

NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN

SMASH FROM BLACK TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A barren Midwestern valley. A country road cuts through it.

A ditch runs alongside the country road.

TWO BODIES lie motionless in the ditch, face-down.

One is a WOMAN, the other a MAN.

The WOMAN is VERONICA HUTCHINSON (early 20's). Veronica is dirty blonde, average height, and athletic. She is beaten, bloody, and achy. She comes to.

The MAN is much worse off. Dead.

She pulls herself slightly up from the ground. She can barely move.

Veronica is groggy, she groans and grabs her head as she gains her bearings.

She looks around her, unfamiliar with her surroundings.

VERONICA
(whispering to self)
Where the fuck...?

She notices the Man next to her. She nudges him to wake up.

Not a move.

She shakes harder. Nothing.

Veronica reaches for her back as she fights through the stabbing pain.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Babe, what's happened? What's going
on?

She rustles him more aggressively still.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Hun? You ok?

Veronica is visibly terrified.

MAN (O.S.)
State your name, please.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Veronica sits pensively on the witness stand.

A JUDGE looks incredulously down upon her.

A PROSECUTING ATTORNEY paces before her, inquisitively.

Veronica sits solemn in silence. Internally seething.

VERONICA
Veronica Hutchinson.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

She slowly turns his face around to reveal his face.

His forehead is caved in.

She gasps loudly.

VERONICA
(muffled)
Oh my god!

She clasps her hand over her gaping mouth.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
Do you recall the events which
transpired on the night of October
28th, 2017?

Veronica breaks down in pure terror.

She fights back tears as she struggles with what to do next.

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

The Prosecuting Attorney looks closer at Veronica, insistent on an answer.

Veronica looks emotionless. Life has escaped her eyes.

VERONICA
I don't recall any of the events
from that night.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

Her breathing becomes shorter and more frantic.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
You don't remember anything?

Veronica can only touch his chest, but she knows it's futile to attempt to resuscitate him.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Not a thing.

She can barely function, her mind runs rapid as her eyes dart about his limp, motionless body.

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

The Prosecutor feigns bafflement.

PROSECUTOR
Seems awfully convenient.

He smirks.

Veronica stares daggers into his eyes.

The Prosecuting Attorney spreads his wing span and turns to the jury, then back to Veronica.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Perhaps you'd like me to jog your
memory?

She could jump the stand and beat him any moment, but she holds back.

VERONICA
I'm all ears.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

Veronica digs her head into his hollow chest.

She shrieks in anger, frustration, confusion and sadness as we...

SNAP TO DARKNESS

OPENING TITLE: NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN

OPEN ON:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A bright, colorful, decorative College Dorm Room.

Veronica rifles through her closet and dresser for an outfit.

Her roommate and best friend, CLAIRE WALSH (20's), pasty white redhead and a fire cracker at that, but not just because of her hair, lies on her bed watching her struggle.

CLAIRE

You can't convince me not to fuck him. I feel like it's been decades.

VERONICA

You haven't even been alive for decades.

CLAIRE

Point is, it feels like it. That's good enough for me.

VERONICA

I'm just trying to protect you.

CLAIRE

You're supposed to be an advocate for my vagina, not its bouncer.

VERONICA

Ok, so tell me, why should he be allowed passage between your legs? What separates him from the rest?

CLAIRE

Well, you know, he's smart, charming, funny...

VERONICA

I didn't ask for a '*Friends*' answer, I want the gritty details.

CLAIRE

Like what's between his legs?

VERONICA

That'd be a nice start...

CLAIRE

Well, I don't know yet. You won't let me sleep with him.

VERONICA

He's probably not well-endowed if he hasn't already shown you.

CLAIRE

Isn't that supposed to be a good thing if he doesn't send dick pics?

VERONICA

Eh, not always.

CLAIRE

Well, maybe he's hung like a Minotaur? What then?

VERONICA

Obviously you'd fuck him then, right?

CLAIRE

You just expect me to be a slut?

VERONICA

Isn't that what this whole conversation is about?

CLAIRE

I can't talk to you. Honestly.

VERONICA

This is what you get for holding out like a good little church girl.

CLAIRE

So you're saying I should've just thrown my snatch at him from the get-go.

VERONICA

Open your clam if you're tryin' to slam.

CLAIRE

Please never say that again.

Veronica raises her eyebrows and strikes a sultry pose.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I seriously hate you so much.

Veronica has a solemn epiphany. Sort of.

VERONICA
(sarcastically)
Yeah, me too.

CLAIRE
Pfft. Shut the fuck up.

Veronica smiles and sticks her tongue at her.

Beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So, how is Steven? Is it nice with
him?

VERONICA
How should I know?

CLAIRE
Because you're dating?

VERONICA
I'm a virgin.

CLAIRE
Oh stop that...

VERONICA
What? I'm saving myself for--

Veronica bursts with laughter.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Okay, I can't do that--

She cannot contain herself.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
It's too much!

Claire scoffs, rolls her eyes.

CLAIRE
God, make me out to be the whore...

Veronica finally calms herself.

VERONICA
Would you have it any other way?

CLAIRE
Yes, as a matter of fact, I would!

VERONICA

Oh, come on, you can take it.

CLAIRE

Fuck you.

VERONICA

That's the essence of it.

Veronica continues her quest for a proper outfit, raising blouses occasionally to her chest. Testing their fortitude.

Claire readjusts herself on the bed.

Beat.

CLAIRE

So, did you hear about Tricia's party?

Veronica looks back over her shoulder at her.

VERONICA

Speaking of skanks...

CLAIRE

Shut your mouth. It's tonight and we're going. You have no say in the matter.

VERONICA

Can I bring Steve?

CLAIRE

(half serious)

Not if you wanna get laid.

VERONICA

Cheating on Steve wasn't in the cards...tonight, anyway.

CLAIRE

When was that penned in your schedule?

VERONICA

I'd have to check my calendar.

CLAIRE

Well, anyway, it's finally not a BYOB tonight so I'm about to get hella smashed on some free jungle juice tonight!

Claire is partying like the party is here and now.

VERONICA
Seriously? Don't make me vomit.

CLAIRE
Oh, suck it up.

VERONICA
(winking)
That's the idea.

Claire rolls her eyes as she slides off the bed.

CLAIRE
Sometimes I really wonder about
you.

VERONICA
Only sometimes?

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Claire and Veronica chow away at some shitty college cafeteria food.

They are secluded from the general population of the cafeteria.

CLAIRE
It's gonna be a Halloween party.

VERONICA
Is it? Already?

CLAIRE
Once the pumpkin spice is out, you
can start dressing up. It's a
thing.

VERONICA
I feel like you just made that up.

CLAIRE
I did, but it sounds legit, right?

VERONICA
Don't push it.

CLAIRE
Well, anyway, you ought to wear
your street walker get-up tonight,
don't you think?

VERONICA
No, I wouldn't want to steal one of
your regular outfits.

CLAIRE
Piss off.

Veronica sticks her tongue out at her.

VERONICA
You know the outfits don't matter.
Boys just try to imagine it off of
you anyway. But who says I'm
wearing it for them?

Beat.

CLAIRE
So, for real, what are you wearing
tonight?

VERONICA
Your dad's dick in my mouth.

CLAIRE
Fuck you. Jesus.

VERONICA
Wouldn't that be a sight to see?

CLAIRE
Nightmares for the rest of my life.

Short beat.

VERONICA
No, but actually I wanna wear your
dad's skin.

CLAIRE
I seriously hate your soul so
fucking much.

Suddenly, the man of the hour, Steven Vincent (20) appears
out of nowhere and slides into a seat next to Veronica.

Steven is roughly average height, somewhat muscular/toned,
and has brown hair. He's assertive bordering on aggressive.

STEVE
How you doin, babe?

He gives her a nice, fat smooch on the cheek.

VERONICA
Aww, hey hon.

Claire rolls her eyes.

STEVE
Whatcha guys talkin' about?

CLAIRE
Fucking my dad.

STEVE
Oh, wow.
(to Veronica)
You wouldn't do that to me, would
ya?

Veronica does not muster a response.

CLAIRE
Apparently she would.

Veronica could kill Claire right now.

Luckily, Steve shrugs it off.

Crisis averted.

STEVE
So, you gonna be ready for our
party tonight?

CLAIRE
Actually, we were thinking about
going to Tricia's Halloween party.

Steve throws her a hard glare. She backs off.

STEVE
(to Veronica)
You never told me about this.

VERONICA
I didn't think I needed to. We're
going there first and then--

STEVE
No, you're not. You're coming to
ours. I need you there.

VERONICA
Why?

Claire's eyes dart back and forth to each of them, uncomfortable.

STEVE

Because, I don't know Tricia or who's going. I know everyone at mine. You're coming and that's it.

Veronica shoots a quick glance to Claire who catches it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So, will I be seeing you there or not?

Claire looks away while Veronica hesitates a moment.

VERONICA

Yeah, Claire and I will get dressed and everything and we'll meet ya there!

STEVE

Ok, great. I was planning on pre-gaming with my fraternity brothers anyway.

Everyone is uneasy, and you can feel it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Well, anyway, you guys have fun with-- Claire's dad?

Claire can't help but nearly spit out her food.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'll see ya later!

He presses his lips against Veronica's forehead.

She barely acknowledges it.

Steve scurries away.

CLAIRE

Well, that wasn't awkward or anything.

VERONICA

Perfect timing if you ask me.

Claire huffs. They smile at one another.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
So, you and Steve really went at
it, huh?

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Veronica throws a very annoyed look at The Prosecuting
Attorney.

VERONICA
You lawyers sure are proponents of
drama and spectacle, aren't you?

Her Defense Attorney didn't like that one. His glance lets
her know.

The Prosecutor shrugs.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
We were just bickering. Like normal
couples do. So stop putting it in a
light that benefits you.

PROSECUTOR
It's my job to get to the bottom of
this.

VERONICA
It's not your job to exaggerate the
situation.

JUDGE
Easy now, you two.

Veronica and Prosecutor throw remorseful glances to the
Judge.

PROSECUTOR
Apologies, your honor. Won't happen
again.

JUDGE
Now please, civilly, continue.

Prosecutor nods.

PROSECUTOR
So, you two were **bickering**. My
mistake.

Veronica shoots him a sharp glare.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Then what?

INT. DORM BATHROOM - LATER

Veronica is front of the mirror sprucing up.

Claire is brushing her teeth at the sink next to her.

CLAIRE

So, what's on the agenda for tonight? Aside from all the-- you know.

VERONICA

Well, I was thinking we might just have a casual night. Start off getting fucked out of our minds--

CLAIRE

Naturally.

VERONICA

incite a riot--

CLAIRE

Reasonable.

VERONICA

Probably kill your ex--

CLAIRE

You know I'm on board.

VERONICA

And then come back to our dorm, slam some brews, and then destroy a pizza.

CLAIRE

Stands to reason.

VERONICA

What do you think?

CLAIRE

I love the plan. I love it. It's genius.

VERONICA

Then it's settled!

CLAIRE
But I was thinking something
more...up in the air.

VERONICA
Oh.

CLAIRE
You know, let's be more sporadic,
spur-of-the-moment.

VERONICA
Well, we don't necessarily have to
it all in that order.

CLAIRE
Right, of course.

VERONICA
I was just prioritizing.

CLAIRE
Well then why was pizza last??

VERONICA
Fair point.

CLAIRE
Exactly. Like I said, let's just
play it by ear.

Claire attacks Veronica with a pelvic-thrust.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I like being more spontaneous
anyway.

Veronica resists at first.

VERONICA
Touche, my fair lady.

But becomes more accepting of her into her hands...

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Claire is still in her towel, fooling around with her bed on
her side of the room.

Veronica is destroying her side of the room like a clothes
tornado.

She stops on a particularly boy-ish item of clothing.

VERONICA

You ever cross-dressed before?

CLAIRE

The fuck kinda question is that?

VERONICA

Well, I was thinking aobut going as a dude for Halloween.

CLAIRE

Oh, for a minute I was thinking you were finally getting that sex change you always wanted.

VERONICA

Fuck off. I'm trying to keep guys off me tonight.

CLAIRE

Good luck with that.

VERONICA

What? It's possible. Especially if I looked like a dude.

CLAIRE

I don't know, people are into some freaky shit nowadays.

VERONICA

You really think men would still be all over me if--

CLAIRE

Or chicks. I don't know what your thing is...

VERONICA

I think that's one thing we can be certain of.

CLAIRE

You think...

VERONICA

I know. Pretty sure I know.

CLAIRE

Right...

VERONICA

The fuck are you talking about, anyway?

CLAIRE
I dunno, you're just a shady
character. All kinds of
questionable.

Veronica smiles.

VERONICA
I really won't get a serious answer
out of you, will I?

CLAIRE
The fact that you even have to ask
that...

VERONICA
Yeah, you know what, I don't even
wanna know anymore.

CLAIRE
Smart woman.

Beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So the question remains, will you
cheat on your boyfriend tonight?

VERONICA
Who do you think I am?

CLAIRE
I guess I'll find out after
tonight.

Veronica gives her a glare to choke on...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

A crammed house party loaded with douche bags and sluts.
Kegs. Organized chaos.

They may be douche bags, but Claire and Veronica don't seem
to mind...

Party time. Claire and Veronica take it all in.

VERONICA
You know, I've never pegged myself
as the cheating type, but man alive
if there was ever a night...

CLAIRE

They're all fucking douche bags.

VERONICA

I never said they were the kind to marry.

CLAIRE

Boy, you are in rare form tonight.

VERONICA

I'm just trying to remember what it was like to be you.

CLAIRE

Don't let Steve hear you say that.

Steve sees Veronica from afar. He smiles and waves.

Veronica returns the favor, but less emphatically.

INT. SMALLER ROOM - LATER

Veronica and Claire have become increasingly drunk...pour their heart out to each other kind of drunk.

But they chill out on a couple of empty kegs.

This room is separate from the party. Quieter. Far less crowded.

Especially since it's just them.

CLAIRE

Be honest with me, drop the sleaze bag act. How are Steve and you, really?

VERONICA

He seems to want marriage so badly. I'm not sure I want that.

CLAIRE

And why is that?

VERONICA

I don't know, I've never been big on the idea. But if there was anyone, it would be him. Sounds cheesy, I know.

CLAIRE

No, it's not. I get it, I do.

VERONICA

He's just everything I want in a partner, and a best friend. These...intangible things-- it's hard to explain.

CLAIRE

I think I get what you're saying.

VERONICA

He's the only one I've ever considered for it. I've never wanted it. But he could make me want it.

CLAIRE

It's really great you two have that.

VERONICA

Thanks. It's difficult to wrap my mind around. But he helps me understand.

CLAIRE

You've always been the most independent woman I know. You're the least likely person to ever need a man. The least in need of a man.

VERONICA

It's not even that I need him. I'm here, and he's there. It's no compromise. It's two people allowing each other to be themselves. And not letting anything get in the way.

CLAIRE

That's a beautiful thing.

Veronica watches Claire almost drunkenly sulk a beat.

She's feeling sorry for herself, and she knows it.

But Veronica can't help but be sympathetic. She gives in.

VERONICA

You'll find yours one day. I know that in my heart.

CLAIRE

You're just saying that.

VERONICA

Any man would be privileged with the opportunity. Even the thought of it, your half-assed consideration would be an honor.

CLAIRE

Oh, please. Give me a fuckin' break.

VERONICA

Trust me, Claire. It will happen for you.

CLAIRE

Unless you're proposing to shack up with me, not any time soon.

VERONICA

Your time is coming. I truly believe that.

CLAIRE

That's the idea, right?

Both share in a smile with one another.

INT. BIG PARTY DANCE ROOM - LATER

A crowded living room transformed into a dance floor.

Electronic/Pop music blasts.

Beer that doesn't flow into the mouths of drunken college kids spills on the floor.

Veronica and Steve stand away from the action, but close enough to see:

Claire sucking face with a RANDOM DOUCHE BAG.

They smile as they witness this.

Suddenly, Random Douche Bag and Claire leave the madness, hands interlocked.

Veronica and Steve smile at each other as they look on from afar.

Claire and her newfound partner drunkenly navigate the stairs leading up to the bedrooms.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Claire is freshening up in a half bathroom.

Veronica leans up against a wall outside the bathroom.

She waits a beat before asking the obvious.

VERONICA

So, how was--

CLAIRE

Worst eighteen seconds of my life.
Boys sure do cum quick these days,
don't they?

VERONICA

That's because they're boys. We
need to find you a man who doesn't
only give a shit about his own
climax.

CLAIRE

Few and far between.

VERONICA

Ain't that the truth?

Veronica hesitates for just a brief moment.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Still though, no round two?

CLAIRE

Eh, not even worth it.

VERONICA

That's too bad.

CLAIRE

Besides, he just rolled right over
and passed the fuck out.

VERONICA

Ugh, typical.

CLAIRE

The worst.

VERONICA

Well, hey, you finally got your lay
you've been dying to have.

CLAIRE
If you can call it that.

Veronica shrugs.

VERONICA
Doesn't matter, had sex, right?

CLAIRE
My clitoris would argue that it
does matter quite a bit.

VERONICA
Touché, my good woman.

Claire continues fixing up in the mirror.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
What do ya say we forget this thing
ever happened? In the best way we
know how.

Claire turns to face her.

CLAIRE
You know I'm game.

Veronica smiles.

VERONICA
Well, shall we?

Claire nods.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Veronica and Claire dance, sway, and laugh all the way
through the crowded party.

A PARTY BRO pumps them even more jungle juice, as if they
need it...

He hovers his hand over each drink, but they barely notice
his sleight of hand as he hands the cups back over to them.

Smiling all the while, they frolick back to the dancing,
wading their way through the crowd.

The Party Bro wears a shit-eating smirk on his face as his
eyes follow them through the crowd.

Blissfully gleeful, they continue their drunk white girl
antics elsewhere...

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

It seems like you remember quite a bit from that night. I'm less inclined to believe you as you go on...

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Veronica sits on the witness stand. But she would be in the fetal position right now if she could.

Suddenly, in a moment of dread, realizes she does know more than she thought.

VERONICA

I remember the events leading up to what I think happened.

PROSECUTOR

But you don't know for sure.

Veronica thinks on this a beat.

VERONICA

I have a hazy recollection, up until it all goes black.

PROSECUTOR

By all means, continue.

Veronica's eyes snap up to the Prosecutor.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Veronica and Claire stumble outside the house.

They laugh and put their arms around each other, their other hands lifting their drinks.

From a GROUP of CUCKS POV we see Veronica and Claire happily and drunkenly frolic out towards the Darkness.

There are THREE of them, standing on the front porch of the Party House and they stare off into the dark at them, following their every move...

They each take a sip of their drinks, hop off the porch, and stalk Veronica and Claire's stumblings about.

AGGRESSIVE CUCK

Hey! Where are you two ladies off to in such a hurry?

Claire and Veronica snap their heads back.

AGGRESSIVE CUCK (CONT'D)
You know it's dangerous for you to
be walking alone at night.

The two ladies look back at one another, then back to the
CUCKS.

AGGRESSIVE CUCK (CONT'D)
Don't you got boyfriends or
somethin?

Claire is about to pull Veronica away before...

VERONICA
Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. And
I'm about to go home to him--

CLAIRE
Veronica, please. Let's just--

VERONICA
--and probably fuck his dick off.
So you boys might as well just--

CLAIRE
--ugh god...

VERONICA
--run along now, and go harass some
other unsuspecting women, please.
(sarcastic smile)
Thanks.

The Aggressive Cuck looks back to his friends-- The Party Bro
and STEVE...

AGGRESSIVE CUCK
The mouth on this one! I like a
little spunk in 'em.

Veronica does not back down.

Claire's itch to leave becomes more and more apparent.

AGGRESSIVE CUCK (CONT'D)
Well, it's actually funny you
mention that. He's right here,
actually.

Veronica wears a curiously suspicious look on her face.

Claire is equally as confused as anyone.

It's dark, but alas, there he is...in the flesh.

STEVE

Hey, babe.

Veronica is so thrown off by all this.

VERONICA

Steve? Is that you?

STEVE

I've been looking everywhere for you!

Veronica charges up and throws her arms around him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What have you been doing all this time?

She pulls him closer as she sighs.

Claire rolls her eyes.

VERONICA

Claire and I were just dancing our asses off! Where were you?

STEVE

Looking for you, duh!

Party Bro and Aggressive Cuck eye each other.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Don't you ever do that to me again! I was worried about you.

Claire is getting antsy.

VERONICA

You don't need to worry about me, I can handle myself.

STEVE

No, you need to-- I just-- don't fucking do that! Okay??

Veronica pulls back.

VERONICA

Alright, Jesus! Let's not make such a thing of it.

Steve glares her down.

STEVE

Now, luckily, my friends here are gracious enough to drive us back. If you're in such a hurry to get home, why don't we just go with them?

Veronica snaps a look back to Claire.

No argument for or against from her...

VERONICA

Yeah, sure, let's just get the fuck home.

Claire looks incredulously at Veronica.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Anything if it means we'll get there faster.

Steve nods.

STEVE

You know Anthony and Chris, don't you?

CLAIRE

No.

STEVE

I didn't ask you, did I?

Claire scowls as she looks away.

VERONICA

(lying)

Yeah, of course, hi!

Anthony, the Aggressive Cuck, and Chris, the Party Bro, nod to her.

An uncomfortable silence fills the air a moment, aside from the background party noise...

STEVE

Alright, come on, let's go.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

And this is where it starts get fuzzy. Am I right?

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Veronica strains her brain trying to remember anything. It's no use.

VERONICA

I vaguely recall getting into the car with them. And then...

PROSECUTOR

Nothing.

VERONICA

Right. It's like in an instant...everything goes black.

PROSECUTOR

You think perhaps, you drank too much? Just maybe?

VERONICA

It's possible. But I don't think we even drank that much. I've had far worse nights and have remembered more. It was the strangest thing.

PROSECUTOR

Binge drinking can really get away from you in a hurry.

VERONICA

I know, but still. Something didn't feel right about that night.

Prosecutor stares deeply into her soul. As if to pull the answers from her eyes.

PROSECUTOR

Is there not a single person who knows what happened that night?

Veronica gives Anthony and Seth a death glare each.

VERONICA

They do.

Anthony maintains his poker face.

Seth is deadpan, but something is stirring in there...

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - FLASHBACK

Anthony putts them along in his SUV, he sits in the driver's seat, Claire next to him in the passenger's seat.

Steve and Veronica in the middle two seats, Chris, and ANOTHER UNKNOWN FRIEND sits back behind in the back row.

Anthony drives them into the COUNTRYSIDE, away from campus.

CLAIRE

Where are we going? This is not the way back to campus.

ANTHONY

It's the scenic route, don't you like nature?

CLAIRE

And who else is back there?

She snaps her head back to the OTHER UNKNOWN FRIEND in the back row next to Chris.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We don't know him, either.

VERONICA

Claire, would you relax? It's fine.

STEVE

Just calm the fuck down, it's Seth. He's cool.

SETH

Hey.

Claire scoffs, grumbles.

An uncomfortable air fills the car.

STEVE

Seriously though, man. Where are you taking us?

ANTHONY

Can you stop worrying? Please? It's Halloween. Who cares where we're going?

Beat.

CHRIS

Hey, so uh-- Veronica?

VERONICA

What.

CHRIS

I heard you were gonna cheat on
Steve tonight-- did you?

Steve looks over at Veronica, staring daggers.

VERONICA

What are you--

STEVE

Excuse me?

CLAIRE

Who says that?

CHRIS

Yeah, I heard rumors.

VERONICA

Who believes shit like that anyway?

STEVE

Why the fuck would they be talking
about that if there weren't some
truth to it?

VERONICA

Steve-- I wouldn't--

STEVE

Wouldn't you??

CLAIRE

Steve, calm down.

STEVE

You stay out of this!!

VERONICA

You know I wouldn't--

Anthony looks in the rear view mirror to Chris and Seth
wearing a smirk. They return the favor.

STEVE

Tell me it isn't true.

VERONICA

It's not!!

CLAIRE
Who fucking does that?

STEVE
Why don't I believe you??

CLAIRE
(directed at Chris)
Whatever your fucking name is, look
what you fucking did!

ANTHONY
(to Claire)
Shut your fucking mouth!

Anthony backhand smacks Claire across the face.

VERONICA
(to Steve)
Why are you doing this??

Claire violently slams her head into the window next to her.

STEVE
Why would you want to cheat on me??

VERONICA
Who are you going to believe, me or
them??

Amidst the screaming match, no one seems to notice Claire out
cold.

STEVE
I don't know anymore!

VERONICA
You fucking-- I don't fucking--

Veronica is starting to fade...

STEVE
Just tell me it isn't true and
you'll have nothing to worry about!

Steve takes a closer look at her. She's not doing so hot.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What the-- what the fuck is wrong
with you?

VERONICA
I-- you-- I don't-- I uh--

Steve looks at her with utter perplexity.

STEVE
Are you fucking drunk??

VERONICA
You drank-- the drunk-- I'm not--
you drunk--

STEVE
What the fuck is your deal?

Veronica continues to speak unintelligibly.

CHRIS
Dude, get a hold of your girl!

STEVE
I don't-- It's not my fault she
decided to get this fucking wasted!

VERONICA
I just-- I was the what you...

SETH
She's fucked up...

ANTHONY
What the fuck is going on back
there??

Veronica begins swaying her head back and forth on the
headrest.

STEVE
I don't-- I don't know!!

CHRIS
Veronica's wasted, dude...

STEVE
She's just fucked up!

ANTHONY
No fucking shit.

STEVE
Don't fucking worry about it!

SETH
Girls just can't handle their shit.

STEVE
Shut the fuck up!!

Veronica's eyes begin to roll into her head.

VERONICA
(starting to fade)
You-- fuck-- I-- ugh--

Steve looks as if pleading to Veronica for an explanation.

STEVE
Veronica, babe, what's wrong?

ANTHONY
I'm pulling over.

STEVE
What the fuck will that do??

ANTHONY
We're gonna figure this out.

Anthony gradually pulls the car over to the side of the road.

It's the middle of nowhere.

STEVE
She's fine, she just needs to get
back.

Anthony swings his door open and storms around to the other side of the car.

CHRIS
Let's get her out, man.

STEVE
No! Why?? She needs to be in bed!
Let's just get her home!

SETH
Get out.

Anthony opens the door on Veronica's side.

STEVE
No! What are we doing?? This makes
no sense!

ANTHONY
She's the one not making any sense,
man.

Anthony drags her out.

SETH
Get her out.

CHRIS
Let's go!

STEVE
What are you-- stop!!

Chris climbs from the back before he's grabbed by Steve.

CHRIS
Get your hands off me!

Seth puts Steve in a choke hold from the back seat.

Steve does not let go.

Chris shrugs him off with a swift blow across Steve's face.

Steve whips back from the blow and struggles to escape Seth's grasp.

Chris hops out, opens the driver's side door and drags Claire out of the car.

SETH
Don't resist.

Steve still attempts to rid himself of Seth's grasp to no avail.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Anthony throws Veronica into the ditch.

Veronica lays on the ground, unaware. Still mumbling nonsense.

Her face shows that her brain is practically mush. She may as well be a zombie at this point...

Chris slides Claire down into the ditch next to her.

Anthony props her up on all fours. He drops his pants.

He rips Veronica's outfit from the waist down and puts himself into position...

With each pump, a part of Veronica's soul dies within her...

But she has no idea.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steve repeatedly punches Seth's arms before finally biting down hard.

Seth lets out a shriek and releases his grip.

Steve bursts from the car to find...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Anthony does not stop humping Veronica from behind.

Chris snaps his head up to see what all the ruckus is...

Steve frantically swings at Anthony but is taken down by Chris.

Chris is wailing on Steve...

Steve is doing his best to fight him off before he finally headbutts Chris from the ground.

Chris staggers back.

Steve makes a break for Anthony when...

Seth swings a tire iron from behind and connects...

It's fatal. Steve tips over mindless into the ditch.

He lies motionless, his eyes wide open, but lifeless.

Steve's eyes lay on Anthony, but it's all for naught.

STEVE POV:

Chris prepares himself behind Claire in the ditch.

Anthony continues on Veronica...

END STEVE POV.

We see Steve's mouth agape and lifeless eyes "watching" all that's going on.

 SETH
 (distorted, muffled)
 Didn't your mother ever teach you
 to share?

ANTHONY
(muffled)
Fuck off.

Anthony's grunts are all we hear before we...

SMASH TO DARKNESS

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Veronica sits solemnly on the witness stand, her head lowered.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

Suddenly, Veronica snaps awake...what the hell? She was just at the party!

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
So, you wake up in a ditch, next to
your dead boyfriend--

How did I get here? What happened?

PROSECUTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you have no idea what happened,
or how you got there?

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Veronica has no clue how to explain these events...that she doesn't even remember.

VERONICA
(shaking her head)
I don't know what you want me to
say! I was at the party, the next
thing I know, I wake up at the snap
of my fingers in that ditch. I see
Steve right there with me. That's
all I know!

PROSECUTOR
Okay now, don't get all defensive.
A little bit too much to drink,
perhaps? And you know, you have an
argument with Steve...maybe you get
a bit aggressive...

Veronica could kill him right now.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Things take a turn for the tragic.

Veronica shakes her head, leans her elbow on the witness stand, and covers her eyes with her hand.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
And your only witnesses are either dead or, like you, don't remember anything about that night either?

Veronica must fight back some tears after that comment...

VERONICA
(trembling)
That's right.

PROSECUTOR
I just can't help but think, that's all too convenient for you! I mean, think about it. Any murdering girlfriend's dream, right here! Right?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Objection!!

PROSECUTOR
Oh, sorry, was I out of line?

JUDGE
Sustained. Continue.

Prosecutor nods.

Veronica sits tensed up, incredibly saddened by the injustice of it all.

She cannot believe how this is all unraveling.

PROSECUTOR
So, you, as you so gracefully put it, were raped by one of your boyfriend's frat brothers, another one of his friends kills your boyfriend, who was trying to protect you, and then they leave you both to rot in this ditch.

Veronica can't face him.

The Prosecutor attempts to come into her view, as if to beg for her attention.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Am I missing anything here?

Veronica, still not making eye contact, furiously shakes her head. Still fighting back some insistent tears.

VERONICA
(pointing to Anthony and
Seth)
It was them. They did it.
That's what you're missing.

PROSECUTOR
We've already established that no one can prove it was you, and we can't prove it was them. There is no third party in this. We have two opposite stories. They don't line up. You see, there's only fractured memories of that night.

Veronica looks hopelessly to the Prosecuting Attorney.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Drunk, hazy, and inconsistent testimonies. That's not good enough.

VERONICA
My friend Claire might know.

Prosecutor glares her down. Veronica returns the favor.

Murmurs from the Gallery.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
(to the Judge)
Put her on the stand!

Judge scans the gallery for her redheaded companion.

PROSECUTOR
If I may, your Honor, her friend will only give the same testimony as Ms. Hutchinson. We don't need the same story twice!

The Judge mulls that one over.

The Defense Attorney rises.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Your Honor, my client has been on the hot seat long enough.
(MORE)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)
She needs a break from this barrage
of questions.

JUDGE
Please remain seated, she will only
be dismissed when I say so.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
This is outrageous! I'll not sit by
here while you--

JUDGE
You'd better watch it or I'll hold
you in contempt!

Prosecutor gestures to the witness stand.

PROSECUTOR
Shall we? Or...?

JUDGE
Yes, please, continue. My apologies
on behalf of the court.

PROSECUTOR
Thank you, your honor. As I was
saying...

Prosecutor turns his attention back to Veronica.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Nothing we've heard about that
night makes sense. It's
all...speculation. Circumstantial
evidence. I don't think your
friend's testimony will shed any
more light on what went down.

Veronica shakes her head. She knows it's all for naught.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
But, that's not why we're here, is
it?

Veronica finally does raise her head to meet his gaze.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Of that particular crime, you are
innocent. Supposedly.

She stares at him with contempt.

He continues wearing a shit-eating grin.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
You're guilty of a far more
egregious crime.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Objection.

JUDGE
Overruled. Please, no more
outbursts from the defense.

The Defense Attorney retreats.

VERONICA
I'll find no justice here for that
crime.

PROSECUTOR
On the contrary--

VERONICA
No one was found guilty for his
murder.

PROSECUTOR
Lucky for you--

VERONICA
Lucky??

JUDGE
Please, Miss Hutchinson. No more
interruptions.

PROSECUTOR
Now please, let me finish.

She looks away from him once again.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
You sought your own justice for
that particular crime, now--

The Prosecutor prods closer...

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Didn't you?

She slowly turns her head to meet his eyes...

INT. VISITING BOOTH - DAY

A glass partition separates Veronica from her Defense Attorney.

He picks up the phone and gestures for her to do the same.

She follows suit.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

How you holdin' up?

VERONICA

What do you think?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Just concerned about your well-being is all.

VERONICA

What do you have for me?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Right down to it, okay. Uhm-- alright. So, what are you willing to do in order to reduce your sentence?

VERONICA

The fuck do you mean reduce my sentence?!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

They've got you, honey. Let's just face the--

VERONICA

Don't call me that.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Right, sorry. Uh--

VERONICA

Is this the best you can do??

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I never said that--

VERONICA

Uhh, in a word, I think ya did!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Alright, let's just calm down and think a minute...

VERONICA

Don't tell me to calm down, you
don't know what I--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

And neither do you!!

Veronica is taken aback.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Let's just--

(sighs)

Okay. Let's get our shit together.

VERONICA

What does that even mean? You're my
attorney, you're the one who's
supposed to--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm doing everything I can for you.

VERONICA

Which isn't much, evidently!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You want me to help you or not??

Veronica leans back in her chair, scoffs, places her face in
her hands, and once she's finally recooperated herself...

VERONICA

Alright, yes. What can we do?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Okay. Now if you want, you can
plead down to aggravated assault.
But, if they can prove you had
intent to murder--

VERONICA

I didn't. I never meant for him to--
-

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I realize that. Be that as it may,
they're going to play that angle.
We can't let them. You need to show
remorse up there. They like that.

VERONICA

I haven't been already?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You need to keep on it. We can't let up, because they won't either.

VERONICA

Okay, I can do that.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Now, in the state of Illinois it's a Class 4 Felony to assault a man by discharging a firearm. That's going to be our plea. If we can get you out of here without murderous intent attached to that, we will have won. They'll drop the battery with the, uh--

VERONICA

The pan.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

The pan. Right.

He gives her an uncomfortable look.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you did quite a number on them.

(looks inquisitive)

You really got yourself into one now, didn't you?

She shoots him a sharp glare.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Huh?

Her glare is unrelenting. Message received.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Ahem.

(short beat)

So, anyway, that's the best case scenario we can hope for here. We plead down to twenty, twenty-five years tops.

VERONICA

What??

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

We have to convince them down from life.

(MORE)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

You can't forget there are two counts of assault with a deadly weapon. I can have you out of here in half the time, assuming you can behave yourself.

VERONICA

You mean to tell me you can't do any better than twenty years? Are you fucking kidding me??

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I shit you not, Veronica. You really dug yourself deep here. I'm doing my best here.

Veronica's eyes dart about the room, frantic.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I promise you. I'm really going to bat for you here.

Her eyes are telling of an internal panic.

VERONICA

And worst case?

The Defense Attorney sighs. He is not prepared for the answer he knows he has to give.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

DOOR FACE: 62

A hand knocks on the door. Footsteps approach.

The door swings open.

A surprised Chris stands in disbelief in the doorway.

Suddenly, a DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN is raised and BLASTS Chris away.

SETH (V.O.)

First, she shot Chris with a shotgun.

He flies backward, hits the wall behind him, blood spraying the wall as he plummets to the ground.

He rolls around, moaning.

ANTHONY (V.O.)
Then, she went after me with the
shotgun.

A shocked Anthony stands unprepared, mouth agape, in the middle of the room.

The shotgun brandishing Veronica steps in the apartment and lets the shotgun BOOM as it sprays pellets into his legs.

Anthony barrels to the floor, clutching his knee. Agonizing in pain.

A frightened Seth cowers off to Veronica's right, in the kitchen.

SETH (V.O.)
It was a double barrel. Over-under.

He leaves the cooking meal on the stove to desperately reach for a kitchen knife.

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Seth timidly sits on the witness stand.

SETH
So, she was out of shells at that
point.

Seth fidgets as he sits, crafting his story.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Veronica eyes the stove. She sees the food cooking.

Seth sees her glancing at the pan. He takes action.

SETH (V.O.)
She grabbed the pan off the stove.

Before he can lunge at her with the knife, she swiftly grabs the cast iron pan and throws the scalding food in his face.

SETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She tossed the food in my face.

Veronica, in an attempt to suppress his screaming, she WHAMS him over the head with the pan, knocking him out cold.

SETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I don't remember much of
anything after that.

He drops to the floor with a thud, blood pooling from his scorched face.

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Seth's fidgeting becomes worse. This is hell for him to admit.

 SETH
From what I'm told, she knocked me
in the head with it. I was out
cold.

INT. COURT ROOM - LATER

Anthony now sitting on the stand, telling his side.

 ANTHONY
So, then, she came back at me with
the shotgun.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Veronica smacks the shotgun barrels down, empty shells fly up and around her as she slams home two fresh ones.

She slaps it back up, locking the new shells into place.

 ANTHONY (V.O.)
I was so scared.

Taking aim at Anthony, she towers over him, all the while he's still whimpering in fear.

Chris lies motionless off to her left.

 ANTHONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sad part is, I didn't even think
about how Chris could be dead.

She still has her shotgun raised at the ready, but she lowers it after letting him sweat it out.

 VERONICA
You remember me?

Anthony does not say a word, only grunting and groaning exits his mouth.

ANTHONY (V.O.)
I was too afraid to think about anything else. Not even all the pain.

Veronica pokes him with the shotgun.

Anthony flinches and whimpers.

VERONICA
You should. It was a long night. Not that I remember.

Anthony lifts his head from the fetal position to look her in the eye.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I was hoping you might be able to shed some light on what went down that night. My memory's a little hazy.

Anthony struggles to comprehend this through all the pain.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Silly, forgetful me.

He looks up, shaking his head. Coward.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Hmm? You want me to help with all the pain?

She raises the shotgun, pointing right at his crotch.

He swiftly, desperately snaps his hands up to his head for protection.

Veronica does not back down. She keeps the shotgun trained on his balls.

His whimpering becomes more frantic with each passing moment.

He braces himself until...

Anthony raises his head. A look of relief washes over him.

She's long gone.

VERONICA (V.O.)
I didn't kill anybody.

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

Veronica is now sitting on the stand.

PROSECUTOR
No. You did not.

The Prosecutor calmly, carefully approaches Veronica who sits uncomfortably on the witness stand.

The Jury looks on with silent judgmental eyes.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
That remains to be seen.

Veronica is just as confused as the next person.

VERONICA
What do you mean by that?

The Prosecutor cannot hide his smirk. He paces for a moment to allow him time to wipe it off his face.

His demeanor is now much more serious.

PROSECUTOR
Christopher Wallace still fights
for his life.

This does not help Veronica's confusion.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
He's in critical condition.

VERONICA
I was unaware.

PROSECUTOR
(huffs)
Naturally. But that doesn't matter.
What does matter is how you answer
these next few questions.

Veronica looks on nervously.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Did you assault these men with
vicious intent?

VERONICA
Vicious? Maybe. With deadly intent?
Absolutely not.

PROSECUTOR

If his wounds prove fatal, we will be looking at more severe charges. You do realize that, don't you?

Veronica searches for the words to say, but finds nothing.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

This was all premeditated. You swiped your father's shotgun from his gun cabinet. You meant to maliciously harm these three gentlemen. Based on pure speculation--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Objection, conjecture!!

JUDGE

Overruled. Please, continue.

PROSECUTOR

Thank you, your honor.

(to Veronica)

You presumed to murder these men within the confines of their own home. Because you created a story within your mind. A story with the end result that worked out most conveniently for yourself. One in which you would appear to be the victim. You walk innocent, and they land on the guilty side. Did you not?

VERONICA

I did not.

The Prosecutor approaches the stand more aggressively this time.

PROSECUTOR

You murdered your boyfriend after a long argument. Something about cheating. You brutalized him with a tire iron. And you meant to pin this crime on his friends. These three men. Two of which stand before us today. One who lies on a hospital bed from your doing.

VERONICA

Your story is just as likely as mine.

The Prosecutor is amused by this.

PROSECUTOR
And why do you say that?

VERONICA
We've been through this. No one knows who killed him. But I do know that it wasn't me. But rather, one of them.

Veronica gestures to Anthony and Seth. Anthony is amused. Seth halfway cowers in his seat.

This actually worked out better for the Prosecutor in a way, and he knows it.

PROSECUTOR
So you do admit to taking revenge on them, correct?

VERONICA
I never said that.

PROSECUTOR
But that's what you meant. It's what you intended.

VERONICA
That would also carry the implication that you believe me. You agree that it was one of them who killed my boyfriend.

The Prosecutor chuckles briefly.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Am I right?

PROSECUTOR
I didn't say that either.

VERONICA
Were you coming to a point, or not?

PROSECUTOR
My point is that you crafted a story where you're the good guy, and they are the bad guys. You're covering your tracks. And let me assure you, it will not work. The truth will be revealed.

VERONICA
It already has.

The Prosecutor throws her a hard stare before addressing the Judge.

PROSECUTOR
That'll be all for now, your honor.

He nods to him as he makes his way back to his seat.

Veronica glowers at Anthony. Anthony returns the stare, but with a half smirk. Seth avoids all eye contact with Veronica.

She takes notice of that.

INT. LAW OFFICE - LATER

The Prosecutor allows Anthony and Seth to file in his office after him.

He swings around his desk and plops in his seat.

Anthony and Seth rest in the seats before him.

PROSECUTOR
I don't like how this is going so far.

ANTHONY
What do you mean? What's wrong?

PROSECUTOR
This bitch could walk.

ANTHONY
Excuse me?

PROSECUTOR
Yes, if the charges are only assault with a deadly weapon she could just get a couple years. She'll be out on good behavior. Parole. The works. It's not enough.

ANTHONY
Then make it enough. This is your job.

The Prosecutor shakes his head, frustratingly.

PROSECUTOR
If you really want to put her away,
Chris has to die from his wounds.

Anthony perks up. Seth is shocked as well.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
We'll get her with murder two. Then
we're talking decades in the pen.

ANTHONY
What about life?

PROSECUTOR
(shaking his head)
No, they won't go for it. That's
the best case scenario and we can't
hope for best case at this point.

ANTHONY
So, what are you saying? What do
you suppose we do?

Seth particularly dreads hearing the answer to this.

Prosecutor throws a knowing glance to Anthony.

PROSECUTOR
I'm not telling you to do anything.
But you know what's to be done.

Anthony may have gotten the message that time around.

INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Claire and Veronica sit peacefully at a table across from one another.

Veronica is especially silent. Claire is a bit uneasy, eager to get the conversation rolling along.

CLAIRE
You didn't need to kill anyone.

VERONICA
That was never my intent.

CLAIRE
Your presentation of your dad's
shotgun seemed to say otherwise.

VERONICA

I only meant to scare them into submission.

Short beat.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

But, you're right. No one had to die. And no one did.

CLAIRE

Well, I think you were successful on both accounts.

Veronica throws her a mean mug.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have you heard any mutterings about the case? What's to be done with you?

VERONICA

No. Nothing yet.

CLAIRE

No backroom deals?

Veronica shakes her head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Any idea how much time...you'll--?

VERONICA

Uh-uh. Can't be good, though. Assault with lethal intent.

CLAIRE

Isn't there anything--

VERONICA

I couldn't afford a real attorney, you know that. He's just a public defender. The fuck's he gonna do?

Claire can't muster a response.

A beat.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you could bust me out of here?

CLAIRE
(smiles)
I'd just count on your good
behavior to bring you home.

VERONICA
That's not the most reliable
scenario to count on...

Claire laughs.

They share the silence a moment together.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry this all got out of hand.

VERONICA
(shaking her head)
Don't be. It's out of our control.

Claire looks solemn, Veronica melancholy.

After a sniffle, Claire reaches out for her hand.

Veronica interlocks her hand in Claire's.

They don't face each other a moment, up until they finally
do. Smiling as best they can through the sadness.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
You're the only one who's been
there for me this entire time.

Claire shakes her head and fights through her sniffles.

CLAIRE
We don't know that for sure.

Veronica half smiles, before it's overtaken by the reality of
the situation.

INT. COURT ROOM - LATER

The crowd rests silent. The jury looks on with almost a
deadpan anticipation. It's more internal.

An exceedingly nervous Veronica stands next to her Defense
Attorney.

On the other side of the aisle, the Prosecutor stands next to
Anthony with Seth on his other side.

The Judge looks on with near apathy.

JUDGE
Miss Veronica Hutchinson.

She tries to look confident, but internally she is fighting.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
As you may have heard, Christopher Wallace has passed away from his wounds sustained from the shotgun blast. In light of this, the jury has found you guilty of murder in the second degree.

Veronica is beside herself.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
I hereby sentence you to twenty-five years in prison with an opportunity to appeal for parole after fifteen.

She looks desperately to her Defense Attorney for some type of explanation. Any type of help. He has none.

Anthony lets a smirk slip through, but wipes it away almost as quickly as it came.

Seth wants to feel some type of victory, but the realization after the revelation of Chris is too great a defeat.

JUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The gallery is hereby dismissed.
The Jury may file out shortly after. This hearing is adjourned.

The Prosecutor emphatically shakes Anthony's hand. Seth offers no handshake.

The Defense Attorney attempts to console Veronica to no avail.

INT. LAW OFFICE - LATER

Anthony and the Prosecuting Attorney are celebrating. Seth slowly creeps into the room, deep in thought.

Prosecutor grabs a bottle of SCOTCH along with three glasses.

Anthony grabs a seat. He's on cloud nine.

Seth inches into his seat.

Prosecutor plops down in his seat, pouring the glasses half full of scotch. He's still quite enjoying himself.

ANTHONY
Congratulations. Well done, sir!

Prosecutor passes him a glass.

PROSECUTOR
I knew we could do it!

Seth is shaking his head.

SETH
It's not enough.

Prosecutor tries to offer Seth a glass. He declines.

PROSECUTOR
What's the matter? We got her!

ANTHONY
She's done for! She won't last a minute in there!

SETH
You don't understand! If she gets off on good behavior, she'll come after us!

Prosecutor and Anthony scoff.

PROSECUTOR
That's over a decade down the road, at least!

ANTHONY
We'll be long gone by then!

SETH
Parole after fifteen. Isn't there any chance she gets out before that?

ANTHONY
What are you so worried about? Let her try to track us down. I dare her to!

PROSECUTOR
What are you saying, Seth?

What's going on in that head of his?

Prosecutor may have received that message telepathically.

Anthony doesn't know what to make of this.

Prosecutor takes a sip of his drink. Yep, he knows.

INT. CONJUGAL VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Claire and Veronica sit across from one another at a small white table.

CLAIRE

Don't you think that was a hell of a coincidence?

Veronica is a bit distracted.

VERONICA

What's a coincidence?

CLAIRE

Chris passing away. **Just** before your sentencing. What do you make of that?

VERONICA

I did light him up pretty good.

Claire can't help but chuckle a bit.

Veronica smiles.

CLAIRE

How are you so calm in all this?

Short beat.

VERONICA

I deserve this.

CLAIRE

(stern)

No one deserves what happened to you. To **us**.

Beat.

VERONICA

So what are you trying to say then?

Claire shrugs.

CLAIRE
I'm saying...they may have had
something to do with his death.
Lengthen your sentence.

VERONICA
Why would they do that? Why would
they kill their own friend?

CLAIRE
They'd do anything to keep you
here.

Veronica shakes her head.

VERONICA
It doesn't matter. I still
committed the crimes.

CLAIRE
So did they.

Beat.

VERONICA
It's clear the courts didn't give a
fuck about us. Someone had to be
put behind bars.

CLAIRE
So you're just gonna let them?

VERONICA
What am I supposed to do, Claire?
Huh? What can I do from here?

Veronica raises her bound hands.

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE
I don't know, Veronica. Just don't
allow them to win.

VERONICA
They already have.

Beat.

CLAIRE
You know that isn't true.

VERONICA

Then why am I in here and they're
out there?

CLAIRE

Because they cheated the system.
But we'll expose them.

Short beat.

VERONICA

And how do you suppose we do that?

Claire gives her a knowing look. She grins.

Veronica looks at Claire with intrigue.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

An apathetic MORTICIAN works on Chris' corpse.

Claire appears in the doorway.

The Mortician barely acknowledges her presence.

Claire creeps closer.

The Mortician does not raise his head from his clipboard.

MORTICIAN

What are you doing here?

Claire feigns sadness.

CLAIRE

I came to see my friend. Is that
against the law?

The Mortician is still scribbling away.

MORTICIAN

Something.

Claire hovers over his dead body.

CLAIRE

(fighting back fake tears)
How did he die?

The Mortician grumbles, sighs.

MORTICIAN

Asphyxia.

Claire is taken aback.

CLAIRE
I thought he was shot.

MORTICIAN
He was shot. That's what put him in
the ER. But it's not what killed
him.

CLAIRE
So he didn't--

The Mortician finally looks her in the eye.

MORTICIAN
Look, you're not supposed to be
here. Can you please get the fuck
out of here and let me work?

Claire raises her hands as if he's pointing a gun at her.

CLAIRE
Okay, sorry.

She strides for the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Just wanted to say goodbye to my
friend!

The Mortician continues scribbling on his clipboard over
Chris' cold, dead body.

MORTICIAN
You've said it.

Claire glances back as she shuffles out the door.

The Mortician marks off items on his list and looks up toward
the door.

She's gone. He listlessly goes back to his work.

INT. DEFENSE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

The Defense Attorney meticulously shuffles through paperwork
and carefully inks his signature on the bottom of a very
important looking legal document.

His attention is broken by a sudden knock on the door.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
(lazily)
Come in.

His SECRETARY creeps her head in.

SECRETARY
Mr. Williams?

He does not acknowledge her presence.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Yes.

SECRETARY
Someone is here to see you.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
I'm busy at the moment.

SECRETARY
She says it's urgent.

He sighs.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
(sarcastically)
Isn't it always?

SECRETARY
No sir, I think you'll want to hear
this.

The Defense Attorney finally raises his head to face her.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Can I send her in?

Short beat.

WILLIAMS
Who is it?

Claire shows her face.

He hesitates a moment before he motions for her to grab a seat.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Thank you, Dolly.

The Secretary nods and disappears. Claire parks herself in the seat in front of Williams' desk.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

What can I do for ya?

CLAIRE

What's your name?

WILLIAMS

Williams, Deion. Yes, like Deion Sanders. Except I traded the shoulder pads for a suit jacket.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should've stuck with the pads.

Williams glares her down.

WILLIAMS

What do you want?

CLAIRE

I have something that could change the course of the entire case.

WILLIAMS

We lost, Claire. It's time to accept it and move on.

CLAIRE

You think Johnnie Cochran said that when it looked hopeless in the O.J. Case?

WILLIAMS

Veronica did it, Claire.

CLAIRE

So did O.J.

WILLIAMS

Not even Cochran could defend Veronica and win.

CLAIRE

The difference is, Veronica was justified in her actions.

WILLIAMS

I'm sure you didn't come here to debate the merits of the O.J. Case with me.

CLAIRE
Is there any way Veronica's
sentence could be reduced?

WILLIAMS
If she behaves herself.

CLAIRE
Aside from that.

WILLIAMS
What do you suppose we do, frame
them for the murder of Chris and
the assault on themselves?

CLAIRE
I can't speak to the assault, but
they killed Chris. And we can prove
it.

WILLIAMS
What are you driving at?

CLAIRE
Chris' cause of death was
asphyxiation. He didn't die from
the shotgun wounds.

WILLIAMS
How'd you find that out?

CLAIRE
I literally asked the coroner
himself.

WILLIAMS
I guess that would do it. How'd you
manage that?

CLAIRE
Don't worry about it.

WILLIAMS
This may not be admissible in
court.

CLAIRE
The fuck it isn't! They should have
waited for the cause of death
anyway!

WILLIAMS

You are right about that. If we can get them to reconvene and hear us out, we may be able to pin it on them. But, your partner in crime here is still not off the hook.

CLAIRE

I understand that. But this case stinks to high hell, and you know it! She hasn't had a fair trial. You've seen how it is in there!

WILLIAMS

She'll still serve some time, but this certainly changes things.

Beat.

CLAIRE

So, how do we go about this?

WILLIAMS

You let me worry about that.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - LATER

The Judge rests in his comfortable leather seat behind his fancy burgundy desk.

Deion Williams sits before him.

WILLIAMS

There's something you should know.

JUDGE

The case is closed, Deion. Drop it.

WILLIAMS

Just hear me out on this, will ya?

JUDGE

You've got two minutes, don't waste my time.

WILLIAMS

I won't even need two.

The Judge looks on with curiosity.

INT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A group of INMATES play a game of basketball on the shitty court.

Other rougher INMATES lift weights off to the side.

Veronica resides on a picnic table, reading a BOOK.

Suddenly, a CREEPY INMATE appears at Veronica's side.

Veronica takes a moment before she glances up at her.

The sun nearly blinds her, she raises her hand to block the rays.

VERONICA

Ruth? Is that you?

RUTH swiftly swipes at Veronica's ribs with a SHANK.

The shank digs deep into her side. Veronica shrieks.

She clutches at her side and slumps to the ground as Ruth scurries away.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

She just got fucking stabbed in the prison courtyard with a god damn shank and you don't think there's any sort of fuckery going on here??

Veronica makes a feeble attempt to push herself up off the ground, but ultimately fails and crawls with one arm. The other still clutching her wound.

INT. LAW BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Judge, Williams, Claire and the Prosecuting Attorney all sit around a long, polished wood conference table.

JUDGE

There's no proof that any of this is connected. This could just be an isolated act of violence.

CLAIRE

How can you say that when we can prove those raping assholes also killed their own rapist prick of a friend, Chris?

PROSECUTOR
You can't prove that either.

WILLIAMS
Motive is there.

PROSECUTOR
That's purely speculation and you know it.

CLAIRE
Chris died because you suffocated him!

PROSECUTOR
Oh really? Me? I did it?

CLAIRE
Maybe not you, but someone under your payroll. Could've been Seth or Anthony for all we know!

PROSECUTOR
(to Judge)
You hearing this, your Honor?

JUDGE
Yes, unfortunately.

CLAIRE
Why don't we check the hospital sign-in log for his visitors, then we'll have our answer.

PROSECUTOR
That'd be mighty convenient for your story, but that is circumstantial--

JUDGE
I've heard enough.

All turn to face the Judge.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
This is not enough for me to reopen the case. Besides, none of this changes the verdict anyway.

CLAIRE
That's bullshit! You can't just dismiss--

Williams reaches out to touch Claire to stop her from going any further. He shakes his head at her.

Message received. She backs down, but that doesn't stop her from letting out a grumble in disgust.

PROSECUTOR
(to Claire and Williams)
Thank you for that colossal waste
of time.
(to Judge)
Sorry for your trouble.

He rises from his seat and bumbles over to Claire. He places his hand on her shoulder.

She shrugs his hand off as quick as it lands.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
Be seeing you. Hopefully not any
time soon.

CLAIRE
We'll see about that, now won't we?

The Prosecutor smiles. He strides on out of the room.

Claire frowns as she glares him down all the way out the door.

Williams places his face in his hands.

JUDGE
Well, I think I've had just about
enough of this case.

WILLIAMS
You promised me--

JUDGE
I didn't promise shit. Now if
you'll excuse me, I've got things
more deserving of my time.

The Judge rises from his seat.

CLAIRE
You haven't seen the end of this, I
can assure you that.

JUDGE
I sure as hell hope you're wrong.

Claire narrows her stare.

The Judge wobbles through the door.

Claire and Williams give each other a knowing look.

CLAIRE

What can we do now?

Williams shrugs. Claire shakes her head.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

Veronica lies on a hospital bed attached to an EKG and an IV.

She is unconscious but breathing.

INT. INFIRMARY HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Claire stands with a NURSE outside Veronica's room.

The Nurse is clutching at a clipboard, but looks sincere. A nice change of pace for Claire.

CLAIRE

How is she doing?

NURSE

She was rough when she came in, but we've been able to stabilize her.

CLAIRE

Is she gonna be okay?

NURSE

Oh, she'll be fine. We'll need to keep her a few more days, though.

CLAIRE

Do you usually get things like this?

NURSE

Oh yeah, all the time.

CLAIRE

God.

NURSE

More than we'd like.

Beat.

CLAIRE
Can I see her?

NURSE
Go right ahead. I'll be right
outside if you need me.

Claire makes her way in.

CLAIRE
Okay, thank you.

The Nurse smiles and goes on her way.

INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire slowly creeps to Veronica's bedside.

Veronica still doesn't stir.

Claire lowers herself down in the seat next to the bed.

She slowly slips her hand into Veronica's.

Veronica still lies motionless, aside from her intermittent
chest rising from her breathing.

CLAIRE
(softly)
Hey, sugar tits. It's ya girl.

No response. But Claire understands.

She takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I've been working on my plan to get
you out of here.

She lightly chuckles to herself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Progress is slow, though. But I'm
sure you knew that.

She lets out a long, drawn-out breath through her nose.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna shit on these
cocksuckers. Just you watch.

Veronica still does not move, but she may be dreaming.

VERONICA
(still unconscious)

Mmm.

Claire smiles. There's a glimmer of hope she may have heard her.

She rubs the top of her hand with her free hand. Claire's other hand still interlocked with Veronica's.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Prosecutor is engaged with busy work. Overwhelmed, actually.

There's a sudden ring of the phone.

Prosecutor snags it and props it on his head with his shoulder.

PROSECUTOR
James Ward speaking.

ANTHONY (V.O.)
It's me. How'd it go?

PROSECUTOR
It's been handled.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anthony relaxing on his couch, cell phone in hand.

ANTHONY
What's that supposed to mean?

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAMES
You know what it means.

ANTHONY (V.O.)
No I don't, really.

JAMES
Not over the phone, you fuckin'
moron.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY
We don't need to meet just for you
to tell me this simple thing.

Beat.

JAMES (V.O.)
It's done.

ANTHONY
Okay, now was that so hard?

JAMES (V.O.)
Fuck you.

Short beat.

ANTHONY
Tell me it's not something I need
to worry about anymore.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

This pause is longer than Anthony would like.

JAMES
It's not. And you don't.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anthony lets that sink in. He's satisfied enough. Or, at least, he thinks so.

ANTHONY
Good.

He hangs up the phone. Is he sure he needs to worry or not?

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Deion Williams is hunched over his desk, studious.

As he shuffles some papers, he's looking over an important-looking document.

PAPER FACE: VISITOR SIGN-IN.

He reviews the Visitor Sign-In Sheet up and down.

Williams' eyes pop at the revelation. It's not who he would've thought...

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

The Prison is seemingly silent on this calm, dark evening.

It's dimly lit, save for the external lights and a few scattered illuminated rooms.

INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Veronica is sound asleep in her hospital bed.

Suddenly, she shudders awake with a gasp.

That nightmare was a doozy.

Veronica tries to gain her bearings, but trembles as she does so.

She attempts to calm herself down, but to no avail.

Darkness consumes her...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Williams marches down a hospital wing.

He approaches a DOCTOR.

WILLIAMS

Excuse me?

The Doctor turns to face him.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Do you have cameras in this place?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

A SECURITY GUARD and Williams watch a tape from the day Chris died.

CCTV FACE: A CREEPY MAN signs in at a desk.

CCTV FACE (CONTINUED): The Creepy Man slips into Chris' room.

CCTV FACE (MOMENTS LATER): The Creepy Man dips out of Chris' room. A FRANTIC DOCTOR and OTHER NURSES rush into the room.

END CCTV VIEW.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Security Guard and Williams exchange a look.

WILLIAMS

Thank you!

Williams slides out of his chair and storms from the room.

INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - DAY

Claire half sits in a chair, her upper half laying on the bed cuddled up with Veronica.

Veronica suddenly stirs awake.

Claire is startled by Veronica rising in bed, but she's happy about it.

CLAIRE

Morning sunshine.

Veronica half smiles, half grimaces.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How ya feelin'?

VERONICA

As good as one can after being shanked in the ribs.

Claire chuckles lightly.

CLAIRE

No, but I mean, how are you really doing in here?

Veronica huffs.

Short beat.

VERONICA

You know what I miss the most?

Claire looks on intently, genuinely interested. Listening.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I haven't had a good dicking in a
long while.

Veronica can't help but laugh at her own joke.

Laughing was a bad idea in hindsight. She clutches her side
and groans.

Claire softly chuckles, but it's fake. Veronica can tell.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CLAIRE
You know, it's funny you mention
that.

Veronica perks up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Listen, I've done a lot of thinking
as you've been unconscious.

VERONICA
Yeah? What's up?

Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE
I've been taught all my life I'm
supposed to like it.

VERONICA
Like what?

CLAIRE
I don't think I've ever-- I mean,
I've tried to. But I just don't.

VERONICA
Stop speaking in riddles! What is
it?

CLAIRE
I don't think I'm straight.

Veronica processes this revelation a beat.

VERONICA
I'm really glad you feel like you
can tell me that.

Veronica holds Claire's hand.

Claire smiles.

Beat.

CLAIRE
We can't keep letting men get away
with this shit.

Veronica moves to hug her, but it's no ordinary hug. It's a caress.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get you out of here.

Veronica smiles, but it's overtaken by sadness. She knows that's not likely.

She appreciates the gesture.

Claire digs deeper into her chest. She starts to cry.

Veronica places her hand on Claire's head. She rubs her back.

She does her best not to cry with her. It doesn't work.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Claire pulls up in her car alongside the country road where it all happened.

She exits the car and stands above the ditch...

Claire climbs down into the ditch and searches for something....anything.

Aha! A smartphone? Its screen is cracked.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

Steve attempts to make a quick call on his smartphone.

Seth swings and connects with the tire iron with Steve's head...and the phone.

The phone flies out of Steve's hand and lands in the ditch.

PHONE FACE: DIALING...VERONICA.

The phone goes straight to voicemail.

The phone sits in the grass as we hear the gruesome scene...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - PRESENT

Claire wipes off the phone and tries to turn it on. Dead.
She shoves it in her pocket.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - LATER

Claire grabs her phone charger and plugs in the mystery phone.

The phone shows it's charging through the cracked screen.

She impatiently watches it a moment before leaving it to do its thing.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Claire frantically turns the phone on.

She looks at the INCOMING AND OUTBOUND CALLS.

PHONE FACE: 10/29 2:38 AM - VERONICA <3

Claire processes this information and scurries out of her room.

INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - LATER

Veronica sleeps softly in her bed.

All is calm, especially her breathing.

Suddenly, Claire bursts through the door.

Veronica snaps awake. She gasps.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Veronica! Veronica.

Nurses look on with curious horror from the hallways.

A NURSE enters the room wearing deep concern on her face.

VERONICA
It's okay, she's with me.

The Nurse slowly nods, but slowly paces through the doorway with trepidation.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Fucking Christ, Claire!
What are you--

CLAIRE

Where's your phone?!

VERONICA

What?

CLAIRE

Your phone! Your fucking phone!
Where the fuck is it?!

VERONICA

Uhh-- Shit, Claire. Hell if I know!

CLAIRE

Well-- think. Think!

VERONICA

Why the urgency? God, they took all
my shit. I don't know where the fu-
-

CLAIRE

This is really important, Veronica!

VERONICA

Why? Can you tell me why?

Claire gives her a look that says it all. She works up the
courage to build the sentence she wants to say...

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - LATER

Williams sits across from Claire whilst listening to a
voicemail on Veronica's phone.

VOICEMAIL

(grunts and groans)

Claire gives him a knowing look.

SETH

(on the voicemail)

Didn't your mother ever teach you
to share?

Williams looks noticeably uncomfortable.

ANTHONY
(on the voicemail)
Fuck off.

Williams has heard enough. He stops the voicemail playback.
He sighs and hesitates a moment.

WILLIAMS
There's no way to prove it's them.

CLAIRE
It's them!

WILLIAMS
Could be anyone.

Short beat.

CLAIRE
Is there any way we could verify
it's their voices?

Williams searches for the words to say. He shrugs.

WILLIAMS
I don't know.

CLAIRE
There's got to be a way!

Williams scoffs. Cat's got his tongue.

WILLIAMS
I'll see what I can do.

CLAIRE
You'll do more than that.

Claire slides out of her chair and storms off.

Williams sighs. He's really gotten himself into one...

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Judge wears an annoying look on his face.

Williams is practically pleading.

JUDGE
Tell me this is not about what I
think it's about.

WILLIAMS

Look, please, your Honor. Hear me out, just this once.

JUDGE

Deion, I admire your drive. Really, I do. But this has gone on for far too long. Give it a rest, please. It's done.

Williams shakes his head.

WILLIAMS

There's something you have to hear.

The Judge begrudgingly allows him to state his case.

Williams fishes the phone out of his pocket and places it on the desk.

The Judge eyes the phone from his hand to the desk, then to Williams.

JUDGE

Okay, I'm listening.

WILLIAMS

Someone used my name to sign in at the hospital.

JUDGE

And?

WILLIAMS

And, someone put out a hit on Christopher Wallace.

Judge takes that one in.

JUDGE

How do you know this?

WILLIAMS

We have footage. At the hospital. I can get the tapes if you need.

JUDGE

Yes, please do. Continue.

WILLIAMS

I'm not sure we can prove who paid this man to do it, but think about who profits!

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Even if we can't, it's clear as day. Someone else finished the job on Wallace.

JUDGE

Hutchinson put him there.

WILLIAMS

I know, but they did this to extend her sentence. It's shorter if he's only incapacitated from his wounds. If they make sure he--

JUDGE

Okay, point made.

Beat.

WILLIAMS

There's something else.

Brief pause.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

We can prove what they did that night.

Judge feels there's more to this...

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You know, the night.

The Judge folds his arms.

JUDGE

Go on.

Williams reaches for the phone.

Judge nods.

Williams presses play on the voicemail...

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anthony lounges on his couch, watching something on TV.

Seth sits on a seat next to the couch.

Out of the blue, Multiple BANGS on the door can be heard.

Seth lazily raises himself from his seat and mopes to the door.

Anthony barely notices.

Seth swings the door open to reveal:

TWO POLICE OFFICERS flanking a DETECTIVE on either side.

The Detective shoves a warrant in Seth's face.

The OTHER TWO OFFICERS brush past Seth as they invite themselves in.

EXT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The same OFFICERS and DETECTIVE blow past the Secretary's desk outside of James' office, completely ignoring her.

She looks on in terror.

They BANG on James' office door.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anthony's head snaps to the door and he swings himself off the couch.

Seth puts up no fight and accepts his fate.

AN OFFICER fits his hands with cuffs, nice and tight.

He makes a poor attempt to slide open a window and climb out.

The Officers easily overpower him and restrain him in cuffs.

Seth looks back at Anthony feeble attempt and shows a shred of remorse.

Anthony grits his teeth. There's no remorse on his face whatsoever.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open showing James at his desk.

Whiskey pours from a bottle into his glass.

The Detective presents him with a warrant from across the room as he and the other OFFICERS approach him.

James maintains his poker face as he takes a healthy sip.
His face remains firm as he gulps down his stiff drink.
He knows what's coming...

EXT. PRISON GATE - MORNING

A cold, dreary day.

A large sliding door opens from left to right to reveal
Veronica standing in the doorway.

She lunges her way past the door and strides toward the exit
gate.

The exit gate slowly opens left to right to show Claire
waiting for Veronica.

She presents a smile stretching from ear to ear.

Veronica reciprocates.

They both throw themselves at each other giving the biggest
hug this world has ever seen.

VERONICA

I can't believe you did it.

Claire lets out a sigh of comfort.

CLAIRE

We did it.

Veronica releases her self from the hug, but keeps her hands
caressing Claire's arms.

She smiles. So does Claire.

Veronica and Claire leisurely stroll away from the Prison
with their arms around each other's backs.

VERONICA

I never thought I'd have my walk of
freedom on the shorter end of a
decade.

Claire chuckles.

CLAIRE

There was never a shred of doubt in
my mind.

Veronica smiles to her. She sighs.

VERONICA
Fuck this place.

Claire bursts with laughter as she curls closer to her.

CLAIRE
Not a moment too soon.

Veronica can't help but crack up.

VERONICA
I don't think anyone has ever done
anything like that for me.

Claire looks to her in admiration.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I think I may have to swing the
other way just for you.

Claire loses it as they continue their trek towards freedom.

They interlock hands.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

Veronica stands over Steve's gravestone on a bleak, frigid day.

She maintains a poker face, but it doesn't last long.

Veronica kneels down next to the stone.

VERONICA
I didn't bring you flowers. I'm
sorry, I forgot.

Veronica turns back to look at Claire a moment.

Claire returns the stare. She gives Veronica her privacy.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I was just let out of prison. Not
without a bunch of help.

She sniffles.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I don't think you'd be happy with how it all turned out, not that we ever could be. There's nothing they don't deserve.

Veronica struggles as she fights back some tears.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that I-- I didn't mean for any of it. If we could've made it through-- even if we didnt...I still-- no matter what...somewhere inside of me I'd find the love for you. It's always been there, and it will never go away...

She chokes up a moment. Claire sees this from afar.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I-- I can never truly appreciate what you did for me.

Veronica is overcome with emotion.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

But I-- I just-- I hope you can forgive me.

(shaking her head)

This all just-- it got away from us.

She snuffles and then composes herself.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I love you, babe.

She wipes her eyes.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I love you. I do.

She reaches out and touches the tombstone.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Forever.

She snuffles as she turns on her heel to shuffle her way towards Claire.

The wrap their arms around each other as they venture on out of the graveyard.

We watch them pace away, arm in arm, hand in hand as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLE: NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN