

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT PART III

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOW INCOME APARTMENTS - REAR ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

A greasy mop of hair attached to a filthy meth addict's face pummels the potholed asphalt.

BLOOD SPEWS. A TOOTH EXPELS from a mouth full of cracked teeth. This is ZEKE. And Zeke is bottom of the barrel street trash.

SUPER:

CAHUENGA BOULEVARD  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD  
2:57 AM

A pair of square jawed, KEVLAR FITTED COPS with full sleeve tats and leather gloves snag Zeke up by his shirt, toss him against a brick wall, face first.

ZEKE

Watch the face, man!

KEVLAR COP #1

You made boss man run. He don't like running.

ZEKE

Excuse the shit out of me.

KEVLAR COP #2

You're not excused, jerk off. And watch your mouth.

ZEKE

Who's gonna pay for my tooth, man?

KEVLAR COP #1

Be good and we'll get you some super glue. Good as new.

The cops have a good snicker.

ZEKE

Yo, you real funny, bruh.

KEVLAR COP #2

Shut up.

Kevlar Cop #2 faces Zeke against the wall, palms flat, tosses his pockets, throws on some cuffs.

A BLACK AND WHITE PATROL UNIT arrives at the scene. Out steps another PAIR OF UNIFORM COPS.

UNIFORM COP  
Where's the brains of this operation?

KEVLAR COP #1  
He's on his way. He's kind of old and slow.

WINANS (O.S.)  
Kiss my ass too.

Taking his time up the alley, joining the others is SERGEANT KEITH WINANS (50s), hooded sweatshirt, a gold medallion badge dangling from a chain on his neck. He's a bit grayer than the last we've seen of him.

KEVLAR COP #2  
(to Winans)  
Hey, Sarge! Nice of you to join us!

WINANS  
(to Zeke)  
Zeke. My man. You made me run, Z. And you know I got my bad knee. I know you know. I done told you the last time. Didn't I tell you that?

ZEKE  
Shit, man. They knocked my tooth out.

WINANS  
Yeah, you lucky that's all they knocked out. You messed up my stakeout. And you let your busted ass car get towed in front of your girl's building. Now you know you ain't supposed to be within fifty yards of this place. And here you are. And we're doin this all over again.

ZEKE  
Come on, man. She set me up. Calling me and saying she wants me and shit.

WINANS

She called you, huh? Wanted you so bad she told you to come bust out her screen door and let yourself inside.

ZEKE

That's right.

WINANS

So we can check your phone and we're gonna find her number in there. That what you're telling me?

Zeke stalls.

ZEKE

I mean.

WINANS

I mean, I mean. What?

ZEKE

I lost it. My phone. Must've dropped it somewhere.

WINANS

(to Cops)

Someone put this man in the car please!

And Zeke is quickly escorted to the backseat of a patrol car.

ZEKE

Come on, man. I thought we were good.

Winans turns his back, has himself a long, tired sigh.

LOUD MUSIC (O.S.)

Goodnight sweetheart, well it's time to go. Goodnight sweetheart, well it's time to go....

Winans refocuses. He follows the sound of the music toward the end of this back alley.

LOUD MUSIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I hate to leave you but I really must say...goodnight sweetheart. Goodnight...

Winans steps onto a sidewalk bordering Cahuenga Boulevard on the North Hollywood strip.

He spots a PRIUS with ENGINE RUNNING at an otherwise barren curb across the street.

LOUD MUSIC (CONT'D)  
Well it's three o'clock in the morning. Baby, I just can't treat you right.

Winans squints, a bit hesitant as he checks both directions. It's late as hell and mostly quiet up and down the boulevard.

He begins across the street. A cautious but steady stride.

LOUD MUSIC (CONT'D)  
Well I hate to leave you baby. I don't mean maybe. Because I love you so...

Winans draws closer to the Prius. He spots what appears to be a YOUNG WOMAN behind the wheel.

WINANS  
Hello?!

No answer.

LOUD MUSIC  
Goodnight sweetheart, well it's time to go.

Winans draws his weapon.

LOUD MUSIC (CONT'D)  
Goodnight sweetheart, well it's time to go.

He opens the driver's side door to reveal a HOODED FIGURE with pale white face slightly exposed.

LOUD MUSIC (CONT'D)  
I hate to leave you but I really must say...goodnight sweetheart. Goodnight.

Winans carefully pulls back the hood to reveal...

A FACE WE CANNOT SEE.

Only Winans reaction as he recoils in utter shock.

WINANS

Fuck...me.

EXT. HOLLABACK HIDEAWAY BAR AND GRILL - REAR DECK - DAY

Picnic style tables occupy this rear outside deck as a full house of diners enjoy giant prime cuts of beef and some down home barbecue.

SUPER: GALVESTON, TEXAS

Tending a busy bar full of drinking patrons is bartender and co owner of Hollabacks SCARLETT MCTIERNEY (30) red and black streaked hair, collared shirt and jeans. A much healthier and more dignified looking Scarlett.

Holding up the end of the bar and enjoying a cold bottle of Lone Starr is TEDDY (30s), cowboy hat, sly smirk, slightly drunk. A real staple of this joint.

TEDDY

(to Scarlett)

Tell me something. For real. I heard you sunk all of that movie money into helping JT re open this dump. Tell me it ain't so.

SCARLETT

If it's such a dump how come you're in here every night?

Scarlett takes Teddy's empty mug, reaches over and pulls him a refill...giving Teddy a perfect shot of her apple shaped bottom.

TEDDY

It has its perks.

Scarlett faces forward...literally stopped in her tracks at the sight of...

WINANS and FBI SPECIAL AGENT TOM LANCER (40s), very official looking, sweater and sport coat, gawking back at her from across the busy room.

SCARLETT

Give me a break.

Teddy squints.

TEDDY

It was just a joke, baby. I ain't tryin to creep.

SCARLETT  
(to Teddy)  
Drink your beer.

Scarlett steps out from behind the bar, meets Winans and Agent Lancer halfway.

WINANS  
We need to talk. Right away.

SCARLETT  
Yeah, I gathered that.

Nods to Agent Lancer.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Who's this?

Agent Lancer nudges Winans out of his way.

AGENT LANCER  
Tom Lancer. Special Agent Lancer.  
If we could do this in private.  
Without the crowd.

Scarlett cracks a grin.

SCARLETT  
Sounds very official. Follow me.

Scarlett leads the way toward the very back end of this deck where some more tables sit unoccupied.

Winans and Agent Lancer follow.

MOMENTS LATER

Scarlett sits across from Winans and Agent Lancer. All three have a cup of iced tea.

WINANS  
Five days ago, a young woman we believe to be Kerri Roman was found in the front seat of her car. Strangled.

Scarlett sits in shock.

SCARLETT  
Believed to be. What does that mean?

WINANS

It means there was extensive damage to the face. Damage so severe it made even dental identification impossible. We'll spare you the details.

SCARLETT

So...how do you know it's her?

WINANS

Ran the tag on her Prius. Got a match with Roman. That, as well as other physical similarities with our dead girl. We're almost 99.9 % positive it was Kerri.

SCARLETT

It's been two years. She was...she was alive this whole time?

WINANS

Apparently so.

SCARLETT

Oh my God. I think I'm gonna be sick.

Scarlett tears up. She quickly wipes her eyes dry with a table napkin.

AGENT LANCER

I'm sorry for your loss.

SCARLETT

I barely knew her.

AGENT LANCER

Well I'm sorry anyway. I hear she was a nice kid.

SCARLETT

Yeah.

Winans and Agent Lancer allow Scarlett a moment to gather herself. Scarlett sucks in a deep breath.

WINANS

I know you feel this doesn't involve you anymore...

SCARLETT

That's because it doesn't.



Agent Lancer looks surprised by Scarlett's immediate and flippant response. He and Winans share a brief exchange.

WINANS

Since you split town there's been four more victims. Same deal. All reported missing and turning up dead months later. Four victims in two years. It means he's been holding onto these girls longer and longer. As if trying to compensate for something. Like some desire he can't quite satisfy. No matter how hard he tries.

SCARLETT

Me.

AGENT LANCER

It's no secret this twist has a sweet tooth for you. You are the one that got away.

SCARLETT

So I've heard.

AGENT LANCER

Sergeant Winans and I can't help but find it interesting that he held onto Roman for as long as he did. After all, she was, in fact, you. Physically, she was about as close to the real you as it gets. So he keeps her awhile. Trying in every way possible to fulfill this fantasy he's built of you.

Scarlett stands, walks to the corner of the bar and snags up a half drunken bottle of beer, leans on a fence and stares out at a small, private beach of white sand and volleyball net below.

SCARLETT

I like this place. It's like an escape. Like I'm lost somewhere far away from the real world. Why did you have to come here?

Agent Lancer also stands, steps closer to Scarlett, attempts to grab her undivided attention.

AGENT LANCER

He's still out there. And I know that still bothers you. As much as, if not more, than it does us.

SCARLETT

Just tell me why it is you flew out here and cut to the chase. I have a business to run here.

Winans joins them by the bar.

WINANS

Kerri Roman was found five days ago. Five days ago was exactly two years since you left Los Angeles and returned home. Two years to the day.

SCARLETT

Just coincidence.

AGENT LANCER

What if it isn't?

Scarlett shoots Agent Lancer a hard stare.

SCARLETT

What if I don't care?

AGENT LANCER

I think you do. It doesn't take an expert FBI profiler to see that Roman's death was a message meant for you.

SCARLETT

What message is that? That I should come back to LA and let him slit my throat?

AGENT LANCER

No. That you should come back to LA and help us nail this bastard. Because if you don't...he's gonna kill again. And again. And maybe some more. As long as he feels he doesn't have your undivided attention.

Scarlett observes the two men quietly awaiting her answer.

SCARLETT

You guys have some sort of plan?

WINANS

We'll tell you all about it on the plane.

Scarlett huffs with exhaustion.

SCARLETT

Please. Just tell me we'll get him this time.

Winans nods in agreement.

WINANS

We'll get him.

INT. MCTIERNEY HOME - DAY

Scarlett has a back pack slung over her shoulder as she rolls a small luggage bag through the kitchen.

Her mother LAURA ANN MCTIERNEY (50s), an upper middle class housewife with a pricey but somewhat tacky leopard print silk blouse and sleeves full of flashy jewelry, is dead on Scarlett's heels with a worried sick look about her.

LAURA

I don't understand what they expect from you. Or what you expect to gain from going back to that place. A place you should've never been in the first place if you want my honest opinion.

Scarlett grows tired, annoyed, as she drops her back pack on an island countertop.

SCARLETT

Like I told you. Whoever he is, he's in hiding. I'm the key to bringing him out of hiding. And from hurting more women. Young, naive, stupid girls with big dreams and small bank accounts. Just like me nine years ago.

LAURA

In other words, they're using you as bait. They're putting you in harm's way and they don't care. Why should they? It's not their ass on the line. It's yours.

Scarlett snags a bottled water from the fridge, unzips a side compartment on her back pack, snags a prescription bottle and pops the lid. Laura shakes her head as Scarlett downs two pills at once.

LAURA (CONT'D)

God knows you're still a mess over everything that's already happened. Look at yourself.

SCARLETT

Don't start with the pills, Mom. They're prescribed. From the same doctor you insisted I go to so give it a rest.

LAURA

That's when I thought you were gonna come home to be with your family. Not stay in that cesspool for another three years. You have a life now. A job and place that you love. You're with your family. Your friends.

SCARLETT

Don't you understand that everything I have now...the restaurant...my home...my life...is all because of him. My whole life bought and paid for with blood money. I have to take that to bed with me every night.

LAURA

Wrong. You earned everything you have because you beat him. You survived. And now he wants a rematch. And he's using these cops to suck you right back in.

Scarlett checks her smart phone.

SCARLETT

Look. I have to go. We have a plane to catch.

Laura folds her arms in protest.

LAURA

How long will you be gone this time? Another couple of years?

SCARLETT

They don't have a hold on me. I can come home whenever I want. I'm gonna give it a few weeks. Three maybe four.

LAURA

(shocked)

Four weeks. A month you'll be gone.

SCARLETT

And if they don't have him by then...I'll come home. I promise. The bar will still be here when I get back. They made it ten years without me. I'm sure they can manage now. It's all under control.

Scarlett kisses her on the cheek.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I love you. I'll be fine. See you soon.

Scarlett dips out a side door.

LAURA

What will I tell your father?

Scarlett stops --

SCARLETT

Nothing. I'll call when I land.

She heads out. Laura sighs.

INT. AGENT LANCER'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

Agent Lancer behind the wheel. Winans and Scarlett in the backseat. Winans hands Scarlett a tablet with her own personal TWITTER ACCOUNT opened and live.

SCARLETT

What's this?

WINANS

This is your Twitter account.

SCARLETT

I see that. Why do I have a  
Twitter account when I closed mine  
two years ago?

WINANS

Because this is your window. A  
window into your soul. A soul you  
bare for all of your loyal fans  
still holding out hope for this  
film of yours to get made.

Scarlett uses a finger to swipe the screen up and down. All  
older photos of her back in Los Angeles. At the clubs. On  
the beach. At her old apartment.

SCARLETT

These pictures are all old.

WINANS

The most recent we could find of  
you back in your old stomping  
grounds.

SCARLETT

I don't believe this. You've been  
using a fake account behind my  
back?

WINANS

It's not fake. Not anymore. As of  
three days ago you re opened your  
account to officially express your  
condolences to the family and  
friends of Kerri Roman. Tonight  
you will be announcing your  
Thursday night sit down with  
Channel 6 and Primetime's own  
Aubrey Harris to discuss your very  
deep and personal relationship with  
Kerri.

SCARLETT

(angry)

Wait a minute. I never agreed to  
that. No publicity.

WINANS

How the hell else is our guy to  
know you're back in town? We  
supposed to give him a call and a  
head's up?

Scarlett scoffs, shakes her head.

SCARLETT

Mom was right. You guys are painting a target on my back and waiting to see what happens. That's your whole play.

WINANS

It's different this time.

SCARLETT

Really? How's that?

WINANS

This time we have your back. It won't be like before. For that I apologize. This time you have to trust me.

Scarlett doesn't look so sure.

SCARLETT

Yeah. I just bet.

INT. CHANNEL 6 STUDIO - DAY

A very smartly dressed and made up Scarlett sits across from AUBREY HARRIS (40s), African American journalist and star anchorwoman with the dazzling looks of a runway model but a very cold and direct transparency.

SUPER:

CHANNEL 6 STUDIOS  
HOLLYWOOD, CA

AUBREY

Here's a quote from Russ Weakland of Hollywood Life.

(reads)

Scarlett McTierney using a friend and colleague's tragic death as some sort of publicity stunt would best be described as obvious, desperate, morbidly inappropriate and the epitome of bad taste and bad timing. McTierney is using a rope soaked in her friend's blood to raise a long fallen star and it's an embarrassment to witness.

Aubrey stares back at Scarlett.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

And to that you say...?

SCARLETT

I'm not sure I would agree with that statement. All I've done was express my condolences to Kerri's friends and family and to her fans. Fans who just happen to be my fans. I thought it was also important to tell America who Kerri was. As a person and as an artist. It's why I agreed to come here today and have this discussion. With you.

Aubrey's eyebrows dance with suspicion. Her distrust in Scarlett is painfully obvious.

AUBREY

That's not quite accurate, Scarlett. It's not like you agreed to appear here tonight. You contacted the network. You and your handlers. This was your idea. Not ours. Just to be honest with the people watching at home.

Scarlett is stunned as she shoots Winans a hard and ugly stare off camera. He's hidden just behind the program's FLOOR DIRECTOR.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

The truth is, no studio or production house wants to touch your story with a twelve foot pole. Quite simply because there are many issues with your version of events.

SCARLETT

My version? I'm not sure what version you're referring.

AUBREY

The killer portrayed in your script In the Still of the Night was killed and later identified by police as Brad Ackerman. Your ex employer. Here we are, almost ten years later, and the LAPD has come out and said very publicly that this killer is still very much active in the Los Angeles area and has abducted as many as five women in the last two and a half years.



SCARLETT

Yes. It is true. That this story is far more complicated than we could have ever imagined. Some things have come to light in the wake of Kerri Roman's abduction. That's already on record. Many, many things. If Kerri were here, she'd tell you the same.

AUBREY

Yet she's not here.

Scarlett is at a loss for words. She sneaks another peek back at Winans.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Well. Here's what we know about you, Scarlett. Two young men. Chris Resnik and Brad Ackerman lost their lives mere feet from your apartment door. Both under extremely suspicious circumstances. And now, in the wake of the death of Kerri Roman, you're asking the online community to help finance this revamped version of your story. A story that seems to forever be evolving. At your will specifically.

SCARLETT

The online community? You're losing me again.

AUBREY

Are you denying that as of Two PM yesterday afternoon that you officially launched an Indiegogo campaign in an attempt at revamping the production of In the Still of the Night?

Scarlett checks with Winans. He nods.

SCARLETT

I...I do not deny this. As I said, it's important to finally get the real story out there. The truth about Kerri. About Chris. Brad. And most importantly this man who has clearly made me what I am today.

Winans grins.

AUBREY

Excuse me.

SCARLETT

The truth is...everything I have now. Money. Attention. A following. A budding acting career. None of that would be possible without him. In a strange way, I owe him my life.

Scarlett checks with Winans, who gives her the nod.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

You know, it's funny. I've never known a love so deep as his. I guess this is something that's always fascinated me about him.

WINANS

You go, Scarlett. Tell him how you feel.

SCARLETT

As inappropriate as this may sound to you and to the audience watching...it's a subject I'd like to explore further. And to try to understand. Him. His fascination with me. And if he's watching, I would say to him...the feeling is mutual.

Aubrey is dumbfounded, grossed out. She stares into the camera, truly upset.

AUBREY

I think now would be a good time for a break. We'll be back. Don't go anywhere.

The camera crew cuts to commercial.

FLOOR DIRECTOR

Cut!

Aubrey almost leaps from her chair.

AUBREY

You need serious help, you know that?

Scarlett looks sick to her stomach. Winans walks closer to the stage, offers her a warm smile.

WINANS

You did good. Real good.

SCARLETT

Glad you enjoyed it. If you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go throw up now.

And Scarlett isn't having it as she jumps up, storms from the production set.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE BAR - DAY

A hot mad Scarlett is worked up as she impatiently taps her hands on a bar, awaiting her double shot.

A BARTENDER turns around with a double vodka straight up but Scarlett has it down her throat before it has a chance to touch the bar.

She turns, spots Winans standing by their car in the front parking area, pacing, impatient.

Agent Lancer approaches the bar. A calm and easy stride.

BARTENDER

(to Agent Lancer)

Get you something, sir?

AGENT LANCER

Club soda. Make it a double.

BARTENDER

Got it.

Bartender sets him up.

AGENT LANCER

I thought you could use an impartial voice. What you just did took balls. I know you're not feeling so great about yourself now. But you will when it's over.

SCARLETT

You think I'm drinking because I just embarrassed myself on national television and basically spit on Kerri Roman's grave?

(MORE)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Or pissed off what was left of my  
fleeting audience?

Agent Lancer shrugs his shoulders.

AGENT LANCER  
Yeah.

SCARLETT  
I'm drinking because I meant every  
word of what I said.

Agent Lancer loses his grin.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
There's this part of me that wants  
it to go on. Because he owes me  
that much. He owes me for what he  
took. My innocence. My fire.  
Passion. My love for film.  
Acting. Exploring this place,  
finding myself. All that naive,  
selfish bullshit young girls in  
their twenties tend to do.

AGENT LANCER  
That obviously bothers you. So it  
must mean it's not true. So don't  
let it bother you.

Scarlett offers her empty glass to the bartender. He sets  
her up with a second.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
That thing you just did with  
Aubrey. That's proof you don't  
believe that. Because you put  
Kerri ahead of yourself.

Scarlett half grins, nods.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
Come on. Shake it off. We got  
work to do.

SCARLETT  
Yes, sir, boss.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Scarlett's old building has been fully renovated and  
remodeled with new paint and a new look.

Just before the front lobby, by the front door, a couple of IDIOTS pose for pictures.

Idiot #1 bursts a giant smile and two enthusiastic thumbs up as his buddy kneels on the cement before him, keeps the main second story window in frame.

IDIOT #2  
Dude, this shot is sick.

CAMERA POV:

An up the nose shot of the tourist with the building and second story window prominently featured.

IDIOT #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nice, dude. Don't move.

Click.

END OF SHOT

The two idiots giggle like school girls.

IDIOT #2 (CONT'D)  
Now do me.

Idiot #2 rushes toward the front walkway and poses like a dead body with his tongue out.

A crew of TWENTY SOMETHING WOMEN, including CHRISTINE SHAW, freckles, auburn hair, head for the door. They aren't amused and snicker at the two idiots loitering near their building.

IDIOT #1  
Bro, that's messed up. Get up  
before someone steps on your face.

IDIOT #2  
Come on, man. Get the shot.

Idiot #2 strikes a new pose. His eyes dead and wide.

IDIOT #1  
We're going to hell for this.

Idiot #1 snaps a new picture.

INT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - #232 - NIGHT

Christine, and her crew of actress friends NELL, COLBY, LEENA and SHEREE, all physically interchangeable, squat on a couch and on Christine's living room floor watching --

PRIMETIME with Aubrey Harris. With special guest Scarlett McTierney.

SCARLETT

The truth is...everything I have today is because of him. Money. Attention. A following. A budding acting career.

SHEREE

Yeah, right. When did this happen exactly?

SCARLETT

None of that would be possible without him. In a strange way, I owe him my life.

They toss cheese doodles at the screen.

LEENA

Oh shut up.

SHEREE

Come on. I told you she was crazy.

NELL

Yeah crazy and rich.

Christine scoffs.

CHRISTINE

She's not rich. Most of her investors walked. Whatever money she had she got from the networks and most of that is long gone. Why else do you think she's suddenly come out of hiding?

NELL

I don't see anyone lining up to make a movie about any of us. Or hire us. Talk to us. Look at us. Acknowledge us.

COLBY

You're depressing the hell out of me right now. Please stop.

NELL

Sorry.

CHRISTINE

Please. If she raises more than three grand I'll eat my shoe.

NELL

I don't know. People kind of suck.

COLBY

She's right. If it's one thing I've learned in this life. Never ever underestimate the utter shittyness of people. I say she gets her budget within three months.

SHEREE

Yeah, good luck hiring crew or talent. Talk about a career killer.

LEENA

Shhh. I'm trying to listen.

They all quiet down just as Primetime cuts to commercial.

LEENA (CONT'D)

Now see? I missed it.

CHRISTINE

You didn't miss anything. Trust me. I hope this is the last we see of Scarlett McWeirdo.

SHEREE

(to Colby)

Okay. I'm tired. Take me home.

COLBY

You live downstairs.

SHEREE

And I'm ready to fall asleep. I can do it here or downstairs. If you don't mind carrying me, we can stay.

COLBY

Okay okay. We can go.

NELL  
 (to Leena)  
 You ready?

LEENA  
 Well you're my ride, so I guess the  
 answer is yes?

NELL  
 This is correct.

LEENA  
 Then I guess I'm ready.

Christine's friends all file one after another to the door.  
 Christine follows them into the --

EXT. APARTMENT #232 - HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The girls all share hugs and say their goodnights. Colby and  
 Sheree head for the stairwell across the way as Leena and  
 Nell head down the hall toward an elevator.

CHRISTINE  
 (to Leena)  
 Let me know how your audition went?

LEENA  
 If you hear from me, it went well.  
 If you don't hear from me, fill in  
 the blanks.

Christine laughs.

CHRISTINE  
 Gotcha.

NELL  
 Nite.

CHRISTINE  
 Yeah, see you.

Christine watches as the girls step onto an elevator and the  
 doors shut behind them. She slowly loses her chipper smile  
 and slowly turns around...facing...

THE DOO WOP KILLER

...in his grey suit and bow tie. His creepy skin-toned mask  
 and quaffed hair spotlighted by the eerie and crackling  
 florescent lights overhead.



CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
It's you isn't it?

He nods.

Christine's lips quiver with fear. But before we can blink...she's pulled a revolver from under her un tucked fleece shirt.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
Special Agent Christine Shaw, FBI.  
Nice try, asshole. Now take off  
the mask.

Doo Wop very slowly reaches for his mask, pulls it off to reveal himself to Christine.

We can't see his face. Only her reaction. And it's one of utter shock.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
You. I know you.

She slowly lets the barrel of her gun dip down.

Doo Wop raises a CROSSBOW and, with two hands, fires the ARROW straight into Christine's chest.

Her gun drops as she observes the arrow now piercing her heart. She drops to her knees before collapsing face first to the hallway floor.

A YOUNG MAN

...dips out his apartment door...checks on the commotion coming from the hallway.

YOUNG MAN  
What's going on, man?

DOO WOP faces him.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

Young man dips back inside, locks and deadbolts his door.

DOO WOP walks to Christine, grabs her under the armpits and drags her down the long hallway, stops just under the second story railing.

A back alley sits below.

DOO WOP picks up Christine, forces her over the railing as her body drops onto --

The HOOD OF A CAR entering the garage below.

The FEMALE DRIVER drops out of her car, panicked, screaming as she struggles to stand. She darts out of the alley, reaches a STOP SIGN, goes THROUGH IT, then into traffic, barely missing a slew of passing cars.

DOO WOP is long gone. Several curious NEIGHBORS exit their apartments and share anxious, confused looks. A quiet moment before someone breaks the silence...

NEIGHBOR #1  
You hear something?

Some gather near the railing, stare down at Christine's body on the hood of the abandoned car.

NEIGHBOR #2  
Here we go again.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #3 scoffs, recoils in response to this truly insensitive comment.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #3  
Someone call the cops!

Neighbor #2 notices the smart phone in #3's hand, quickly snags it up, dials 9-1-1.

Female Neighbor #3 stares at her empty hand.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
911. What's your emergency and location, please?

NEIGHBOR #2  
Park West Apartments on Barrington.  
Send an ambulance.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #3  
And the police!

NEIGHBOR #2  
And the police too.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
And what's the nature of your emergency?

NEIGHBOR #2  
It's him.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #3

Him? Him who?

NEIGHBOR #2

You're not from around here, are you?

She squints, confused.

Neighbor #2 and Female Neighbor #3 lean over the railing, take in the grisly scene below them.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

The press have beat the police to the scene as NEWS VANS, CAMERAS and FIELD REPORTERS get set up in the mini mall parking lot on the other side of the alley.

AGENT LANCER'S CAR arrives and is stopped by A PATROL CAR and a UNIFORM COP blocking the south end.

Out steps Agent Lancer, Winans and Scarlett.

Scarlett's presence catches the attention of every Field Reporter at the scene.

FIELD REPORTER #1

Oh my God. What is she doing here?  
Hurry up with that camera.

CAMERAMAN

I'm good to go.

A SECOND FIELD REPORTER and CAMERAMAN beat them to the scene as they are being instructed back by a pair of UNIFORM COPS blocking their path.

A long stretch of YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE cuts off access from the parking lot to the back alley road.

UNIFORM COP #1

This is a crime scene. You know the drill.

FIELD REPORTER #2

We're behind the tape. Relax.

Field Reporter #2 and Scarlett lock eyes.

FIELD REPORTER #2 (CONT'D)

Miss McTierney! Do you know the victim?! Do you know who did this?! What are you doing here?!

AGENT LANCER  
 (to Scarlett)  
 Don't even look at them.

SCARLETT  
 I thought you liked this publicity.

Agent Lancer turns, blocks Scarlett's path, pulls her to the side for a brief moment alone.

AGENT LANCER  
 Let's get something straight, so there's no confusion. You don't speak to anyone without our knowledge. Not your old girlfriends. Boyfriend. The cops. And especially reporters. You're official opinion on this matter is that you have no opinion.

SCARLETT  
 Yeah. I got it.

WINANS  
 (to Agent Lancer)  
 Take it easy on her. She's here as a favor to us. Remember that.

Agent Lancer sighs, hurries to the crime scene, leaves Winans and Scarlett behind.

SCARLETT  
 (to Winans)  
 What's his problem?

WINANS  
 He's just upset. He knew the victim and he knew her well.

SCARLETT  
 What? How?

WINANS  
 When we get up there, let us do the talking, okay?

Winans firmly grips Scarlett's arm, leads her up the alley.

Agent Lancer stands before his dead agent...Christine Shaw...still on the hood of the parked car.

HOMICIDE LT. PARKER (50s), loose tie, rolled up sleeves, looks none too pleased with Agent Lancer.

LT. PARKER

Lancer. I'm sorry about your agent.

AGENT LANCER

Yeah. Me too.

LT. PARKER

Okay. Now that we got the condolences out the way. We should've been in on this. From jump street.

AGENT LANCER

In on what exactly? A twenty four hour stakeout? Black and whites cruising up and down Barrington all hours of the day. Don't pretend for a second your bosses downtown would approve the overtime.

LT. PARKER

I guess we'll never know.

WINANS

(to both)

Let's not do this. Alright? Not now. There's too many eyes.

LT. PARKER

Am I to summarize you had this place under deep surveillance? Cameras and the whole lot? If so, I'd like very much to take a look at the footage.

(to Winans)

If that's okay with you, Winans.

Winans sighs.

LT. PARKER (CONT'D)

(to Agent Lancer)

And the FBI of course.

AGENT LANCER

You question the neighbors?

LT. PARKER

You're not gonna sideline me on this. The department's spent too many hours already walking in and out of this building over the years. All thanks to you're uh...girlfriend over there.

Lt. Parker nods to Scarlett.

AGENT LANCER

Of course not. We all want the same thing here. There's no reason we can't work together.

Lt. Parker shoots Scarlett a disgusted look.

LT. PARKER

I bet you just love this, don't you, sweetie?

Scarlett looks down and away in shame.

Winans notices.

WINANS

(whispers to Scarlett)

Remember. Be cool. Don't listen to it.

Agent Lancer blocks Lt. Parker's view of Scarlett, steps closer, in his face.

AGENT LANCER

You got any questions regarding Miss McTierney, you address them with me first.

Lt. Parker smiles.

LT. PARKER

Oh yes, sir. Special Agent, sir.

LOUD MUSIC

Cupid...draw back your bow!...and let...your arrow go!...straight to...my lover's heart...for me!

LT. PARKER

What the hell...?

Lt. Parker, Agent Lancer, Winans, and most members of the press follow the sound of the MUSIC to the mini mall parking lot.

A LONE CAR parked at the far end of the lot, closest to the neighboring road, sits with ENGINE RUNNING...LIGHTS ON.

LOUD MUSIC

Cupid...please hear my cry!...and let your arrow fly!...straight to...my lover's heart...for me!...

The slew of press members, reporters, camera crew, etc., storm the mini mall lot like ants to a candy bar.

AGENT LANCER

Get back!

Agent Lancer, Lt. Parker and Winans quickly duck under the crime scene tape and hurry toward the car.

Scarlett stands alone, rubs her cold arms, stares all around her in panic mode.

LOUD MUSIC

Now I don't mean to bother you but  
I'm in distress...

Agent Lancer observes the empty car. Music still blasting from the stereo. He draws his weapon, stares across the street at a restaurant parking lot. PATRONS file in and out in pairs, couples, friends.

Winans rushes to the outside sidewalk, looks to his right, down the opposite end of the street.

A YOUNG COUPLE with their backs to us walk their dog and have a few laughs, mind their business.

On the other side of the narrow street, A LONE MAN in a HOODIE walks toward us.

WINANS

Hey!

The LONE MAN stops, begins to back up a bit.

A slew of UNIFORM COPS join Winans on the sidewalk.

WINANS (CONT'D)

You got this?

UNIFORM COP #1

We got him.

Uniform Cop #1 speaks into a shoulder mic.

UNIFORM COP #1 (CONT'D)

We got a white male in a hoodie  
coming your direction. Check him  
out.

The LONE MAN calmly and very casually turns and walks the opposite direction.

EXT. PARK WEST APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The LONE MAN in a hoodie picks up his pace as he walks around the front of the building. On the opposite side of the street.

A PATROL CAR pulls over a curb, blocks the sidewalk and the lone man's path. Out jumps --

UNIFORM COP #2 with hand on his holster.

UNIFORM COP #2  
Hands in the air and against the  
car!

The Lone Man slowly raises his hands, walks to the parked car nearest him and puts his palms on the roof.

Uniform Cop #2 does a quick pat down.

UNIFORM COP #2 (CONT'D)  
Got any weapons I should know about  
partner?

LONE MAN  
No, sir. What's this about, sir?

Winans, Lt. Parker, Agent Lancer join them by the curb.

WINANS  
He got any ID?

LONE MAN  
Take it easy, Winans. Don't shoot.

The Lone Man takes down his hood. It is JASON DWYER (30s), Bonnie Keebler's infamously abusive ex boyfriend. He is thinner, much more pale and void of spirit.

WINANS  
Well well. Mister Dwyer. Long  
time.

AGENT LANCER  
You know this guy, Winans, now  
would be a good time to share it  
with the rest of us.

WINANS  
(to Jason)  
Me and Jason go way back.

Jason takes a moment, observes the two cops in front of him. He cracks a smug grin.



JASON

Tell you what. Fellas. Why don't we do this official and go downtown.

WINANS

Alright. Have it your way.

Winans nods to the cops at the scene.

WINANS (CONT'D)

You heard the man. Put him in the back.

Jason, on his own free will, throws up his hands as he's escorted to the back of a patrol car.

AGENT LANCER

Who the hell is he?

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett and Agent Lancer stare back at Jason and Winans in the small white space before them. A simple table and two chairs.

SCARLETT

Is it...him?

AGENT LANCER

You'd know better than me, Scarlett. What was he like?

SCARLETT

Not nice. Angry. Possessive. Impatient. She was scared to death of him.

AGENT LANCER

She?

SCARLETT

My friend. Bonnie. When I first got into town, it's like she was attached at the hip. Always looking for an excuse to get away from him. He definitely put out a bad vibe.

Agent Lancer observes Jason, soaks up his vibe.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Winans sits relaxed, one leg over the other, leaned back as Jason sits defiant, arms crossed.

WINANS

So just so I get this straight. Your girlfriend...who isn't your girlfriend anymore...and who wants nothing more to do with you...disappears over four weeks ago...and you somehow knew about it. Even though you're in LA and she's hundreds of miles from here. And according to her family...has had zero contact with you in over a year.

JASON

Last month, two Phoenix PD cops show up at my door. Asking me questions about Bonnie. Have I had any contact with her. Have I made any trips to Phoenix in the last few weeks. Stuff like that. I didn't know she was missing until they told me.

WINANS

The report says she was out with some girlfriends at the West Oaks Mall, seeing a movie, having dinner. Excused herself to the ladies room and never returned. I got another report here that says she was getting some strange calls prior to her disappearance. Someone smart enough to use an untraceable number.

Jason nervously taps his fingers on the table and looks down. Winans leans in closer.

WINANS (CONT'D)

What's funny about all of this. Is the fact Bonnie never told her friends about this new...stalker of hers. As if she wanted to keep it all a secret.

Jason looks up, locks eyes with Winans.

WINANS (CONT'D)

As if her friends and family were a bit tired of hearing the name Jason Dwyer in conversation. Could be she didn't wanna worry anyone. Get them all jacked up and concerned her abusive ex boyfriend was back in the picture. So she kept it to herself. At least for awhile. Until she finally had enough and took her story to the cops.

JASON

And that's how they found me. That's very good, Detective. But I guess you didn't hear the part where they discovered I had an airtight alibi and struck me from their list of possible suspects.

WINANS

Okay. So you say. You're an innocent man. So what the hell were you doing outside your old building tonight? Just out for a walk and saw all the commotion? Awfully big coincidence.

Jason stalls.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett notices Jason has somehow made eye contact with her through the glass.

AGENT LANCER

Awfully quiet in there.

SCARLETT

It's not him.

Agent Lancer grins.

AGENT LANCER

You're kidding me, right?

SCARLETT

Just a feeling I have.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JASON

A few months back I hear on the news about this new girl in Scarlett's old apartment getting weird calls in the middle of the night. So much she freaks and skips town. And then Bonnie disappears. Next thing I hear is Kerri Roman's dead and Scarlett's on television trying to raise money for her stupid movie again.

WINANS

What's that have to do with you?

JASON

You asked why I was there, I'm telling you. I've been watching my old building. On my own time.

WINANS

You knew he'd be there eventually. That what you're telling me?

JASON

Was I wrong?

Winans shakes his head.

WINANS

You were not.

JASON

Look. I think you cops are overlooking the obvious.

WINANS

And what's that?

JASON

You guys have been looking all over LA for this guy. I think it's pretty obvious by now you've been looking in the wrong place.

WINANS

Where's that?

Jason laughs, shakes his head.

JASON

You guys really aren't so bright,  
are you?

Jason smiles, leans in nice and close.

JASON (CONT'D)

Your killer lives there. He's  
always lived there.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT

Scarlett sits at Lt. Parker's desk, sips a coffee. Lt.  
Parker on the phone across from her.

LT. PARKER

Yes. Dwyer. D-W-Y-E-R. Found a  
motel key in his pocket tonight  
after we picked him up on suspicion  
of murder. So like I said. How  
long's he been a tenant at your  
motel?

(listens)

A little less than a month. So you  
do know him? How quickly your  
story changes. And your name is?

(listens)

Driscoll. Okay. Sit tight Mister  
Driscoll. Me and you are gonna  
have ourselves a sit down. I'll be  
there within the hour.

Lt. Parker hangs up.

LT. PARKER (CONT'D)

Right after Phoenix PD pays Dwyer a  
visit, he checks himself into a  
motel in Van Nuys. Pays a month in  
advance. In cash. Almost like he  
was going into hiding.

In walks Winans and Agent Lancer.

AGENT LANCER

We're cutting him lose.

Lt. Parker scoffs, reaches his hand out to Agent Lancer, as  
if to shake for the first time.

LT. PARKER

Hi. Let me re introduce myself. I  
guess you forgot. I'm the primary  
on this case.

AGENT LANCER

You got any hard evidence on Dwyer we forgot to mention, Lieutenant?

LT. PARKER

Other than he was the only person within close proximity to that car. A guy who's also the prime suspect in the abduction of his ex girlfriend. You mean other than that?

AGENT LANCER

Was the prime suspect. And is no longer.

SCARLETT

Wait a minute. You're just letting him walk?

Agent Lancer hovers over Scarlett. He reads the fear and panic in her eyes.

AGENT LANCER

Is that a problem for you, Scarlett? I thought he wasn't the guy.

Scarlett is distracted by --

A bookish man in a boring sweater and perfectly pressed slacks watching from across the room. This is DOCTOR HOWE, PHD (50s), criminal psychologist and expert in violent crimes.

SCARLETT

Yeah. I said that but...

WINANS

You still don't trust him.

SCARLETT

No. I guess I don't. He was there. He was right there.

WINANS

We couldn't hold him even if we wanted. Everything he said checked out. And he didn't do anything wrong.

LT. PARKER

You mean other than murdering a federal agent.

(MORE)

LT. PARKER (CONT'D)

(to Agent Lancer)

I don't get it. He took down one of your own. Not to mention all your surveillance has mysteriously been disabled and is currently missing.

(to Winans)

What the hell's he talked you into, Winans? What is this?

Scarlett cracks a knowing grin.

SCARLETT

They wanna use me as bait.

Lt. Parker checks with Agent Lancer.

LT. PARKER

Is that right?

Doctor Howe purposely clears his throat, catches all of their attention. He nods to Agent Lancer.

AGENT LANCER

Scarlett, this is Doctor Howe. Professor of criminal psychology at UCLA. He's profiled a lot of creeps for the LAPD over the years. Recently, he's taken a specific interest in your guy. I've asked for his opinion.

Agent Lancer steps aside. Doctor Howe joins the others.

DOCTOR HOWE

As anyone in the country who knows anything about Scarlett's history has already heard, this Doo Wop Killer is a work of fiction. A B grade movie character created by your friends at Thundercat Productions. All the way from the cheap plastic mask to the dime store suit and goofy bow tie. All of it specifically designed to promote a low budget horror film. The ultimate true story of evil and obsession.

Lt. Parker sighs, dips further into his chair.

LT. PARKER

We know this already. So what?

DOCTOR HOWE

But, as it turns out, there really is a man out there obsessed with you.

SCARLETT

I could've told you that.

AGENT LANCER

It would benefit you to listen.  
(to all)  
All of you.

DOCTOR HOWE

And, much to your surprise, Scarlett, those calls to your apartment were real. At least at first. Until your friend Resnik and Mister Ackerman decided to take things a step further. And created this movie monster. What happens now is that this new killer...this movie creation...has stolen our real guy's spotlight. And he doesn't like it.

Scarlett's interest suddenly piqued.

SCARLETT

His spotlight.

DOCTOR HOWE

So he decides to steal the fake killer's identity. He becomes the Doo Wop Killer. For real. You have to understand that this individual, whoever they may be, is a very jealous person. His...or possibly her narcissism knows no bounds. He or she thrives on constant attention. Specifically the attention of their intended target. In this case, you. And they won't take no for an answer. This person may still very much be in your life. Whether you know it or not.

SCARLETT

How would I not know? When I left here, I left everything and everyone behind.



DOCTOR HOWE

There's a difference between you leaving them behind and them leaving you behind. Your friend Bonnie left LA behind, as well as her boyfriend. And when she least expected it, she was taken. Right in her own back yard. Just when she thought she was safe.

SCARLETT

What about what Jason said? About him being in the building. I mean, that's gotta be something you're still looking at.

AGENT LANCER

It was. Agent Shaw had been in your old apartment for almost six months. Hasn't had as much as a single knock at the door. Since then she's done deep backgrounds on all the tenants. Everyone checks out.

SCARLETT

So, once again, this all falls in my lap. Great.

Agent Lancer, Doctor How, Lt. Parker and Winans all share a quiet look as Scarlett slumps in defeat.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

A small waiting area with chairs. A caged window gives us a clear view of the booking area. Several UNIFORM COPS escort fresh PRISONERS to and from the booking window and into temporary detention.

Scarlett exits a ladies room, stares through the cage, checks to see if anyone's watching, quickly heads for the front double doors.

Winans stands just behind the ladies room door, spots Scarlett leaving, trots after her.

WINANS

Where do you think you're going?

Scarlett turns.

SCARLETT

I'm sorry. I could've sworn I came out here on my own free will. I could go whenever I wanted you said. Or was that a crock too?

WINANS

So now you're just gonna run off, into the night with no backup. Because that's a good idea.

SCARLETT

Cheer up, Winans. Maybe I'll get killed and you guys will finally have that lead you've been looking for.

Scarlett continues toward the door.

WINANS

Scarlett! He's still out there!

Scarlett ignores him, heads out.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Scarlett dips inside this dark, quiet pub with some regulars bellied up at the bar. She spots a lone booth in the far corner...unoccupied...away from the crowd.

Scarlett checks the door. No one there. She heads toward the back of the bar.

A couple of CREEPY GUYS at the bar turn, get themselves an eyeful as Scarlett sits down.

A WAITRESS greets her.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something?

SCARLETT

Umm. Just a soda water and some aspirins, please.

WAITRESS

Gotcha.

The Waitress heads off. Scarlett shuts her eyes, rubs her sore temples. A dark figure approaches her table, takes a seat across from her.

Scarlett opens her eyes. It's Jason.

JASON

Not so smart going off on your own,  
Red. Haven't you heard? There's a  
lot of crazies out there.

SCARLETT

God. You must really be stupid.  
Or crazy. Which is it?

JASON

Don't wet your pants, sweet pea. I  
didn't come here to kill you.

SCARLETT

So what do you want?

JASON

What do you think I want? I know  
she's here. She's gone and you  
suddenly come back to LA after  
being away for years.

The Waitress sets Scarlett's soda water and bottle of  
aspirins to the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something?

JASON

We're all good here, thanks.

The Waitress checks with Scarlett.

WAITRESS

And are we good here?

SCARLETT

We're fine.

The Waitress eyeballs Jason, rolls her eyes, heads back to  
the bar.

Scarlett leans in closer to Jason.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

What're you talking about?

JASON

I know she wrote you. I saw the  
messages. This stupid movie deal  
was all she had. It's all she  
cared about. All she talked about  
for years was her big break.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

And suddenly, it was finally gonna happen. And then this Kerri chick disappears.

(scoffs)

You could practically see the dollar signs in her eyes.

SCARLETT

There is no movie deal. There is no movie. It was all bullshit. Just like all that stuff I said in that interview about caring what this asshole thinks. About our imaginary relationship. The cops are using me as bait. It's the only reason I'm here.

JASON

Yeah, I bet. This is all the cops. You got nuthin to do with it. Kerri Roman's dead and the great Scarlett McTierney is back in the limelight. Co starring her BFF Bonnie Keebler.

SCARLETT

Did I return any of those messages? Did I? No. You would've seen them. I don't want anything to do with this place, or him. Not anymore. You think I wanna die?

JASON

So what're you doing here then? You had a choice. You could've told them to get lost. But you didn't.

SCARLETT

And what about you? What were you doing there tonight? Just in the neighborhood?

JASON

Because I need to know. Is this guy for real. Did he kill her like the others or not? If she's safe and you know she's safe, you need to tell me.

SCARLETT

I told you I haven't talked to her. That's the truth.

Jason tries to read Scarlett's eyes. They stare each other down, neither flinching.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I'm leaving now. Those cops are probably watching me from down the street. You try to stop me, they'll put you right back inside. Is that what you want?

Jason turns, faces the door. The coast is clear.

JASON

Go on then.

Scarlett stands to leave. Jason grabs her by the forearm.

SCARLETT

Let go.

Jason hands her his card and number.

JASON

In case you hear anything.

SCARLETT

I promise. You'll be the first one I dial.

Scarlett takes his card. Jason lets her go. She rushes to the door, never looks back.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SCARLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is shrouded in darkness. The lights out. Scarlett enters, shuts the door behind her. She peeks through the shades, on alert, paranoid.

AGED VOICE (O.S.)

You should probably chain that door until they get back.

Scarlett quickly turns, back against the wall.

A LONE FIGURE sits in a corner chair. An arm reaches for a lamp switch. And the LIGHT reveals the man as --

DETECTIVE DALE "COZ" COSWELL (60s), grey and practically bald, still rocking a cheap patterned blazer and shirt that aren't even close to matching.

COSWELL

What's wrong, kid? You look like you've seen a ghost.

SCARLETT

I don't get it. They said you were...that you were...

COSWELL

Dead as a door nail?

SCARLETT

Yeah.

COSWELL

By the way, how did you get back here?

SCARLETT

I called an Uber.

COSWELL

That wasn't very smart.

SCARLETT

Yeah. So anyways. That whole you being dead thing. Explain that. They said that...

COSWELL

They didn't say anything. Your boyfriend Mister Grecco did. And I couldn't afford my prime suspect in the Sanchez abduction knowing I was still looking into your case.

Scarlett stands perplexed, confused. She steps closer to Coswell, into the light.

SCARLETT

Wait a minute. Back up a sec. Grecco was your what?

COSWELL

I made a couple calls. Some names I could trust. And let word leak that I finally lost my battle with throat cancer. It was the only way I could keep tabs on Grecco without him getting wise.

SCARLETT

I'm deeply confused. You think Danny was...

Coswell nods to a pile of paperwork on a corner round table.

COSWELL

Take a look. It's on the table.

Scarlett follows his look to an unkempt pile of papers. She picks one of them up.

SCARLETT

What is this?

COSWELL

Lucia Sanchez. As far as I'm concerned, it all starts with her. This whole thing.

Scarlett shuffles through the paperwork. Long lists of various names along with their apartment numbers.

SCARLETT

I don't understand. What am I looking at?

COSWELL

When a certain aspiring actress began getting some weird calls, we suspected the obvious. That this man was most likely an employee or ex employee of Don's Food Mart. But we did some more digging and discovered another link between you and Sanchez. Lucia was not only an employee of Don's but an ex resident of one Park West Apartments.

SCARLETT

Lucia lived in the building?

COSWELL

For a period. For about six months. During a brief separation from her husband. I hear you two have met by the way.

SCARLETT

You hear a lot.

COSWELL

That first pile there was the tenant list during her stay at Park West. The second list of names includes the tenure of one Scarlett McTierney.

(MORE)

COSWELL (CONT'D)

And last but not least, the third pile is the current tenant list.

Scarlett and Coswell both notice a SHADOWY FIGURE pass by the outside window.

Coswell leaps from his chair, heads to the front window, draws back a corner of the drapes, checks both sides of the hall.

SCARLETT

What is it?

COSWELL

Don't worry. It's just the cops.

SCARLETT

Yeah, I feel safer already. How did you get in here so easy?

COSWELL

Haven't you heard? I'm a big deal in this town. I got friends in all kinds of low places.

SCARLETT

They just let you in? How do they know you're not the killer?

Coswell laughs.

COSWELL

That would explain our guy's taste in the golden oldies, wouldn't it?

Scarlett smiles. Coswell nods to his paperwork.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

I spent months cross referencing every name of every tenant that's dawned those doors in the last ten years. Ripped apart their lives. Their friends, co workers, associates. Anything and everything to get a jump on this guy. Only one name popped out.

SCARLETT

Jason.



COSWELL

According to one of Jason's old neighbors, Dwyer had an unhealthy obsession with one Graciella Sanchez. That he went for her. Hard. And she didn't give him the time of day. But he didn't take no for an answer.

Coswell sparks up a fresh smoke.

SCARLETT

So much for throat cancer.

COSWELL

Kept banging on the door at all hours. Keeping her up. Awake, on edge. Trying his best to intimidate her. Things get so bad, she invites her cop boyfriend on the side to start staying the night. Try to scare him off.

SCARLETT

A cop. Her and Grecco were a thing?

Coswell paces the carpet, puffs at his cigarette.

COSWELL

According to Dwyer's neighbor, they were hot and heavy. Old Danny boy had it bad. Until she broke the news she was going back to her husband and he couldn't take it. Next thing you know, he's showing up uninvited, sneaking into the building, using his badge to get inside. Right around the same time she's beaten and left for dead.

Scarlett's jaw drops.

SCARLETT

Oh my God.

COSWELL

Yeah. I couldn't help but find that coincidence slightly disconcerting.

Scarlett is clearly upset, pops a squat on the edge of her bed, bites at her lip.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

Do I got your wheels spinning yet?

SCARLETT

I don't understand. Danny never mentioned any of this before. About Jason. About Lucia. None of it.

COSWELL

Of course not. He's not gonna open himself up as a possible suspect. Fill your head with all kinds of doubts. About him. His intentions toward you. So he keeps quiet. Doesn't tell you about Lucia. Doesn't tell us. Hoping like hell no one knows about their secret relationship.

SCARLETT

No. You can't possibly think Danny is responsible.

COSWELL

Yes I do. And I think you better start taking what I'm saying seriously.

Scarlett rubs her tired eyes, falls limp to the mattress. She's spent for the day.

SCARLETT

They'll be back soon. You better go.

COSWELL

I'll let myself out. You still have my number?

Scarlett, with her eyes shut, arms rested on her forehead.

SCARLETT

I couldn't forget it if I tried, Coz.

Coswell nods. Heads for the door.

Scarlett opens her eyes, stares at the ceiling.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

This Doctor I spoke with tonight...

Coswell stops, faces Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Doctor Howe said this person is already in my life. That it's someone I'd never suspect.

COSWELL

I'd say that's a pretty spot on analogy. Grecco knows you're in town. He'll be showing up before you know it. With some new story. Some way to draw you back in.

SCARLETT

So what do I do?

COSWELL

Just know we'll be watching. And don't go anywhere alone with him. You understand?

SCARLETT

I do.

COSWELL

Lock and chain the door behind me.

Coswell opens the door.

SCARLETT

Hey, Coz.

Coswell turns --

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're not dead.

Coswell nods, dips out, shuts the door. Scarlett crawls off the bed, locks and deadbolts the door.

EXT. SCARLETT'S ROOM - SECOND STORY - NIGHT

Coswell is stopped in his tracks by the sight of Winans, leaning on a railing, coffee in hand.

WINANS

You're wrong about Grecco.

COSWELL

Yeah. Kind of thought you'd say that. If I'm so wrong, why did you bring her back here?

Winans ponders this. Coswell joins him at the railing, leans over the side, flicks his cigarette butt.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

He was your partner. You had to know about him and Sanchez. You had your suspicions. But you've been quiet this whole time. Just like a loyal cop and friend would.

WINANS

You should've stayed dead, Coswell. Stay out of my way.

Coswell gets in Winans face.

COSWELL

I hope this is about saving Scarlett. And not just saving your old partner's rep.

WINANS

Get the hell out of here. And do us all a favor and stay retired.

Coswell grins, pops in a fresh smoke, heads for the stairs. Winans stares out, into the night. His guilt clearly evident on his face.

INT. HOME OF AUBREY HARRIS - NIGHT

Aubrey Harris, our Primetime host and ex fashion model enters her posh Laurel Canyon home with wide open walls covered in the kind of oversized self portraits that commemorate a long and most celebrated career.

Her most prized asset...a floor to ceiling lingerie ad and canvas wall print featuring Aubrey in an all white lace bustier and fully extended angel's wings.

Aubrey unfastens her earrings, drops her heels on the all marbled floor, unzips her skirt, lets it fall to her ankles and kicks it onto a leather sofa.

She walks to her kitchen. Opens a glass door and steps into a walk in...

WINE ROOM

...where she selects a fine bottle of red.

In the background...through the all glass wall we see...

The DOO WOP KILLER standing near her couch. He quietly observes Aubrey as she reads the wine label.

She turns, steps back out, into the --

KITCHEN

...and selects a stemmed wine glass from an overhead rack. Opens a drawer, pulls out a corkscrew. She swiftly removes the cork, gives it a whiff, pours herself a tall and healthy glass of red.

Aubrey takes a moment, rubs the back of her sore neck, sips her wine slowly. She stares outside, onto her pool deck, lights on in the water.

Aubrey walks to a nightstand near her couch, snags up a stereo remote from a wicker basket, clicks on an easy listening station.

Aubrey rests her wine glass on the nightstand, removes her blouse...bra...last but not least...panties...as she moves for the outside deck.

DOO WOP stands, appears behind the couch. He observes Aubrey's nude form from behind as she crawls in the shallow end with her glass of wine.

EXT. HOME OF AUBREY HARRIS - POOL DECK - NIGHT

Aubrey does a soft back stroke with her glass of wine as Doo Wop watches from the living room. A soft rock tune plays on an outside speaker system.

Aubrey floats toward the edge of the pool, rests her glass on the deck, pushes herself off...floats belly up.

Doo Wop can't help himself. He moves for the outside deck...stares down at this lovely, nude form.

Suddenly, a frightened Aubrey stands upright, stares in the direction of her living room.

Doo Wop long gone.

Aubrey slowly, cautiously moves for the shallow end steps, crawls out of the pool.

A neatly folded towel lay on a deck chair. Aubrey snags it up, wraps her nude body.

The easy listening station suddenly cuts out without warning. Another song begins.

## MUSIC

Earth Angel. Earth Angel. Will  
you be mine. My darling dear.  
Love you all the time...

## AUBREY

Hello?

## MUSIC

I'm just a fool. A fool in love  
with you.

Aubrey steps through the sliding glass door, back into her...

## LIVING ROOM

...where the MUSIC is much louder and clearer.

## MUSIC (CONT'D)

Earth Angel. Earth Angel. The one  
I adore. Love you forever. And  
ever more. I'm just a fool. A  
fool in love with you.

Aubrey stares back at a KNIFE BLOCK on her kitchen counter.  
She rushes over, about to grab a knife. Before she can  
snag one from the set...

DOO WOP rises up from behind the countertop.

Aubrey spots him and SCREAMS.

Doo Wop pulls out a blade, rests it on the counter before  
Aubrey. As if to offer it to her. She is unsure as she  
stares down at the blade.

Doo Wop pulls his own blade.

Aubrey gives up, hauls ass toward...

## THE POOL DECK

...and keeps running past the pool...across the rear lawn.  
Into the surrounding trees.

## EXT. WOODS - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

A barefoot Aubrey stumbles down a tree dotted hillside, cold,  
practically nude, clothed only in a beach towel.

Her feet pummeled by the terrain. She winces and cries out  
in sheer agony.

She stares up the hill, spots...

DOO WOP standing at the edge. Patient. Still. He walks the tree line and follows Aubrey's path as she moves toward the bottom of the ravine.

And suddenly...

Aubrey loses her footing and goes tumbling toward the bottom.

She finally comes to a stop, twisting in pain, SCREAMING OUT, unable to stand upright. She takes a few moments to find her footing and finds the open road.

AUBREY

Help! Someone help me! Anyone!  
Oh God!

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS strike Aubrey from behind.

She turns...faces the car, desperately flags the driver down with one hand still holding up the simple towel clinging to her wet and soaked body.

She opens the passenger door, crawls in uninvited.

The car drives off.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SCARLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett sound asleep. A loud RAPPING at the door. Scarlett jumps upright, panicked. Her breathing sporadic.

COSWELL (O.S.)

Scarlett! Open the door!

SCARLETT

Coz.

Scarlett heads for the door, unlocks, unhooks the deadbolt, opens as Coswell, Winans and Agent Lancer all file in one at a time.

WINANS

Aubrey Harris just had a run in with our guy. Bastard broke in her house and waited until she got home.

SCARLETT

Where is she?

AGENT LANCER

We don't know.

SCARLETT

You don't know?

WINANS

She escaped out the back door. Barely. Took a pretty bad fall and ended up at the bottom of a ravine. Cold, wrapped in a bath towel. Got picked up by this good Samaritan who happened to be driving by at the time.

COSWELL

It was Grecco.

Winans throws up his hands, rests them on his hips in defeat. Scarlett notices, squints with confusion.

SCARLETT

Danny?

COSWELL

Aubrey called the station asking for the Detective in charge of the Kerri Roman investigation. Trying to reach out to you personally. Thinking that you might be next. She said it was a good thing one of our own happened to be in the neighborhood. As soon as she uttered Grecco's name we get a dial tone. We call back, no answer.

SCARLETT

It's gotta be a mistake.

COSWELL

No mistake. Grecco's our guy.

WINANS

(to Coswell)

We don't know that. Not yet.

AGENT LANCER

(to Winans)

Sorry if we don't take your word for it, Winans.

(to all)

Okay, so we don't know where Grecco is and if Aubrey Harris is still breathing.

(MORE)



AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
 So we call his division commander  
 and we get his ass to the station  
 asap. He'll have to come in then.

WINANS  
 (to Agent Lancer)  
 What do you think I've been doing  
 for the last thirty minutes. He's  
 not answering.

COSWELL  
 (to Winans)  
 Not answering his own partner. Not  
 a good sign, Winans.

WINANS  
 (to Coswell)  
 You know what, Cowell. Just back  
 off.

Scarlett's eyes dance, in deep thought.

SCARLETT  
 I think I have a better idea.

They all turn to Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
 All I have to do is sit across from  
 him. Look in his eyes. I'll know  
 if he did it or not.

AGENT LANCER  
 It's an unacceptable risk. You're  
 officially my responsibility.

COSWELL  
 She's right. He might not answer  
 any of us. But for her...he'll  
 make the exception. If he's our  
 guy he won't tip his hand to  
 Scarlett. After all. He is in  
 fact doing all of this for her.

Winans nods in agreement.

WINANS  
 Alright. How do we play this?

AGENT LANCER  
 If we do this, we do it very  
 publicly. Big crowd. Lots of  
 people.

(MORE)

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
 No chance of Grecco getting any  
 wise ideas as far as Scarlett's  
 concerned.

COSWELL  
 (to Scarlett)  
 How about it, Scarlett. You up for  
 this?

Scarlett isn't so sure.

COSWELL (CONT'D)  
 What is it?

SCARLETT  
 If Aubrey dies...it's because of  
 me. Isn't it?

Coswell won't answer. He just stares back at Scarlett.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

A HOODED FIGURE holds Aubrey at gunpoint. She is now dressed  
 in a pair of men's boxers and a simple undershirt. Her  
 wrists duct taped together. Her eyes welled with tears.  
 They walk further toward the edge of a cliff.

Aubrey stops, stares out over the ravine. The CITY LIGHTS  
 are bright and vast. This may be the most pure view of  
 the City of Angels in its most awesome splendor.

AUBREY  
 Just...just give me a minute. Let  
 me have this.

Aubrey's sight blurred as she tries to focus on the  
 landscape, as well as its memories, before her.

The hooded figure grabs Aubrey by the throat, gets a fistful  
 of the back of her hair, forces her to her knees.

AUBREY (CONT'D)  
 What're you doing?!

The hooded figure pulls a box cutter from his pants, opens  
 the blade, holds the weapon before Aubrey's eyes.

AUBREY (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God.

He slices the blade across her left side face. Aubrey  
 SCREAMS OUT.

He lets her go for a brief moment, walks off, gives her some space as she crawls across the gravel and dirt.

The hooded figure steps to the other side of her, grabs her by the hair, slices the right side of her face.

Aubrey attempts to hold in the BLOOD now freely pouring from both sides.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Noooo!

The hooded figure sprinkles magazine cut outs and clippings of Aubrey's varied fashion career in the dirt around Aubrey's body.

Swimsuit shots. Lingerie. Fashion shoots. Celebrity magazine articles.

Aubrey accidentally tramples these clippings with her hands as she desperately clasps the earth.

The hooded figure kicks Aubrey in the back as she falls face first into a mound of dirt. He pulls out a pair of scissors and circles Aubrey's limp body.

He crawls on top of her, one leg on each side of her torso, gets himself a big handful of her beautiful mane of hair, savagely cuts it to ribbons.

EXT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - NIGHT

The famous diner on Santa Monica and La Cienega is fairly packed as the dinner rush hour is in full effect. A tall figure with curly brown hair moves up the sidewalk.

This is DANNY GRECCO (30s), tired, bloodshot eyes and a scratchy, unshaven face. Most notably, a long and very brutal looking scar on his throat.

With a deep sense of paranoia, Danny cautiously checks his surroundings, on the lookout for cops or any otherwise unwanted visitors.

He dips into the restaurant...

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - NIGHT

Danny waits near the door, surveys the dining room for Scarlett, finds her in a booth near the back.

Scarlett spots him. A quiet, but long overdue exchange.

Danny shuffles through the crowd of diners, waiters, waitresses...approaches Scarlett.

SCARLETT  
It's really you.

DANNY  
Yeah it's really me.

An awkward moment of silence.

SCARLETT  
You gonna sit down?

Danny takes one last look around.

DANNY  
Yeah, sure.

Danny pops a squat.

SCARLETT  
I guess I have a lot to explain.

DANNY  
Is that why we're here? You just wanted to catch up?

SCARLETT  
I waited for so long for you to get better. But I couldn't wait any longer. I needed to leave this place. You know that.

DANNY  
And here you are. Again. Let me guess. Winans came to see you. Laid on the guilt trip, nice and thick.

SCARLETT  
You heard he found Kerri.

DANNY  
Found is a strong word. He dropped her in his lap and practically tickled his mustache. But yeah. I heard.

Scarlett looks deep into his eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Why are you looking at me like that?

Coswell comes out of nowhere, takes a seat next to Scarlett.

COSWELL

Because we're running out of time.

Danny is shocked to find Coswell across from him.

SCARLETT

Don't do this. Not like this.

DANNY

What is this?

COSWELL

In about two minutes, I make the call. And this place is flooded with reporters. All just itching to find out what happened to their very own Aubrey Harris. Right now, all we have is one lead. It's a good one. You.

Danny stares back and forth between Coswell and Scarlett. She looks away in shame. Danny slowly cracks a smile.

DANNY

So much for the tearful reunion.

COSWELL

You see, your partner didn't have the nerve to tell Scarlett you were popping Lucia just weeks prior to her abduction. But I did. Because for the last couple years, I haven't been able to let it go. Too many questions that need to be answered.

DANNY

I had an affair with a woman almost ten years ago and that's your biggest lead? That's why the big reunion here tonight.

COSWELL

We know Aubrey Harris was with you tonight. She mentioned you by name. Lieutenant Parker in homicide took the call. But you know that. Because you were there.

From the look on Danny's face, he doesn't know that.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

Now's the time were you come clean.  
Tell us you've been spending all  
your free time abducting young  
girls in an effort to bring your  
girlfriend back to LA and I don't  
make that call.

DANNY

(to Scarlett)

Have I tried to call? Or otherwise  
bothered you in any way since you  
split town?

Scarlett stares at the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Look at me, Scarlett.

She slowly looks up.

COSWELL

What's it gonna be, Danny?

DANNY

Alright, Coswell. Let's talk.  
Just us. She doesn't need to be  
here for this.

Coswell checks with Scarlett. And then Danny.

COSWELL

Okay, Danny.

Coswell slides out of the booth, allows Scarlett to step out.

Danny holds a gun to her side as she passes. Coswell reaches  
for his piece.

DANNY

Don't...do it!

Danny stands up, holds the gun to Scarlett's side. He  
surveys the room, spots THREE COPS in various corners  
of the room, standing, guns drawn.

DINING COP #1

Hold it, Grecco! Right there!

Danny hides behind Scarlett.

DANNY

Back off!

Danny moves himself and Scarlett backward, away from the crowd as Coswell quietly reaches for his gun.

Danny pistol whips him across the mouth...

Coswell crashes into a table, knocks over some chairs.

Danny and Scarlett jet out a side door.

EXT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Danny and Scarlett enter an outside deck and then down a short set of steps, into the...

PARKING LOT

...where A CAR sits with engine running, driver's door swung open, smoke pouring from the exhaust.

DANNY

Get in!

Danny practically shoves Scarlett into the vehicle. He jumps behind the wheel.

TWO COPS stand before him, guns aimed at the windshield.

Coswell runs up behind the car.

COSWELL

(to cops)

Don't shoot!

(to Danny)

Danny!

DANNY

(to Scarlett)

Hold on.

Danny floors it, speeding toward the armed cops as they jump and tumble to safety on the asphalt.

Danny and Scarlett careen around a corner, out of the lot, storm down Santa Monica Boulevard...

...weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Scarlett holds on for dear life as a wide eyed, jacked up Danny drives like a madman...honking his horn...flying through stop lights...

SCARLETT

Where are you taking me?

DANNY

I don't know! Shut up!

A pair of PATROL CARS come up some side streets and BLOCK TRAFFIC on both sides of the boulevard.

Cars sit in gridlock. Out jump a slew of ARMED UNIFORM COPS out for blood. Some tote pistols, others shotguns.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

SCARLETT

You got no play here, Danny.

DANNY

I said shut up!

Danny throws it in reverse...as cars behind him swerve and end up on the sidewalk and center median.

The car comes to a SCREECHING HALT near a...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Danny throws it in drive. UP THE RAMP they go.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Danny and Scarlett come to a stop on the roof of this multi leveled garage.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett catches her breath while tightly gripping the handle overhead. Frightened, still worked up. She shoots Danny a look that could kill.

SCARLETT

What the fuck are you doing?!

DANNY

Your friends wanna take me to jail we can do that. I don't care. But you're gonna listen to me a second. And listen good, because I don't have the time.

(MORE)



DANNY (CONT'D)

I figure we got less than a minute before I'm on the ground an in cuffs.

SCARLETT

Speak.

DANNY

Do you think I'm the guy?

SCARLETT

We're gonna do this now?

DANNY

Yes, now! When the hell else?! Do you think I killed your friend? Do you think I raped Lucia Sanchez? Is that what you think of me?

SCARLETT

You lied to me about her.

DANNY

I never lied about shit. Not telling you about her is different than lying, Scarlett. She was seeing other guys, Scarlett. A lot of guys. Maybe her husband conveniently left that part out but that's the truth.

The sounds of POLICE SIRENS draw nearer and nearer.

SCARLETT

Time's almost up, Danny.

DANNY

I know. So this is what you're gonna do. You're gonna take this car, fill it with gas and head home. Forget Coswell. Forget my partner and forget this place. When you're ready to talk for real and stop hiding behind Coswell, I'll still be here.

SCARLETT

He said you do this.

DANNY

Do what?

SCARLETT

Play like you're protecting me.  
Tell me it's everyone else that's  
the problem and not you. So do me  
a favor and save it.

POLICE SIRENS are dangerously close now.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

They're almost here. So if you're  
gonna kill me, do it now and get it  
over with. I don't think I can  
handle anymore surprises.

And suddenly...out of nowhere...A HOODED FIGURE rises from  
the backseat, presses a gun to the back of the driver's  
seat and pulls the trigger.

POW!

A single shot sends a severely wounded Danny tumbling into  
Scarlett's arms. Scarlett SCREAMS as she dips out of the  
passenger door...

...falls to the cement lot.

She reaches inside the car, snags Danny's weapon now resting  
on the passenger seat.

The HOODED FIGURE steps around the car, hovers over her with  
gun in hand.

With two hands, Scarlett aims Danny's weapon...pulls the  
trigger. But it's locked. The safety on.

The Hooded Figure aims his weapon at Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Do it.

The sound of impending POLICE SIRENS steals our guy's  
attention as he turns his head.

Scarlett manages to get to her feet, stumbles her way toward  
a stairwell...

Down she goes.

The Hooded Figure turns back, spots the stairwell door  
closing behind Scarlett.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Scarlett storms down one level after the next...stops a moment...looks up.

The HOODED FIGURE stares down at her.

SCARLETT

What do you want from me?!

Scarlett continues down.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Scarlett cries, runs for her life through this narrow, almost pitch dark passageway. She checks behind her.

The Hooded Figure chases after her, in full pursuit now.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

Scarlett dips out of the alley...

...spots a large green dumpster and what appears to be the rear exit of a grimy, dingy looking convenience store.

She swings open the glass door as BELLS RING.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Scarlett swings the door shut, attempts to lock it up. Clearly has trouble keeping the door shut.

SCARLETT

Come on!

The shifty looking SHOP OWNER sweeps up the remnants of a busted case of bottled beer and spots Scarlett tampering with his door.

SHOP OWNER

What're you doing there?

SCARLETT

Call the cops!

SHOP OWNER

I did. Over fifteen minutes ago.  
And an hour before that. And two  
hours before that.

SCARLETT  
 Help me lock this door! He's  
 coming!

The Shop Owner shuffles his way over to Scarlett, no real  
 hurry at all.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
 Fucking help me!

SHOP OWNER  
 Alright, alright! Calm down!

The Shop Owner peels back the single shade on his door, takes  
 a quick peek outside. Not a soul in sight.

He turns to Scarlett.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
 There's no one out there.

POW POW POW!

Bullets tear through the glass.

And he's riddled with GUNSHOTS. Down he goes. BLOOD  
 SPILLING on the filthy tile.

Scarlett takes the safety lock off Danny's weapon...holds it  
 with two hands...aims at the door.

The Hooded Figure uses his gun to pistol whip the bullet  
 ridden glass door frame. A lone hand reaches inside,  
 attempts to unlock from the inside.

SCARLETT  
 Fuck you!

Scarlett open fires. POW POW POW POW!

Four shots tear through the door. Silence on the other end.

Scarlett cries, steps closer to the door. Gun still aimed  
 and ready to finish him.

She stares at the door lock, unsure, reluctant. Her hand on  
 it, ready to flip it open.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
 Fuck.

JASON (O.S.)  
 Scarlett.

Scarlett whips around, gun aimed.

Jason stands before her.

SCARLETT

What? How did...? What're you doing here?

JASON

You haven't left my sight since the police station. The cops aren't so bright letting you run off like that. I even got the room number of your hotel.

SCARLETT

How?

JASON

You left it face up on the table for everyone to see. I waited in the parking lot for you to come out and followed you and those other cops down here.

SCARLETT

You're lying. You stay back. Right there.

Jason holds up his hands.

JASON

I found your friend Grecco. He's alive. Busted up but he's good. There's cops all over the place. They'll be here any second. If you want, I'll call them myself.

Jason reaches into the rear of his pants.

SCARLETT

Stop!

Scarlett fires a couple more shots.

POW POW!

...the first taking off Jason's finger as his SMART PHONE goes flying. The second shot hitting him in the shoulder as he's thrown across the floor.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP LEVEL -NIGHT

Winans walks to the side of Danny's gurney as he's being wheeled by TWO PARAMEDICS toward a rooftop ambulance. A slew of other PATROL CARS at the scene.

DANNY

Well old partner. Not only was I shot first, I was stabbed first. I'm thinking this hero cop thing isn't all it's cracked up to be. I think maybe I'll just ride out this disability pension. What do you think, partner?

WINANS

Save your energy. You're gonna need it, partner.

DANNY

Where is she?

WINANS

She's good. She's safe.

The two paramedics about to load Danny in the back of the ambulance but he stops them.

DANNY

(to paramedics)

Hold up guys. Gimme a sec here.

(to Winans)

I saw him. The sonofabitch. I saw his face. I've been seeing it all over town. At the store. The bank. Everywhere. He's been following me. I didn't quite place him at first. But when I saw him in the reflection...it all came back.

Winans rests his hand on Danny's arm, offers a warm smile.

WINANS

It's over, Danny.

Danny squints, confused.

DANNY

Over? Over like how over?

WINANS

We got the bastard. Scarlett nailed him.

DANNY

Scarlett.

WINANS

We'll talk about it at the hospital.

Winans gives the heads up to the two paramedics. They load Danny and shut the doors behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Jason lay in bed, arm in a sling, hand bandaged up. His sight is blurry at first but eventually makes out...

Scarlett sitting in a chair before him. She stares him down. Barely securing years of pent up rage and hate.

Agent Lancer stands by his bedside.

AGENT LANCER

Look who's awake. You feeling better?

JASON

No, not really.

AGENT LANCER

Well I'll keep this brief.

Agent Lancer opens a file and shows Jason the very grisly crime scene images of AUBREY HARRIS sliced up face...hair destroyed...eyes dead and wide.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)

This is Aubrey Harris. Aubrey was just found in the trunk of your car.

A shocked Jason checks with Scarlett.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)

That wasn't Grecco that found her at the bottom of that hill. It was you. You knew that Sanchez was fucking Grecco all those years ago. And you knew that we knew this. That's why you told Aubrey to be sure to mention his name over the phone. Right before you killed her.

Jason looks away, plays the silent game.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
Awfully quiet, Jason.

Agent Lancer dips aside, gives Jason an unobstructed view of Scarlett in her chair.

AGENT LANCER (CONT'D)  
There she is, Jason. Why don't you explain how you killed your girlfriend and abducted, raped and murdered half a dozen other girls all for her.

JASON  
Yeah. Okay. Why don't you give me and Scarlett here a minute alone. As you know, I've been waiting a long time for this.

Agent Lancer turns to Scarlett.

SCARLETT  
Give us a minute.

Agent Lancer lets himself out.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Okay, Jason. I'm here. Ready to listen. What did you do to Bonnie?

JASON  
I can't see you. Come closer.

Scarlett stands, moves closer to Jason's bed.

JASON (CONT'D)  
A little closer. And I'll tell you all about it.

Scarlett cautiously moves in close to Jason's bedside.

JASON (CONT'D)  
You ready for this?

Scarlett nods.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Fuck you! You shot my fuckin finger off!

Scarlett squints, confused.



JASON (CONT'D)

Get out. On the way out, you can tell Special Agent Dick Face I want my lawyer.

Scarlett scoffs at Jason, races out of the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Lancer watches as Scarlett rushes down the hallway.

AGENT LANCER

Scarlett. Where are you going?  
What the hell happened in there?

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Winans sits in chairs, awaiting the doctors. A NURSE steps out from behind the admit desk, greets him.

NURSE

He's coming out of surgery now. Everything went fine. He has a fractured collar bone and some arterial damage but your friend's gonna be okay.

Winans exhales in relief.

WINANS

Is he awake?

INT. DANNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Just like Jason, Danny's arm is in a sling and his entire chest has been bandaged. Winans at his bedside.

DANNY

I suppose you came in here to apologize.

WINANS

He's awake. Lancer's gonna need you to make positive identification.

DANNY

He's here?

Winans nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
How did you find him?

WINANS  
He's been following Scarlett since we brought him in for questioning.

DANNY  
Brought him in? Where the hell was I when this was going down? Who the hell is he anyways?

Winans squints, not following.

WINANS  
You said you saw him. That it somehow came to you. You mean to tell me you don't remember Jason Dwyer?

Danny is stunned.

DANNY  
Dwyer.

WINANS  
Tell me about him. This shooter. Where do you know him?

DANNY  
I don't know. I just know him.

WINANS  
Come on, partner. You gotta do better than that. Who is he?

Danny thinks back.

DANNY  
I got with the sketch artist a couple days ago. It's in my desk drawer. The top drawer on the right.

WINANS  
Sit tight.

Winans dips out.

DANNY  
Hey! Where's Scarlett?!

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SCARLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett is in a hurry as she stuffs her clothes and other belongings into her small rolling bag.

In rushes Agent Lancer.

AGENT LANCER

You didn't get a confession.

SCARLETT

God sakes, Aubrey was in his trunk.  
You got him. Why do you need me?

AGENT LANCER

Maybe you forgot your ex best buddy  
Bonnie Keebler is still out there.

SCARLETT

She wasn't my friend, okay? She  
was a user and a leach and a lot of  
other things and I rue the day I  
let her into my life. She's not my  
problem. She's your problem.

Scarlett heads for the bathroom sink area to collect her toiletries. Agent Lancer follows.

AGENT LANCER

You ready to tell the press you  
couldn't get a confession from  
Jason Dwyer? Or do you wanna draw  
this thing out a few more months?  
Maybe another couple of years.

SCARLETT

I can't face him.

AGENT LANCER

Who?

SCARLETT

Danny. First I leave and then I  
accuse him of murder.

AGENT LANCER

You didn't do anything. We did  
that. If you want, I'll tell him  
that. But if you care, even a  
little bit, about your friend  
Keebler, you'll see this thing out.

Scarlett ponders it all. Still unsure. She snaps out of it.

SCARLETT  
One week. And I'm out. For good  
this time.

Agent Lancer nods.

AGENT LANCER  
Alright. Deal.

SCARLETT  
I'm very tired. I'd like to get  
some rest if that's okay.

AGENT LANCER  
Dwyer's arraignment won't be for at  
least a few days. Give him some  
time to think over his options.  
We'll go over the game plan in the  
morning. Get some sleep.

Agent Lancer heads for the door. A tired Scarlett leans her  
back against the wall, sucks in a deep breath.

INT. DANNY GRECCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Winans breaks down the door. Pieces of chipped wood blanket  
the foyer. He heads for Danny's simple desk and work  
station, quickly opens the top right drawer, pulls out a  
POLICE SKETCH of their suspect.

He rests the image on the desk's surface, holds up his smart  
phone and snaps a pic.

WINANS  
Gotcha.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SCARLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Scarlett lay in bed, stares up at the ceiling. A LOUD and  
forceful KNOCK at the door startles her. She jumps up.

COSWELL (O.S.)  
Scarlett, open up!

Scarlett leaps from the bed, heads to the door and opens.  
Coswell rushes inside.

COSWELL (CONT'D)  
Your boyfriend Grecco got a good  
look at him before he was shot.  
He's been following him all week.

Coswell holds out his phone for Scarlett, shows her the image of their mystery man.

SCARLETT  
I don't know him.

COSWELL  
Try again.

SCARLETT  
Wait a minute. So it's not Jason?  
Which is it?

COSWELL  
No. It's not.

Coswell heads for the round table with the large pile of apartment tenants still filed out. He ruffles through them, picks up the third and bottom stack.

COSWELL (CONT'D)  
Look at these names. And look at  
the picture. He's gotta be in  
there.

SCARLETT  
I don't know.

Scarlett observes the image, lets it sink in.

COSWELL  
The name Todd Haynes ring any bells  
for you?

SCARLETT  
Todd?

INT. MIRACLE MILE APARTMENTS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Scarlett sits across from TODD HAYNES (20s), Chris Resnik's scruffy roommate with a thick, burly beard, a ComiCon t shirt and a few extra pounds.

TODD  
Just thought I'd let you know some  
of the shady shit he was doing  
behind your back.

END OF FLASHBACK

Scarlett stands in shock.

TODD (V.O.)

He was working on a screenplay. In the Still of the Night. When Coswell came snooping around, asking questions, I printed him out a copy.

Scarlett snags the tenant list from Coswell, gives it another once over. The name MICHAEL HAYNES is a standout.

SCARLETT

Michael Haynes.

COSWELL

Michael Todd Haynes. Resnik's roommate. Not only was he a tenant of Park West when Sanchez was there, he lived directly across the hall from her.

Scarlett thinks back.

SCARLETT

You spoke with him too. You spoke with Todd. He told me you came around asking about Chris.

COSWELL

He's still out there. Grecco already made a positive ID.

Scarlett's SMART PHONE RINGS from the sink area.

SCARLETT

Hold on a sec.

She walks to the sink area...checks the name on the CALLER ID. The one and only BONNIE KEEBLER.

Her jaw hits the floor. She quickly answers.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Bonnie?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Scar...Scarlett. Don't listen to him. Call the cops.

HAYNES (O.S.)

How goes things, Scarlett? Long time no talk. Me and Bonnie here are about to take ourselves a stroll down memory lane.

(MORE)

HAYNES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 For old times sake. We thought  
 you'd like to join us.

Scarlett turns, faces Coswell.

SCARLETT  
 Who the hell are you?

Coswell quietly steps closer. Scarlett very carefully puts  
 Haynes on speaker phone.

HAYNES (O.S.)  
 All these years later and I still  
 don't have your attention. That  
 breaks my heart. That pains me,  
 Scarlett.

SCARLETT  
 Where are you?

HAYNES (O.S.)  
 Back where it all started. When I  
 first saw you walk through those  
 doors. I tell you, I could barely  
 contain myself.

Scarlett thinks back.

HAYNES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You got thirty minutes. We'll be  
 waiting. If I see anyone but you  
 heading for those doors, your  
 friend Bonnie loses. Remember. I  
 can see every possible angle of  
 this place. So don't go getting  
 smart on me. Be there.

He hangs up.

SCARLETT  
 Hello?!

COSWELL  
 Where is he talking about?

SCARLETT  
 I have a pretty good idea.

EXT. DON'S FOOD MART - LATE NIGHT

Scarlett enters the near empty parking lot on foot. A few  
 cars near the front. The overnight crew.

Some fluorescent parking lamps cast an eerie glow overhead. Just like the night Lucia was abducted.

SCARLETT

Can you guys hear me?

COSWELL (O.S.)

We read you, Scarlett. Remember. You get eyes on Haynes you don't hesitate.

SCARLETT

Got it.

Scarlett heads for the building.

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - FOYER - LATE NIGHT

Scarlett dawns the doors of her old place of employment for the first time in almost ten years. The place is strangely familiar as if she never left.

She turns, stares at the customer service desk. A vision of old friend and co worker SAMANTHA "SAM" REDFIELD on the phone, texting a friend at the same time.

SAM

Don's.

(listens)

You're calling out again? Girly, you're playing with fire. Those bills ain't gonna pay themselves.

Sam's image slowly fades away.

SCARLETT (V.O.)

I'm here about the cashier position.

Scarlett snaps out of it, heads further into the store, through the produce tables toward the special occasion balloon and floral section.

A dozen roses, set of balloons and cake rest on a simple display table. A set of CANDLES surround the display to catch Scarlett's attention. Written on the cake...

WELCOME HOME SCARLETT.

Scarlett checks her surroundings. It's too quiet. Her phone RINGS.



SCARLETT

Hello?

HAYNES (O.S.)

Hello Scarlett from Texas. All grown up. Even more beautiful than ever. We're waiting for you.

SCARLETT

Where?

He hangs up.

Scarlett notices ROSE PEDALS forming a sort of trail through the store. She follows them down an aisle...

...and toward the rear end of the store, near the double receiving room doors.

As Scarlett follows the rose pedals, she looks to her left to find...

THE DOO WOP KILLER in grey suit and bow tie standing at the far end of the aisle. He is still and silent as he stares back at Scarlett.

Scarlett is frozen with fear.

DOO WOP walks off.

Scarlett gives up, follows the rose pedals through the double doors and into --

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett follows the trail of pedals to an old style freight elevator door. She opens...revealing...

A pallet of wrapped grocery freight and TWO DEAD STOCK MEN leaning against the wall. Both throats cut.

She reluctantly boards the elevator, closes and shuts the door behind her. She presses level 1. Down she goes.

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Scarlett steps out. Into the dark bottom level of the store. Rows of grocery pallets, organized by aisle and department.

BONNIE (O.S.)

Scarlett!

Scarlett hears the cries of her long lost friend somewhere in the darkness.

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

Hurry!

Somewhere near the back of the room, Scarlett sees a FEMALE FORM standing upright, holding onto what appears to be a floor to ceiling metal pole.

She rushes through the stockroom...approaches this young woman, face hidden in darkness. Her hands wrapped around a metal pillar and tied together.

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

You gotta get me out of here.

Scarlett steps closer.

SCARLETT

Kerri?

KERRI ROMAN'S face cuts through the darkness. Her eyes welled with tears.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Oh my God. It's really you.  
Where's Bonnie? I don't understand.

KERRI

Please. We don't have time. I'll explain later. Just get us out of here.

Scarlett attempts to untie Kerri's hands. She's successful. And then her feet.

KERRI (CONT'D)

Hurry.

Scarlett undoes the ties from Kerri's feet.

SCARLETT

Come on.

They both race back toward the freight elevator.

The LIGHTS COME ON.

Scarlett and Kerri stop in their tracks.

TODD HAYNES (30s), thinly shaved hair, dimpled chin, thin and sickly, moves around a pallet, grey suit, bow tie, rubber mask and all. He removes the mask and smiles back at Scarlett and Kerri.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Nice suit.

Haynes pulls a revolver, cocks the hammer.

HAYNES

Can't take credit, really. He's all Chris's creation.

(smiles)

Okay, okay. I had a little input. You listen to that fifties shit day in and day out for almost two years straight, it stays with you.

SCARLETT

That girl out in the valley. The one Detective Winans found. It's Bonnie, isn't it? You killed her.

Haynes won't tell. He holds Scarlett in suspense. After a few moments he breaks his silence.

HAYNES

Shhh. Our little secret.

Haynes laughs, checks with Kerri.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

You know, Scarlett. I'll tell you what hurt the most. When you came to see me that day, asking about Chris...it was like you'd never seen me before. Never noticed. Even though I was here working right under your nose. Right next to Chris. Watching you want him. Just like Lucia all over again.

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - MEAT DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Coswell stealthily moves through the store with gun gripped in both hands. He spots the rose pedals on the tile.

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

Haynes moves closer and closer. Scarlett and Kerri back up. Further into the darkness.

HAYNES

Lucia never noticed either. The day she hired me she looks at me and says...don't I know you from someplace? All the while I'm living right under her nose. Watching her.

Haynes face turns angry and gnarled as memories hit him like a ton of bricks.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

Fucking Chris. And Nate. That cop. Whoring all over this place with everyone but me. It's a hard thing going unnoticed. Kerri understands.

(to Kerri)

Don't you, Kerri?

Scarlett checks with Kerri. Kerri spots Danny's pistol in Scarlett's pants, snags it up. Holds her at gunpoint.

KERRI

Back away, Scarlett. Don't even think about it?

SCARLETT

What do you think you're doing?

HAYNES

Kerri and I have an understanding. She leads me to you and I make her famous. No more sharing the limelight with b movie queen Scarlett McTierney. It's her time to shine.

SCARLETT

(scoffs)

You two idiots really think you're getting away with this?

HAYNES

The plan is simple really. I kill you. Kerri here manages to escape with her life and finally makes her movie.

SCARLETT

And what happens to you?

HAYNES

I guess we have to wait for the sequel. Don't we?

Scarlett stares at Kerri with disgust.

SCARLETT

What's he talked you into?

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Coswell stops about halfway down, listens in on the conversation through an earpiece.

HAYNES (O.S.)

It's a trade off. Not only do I not kill her...I give her the life she always wanted.

COSWELL

Shit.

Coswell tip toes down the stairs...headed for the basement.

INT. DON'S FOOD MART - RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

Haynes smiles at Kerri.

HAYNES

Well girls. I'm afraid the time has come. Sorry it had to end this way, Scarlett.

He watches as Kerri's hands shake.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

(to Kerri)

Don't worry. I'm here. All you gotta do is squeeze the trigger and you're a star.

Scarlett turns, faces her, unflinching. No fear.

SCARLETT

Well. Go on, Kerri. Do it.

Kerri draws down on Haynes, empties the gun in his chest as he goes flying across a half stacked pallet. Canned goods spill across the floor.

Dead.

Kerri swings the gun in Scarlett's direction. Her hands still shaking. They stare each other down.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

My God. What did he do to you?

KERRI

Do you really wanna know?! You want all the juicy details, Scarlett?! How he took everything from me. What he did to your friend Bonnie while I watched. What am I supposed to do now? You tell me. I got a chance to live again. You tell me why I shouldn't take it.

Kerri pulls back the hammer on Danny's gun.

SCARLETT

Then go on then. Do like he said. Finish it.

Coswell enters the room, gun aimed and ready. Kerri lowers her gun as Coswell joins them.

Coswell stares down at Haynes.

COSWELL

Yep. He's dead as shit.

He checks with Kerri and Scarlett who are strangely quiet.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

We good here?

Scarlett checks with a guilt ridden Kerri who can't look her in the eye. Coswell notices the awkward exchange.

COSWELL (CONT'D)

Are we good?

Scarlett nods.

SCARLETT

Yeah. We're good.

Kerri stares down at Haynes body. She picks up the fallen pistol, empties the gun into Haynes. Her anger has boiled over into uncontrollable rage.

She drops the gun, breaks into tears. Scarlett and Coswell quietly observe the damaged girl.

EXT. DON'S FOOD MART - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's a full fledged media circus once again as the entirety of this parking lot has been consumed with flashing lights. News vans. Police.

An exhausted Scarlett is squatted on the curb in front of the store, rubs at a sore neck.

Winans shakes the hands of some UNIFORM COPS and other FIRST RESPONDERS and joins Scarlett at the curb.

The two share a smile before observing the onslaught of media personnel setting up their shots.

WINANS

(to Scarlett)

I guess you'll be making that movie after all, huh?

SCARLETT

Yeah. I guess so. Probably. Hopefully. For Kerri's sake. She's gonna need the money for a good therapist.

Scarlett stares back at Kerri, also squatted on the curb, being tended to by an EMT.

WINANS

Sorry I got you mixed up in this again.

SCARLETT

No you're not. Neither am I. We got him.

WINANS

Yes we did. It's been a long time coming. For a lot of people.

SCARLETT

You call Lucia's husband?

Winans nods.

WINANS

Yeah, I made that call.

SCARLETT

What did he say?

WINANS

Not much. I don't think it's sunk  
in yet.

Scarlett sighs with exhaustion. Winans hovers before her.  
She stares up at him.

WINANS (CONT'D)

So what's next for Scarlett  
McTierney? You heading back home?

SCARLETT

I used to think I wanted this.  
Attention. Fame. Whatever you  
wanna call it. Right now all I can  
think about is getting some peace  
and quiet. And doing nothing but  
soaking in a bath for five or six  
weeks. How about you?

WINANS

This one's gonna be hard to top,  
isn't it?

SCARLETT

Probably.

WINANS

I'm thinking maybe it's time to  
hang things up. Like you said.  
There's something to say for peace  
and quiet.

Winans smiles. Scarlett nods.

WINANS (CONT'D)

Thank you, Scarlett. For  
everything.

SCARLETT

You're welcome.

Winans joins Lt. Parker and some other cops gathered in a  
circle, exchanging notes as...

Coswell and Agent Lancer cross paths.

COSWELL

(to Agent Lancer)

Well crap. I was supposed to call  
you or something, wasn't I?

Agent Lancer smiles, shakes his head.



AGENT LANCER  
Fucking cowboy cops.

Agent Lancer winks at Coswell, pats him on the shoulder as he goes about his business.

Coswell laughs.

COSWELL  
That's us.

Coswell spots Scarlett at the curb, pops a squat next to her.

COSWELL (CONT'D)  
Look. If she was really gonna shoot you, she would have. But she didn't.

SCARLETT  
What if you were two seconds later?

Scarlett and Coswell stare back at Kerri who is awkwardly watching the two of them.

COSWELL  
What do you wanna do?

Scarlett huffs.

SCARLETT  
I think she's been through enough, don't you? I think we all have.

COSWELL  
Okay, then. In that case...

Coswell offers his hand to Scarlett.

COSWELL (CONT'D)  
It's been real. Go home. Get out of here. I never wanna see your mug around here again.

SCARLETT  
The feeling's mutual.

They sit in silence. Sharing a smile. These two have been through a lot together. She kisses him on the cheek.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Gimme a ride back to the hotel?

COSWELL

Can't expect you to walk. They say  
there's a lot of crazies out there.

Scarlett laughs.

SCARLETT

Is that what they say, huh?

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Scarlett, Winans, Coswell, Agent Lancer and a still very much injured Danny and Jason, both in shoulder casts, join the grieving family of BONNIE KEEBLER at her grave site.

A beautifully engraved tombstone reads BERNADETTE "BONNIE" KEEBLER, actress, daughter, angel.

SONG

Shoo wop...shoo wah. Shoo  
wop...shoo wah. Shoo wop...shoo  
wah...

Jason is teary eyed. Bonnie's MOTHER and FATHER are a mess.

Scarlett cracks a smile. Given the circumstances, she is finally at peace in the world.

SONG (CONT'D)

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...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END