

NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN

Written for the Screen by:

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Inspired by a True Event

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NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN.

OVER DARK-

Wind howling. Tall grass dancing against each other.

SNAP FROM BLACK TO:

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

1

Overcast. Occasional short, strong gusts of wind. Otherwise, it's quite peaceful.

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 smart as a whip, speaks her mind, and is a classy sort of brash.

The MAN is much worse off. Dead. But she remains blissfully unaware.

Veronica groggily pulls herself up, she looks at a SMALL DIRT MOUND beneath a DEAD CORN STALK. She makes nothing of it as she turns to the MAN's corpse.

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

She nudges him to wake up. Not a move. She shakes harder. Still nothing.

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

VERONICA
Babe, where are we? What's going on?
Why are we here?

She rustles him more aggressively still.

VERONICA
Hun? You okay? Steve, talk to me.

Veronica loses her grip on reality.

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

She glances around her. She can barely make out a BLOODY TIRE IRON off in the grass a few yards away.

2 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

2

The room is dark, but dimly lit by natural light. It pours in through the shades. There is one lone light over the table. A RECORDER sits on the table. A pointer finger presses record.

Veronica sits pensively at the table. TWO DETECTIVES sit across the table from her.

One Detective is a MAN who sits back, arms folded. The other Detective is a WOMAN who sits straight up and down with her arms politely on top of one another on the table.

The Female Detective is BOBBI CRATES (30s). She is a stern woman who might have a soft spot somewhere. She'd rather climb the ladder than anything.

The Male Detective is LOU CARVER (40s). He has mellowed out as much as one can his age, and gets shit done only because he has to. He tries to get a read on Veronica.

Veronica sits solemn in silence.

VERONICA
Veronica Hutchinson.

CARVER
Veronica, I'm Detective Carver.
(gestures to Crates)
This is my partner Detective Crates.

Crates nods to her.

3 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

3

Veronica slowly turns his face around to reveal his face. His forehead is caved in.

CARVER (V.O.)
We're going to ask you some questions
if you don't mind.

VERONICA
Steve, wake up!

She gasps loudly and clasps her hand over her gaping mouth.

VERONICA
(muffled)
Oh my god!

Veronica breaks down in pure terror. She fights back tears as the gravity of the situation weighs down upon her.

4 INT. "THE BOX" - PRESENT

4

Carver leans in.

CARVER
Do you recall the events which
transpired on the night of October
28th?

Veronica wears worry and confusion on her face.

VERONICA
Your guess is as good as mine.

The Male Detective leans in to look closer at Veronica, insistent on an answer.

CARVER
You don't remember killing your
boyfriend?

Veronica looks emotionless. Life has escaped her eyes.

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

5

Her breathing becomes shorter and more frantic.

VERONICA (V.O.)
You'll have to forgive me. I'm at a
bit of a loss here. I black the fuck
out and murder my boyfriend? You can't
be serious.

She desperately tries to calm herself down. It's no use.

CARVER (V.O.)
You don't remember anything?

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

VERONICA (V.O.)

I don't know what you can get from me.
I'm just as lost as you are. I might
as well have been born last night.

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

6 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT

6

The Female Detective seems to have lost that sympathy, if it was ever there to begin with...

VERONICA

One minute, I'm partying my ass off.
The next, I'm in a ditch next to my
dead boyfriend.

CRATES

Seems awfully convenient.

The Male Detective smirks for a brief moment. Veronica is internally seething. He wipes it off his face.

CARVER

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.

Carver and Crates stare her down, as if to pry it from her.

7 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

7

Veronica digs her head into his hollow chest. She shrieks in anger, frustration, confusion and sadness as we...

SNAP TO DARKNESS:

TITLE CARD: **NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN**

OPEN ON:

8 INT. "THE BOX" - PRESENT.

8

The Detectives hone in on Veronica, who sits passively.

CARVER

We suspect your significant other was murdered. The night of your *alleged* amnesia.

VERONICA

Well, I drank a lot of liquor. That might explain the amnesia.

CRATES

Okay. Then, how do you explain curling up next to your boyfriend's corpse?

Veronica puts up her defenses.

VERONICA

I had no hand in it. We had fights, like any normal couple. But nothing would put me in Carole Baskin mode.

The Detectives sit with their arms crossed, unbothered.

CARVER

That reference is lost on me.

Crates ignores--

CRATES

So, what did you do to him then?

Carver touches Crates arm. Sends her a terse look. She backs down.

CARVER

Can you, at the very least, describe the events leading up to the murder?

We hang on Veronica's pensive, reflective face.

MATCH CUT TO:

9 INT. DORM ROOM - FLASHBACK.

9

A bright, colorful dorm room. Veronica rifles through the closet, tossing hangers and clothes aimlessly about.

VERONICA (V.O.)

I'll try my level best.

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.

CARVER (V.O.)

That's all we ask.

Claire raises her phone to her face, plays with it a moment, puts it down, then looks to Veronica.

CLAIRE

I feel like I could get into some hellion shit tonight.

VERONICA

I haven't studied all week.

CLAIRE

We didn't take on all this debt to bury our heads in books.

VERONICA

I wouldn't let our parents in on that.

CLAIRE

I'm just saying, I could use a good lay right now. I deserve it after slaving away all week.

VERONICA

Oh, here we go. Is this where you guilt me into another disgusting, sticky frat basement again?

CLAIRE

First of all, it's not up to you. Secondly, what kinds of students would we be if we didn't let loose once in a while?

VERONICA

I had to get a new pair of shoes after Slosh House last weekend.

Veronica presents the DESTROYED SHOES, then the NEW SHOES.

CLAIRE

I helped you pick out that new pair, mind you.

VERONICA

I never need your help shopping, so don't give me that.

CLAIRE

You're not gonna finagle your way out of partying again. The shoe situation notwithstanding.

Veronica stops rifling through her closet to shoot Claire a look.

VERONICA

The hell's that supposed to mean?

Claire looks away. Veronica continues her search for the needle in the haystack that is her clothing.

CLAIRE

So, how is your Parole Officer, anyway?

VERONICA

Leave Steven alone. He lets me do stuff.

CLAIRE

Okay, I promise. I'm genuinely curious.

Veronica bursts with laughter.

VERONICA

You always talk about giving people chances. You've never given him the time of day.

Claire knows it's true. Time to clean up the mess.

CLAIRE

That's not-- this is different.

Veronica throws her another glare.

CLAIRE (CONT.)

I do want you to be happy. I worry about you, same as you do me.

VERONICA

We're fine, if you must know.

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

Didn't she give her cousin a handjob
on the dance floor?

CLAIRE

Her boyfriend was in the room, too.
Yeah, I know. Anywho, it's tonight and
we're going. I will forcibly bring you
if I have to.

VERONICA

Can I bring Steve?

CLAIRE

Don't put me in that position.

VERONICA

What, third wheel?

CLAIRE

You know I love being the trike to you
guys, but no that's not what I meant.

VERONICA

I'll go if Steve goes. I swear on my
life.

CLAIRE

Your life means nothing to me.

VERONICA

You sound like my subconscious.

CLAIRE

Sometimes I really wonder about you.

VERONICA

Only sometimes?

Claire looks on feigning concern.

10 INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

10

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. We can't trap ourselves in the library on Halloween.

VERONICA

Fuck, we've been drinking so much I forgot what day it was.

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

You know I hate pumpkin spice.

CLAIRE

Blasphemy.

Beat.

CLAIRE

You ought to wear something slutty for Steve tonight. It's Halloween, you're allowed.

VERONICA

I wouldn't want to steal one of your regular outfits.

CLAIRE

Fuck off, Ronny. My sense of style slaps.

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.

CLAIRE

Wow. Billiam Walsh is a saint, fuck you very much.

VERONICA

Come on. I know Bill has a dark side. You think he feels the same about me?

CLAIRE

Nightmares for the rest of my life.

VERONICA

I miss those days at the range with you guys. He still have that over-under scatter-gun?

CLAIRE

You think he'd ever get rid of that thing? It's vintage. Never could shoot like you two.

Beat.

VERONICA

You think he'd represent me if I was ever in a bind?

CLAIRE

Yes, you're practically family. Which is also why you shouldn't fuck him. Please.

VERONICA

No promises there.

STEVEN VINCENT (20) appears out of nowhere and cozies up next to Veronica. He fancies himself the life of the party.

CLAIRE

What timing.

ANTHONY (20s) slides in next to Steve. He's tall, quiet, and

menacing. He glares at Claire who returns the glance.

STEVE

How you doin, babe?

He gives her a nice, fat smooch on the cheek. Steve presents his hand to her, on her shoulder. Veronica accepts his hand in hers.

VERONICA

Aww, hey hon.

She leans her head back on his torso as he stands behind her. Claire rolls her eyes.

STEVE

You guys have met Anthony, right?

Anthony nods. They barely acknowledge him.

STEVE

Whatchya been talkin about, anyway?

CLAIRE

You know, Ronny was actually talking about wearing my dad for Halloween.

STEVE

Sounds fun.

(to Veronica)

Ronny doesn't reverse cougar. Do ya?

CLAIRE

Reverse cougar, that's new.

VERONICA

(pats Steve on the shoulder)

Don't worry, Stevie. He's too young for me.

Claire spits out her drink.

STEVE

So. Our party's gonna blow the top off of Tricia's. What do ya say to that?

CLAIRE

Actually, we were thinking about going to her Halloween party.

Veronica focuses on her food. Steve throws her a hard glare.

She backs off.

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

VERONICA
I just figured Tricia has probably
blown you, too. Didn't think it was a
big thing.

Claire tries to hide her laughter--

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

VERONICA
Why can't we just stop by her's and
then close out the night at yours?

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

STEVE
Because, I don't know Tricia or anyone
who's going. I know everyone at mine.

Veronica shoots a quick glance to Claire who catches it.

STEVE
So, I will be seeing you there, right?

Claire looks away while Veronica hesitates a moment.

VERONICA
(dismissive)
Yeah, yeah we'll see ya there.

STEVE
Ok, great. You can pre-game with my
fraternity brothers too. I'm sure they
won't mind.

Everyone is uneasy, and you can feel it.

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

Claire nearly spits out her food.

STEVE

I'll see ya there, babe.

VERONICA

Sounds good, hun.

He presses his lips against Veronica's forehead. She barely acknowledges it.

Steve smiles and then scurries away. Anthony doesn't keep his eyes off Veronica as he tries to keep up. Claire stares daggers his way.

CLAIRE

Did you know that guy? Anthony?

VERONICA

I wish I didn't. I made out with him a couple times on the dance floor before I started dating Steve. I ghosted him but he tries DM'ing me all the time.

CLAIRE

Jealous, much?

VERONICA

He thought I was attracted to him or something, but I was drunk. I don't know what you want, bud.

Claire reflects on that a beat. Veronica just chows down on her food.

CLAIRE

Steve-o for the win again, eh?

VERONICA

I'm so sorry about that. You're cool with the change in plans, right?

Claire fake smiles.

CLAIRE

We'll make that party our bitch.

Veronica laughs a laugh of relief. Claire dances in her seat.

CRATES (V.O.)

So, you and Steve really went at it, huh?

Claire looks on with genuine concern. Studying Veronica.

11 INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT

11

Veronica throws a very annoyed look at Detective Crates.

VERONICA

You detectives sure are ones for drama
and spectacle, aren't you?

Detective Crates shrugs. Detective Carver is not impressed.
Veronica sees that. Maybe she shouldn't have said that?

CRATES

Sure sounded like a fight to me.

VERONICA

We were just bickering. I don't need
to tell you what that's like.

Veronica notices the WEDDING BAND on Carver's finger. He
hides it.

CARVER

It's our job to get to the bottom of
this.

VERONICA

It's not your job to exaggerate the
situation. So stop putting it in a
light that only benefits you.

The Detectives share a glance for a moment.

CARVER

We're simply... asking questions.
We'll draw our own conclusions.

Veronica is silent as a crypt.

CRATES

Chalk it up as a slight domestic
disturbance.

She shoots Crates a sharp glare. Carver tries to tame Crates.

CARVER

So, then what happened?

Veronica digs deep.

12 INT. DORM BATHROOM - LATER

12

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

Seems 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 know you like to plan shit out, but
I was hoping to be more spontaneous.

VERONICA

Well, I can be flexible with the
order.

CLAIRE

Let's burn Tricia's house down first,
then crush the pizza.

VERONICA

First of all, love that idea. Second, I was just prioritizing.

CLAIRE

Well then why was pizza last??

VERONICA

Fair point.

CLAIRE

Checkmate. Like I said, let's just-- play it by ear.

Claire attacks Veronica with a pelvic-thrust.

CLAIRE

I like being more spontaneous anyway.

Veronica resists at first. But becomes more accepting of her into her hands. They both share a laugh together.

VERONICA

Listen, Claire. No matter what happens tonight. We don't let each other out of our sight. Got it?

CLAIRE

What do you mean? How is that different from any other night?

VERONICA

I just-- I hate Steve's frat boy friends. We have to look out for each other. You know how they can get.

CLAIRE

I'm not gonna let them anywhere near my main hoe. Scout's honor.

Claire salutes Veronica, in a half-serious manner.

Veronica can't keep a straight face.

VERONICA

I can't handle you right now.

CLAIRE

Neither can the club. Just watch.

Claire busts a dance move. Veronica laughs and shakes her

head.

They both look to their respective mirrors as they apply makeup.

13 INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

13

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 with a clothes tornado.

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

VERONICA

You ever cross-dressed before?

CLAIRE

I was in theater club in high school.
So, is that a real question, or...?

VERONICA

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

CLAIRE

You know, the cross-dressing suits
you. I actually dig it.

VERONICA

Be serious with me because I truly am
trying to keep guys off me tonight.

CLAIRE

Good luck with that.

VERONICA

Isn't that reverse psychology or
something? I don't know science.

CLAIRE

Your beauty will show through. I'm
sure of that.

VERONICA

I don't really see men lining up
around the block to see me dressed
like a--

CLAIRE

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

VERONICA

(sarcastic)

So, what you're saying is-- I should try turning some lady heads tonight.

CLAIRE

Don't knock it til you try it.

VERONICA

Wait, have you...?

Claire gives her an inquisitive look.

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

I'm just gonna drop the whole thing.

CLAIRE

Smart woman.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Okay, so-- what are the odds I can get you to cheat on Steve tonight? What do I get for it?

VERONICA

Who do you think I am?

CLAIRE

I guess I'll find out after tonight.

Veronica gives her a glare to choke on...

CARVER (V.O.)

So, there was this...party.

14 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT

14

Carver looks inquisitively at Veronica. Crates is basically deadpan.

CRATES

Seems weird you and your best friend would chat about cheating on your boyfriend that night. And he ends up dead.

VERONICA

It was a running joke between us. We never meant anything by it.

CRATES

Funny thing to joke about.

VERONICA

So, what-- you don't joke about that with your husband, detective?

CRATES

Who said I had a husband?

CARVER

Let's keep this on you, shall we?

Beat.

VERONICA

I told you, we didn't even want to go to that party. Steve said I should come, and I went along with it. We weren't gonna be the couple who fights about everything. Especially something so petty as which party to attend.

CARVER

Can you tell us what happened there?

Veronica looks deep within her soul. The Detectives look on with interest.

15 INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

15

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

It's party time now that Veronica and Claire have shown up. They file through the crowd and scan the room.

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

Claire and Veronica take it all in.

VERONICA

I never thought I would regret my choice of attire but man alive I take back everything I said. I know they suck but I can admire from afar.

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.

Veronica and Claire drink as they scan the room. They spy an EXTREMELY DRUNK GIRL across the way.

It's TRICIA (21). She grinds against CHET (20s) as her eyes look like the life has been drained from them.

VERONICA

Check it out. Isn't that Tricia over there?

ACROSS THE ROOM-- She dances like a rag-doll against the Chad's crotch.

CLAIRE

Yeah, she looks like she just murdered

her puppy.

The Chad raises the red solo cup to her mouth. She laps it up as if she found water in the desert.

VERONICA

She's so out of it.

Claire shrugs it off and drinks.

CLAIRE

Wonder if this one's on the family tree, too.

Veronica looks on in curious admiration.

Steve spots Veronica from afar. He smiles and waves. Veronica returns the favor, but less emphatically. He struggles his way through the packed sardines--

STEVE

(trying to yell over the noise)
Hey, babe! Fancy seeing you here! You look... dapper.

Steve gives her a kiss.

VERONICA

Never been accused of that, before.

STEVE

Didja get a drink?

VERONICA

No, I just came for the Bible study upstairs.

STEVE

Why don't you grab one? Kegs full of jungle juice! It's our secret recipe so drink up!

VERONICA

I'm several steps ahead of ya, Stevie.

Steve smiles.

STEVE

Don't go too far.

He kisses her again. This time it's longer. Claire

practically retches as they do.

VERONICA
 (salutes him)
 Yes, sir, officer, sir.

That whooshes over Steve's head.

CLAIRE
 I saw that.

Veronica acknowledges Claire.

VERONICA
 It's just Parole. I'm still free to do
 as I please.

Steve fights his way past Veronica and Claire.

STEVE
 (to Claire)
 Sup?

CLAIRE
 (apathetically)
 Hey.

Veronica nods her head towards the alcohol.

CRATES (V.O.)
 You two called him a Parole Officer.

Claire excitedly accepts her invitation.

VERONICA (V.O.)
 Boy, you must be fun at parties. We
 like to kid about this stuff.

They swim through the crowd--

CRATES (V.O.)
 So you maintain you were civil.
 Nothing to indicate a dispute.

--finally arrive at the keg and start pouring their CUPS.

CARVER (V.O.)
 Continue on with the story.

A GROUP OF FRAT RATS stare as they pump the keg...

16 INT. SMALLER ROOM - LATER

16

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

VERONICA (V.O.)

It's a little hazy, but I remember we
downed that fucking poison in the keg
like water. Then, we were in the
bathroom. If I'm remembering the
chronology right...

But they chill out on a couple of empty kegs. This room is
separate from the party. Quieter. Far less crowded.

CLAIRE

Drop the sleaze bag act with me for a
second. How are Steve and you, really?

Veronica mulls that over for a bit.

VERONICA

Sometimes it feels like we moved too
fast.

CLAIRE

Calling it a committed relationship,
in college. You're bringing sand to
the beach, babe.

VERONICA

He's already talked about marriage. I
don't even know where I'm gonna work
after we graduate. It's all so sudden.

CLAIRE

The big 'M' word. Scary.

VERONICA

Monogamy?

CLAIRE

Right.

VERONICA

Our 20's are for experimenting,
traveling, and protesting, right?

CLAIRE

You've always been the most
independent woman I know. You have to

understand my surprise. You're the least likely person to ever need a man.

VERONICA

I think you just perfectly described yourself, though.

CLAIRE

Oh, sister, stop it.

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 shakes her head.

CLAIRE

Oh, hop down, your highness. Queen of Monogamy.

VERONICA

Hey, take it easy with that shit. 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

I'm serious.

Beat.

VERONICA

Trust me, Claire. It will happen for you.

CLAIRE

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

VERONICA

That could be arranged.

Veronica drunkenly attempts a wink. Claire playfully shoves her.

17 INT. BIG PARTY DANCE ROOM - LATER 17

A crowded living room transformed into a dance floor. Trap music blasts through the house.

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.

18 INT. BEDROOM - LATER 18

Claire rolls up from bed, and sits up. Mascara smeared on one side of her face. It's as if she didn't just have sex, but misery.

The RANDOM DOUCHE BAG is lying asleep as a rock on the other side, facing away.

She takes a deep breath and looks out the window into the dark of night. Except for the moon that shines bright as day. Illuminating the bareness of the landscape that seems to go on for eons...

Claire shows a shred of regret on her face. She musters the strength to continue on, pulling on her clothes.

19 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER 19

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
I'm proud of you, hoe.

CLAIRE

Worst eighteen seconds of my life. Did he have somewhere to be?

VERONICA

Boys get excited and jackhammer like a meth-head. We need to find you a man who can satisfy your needs.

CLAIRE

Few and far between.

VERONICA

I don't envy you. See why I grabbed a good one?

CLAIRE

Debatable.
(beat)
What's the move?

VERONICA

You don't wanna try for round two?

CLAIRE

I don't want another if that passes for a round.

VERONICA

Be careful what you wish for.

Claire fixes up in the mirror.

CLAIRE

What do you mean? I'm not wishing for that again. I can do me better myself.

VERONICA

I'm saying don't wish for a dry spell. You'll end up like Ben Shapiro's wife.

CLAIRE

I just meant I don't want another jackrabbit in my bed.

Beat.

VERONICA

What do ya say we forget this thing ever happened? In the best way we know how.

Claire turns to face her. She's still a mess.

CLAIRE
You know I'm game.

Veronica smiles big.

VERONICA
Well then, shall we?

Claire nods. Veronica presents her arm. Claire interlocks.

20 INT. PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

20

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 gives the cups back over to them.

Smiling all the while, they frolic 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.

CRATES (V.O.)
It seems like you remember quite a bit from that night.

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

21 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT

21

Veronica 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 you seem to think happened. Like I said, it was just... murky getting there.

CRATES

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.

CRATES

You have to understand, the more you start to remember, the less inclined we are to believe you.

Carver, not even looking at her, hovers a hand to Crates. That's enough.

VERONICA

Listen, you wanted my perspective. I'm giving it. Do I have your permission to proceed or would you like to waterboard me some more?

Carver lets the room calm down a moment. Crates looks away.

CARVER

Then, what?

Veronica stares at the table, as if it can help her now.

22 EXT. PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

22

Veronica and Claire stumble outside the house. They laugh and put their arms around each other, their other hands lifting their drinks.

FRAT BROS POV: we see Veronica and Claire happily and drunkenly frolic out towards the Darkness.

THREE FRAT BROS 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.

CHET (22) downs his beer and makes his approach. He's an aggressive meathead with a Napoleon complex.

CHET

Hey! Where are you two ladies off to

in such a hurry?

Claire and Veronica snap their heads back.

CHET

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 BROS-

CHET

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

(sarcastically)

--run along now, and go harass some other unsuspecting women, please.

(fake smiles)

Thanks.

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

CHET

What's with the hostility? You like 'em like that, don't ya, Steve?

Veronica does not back down. Claire's itch to leave becomes more and more apparent.

CHET

Ladies, relax. We just wanted to make sure you got home safe, is all.

Veronica wears a curiously suspicious look on her face.

Claire is equally as confused as anyone.

STEVE (O.S.)

Babe. What's goin' on? Why are you leaving?

VERONICA

Steve? Is that you?

Steve emerges from the darkness.

STEVE

I've been looking everywhere for you!

Veronica charges up and throws her arms around him.

STEVE

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, obviously!

Party Bro and Chet eye each other.

STEVE

If you're not gonna be where I can find you, you gotta text me.

Claire is getting antsy.

VERONICA

We crashed that Bible study, I told you.

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. We're causing a scene in front of your... bros.

Steve glares her down for a moment until he calms himself down.

STEVE

Okay. We set up some DDs for us, tonight. My friends were nice enough to volunteer, so you should thank them.

CLAIRE

We'll just walk, it's fine.

STEVE

Are you kidding? 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

At this point, we just wanna kill a pizza and crash. We don't care.

Claire looks incredulously at Veronica.

VERONICA

Anything if it means we'll get there faster.

Steve nods.

STEVE

You know Anthony and Chris, don't you?

CLAIRE

No.

VERONICA

(lying)
Yeah, of course, hi!

Anthony, Chet, and Chris, nod to her.

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

STEVE

Alright, come on, let's go.

Steve leads the group towards the CAR.

CRATES (V.O.)
 So, this is where it starts get...
 fuzzy.

Claire apprehensively follows behind the group, dragging
 Veronica along.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT

23

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

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

CARVER
 Nothing.

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

CARVER
 Have you considered the possibility
 that maybe you just drank too much?

VERONICA
 Come on. I drink like a fucking fish!
 That was not a blackout. That was
 something else entirely.

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

VERONICA
 They put something in those drinks. I
 know they did.

Carver and Crates share a glance. They take this in a beat.

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

Veronica can't possibly be sure, but she has a good idea...

24 INT. THE BOX - LATER

24

SETH (20s) from that night sits upright, hands folded across from the Detectives. He can't believe he's there right now.

CARVER

Can you tell us your perspective of the events from that night?

He shrugs.

SETH

What's there to tell? We were just being nice. We took them back home. To their dorms.

CRATES

Yeah? What happened before that?

Seth folds his arms, looks away.

25 INT. THE BOX - LATER

25

Anthony sits leaned back in his chair, eyes beaming at the Detectives.

ANTHONY

Whatever happened between Veronica and Steve was out of our control. We let them off to deal with their shit on their own.

CARVER

Where did you let them off?

Anthony wasn't prepared for that question...time to get the story straight...

26 INT. THE BOX - LATER

26

CHRIS now sits across from the Detectives. He's a bit nervous, but his poker face doesn't show it.

CHRIS

Steve was our friend. We wouldn't kill him.

CRATES

We never said you did.

CHRIS

They had an argument. I'm sure she told you. Or, maybe she left that out. On purpose.

CARVER

We heard.

CHRIS

So...she probably offed him when they were fighting.

CARVER

But, you don't know that for sure. Do you?

CHRIS

Seems reasonable, doesn't it?

Crates and Carver exchange glances.

27 INT. THE BOX - LATER

27

Claire, leaned back, arms folded, sits across from Carver and Crates.

CLAIRE

So, what do you want to know?

Carver tries to put this delicately. So Crates jumps in--

CRATES

No one seems to know what happened that night. Would you care to shed some light?

CLAIRE

Don't you think it's a little weird the guys who **didn't drink** that night claim they don't remember a thing.

CARVER

Inconsistent accounts. Feels like it's one side against another.

Claire's eyes dart from Carver to Crates, and back again.

CRATES

Nothing's lining up. We can't get an impartial perspective on this thing.

Claire prepares what she wants to say.

CLAIRE
You know the boys will just tell you
what you want to hear.

This strikes a chord with Carver. Crates, not so much.

CRATES
But you don't remember anything
either, so why should we believe you?

Carver leans forward.

CARVER
(to Claire)
Tell me what you mean by that.

CLAIRE
I think you know exactly what I mean.

Crates wants the spotlight back. He ignores Crates. Claire leans forward, arms on the table.

28 INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - FLASHBACK

28

Anthony putts them along in his SUV, Claire next to him in the passenger's seat. Steve and Veronica in the middle two seats, Chris, and SETH 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 Seth in the back row next to Chris.

CLAIRE
We don't know him, either.

VERONICA
Claire, would you relax? It's fine.

STEVE
Seth's in my fraternity. 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?

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
Just what I heard.

VERONICA
Steven, you have to believe me--

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 the fuck 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 at what you started, you fucking idiot!

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

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's eyes roll to the back of her head.

STEVE

What the fuck is your deal?

Veronica speaks unintelligibly as she loses control of her body.

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. Let's just get her the fuck home.

SETH
Girls just can't handle their shit.

STEVE
Shut the fuck up!!

Veronica's like a drowsy bobble head.

ANTHONY
She better not fucking puke in my car, bro!

VERONICA
(nearly unconscious)
You-- fuckin-- I-- ugh--

Steve looks as if pleading to Veronica for an explanation.

STEVE
Veronica, babe, what's wrong? Talk to me. Please.

ANTHONY
I'm pulling over.

STEVE

What the fuck is that gonna accomplish??

ANTHONY

We're gonna figure this shit 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 to her dorm.

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 would we do that?? She needs to be in bed! Let's just get her back!

SETH

Get out.

Anthony opens the door on Veronica's side. He grabs her.

STEVE

No! What are you doing?? This doesn't make any sense!

ANTHONY

(to Steve)

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

CHRIS

(to Anthony)

Get her out.

Anthony drags her from the car.

STEVE

What are you-- stop!!

Steve spies CLAIRE seemingly dead to the world in the front seat.

STEVE

Wai-- wha-- what's wrong with her?

ANTHONY

She passed the fuck out, man. I don't know what to tell ya.

STEVE

Let's just-- slow down a minute, and think. Huh?

CHRIS

(to Seth)

Come on.

Chris gestures to Seth, nods his head to Steve. A signal.

SETH

What's there to think about?

Steve takes note of this.

Chris climbs from the back--

--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.

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

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

SETH

(to Steve)

Don't resist.

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

29 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DITCH - CONTINUOUS

29

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 thrust, a part of Veronica's soul dies within her...

But she has no idea.

30 INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

30

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...

31 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

31

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 furiously wails on Steve... Steve does 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 home-run 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 doesn't let up, violates Veronica...

END STEVE POV:

Our focus is on: Steve's petrified face 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.

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK.

32

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

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

Veronica groggily checks her surroundings.

CRATES (V.O.)
 And you have no idea what happened, or
 how you got there?

She feels the aching pains all throughout her body.

33 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT

33

Veronica sits dumbfounded before the detectives.

VERONICA
 (shaking her head)
 I don't know what you want me to say!
 I was at the party, the next thing I
 know, it's like I snapped my fingers
 (she snaps her fingers)
 and BAM! I wake up in that ditch. I
 see Steve right there with me.
 (slight pause)
 That's all I know.

CRATES
 So you have an argument with
 Steve...maybe you get a little...
 aggressive?

Veronica could kill her right now.

CARVER

Things take a turn for the tragic.

Veronica shakes her head. She cannot contain her anger and sadness.

CRATES

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 can't be.

Beat.

CARVER

Look, you have to see this from our perspective.

VERONICA

Yeah? What about my perspective? Huh?

CARVER

Let me finish.

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

CARVER

With everything that has been presented to us, what are we to make of this?

She cannot believe how this is all unraveling.

VERONICA

Look at the facts and the evidence!

CARVER

That's what we're doing.

CRATES

But, you see, Veronica, the facts and evidence do point to you.

VERONICA

What? Were you even listening--

CRATES

The murder weapon. Your prints are on it.

VERONICA

Yeah, they can do whatever they want with a drugged up rag-doll, detective!

CRATES

We're just putting the story together as it's presented to us.

VERONICA

So, you won't even look into the prospect that maybe, just maybe, one of those boys did it? And tried to cover it up, using me?

CARVER

We're looking into every possibility.

Veronica can't face him.

CARVER

But... as it stands, you are a suspect. You understand why, don't you?

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

CARVER

The crucial moment that you need to have in your memory, is blotched out. Do you know how that sounds?

VERONICA

Just because I didn't remember, doesn't mean that it never happened.

Carver and Crates take this in, slowly make eye contact.

CRATES

Veronica. This is a very suspicious gap in time for you. The answer to the question we have, and I'm sure you yourself have, is in the evidence.

Veronica takes in the revelation, pushing her face in her hands.

34 INT. THE BOX - LATER

34

Seth sits across from Carver and Crates now. A little fidgety, but nothing glaringly obvious.

CRATES

So, what actually happened?

SETH

What I just told you.

CRATES

Tell me, who's telling the truth? Your friends paint a very different picture for us.

Carver makes her take it easy.

SETH

They said they could handle it from there. Thought it was weird, but they wanted to walk. So, we drove away.

CARVER

You just left them there? Out in the middle of nowhere?

SETH

We didn't want to deal with them.

CRATES

Wait, what do you mean, deal with them?

SETH

I was tired of putting up with their shit. They were on their own.

Carver and Crates briefly look peripherally at one another.

CRATES

You told us before that you took them home. You're changing your story again.

SETH

We *offered* to take them home, but they were being bitchy about it. Our hospitality can only go so far.

Beat.

CRATES

Isn't it possible that you killed him?

SETH

No. She cracked him over the head with that thing. I told you, I have witnesses.

CARVER

How do you know that? I thought you said you drove away.

Seth looks back and forth between Carver and Crates.

CRATES

Why are your prints all over it?

SETH

Because, I helped Anthony change a flat before. Why else?

SETH

Her prints are on it, too. So you tell me!

Carver and Crates look at each other again. Is it that obvious?

35 INT. THE BOX - LATER

35

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

CRATES

You believe you were... assaulted.

VERONICA

I... hurt-- all over... in the morning. Or earlier today. I don't know what time it is.

CRATES

Veronica, if you believe you were raped... we'll need to run some tests. Why didn't you say something from the start?

VERONICA

I was...
(she freezes up)
W-- what kinds of tests?

CRATES

It will show us what we need... in that respect. It's not the most fun, but... you'll want to have it done.

Veronica nods. Crates wants to show affection, but pulls her hands back, folds them.

CARVER

So, you 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

I don't know it in my mind, but I know it in my heart. That's the truth.

CARVER

These two stories are conflicting. And so is the evidence.

CRATES

Seth's fingerprints and your fingerprints were both found on the tire iron in question.

CARVER

We've already established that no one can prove it was you, and you can't prove it was them. You see, there's only fractured memories of that night.

Veronica looks hopelessly to them.

CRATES

Drunk, hazy, and inconsistent testimonies. That's not good enough. It's your word against theirs. There's no neutral third party here, is there?

VERONICA

There aren't sides. Just what actually happened and what **they** say happened.

CARVER

Nothing we've heard about that night makes sense. It's all...speculation. I don't think your friend's testimony

will shed any more light on how this all unfolded.

VERONICA

I'll find no justice here for what happened to him. That's for sure.

CARVER

Veronica. You don't remember a thing about the murder. Isn't it possible you killed him?

Carver prods closer... Crates sits back. She almost doesn't want to hear this.

VERONICA

I can't be sure of anything I don't remember.

The Detectives both sit, shocked. Stunned.

36 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - LATER

36

Carver slaves away at some paperwork on his desk. A KNOCK on the door is heard. Carver barely lifts his head.

CARVER

Come in.

His superior, PRESTON SCOTT (40s) slips into the room. He is handsome, fit, and has slicked back dark hair. His ego matches his looks. And he's not afraid to let you know.

SCOTT

May I?

CARVER

Please.

Scott parks himself across from Carver. He does not stop scribbling away.

SCOTT

Any progress?

Still nothing from Carver.

SCOTT

Lou, I need-- something.
(short beat)

How many statements? And you've got

nothing?

CARVER

It's anyone's guess at this point.

Scott is not amused.

CARVER

We've gotten multiple perspectives,
but we're no closer to--

SCOTT

Someone has to know something.

Carver cannot muster a response, as much as he'd like to let him have it.

SCOTT

I need someone to go away for this.

(beat)

Someone is responsible, Lou.

Carver finally makes eye contact.

CARVER

Maybe all of 'em.

Carver shrugs, egging him on. Scott rises from his seat. Not amused.

SCOTT

Show me this is going somewhere.

He turns on his heel and swiftly strides away, slamming the door behind him.

Carver, forlorn, watches him go through the windows, but drops his eyes back to his work.

37 INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICES - LATER

37

Carver and Crates breeze through hallways, walking and talking.

CARVER

There's gotta be more to this.

CRATES

You don't say.

CARVER

It's all he said, she said so far.
It's time for the evidence to shine.

CRATES

The evidence is no help either. We
might get our story from the rape kit.

CARVER

We have no testimony that's unbiased
as of yet.

CRATES

Who's that going to be?

Carver glances over to Crates.

CARVER

The truth.

Crates shoots him a look as they make their way to the door.

38 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK

38

Veronica sits in pure terror on the side of the road, dead
cell phone in hand. She can only stare at Steve's lifeless
body.

A car whines as it approaches from the distance. Veronica
pays it no mind. The vehicle slowly creeps to a halt, a safe
distance from her.

Claire emerges from the car, she carefully creeps up to
Veronica. She softly places her hand on her shoulder as she
crouches down beside her.

39 INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

39

Veronica sits silently in the passenger seat. Claire is half
focused on driving, half focused on how to approach this
conversation. If they even have one.

Claire carefully glances over at her. She remains in the same
position. Slouched, and miserable. She faces the road again.

VERONICA

How did you--?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

(beat)

I don't know-- anything.

Beat.

VERONICA

Me neither.

Claire looks over to her and softly nods. She looks back at the road.

An uncomfortable air fills the car.

CLAIRE

How are--
 (now facing Veronica)
 how are you doing?

Claire shifts her attention back to the road. Veronica pitifully shakes her head. She breaks down in tears. Claire reaches out to her with her non-driving hand.

Veronica accepts her hand with her free hand. The other covering her eyes.

As Veronica persists in her sobbing, Claire holds back tears of her own as she maintains focus on the road. Sort of.

40 INT. DORM HALLWAY - LATER

40

Claire holds Veronica as she limps down the hallway towards their dorm room.

They lift their eyes to a bit of commotion outside their door.

FOUR POLICE OFFICERS are huddled outside the door. Their attention has shifted from their banter to Claire and Veronica's arrival.

Claire and Veronica stop dead in their tracks. Claire does not ease her grasp on Veronica as she cowers away from the cops and toward her embrace.

INSISTENT POLICEMAN

Are you Claire Walsh and Veronica
 Hutchinson?

Claire slowly nods her head. Veronica bursts into tears again.

INSISTENT POLICEMAN
We'd like a word, if you could,
please.

The OTHER THREE OFFICERS approach Claire and Veronica in a matter-of-fact manner.

CUT AWAY TO:

41 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DITCH - FLASHBACK

41

A sectioned-off crime scene. Where it all went down. INVESTIGATORS and FORENSIC CREWS alike all file in and out of the tape.

Carver and Crates stand on the road a ways back from the actual scene.

CRATES
Here. Of all places. Why?

CARVER
Crime has a way of posing unanswerable questions.

CRATES
College students. They have their whole lives ahead of them. Just makes you wanna pull your own hair out.

CARVER
That's not your job, that's mine.

She jokingly scans his bald head.

CRATES
You've already done it.

Carver can't help but crack a smile. He eyes the scene. The body outline. The smile quickly fades.

The Forensic Teams practically bury their heads in the grass. Carver, still outside the tape, navigates the ditch down to their level from the road. Crates, after hesitating a moment, follows close behind.

CRATES
What do you see?

CARVER
Nothing. Yet.

Carver leans in close to the ground just a few yards from the body outline.

CRATES

What are you looking for?

He pinches his fingers on a SMALL FIBER and lifts it from the ground.

CARVER

A break.

Crates tests her eyes as she attempts to make out what he just found. She isn't sure. But neither is he...

42 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - LATER

42

Carver sits behind his desk, Crates and Scott sits across from him.

CARVER

Everything seems to point to the girl. Motive is there, prints on the weapon. She wakes up next to him? All of the accounts seem to tell a different story, but with her as a common denominator.

SCOTT

Slam dunk, right?

Crates shakes her head. Carver snaps his head to her.

SCOTT

What?

CARVER

You're serious?

CRATES

Something isn't right.

SCOTT

You're not right in the head, Bobbi, if you think this isn't the most fall-in-your-lap case you've ever seen.

CRATES

My gut. It's a feeling.

SCOTT
Guts and feelings don't go very far in
court.

CRATES
I-- Just-- Give me more time.

Crates and Scott exchange glances.

SCOTT
Don't make me regret this.

Scott rises and storms out the room. Crates shoots a look
over to Carver. Carver shrugs.

CRATES
You trust me on this?

Carver mulls that one over.

CARVER
It's not so simple as trust.
(short beat)
Whatever happened-- It seems like the
truth is somehow lost in the night.

Carver gives that some thought.

43 INT/EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY.

43

Veronica exits the room sporting a MEDICAL GOWN.

Behind her-- MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS handle the RAPE KIT. Place
evidence, swabs, etc back in the box.

The door seals shut behind her.

Crates hands her clothes back to her.

CRATES
I'm sorry you had to go through all
that. I know it's not easy.

VERONICA
I've just... never had someone-- it's
just very invasive.

CRATES
I promise you, it's going to be worth
it to get the results you want.

VERONICA

So you believe me, then? You think what I say happened, happened. Right?

CRATES

It's hard to say. Trust me, I wish I knew.

VERONICA

Trust should be a two-way street, detective.

CRATES

It's more complicated than that. I want to believe you. You have to understand, from my point of view-- it's hard.

VERONICA

And what about for me, detective?

Beat.

VERONICA

When these results come back, I want to know the moment they're ready.

CRATES

You'll be the first to know.
(gestures to OFFICER)
Would you?

Crates nods to him to escort her.

Veronica paces down the hallway. Crates watches her go, then turns on her heel and heads in the opposite direction.

44 INT. UNDERCOVER COP CAR - LATER

44

Carver drives as Crates looks out the window in the passenger seat.

CARVER

We're getting nowhere in there.

CRATES

We can only get as far as those kids can take us.

Beat.

CARVER

It's gonna be up to us to--

CRATES

That's what we're doing.

Crates stares at Carver as he drives. Carver does not take his eyes off the road.

Crates looks back out the window at the barren Midwestern landscape.

45 EXT. PARTY HOUSE - LATER

45

Carver and Crates question Chet.

CHET

I saw him working the keg all night. Then, I don't know, I mean-- what happens at all parties, right?

Crates looks like she could kill him.

CRATES

I don't know, what **does** happen at parties?

Crates stares daggers, Chet leans away.

CARVER

So you mean to tell us that he was working the keg all night, but yet he drove those girls home.

CRATES

Don't you see what's wrong with that? You're a college kid, you're smart.

Chet desperately looks to Carver for help. He'll get none.

CHET

Nothing, I-- just saying everyone was drunk. Having a good time.

CRATES

Uh huh. So that's the story you're stickin' with.

CHET

It was Halloween. We were all fucked up. What do you want?

CRATES

You might want to revise that when we come back.

CHET

There'll be a spot on the keg with your name on it, officer.

CARVER

Come on, let's go.

Carver and Crates turn to leave, as does the Frat Douche.

Crates spins back around and rushes Chet--

--Carver swiftly catches Crates dead in her tracks.

CHET

What the fuck? That's gotta be a crime or someth--

Crates grunts and groans, trying to shake Carver off. He does not let up on his grip.

CRATES

Not yet!

CARVER

Enough.

Chet retreats back into the house, confused and frightened.

CHET

Get a hold of your woman, dude. Chill.

He pushes through the front door of the house. Carver turns Crates around and they shuffle back to the undercover vehicle.

46 INT. UNDERCOVER COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

46

Both slide into their respective seats. Silence fills the car a moment.

CARVER

Just what the hell was that back there?

Carver gets nothing from Crates.

CARVER

Why is this so personal for you?

Crates hesitates a brief moment before answering.

CRATES

It's not.

Carver is not convinced, but he presses on.

CARVER

You've got to keep your own shit at bay, alright?

Crates can't bear to face him. She wipes away a tear.

CARVER

I need you focused.

She nods, solemn.

CARVER

Can I count on you?

Crates finally faces him.

CRATES

I'm fine. He's just a punk kid.

Carver still is not entirely convinced, but he nods. He turns the key to start the car.

CARVER

That's exactly my point.

Crates snuffles, dries her face, and looks out the window. Carver glances over at her once more, then back away.

CRATES

I want to come back.

This gets Carver's attention.

CRATES

With a warrant next time.

Carver nods. He shifts into gear and spins the wheel.

47 INT. THE BOX - LATER

47

Veronica slouches in her chair, arms crossed. Carver and

Crates sit across from her. Carver's hands are folded on the table.

Crates is upright, arms folded. Analytic.

CARVER

Did you have any reason to kill him?

That flips a switch in Veronica.

VERONICA

No. Absolutely not. What the hell kind of question is that, anyway?

Carver's demeanor does not change. Crates remains stoic. Veronica has had enough of this.

Carver lets out a grim sigh.

CARVER

Veronica. The results came back. From the rape test.

She barely lifts her eyes. Once they meet his, she looks away.

CARVER

The results were... inconclusive.

Veronica cannot believe what she's hearing. Crates redirects her eyes.

CARVER

For all we know, Steve could've assaulted you that night.

Veronica's eyes snap to Crates. She can't face her.

VERONICA

That's not-- he would never do that.

Carver shoots a glance at Crates. She tries to remain strong and maintains a poker face.

CARVER

Look, it's not that we don't believe you--

VERONICA

Then, what is it?

CRATES

What the results showed was-- essentially, you did have intercourse that night. Be it against your will or otherwise. But... nothing matches anything within our database.

CARVER

There was no semen found either. Typically that helps in a scenario like that, but...

Veronica could storm out of the room.

CRATES

Unfortunately that doesn't bode well with what you'd hope to find. I'm sorry you didn't get your desired outcome.

CARVER

It's hard to really know what truly happened that night. Conflicting accounts. Amnesia...It's difficult when you can't recall what happened.

VERONICA

I told you everything I know. It's all I have from the night. I can't do much more for you. I'm sorry, it's just not there.

CARVER

It's not looking good for you, Veronica. Why don't you just tell me the truth?

Veronica's eyes wander about the room, poorly attempting to hold back tears. Crates studies her.

CARVER

Did you kill your boyfriend after he raped you?

Veronica sits on this question, it fills her with doubt. Maybe this was actually the case? There's no way for her to possibly know...

48 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - LATER

48

Carver is standing next to a WHITEBOARD that is filled out by

a TIMELINE. These timelines are the night according to each witnesses' and suspects' accounts.

Crates and Scott are seated as they watch Carver present the timelines.

CARVER

Here's what we know.

WHITEBOARD FACE: Veronica and Claire: PARTY 11:00-2:00ish AM? 2:00AM-2:30AM? Car ride. 2:30AM-??? Left on the side of the road 11:00AM-11:30AM Picked up at their dorm, processed at the Station.

CARVER (O.S.)

Veronica and Claire, according to their testimonies were at the party from eleven-ish until two-ish AM.

Scott and Crates follow along pensively in their seats.

CARVER

We know that the frat boys, Seth, Chris and Anthony, gave them a lift to their dorm. Supposedly.

Carver points to the WHITEBOARD: Everyone's accounts: Car ride: 2:00 AM.

CARVER (O.S.)

Everyone's stories match up until this point.

Carver points to the timeline on the WHITEBOARD for everyone. WHITEBOARD FACE: 2:30 ish AM - ??? Left on the side of the road.

CARVER

This is where it gets splotchy.

Scott deep in thought. Crates is waiting for him to reach his point.

SCOTT

This time-frame is where the evidence really needs to kick in.

CRATES

That frat house reeks of guilt. I want to go back there yesterday.

SCOTT

I'll have the judge draw up a warrant for you. What else do you have?

CARVER

I have a hard time seeing we'll find anything that will shed light on this part of the night.

Scott is not convinced.

SCOTT

My grandma hides her pills in the morning. Check anyway. What else?

CARVER

Certain things we're not gonna be able to find or confirm. It's not like we can track where they've been at every point throughout the course of the night.

CRATES

Look at their social media platforms. Maybe they "checked in" somewhere.

Carver shakes his head at Crates. Crates chuckles softly to herself. She's proud of that one.

SCOTT

This is a huge gap in the story. There's something you guys missed. I don't know, retrace the steps.

Carver nods.

CRATES

It's like the most important document in this case was redacted.

CARVER

Or some dumb fuckin' intern spilled coffee all over the Mayan Calendar.

CRATES

I don't think that really works here, Carver. You know that thing's made of stone, right?

CARVER

You know you're a fuckin' nightmare of

a partner, right?

Crates sticks her tongue out at Carver. Scott remains unamused.

SCOTT

Alright, alright alright. Focus.

They're focused now. Finally. WHITEBOARD FACE: Anthony and Chris: Dropped Steve, Claire and Veronica off at their dorms.

Seth: Dropped off Steve and Veronica to "work it out among themselves" - dropped Claire off at her dorm room.

Claire and Veronica: Remember nothing. Claire wakes up in an unfamiliar room. Veronica wakes up on the side of the road.

SCOTT (O.S.)

What do you make of the discrepancy between the frat rats dropping them at their dorms, and in the middle of nowhere?

Carver and Crates give each other a brief look.

SCOTT

Why is Seth's account different from his frat brothers'?

Carver takes a gander at the whiteboard. Crates is deep in thought.

SCOTT

Is he telling the truth?

Beat.

CRATES

Someone's gotta be lying.

SCOTT

Yes, but why is that? Which one of them is lying?

Carver has something, but keeps it inside. Crates mulls that one over as well.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Shouldn't their story be consistent?

CRATES

We didn't allow them the chance to
convene and keep their story straight.

Scott points to her. Bingo.

CARVER

Not everything's a conspiracy.

Crates rolls her eyes at him.

SCOTT

We cannot forget that there's a long
period of time where Veronica could
have murdered Steve.

CRATES

And, Veronica and Claire were said to
have been raped in this gap of time.

CARVER

Allegedly.

Crates glares at Carver.

SCOTT

Let's also not forget that Veronica
and Claire don't remember a thing.

CARVER

Which is suspicious in and of itself.

Scott snaps his fingers and points to Carver again as raises
himself from his seat.

SCOTT

Find out who's hiding something.

Scott glides across the room towards the door. He swings it
open.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Keep me posted.

Scott is out the door before either one can say anything.
Carver and Crates shoot each other a glance.

49 EXT. PARTY HOUSE - OVERCAST

49

BANG BANG BANG! Crates pounds on the door. Carver stands off
to the side, hands on his hips.

Crates wears sunglasses, even though the sun hides behind the dreariness of overcast. She knows how ridiculous it is. But she doesn't give a shit.

The door swings open. It's Chet again.

CHET

What do you wa--

Crates pushes through and shoves the warrant in his face. She stomps off looking for clues. Anything.

Chet stands just dumbfounded at the door. He glances at Crates who is practically already gone. Disappeared into the house.

Carver slips on by the Frat Douche, but not before giving him a solid pat on the shoulder.

Chet can only shake his head.

50 INT. PARTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 50

Carver methodically paces through the kitchen, examining it up and down.

51 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS. 51

Crates rifles through the medicine cabinet. She comes upon a bottle of a prescription. Something of interest.

52 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 52

Carver approaches the counter next to the sink. He swipes up a substance. Some kind of powder.

53 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 53

Crates examines the prescription. A closer look shows: ROCHE She has seen a ghost. Her expression borders on insanity.

54 INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 54

We follow Carver up the stairs. He turns into Seth's bedroom.

55 INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 55

Carver searches his bed, dresser, and TV stand. Doesn't find a thing.

He opens the closet doors and rifles through his shirts that

are hung up on hangers.

Carver bends down as a wadded up shirt catches his eye. He grabs the shirt and feels it. His eyes scan the shirt for anything. Something has his attention.

A RIP in the shirt. He rubs the torn fabric around the hole. Carver fishes in his breast pocket for something. The piece of FABRIC he found at the scene.

He compares it to the hole. It'd be difficult not to determine it to be identical. Carver nearly turns pale.

SNAP CUT TO:

56 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK 56

Seth swipes up the tire iron from the trunk. The bottom of the handle is broken, and sharp.

On the upswing, the bottom of the handle catches his shirt. It slightly tears. The fabric falls to the ground.

SNAP BACK TO:

57 INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - PRESENT 57

Carver takes a moment to process this revelation. He places the shirt into an evidence bag.

58 INT. PARTY HOUSE - LATER 58

Carver and Crates reconvene in the main party area of the house.

CARVER
Find anything?

Carver lifts the shirt in the evidence bag.

CRATES
You're not gonna believe it.

She's got something of her own in her hand.

Carver is in disbelief.

59 INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICES - LATER. 59

Carver and Crates strut up to Scott.

AN OFFICER brings in a cuffed CHET behind him.

SCOTT

Lay it on me.

CRATES

Evidence we grabbed from the frat
douchebag's house is consistent with
the girl's story.

SCOTT

You're shittin' me.

CRATES

Fabric from dickhead's clothes match
the fibers on the murder weapon. And,
you're not gonna believe this. They
had fucking roofies. Loads of 'em.

SCOTT

What walking cliches, these fuckin'
assholes--

(to Carver)

You find anything?

CARVER

Condoms and dirty clothes.

SCOTT

Could be anything. How long have we
had the girl?

CARVER

We're goin' on day three.

SCOTT

Shit, we gotta cut her loose. We can't
keep her here anymore.

CARVER

No, sir- we can keep her, we're
charging her with--

SCOTT

No, no no. Not with this newfound
evidence. That's a typhoon of shit I
don't want.

CARVER

Scott-- we're not done--

SCOTT
I don't care. Get her outta here
before her lawyer snaps my dick off.

They nod and obey as they slide out of the room.

CARVER
(softly)
She has a lawyer?

CRATES
She will.

The two emerge from the office--

60 EXT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER.

60

Crates pulls Carver aside--

CRATES
What's your fixation with the girl?

CARVER
We have her nailed. I don't understand
why he's doing this.

CRATES
We may have just caught our break.
Let's not fuck this into oblivion.

CARVER
You'd better hope she's Mother fucking
Theresa, else we're boned, Bobbi.

They come upon the box, open the door--

61 INT. THE BOX - CONT.

61

Carver and Crates hold the door open for Veronica.

CRATES
Good news. You're free, for now.

CARVER
Don't try to leave the country. We'll
be watching if you do.

VERONICA
Wouldn't dream of it.

Veronica brushes on by them. They watch her leave with doubt.

62 INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER.

62

Veronica slides in shotgun with Claire driving.

CLAIRE

Good to see you out. Thelma and Louise
are back!

VERONICA

I need a huge favor from you.

Claire wears concern on her face as she stares her dead in
the eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. THE BOX - PRESENT.

63

Veronica slumps in her chair across from Carver and Crates,
who appear far more enthused than she.

Next to her is BILL WALSH (50s). He's a gruff, matter-of-fact
lawyer who takes no shit but happily sports his soft spot for
Veronica.

VERONICA

I've cooperated with you. I've given
you my story. Doesn't that count for
anything anymore?

CARVER

You know, some people might view your
lawyer's presence as an admission of
guilt. It's good to see you again,
Bill.

BILL

Wish I could say the same.

VERONICA

You think I'm guilty anyway, so what's
the difference?

CRATES

It's your right.

Carver and Crates give each other a knowing look. Crates
scoots out of her seat and shuffles away. Carver organizes
his paperwork and rises from his seat.

CARVER

Come on, we both know why you're here.
But, why don't you humor us anyway?

Veronica stares blankly at the walls behind them, paying them no mind as they glide past.

CRATES

We've heard from the victims. Now it's
your time to shine.

The door seals shut. She remains emotionless.

64 INT. DORM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT.

64

Anthony and company march down the hallway towards Veronica and Claire's door, knock--

Claire swings open the door, they barge in--

CLAIRE

What are you--

Anthony confronts Veronica--

ANTHONY

What the fuck did you say about us?

VERONICA

Wha--

ANTHONY

What did you say we did?

Claire comes between them--

CLAIRE

Leave her alone. We don't need to say
anything to you--

Anthony pushes her out of the way.

ANTHONY

Stay out of this. I want you to tell
me every word you spoke to them.

Veronica storms past him to her closet.

He pulls her arm back, grabs her--

ANTHONY

We didn't do a fucking thing to you.
My dad will destroy you in court.

Claire tries to pull Anthony away from her--

CLAIRE

I said get off her!

Anthony shrugs her off.

Chris pulls Claire off Anthony.

Veronica turns from her closet, presenting a gift--

It's CLAIRE'S DAD'S SHOTGUN. A classic over/under double barrel shotgun. She points it directly at them.

ANTHONY

Whoa, take it easy.

Anthony backs away. Chris puts his hands up.

CHRIS

Crazy bitch!

Seth has his hand on the door, ready to leave.

VERONICA

You don't leave right now, I'll take
away all you value dangling between
your pathetic little legs.

ANTHONY

Oh. We will. Just-- remember what I
said.

They slowly back towards the door. Even Claire looks
terrified.

ANTHONY

Fucking batshit insane cunt.

VERONICA

Right fucking now!

Seth opens the door, they slip outside as they back away,
hands still raised in the air...

65 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING.

65

Carver sits laid back. Crates sits down next to him, shuffles some papers. Veronica sits across, tired of it all. Bill remains stoic.

CARVER

Care to tell us anything you might be leaving out?

VERONICA

I've told you everything. I don't know what you're--

Carver slams the table.

CARVER

No, no. You don't get to play this game with us!

Crates gives him a look. He backs down.

VERONICA

I didn't kill my boyfriend. I don't know how many times I can say that to you before you--

CARVER

Listen-- Veronica. Let's just-- for the sake of the argument-- put aside the fact that you murdered your boyfriend--

BILL

Easy.

VERONICA

But I didn't!

CARVER

You don't know that. You said it yourself.

CRATES

But-- let's just say, you didn't. Let's table that, for now.

Veronica looks to Carver who gives her nothing. She redirects her attention to Crates, who carefully chooses her words--

CRATES

Hear me out. There's no proof one way or the other. The witnesses... may as well toss them out the window. All

drunk or non-existent. But... all that aside-- it doesn't matter in the grand scheme of things.

VERONICA

So we're just gonna trivialize the death of my boyfriend, now. That's great.

CRATES

You still assaulted three men. One is in critical condition. He passes away... you're looking at third degree murder.

VERONICA

Hold on. Slow down. What?!

CARVER

Let me help you. Assault with a deadly weapon. With the intent to fatally harm. If a court can prove you had premeditated this... you could be looking at serious jail time.

VERONICA

Whoa. Premeditation? Really? It was self-defense!

CRATES

Then, tell us-- what were the key omissions in that story.

Veronica thinks hard on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. DORM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT.

66

Anthony, Seth, and Chris all slowly back away from Veronica brandishing the shotgun.

ANTHONY

Fucking batshit insane cunt--

Veronica lets loose a **WARNING SHOT** with a massive **BANG!**

Anthony, Seth and Chris nearly shit themselves.

Claire looks at the hole in the ceiling, reeling from the ringing in her ears...

Chris rushes at her, after the shotgun--

Veronica BLASTS him away, striking his ribcage, pelvis, and thigh.

Anthony and Seth both catch pellets on their arms and shoulders. Seth catches one on the CHEEK, too. He scatters out the door.

SETH
Oh, holy fuck!

Chris backs away, clutching at his side. Screaming as he realizes the damage done.

Adrenaline takes over Anthony as he rushes to him, picks him up, helps him limp out the door.

ANTHONY
Fucking crazy ass bitch!

Veronica looks in pure horror at what she's done. She drops the shotgun, then to her knees. Shaking.

Claire stands in utter disbelief. Dumbfounded. She slides down to the floor with her, caresses her.

TRANSFORM INTO:

67 INT. "THE BOX" - PRESENT.

67

CARVER
You see the problem with this, don't you?

VERONICA
No, I'm sorry, I fail to see it. Help shed some light.

CRATES
You could go away for several decades. This is even putting aside the murder we're investigating.

BILL
Can we stay on topic, please?

CARVER
At this point, it's only a matter of how long you go away. Not how. Not why.

CRATES

We need you to understand-- even if these are somehow talked down to manslaughter--

CARVER

Which they wouldn't.

BILL

Hey, we can always work out a deal.

CRATES

They wouldn't-- but... if you got the lighter sentence for any one of these individual assaults...

CARVER

You won't see the outside of a prison. For the remainder of your time on Earth. And we would make sure of it.

BILL

(to Veronica)

Don't say anything.

(to Detectives)

We'll talk this out and get back to you.

Veronica ponders this as the walls of her mind close in on her.

68 INT. LAW OFFICE - LATER

68

Anthony's PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (40s) allows Anthony and Seth to file in his office after him.

This Prosecutor is JIMMY. He's suave, slimy, and calculated.

He swings around his desk and plops in his seat. Anthony and Seth rest in the seats before him.

JIMMY

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

ANTHONY

What do you mean? She's going away for life.

JIMMY

This bitch could walk.

ANTHONY

Excuse me?

JIMMY

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. What else did my dad hire you for?

Jimmy shakes his head, frustratingly. Scratches his forehead.

JIMMY

If you really want to put her away, Chris has to go.

Anthony perks up. Seth is shocked as well.

JIMMY

We'll hit her with murder three. Then we're talking decades in the pen.

Beat.

SETH

What do you mean, Chris has to go?

JIMMY

I don't have time to spell things out for you. You're a college student, you figure it out.

ANTHONY

You said we could get her for life!

JIMMY

(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

That's bullshit! We need to go for the throat or not at all. Otherwise, what's the--

JIMMY

I'm telling you, the higher we go, the less likely it is to get a conviction. We have to get them to believe it beyond a reasonable doubt.

SETH

So, what do you suppose we do then?

Seth particularly dreads hearing the answer to this. Jimmy throws a knowing glance to Anthony.

JIMMY

Your father is well-connected, Anthony.

ANTHONY

I can have him pull some strings. What do you want me to do, exactly?

JIMMY

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

Anthony may have gotten the message that time around.

69 INT. INMATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM - DAY.

69

Bill picks up the phone with Veronica on the other side of the glass.

BILL

How ya holdin' up?

VERONICA

Like the leaning tower of shit.

Bill can't help but laugh that one off.

BILL

I'm gonna get right to it. And I'll leave out the bullshit. Best case, I can talk you down to fifteen. Three counts of assault. Drop you down from murder three. Which is what they're aiming to charge you with.

VERONICA

No chance of something better?

BILL

They want you to hang. They can prove intent. Premeditation. I'm decent but I'm no Houdini lawyer, Ronny.

VERONICA

I really appreciate all that you're doing, Mr. Walsh.

BILL

You can call me Bill, you know. Hey. Chin up, kid. You'll thrive in there. I know you're strong. You fucked up those charlatans, didn't ya?

VERONICA

(lightly chuckles)

Thank you. You're the best.

BILL

Head on a swivel. But remember to sleep.

They both hang up. Bill motions for the guard. Veronica sits in silent reflection a moment.

70 INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY

70

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.

CLAIRE

Well, I suppose you achieved both.

VERONICA

Okay. You're right. No one had to die.
And no one did. So, I should be in the
clear.

CLAIRE

You'd better hope Chris makes a full
recovery.

Veronica throws her a mean mug.

CLAIRE

Have you heard anything new?

VERONICA

Supposedly, Anthony has this hot-shit
lawyer.

CLAIRE

You're lucky my dad offers pro-bono
for family.

VERONICA

I owe him the world, jail time or not.

CLAIRE

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

VERONICA

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

CLAIRE

No chance at any backroom deals--?

VERONICA

Hope and pray for a miracle and a
half. Make amends with a higher power.

Claire can't muster a response.

VERONICA

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.

A PRISON GUARD spies them--

PRISON GUARD
No touching!

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

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

Claire fights through her emotions.

CLAIRE
We don't know that for sure.

Beat.

VERONICA
See you in court, yeah?

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

71 INT. COURT ROOM - LATER

71

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

An exceedingly nervous Veronica stands next to Bill with his best poker face.

On the other side of the aisle, Jimmy 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

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

Due to the particularly heinous nature of this crime, 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.)

The gallery is hereby dismissed. The Jury may file out shortly after. This hearing is adjourned.

Jimmy emphatically shakes Anthony's hand. Seth offers no handshake.

The Defense Attorney attempts to console Veronica to no avail.

72 INT. LAW OFFICE - LATER

72

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

Jimmy grabs a bottle of SCOTCH along with three glasses.

Anthony grabs a seat. He's on cloud nine. Seth inches into his seat.

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

ANTHONY

You worked that room like a magician.
Well played, Jimmy.

Jimmy passes him a glass.

JIMMY

We always had her.

Anthony lets out a sigh of relief.

ANTHONY

So, what's next?

JIMMY

Well? What are you waiting for? Drink up!

Seth is shaking his head.

SETH

It's not enough.

Jimmy tries to offer Seth a glass. He declines.

JIMMY

What do you mean?

ANTHONY

She's put away, Seth. How much more can we want?

SETH

We need to make sure she has no chance of finishing what she started.

Jimmy and Anthony scoff.

JIMMY

I did my part. Got her the maximum sentence. How about some gratitude?

SETH

All I'm saying, is if she gets out, we will have a repeat of that night in my

apartment. But this time, there will be some finality to it.

ANTHONY

There won't be a chance at that because she won't make it out of--

JIMMY

(halting Anthony)

What are you suggesting we do, Seth?

Jimmy may have received that message telepathically. Anthony doesn't know what to make of this. Seth doesn't hide his fear well.

73 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 73

Veronica sits alone in her cell. Pondering. She is alone in her thoughts. Dangerous.

SNAP CUT TO:

74 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK 74

Veronica is thrown into the ditch.

75 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DITCH - CONTINUOUS 75

She hits the ditch with a THUD. She is looking quite rough. She's not with it at all...

SNAP BACK TO:

76 INT. PRISON CELL - PRESENT 76

Veronica struggles with these memories. Memories that she technically does not have, but haunt her nonetheless.

She leans out from her bed, sitting with her elbows on her knees. Her hands digging into her hair. Traumatized.

77 EXT. DITCH - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS 77

Seth suddenly swings with the crowbar and delivers a blow to Steve's head. This sends Steve into the ditch right next to Veronica.

Some kind of object lands on the ground next to him. Barely noticeable...

Veronica can barely lift herself off the ground. She looks

into Steve's lifeless eyes, but does not recognize what's going on.

A presence lurks behind her...

SNAP BACK TO:

78 INT. PRISON CELL - PRESENT

78

A GRUMPY PRISON GUARD suddenly knocks on the bars of her cell with his baton.

The noise snaps Veronica back into the real world.

GRUMPY PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
Hutchinson. You've got a visitor.
Let's move it.

Veronica comes to, away from her own personal Hell. But she has the realization: she's still in one...

79 INT. CONJUGAL VISITATION ROOM - LATER

79

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
You're gonna have to help me out. I don't hear the latest gossip anymore.

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 have to own this. I deserve what's
come to me.

CLAIRE

(stern)

No one deserves what happened to you.
To us.

Beat.

VERONICA

What are you trying to say, then?

Claire shrugs.

CLAIRE

I'm saying...they may have had
something to do with his death.

VERONICA

It's hard to imagine they'd kill their
own friend. You're sure he didn't just
die from when I blew him away with a
12 gauge?

CLAIRE

Is it that hard to see? 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. Might as well be the
scapegoat.

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. I can't have
you talking like that.

VERONICA

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

CLAIRE

Because they cheated the system. We
need to 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.

80 INT. MORGUE - LATER

80

An apathetic MORTICIAN (30s) works on Chris' corpse. Crates
appears in the doorway.

The Mortician barely acknowledges her presence. Crates creeps
closer.

The Mortician does not raise his head from his clipboard.

MORTICIAN

I don't much care for hovering,
detective.

CRATES

It's fascinating work.

The Mortician is still scribbling away.

MORTICIAN

I'm sure you didn't come to simply
remark on that.

Mortician thinks on that a moment before begrudgingly nodding
his head towards Chris' corpse. Crates hovers over his dead
body.

CRATES

The question's on everyone's minds.
How'd he kick the proverbial bucket?

The Mortician grumbles, sighs.

MORTICIAN

Asphyxiation.

Crates is taken aback.

CRATES

I was under the impression he was cut
in half by buckshot.

MORTICIAN

(sighs)

In my expert opinion, he could have
made a full recovery. But this man was
suffocated. No complications with the
gunshot wound whatsoever. Yes, the GSW
landed him in intensive care. No, it
did not kill him. Ultimately.

CRATES

That's a curious thing.

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

MORTICIAN

That seems to fall under your
umbrella, detective.

Crates glances back as she shuffles out the door.

CRATES

Thanks for the info.

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

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

81 INT. PRISON YARD - DAY

81

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.

A CREEPY INMATE appears at Veronica's side. Veronica takes a moment before she glances up at her. We'll call her RUTH (30s). She has lifeless eyes and could use some sleep.

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

VERONICA

Can I help you?

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

The shank digs deep into her side. Veronica shrieks.

Veronica clutches at her side and slumps to the ground and tries to crawl away--

Ruth dives on top of her going in for another stab--

Veronica pushes up on her face, she battles for the shank.

Ruth jabs--

--Veronica blocks it. She takes her head and hits it into the picnic table.

Ruth lunges again--

--Veronica KICKS HER IN THE FACE.

Ruth staggers backwards and is CAUGHT swiftly by A GUARD.

Veronica applies pressure to the wound. She starts to fade...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

She just got fucking stabbed in the prison courtyard with a goddamn 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.

82 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER.

82

Carver and Crates speak to Claire behind their desks.

CARVER

There's nothing that links them. It could have been anyone who stabbed her.

CRATES

What do you expect us to do?

CLAIRE

I don't know, maybe not suck at your job?

CARVER

Okay, listen-- calm down--

CLAIRE

Don't tell me to be calm! You fucked over my friend and now you're leaving her to die in a prison hospital!

CRATES

Lou, let me handle this.

Crates pulls Claire aside.

CRATES

Listen, it's Claire, right?

Claire nods as tears stream down her face.

CRATES

Claire... these sorts of things happen. I believe you. None of this has felt right from the start. So, let me handle this. I will follow up on it myself. Okay?

Crates guides her out of the office. Claire wipes the tears off her cheeks as she slinks away.

She takes her seat back behind the desk. Carver stares her down.

CARVER

Don't tell me you made promises we
can't keep.

Crates shakes her head.

CRATES

All we have to do is look. Let's make
an effort. Least we can do.

Carver leans back in his chair.

83 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY 83

Veronica lies on a hospital bed attached to an EKG and an IV.
She is unconscious but breathing.

84 INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 84

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

I've been working on my plan to get
you out of here.

She lightly chuckles to herself.

CLAIRE

Progress is slow, though. But I'm sure
you knew that.

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

CLAIRE

We're gonna Shawshank this shit. Just
you watch. But, I'm gonna need you to
hang in for me. You've fought for this
long, I can't have you tossing in the

towel on me. We're warriors, you and I. Some more than others.

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.

85 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

85

Jimmy is engaged with busy work. Overwhelmed, actually.

There's a sudden ring of the phone. Jimmy snags it and props it on his head with his shoulder.

JIMMY
James Ward speaking.

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

JIMMY
It's been handled.

INTERCUT:

86 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

86

Anthony relaxing on his couch, cell phone in hand.

ANTHONY
What's been handled? What does that mean?

87 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

87

JAMES
You know what it means.

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

JAMES
Not over the phone, you fuckin' moron.

88 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

88

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.

89 INT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

89

This pause is longer than Anthony would like.

JAMES

It's not. And you don't.

90 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

90

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?

91 INT. VERONICA'S INFIRMARY ROOM - DAY

91

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
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
Guys.
(she lightly chuckles)
Never thought I'd say this.
(scoffs)
The chick to dude ratio is completely
lopsided.

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
What's wrong?

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

Veronica perks up.

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

VERONICA
Oh, no. You thinking. That's
dangerous.

Claire can't help but laugh, but takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

I've been taught all my life I'm supposed to like it. 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 them get away with this shit.

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

CLAIRE

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 buries her head into Veronica's warm embrace. She can't help but let the waterworks flow.

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.

92 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY.

92

Crates struts up to a SECURITY GUARD.

CRATES

I'm gonna need to see all the footage from your surveillance cameras.

The SECURITY GUARD glares her up and down.

93 INT. SECURITY ROOM - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER. 93

The SECURITY GUARD and Crates watch a BLACK and WHITE GRAINY VIDEO of CHRIS in a hospital bed.

CCTV FACE: A HITMAN signs in at a desk.

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

The Hitman wraps Chris' OXYGEN TUBES around his throat until all the life and air escape him.

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

END CCTV VIEW.

Crates tries to believe what she's seeing...

94 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - DAY 94

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 DETECTIVE CARVER on either side. DETECTIVE CRATES shoves a warrant in Seth's face. The OTHER TWO OFFICERS brush past Seth as they invite themselves in.

95 EXT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 95

DETECTIVES CARVER and CRATES blow past the Secretary's desk outside of James' office, completely ignoring her. She looks on in terror.

They BANG on James' office door.

96 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 96

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.

97 INT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 97

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...

98 INT. PRISON - DAY. 98

The jail cell opens for Veronica. Bill is on the outside waiting, flanked by GUARDS.

BILL

Seems someone on the outside really likes you.

Veronica approaches him. The guards escort them towards freedom.

VERONICA

How'd you manage that?

They walk and talk.

BILL

I had to pull off some backdoor bullshit. You know how it is.

Veronica shakes him off, waits for the real answer.

BILL

They connected the hitman at the hospital to Anthony's father. And your would-be killer in here. Just didn't sit right with the judge, what all happened to you. Didn't take much convincing. He didn't bat an eye at just letting you go. Self defense against your assailants should've been

enough, but... you know.

VERONICA

I can't thank you enough.

BILL

I'd do anything for Claire's sister,
which you are.

Bill wraps his arm around her. She embraces him. They both strut out the prison hallway.

99 EXT. PRISON GATE - MORNING

99

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

There's more people to thank.

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.

VERONICA

Seems I owe your dad the world.

CLAIRE

This doesn't mean you get to fuck him, you know.

Veronica loses it as they continue their trek towards freedom. They interlock hands.

100 EXT. PRISON - MOMENTS LATER.

100

Veronica and Claire make for the parking lot, before they are confronted by--

DETECTIVES CARVER and CRATES.

CLAIRE

Officers.

VERONICA

Would you give us a minute?

Claire nods, heads for the car. She looks back to make sure she's okay. She is.

CARVER

How you holding up?

VERONICA

I've had better days. But-- I'll take my wins when I can get them.

CRATES

We're sorry we didn't believe you.

Veronica's eyes well up.

CARVER

You know how it is. It's a tricky

process.

VERONICA

Tricky.

(tries to laugh through the tears)

That's good.

CARVER

We just wanted to see that you made
it.

VERONICA

Barely.

CRATES

Listen, um... I don't know if this is
what you want to hear right now,
but... we found a, um-- condom.

101 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DITCH - FLASHBACK.

101

Crates spies a suspicious DIRT CLOD poking up from the
ground.

She carefully approaches it, kneels down, digs it up.

Crates tweezers up--

A USED CONDOM.

Crates carefully places it in an evidence sealed bag.

102 EXT. PRISON GATE - PRESENT.

102

Carver doesn't look her in the eye. Crates looks upon
Veronica with admiration.

CARVER

We're working on a match as we speak.

CRATES

Those monsters will be in the
database. Count on it.

VERONICA

That all sounds nice. But... I just
want my life back. That's all.

Beat.

CRATES

We cannot apologize enough.

VERONICA

Can you please...just-- make sure that something like this never happens again?

Veronica brushes on by them.

CRATES

Veronica.

She hesitantly turns back to them.

CRATES

You had the courage to do something, I'm not sure I could have done.

Veronica nods, joins Claire in the car. The detectives both give her a knowing glance. Claire can only glare.

103 EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

103

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

I was just let out of prison. Not without a bunch of help.

(sniffles)

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

I know we weren't always the best. If we could've made it through-- even if

we didn't...I still-- no matter what...somewhere inside of me I'd find the love for you. It's always been there, and I don't think it'll ever go away.

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

VERONICA

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

Veronica is overcome with emotion.

VERONICA

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

(shaking her head)

This all just-- got away from us.

She wipes a tear away.

VERONICA

(scoffs)

It's funny in a fucked up sorta way, people telling you how the worst night of your life went down. Isn't it?

(beat)

I love you, Stevie. I really do.

Veronica wipes her eyes as she reaches out and touches the tombstone.

VERONICA

And I feel like I always will. I'll make sure I keep a piece of you with me.

She rises, but still stands imposing over the grave.

VERONICA

And I promise I won't forget you. Or what-- **I know**...you did for me.

She composes herself. She nods, looks to the sky, knowingly. Veronica wipes a tear away, and shuffles her way over to Claire.

The wrap their arms around each other as they venture on out of the graveyard. The two lean on each other, and pace away hand in hand as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: *NIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN*

THE END.