

PHOENIX DREAMS!

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STAKE-OUT - NIGHT

PHOENIX TOLLEY, 30, in regulation police gear, prowls meth dealers in a deadly stake out. Muscular, beautiful but emotionally damaged, she's out to save the world.

Her partner, DOMINIQUE BLACK, 35, seized with a firecracker impatience, struts nervously back and forth in an abandoned alley as they watch the drug deal unfold.

PHOENIX  
Caught in a lie. Again.

DOMINIQUE  
Yeah. I lack conviction. Dignity.  
Whatever.

PHOENIX  
No, you lack the truth.

DOMINIQUE  
Well, that .45 you've got leveled  
at my forehead, now that's about as  
truthful as it gets.

Phoenix lowers the .45. But her eyes never stop their steely penetration upon three DRUG DEALERS, mid 40s, who entice CODY WELCH, 22, with meth crystals.

PHOENIX  
You're gonna get yourself killed  
one of these days. Maybe I should  
do it myself.

DOMINIQUE  
Nah, you've had opportunity. You  
would have done it by now.  
Besides, didn't your Momma ever  
tell you it takes two to tango?

Phoenix sucks in her breath, collapses to the ground.

PHOENIX  
She did. Just before she was  
murdered in front of my eyes.

Dominique rubs her shoulder, his voice fills with kindness and compassion.

DOMINIQUE  
What keeps you going everyday?

PHOENIX

I decided life was too good to give up. That and the sweet animalistic purr of revenge.

Phoenix stretches, curves and luxuriates her lithe, athletic body, as close to a feline cat as you can find. She arches her back, extends her long limbs and grips her arms to the sky.

DOMINIQUE

You never change. As majestic and mighty as ever. Why don't 'cha come back to my place? Hey, it's about time we got naked, got lost in our wanton dreams, and shared untamed lust.

Phoenix unloads an affectionate hug and hip butt to her partner.

Laughs and cheers erupt from the Drug Dealers as Cody makes a score. Another young man, MATT KINDROFF, 23, approaches the group and they kibitz, shoot the breeze.

PHOENIX

One of these days... I may take you up on your offer. But I'm holding out for love.

DOMINIQUE

But I tell ya, you're living in the past, sweetheart. There's no fairy-tale weddings anymore. Geez. Feminism ruined all that.

PHOENIX

Ahhh you men are all alike. Still thinking with your dicks and not your hearts. God forbid you wanna talk about feelings

Phoenix moves in, like she's going for a kiss, but tenderly ruffles Dominique's hair.

DOMINIQUE

You got that right. I'm outta here.

Phoenix tugs Dominique's arm.

PHOENIX

Wait. Any shit going down I should know about?

But Dominique's already running down the alley.

Alone, Phoenix's appearance oozes life, liberty and lust.

... black Versace leather pants

... black low-cut camisole

... black Jimmy Choo over-the-knee leather boots

... black, gorgeous sexy hair, past her waist

She's cool, beautiful, in an Angelina Jolie kinda way.

But danger triumphs the night. Matt slowly squanders his innocence as the drug deal turns deadly and suddenly the dealers beat the crap out of him.

Night-time sins fill the area. We hear PARTY GOERS and loud rock music in the distance.

Suddenly a black Lincoln blasts to the curb.

Power and danger hoist two burly PIMPS, mid 40s, onto the street. They attempt to force a frightened, unwilling PROSTITUTE, 16, into their vehicle.

The Prostitute struggles, fights back and manages to run in the opposite direction.

PIMP

Bitch, get in here if you wanna live.

The Pimps take off in pursuit of the young Prostitute.

Phoenix films with an expensive, state-of-the art surveillance camera.

Then EDWARD THORN, 45, deputy Police Chief, rugged, chiseled, handsome, joins Phoenix and sits down on a grubby trash can. He drinks soda pop, checks his cell as chatter erupts from his two-way radio.

EDWARD

Good work on the trafficking case. But maybe you're ready to retire - ya know, start a family. Haven't you rescued enough young women?

PHOENIX

No damnit. I made a promise to Mama on her deathbed.

EDWARD

She'd be mighty proud of you, for sure. Your Dad? You visit him in prison?

Edward swats flies, wasps and ants.

PHOENIX

Never. If I ever see him again, I'll kill him with my bare hands. And you know I could...

Phoenix looks toward Edward with admiration and respect.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Edward, you've been a mentor, a Dad to me all these years.

EDWARD

They offered trauma counseling. You never tried.

The Pimps catch up to the Prostitute, manhandle her and force her to the black Lincoln. She fights back, but it's of no use.

PHOENIX

The way I see it - black belt, Iron Man Marathons, boot camps... you trauma the body to heal the soul.

EDWARD

(commands)

Okay, go left and I'll take right.

They run, then unleash full force against the two pimps. Stealthily, with cat-like persona, Phoenix pounces at the right moment. She jumps the Pimp and savagely slices the barrel of her .45 onto the Pimp's chest.

PHOENIX

Let her go, or I'll shoot. C'mon, gimme the thrill of the kill!

Sweat, urine and fear leak from the Pimp. He groans.

PIMP

Yeah, ya got me. But I'll be back.

PHOENIX

Schwarzenegger, get movin'.

Edward forcibly arrests the other Pimp.

His two-way radio crackles as he announces, "261 in progress, possible 417A". Edward looks to Phoenix.

EDWARD  
Ride with me?

PHOENIX  
10-4.

She professionally packs up the surveillance video camera.

INT. MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

As the camera lens pulls away and takes a long shot, we realize the entire situation was not real but a fantasy - it was merely a scene filmed on a movie set.

The cast and crew go about their jobs.

DIRECTOR  
That's a wrap!

The Director makes his way to Phoenix who stands transfixed in character and can't move, can't disassociate.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
(shakes Phoenix several  
times)  
Earth to Phoenix!

Phoenix stands tall, surveys their success. But she's visibly shaken and disturbed.

PHOENIX  
Just wishing it were real...  
Somedays it's locked away deep  
inside. Son of a bitch that  
murdered Mom never leaves. Is it a  
dream, or is it frickin' reality?

Phoenix collapses.

Alone in the dark, eerie stage - she hallucinates.

Graphic images of fiction and reality project onto the walls.

Pictures of her dead Mother, LANA TOLLEY, 38, completely envelope the walls, ceiling and floors.

Phoenix can't distinguish reality anymore. Her hallucination continues for several minutes.

FLASH BACK:

INT. TOLLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING (15 YEARS AGO)

Gradually the picture lens comes into focus - but it's a sad, eerie, unsettling scene that unfolds. It's a brutal murder.

As the camera searches from room to room, twisted, loud, panicked rock MUSIC blasts throughout the home.

Eventually the camera focuses into the kitchen - there is blood everywhere...

Vicious images of the murder seize the room with horror, death and destruction.

On the floor lies a dead woman - LANA TOLLEY, 38, Phoenix's mother. There are puncture wounds throughout her body and blood gushes from her wounds onto the floor.

A young PHOENIX TOLLEY, 14, wanders throughout her family home in a daze. She carries a knife with a long, wide blade.

In the distance we hear Police SIRENS approach the home.

Phoenix faints.

But in this moment, we realize it is Phoenix who was her Mom's murderer - not her Dad!

Phoenix leans over her dead mother and screams:

PHOENIX  
Rumor has it I don't need you  
anymore.

BACK TO:

INT. MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

DIRECTOR  
Call 911! Call 911!

Cast and crew gather around, but Phoenix remains unconscious, in a catatonic state.

She can't pull out.

FADE OUT.