the thought as she folds her cold arms. Dr. Becker takes notice of her strange body language.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
Do you believe that? That they
wanna help, and not hurt you?

Abra barely looks up.

ABRA
Has anyone contacted his family?

DR. BECKER
No, I don't believe so. They're
still having some trouble
identifying him.
(reads Abra)
Is that a real concern for you,
Abra? Is that what's really
bothering you?

Abra tries to ignore her but Dr. Becker leans in closer, stares her in the eye. Abra can't fight it as the two lock eyes.

ABRA
I don't wanna say anymore.

DR. BECKER
The police are giving you a chance
to tell your side of the story. To
tell them what he did to you. I
know re living last night may be
hard. But no matter how hard you
think it might be...things can
only get harder if you don't.

Abra gives her a nasty stare.

ABRA
I thought this wasn't an
interrogation.

DR. BECKER
It's just a warning. Sometimes the
police aren't as nice as I am.
Neither is the press. They can be
very stubborn and very impatient.
So much that they tend to say
things that are untrue. I know you
don't want them saying things about
you that are untrue. Do you?

Abra turns her head, refuses to talk.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
 They're gonna say that you didn't
 report that young man's death
 because you weren't sure which
 story to cook up for the police.

Abra stares at her. Her full attention.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
 I don't think that when I look at
 you, Abra. I see a girl who was
 too traumatized to think clearly.
 Someone who was too busy dealing
 with the most deeply personal
 moment of her life to pick up the
 phone and give all the details.

Abra tears up.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
 I see that in you because I've been
 there, Abra. The headstrong,
 independent seventeen year old who,
 in a blink of an eye, became that
 scared little girl who used to
 crawl in her parents bed at night.
 Afraid of what was waiting for her
 in the closet. But you are not
 alone. You're far from alone.

ABRA
 May I use the phone? I can make a
 phone call, right?

Dr. Becker is quiet as she tries to get a read on Abra.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 Is that a problem?

DR. BECKER
 Of course not. I'll see what I can
 do. Excuse me.

Dr. Becker leaves the room. Abra rubs her tired eyes and
 stares up at a hidden camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Abra walks Pinkston up a sidewalk. She spots an unmarked
 police sedan curve around a tight bend and head her
 direction.

ABRA

Shit.

The car passes her. Inside are Dobbs and Hughes. Abra watches as the car disappears around a bend.

AMY (V.O.)

I have your key.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A drunken Amy stumbles around the living room carpet with Abra's spare HOUSE KEY in hand.

AMY

I can come in and out whenever I want now.

Abra jumps for it.

ABRA

Gimme that.

Abra reaches for it with both arms but Amy is too quick and hides it behind her back.

AMY

Nope. All mine.

Amy sticks her tongue out at Abra.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING PROJECT - SIDEWALK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Abra stops, thinks back a couple nights. Her and Amy at the house, drunk.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Amy stuffs the spare key in her tight pants pocket.

AMY

You're gonna have to dig it out.

Abra gives up and heads for the four open bottles of booze on the kitchen counter.

ABRA

That's it. You're cut off.

Abra re-caps all the open bottles as Amy grabs her from behind and the two wrestle.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING PROJECT - SIDEWALK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Abra slowly walks along the sidewalk as she thinks back on that crazy night.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A panicked Abra trips and face plants near the front door. She hears the sound of a young man's voice on the other side as she struggles to stand.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Why you talkin' shit, Abra? You think I'm a loser? Wanna say that shit to my face?

Abra runs for her parents room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING PROJECT - SIDEWALK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Abra puts all the pieces together in her mind.

ABRA (V.O.)

Yeah, like I care what those losers think..

(echoes)

Losers...

(quieter)

Losers...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dobbs and Hughes pull into the driveway of Abra's friend Amy's house. Out steps the two partners.

DOBBS
Why are we here and not at The
Needhams again?

HUGHES
Because The Needham's are still
hiding something. If we can't pull
the truth out of them, maybe her
friend will.

Dobbs nods understandably.

DOBBS
How we gonna do that?

HUGHES
Convince her if she doesn't talk,
her friend Abra's going down for
murder.

Dobbs thinks it over.

DOBBS
Oh. Good plan. I like it.

The two approach the front door and KNOCK.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
So who's good cop this time?

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hughes and Dobbs sit across from Amy's parents ALAN PROCTER
(50s) and DEB PROCTER (50s).

HUGHES
Abra claims her phone was stolen by
her attacker the night he died.
Although we still haven't located
the missing phone, we were still
able to retrieve her call records.
And it seems she was in steady
contact with your daughter Amy for
most of the night.

Hughes hands Alan a thick cell phone record.

DOBBS

According to the Medical Examiner, this phone call happened around the same time her attacker was stabbed and killed.

DEB

Why is this important again? This isn't anything Abra hasn't told you already. I'm sure.

HUGHES

Well, actually, she hasn't told us much. She's been very quiet. Unusually quiet. Claims she has no idea who her attacker was or how he got into the house.

ALAN

Why is that so strange?

DOBBS

Well, that's not so much strange as the fact she never mentioned this phone call to Amy. Which we believe occurred moments before she stabbed this kid.

Alan and Deb share a confused look.

ALAN

I'm not following.

HUGHES

Abra's attacker was found face down on the bathroom floor. Just outside The Needham's bedroom closet. Abra told us she was hiding in this closet when her attacker snuck up behind her.

DOBBS

You're not hiding in the closet without taking the phone. It's your only contact with the outside world.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING PROJECT - SIDEWALK - DAY

Abra watches as Amy hurries up the sidewalk toward her. A grim look on her face.

HUGHES (V.O.)

We believe she was on the phone with Amy at the time she stabbed her attacker.

DOBBS (V.O.)

Now, why neither Abra nor Amy have come forward with this information, we don't know. But we'd very much like to ask her.

Abra and Pinkston head down a grassy slope, out of sight and under the shade of a hanging oak tree.

ALAN (V.O.)

Of course, Officer. I'm sure Amy wants to cooperate in any way she can.

Amy stumbles down the hill, meets Abra face to face.

AMY

Those cops are at my house.

ABRA

Yeah, no shit. I saw them. Did you say anything?

AMY

Obviously no or I wouldn't be here with you.

ABRA

Did they see you leave?

Amy stares behind her. The coast is clear.

AMY

I don't know. I don't think so. You know, everyone at school is worried about you.

Abra rubs her arms, a cool chill. A scared look about her.

ABRA

Have you seen them?

AMY

Back at school like nothing happened.

Abra cries, turns her back on Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

He hasn't said anything, Abra. Not after hearing what happened to Teddy. Do you think he's that stupid?

Abra grows visibly angry.

ABRA

He was stupid enough to break into my house. And you were stupid enough to let him. I guess anything's possible.

AMY

Nobody broke in, Abra. It was just a joke. A really bad joke and I'm sorry, okay?

Abra tears up.

ABRA

You're sorry? Sorry doesn't change what he did to me.

AMY

Seth says you're lying about what happened. That he never touched you.

Abra scoffs at this.

ABRA

You think he's gonna admit to raping me?!

AMY

So why haven't you gone to the cops? Told them everything? Turned him in?
(angry)
Why not tell the truth?

ABRA

That it was all just a big joke. A prank between friends.
(loud)
I killed Teddy!

AMY

(whispers)
Keep-your-voice down.

Amy checks all around them for nosy neighbors.

AMY (CONT'D)

So just tell them you didn't know.
He was wearing a mask.

ABRA

It's not just about that, Amy.
Don't you see that?!

Abra cries.

ABRA (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to tell the cops, the
tv cameras and everyone at school
that Seth raped me by the train
tracks. That him and his asshole
friends got the best of me.

AMY

Yes.

ABRA

There was no forced entry, Amy. Do
you know what that means?

AMY

Yeah, I get it.

ABRA

The cops think I let him in. That
I wanted him there. They think I'm
lying.

AMY

Because you are. You're hiding
what really happened.

ABRA

No. Sooner or later, they're gonna
find out Seth was involved. And
they're gonna question everyone at
school. The cops will know
everything that's been going on
between me and him.

Amy walks in a frustrated circle.

ABRA (CONT'D)

All the rumors he spread about me.
About us hooking up after
homecoming. Doing a three way with
him and that asshole. Everyone
knew I hated his guts. It gives me
motive.

AMY

The longer you hide this, the worse
this is gonna get.

Abra stares at her with disdain. More tears well up in her
red eyes.

ABRA

Why did you do it? After all the
shit he said about me at school.
(scoffs)
You helped them.

Amy can't answer. She comes around.

AMY

I was mad. You went out with David
not even three weeks after we split
and you lied about it. I was
pissed and wanted to get back at
you.

Abra shakes her head with disgust.

AMY (CONT'D)

After all, you're the queen of all
pranks. I wanted you to have a
taste of your own for once. How
was I supposed to know you were
gonna stab him a hundred times.

ABRA

Well, I sure got a taste, Amy.
Congratulations.

Amy looks away in shame.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Maybe you're right. Maybe I should
tell the cops the truth. That you
gave him my key. Sent him and
Teddy inside to rape me.

Amy looks at her. A cross between angry and nervous.

ABRA (CONT'D)

We'll see who gets the last laugh.

Abra storms off with Pinkston by her side. Amy chases

UP THE HILL

toward her. She spots Abra and Pinkston halfway home.

AMY
I'm sorry, okay?! Don't do it,
Abra!

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Abra enters with Pinkston. Jack waits by the dining room table. A SMARTPHONE on the table's surface and an accusatory look in his eye.

Abra spots the phone just as Jack picks it up.

JACK
You took this from that kid's
pocket.

ABRA
You watched the video?

JACK
I saw it. All of it.

Jack tosses the phone to the table. Abra slowly walks to her father.

ABRA
You don't understand. I was
protecting her.

JACK
Protecting her? You lied to the
police. And you need to tell me
why, Abra. And I mean right now.

ABRA
You saw it, Dad. Why do you think
I took it? I didn't want those tv
people to get a hold of it.
Humiliate Amy on live tv. She'd
never forgive me.

(beat)
I mean, what if that were me?

JACK
This is evidence in a police
investigation. They hurt Amy and
this can identify the person who
did it. And you hid it from them.
I'm trying real hard to understand.

Susan enters. Just as upset but stays quiet. Abra stares back and forth between them.

ABRA

Because she asked me not to release the video. I did it for her.

Jack scrolls through the phone's image files.

JACK

This kid didn't act alone. There were three of them. And you didn't say shit to the police.

SUSAN

What if they hurt someone else, Abra?

JACK

This guy has photos of him and his friends. You're gonna look through them. You're gonna open that yearbook and tell me who they are.

Abra takes a seat at the table, flips open the yearbook but quickly shuts it.

ABRA

I already know who they are.

SUSAN

(shocked)
What?

JACK

Tell me.

ABRA

I wouldn't let them inside. That's when they...

A beat.

ABRA (CONT'D)

...they hurt Amy. She was raped because of me.

Abra wipes a fake tear. Jack and Susan share a look.

ABRA (CONT'D)

I'll tell the cops everything. I don't even care anymore. I just want this to be over.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Sitting behind a simple table in a cold brick room is SETH MILLER (18), faded black t shirt, thin shaved hair, dead eyes.

In walks PDA JOHN FESSENDER (30s), blonde, white bread, cheap suit, thin manila file in hand.

Fessenger takes a seat across from Seth.

FESSENDER

Seth Miller.

He extends his hand to Seth. He half-heartedly accepts it as they shake.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

John Fessenger, public defender's office. So. Tell me why you're here.

Seth smiles. Confused.

SETH

Fuck you mean, man?

Fessenger keeps his eyes on the paperwork. A tired sigh.

FESSENDER

Now, see. We're already getting off on the wrong foot. I asked you a simple question and you dodged the answer by playing me for an asshole. So let me ask it again.

Stares up at him.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

SETH

They be talkin all this shit, man. Saying something I didn't even do and shit.

FESSENDER

They. Who's they? The cops?

SETH

Yeah, man.

FESSENDER

And what about Abra Needham? She talking all kinds of shit too?

SETH

(angry)

Always. Whatever she told them is bullshit, man. For real.

FESSENDER

So you say. But the problem is...she doesn't have a sheet a mile long like you do. So you're gonna have to come up with a better defense than "I didn't do it".

SETH

Yo, just cause she ain't been caught don't mean she's no better than me. Everybody know she always up to something.

Fessenger squints.

SETH (CONT'D)

Now, the bitch can't even take a joke, man. It's bullshit, dog.

FESSENDER

Whoa whoa. Back up. She can't take a joke? What does that mean? What joke?

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DUSK

Hughes sips a large regular at an outside table top, spots Fessenger cross the street with a stack of files in hand. He makes his way over.

FESSENDER

Hello, counselor. How's the cop life treating you?

The two shake hands.

HUGHES

Living the dream. How're things at the public defender's office?

FESSENDER

Oh, this is very exciting work. Very exciting. Just so happen to have a friend of yours in lock up as we speak.

HUGHES

That's what I hear? You get anything from this kid or what?

FESSENDER

Well, now, that's attorney client privilege, counselor. You know that. Excuse me. Detective.

A WAITRESS greets them.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

FESSENDER

I'll take two of what he's having, dear. And a chocolate donut. Thanks.

She smiles and heads back in.

HUGHES

Let's not pretend you invited me out for this outstanding cup of coffee. What do you wanna know?

Fessenger opens a packet of sugar.

FESSENDER

Well, believe it or not, I have a client who says he didn't do it.

Fessenger chokes down the sugar like a fat kid.

HUGHES

You don't say.

FESSENDER

Sure, he's a piece of shit with a sheet a mile long just like most of my clients, but he's no rapist. But with his record, no judge or jury is gonna care about such minor details.

(MORE)

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

They're gonna see the kid from the wrong side of the tracks with a boner stickin out of his pants versus the white bread cheerleader. But you and I both know there's a lot more going on here.

Hughes half-heartedly nods.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

Word around the campfire is...the cops have a video of two unidentified males wearing clown masks, threatening to assault Amy Procter. Only the act itself is never recorded. The video ever so conveniently stops before anything happens. Is that true?

The Waitress returns with his two large coffees and donut. He immediately pours way too much sugar in each.

HUGHES

We got a very incriminating video sent from Seth Miller's cell phone. Two faceless suspects and no actual rape. No physical evidence, hospital records or statement from the supposed victim herself, Amy Procter.

Fessenger chugs his coffee as if he's in a hurry.

FESSENDER

Very interesting. What does she have to say for herself?

HUGHES

She hasn't confirmed nor denied being raped by Seth Miller. "I don't wanna talk about it" was the last we heard from Procter before her parents slammed the door in our face. Between her and Needham, I don't know who's playing the bigger victim.

Fessenger thinks it all over.

FESSENDER

Sounds to me like they're avoiding talking with the police.

Fessenger shakes his head with disgust.

HUGHES

These two are popular. They got a lot to lose if this rape goes public.

FESSENDER

So what you're saying is...all you're really left with is the word of Abra Needham. From what I hear you can take with the grain of salt.

HUGHES

Oh, you heard that too?

FESSENDER

She's apparently a real piece of work. Last year it was fizzies in the school fountain. This year, she puts a club on Principal North's steering wheel. Just two highlights of a resume that stretches a mile long so the kids are saying.

HUGHES

So let's say for the sake of saying her word is less than gold.

FESSENDER

Okay.

HUGHES

She's this huge prankster at school. She says or does something to piss off the wrong guys and they decide to have some fun with her. A Halloween prank, if you will.

FESSENDER

And how does Procter fit into this?

HUGHES

She's in on it. Only things go a little too far. Add some alcohol in there for good measure. Bingo. A Halloween get together goes south and someone gets stabbed.

FESSENDER

Procter never admits to the rape because it never happened.

HUGHES

Bingo.

FESSENDER

So why won't she come forward and say so? Why go along with Needham's story?

Fessender takes another huge chug of coffee.

HUGHES

Because she has to. Because she's obligated to go along with it.

Fessender slowly lowers his cup, ponders the thought.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Because of her little prank, one of her buddies from school is dead and the other one's life is about to be torn apart.

Hughes shakes his head. A tired sigh and sad look in his eyes. Fessender watches him closely.

FESSENDER

Okay, Hughes. You wanna know why I'm really here?

Hughes doesn't quite follow.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

I'm here to remind you that it isn't your job to prove self defense and get Abra off the hook.

Hughes shoots him a dirty stare.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

I know you feel sorry for her but it's not just her life we're talking about. Your job is to find out what happened.

His words have deeply affected Hughes as he ponders all of it.

Fessender pops a handful of pills and aspirins.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

(mouthful)
My client's ass depends on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL DECK - DAY

Abra floats on a raft in her skimpy bikini. Dark shades on. The raft floats in a slow circle as Abra stares through the screen and spots --

DARYL MEEKS (20s), black hair, face tats, long black coat and evil grin. Daryl stands just on the other side of the porch screen as he smiles back at Abra.

Abra's jaw drops in shock, lowers her shades but is interrupted by the sound of --

JACK (O.S.)

Abra?

She turns to the door, her father stands with Dobbs, suit and tie. A tape recorder in hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

We have company.

Abra stares back at the screen. Daryl is long gone.

MINUTES LATER

Abra sits on the edge of the pool deck, her legs in the water. Dobbs kneels before her, a small tape recorder plays Amy's testimony.

AMY (O.S.)

Abra wasn't answering, so I swung by to see what was up.

Amy sighs.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I...walked to the door and gave a couple knocks. Waited. I was about to send Abra a text when I felt this...hand over my mouth.

Another tired sigh. Dobbs keeps eye contact with Abra who stares back and forth between him and the recorder.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's like he had this...rag over my mouth. All the sudden I felt my legs buckle under me. The last I remember is being drug into the bushes and these two masks staring down at me.

Dobbs hits STOP.

DOBBS

So Amy finally gave us her story.
The whole thing in explicit
detail.

Abra looks away in shame.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

That's gotta be tough. To go
through something like that. And
then have to turn around and tell
the whole world all the dirty
little details.

Abra stares up at him.

ABRA

You have him in custody, right?

DOBBS

Who? Miller? Yeah. We have him.
The thing is...we still don't have
the other guy. Miller isn't
talking and neither is your
girlfriend Amy. So we don't have a
name to put with our third guy.
That's a problem for us.

Dobbs stands upright, walks the pool deck as Abra studies his
thoughtful eyes which appear to be in deep thought.

ABRA

Why?

DOBBS

Well. Amy claims she was raped.
Just like you said. But she didn't
say by whom.

Abra's mouth drops, eyes wide, upset.

ABRA

What're you talking about? He was
there. They used his phone to
record the whole thing.

DOBBS

Well, that's true. But there's
rape and then there's accessory to
rape. Amy never claimed to have
been raped by more than one man.

Abra stares off, into nowhere as she pieces it all together.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

What it all boils down to is that Miller claims he had nothing to do with the rape of Amy Procter. That you're somehow...making it all up.

Abra laughs nervously.

ABRA

Come on. You know that's bullshit. You saw the video.

DOBBS

I'll tell you what I saw. Your friend Amy claims that whatever they put on her mouth knocked her out. Yet, the video proves otherwise. She was wide awake. This whole bit about her not remembering. I'm not buying it.

ABRA

Well maybe she lied because she didn't feel like getting into every detail, Detective.

DOBBS

Well. She's gonna have to. Because you're both in deep shit.

Abra looks down, avoids Dobbs who cracks a smug grin.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

From an outsider's perspective. Not saying the DA will bring a case. They probably won't. But when you look at the facts. Gotta admit there's some pieces missing. First, there's no forced entry. Then there's you lying about the body in your pool. The three 911 calls.

ABRA

I was wrong about the body. It doesn't mean I lied. I know what I saw.

Jack steps onto the pool deck from inside. He watches the back and forth closely.

DOBBS

Last but not least, your friend Amy lies through her teeth about sleeping through the whole thing. I mean, this just doesn't look good.

Jack folds his arms, stares dead at Abra who avoids eye contact with him.

ABRA

And how does your partner feel about it?

DOBBS

Hughes? He's out right now trying to track down our third guy. See, we're both in agreement that he's the key to pulling this whole thing together.

JACK

Why's that?

DOBBS

If Miller really were innocent, he'd hand over this friend of his on a silver platter. But he hasn't. He's refusing. That tells me this friend has a little something on him. Something Miller don't want us to know.

ABRA

Like the fact that he raped Amy in my front lawn?

Dobbs shrugs his shoulders.

DOBBS

Well. Yes. No. Maybe.
(smiles)
We're working on it.

Dobbs heads for the door as Jack quickly ducks out of his way.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

Tell you what. You'll be the first one I call if I hear anything.

Dobbs offers Jack an insincere smile as he heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - NEEDHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jack peers through the blinds of his office window and spots Abra on the pool deck with a towel around her waist as she stares off into a trance like stupor.

JACK
She's still hiding something.

Susan holds a coffee in hand, sets a second cup on Jack's desk.

SUSAN
You heard what they said. It could take weeks before she opens up to us.

Susan stares out at Abra on the deck.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I'm not sure I wanna know everything.

JACK
That's not what I meant.

Susan turns to Jack, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
You didn't hear the Detective. The way he was pushing.

SUSAN
It's a complicated situation, Jack. This kid is dead. Abra's age. As much as we want this to be over with, it's not gonna be that easy. Too many people want answers.

JACK
I understand that, Susan. I get it completely. But this time was different. The way he was talking to her. The way she answered.

Jack stares back at Abra.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's like they know something we
don't.

Abra stares back at Jack through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Abra lays in bed, ear plugs in, head leaned against the bed
board as --

Susan walks in, laundry basket in tow.

Abra pulls her ear buds.

ABRA
Yeah?

Susan sets down the basket on Abra's bed.

SUSAN
Laundry. Whenever you get a
chance.

ABRA
Yeah, sorry I didn't grab that. I
was just...well...sorry.

Abra avoids her Mom, plays with her phone.

SUSAN
That was really something what Amy
did. Coming forward like that.
Pretty brave.

Abra cracks a nervous smile.

ABRA
Yeah, it was.

SUSAN
I was there you know. When Amy
told her parents. Your father and
I stood our ground. Said we
weren't leaving until Amy told the
truth. We looked her dead in the
eye and told her it wasn't
just about her anymore.
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Or the past. It was about her best friend and her future.

Abra ponders this. A sad look about her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You know it's weird. Here, Amy admits to the most personal, intimate moment of her life. And it took all of five minutes for her to crack. What I don't understand ...is that's it's taken you almost a week to tell your father and I anything.

ABRA

What're you trying to say?

SUSAN

I looked right in Amy's eyes when I asked her. It was like I was looking at you. That same awkward way of avoiding eye contact. That same look on her face that you get when your father and I just caught you in a lie.

Susan has a seat on the mattress.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Dad and I still believe she's hiding something. And so are you.

ABRA

I don't know what you're talking about.

Abra puts her earbuds back in and folds her arms in protest.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Just leave, please.

Susan stares her dead in the eye as she slowly stands and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DUSK

Amy jogs the lonely country road with an mp3 player strapped to her tricep. Her face full of anguish and regret. She is a mess as beads of sweat shoot from her face and hair.

A black muscle car pulls a sharp right onto the soft shoulder, blocks her path as Amy stops.

Out jumps Daryl, a crazed look in his eye. Amy makes eye contact, tears off into a patch of trees.

Daryl chases after her.

INT. WOODS - DUSK

Amy trips and face plants into a patch of fallen leaves and mud. Daryl hovers over her.

DARYL

Look at this, Amy. Just you and me. All alone again.

Amy tries to crawl away but Daryl pulls her arm around her back, presses his own body against hers. The two of them lay on the ground as he whispers in her ear.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Next time you talk to those cops, I want you to remember this. I want you to stop and think real hard about what's important. Your friend...who threw you under the bus to save her own ass...or you. Because if Seth goes down for this...it won't just be Abra who disappears. But if you be a good girl and tell the cops the truth...I just might have a change of heart.

AMY

You're hurting me.

Daryl leans in closer.

DARYL

I'm sorry, what? I can't hear you.

AMY

I said you're hurting me!

DARYL

Good. Remember what it feels like. I don't wanna hurt you, Amy, but I will. Because, unlike Seth. I'm not all talk. And this isn't a joke. This is real. I'm for real. Do you believe me?

AMY

Yes! Yes, I believe you!

Daryl lets her go, runs back to his car as Amy spits up in the dirt and winces in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY

Seth Miller exits the front door of county jail. Some papers in hand.

Fessender waits for him by a flag pole as he chomps what's left of his chili dog.

SETH

Whachu doin here, man?

FESSENDER

Just wanted to see you off. Wish you good luck. And to warn you if you and Daryl Meeks do anything stupid, I'll put you right back in there.

Fessender throws the last bit of chili dog bun into a nearby trash can as he rubs his hands together. Seth looks surprised by this news.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

What did you think? Because I'm a public defender, I don't do my homework? He was with you and Teddy Sheevers at JB's Pool Hall the night Abra Needham slapped him across the mouth in front of thirty witnesses.

Seth smiles and looks away. Busted.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

Took the cops awhile to put a name on their third guy because, as it turns out, Mister Meeks is from out of town. Supposed to be at work first thing Tuesday morning but I hear he never made it back. Something's keeping him here in East Moreland. I'm guessing that something is you.

Seth just nods understandably with a stupid grin on his face.

FESSENDER (CONT'D)

You know, this whole thing should've gone a whole other direction. But lucky for you, Amy Procter had a sudden attack of conscience.

(beat)

Just in case I'm not making myself clear...it's over.

SETH

Yeah, man. It's over. Whatever you say.

Seth walks off. Fessenger isn't convinced.

FESSENDER

Yeah, you're welcome, asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hughes walks alongside Dr. Becker as they head down a long hallway.

DR. BECKER

I don't understand. If Amy Procter already confessed she lied, what is she doing here? You guys already know the truth. Seth Miller's been released. What else is there to talk about?

HUGHES

Never mind why. What's most important now is the fact she's ready to talk. And you're obviously the only one she trusts enough to talk to. So just get as much from her as you can.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Abra paces the claustrophobic room, nervous, anxious as she bites her nails. Dr. Becker enters.

DR. BECKER

Abra. I hear you wanted to speak with me.

ABRA
 They don't believe me, ya know.
 They never have.

Dr. Becker walks closer, squints, confused.

DR. BECKER
 Who?

ABRA
 All of them.

Abra wipes her tears, walks in circles as Dr. Becker tries to keep eye contact.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 I should've told the truth from the beginning and none of this would've happened.

DR. BECKER
 Well. It's over now. Amy came forward. What happened that night wasn't your fault. You had no idea that this was some kind of prank. That's on Amy and the others. Nobody forced that young man to enter your home without permission. No matter what anyone says, none of this was your doing.

ABRA
 Don't you see, it doesn't matter.

DR. BECKER
 Of course it does, Abra.

ABRA
 No, it doesn't. I lied about Amy's rape because I was angry. Angry with what she made me do. I blamed her for Teddy. And I blamed her for...

Abra catches herself. Stays quiet as she avoids Dr. Becker.

DR. BECKER
 Blamed her for what?

ABRA
 You don't understand. I can't. Not now. Not after all that's happened. They won't believe me. Not the cops, not my parents.

DR. BECKER
Believe what, Abra? You're still
hiding something.

Abra turns her back, moves to the corner of the room as she
stares at the floor.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
There's something you wanna tell me
because you trust me. You trust
that I'll be able to see the
truth. That's why you're here,
isn't it?

Abra faces Dr. Becker.

ABRA
They let him out. They let that
bastard back out because Amy got
scared.

DR. BECKER
Why does it bother you that Seth
Miller got released, Abra?

Abra tears up again.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
Did he do something to you?

Abra stares at Dr. Becker, a quiet admission.

DR. BECKER (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

LATER

Abra and Dr. Becker sit at the folding table.

ABRA
When I got across the tracks, I
slipped down this hill and fell to
the dirt. I could see one of them
coming towards me. I thought that
was it. I was gonna die right
there. If I could only be so
lucky. Little did I know that what
happened next would be worse than
dying...

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ABRA'S POV:

Abra on the ground as the TWO CREEPY CLOWNS close in on her. One of them holds her down while the other acts as the lookout man.

ABRA (V.O.)

It was like I couldn't move. And everything around me was drown out by the sound of my own heartbeat.

BUMP-BUMP-BUMP as we hear Abra's loud heartbeat.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was so loud, I thought it would beat right out of my chest.

The second clown freaks out and runs off while the other unbuckles Abra's pants. She doesn't even try to fight him off.

Abra stares blankly at the stars in the sky.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And it was like I...stepped outside of my body and ceased to exist

The heartbeats get SLOWER and SLOWER. BUMP-BUMP-BUMP.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was like I stopped breathing altogether. And I could hear my heart rate begin to get slower. And slower.

The heartbeat stops altogether.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Abra's tears are big and full as she's dripped all over her shirt. Her face a bright red.

Dr. Becker also tears up.

ABRA

All I could think about was her. Amy. I was there because of her.
(angry)

It was all supposed to be this big joke. Well. I got the last laugh, didn't I?

DR. BECKER

Abra, I'll testify. In court. If you decide you still wanna fight this.

ABRA

What for? I've already lost my best friend. My family doesn't believe a word I say. This is something I'll have to live with. On my own. All by myself. But I made that choice. I can't blame anyone but me.

DR. BECKER

You're not alone, Abra. You'll never be alone. Not as long as I'm here. Remember that.

Abra half-heartedly nods as she wipes her tears.

CUT TO:

INT. NEEDHAM HOUSE - JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hughes and Dobbs stand with a furious Jack and Susan. Their faces full of tension and anger.

DOBBS

I know you think it's our job to babysit these guys. But sooner or later, you gotta face the facts.

JACK

And what's that?

DOBBS

That your little girl's story changes more than I change my friggin' socks.

SUSAN

How dare you!

Susan charges toward him. Jack holds her back.

JACK

(to Hughes)

You said yourself she was hiding something. That she was in a state of shock. That it could be weeks before we found out what happened.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Well she talked. And now, neither of you could give a shit.

Dobbs rolls his eyes and looks away. Hughes looks exhausted by the whole thing.

JACK (CONT'D)

She just put herself in an even worse position than before. Now, let me ask you. Why in the hell would you do that unless you were telling the truth?

HUGHES

(tired)

I don't know, Mister Needham. Maybe you should ask Abra.

JACK

Is that supposed to mean something?

HUGHES

It means that, if she's telling the truth, Seth Miller and Daryl Meeks should've been locked up two weeks ago. But we have no physical evidence, or anything whatsoever that supports Abra's claim of rape.

Susan takes a seat on a couch. Jack slumps down next to her.

JACK

What the hell is going on? Would somebody please tell me.

DOBBS

You know there's no possible way the DA will charge these guys. You do realize that, yes?

SUSAN

They can't just get away with it.

JACK

There's gotta be something we can do.

Dobbs sighs out loud.

DOBBS

I'll meet you in the car.

Dobbs ducks out of the room.

HUGHES

My partner's tired. Quite frankly,
so am I. If you want my advice...
I would seriously suggest that both
of you sit down and have a nice
long talk with your daughter.

Jack ignores him, stares at the floor as Susan rubs his back.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

But there's nothing else I can do
for her. Good luck to you. To you
both.

Hughes heads for the door.

SUSAN

You know, I can always tell when
she's lying. I knew this whole
time she was hiding the truth from
us. I knew the moment we first
came home and I looked in her
eyes. And I knew when she let Amy
take credit for being raped.

Hughes nods with respect.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But she isn't lying this time. If
you don't believe her, then believe
me.

Hughes carefully reads her face and emotional state.

HUGHES

I believe you. I wish that were
enough. Excuse me.

Hughes ducks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEEDHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Hughes walks to an unmarked squad car at the curb, gets in
next to Dobbs behind the wheel.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Hughes reaches for a pack of smokes, lights up as Dobbs
smiles back at him.

DOBBS
What a mess, huh?

HUGHES
It's not our problem anymore.

DOBBS
Then why do you still look like
you're worried sick about this
girl?

HUGHES
Her mother just told me there was
zero chance of her lying about
being raped. And that she knew she
was lying about Amy.

DOBBS
She did?

Dobbs thinks it all over. Hughes rubs his stubbled face, in
deep thought.

HUGHES
What do you think the odds are of
Seth Miller and Daryl Meeks coming
back here?

DOBBS
You mean for revenge? I think
they're stupid but not fuckin'
stupid. If they did anything to
this girl, they got away with it.
Why press your luck?

HUGHES
I don't know, partner. I gotta
feeling this one ain't over yet.

DOBBS
You wanna come back? Later
tonight? Stake the place out?

Hughes thinks it over.

HUGHES
No. No, actually, I don't. Let's
get out of here.

Dobbs looks surprised by Hughes cool demeanor as he stares
back at The Needham house.

HUGHES (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's go.

Dobbs cranks the engine as they pull away from the curb and drive off.

Just some fifty yards behind them is a small patch of secluded woods. Out of the darkness walks --

TWO CREEPY CLOWNS in full costume. Meeks and Miller. They both brand pistols as they move for The Needham house.

CUT TO:

INT. NEEDHAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Susan puts some leftovers away as Jack grabs a much needed beer from the fridge.

BUMP BUMP

A couple hard KNOCKS as they both stare at the front door. And then each other.

SUSAN

Oh God. I thought those tv people were gone for the day. No more statements, okay? Abra's had enough.

JACK

I'll take care of it.

Jack heads for the front window and peel back the blinds.

JACK'S POV:

No one outside. No car.

JACK (CONT'D)

There's nobody here.

Abra shuffles into the living room, arms folded, quiet, reluctant, a bit scared.

ABRA

Dad. Get away from the window.

Jack stares back at Abra just as --

BUMP BUMP BUMP

Three more KNOCKS at the door.

JACK

What the hell.

Jack heads for the door.

ABRA
Dad, don't.

Jack turns to her.

JACK
Look. Whoever it is, I'll take
care of it.

As Jack's back is still turned, the TWO CLOWNS break down the front door and charge the home.

Seth pistol whips Jack's face as he falls to the tile. Daryl holds his gun on Susan who raises her arms.

DARYL
Both of you! Hands on the couch!

Abra and Susan both bend over, palms on the cushions of the couch.

SETH
Hell are you doing, man?!

Daryl laughs.

DARYL
Look at them. They're ready for
us, bro.

SETH
Come on, man. Just do it and get
it over with.

Daryl shoves Abra face first into the cushions, wraps both arms around her back as Abra SCREAMS out.

Susan tries to stop him but she's shoved backward and trips over a footstool.

Seth holds his gun on her as she gathers herself.

SUSAN
What do you want from us?

SETH
Shut up! Palms down on the couch!
Just like he said!

Susan slowly stands, hands raised in the air. She turns, faces the couch. Seth bends her over, places her hands behind her back as --

Daryl throws him some white rope.

DARYL

Do it fast. We ain't got all night.

Seth ties Susan's arms behind her back as Jack slowly comes around on the floor.

Daryl ties up Abra, spots Jack waking up. He shoves Abra aside and rushes toward Jack.

He throws a quick kick to his face. Out cold.

SUSAN

You bastard! Don't hurt him!

Daryl takes off his mask, smiles at Abra.

DARYL

Hey, Abra.

Abra stares up at him as he presses his gun against Susan's head.

ABRA

NO!!!!

Daryl laughs out loud as Seth looks scared to death.

SETH

Come on, man. Thought we were in a hurry.

DARYL

Fuck it, man. Those cops ain't coming back here anytime soon. We might as well have some fun.

Daryl grabs Abra, heads for the door.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Take a good look, Abra. You did this. You did all of this. You wanna know the best part?

(beat)

We can do whatever we want. And the cops won't give a shit. And that's all thanks to you.

ABRA

Just don't hurt them. Please. I'll do whatever you want.

DARYL
You hear that, Seth? Abra here
wants to make us a deal. Whatever
we want.

SETH
Whatever, man. Let's just go.

Daryl leans in close to Abra's face.

DARYL
I don't know about you. But I
don't think I can let a deal like
that pass me by. So what do you
say we re-live some old times?

ABRA
Whatever you want.

Daryl laughs.

DARYL
(to Seth)
Well well. Sounds like Abra here
wants to party. I say we give her
one, bro.

Daryl pushes her toward the door. Seth catches her.

SETH
Yeah. Remember me, bitch. I
thought so. We're gonna go for a
walk.

Seth walks her to the door as Susan screams out. Daryl
follows behind.

DARYL
Don't worry. We'll bring her back
in one piece.

Daryl laughs as he shuts the door behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Daryl, Abra and Seth are back by the train tracks where
Abra's rape supposedly occurred. Daryl throws her to
the ground, hands still tied.

Daryl kneels before her as she fights to break free of the
rope.

DARYL

You remember this spot, don't you?
You see, no matter what story you
tell, no one's gonna believe
you. It's fuckin beautiful.

Abra rolls in the dirt like a worm as Daryl laughs at the pitiful sight.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You know what the odds are of
getting charged twice for the same
crime? You're a liar, Abra. A
troublemaker. Everybody knows my
boy Teddy is the real victim.

Daryl nods at Seth.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Even my boy Seth. You got everyone
in town feeling sorry for him. I
guess your master plan didn't work
out so well after all.

Daryl stands, stares down at Abra with lust in his eyes as he licks his lips.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Look at you now.

Seth looks worried just like last time. Abra notices.

ABRA

Don't let him do this. Please.

Seth can't stand still as he stares back and forth between Abra and Daryl.

DARYL

Let's go, bro. And you better not
bitch out on me this time.

SETH

Come on, man. Look at her. We got
her good, man. Fuckin parents
ain't gonna say shit. Even if they
do, no one gonna care. Let's
bounce, bro.

Daryl shoots him a nasty stare.

DARYL

Are you kidding me right now? I said if we're doing this, we're both doing it. Now get your ass over here and stop being a bitch!

Seth walk over, kneels before Abra.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Get her fuckin pants down. Do it!

Seth stares at Abra, scared to death. He stands back up, walks off.

SETH

Fuck you, man. This ain't funny no more. I ain't goin down for no rape. So fuck yourself.

Seth pokes him in the chest. Daryl shoves him back and a full on brawl ensues.

Abra watches from the dirt.

Seth manages to get the best of Daryl and shoves him to the ground and pulls a GUN from his pants.

Abra spots Dobbs just behind him, gun AIMED.

ABRA

NO!!!!

Seth turns his gun on Dobbs who shoots him in the shoulder. Seth drops like cement.

Daryl snatches up Abra, wraps his arm around her throat.

DARYL

Back up! I'll snap her neck!

Dobbs lazily lowers his weapon with no fight left in him.

DOBBS

If you're gonna run, then run. I won't stop you. But you leave her here.

Daryl isn't buying it as he shimmies in the dirt.

DARYL

Fuck you, cop. Drop that gun.

DOBBS
 That's not gonna happen. Like I
 said, if you're gonna go, then go.
 This whole thing's for nothing if
 Abra gets hurt.

Dobbs motions to Seth still in the dirt.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
 You let me have Miller then we
 won't need you. But if I were you,
 I'd get the hell out of dodge while
 I still could.

Daryl shoves Abra to the ground and runs off, into the
 darkness. He stops, pulls a gun from the back of his
 pants and aims in their direction.

Dobbs spots him and fires three shots. POW-POW-POW

And down goes Daryl. Dead.

Seth crawls toward his gun but Dobbs steps on his arm as Seth
 SCREAMS in pain.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
 Can I help you with something?

Seth stares over at Abra, still on the ground.

ABRA
 (to Dobbs)
 How? How did you know?

Dobbs smiles at her.

DOBBS
 Women's intuition.

Abra squints with confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEEDHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Dobbs squad car at the curb. Abra heads for the house as
 Jack and Susan greet Dobbs near the mailbox.

JACK
 I just wanted to say --

DOBBS
 Forget it. I'm sorry too. For not
 listening.

Jack smiles.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
 The bad guys lost in the end.
 That's all that matters now.

Jack nods appropriately and heads inside. Susan smiles back
 at Dobbs.

SUSAN
 Thank you. Very much.

DOBBS
 Can you do me one favor, though?

SUSAN
 What's that?

DOBBS
 Maybe keep a closer eye on this one
 from now on.

Susan cracks an embarrassed smile.

SUSAN
 I promise.

Susan heads for the door. Abra stands in the lawn and stares
 back at Dobbs as her parents shut the door behind them.

ABRA
 So, where's Hughes?

DOBBS
 Let's just say he didn't wanna play
 anymore.

Abra seems concerned. She moves closer to Dobbs.

ABRA
 He give you any reason?

Dobbs stays quiet. Abra awaits his answer. He finally comes
 around.

DOBBS
 Those guys were bad news. Everyone
 saw that. I think they proved that
 again tonight.

ABRA
 You still haven't answered my
 question.

Dobbs seems reluctant to answer as he shuffles closer to
 Abra.

DOBBS
 Some might say you have the
 tendency to stretch the truth.
 When you do that, people start to
 lose trust. When you lose trust,
 you lose faith.
 (beat)
 I guess you could say he lost his
 faith.

ABRA
 Tell Hughes whatever he's thinking,
 he was wrong.

DOBBS
 (smug)
 Wrong about what, Abra?

Abra gives him a nasty look, heads for the door.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
 Are we ever gonna know what
 happened out there by the tracks,
 Abra?

Abra slowly turns to him.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
 Or are we gonna have to get the
 full story from your friend Amy?

ABRA
 Like you said, Detective. The bad
 guys lost. That's all that
 matters.

Dobbs just smiles and nods.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 Good night.

Abra heads inside, shuts and locks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. NEEDHAM HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Abra leans against the smooth door. Tired. Worried. And a bit relieved as a smile slowly forms.

She heads further into the home but runs straight into Jack who startles the hell out of her.

ABRA

Shit, Dad. Haven't I been scared enough for one week.

Jack has a dead serious look on his face.

JACK

What were you two talking about out there?

ABRA

Nothing.

Susan pours herself a shot of vodka from a kitchen counter. A sick look about her. Abra notices.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

Jack is strangely quiet. He tries to get a read on Abra.

JACK

I don't know, Abra. I thought it was. I'm not so sure anymore.

Susan throws down the vodka shot. Abra stares back and forth between her Mom and Dad.

ABRA

Okay then. Whatever. I'm going to my room.

Abra moves around Jack and heads for her room. Jack and Susan share a disgusted look.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abra walks in, shuts the door. She looks just as sick as Jack and Susan. Her arms wrapped around her own waist as if to comfort herself. She stares down at her bed, spots her cell phone.

Abra stares back at her door, and then the phone. She snags it up, dials and crawls in bed. She lays out flat as the long day comes to an end.

The other line picks up:

AMY (O.S.)

Hey.

ABRA

What's up, shit head. So what are you up to?

Abra twirls her hair and stares down at her freshly painted toe nails.

FADE OUT.

THE END