

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

PART II

by

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FADE IN:

INT. KJ'S HOUSE OF SUDS - DAY

It's wall to wall flat screens and bone-crunching football action as the mostly male patrons pound beers and boo the hometown refs.

Lots of deep fried snacks, skimpy shorts and shapely YOUNG LADIES roam the floor.

SUPER: WESTWOOD, LOS ANGELES 2019

One of these young ladies, who's face we can't see, snags a tray of hot wings from a pick-up window, hauls them to a nearby high-top.

She is tall and slender, jet black hair buzzed up the back of her swanlike neck. Some flashy arm tatts to complete the whole rocker vibe.

Her all male customers turn and stare as she places their respective baskets before them.

MALE PATRON #1

Thank you.

He checks out the boobs.

MALE PATRON #1 (CONT'D)

Umm...

And then her nametag: JAMIE.

MALE PATRON #1 (CONT'D)

Jamie.

From her low cut top, the name "Jamie" displayed on her giant shirt button. We tilt up to reveal the not so familiar mug of SCARLETT MCTIERNEY (30s), tired eyes, black lipstick and looking much more world weary.

SCARLETT

Guys ready for a refill before you're rid of me for the night?

MALE PATRON #2

(disappointed)

Oh, no. You're leaving us?

SCARLETT

Afraid so. It's speak up now or forever hold your peace.

Male Patron #3 kicks his buddy in the shin and sports a shit eating grin.

MALE PATRON #3
Go on. Ask her.

MALE PATRON #1
Lay off, alright.

MALE PATRON #2
(to Scarlett)
Our friend wants to know where he's seen you before.

MALE PATRON #1
Thank you for that. Not like I can speak for myself.

SCARLETT
(grins)
It's okay. I get it all the time.

All three patrons snicker under their breath. Scarlett already losing patience.

MALE PATRON #1
(to Scarlett)
God. It really is you, isn't it?

Scarlett not following.

SCARLETT
Yeah. It's me. All my life.

The three knuckleheads continue to snicker.

A YOUNG WOMAN sits in a booth across the way and watches. And she's growing just as upset as Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Am I missing something?

MALE PATRON #1
You don't remember me? Twin Peaks?
Last October? The champagne room?
My birthday?

Scarlett looks both shocked and truly insulted.

MALE PATRON #1 (CONT'D)
God. We must've spent a thousand bucks in there that night.

Scarlett scoffs but remains composed.

SCARLETT

Yeah, well. I hope I took good care of you.

MALE PATRON #2

(to Scarlett)

Oh, you took care of him alright.

(to Male Patron #1)

Isn't that right, Beau?

MALE PATRON #1

Shut up, dude. Fuck.

Scarlett chokes back her rage, now growing in intensity by the second and quickly calms herself.

She playfully slaps herself in the forehead as if the memories of this so-called night in question return.

SCARLETT

Oh, wait a minute. That's right. Beau. You were that guy with the tiny cock.

Beau's cocky grin turns sour. His two buddies almost lose it.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

How could I forget? With it being so small and all. God. Good to see you again. Hope the surgery went okay. Everything down there still working for you?

The other two friends burst into hysterics at their buddy's expense. Scarlett rolls her eyes and heads for the bar with her now empty tray.

KERRI (O.S.)

Excuse me, Miss.

Scarlett turns, faces KERRI ROMAN (20s) freckle faced, hipster glasses and wool cap. She looks like Scarlett did about five or so years back.

SCARLETT

I'm sorry. I must be having one of those nights. Did anyone take your order yet?

KERRI

Yeah, I'm good. No worries. God. Can you believe those assholes.

Scarlett glances back at the three drunk idiots.

SCARLETT

I'm used to it.

KERRI

I mean, come on. Little did they know they were in the presence of greatness. The one and only Scarlett McTierney. Three time Gorefest nominee for best actress. Spooky Empire's 2016 Scream Queen of the Year. Star of such instant classics as A Vampire in King Arthur's Court. Hot For Teacher and Hot For Teacher 2: Saturday School. I mean, how dare they.

SCARLETT

And you are the one and only Kerri Roman. Upcoming star of In the Still of the Night.

Kerri slumps in defeat, removes her glasses.

KERRI

Damn it. You busted me. Even in disguise.

SCARLETT

Hey. Like the man said. It's just like looking into a mirror.

KERRI

I know, right? It's like we're practically sisters or something. Kindred spirits. I'm telling you. As soon as I walked in here, I knew you were here. I could feel it.

Kerri spots her nametag: "Jamie"

KERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. Jamie. As in Jamie Lee. Very inconspicuous indeed.

Scarlett already bored by her.

SCARLETT

Yeah. So. You just getting into town?

KERRI

Are you kidding? I haven't even unpacked. You're my first stop. What can I say? I just had to see you face to face.

SCARLETT

Look, I hope you didn't come here to talk about the movie because I'm still not interested.

KERRI

That's cool. I totally get it. I mean, I don't really get it but I totally respect your privacy just the same.

SCARLETT

Good. Glad we got that cleared up. I gotta get back to work.

Before Kerri can utter the next word, Scarlett heads off, leaving her truly disappointed.

KERRI

Yeah. So. I guess we're done here. Thanks for making me feel so...utterly embarrassed.

EXT. KJ'S HOUSE OF SUDS - NIGHT

Kerri waits patiently on an outside bench and spots Scarlett heading out for the night. She jumps up, hurries after her before she can get any further.

KERRI

Scarlett! Wait!

Scarlett throws a glance over her shoulder at a pestering Kerri still on her tail like a lost puppy.

SCARLETT

It's you again, huh?

KERRI

Sorry. I know you just got off work and the last thing you wanna do is chat with some greenhorn straight off the bus...

SCARLETT

What ever gave you that idea?

Scarlett does her best to ignore Kerri and heads up the sidewalk.

KERRI

But it would really help clear things up if you just to me why you can't go on the road help promote this movie.

Scarlett sighs out loud. She's had more than enough of this particular subject.

KERRI (CONT'D)

I mean...it's only the biggest thing that's ever happened to both of us.

SCARLETT

I killed a guy, Kerri. You get it? I put two bullets in him and watched him spit his last breath.

KERRI

Yeah. I know. Everybody knows. So why can't you talk about it?

SCARLETT

I guess you could say it's not exactly my fondest memory.

KERRI

So make some new memories. The opportunity to turn your life around is knocking on your door. Right now. Or have you been waiting tables so long you forgot why it was you came out here?

Scarlett shoots her a nasty stare, but lets it go.

SCARLETT

You know, I know you're new in town so I'll cut you a break. But playing movie star and making scale isn't all it's cracked up to be. You know I made more in that bar last month than my last two films combined?

Kerri winces.

KERRI

Seriously?

SCARLETT

Seriously.

KERRI

Okay, then don't do it for you. Do it for me.

SCARLETT

Why would I do that?

Kerri stops in her tracks.

KERRI

Because nobody wants me. They want you.

Scarlett also stops, stares back at a frustrated Kerri.

KERRI (CONT'D)

And maybe if I get your blessing publicly, an audience might give me half a chance.

Scarlett nods with appreciation.

SCARLETT

Is that what you're really worried about? Whether or not the public will accept you?

KERRI

I mean, have you been reading the nasty things they've been saying about me? They're calling me a fake. The truth is, the only one who doesn't wanna see Scarlett McTierney in this movie is you.

(beat)

Just promise me you'll think about it.

SCARLETT

Okay, Kerri. I'll think about it. Fair enough?

KERRI

For now. But I'm warning you. I'm not giving up on you yet.

Kerri slowly backs up, making her way back up the sidewalk.

SCARLETT

Well then. I guess that means I'll be seeing you around.

KERRI

(smiles)

Guess so. Just try to think about
what I said. Okay?

Scarlett reluctantly nods and smiles.

SCARLETT

Okay.

Kerri darts off for good this time. Scarlett takes a moment
to herself and stares off into a trance. She finally snaps
out of it and heads on.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I just made a deal with the devil.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett unlocks a multitude of various deadbolts and other
complicated locks. Let's just say you'd have better luck
breaking into Fort Knox.

After what seems like forever, the door finally swings open
and in shuffles a beat down Scarlett.

She kicks the door shut and immediately switches over all the
deadbolts and key locks the others.

A long and tired sigh as she takes a moment to rest her
forehead against the door.

She turns and spots --

A MANILA ENVELOPE

On the floor before her. "SCARLETT" written in black marker
on the front.

SCARLETT

What the hell?

She snags it from the floor, walks into her swank

DINING ROOM

and drops it on a fine oak table. She dials a number on her
cell, heads for the

KITCHEN

And grabs a beer from the fridge while she waits for the
other line to pick up.

DANNY (O.S.)

Hey.

SCARLETT

So I thought we agreed you weren't gonna break into my apartment anymore.

DANNY (O.S.)

The landlord let me in. Crazy what a gun and a badge can get you these days.

(beat)

So did you open it?

SCARLETT

No, I just walked in the door two seconds ago. So I'm guessing you found some more of my stuff at your place?

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The voice on the other end belongs to DETECTIVE DANNY GRECCO (30s), now in plain clothes and rocking some chino pants and a cheap shirt and tie.

Danny sits at his desk typing up a report on his computer while Scarlett's on speaker.

DANNY

Apparently, there was some stuff Coswell was working on. For whatever reason, he thought you should have it.

SCARLETT (O.S.)

Stuff? Like what kind of stuff?

DANNY

Beats the hell out of me. Last thing you told me before you walked out the door was how I needed to respect your privacy.

A fellow COP opens a pizza box in front of Danny.

He quickly snags a slice as grease drips all over his freshly printed police reports.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Fuck me.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to Scarlett)

Don't freak out. That wasn't meant for you.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett now seated at her table, empties the contents of the manila envelope. A DVD case, a screenplay titled "In the Still of the Night" and a smart phone with a power cord and adaptor.

DANNY (O.S.)

You still there?

Scarlett reads the title page of the screenplay: In the Still of the Night by Christopher Resnik.

SCARLETT

(shocked)

What the...?

DANNY (O.S.)

Earth to Scarlett. Talk to me.

SCARLETT

I'm here. I'm sorry.

(beat)

So why are you giving me this stuff instead of Coswell?

DANNY (O.S.)

I don't know. Maybe because he's dead.

Scarlett drops the script, a bit taken back.

SCARLETT

What? How?

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Danny runs his grease stained reports through a paper shredder while chomping away at his pizza.

DANNY

Throat cancer. I guess those forty years of smoking cigarettes finally caught up with him. Went into the hospital a few weeks back and never came out.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett looking truly saddened over the news of Coswell's sudden death.

SCARLETT
Oh my God. That's so sad.

DANNY (O.S.)
So anyways. If you have any questions about anything, give me a call. Unless of course you already blocked my number.

Scarlett rolls her eyes.

SCARLETT
No, I haven't blocked your number, Danny.

DANNY (O.S.)
Good. That's good. We're making progress.

Scarlett chuckles.

SCARLETT
I'll talk to you later.

DANNY (O.S.)
I won't hold my breath.

SCARLETT
Bye.

She hangs up.

Scarlett flips through a few pages of the script and hurries to the last page: 48. She reads the last bit of dialogue between her and Officer Grecco.

INSERT - SCRIPT PAGE

(Note: We hear Scarlett and Officer Grecco's voice as Scarlett reads the dialogue to herself.)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
I'm scared. You guys are supposed to help me and you're telling me you can't do anything?!

OFFICER GRECCO

Best I can tell you is don't answer
anymore calls from numbers you
don't know and keep your door
locked at all times.

This is where the script ends. As if Chris never got the
chance to finish.

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett stares off into a trance as memories of that night
slowly come back to her.

INT. SCARLETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Scarlett and old neighbor and friend Bonnie sit side by side
on the couch before a younger Officer Grecco and his partner
OFFICER WINANS.

OFFICER GRECCO

It really would help if we had a
description of the guy. Meantime,
don't answer any more calls from
numbers you don't recognize and
keep that door locked.

SCARLETT

Wait, that's it?!

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Scarlett snaps out of it. She sets the screenplay down and
picks up the smart phone and power cord. She walks them to
an outlet on the kitchen counter.

BEDROOM

Scarlett plugs the DVD into her desktop computer and waits as
it loads on the media player.

ON THE SCREEN:

Footage of "THE DOO WOP KILLER" in the parking lot of Don's
Food Mart. He appears to be standing next to Graciella's
black Impala.

We hear the panicked SCREAMS of the woman who is recording it
all on her smart phone.

THE DOO WOP KILLER struts toward her with knife in hand as the smart phone drops on the asphalt.

End of footage.

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett watches in horror.

SCARLETT

Oh my God.

ON THE SCREEN:

Scarlett goes straight to YouTube.

She types in "Graciella Sanchez".

A few videos load with such titles as Graciella's abduction. The Doo-Wop Killer. In the Still of the Night. Scarlett McTierney.

She clicks on the first video: Graciella's abduction

And the same exact video plays out on screen. The Doo Wop Killer in the parking lot of Don's Food Mart, standing next to Graciella's car.

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett slumps in her chair, thinks it all over.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

It was you.

INT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kerri and her new landlord ROBBIE (60s), a hard living heavy drinker with a rat's nest for hair, swing open the door of her new apartment.

There's something eerily familiar about this place. From the white tile floor to the white brick walls. It's almost an exact replica of Scarlett's old apartment.

KERRI

It's just like in the script. Just like I imagined.

ROBBIE

I know you were looking forward to moving into Scarlett's old place but let me tell you.

(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

That's trouble you don't want.
Can't tell you how many complaints
I get about tenants rapping on the
door and running off like a bunch
of damn first graders.

KERRI

People seriously do that?

ROBBIE

Just wait until they hear you're in
the building.

KERRI

Just out of curiosity. Which one
was it? Scarlett's place?

ROBBIE

You're standing on it.

Robbie points down. Kerri looks at her feet.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Exactly one floor down. This was
her friend Bonnie's place.

Kerri's eyes burst open with shock and excitement.

KERRI

Bonnie? Bonnie Keebler?

ROBBIE

That would be the one. Poor kid.
Leaves one psycho boyfriend for
another. Then boyfriend number two
starts raising a hand to her and
she goes back to boyfriend number
one. And he turns out to be a
serial killer. Talk about your run
of bad luck with men.

Robbie cracks a laugh as she lights a new smoke. Kerri
winces at the sight of cigarette smoke.

KERRI

Umm. I'm kind of bronchial.

ROBBIE

Anyways. Her and that asshole she
was with ended up skipping out in
the middle of the night with six
months left on their lease.

Kerri removes the lid from her soda and hands it to Robbie.

KERRI

Here. You can use this.

Robbie stares at her cigarette and then the cup.

ROBBIE

Oh. Sorry.

Robbie drops the smoke on the tile and stomps it. Kerri can hardly believe her eyes.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You know, I blame her. For all of it. Bringing around that crazy ass boyfriend of hers, starting trouble.

(beat)

You know, some people think she was the one he really wanted. Not Scarlett.

KERRI

Really?

ROBBIE

Oh, hell yes. Any fool could see he was just trying to drive Scarlett the hell out of here because her and Bonnie were getting so close.

KERRI

Hmm. I guess I never thought about it that way. Makes sense.

ROBBIE

Well. Anyways. Enough about that. It's over with. Welcome to the neighborhood.

KERRI

Thank you.

ROBBIE

I'll leave you to it.

Robbie hands the apartment keys and the empty cup back to Kerri. The cigarette butt still on the tile.

Kerri smiles and lets it go.

KERRI

Thanks.

Robbie stops at the door.

ROBBIE
Say. Just some friendly advice.

Kerri's ears perk up as she meets Robbie at the door.

KERRI
Yeah?

ROBBIE
Next time you're on TV or doing one of your interviews. I wouldn't go announcing where you live. Might brink out the crazies, if you know what I mean.

KERRI
I wasn't planning on it.

ROBBIE
Good. Because we've had more than our share of those around here.

KERRI
I totally understand.

ROBBIE
I hope so. Have a good night.

Robbie smiles and dips out, shuts the door behind her.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Kerri unloads the last of her cardboard boxes as the apartment is fully furnished now.

She's managed to fill quite a few hefty bags with trash and bubble wrap. She throws a few over her shoulder and heads for the door.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kerri walks her trash bags toward the garbage dump at the far end of the hall.

One by one, she dumps them down the chute. She turns back around, headed for her apartment.

But...

Something stops her in her tracks.

THE DOO WOP KILLER stands before her. In his familiar grey suit with bright colored bow tie. A creepy, lifelike mask with a fifties style quaff of hair.

He drags a box cutter across her throat as ARTERIAL SPRAY spits from her neck.

INT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kerri jumps awake on her couch with hands still on her throat. It was just a nightmare. Her television still on and her apartment still a hot mess.

Kerri stares down at an open copy of "In the Still of the Night" on her coffee table. An open bottle of wine and a glass next to it.

She grabs her aching head from sitting up too fast.

KERRI

Pull yourself together, Kerri.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Kerri and talk show host SARAH STEBBINS (30s) blonde bombshell and all legs, sit before a live studio audience enjoying a taping of "Talk of the Town".

The audience applauds as they return from commercial break.

SARAH STEBBINS

Welcome back with more Talk of the Town and I'm joined today by Kerri Roman, star of the upcoming independently produced horror film In the Still of the Night. Based on actress Scarlett McTierney's harrowing experience with the man who would later become known across the country as The Doo Wop Killer. A masked maniac straight out of one of Scarlett's own films. Oddly enough, Scarlett turned down the opportunity to play herself in what some actors might call "the role of a lifetime".

Sarah turns to Kerri with a smile.

SARAH STEBBINS (CONT'D)

So. Kerri. Before break, we were discussing the possible reasons why Scarlett isn't doing this project. Now, in all fairness, it would be doing her an injustice to speculate at this point. But, at the same time, we haven't been give a clear answer. I mean, does she have another project she's doing? Is it a personal thing? I guess I just don't get it.

KERRI

Well. I did have a very brief conversation with Scarlett concerning this subject. All I can say is...I do know that it was a very dark period in her life. And...not something that she would enjoy re-living.

SARAH STEBBINS

I understand that. But.

KERRI

But. The money?

The audience laughs.

SARAH STEBBINS

Exactly. I mean, I'm hearing all kinds of stories about her holding out for more money. And maybe some other studios are looking at doing a movie.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Scarlett blends herself an alcoholic mixed drink of sorts as "Talk of the Town" plays on her mini flat screen.

ON THE TV

KERRI

I couldn't tell you, Sarah. Like I said, I just had a very brief conversation with her. And it seemed to me like she was done with this part of her life and just looking to move on.

SARAH STEBBINS

Doesn't sound like you tried too hard to convince her otherwise.

Kerri laughs bashfully.

KERRI

No. I guess not. After all, I'd be out of a job. But not to say I didn't want her involved. I very much wanted her involved. It's her story. This isn't a character I'm playing. This is a real person with real feelings who went through a traumatic experience I can't even begin to imagine. Having her there on set I think would be invaluable.

Scarlett pours herself a glass of rum punch.

SCARLETT

Thanks, Kerri. You're full of shit but thanks anyway.

Down the hatch.

ON THE TV

SARAH STEBBINS

Okay. I get wanting to move on. I get it. But move on to what? I mean, I haven't seen her in a picture in almost two years. It's not like the studios are banging down her doors...

Scarlett scoffs with disgust.

SCARLETT

Tell us how you really feel, Sarah.

ON THE TV

SARAH STEBBINS

I guess I can't understand why a struggling actress...

(beat)

A falling star, if you will...

(beat)

Would pass on such a career changing..

(beat)

A career saving opportunity.

(MORE)

SARAH STEBBINS (CONT'D)

I mean, the last I heard she was a barista at a coffee hut or something.

The audience enjoys an uncomfortable laugh.

SARAH STEBBINS (CONT'D)

Is that true? Is she cranking out those beans?

Kerri tries hard not to smile.

KERRI

I'd say that I'm gonna be careful of what I say. I don't want anyone spitting in my latte, if you know what I mean.

Half the audience boos while others burst into hysterics.

SCARLETT

Fucking cunt!

INT. POLICE PLAZA - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett stands before Danny as he dumps some sugar and powdered creamer into his tall coffee.

SCARLETT

You hear what that fucking cunt said about me on TV? She called me a barista.

Danny fights a smile as he digs a couple day old donuts out of an opened box.

DANNY

That bitch.
(beat)
What's a barista?

Scarlett rolls her eyes.

SCARLETT

It's like she looked into the camera and told America I was washed up. Stupid twat.

DANNY

You know, all that time we were together I never heard you use profanity until now.

SCARLETT

Really?

DANNY

This girl must've really got under
your skin.

Scarlett huffs with exhaustion and snags one of the stale donuts from the box.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me that's why you drove
down here in the middle of the
night. What's up?

Scarlett pulls Graciella's smart phone from her pocket, rests it on the counter next to Danny.

SCARLETT

This was her phone, wasn't it?

Danny picks it up, still confused.

DANNY

Who's?

SCARLETT

Lucia Sanchez. Graciella. Don't
play stupid with me. I know you
know something.

Danny takes his cup of joe and napkin full of donuts to a small round table. He pops a squat.

DANNY

You think if I knew what any of
this crap meant I'd keep it from
you? Coswell never said anything.
I didn't even know about the
YouTube video until last week.

SCARLETT

Well why would he want me to have
it?

DANNY

I don't know, Scarlett. If he was
here, I'd ask. But he's not.

SCARLETT

Somebody has to know something.
This video didn't load itself
online. Come on.

DANNY

Okay, fine. We checked ID on the YouTube account. It belongs to an anchor from Channel 35. Apparently, a DVD of Sanchez's abduction miraculously found its way to the newsroom.

SCARLETT

Someone mailed it in?

DANNY

Apparently. But when the powers that be at the networks refused to air it, it found its way online. Hence, why we didn't know about it.

SCARLETT

I don't get it. If Coswell was the only one in possession of Sanchez's phone, then who else could've sent it to the press?

DANNY

I don't know. There's always the obvious. Maybe it was Coswell.

Scarlett doesn't buy it.

SCARLETT

Coz? No. Why would he do that?

DANNY

Are you kidding? Do you know how much these stations pay for footage like this?

SCARLETT

No.

DANNY

Well.

(thinks about it)

Neither do I, but it's supposed to be a lot.

Scarlett thinks it all over.

SCARLETT

I guess with his medical bills. Everything he had going on, it's possible. Disgusting and inappropriate on so many levels but possible.

DANNY

Anyways. What the hell does it matter now? Brad's dead. It's over. The last I checked, you wanted as far away from this as possible.

Scarlett huffs, shakes her head.

SCARLETT

He was writing about it, you know.

DANNY

Who was? Coz?

Scarlett slumps down in a chair across from Danny. The weight of the world once again on her shoulders.

SCARLETT

Chris. Coswell found a copy of a script he was working on. In the Still of the Night. He made it to page forty eight before...

Scarlett can't even spit out the words. The guilt over Chris's shooting written on her face.

Danny, with a mouthful of donut, finishes for her.

DANNY

(mumbles)

Before you put two holes in him?

SCARLETT

Yeah. Thanks for reminding me.

DANNY

He was a writer. He wrote horror movies. Far as he was concerned, you were like the goose that laid the golden egg.

SCARLETT

Yeah, I guess so. But I have a feeling Coz was onto something. Something he started but, for health reasons, couldn't finish.

DANNY

Well. Now you know as much as I do about it. How about a drink?

SCARLETT
 You mean a drink. Dinner. Then
 another drink. Then sex.

DANNY
 Forget I said anything.

Scarlett tosses the nasty donut in the trash, heads for the door as Danny stands.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Hey.

She turns back.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 I think maybe this whole movie
 thing's got your brain working
 overtime.

SCARLETT
 Excuse me?

DANNY
 New girl's stealing your thunder
 and you don't like it. Any fool
 can see that.

Scarlett doesn't deny it as she dips out of the break room and storms up the halls of the police station.

Danny cracks a sly grin.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I love you too!

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett types in Graciella Lucia Sanchez, funeral service on a search engine.

A few options load on screen. She clicks on the first one.

A page loads with a funeral bulletin titled A CELEBRATION OF LIFE featuring the image of GRACIELLA LUCIA SANCHEZ, January 3, 1985 - MAY 8, 2013

SCARLETT
 January third.

Scarlett grabs Graciella's smart phone from her desk and types in a passcode: 0103

And it works. A screensaver of Graciella getting hit in the face with a birthday cake goes full screen.

Her apps begin loading.

LATER

Scarlett sits on her bed, scrolling through selfies and other images of Graciella with friends and family.

She is simply gorgeous. A glowing spirit with a million dollar smile and movie star looks.

One of the images catches Scarlett off guard. It's Graciella in a leather jumpsuit and her face caked with fake blood while hugging Thunder Cat Productions CEO Tony Bell.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

Scarlett scrolls a few more images. On set still pics of various Thunder Cat productions. All of them featuring Graciella in wild and provocative outfits.

And finally...

A shocking photo of Graciella and Chris, all smiles and the best of friends.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Gotta be kidding.

Scarlett scrolls through the remaining images. A string of selfies featuring a black and blue, bruised up Graciella choking back tears.

As if someone threw her a terrible beating and was keeping record of the attacks.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Who did this to you?

INT. PHOTO SHOOT STUDIO - DAY

Kerri, now in skimpy boxers and a wife beater shirt, stands on the steps of a tall staircase. A butcher's knife in hand as she turns and faces the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Good. Good, that's great.

And we now reveal Kerri to be standing on a fake set of stairs in a contained photo studio.

TONY BELL (40s), silk shirt and designer slacks, watches the action from a distance.

The Photographer snaps a few more. And that's a wrap.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Excellent job, Kerri. And we're good. Let's move on to the next set.

Kerri steps down the makeshift staircase and meets Tony behind the semi circle of studio lights.

KERRI
Hey. What a surprise.

Tony greets her with a creepy smooch on the lips which catches her a bit off guard.

KERRI (CONT'D)
So what do you think?

TONY
What do I think? I think you're a star. But still. I can't help but think this cover would look a helluva lot better with Scarlett standing on those steps.

Kerri loses her chipper smile.

KERRI
I tried, Tony. I don't know what else to say to her.

TONY
Sounds like someone's afraid of losing their job if you ask me.

Kerri looks down in shame.

TONY (CONT'D)
Hey.

He lifts her chin with his finger.

TONY (CONT'D)
I know this movie means the world to you. I'd never do anything to jeopardize that.
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

There's always gonna be a part for you on this one. So I don't want you to worry.

Kerri halfheartedly nods.

TONY (CONT'D)

As long as we have an understanding.

KERRI

What do you mean?

TONY

The backlash over this Scarlett thing is killing us. If we don't do some damage control now, this whole thing could go down the tubes.

KERRI

I don't think it's as bad as you say it is. I mean, we don't need her to make a movie.

TONY

Kerri. Honey. If we don't land her soon, there might not be a movie. And without a movie, no more Scarlett McTierney's career. So we gotta do what we gotta do to make her understand just how important this is.

KERRI

We?

TONY

You, Kerri. She don't trust me. It's why she's not doing this. Me and her had a...bit of a misunderstanding awhile back. But it's water under the bridge. She needs to let it go. You're my secret weapon in making that happen.

KERRI

I don't know.

Tony loses his grin and it gets ugly quick. He steps uncomfortably close to Kerri's face.

TONY

What's there to know? You can either do it or I can find myself another Bonnie Keebler.

Kerri scoffs to keep from crying. She shakes her head with true disgust.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you. But I got people answer to, just like you. The people backing this movie aren't gonna be as patient as me. We're on a very sensitive time table here. So I need you to get this done.

Kerri stays quiet, still unsure.

TONY (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

Kerri still unsure, but finally nods in agreement.

LATER

Kerri stands in a fifties style prom dress with fake tears and mascara streamed down her face.

The Doo Wop Killer behind her and pinning a corsage on the front of her dress.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, Kerri. Give me scared.

Kerri doesn't have to try. She's already in tears and looks absolutely petrified.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Terrific! Hold that look!

Tony folds his arms and locks eyes with Kerri. She loses focus and the Photographer notices.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Over here, Kerri. We're almost done.

Kerri refocuses on the camera.

SNAP SNAP!

INT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kerri makes it home after a long and trying night with Tony and she's got nothing left.

She hangs her keys on a hook by the door and shuffles her way into the kitchen.

Grabs a jug of orange juice and chugs straight from the bottle like a fat kid.

She wipes her mouth dry, rests her back against the refrigerator door.

Her CELL RINGS. She pries her phone from her jeans and answers.

KERRI

Hello.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

So I take it you've been a busy girl. I haven't heard from you in two days.

KERRI

Yeah, you know. Just doing promotional stuff. A couple magazine covers. Some podcasts. Talk show. Stuff like that.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

What??? You were on TV and forgot to tell your own mother???

Kerri cracks a grin and paces the tile floor as she converses with her mother.

KERRI

It's just local stuff, Mom. Talk of the Town with Sarah Stebbins.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Who?

Kerri rolls her eyes.

KERRI

Exactly.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Try not to sound too excited.

KERRI

I am. It's just that...well...

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

What's going on, Kerri?

KERRI

Nothing.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Don't tell me nothing.
A week ago, I couldn't get you to
shut up and now you're barely
talking to me. What happened?

KERRI

It's nothing. It's just this whole
Scarlett thing is bumming me out.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

What have I been telling you since
you were little? You gotta make
your own path in this world. No
one's gonna do it for you.

KERRI

Well maybe this isn't my path to
take.

All the sudden, Kerri looks dizzy. She holds the back of her
hand to her forehead.

KERRI (CONT'D)

Oh God.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

What is it?

KERRI

Nothing. Just got dizzy for a sec.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Let me guess. You've been reading
about yourself online like I told
you not to. Haven't you?

Kerri mimics her mother by making funny faces.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're filling your head with
garbage when you should be thinking
about the job ahead of you. Don't
listen to it, Kerri. None of it.

(MORE)

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Just bringing you up so they can
bring you down.

KERRI

Okay, Mom. I won't. Look. All
the sudden my head is killing me.
Can we talk tomorrow?

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Promise?

Kerri plops down on the couch, all crapped out. She rubs her
weary eyes.

KERRI

I promise, Mom. I pinky swear.

KERRI'S MOM (O.S.)

Okay. I love you. And stop all
this shit. You're bringing me
down.

KERRI

Okay, Mom. Bye.

Kerri hangs up, tosses her phone aside and sprawls out on her
couch for a quick snooze.

KERRI (CONT'D)

What the hell, man. I feel like
shit.

She curls into a fetal position.

KITCHEN

The jug of orange juice still rests on the counter with the
cap off.

LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kerri awakens on the couch. She wipes her eyes dry and grabs
the remote from the coffee table.

She turns on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN:

She sees herself, asleep on this same couch, as if she's
staring at a direct reflection.

The only difference...

THE DOO WOP KILLER sits next to her.

Kerri SCREAMS and leaps from the couch.

Her head pounding from earlier and her stomach in knots.

KERRI

Oh God.

She wraps her arms around her waist and dry heaves. She spits up some juice on the tile.

Standing before her and blocking the front door is none other than THE DOO WOP KILLER.

She looks up, petrified.

KERRI (CONT'D)

What did you do to me?

Kerri spots a carving knife in his hand. She sprints toward her open bedroom door and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

KERRI'S BEDROOM

She flips the lock and stares at her bedroom window. Between the cracks of some cheap venetian blinds sits a rusted fire escape.

Kerri runs to the window and attempts to pry open the locks but they're nailed shut.

She stares behind her. Doo Wop Killer KICKING and PUNCHING the door from the other side.

Kerri gives up on the locks, picks up a swivel chair, shatters out the glass.

She looks back. Her door already swung open. But no sign of Doo Wop Killer.

KERRI

Oh no.

Kerri crawls through the window and begins down the fire escape with tears shooting from her eyes.

TENANTS step out of the parking garage below and stare up at the panicked woman running their direction.

KERRI (CONT'D)

Somebody help me! He's trying to kill me!

As Kerri reaches the bottom of the steps, a couple male tenants help her down the ladder.

She embraces one of them.

TENANT #1

It's okay. You're alright. What happened?

KERRI

Call the police.

Tenant #2 stares up at the shattered second story window.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - NIGHT

It's a media circus as reporters chase down a four door police issue sedan parking at the curb near the lobby.

Out steps Danny in a sloppy sport coat and chino pants.

REPORTER #1

Detective! Can you give us a statement!

DANNY

How can I give you a statement? I just got here. Excuse me.

Danny fights his way through the crowd, toward the front door of the complex.

REPORTER #2

Detective Grecco! Do we have a copycat on our hands?

DANNY

This is your show. You tell me.

Danny smiles and opens the door. The reporters go ape shit.

REPORTER #3

Detective! Have you been assigned to this case?! Give us something!

Danny ignores them and heads in.

EXT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny watches a special investigations team enter and exit Kerri's apartment.

DANNY
What a shit show.

Some UNIFORM COPS question the neighbors. Danny approaches one of them.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Anybody see anything or what?

UNIFORM COP #1
This is Bobby from Two Twelve.
He's the one who saw Kerri running
down the fire escape. He said she
looked pretty shaken up.

DANNY
Okay, Bobby from Two Twelve. What
else did you see?

BOBBY
Nothing really. I was pulling in
the garage when I heard the crash.

DANNY
What crash?

BOBBY
The window. She busted it out. So
I come running out and I see her
charging down the fire escape like
someone was chasing her.

DANNY
But you didn't see anyone chasing
her?

BOBBY
No.

DANNY
And what about the window? You
didn't see anyone at the window?
Maybe peeking out. No one else in
her bedroom you could see?

BOBBY
No.

Danny sighs with frustration.

DANNY
(to Uniform Cop)
Who the hell called in the circus?

UNIFORM COP #1

Apparently, 911 got flooded with a whole slew of calls. All of them concerning a certain masked killer terrorizing a certain young lady in apartment two thirty two.

DANNY

Word got out quick about this girl, huh.

UNIFORM COP #1

I guess after that whole charade six years ago, the department's being real careful on this one. Trying to keep the screw ups to a minimum.

Danny gives them the nod and ducks in Kerri's apartment.

INT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Danny steps in, spots some CRIME SCENE TECHS dust the refrigerator door and handle for prints.

The jug of orange juice still on the counter.

Kerri on her couch, still crying and very much upset.

Danny takes a seat next to her.

DANNY

Do you know who I am?

KERRI

You're that cop. Grecco.

DANNY

That's right. And you're the new Scarlett. Or so I hear. Gotta admit. You put on quit the show here.

Kerri shoots him a nasty stare.

KERRI

What're you talking about?

DANNY

Pretty smart busting out the window. You got better luck grabbing everyone's attention that way. It worked.

Kerri notices Danny's smug smile.

KERRI

Why are you looking at me like that? You think this is all just some sort of joke?

DANNY

You tell me, Kerri. Now's your chance to plead your case. After tonight, it's gonna be too late.

KERRI

You're crazy.

DANNY

No, I don't think I am. I know things, Kerri. I know you've been putting the pressure on Scarlett to get involved in your movie. Only she doesn't wanna play. I also know your interview with Sarah Stebbins didn't go as planned. There's also a lot of people out there who don't wanna see this movie happen without her.

KERRI

So what?

DANNY

So, I wouldn't put it passed some young actress such as yourself to do something stupid like stir up some free publicity. Something with a little shock value.

KERRI

You're full of shit.

DANNY

No forced entry, Kerri. How did he get in?

KERRI

I don't know. All I know is I wake up and he's here. Like he just popped in out of nowhere.

DANNY

You woke up? You telling me he broke in here while you were asleep.

KERRI

Yes.

DANNY

And you didn't hear anything?

KERRI

No! I didn't! Like I told those other cops! It's like he drugged me or something!

DANNY

Drugged you how? How could he drug you if he wasn't even here?

KERRI

I told those other cops. I had some orange juice when I got home and I got dizzy. When I woke up I puked all over the floor.

Danny stands, takes a look at the tile around the back of the couch and in between the living room and kitchen.

It's all clean.

DANNY

I don't see any puke, Kerri.

CSI TECH #1 has the jug of juice in hand, headed for the door.

CSI TECH #1

(to Danny)

We'll get it to the lab. Check it out.

Danny walks closer to the kitchen. He stares at the other crime scene tech dusting the counter.

DANNY

How about prints?

KERRI

You're not gonna get any prints. He was wearing gloves.

Danny stares down at Kerri, still very much unsure of her.

DANNY

You got someplace to stay?

KERRI

I don't know anybody here. Who am
I gonna stay with?

Kerri buries her face in her hands. Danny watches. As if
trying to get a better read on her.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WEST LOS ANGELES - DAY

Scarlett pulls her car to a curb, just down the street from
THE MIRACLE MILE APARTMENTS.

GPS (V.O.)

You've arrived at your destination.

She picks up Chris's script "In the Still of the Night" from
the passenger seat.

INSERT - SCRIPT

Chris's address in the lower left corner along with his phone
number and email address: 1016 Hauser Blvd, #204

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett crawls out with the script still in hand.

EXT. MIRACLE MILE APARTMENTS - DAY

Scarlett trots across the street toward the complex. She
spots a corner stop sign: HAUSER BLVD.

INT. CHRIS'S OLD APARTMENT - DAY

Scarlett swigs a can of beer and chats with Chris's previous
roommate TODD (30s), chubby, full beard, Comic Con t shirt,
post production type.

It's wall to wall movie posters and Hollywood memorabilia.

TODD

I was wondering if you were ever
gonna show up. When I gave my
statement to that cop, I figured
you'd be over here asking for a
play by play.

SCARLETT

Yeah, well. I'm a little late to
the party.

(MORE)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Coswell died before he could fill me in. But he did leave me a few pieces of the puzzle.

Scarlett rests Chris's script and Graciella's smart phone on the table before her.

TODD

Ahh. Chris's last masterpiece. Shame he never got to finish it.

SCARLETT

And what can you tell me about this?

Scarlett hands the smart phone to Todd. He instantly recognizes it.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

You gave it to Coswell.

TODD

Found it in Chris's room after he died. Along with a screenplay he'd been working on. In the Still of the Night. When Coswell came by snooping around, asking questions, looking for evidence or whatever, I printed him out a copy.

SCARLETT

Why would you do that?

TODD

I don't know. I guess I thought you should know the shady shit he was doing behind your back. Trying to profit off your pain. You know, he was all smiles when the cops drug him in that night. He thought it was a game.

(grins)

Little did they know.

SCARLETT

About what?

Toddy laughs at Scarlett's stupidity.

TODD

Boy, you really didn't know what the hell was going on back then, did you?

SCARLETT

Fill me in.

TODD

Me and Chris were having some problems. Rent problems. The kind where I pay and he finds an excuse not to.

SCARLETT

Yeah. I know the type.

TODD

One night I come home and he's packing himself an overnight bag. Says he's gonna be gone for a week or so. He's going out on the road, location scouting with that dog shit company he was working with.

Scarlett leans in closer, on the edge of her seat.

TODD (CONT'D)

Me and him were about to get into it. Fuck you. No. Fuck you. That kind of shit. He ends up running out the door and he's got a ride waiting for him across the street. And that's when I saw it.

SCARLETT

Saw what?

TODD

Her car. A black Impala. Just like that bitch who was taken that night.

SCARLETT

Graciella.

TODD

Yep.

SCARLETT

You're absolutely sure it was a black Impala?

TODD

Uh huh. Not all I saw either. Guess who was driving?

SCARLETT

Who?

TODD
That dickhead grocery manager. Old
Mister Doo Wop himself.

Scarlett's mouth drops with shock.

SCARLETT
That doesn't make any sense. What
was he doing with Brad.

TODD
That you would have to ask Chris.
Or Brad. Unfortunately, they're
both deader than shit. Want
another beer?

SCARLETT
Not unless you have any that tastes
like vodka.

Todd smiles.

TODD
Say no more.

Todd heads for the freezer and snags a bottle of Smirnoff.

EXT. MIRACLE MILE APARTMENTS - DAY

Scarlett hurries back to her car and dials at the same time.

DANNY (O.S.)
Yo.

SCARLETT
Stop what you're doing. Because we
need to have a serious talk.

INT. CORNER BAR - NIGHT

Danny and Kerri wait in a booth with a couple beers. Through
the door walks Scarlett who is stopped in her tracks at the
sight of Kerri.

SCARLETT
(to herself)
Oh shit.

She continues to the booth.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
What is she doing here?

DANNY

Why don't you have a seat.

Scarlett grabs a chair, spins it backwards and squats with her chest pressed against it.

SCARLETT

(to Kerri)

Actually, I'm glad you're here. Because I have a message for Tony. You tell him he can call off the show because I'm never...ever...EVER...gonna work on one of his films. So whatever it is that you think you're doing, trying to get me all concerned and worried for poor little you, you can forget it.

Kerri is so offended she turns to Danny for solace.

KERRI

(to Danny)

Well. Aren't you gonna tell her what he did to me? Well go on.

Danny slides some paperwork across the table. Kerri picks it up and takes a look.

DANNY

We got the lab results back on that jug of orange juice. It came back clean. So did everything else we pulled out of your fridge. Your story's not holding up, Kerri.

Kerri scoffs and shakes her head.

KERRI

So you guys are here to ambush me?

SCARLETT

No. I'm here to tell you that these people you're working with are bad people. They're trying to use you to get to me. And this game you're playing with the cops is serious. You could get in a lot of trouble, Kerri.

KERRI

You don't believe me. Just like your boyfriend here didn't believe you, Scarlett. Or maybe you forgot.

This hits home with Scarlett. Danny notices.

KERRI (CONT'D)

Now I know how you must've felt. Sick. Empty. Lost.

Kerri tears up. Scarlett looks as if she's changed her tune.

KERRI (CONT'D)

You were right, Scarlett. I guess I didn't need you for inspiration after all.

Kerri slides out of the booth and heads for the door. She stops and turns back --

KERRI (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

You know, you're not the only cop in this town, Grecco.

DANNY

What does that mean?

KERRI

It means if you two won't listen, then maybe the people will.

(to Scarlett)

And when I'm done, Scarlett, maybe you won't come out as the squeaky clean victim everyone thinks you are.

Scarlett walks to Kerri, losing patience. She gets right in her face.

SCARLETT

Don't do anything stupid. I'm trying to help you.

KERRI

Yeah, well. I've had enough of your help. Be sure to check out the six o'clock news tomorrow. It should be a real good show.

Kerri bolts out the door.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Scarlett steps up to the tenant list and intercom system. She spots the name ROMAN, KERRI, APT. 232.

She punches the button and waits.

KERRI (O.S.)

Yes?

SCARLETT

Open up, Kerri. It's me.

KERRI (O.S.)

Me who? There's a lot of crazies out there, ya know.

SCARLETT

Come on, let me up. I need to talk to you.

No answer. And finally a BUZZ. The door unlocks and Scarlett lets herself in.

INT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - LOBBY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

She's stopped at the elevator by the maintenance man DALLAS (20s), creepy handsome, oil stained t shirt and jeans. He's busy testing the elevator.

DALLAS

(redneck accent)

Sorry, miss. Elevator's down. You're gonna have to take the stairs.

He gives Scarlett a good once over. Scarlett instantly creeped out by him.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Oh, no way. I know who you are. Scarlett. Scarlett McTierney. Standing right in front of me. In the flesh.

SCARLETT

That's me.

Dallas checks out the goods, licks his lips. Scarlett grows visibly uncomfortable.

DALLAS

Say. I was wondering if maybe...I
don't know...

Dallas is blushing like a school girl. He can't quite spit
out the words.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

I could get an autograph or
something.

Scarlett cracks a lukewarm grin.

SCARLETT

Yeah, sure. What the hell.

DALLAS

Really? No way. That's awesome.

Dallas is all grins as he stands and nods his head like the
village idiot.

Scarlett waits for a pen and paper.

Dallas finally snaps out of it.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Right. Hold on a sec.

Dallas digs in a corner trash bin, searching desperately for
a decent sheet of paper.

Scarlett winces at the sight.

He pulls out a fairly clean white letter with three creases
and brushes off the trash.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Here you go.

Scarlett reluctantly takes it. Dallas pulls a pen from his
pocket and spins around.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

You can use my back.

Scarlett spots some garbage juice on the bottom of the page.
She chokes back her urge to vomit.

SCARLETT

And who am I making this out to?

DALLAS

You can sign To My Good Friend
Dallas. The greatest lay to ever
walk the earth.

Scarlett rolls her eyes and signs.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

I'm totally kidding. But you can
still say that if you want.

SCARLETT

I'm good, thanks.

DALLAS

Just wait til I tell the boys I had
Scarlett McTierney's hands all over
me.

Scarlett grows even more uneasy by him, quickly finishes and
hands him the autograph.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Thank you. This is too much.
Really.

SCARLETT

Take care of yourself, Dallas.

She nudges past him.

DALLAS

Oh don't you worry about me. I'm
good.

Scarlett heads for the stairs as the once giddy Dallas
watches with lust in his eyes. His look turns slightly
sinister.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Be good, Miss Scarlett.

INT. KERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Knock-Knock.

Kerri comes hurrying out of the bathroom wrapped in a bath
towel and her hair still wet.

She stares through the peephole.

KERRI'S POV:

Scarlett on the other side.

BACK TO SCENE

Kerri opens the door as Scarlett hurries in.

SCARLETT

Sure. I'd love to come in.

KERRI

We don't have anything else to talk about, Scarlett. So I really don't know what you're doing here.

SCARLETT

Look me in the eye and tell me it was real.

KERRI

If what was real?

Scarlett scoffs with disgust.

SCARLETT

I got my answer. Excuse me.

Scarlett heads for the door.

KERRI

Don't go!

Scarlett stops, turns and faces her.

KERRI (CONT'D)

I'm scared. I can't be here by myself, okay? I mean look at me. Look at my eyes. I haven't slept in two days.

Scarlett observes the dark circles under her eyes.

SCARLETT

You really haven't, have you?

KERRI

I don't know anyone here and I can't afford to just pick up and leave.

Kerri breaks down in tears.

SCARLETT

Nobody's gonna hurt you, Kerri.
None of it's real. He's just
trying to scare you.

KERRI

He? Who's he?

SCARLETT

It's Tony. Tony Bell. He did the
same thing to me. And he used
Chris and Brad to do it.

KERRI

Chris and Brad? What? What are
you even talking about?

Scarlett hands Kerri the copy of Chris's script.

SCARLETT

Coswell found that in Chris's
apartment. Along with Graciella's
phone.

Kerri gives the script a look.

KERRI

Oh my God.

SCARLETT

Does that look familiar? The
bastard was writing a movie. Him
and Brad planned the whole thing.
Even Graciella was in on it.

KERRI

Graciella? No. But she died.

SCARLETT

Yeah. And so did Brad. Because
their plan got fucked up.

KERRI

What plan are you talking about?

SCARLETT

They were putting together a movie,
Kerri. A true story. With the new
actress in town as the lead. Are
you starting to get it now?

Kerri takes a seat on the couch. It's all a bit much for her
to take all at once.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I'm guessing when Chris got picked up by the cops and was named their prime suspect, he got scared. So he improvised and put Brad through a window. Brad is the Doo Wop Killer, case closed. Take a look for yourself.

Scarlett hands Graciella's phone to Kerri. She's already got pictures pulled up of Graciella, Chris and Tony on the set of various Thunder Cat productions.

KERRI

I still don't understand. All of it was fake?

SCARLETT

I talked to Chris's old roommate today. He said Brad picked up Chris from their apartment in Sanchez's car.

KERRI

No way. When was this?

SCARLETT

I'll tell you when. Exactly two days before she died. That's when.

KERRI

You're being real with me right now? This isn't some kind of plea to get me to back out of the movie is it?

SCARLETT

Don't you see? The three of them were holding up at Brad's place. Hiding Sanchez from the cops. From her own husband. Leading all of them to believe she was already dead.

Kerri shakes her head, rubs at her temples. A headache setting in. She roams her living room.

Scarlett stays one step behind.

KERRI

Okay, I'll bite. Why would Graciella let herself get involved in any of this? If what you're saying is true.

SCARLETT

Because she was a struggling actress, Kerri. Just like I was. Just like you. Because Tony talked her into it.

Kerri walks to the freezer and pulls out a bottle of vodka. She pours her and Scarlett a good belt.

Scarlett follows her into the kitchen.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

It took me all of five seconds being in Tony's office to realize he was a con job. And if Sanchez was involved with Tony, that means she's just as complicit as Chris.

KERRI

I don't know, Scarlett. This is all a lot to take in. I mean, what am I supposed to do now?

SCARLETT

I would have never come out here if it weren't for Chris. He set the bait and I took it. They were setting me up. Now they're doing the same thing to you.

KERRI

Okay, so if you have proof, why don't you go to the cops?

SCARLETT

I'm working on it. But you gotta trust me on this. Whatever Tony asks you to do from now on, you have to stay strong and say no. Even if it costs you a job.

Kerri shakes her head, still unsure. She comes around.

KERRI

Okay. I guess I trust you. You better be right about this.

Kerri hands Scarlett her drink. They both down their shots.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Scarlett exits the lobby door and heads back to Danny's squad car across the street.

Danny stands with hands on the roof and a steaming cup of coffee before him.

DANNY
How'd it go?

SCARLETT
I think she's coming around.

Scarlett sets Graciella's phone on the hood and slides it over to Danny who snags it up.

DANNY
What am I looking at?

SCARLETT
Take a look at those bruises again.
Tell me what you see.

Danny scrolls through selfies of Graciella with increasingly bad bruising on her face.

DANNY
They're getting worse with each picture.

SCARLETT
Exactly. It's a makeup job. Those bruises are fake.

DANNY
Okay. Why are they fake?

SCARLETT
You're the detective here. You tell me.

DANNY
Well. They're the last photos ever taken with this phone.

SCARLETT
Taken after Graciella's abduction.
Not before.

DANNY
Could be photos of Sanchez they were gonna use but never ended up using. Maybe to send to the cops or to the press.

SCARLETT
Plan A.

DANNY

But they skip Plan A and go
straight to Plan B.

SCARLETT

Kill Graciella before she can talk.

Danny shakes his head with disgust, shoves the phone back to Scarlett who pockets it.

DANNY

I'll tell you. This is a new level
of strange. Even for Hollyweird.

Danny swings open his door and crawls in. Scarlett follows.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD VICE DIVISION - DAY

Danny enters the dimly lit dungeon of a basement squad room. Hookers, peepers and flashers caged up like animals.

In a far corner, he spots his old partner in crime DETECTIVE KEITH WINANS (40s), t shirt and jeans, ball cap, as he walks a cuffed TRANSVESTITE to the cage.

WINANS

(to transvestite)

So he's standing there just staring
and staring. Not saying a word.
Not blinking. Nothing. And my
partner finally turns, looks up at
me and says...

DANNY

(finishes)

...Is that her vagina?

Winans spots Danny standing between the desks. The two of them share a good laugh.

WINANS DESK

Winans hands half his sub sandwich to Danny. They have a couple sodas and chat about the case.

WINANS

Alright, I might have something for
you. I did a little digging.

(MORE)

WINANS (CONT'D)

Word is, a few years back, when me and you were still cruising the prowler, this greaseball low level pimp type was looking to break his girls into the industry. One of a pornographic nature.

DANNY

Tony Bell.

WINANS

Formerly Anthony Di Ciccio. Alias Tony The Chooch. Alias Tony Bell. He's a five star prick of the highest order.

DANNY

Tell me something I don't know.

WINANS

From what I'm hearing around the old campfire, Mister Bell caught some big time producer type's hand in the cookie jar. I'm talking on video. As in evidence. A real mover and shaker with deep pockets.

DANNY

So he blackmails this dude into bankrolling his new company.

WINANS

And there you have the birth of one Thunder Cat Productions.

Winans takes a chomp of his sandwich. Danny quietly thinks it all over.

DANNY

Tony goes legit, raises some cash through an LLC and all the sudden he's a movie producer peddling soft core porn and horror flicks. Most of which cost a buck ninety eight.

WINANS

Something like that.

Danny anxiously waits for the rest of the story. Winans just chomps away at his lunch.

DANNY

Is that all?

Winans throws him a hard stare as he gets his last bite down.

WINANS

(mouthful)

No, smartass, that's not all.
About a year into his new company,
Our Mister Bell found himself the
target of a major RICO
investigation.

DANNY

You don't say. Here's my shocked
face.

WINANS

You see, Mister Bell got himself
involved with some real nasty go
getters back in New York who
decided they wanted a piece of the
action. Started funneling drug
money through this fony baloney LLC
so it all looks legit on paper.
Not just coke. Loan sharking.
Prostitution. You name it.

DANNY

So they dump these cheap ass movies
with no name actresses they know
aren't gonna see any returns...

WINANS

And the investors get about ninety
percent of their investment back
before anyone knows what's up. It
is now what they call...laundered.

Winans grins and hands Danny a napkin. They both wipe their
hands clean.

DANNY

Wow. So you're not just playing
cop, are you?

WINANS

Damn straight.

DANNY

So what happened to the
investigation?

WINANS

Tony's buddies had no choice but to
pull out. Cut all ties.

(MORE)

WINANS (CONT'D)

Some say they've even gone into hiding and are laying low, right here in Los Angeles.

DANNY

Thanks old partner. I'll keep you posted.

Danny heads for the door.

WINANS

Hey.

Danny stops.

WINANS (CONT'D)

So whatever happened with you and that actress?

DANNY

This is LA, Keith. Can you be more specific?

Winans smiles and chews at the same time.

WINANS

(mumbles)

You know damn well who I'm talking about.

Danny smiles.

DANNY

It's a work in progress.

WINANS

Yeah, well keep me posted.

Danny heads out. Winans has a good laugh.

INT. ALL NIGHT GYM - NIGHT

Kerri goes hardcore on the treadmill, sweating the stress away and looking truly angry.

She stares through a large pane glass window and down at the parking lot below.

THE DOO WOP KILLER

steps from behind a corner wall and out of the shadows. He's in his trademark suit and tie.

Kerri, startled, trips and falls on the belt.

DALLAS, our handy man from Park West, hits the stop button and lends a helping hand to Kerri.

DALLAS
Damn, Kerri. You okay?

Kerri takes his hand as he yanks her back up.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
That was pretty bad. But don't worry. Only the whole room was watching.

Dallas smiles as he and Kerri turn to the others working out on their ellipticals.

Kerri stares at the lot below.

Doo Wop Killer is gone.

She faces Dallas.

KERRI
I'm sorry. Do I know you?

DALLAS
I fixed your garbage disposal. We met the other day. Dallas.

KERRI
Of course. Sorry.

DALLAS
You sure you're okay?

KERRI
Umm...

Kerri once again checks the lot. No Doo Wop.

KERRI (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes I am. I'm sorry. I'm just a little out of it right now.

DALLAS
Yeah, I can see that. You need a lift home or something?

KERRI
No thanks. I'll be fine.

DALLAS
You don't look fine.

Kerri grabs her workout bag.

KERRI
Well I am. Excuse me.

Kerri bolts off. Dallas watches her closely as she heads for the stairs.

EXT. ALL NIGHT GYM - NIGHT

Kerri leaves for the night. She walks around the side of the two story building and through a very dark and shadowy alley that leads to a rear parking lot.

There are rows of bushes that divide the parking division into two separate lots. Her car parked on the other side of this division.

Doo Wop could be hiding behind one of them and ready to jump out at any second.

Kerri stops in her tracks, carefully checking each one of these tall bushes.

KERRI
There's no one there. Just go.

And then behind her.

The alley is particularly dark. Unable to see what's coming from the other end.

Footsteps.

KERRI (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Kerri makes a run for it, through the bushes and toward her truck parked in the nearby lot.

KERRI'S TRUCK

She jumps in, quickly locks her doors and cranks up the engine. Her car stereo turned up:

SONG
In the Still...of the Night...I
held you...Held You Tight...Cause I
love...Love You So...

KERRI

Oh shit!

SONG

Promise I'll Never...Let you go...

Kerri checks her sideview mirror.

IN THE MIRROR:

Doo Wop Killer almost at her door.

She jerks it in reverse and takes off -- leaving some tire on the asphalt.

After she throws it in drive, she stomps the gas.

But the truck comes to a swift halt.

She checks the gas gauge: Empty.

The MUSIC still blasting away. She punches her stereo button.

KERRI

Come on!

Kerri now stuck in her truck. She checks her surroundings.

No sign of Doo Wop.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Kerri SCREAMS out. She turns and faces --

DANNY

standing outside the driver's side window.

DANNY

Come one! Get out!

Kerri pops open her door, jumps in Danny's arms.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's okay. No one's gonna hurt you, Kerri. It's just a game. A really sick game.

He lets her go. Kerri still in tears.

KERRI

You have to stop this.

DANNY

Listen to me! I got him, Kerri. I got the whole thing on video. His license tag and everything. It's all fake, just like we said. This isn't real. They're counting on you to be scared. They wan't you to go to the cops.

KERRI

Please. I just want this to end.

DANNY

It's over, Kerri. It's already over. You got nothing to worry about.

Doo Wop Killer sneaks up behind Danny, slashes his throat with a box cutter.

Kerri SCREAMS out as BLOOD SHOOTS FROM DANNY'S NECK and he collapses on the asphalt.

Doo Wop Killer stares back at Kerri.

She makes a run for it.

Doo Wop Killer gives chase.

As Kerri reaches a stop sign, she's blocked by a second car. Danny's car. Scarlett behind the wheel.

SCARLETT

(to Kerri)

Get in! Hurry!

Kerri spots Scarlett and jumps in the back.

Scarlett stares back at the

DOO WOP KILLER

As he kicks out the rear window with his boot.

Kerri covered in glass.

KERRI

Go! Get us outta here!

Scarlett floors the gas, leaving some tired behind them as they speed off, around the back of the mall.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Kerri in the backseat, crying her eyes out. Scarlett behind the wheel as she dangerously maneuvers her way around the rear end of the shopping center.

She almost collides with a grocery vendor returning to his eighteen wheeler.

SCARLETT

Shit!

She swerves and barely misses, then almost collides with a giant green garbage dumpster.

KERRI

Watch out!

Scarlett cuts the wheel right, barely missing the dumpster and finally turns a tight left as they re-enter

THE FRONT PARKING LOT

SCARLETT

I need you to pull it together and help me look.

Kerri opens her eyes. She joins Scarlett as they slowly cruise the parking lot in search of Doo Wop.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

We saw his car. It's a black Charger. The plates too. He's gotta still be here.

They cruise up and down each aisle.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Are you looking?

Kerri stays quiet.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Are you looking???

KERRI

Yes! I'm looking!

Scarlett spots the empty space where the black Charger was last parked. A circle of half smoked discarded cigarette butts have collected on the asphalt.

SCARLETT

It was here. He's gone.

Scarlett turns around, reaches for Kerri and grabs her arm.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KERRI

No. I'm pretty far from okay.

DANNY'S BODY

Still on the asphalt.

Scarlett pulls his car to a stop and gets out, checks around his body and in his pockets.

Kerri steps out, watches her.

KERRI

What are you doing?

SCARLETT

His phone. It's gone. The video.
The evidence. All of it.

Scarlett breaks down at the sight of Danny's lifeless eyes staring back at her. She shuts them.

The sound of nearing POLICE SIRENS as RED AND BLUE LIGHTS reflect off of Scarlett and Kerri's faces.

INT. THUNDER CAT PRODUCTIONS - NIGHT

Winans kicks in the door like a wild beast ready for blood. He does a quick sweep of the room.

All the lights are out. He shines a FLASHLIGHT over the very basic production office. A front desk and a waiting room full of chairs.

Movie posters of various Thunder Cat Productions decorate every inch of this place.

As Winans moves further into the room, he enters a long hallway where he's drawn by the DIM LIGHT shining from behind an office door.

Winans charges toward it, gun gripped in both hands. He pushes the door open and enters --

TONY'S OFFICE

-- finding none other than Tony and one of his girls NUDE on the floor, tourniquets around their arms.

And both dead.

Winans shines a FLASHLIGHT on Tony's desk. An open tin foil of brown sugar heroin.

A silver spoon and lighter next to it.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett sits across the dining room table from Kerri. Both of them looking whipped.

Ever light in the apartment is off and the drapes and windows shut. Almost total darkness if not for Scarlett's bedroom light shining through an open door.

Winans paces back and forth, saddened for his old partner.

WINANS

It looked like a hot dose. Found puncture wounds on both his arms. He was a user, alright. Whoever did this knew him. From first glance, a seasoned cop wouldn't be the wiser. These friends of Tony's are tying up loose ends.

KERRI

What do you mean?

WINANS

With Tony Bell out of the way, the only ones left who know the truth are the two of you. They'll be coming for you. For both of you.

SCARLETT

I know.

WINANS

Only problem is...we don't know who they are.

Kerri slumps both elbows on the table, rubbing at her already tired and sore temples.

KERRI

God. If I only took that ride from Dallas when he offered.

(MORE)

KERRI (CONT'D)

Maybe Grecco would still be alive.
It's my fault.

SCARLETT

Dallas.

Scarlett checks with Winans.

WINANS

Who's Dallas?

KERRI

He's this...handy man, maintenance
guy who works in the building. He
was at the gym tonight. He knew
something was wrong by the look on
my face. He offered to give me a
ride home.

SCARLETT

(to Winans)

He's a total creep is what he is.

(to Kerri)

Why didn't you tell me about him?

KERRI

I don't know. You know him?

SCARLETT

He came onto me in the lobby the
other night.

(to Winans)

He was hanging around the elevator,
being a creeper. Saying all kinds
of inappropriate shit. This guy's
definitely worth looking into.

WINANS

(to Kerri)

I thought you said you didn't know
anyone in town. That you were
brand new.

KERRI

I don't know him. Not really. I
mean, he helped fix my garbage
disposal. Did some work on a leaky
faucet. Stuff like that.

WINANS

Worked on your faucet. When?

KERRI

I don't know. Could've been
anytime. He's got a key.

Winans and Scarlett share a knowing look. A realization hits
Kerri like a brick.

KERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, wait a minute. You think that
he's...

Winans sighs.

WINANS

I don't know. What's your
landlord's name?

KERRI

Robbie. Robin. Robin Sullivan. I
think.

SCARLETT

Soulliere.

KERRI

Yeah. That's it.

WINANS

Sit tight. Be back in about an
hour. Don't go anywhere.

Winans heads for the door, stops and heads back.

WINANS (CONT'D)

Just in case.

He pulls his back up piece, a thirty eight, and sets it on
the table.

Scarlett scared to death of the sight of it.

INT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Scarlett fires two shots into Chris as he stumbles and falls
to the hallway floor.

A cold, dead look in Scarlett's vengeful eyes.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Scarlett still lost in a trance.

WINANS
You hear what I said?

Scarlett snaps out of it.

SCARLETT
What?

WINANS
Keep the lights off and lay low.
And stay away from those windows.

Scarlett nods. Winans heads out.

Kerri spots Scarlett staring at the gun like it's gonna bite.

She hurries after Winans.

KERRI
Wait.

He turns back.

KERRI (CONT'D)
The safest place in this city is
right beside you.

Winans checks on Scarlett, still staring at the gun.

WINANS
Alright. Let's go.

They both head out. Scarlett picks up the gun, her hand shaking like it's her first time.

EXT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - STREET - NIGHT

Winans and Kerri are almost to his car.

WINANS
Stay one step behind me.

The sight of something stops Winans in his tracks.

The Doo Wop Killer stands in the middle of the street. A long blade of some sort in hand.

Kerri also spots him.

KERRI
Shoot him.

WINANS

Kerri, get in the car. Go!

Kerri runs and quickly jumps in the passenger side of Winans squad car.

Winans draws his weapon on Doo Wop, stepping closer and closer.

WINANS (CONT'D)

Alright, asshole! On the ground!
Now!

And OUT OF NOWHERE...

A WHITE VAN pulls up to the scene and out jump TWO MEN in all black with BLACK SKI MASKS.

One of them draws a gun on Winans.

SKI MASK #1

Head's up, cop!

Winans spins in his direction.

POW POW!

But he's not quick enough. A shot to the shoulder sends him flying to the asphalt.

SKI MASK #1 (CONT'D)

Get the girl!

SKI MASK #2 shatters Kerri's window out and violently pulls her through the hole.

KERRI

Scarlett! Help!

The two masked men carry a kicking and screaming Kerri into the back of the van.

The door slammed shut. And off they go.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett sits at the head of the table with the gun in hand. Her smart phone laid out before her.

SCARLETT

Come on. Ring. What the hell are
you guys doing?

And finally...it RINGS.

Scarlett quickly answers:

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

What's going on?! You're gonna
leave me here like this?!

SONG (O.S.)

Put your head on my shoul-der...
(beat)
Whisper in my ear...baby...

SCARLETT

Who is this?

CREEPY VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Scarlett. Your friend
can't come to the phone right now.
But don't worry. She's in good
hands.

SCARLETT

All of this over a movie. What's
wrong with you sick fucks?

CREEPY VOICE (O.S.)

You should be a lot nicer. Your
friend's life just might depend on
it.

Scarlett tears up.

CREEPY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Still there? I hope you're
listening good because this is no
longer a game, Scarlett. This time
it's real. My associates and I
would like to discuss something of
utmost importance. We'd like to
discuss your future.

SCARLETT

Or I could just hand up this phone
right now and let the cops deal
with your sick ass.

CREEPY VOICE (O.S.)

But you won't. You do that and
your friend dies. Word of that
getting out, can you imagine what
that would do to your fanbase?

SCARLETT

Fuck my fanbase. Where are you?

CREEPY VOICE (O.S.)

Now you're talking. One hour or
your friend dies. See you at the
office.

He hangs up.

Scarlett stands, now with a purpose in her eyes and ready to
draw first blood.

She holds up her gun, opens the cylinder to check for shells.
She slams it shut.

INT. THUNDER CAT PRODUCTIONS - NIGHT

The two black SKI MASKED MEN from earlier watch passively as
their SKI MASKED LEADER slow dances with a scared shitless
Kerri who can't stop crying.

SONG (O.S.)

Put your head on my shoulder.

(beat)

Hold me in your arms...baby.

(beat)

Squeeze me oh-so-tight.

Show me that you love me too.

The Masked Leader playfully strokes her hair. Kerri cries
hysterically.

MASKED LEADER

Shhh. This is my favorite song.

INT. SCARLETT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett's eyes are laser sharp and focused as she storms
down the road at high speed.

SONG (O.S.)

Put your lips next to mine dear.

(beat)

Won't you kiss me once, baby.

Winans thirty eight in the seat next to her.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Scarlett zig zags her way through traffic as the song continues to play out.

SONG (O.S.)
 Just a kiss goodnight maybe.
 (beat)
 You and I will fall in love.

INT. THUNDER CAT PRODUCTIONS - NIGHT

Scarlett swings open the front door and instantly spots one of the Masked Men waiting for her in the lobby.

He nods in the direction of the hallway.

MASK #2
 Go on.

Scarlett follows his look and heads down the long and dark corridor toward Tony's office.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Scarlett ducks her head in. She instantly spots Kerri, tied to a chair and sitting next to Tony's desk.

Behind Tony's desk sits the MASKED LEADER. His hands rested on his belly.

Scarlett turns around and spots Mask #1, a tall and lean man, standing directly behind her. He is snapping gum like a cow chews her cud. Dallas.

MASKED LEADER
 Welcome, Scarlett. Welcome to the new Thunder Cat Productions. Under shall we say, temporary new management. I guess you could say we're in the midst of restructuring.

SCARLETT
 Yeah, I heard something like that.

MASKED LEADER
 Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the guy who could pop up at any minute. Anywhere and at any time. And you won't see it coming. Neither will she.

Mask #2 joins the room.

Scarlett and him catch eyes.

MASKED LEADER (CONT'D)

Because you won't know what or who you'll be looking for. If only your cop friends knew better they wouldn't be dead.

Scarlett checks with Kerri, still balling over Winans.

MASKED LEADER (CONT'D)

But no. They had to go the tough guy route and be a one man show. Take it from experience, that's never a good idea. I always found it best when dealing with a superior opponent to find common ground. They say developing an open communication is key. Don't you agree?

Scarlett fights the urge to leap over the desk and choke this asshole out.

SCARLETT

Yeah.

He has a good snicker under his ski mask. As do the others.

Scarlett checks on Kerri, still frozen with fear.

MASKED LEADER

You are a feisty one, Scarlett from Texas. But I get the feeling under that gruff exterior, you're a reasonable woman. So let me break this down to you. As if appealing to your keen sensibilities as a reasonable person

(beat)

Are you listening, Scarlett?

SCARLETT

I'm listening.

MASKED LEADER

Good. Because Tony could never listen. He had a problem between his ears. It's like nothing ever got through. He was too busy spending all our money.

(MORE)

MASKED LEADER (CONT'D)

And I like my money, Scarlett. In case you didn't catch on.

SCARLETT

I figured as much.

MASKED LEADER

Look. I know this news about your friends Chris and Brad, and not to mention Sanchez. Well, it was all a bit much. A real shocker. Believe me. You weren't half as shocked as we were. But that was their choice, Scarlett. It had nothing to do with us. What we're doing is simply picking up the pieces. Trying to make some sense of it all. That make sense?

SCARLETT

Yeah. Crystal clear.

MASKED LEADER

Good. Now, the way I see it, Scarlett, you have a couple of options. First option.

He slowly slides a paper form of some sort across Tony's desk.

MASKED LEADER (CONT'D)

Stop fucking around and sign this contract. Do the film you were meant to do. And you and your friend here will make more money than you've ever dreamed of making. Who knows. You just might live happily ever after.

SCARLETT

Sounds good. What's option B?

MASKED LEADER

Well, I'm glad you asked. Option B is you and your girlfriend looking over your shoulders for the rest of your short lives.

SCARLETT

Well, I'll tell you. When you break it down like that, it's a pretty easy decision.

MASKED LEADER

I thought so. So what'll it be,
Scarlett?

Scarlett checks with Kerri. A quiet exchange between the two.

SCARLETT

I guess given those options, I
don't have much of a choice. Now
do I?

MASKED LEADER

No, I guess maybe you don't.

SCARLETT

There's only one problem. You
forgot about option C.

MASKED LEADER

And what's that?

Before he can blink, Scarlett aims her thirty eight.

POW! Right between the eyes. BLOOD sprays the curtains and windows behind him.

His chair collapses. Dead.

Kerri SCREAMS out.

MASK #2 attempts to tackle Scarlett...

She spins around, faces him...

And into the wall they go.

KERRI

Scarlett!

POW!

MASK #2 is struck with a bullet to the stomach. He tumbles backward and drops to the floor.

MASK #1

Bolts out the door before Scarlett can get a shot off. She grips her pistol with both hands and aims.

SCARLETT

Better fucking run!

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The halls are dark and dimly lit as MASK #1 runs for the elevator at the end of the hall.

He smashes the buttons.

Scarlett turns a corner and spots him.

SCARLETT

HEY!!!

MASK #1 spins her direction.

POW!

He's hit in the leg and drops.

Scarlett runs up to him. She watches as he squirms like a wiggly worm out of control.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Look at me you sonofabitch.

He finally stops, stares up at her.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Take it off.

He angrily jerks off his mask. It's none other than Dallas from Park West Apartments.

DALLAS

You ain't shit, bitch. You won't do it.

POW!

Right to the face.

SCARLETT

You say somethin'?

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Scarlett rushes back in, spots Kerri still tied to the chair and looking helpless.

KERRI

Get me outta here!

Scarlett rushes to her aide. Unties her hands and feet, bound to the chair.

KERRI (CONT'D)
Where are they?

SCARLETT
Dead. They're all dead.

SONG (O.S.)
Goodnight sweetheart, well it's
time to go...

Scarlett and Kerri hear some more fifties music coming from the outer hallways.

KERRI
What is that?

SONG (O.S.)
Goodnight sweetheart, well it's
time to go...

KERRI
I thought you said they were all
dead.

SCARLETT
We need to get the fuck out of
here.

Scarlett grabs Kerri by the arm and jerks her toward the door. Out they go.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scarlett and Kerri stealthily maneuver their way through the dimly lit halls as the song plays out over the ceiling speakers.

SONG (O.S.)
I hate to leave you but I really
mist say...Goodnight sweetheart.
Goodnight.

KERRI
Who's doing that?

Scarlett and Kerri make it to the end of the hall and turn a corner. They are stopped in their tracks by the sight of none other than...

The Doo Wop Killer.

KERRI (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Scarlett takes aim. POW!

The Doo Wop Killer ducks behind a wall.

SCARLETT
I got one shot left.

Kerri turns and spots a stairwell door near the opposite end of the hallway.

KERRI
Come on. Come with me.

Kerri grabs Scarlett's arm as they rush toward the stairwell door before Doo Wop can catch up.

SONG (O.S.)
Well it's 3 o'clock...in the morning...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kerri leads the charge up the staircase. Every few steps, Scarlett stops and checks behind her.

SCARLETT
Go, go, go!

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Scarlett and Kerri burst through a metal door and end up on the roof of this multi-story office complex.

KERRI
Shit! What was I thinking?

SCARLETT
No. We let him come to us. This is perfect.

Scarlett aims her gun directly at the door.

Kerri backs away from her, scared at the sight of the gun.

KERRI
Be careful.

Doo Wop Killer pops out from behind a wall and grabs Kerri around the throat and waist.

KERRI (CONT'D)
Scarlett!

Scarlett spins their direction.

SCARLETT
Get off of her!

Kerri elbows him in the gut and tears his face mask off. It's "Bobby" from Two Twelve. (Note: The one who saved Kerri at the bottom of the fire escape).

He reaches his knife back, ready to drive it into Kerri.

POW!

Scarlett shoots him in the chest. He drops like cement.

Kerri hugs Scarlett. It's finally over.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Kerri is joined with Scarlett this time as they sit with Sarah Stebbins on yet another live taping of "Talk of the Town".

SARAH STEBBINS
Scarlett, it's so good to see you back amongst your fans. Back in the limelight. But I have to ask. What was it that brought you back? The last I heard, this was it for you. This was a part of your life you were never revisiting again. So what happened?

SCARLETT
Well. I guess Kerri is to thank for some of that. If it weren't for her, I never would've realized that what I was doing wasn't healthy.

SARAH STEBBINS
Which was what?

SCARLETT
Holding on to the past. Keeping it this big secret that I didn't wanna share with the world. Something I was ashamed of. But Kerri reminded me that I have nothing to be ashamed of. Plus, it was important to expose some very very bad people who were pulling the strings on this production.

SARAH STEBBINS

Very very bad people who you've
been very very tight lipped about,
I might add.

Scarlett and Kerri smile.

SARAH STEBBINS (CONT'D)

Both you and Kerri have been
careful in not revealing any
details about these so called dark
people behind the scenes. Am I to
guess that there's more to this
story than the public already
knows?

Scarlett and Kerri share a laugh.

KERRI

Oh, there's a lot more to the
story.

SCARLETT

Let's just say, it's way too much
to get into right now.

SARAH STEBBINS

So when can we expect to finally
see In the Still of the Night?

KERRI

Well, there's been some new
developments since the first draft.
Like Scarlett was saying, too many
to name. Right now, we're putting
the final touches on the script.
So, hopefully sometime really
really soon.

EXT. THUNDER CAT PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Several BLACK GOVERNMENT VEHICLES come to a swift halt,
blocking off the street.

Agents in blue FBI jackets storm the building.

INT. THUNDER CAT PRODUCTIONS - DAY

A wounded Winans, with his arm in a sling, joins SPECIAL
AGENT BRANDT and his team as they flip the office.

Drawers being opened.

Paperwork and files being flipped through.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT

(to Winans)

So you're telling me on top of putting four of these greaseballs in the morgue and forgetting to give us a ring, you want another favor, Detective?

WINANS

Some friends wanna know. They've been through a lot. I figure they have a right.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT

I see. And these friends don't happen to be movie producers, do they?

WINANS

Look. They're just trying to get a film made. Cross all the I's and dot the T's and so forth.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT

So they go through all this trouble to get this girl to make their movie. She doesn't. Blows them all away, and now she's doing the movie anyways.

Winans sighs with exhaustion. He's not exactly thrilled by this idea either.

WINANS

Obviously, with a different company. And under way different circumstances. Something about working with mobbed up murderers that gets under their skin.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT

Yeah, I could see that.

WINANS

As long as it doesn't have any effect on your investigation, I don't see why it would hurt that they know.

Special Agent Brandt takes a second but comes around.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT
 Yeah. Me either. I'll have the
 sheets of your four dead assholes
 on your desk by this afternoon.
 Fair enough?

WINANS
 Appreciate your time.

Winans heads for the door.

SPECIAL AGENT BRANDT
 Fuckin show business.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett's phone BUZZES on a nightstand. She reaches an arm
 over her pillow and snags it up.

SCARLETT
 Yeah?

WINANS (O.S.)
 You still awake?

SCARLETT
 Barely. You catch the show today?

WINANS
 Not really.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD VICE DIVISION - NIGHT

Winans back at his desk, staring at the rap sheet of one
 NICHOLAS CABRESE, a low level scumbag with a list of
 criminal infractions a mile long.

WINANS
 But I did have myself a nice chat
 with the Feds. I got some news on
 your New York friends if you're
 still interested.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
 Not really.
 (beat)
 Let me guess. They were criminals
 from New York.

Winans smiles.

WINANS

Something like that. I just emailed you and Kerri their rap sheets. All twelve pages. Some pretty hairy shit.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett sprawled out on the couch again.

SCARLETT

What's the cliff's notes version?

WINANS (O.S.)

Short version is...they came out to the coast and hooked up with your boy Tony Bell some five and a half years ago. Just happened to be around the same time a certain young actress was getting some scary phone calls.

SCARLETT

God. Tony must've been in deep with these guys. Just the idea of faking Graciella's kidnapping just to get a funding for a movie. Like dude. Haven't you heard of Kickstarter?

WINANS (O.S.)

Kick what?

SCARLETT

Never mind.

WINANS (O.S.)

You take care of yourself, Scarlett.

SCARLETT

Somebody has to.

Winans laughs.

WINANS (O.S.)

Nite nite.

He hangs up.

Scarlett lays her head back down.

SCARLETT
Peace and quiet. Finally.

After a few moments, her phone BUZZES again.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Fuck me. This better be important.

She picks up.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Hello?

GEOFF (O.S.)
Hello. Is this Scarlett?

SCARLETT
Yes. And who am I speaking with?

GEOFF (O.S.)
My name's Geoff. Geoffrey Green.
I'm Graciella's husband.

Scarlett quickly sits up, in total shock.

SCARLETT
Yes, of course. I mean...nice to
meet you. I mean. Hear from you.

Scarlett rolls her eyes.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Is something wrong? I mean, what
can I help you with?

INT. HOME OF GEOFFREY GREEN - NIGHT

GEOFFREY GREEN (30s), African American, nicely dressed but a
deeply broken man, paces his kitchen floor while he talks
with Scarlett.

GEOFFREY
I was wondering if you could come
to my home. Tonight. There's
something I need to discuss with
you.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
Tonight?

GEOFFREY

I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important. But you're gonna need to hear this.

Geoffrey holds a framed photo of him and wife Graciella, shedding tears all over it.

He gives up, angrily chucks the frame across the room and shatters the glass.

SCARLETT (O.S.)

I heard glass breaking. Is everything okay there?

GEOFFREY

No. No, everything is definitely not okay. Look, I can't do this shit over the phone. Can you make it or not? Cause I'm about to lose my mind up in here.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett still on the edge of her seat.

SCARLETT

Of course. Can I get your address?

INT. HOME OF GEOFFREY GREEN - NIGHT

Geoffrey sits on his couch, staring at the wall, utterly broken and depressed.

Into the dining area walks Scarlett. She spots Geoffrey on the couch.

SCARLETT

The door was open. So I...

GEOFFREY

It's on the table.

Scarlett stares down at the dinner table. Official divorce papers between Graciella and Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Divorce papers.

SCARLETT

Okay. I'm lost.

Scarlett moves into the living room, stands before Geoffrey who can barely look her in the eye.

GEOFFREY

Just when I thought we were gonna work it all out. I lose her for good. Or at least I thought.

SCARLETT

What do you mean?

GEOFFREY

She comes back, three weeks later. That dark, empty, vacant look in her eye. Like she just spent a month with the Devil himself. She tells me she can never be with a man again. Not after...not after what he did to her. Things so wrong and so ugly she pretends they never happened.

Scarlett kneels before Geoffrey, grabs his hand like a nurse would comfort her patient.

SCARLETT

Mister Green. Your wife was lying. Not just to you. But to everybody. They were using her. And she let it happen.

Geoffrey gives her the look of death.

GEOFFREY

No, you're not listening to me, man!!!

Scarlett lets go of his hand, a bit startled.

SCARLETT

I'm listening.

GEOFFREY

He spent exactly two weeks with her. Until he had his fill. Dumps her naked body on the street like trash. Starving. Dehydrated. Beaten to a pulp. Almost dead. Can't eat. Can't sleep. Can't talk. Just sitting there, staring at the wall. Hoping it was all just some bad dream.

SCARLETT

Is this what she told you? That someone hurt her?

Geoffrey in full blown tears.

GEOFFREY

She made it two blocks before she could get to a phone. No clothes, barely able to stand. Instead of calling me, she calls him.

Scarlett covers her mouth in shock.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

She was back almost four whole days before she mustered up the courage to call me from his place.

SCARLETT

Tony. Tony Bell.

GEOFFREY

Mister motherfucker himself.

SCARLETT

No. I don't understand. How could she do that after...what that man did to her? How could she play along like she was still gone?

GEOFFREY

Because they didn't give her a choice. They said do this with us or we gonna tell everybody what really went down. How and where they found her. How he urinated on her. Burned her privates. Destroyed her soul.

Geoffrey completely loses it.

SCARLETT

Oh my God. Mister Green. You've been keeping this to yourself. For all this time.

Scarlett once again reaches for his hand. He's trembling.

GEOFFREY

I guess they figured she was getting cold feet about the whole plan. That I was talking her into going to the cops.

(MORE)

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Telling them what really happened.
And they decided to shut her up
before she spilled.

SCARLETT

Why didn't you come to me earlier?

GEOFFREY

(angry)

Oh, I'm sorry Miss movie star.
Have I upset your plans? Throw
another kink in the chain? I kept
this secret for her. For nobody
else. Let me tell you something.
This stays between us. Do you
understand me?

Scarlett shakes her head. A conflicted look about her.

SCARLETT

No. You shouldn't have told me.

Scarlett heads for the door.

GEOFFREY

Where you goin?!

She stops, faces him.

SCARLETT

I don't know. I can't...I can't
breathe in here. I need to leave.

GEOFFREY

You still alive, aren't you?

Scarlett locks eyes with Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Little girl, you don't know how
lucky you are. You're the one that
got away.

INT. SCARLETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Scarlett rushes in and immediately deadbolts the door. She
leans her back against it, her breathing sporadic, having a
near panic attack.

SCARLETT

Oh God. Oh my God.

She shuts her eyes, looks sick to her stomach. She pulls her smart phone out, dials and waits.

WINANS (O.S.)
Scarlett. Up a little late, aren't we? Everything okay?

No answer.

WINANS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Scarlett. Talk to me, girl.

Scarlett panics and hangs up.

BATHROOM

Scarlett stares at herself in the mirror. She faces her door and stares at the knob. She flips the deadbolt, locking herself in the bathroom.

IN THE SHOWER

Scarlett lets the water run over her face as a long and trying day just got longer.

She breaks down in tears.

LIVING ROOM

Scarlett sits on the edge of an ottoman. Her phone in hand. Mustering up the courage to dial. She does.

KERRI (O.S.)
Scarlett, what the hell. Some of us need our beauty sleep.

SCARLETT
I need to talk to you.

KERRI (O.S.)
Yeah, I figured as much. It's two in the morning. What's up?

Scarlett can't spit it out.

KERRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Scarlett...?

SCARLETT
It's true. All of it's true.

A pause on the other line.

KERRI (O.S.)

It. Okay, you're gonna have to be more specific than that.

SCARLETT

Kerri, listen to me. You've gotta get out of that apartment. Tonight.

KERRI (O.S.)

Are you drunk or something? Is that it?

SCARLETT

I don't have time to explain it all right now. But remember when I said to trust me? Well I need you to trust me. Get up and just go. Don't even pack a bag.

KERRI (O.S.)

Okay, Scarlett. You're scaring me.

The muffled sound of a phone hitting the floor.

SCARLETT

Hello? You there?

No answer.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Kerri!

SONG (O.S.)

In the Still...of the Night...I
Held You...Held You Tight...Cause I
Love...Love You So...Promise I'll
Never...Let You Go...In the Still
of the Night...

Scarlett tears up. She knows Kerri's done for.

OVER BLACK

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

In the Still of the Night...

ROLL CREDITS:

THE END

