

Something Borrowed,
an
Original Screenplay
by
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INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

A large dining room. Old world. The wainscoting and elaborate chair rail set a Victorian styling. A large candelabra sits atop a magnificent dining table, very large it seats 12. The dozens of candles illuminate the room with an amber hue.

LIZ (V.O.)

My name is Elizabeth Brooks.

Years of candle soot have darkened the ceiling. On the walls, it has stained the clouds of the painted landscapes dark and ominous.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm five foot six.

Near us, the table linen sits clumped on the plate.

At the far end side sits DOCTOR EMERSON GRICK. Even from here we can tell he is quite up in years.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A hundred and fifteen pounds.

He sits in a wooden wheelchair, brass adornments, teak armrests, fine tailored upholstery. Something rarely seen anymore, it is one from the past.

Dressed in his tuxedo, it is as stunning as the day it was tailored.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Twenty six years old.

At the head of the table sits his BRIDE. Her wedding gown very full and elaborate. The thick veil just as ornate. The fire place behind makes it glow. Her face a mere shadow behind.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pretty sure I'm still single -- for the moment.

Close up on DR GRICK

His withered eyes magnified behind the thick glasses. Leathery skin and thin scraggly hair paint a picture of his antiquity.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And shortly I could be dead.

His giddy chuckle and beaming smile are a stark contrast to his corpse like face. He leans forward, points in an old photo album atop the table.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But don't worry. There might still
be some time left.

Spectacular photos of a young couple. Exceptional backdrops, various wonders of the world set their surroundings.

His frail fingers turn the pages. He acts as joyful as he has ever been. Pointing at a photo, the young couple stands overlooking the edge of a plateau. The clouds far below them. He looks at her.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because, really -- This is a love
story.

He leans back in his chair, his hands gesture a drifting motion.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not MY kind of love story.

His eyes peer into the shadow within the veil.

A soft moan, her head wavers. Her hand reaches up to the table. He looks close at her, the curious concern shows in his eyes.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
More the kind from nightmares.

A beat

His eyes wander to the empty champagne glass in front of her.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not sure I remember the difference.

He grabs the glass, twisting in his chair he waves it about, clearly calling for someone.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It is kind of touching though. This
old man.

His butler's outfit very smart and proper, CRAIG walks through the door. His face is fairly average, pretty much a lost in the crowd kind of guy.

His greasy bangs hanging in his eyes make him look more nerdish and uncouth than anything else. No matter though, he still has that sense of "creepy" to his smirk, but just slightly.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Going to such great lengths to impress
 his bride on their anniversary.

He approaches them.

Dr Grick twists around looking, waves the glass. He mouths the words, "More champagne Craig."

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That takes commitment -- All those
 years.

Craig pours into Dr Grick's glass. Walks around to fill her's, it sits untouched on the table. Dr Grick smiles delighted, raises his glass up.

He reaches out, gently clinks his glass against hers.

DR GRICK
 To us. Another glorious year.

A sip of champagne. He relaxes back in his chair, the Fatigue showing. He bats his eyes, covers his mouth hiding his yawn.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Loving each other.

The clock chimes to announce the hour.

Dr Grick sets his glass on the table, he stares into her eyes. Her head moving under the veil. Craig crosses the room behind them. The mood set into motion.

The chimes stop, fading into.

A beat of silence before. The gong strikes.

GONG

Close on Dr Grick, he turns around. We lead his trek through the room.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Me personally, I couldn't love him.

GONG

Her soft moan growing distant behind him.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's not that he's old. I'm sure in
his day he was handsome.

GONG

Close on Craig, he stands behind the Bride. His eyes lower
from Dr Grick to the Bride.

GONG

The clock's gong slowing, time expanding, movements lingering.
Her head slowly turns.

GONG

Across the room, Dr Grick nears the doorway. The Bride's
head slowly turning beneath the veil.

GONG

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just not my type I guess.

Craig stares into the fireplace behind. An old machete,
brown from aged rust, It glows a dull red hanging in a cradle
of chain above the flames.

GONG

He reaches for the machete. The steel RINGS against the
chains as he withdraws it.

GONG

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I like my men a little less...

Her head wobbling, she whimpers beneath the veil, almost
expectant.

GONG

Crag walks behind her, holds the machete outward. Its heat
rippling the air above.

GONG

Her head sways, dread seeping through the sedatives. Her
whimpers turning to cries.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Well -- less of a murdering psycho.

GONG

Craig stands behind her, her head turning. He raises the machete. Takes a firm stance he lines it up with her shoulder. He pulls it back high above him.

Black

GONG

The WHOOSH of the machete slicing air, the blade rings.

Stark against the black, the veil. Her head presumably within, floats slowly past.

The veil sparkles into -- A flying shot. The city lights twinkle. Above the roof tops, people and cars below. Sinking lower and lower to the street.

We slow, ending in front of a dive bar. The cliché neon sign buzzes in the window.

"UP CHUCK'S"

EXT. UP CHUCK'S -- NIGHT (TODAY)

The door flies open, the tangled mass of bodies busts out onto the sidewalk. Struggling in the grip of the LARGE BARTENDER the DRUNKEN PATRON kicks and flails.

A PETITE TROLLOP clammers behind, if she's not a call girl she certainly looks like one. Her tiny fist beating on the bartender's back does little to bother him.

PETITE TROLLOP

Put him down!

The Bartender shoves him away. The drunken patron swings his arms, either to catch his balance or blindly attempt to hit at him. Neither is working as he stumbles to the sidewalk.

The Trollop clacks her way to the drunken patron. Her excessively high heels make her gate unnatural and clumsy. She wipes the blood from his lip.

PETITE TROLLOP (CONT'D)

Oh baby. Come here, look at me.

He struggles to get a grasp on the situation. Brushes his hair from his face. She fusses over his battered face, looks back at the bartender.

PETITE TROLLOP (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole. We're gonna sue this place.

(MORE)

PETITE TROLLOP (CONT'D)

(turns back)

Come on baby.

Still dazed, he staggers, even slouched he towers over her tiny frame. She struggles to hold him up, her zigzagging prance comical.

He swiftly bends over to vomit on the side walk. He drops to his knees, she leaps away.

PETITE TROLLOP (CONT'D)

Shit!

Rushing close, she repeatedly slaps his back. He heaves even harder. His eyes bulging he coughs and chokes.

The Bartender stands amused.

INT. UP CHUCK'S -- CONTINUOUS

It's Smoky, kind of crowded.

Filled with the typical bar flies, they almost seem ordered from some catalog. The BIG FAT GUY in the corner needing a shave. The OLD SKINNY WOMAN in the short skirt, twenty years past her prime. Standard BUSINESSMAN. Well groomed, great suit, face down, passed out on the bar.

LIZ, 26, sits on a bar stool, legs crossed. Her dirty blonde eye brows, a subtle hint that her long black hair might not belong. Her face clutches to it's youth, but the heavy eye shadow can't hide the temper in her eyes.

Her trashy high heels and tiny skirt make her legs look deceivingly long. Seated high on the bar stool her five and a half foot frame appears much taller to the longing eye.

Her thoughts deafen the noise.

LIZ (V.O.)

I used to hate these places. Typical city bar, a dive to most. The stench of alcohol fermenting in the garbage cans permeates the air. That recognizable smell that burns your nose with every sobering breath. All the more reason to leave sobriety at the door. Wish "I" could.

She gazes at her reflection between the rows of liquor bottles.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They all have the same mirror. You know the kind. They put it there so you can watch your life deteriorate deeper into depravity -- Drink more.

She stares into the amber liquor in the shot glass. Swallows it down.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tonight's indulgences, tomorrow's regrets. Gives you something to wake up to.

Her face turns, distracted by a QUARREL in the back.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lovers spat? Good for them. It's what keeps them together -- Me, I'm not here for that. Not tonight's lover, not a soul mate. Not looking for anyone like that -- I'm here to find that person your mother warned you about -- Whoever that is.

Her face locked forward in an indifferent stare, she sits in her solitude among the crowd at the bar.

Holding up her empty shot glass, she waves it to the bartender.

With his drink clutched. A CREEPY DUDE swaggers between the other intoxicants, his many gaudy rings tapping the glass. Gaunt face and the cheap suit, he's overly confident.

He pushes his way in and sits next to her. He gives her the once over.

CREEPY DUDE

Hi.

She rolls the shot glass between her fingers. Steely eyed, she stares through the amber liquid. Tosses the shot back.

CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

He's here for a two minute companion, depending on the price.

CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

Let me buy you another.

The ice clanks in his glass as he waves it to the bartender.

CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

 I'll have another one of these. And
 for the lady?

She sets the shot glass top down on the bar. Suave as usual,
he raises his glass to her.

 CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

 Here's to a couple of strangers who
 meet in the night.

Her reflection stares back between the bottles. He runs his
hand across her leg, gives it a squeeze.

 CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

 What do you say we get out of here?
 I got more for you to swallow.

Her eyes lower.

 LIZ

 They tell me it's hard to get rings
 off of broken fingers.

He leans back, raises his hands in surrender.

 CREEPY DUDE

 Ok, ok. I get it. No business in
 the bar.

Quick to recover, he slurps back his drink.

 CREEPY DUDE (CONT'D)

 You got a place? There's a room in
 the back.

Standing slow she crowds into him. He spills his drink
grabbing for the bar. Eyes locked on his face, she tosses a
bill on the bar.

He ogles her strut toward the door.

EXT. UP CHUCK'S -- CONTINUOUS

Liz steps out onto the sidewalk, glares up one way, then the
other.

Cars cruising, the night owls roaming, creepers and
businessmen alike wander the sidewalk.

Straight from some prostitute's handbook, her saunter gives
a better view of the alluring outfit. Her heels clack the
sidewalk.

With a gaping yawn she leans back against the store's front.

A car stops in front of her, sleepy eyes tearing she focuses to get a good look at him.

CHEATING HUBBY leans to the window, with a lusty smile he waves her over.

She approaches the lowering window, eyes widening, her pace slows, she spies his face closely.

She leans into his window, her cold stare straight into his face. He smiles back with a smarmy twinkle in his eye.

CHEATING HUBBY

Date?

A beat, the disappointment in her face showing.

LIZ

Your kids know you're here?

Taken aback he becomes defensive.

CHEATING HUBBY

Fuck do you care.

She stares straight at him.

LIZ

Wife gonna be happy with V D instead of milk?

She starts to walk away, turning she barks back.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Go home asshole.

Her leer piercing back at him, she walks back to the wall.

His car slowly creeping away, his retreat cut short by the eager pair of "LADIES" waving. They clamber into his car. Brake lights dimming he speeds off.

She smirks at their noisy cackling and laughter. She leans back against the store front. Her face showing her fatigue. She scratches her head, the wig shifts revealing a glimpse of her real hair.

Eyes tearing she looks down the street, the faded memory fills her mind.

A beat

She jumps with the car horn's BEEP.

The black sedan sits at the curb, the man, (PROBY) inside staring out at her.

Liz stands a moment, contemplates. Her face showing the concern of being followed. She snatches up her bag, walks down the sidewalk. The car inches along following her. She glances back. The window rolls down.

PROBY
Get in the car.

Her face locked forward, she ignores him. Her strut clacks resolute.

PROBY (CONT'D)
Get in!

LIZ
No!

He whips the steering wheel hard toward her. Guns it. The car lurches up the curb, looks like he is about to run her down. She turns and jumps. Surprised. Her eyes stunned. The tires squeal with the sudden stop.

He jumps from the car. He's quite tall. Well groomed, his afro tight and sleek, nice suit. His tie's loosened, it's flamboyant design stands out. His jacket waves with his quick gate.

She quickly turns, her noisy dash echoing off the buildings, she peers back. His long stride catching her fast. He grabs her arm, his grasp firm but gentle, he stops her. Turns her around to face him.

Their determined stare locked on each other.

PROBY
Get in the car!

LIZ
No!

PROBY
Get in the car!

LIZ
Let me go.

She looks away, jerks her arm. She's not getting loose of his grip.

PROBY
Come on.

His strength makes her float across the sidewalk leading her on. He opens the door, gently guides her in. Walks around, glances at the tire up on the curb. Rounds the other side.

PROBY (CONT'D)

You know you shouldn't be out here.

She leans out the window, slowly inching her way up.

LIZ

Nice tie.

He glances down.

PROBY

I like it.

Reaching for his door handle, he points, watching her sneaky attempt to climb out the window.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Don't you even climb out. Don't.

Opens the door getting in.

PROBY (CONT'D)

You know I'll just chase you down
and put you in the trunk if I have
to.

INT. PROBY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The car starts, squeals back off the curb. He stops fast tossing them back. Shifts gears, lunges forward. He stares at her the whole time.

PROBY

Miniskirt -- Stilettos -- does that
eye shadow glow in the dark?

She gives him a leer.

PROBY (CONT'D)

You ever think about a different
line of work?

LIZ

I'm not working.

He shakes his head.

PROBY

I get hundreds of degenerates across
my desk every year.

(MORE)

PROBY (CONT'D)

Here comes this little white bred
suburbanite girl -- not even so
much as a parking ticket.

He stares at her. She stares out the window.

PROBY (CONT'D)

It don't fit. I don't see this career
choice working for you.

LIZ

I'm a grown up.

PROBY

You don't know what you're doing out
here. These streets are no place
for you.

LIZ

How do you know my place?

He makes a left turn. Her head scanning around.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

PROBY

Taking you home.

She pulls at the door handle, it does nothing. Toggles the
lock switch, nothing

LIZ

Let me out.

He smirks. Turns on the radio, smooth jazz. She's not
impressed.

PROBY

I'm taking you home.

LIZ

I'm not going home.

PROBY

What are you going to do, jump out
doing forty?

LIZ

Maybe.

PROBY

Hey if it keeps you off the streets,
be my guest.

LIZ

Let me out.

PROBY

Not going to.

She reaches across his lap, he pushes back into the seat backing away. She toggles his side lock switch. His unlocks, her's, doesn't move. Locked. She leans back, his startled look hinting a subtle arousal.

LIZ

That's cute. Open the door.

PROBY

I'm taking you home.

She leers at him, shaking her head defiant.

LIZ

I'll just walk back.

PROBY

Well then -- Perhaps a night in jail.

LIZ

For what?

He smiles, swaying to the groove of the song.

PROBY

What else?

LIZ

You wouldn't -- You know that means jail.

He smirks at her, her gaze cuts through him.

PROBY

That's one solution.

LIZ

Fine, be a prick, take me home.

PROBY

Glad you see it my way.

LIZ

You can't watch me forever.

PROBY

But I can today.

LIZ
Why's today special?

PROBY
Don't play stupid, you know exactly
what today is.

She stares out the window, her voice shallow.

LIZ
No I don't.
(points)
Turn up here.

He gives her a curious leer, silence. She turns to him.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I live on Parker.

PROBY
Since when?

LIZ
You're not very good at this spying
thing are you?

PROBY
I don't like this -- You're just
going to go back.

LIZ
Yep, you're right. I might.

PROBY
Liz -- look you're not trained for
this stuff, leave it to the
detectives, would ya. I can only
cover you so far.

LIZ
I have my own way of finding what I
want.

A beat, she leers over at him.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Do you know what's wrong with
detectives?

He looks at her curious, nodding.

LIZ (CONT'D)
They're the good guys. Good guys
know good guy stuff.
(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

(turns away)

For the bad guys. You need a demon
to catch a demon.

PROBY

(becoming more ethnic)

Since when did you become a demon?
Little white girl demon -- Shaking
in my boots -- Lordy help me.

(chuckles)

Here comes the white devil. Actually
that sounds pretty good.

LIZ

Fuck you.
(motions)
Right here.

She points, his face a little perplexed, he squints.

PROBY

Shit -- Could you pick a worse
neighborhood? Your dad know you're
here? -- Half my vics live around
here. -- Think I should stop in and
say hello?

LIZ

You did with me.

PROBY

Maybe it's just that white girl thang --
huh?

LIZ

Funny.

He pulls to the side stopping at the curb. She glances at
him, gets out.

EXT. SEEDY APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

PROBY

Look miss demon, you're such a bad
ass.

He reaches over, pops open the glove box, pulls out a pistol.
Hands it toward her. She leans back into the window.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Here shoot me.

LIZ

What?

PROBY

Shoot me -- Take this gat -- pop a couple caps in my ass -- no one will be the wiser.

He gives her a cocky stare. She reaches out and takes the pistol. She aims it at him.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Bad ass.

She stares him down, the gun nearly fumbling in her hands. A bead of sweat rolls down his temple. She slowly lowers the gun. Points it at the radio. She takes aims, pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

His eyebrow peaked, he stares. Her gaze still lock to his eyes.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Were you going to shoot my radio?

She stares at him. Raises an eyebrow.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Did you really think I would hand you a loaded gun?

She gives it a close look, inaptly pulls back the slide. She smirks half amused

LIZ

Can I keep this?

He reaches and snatches it from her.

PROBY

No! You can't keep it -- You won't need it -- You're going home.

She gives him the middle finger, turns and walks away.

LIZ

I get a comedian proby. Get some different music.

He leans toward the window, yells out.

PROBY

Liz -- Quit looking for this guy --
Get off the streets, go back home.
(MORE)

PROBY (CONT'D)

Be happy, raise a of couple kids --
grow old with your husband -- or
wife.

She struts toward the building.

LIZ

Sounds like fun -- How about you
worry about your degenerates, and
I'll worry about my bad ass demon
self ok?

PROBY

You're no demon, Liz. It won't end
well. Next time I turn you in -- No
more favors.

She waves, her back to him, she walks off.

PROBY (CONT'D)

Farewell Elizabeth Brooks.

He waves back driving off, shakes his head.

Fade

INT. DINGY LAB

Pull back from the open horn of an old Victrola.

It breathes tinny music through the air. The room is dank
and grungy, the cobwebs and dust evidence to the neglect and
atrophy.

The rows of bookshelves, filled with journals, their bindings
tattered. Strips of their once polished leather dangle from
them. Untouched for ages, their elegant gold lettering faded.

Dr Grick, hovers over the old desk. Surrounded by antiquated
surgical equipment long unused. His finger nails, long,
yellowed, lead his eyes across the pages of the journal.
The faded hand writing fills every inch of the page.

His head leans back, quivers. He slumps back in the chair,
his face fatigued he wheezes. His quivering hand reaches
up, he rubs his eyes.

His hand shakes as he reaches for the wheels. His arms
rubbery, he rolls across the room, his breathing heavy and
slow.

The hundreds of jars and vials fill the large apothecary
cabinet, labels of every sort and size cover their contents.
Some printed, some hand written, a smorgasbord of drugs.

His eyes squint as his hand waves across searching, reaches for the vial. He brings it close to his glasses. His other hand searches across the counter top.

The vial shatters on the floor. He looks down, his head trembling. His breath heavy.

Laboring he wheels himself across the room. An old painting. The woman lovely. Her clothing evidence of a distant time. Struggling to stand, his frailty wobbles his leg.

His fingers dig at the framework. It pivots from the wall The safe behind, hidden from sight.

His crooked fingers fumble the dial. Left. Right. Left... CLICK.

His fingers wrap around the lever.

CLANK.

His eyes twinkle with the opening safe.

The weight of the large satin bag burdens his arms. His legs twitch, his feet scuffle back. He struggles, flops back into the chair.

He clings tight to the heavy object. The chair rolling he lay his head on top. His eyes closed, enveloped in his distant thoughts. He rocks in the chair. His eyebrows peaked, his chin quivers.

Fade

A long beat

The gurney BANGS and CLANKS through the opening doorway. The VICTIM, strapped tight flails. He pulls against the heavy straps, his mouth tightly gagged, it muffles his distress.

Craig pushes, he sweats profusely. Gazes at Dr Grick.

CRAIG

Shit.

The victim eyes Dr Grick, his thrashing intense. Craig struggles to keep the gurney on course.

He shoves the gurney into the grungy room, it bangs against the wall. Craig slams the door shut, more of a ships bulkhead than a door, he spins the handle.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Damn it, I can't leave you alone.
You can't wait so long.

Craig slips the Satin bag from under Dr Grick's head. He slips it back into the safe.

Dr Grick's head bobbles as Craig wheels him to the counter. His tongue hangs, his eyes blinking.

Craig fills the syringe with the liquid from one of the dozen vials.

He kneels beside the groggy Dr Grick, his eyes rolling. Craig stares down, his face scrunched, he looks back up at Dr Grick.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We need thicker needles.

He places the syringe on the counter. Dr Grick's head pitches back, his mouth opens, throat gurgles.

Craig grabs a cotton ball, dips it into the alcohol jar, looks down. Rubbing it on Dr Grick's arm, he pinches his skin. Deep black, his arm leathery, the scarring stretches its entire length.

Dr Grick levels his head, his tremors stop, his eyes open. The veins in his eyes pulsing, cutting right through us the rage glowing in his pupils.

DR GRICK

It's fine.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- LATER

Craig's face. He stands behind Dr Grick, his hand rests on his shoulder. A syringe still poised in his fingers.

Dr Grick sits attentive in his wheelchair. His face surprisingly bright. Full of life, almost hinting a memory of youthful eagerness.

They watch, frozen, waiting.

The victim lies on the wooden table. His arms and legs tied tight. The ropes stretch to the corners of the table. His mouth gagged, his nostrils flare with ever labored breath. His eyes watch them intently.

Craig looks at his watch. Glancing as Dr Grick sits forward in his chair. His legs twitching. He bops like a child awaiting a present.

DR GRICK
Time

CRAIG
Two fifty

Dr Grick raises his hand to his mouth, he bites his finger nails. Craig lean toward him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Stop.

Lowering his hand he leers back.

The victim lies still, his eyes glazing.

They stare silent. Time dragging. Anticipation consumes their faces.

The victim spasms, his eyes rolling in his head. His back arches. His mouth grotesquely -- slowly gapes open.

A moments twinge, he drops limp onto the table

A quiet pause, they stare.

DR GRICK
(whispers)
Time?

Eyes locked on the victim, he raises his arm.

CRAIG
Three twenty five.

DR GRICK
Too soon.

The silence cuts through them, the anticipation stressing.

CRAIG
It'll hold.

Dr Grick leans further forward, Craig pulls back keeping him from falling forward.

The victim lies motionless, the gurgling rumbles in his throat. It echoes in the room. His feet twitch.

DR GRICK
TIME!

CRAIG
Patience.

DR GRICK

No damn it! Time?

CRAIG

Three forty five, now wait!

Craig crouches down next to Dr Grick. His face intense with anticipation. Dr Grick trembles.

A beat, and then.

They jump as the victim spasms. Pulling at the ropes he thrashes about. The pounding sound of his body thumping on the table reverberates through the room. His eyes rolled back, completely white, his face turning a dark green.

DR GRICK

Give it to him!

Dr Grick whips his head around to Craig.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Give it now!

Craig bolts to the thrashing victim. Grabs his arm tight, he struggles to hold it still. He bites the sheath pulling the needle out, jabs it into his arm.

His violent twist breaks the needle off in his arm. The remaining contents of the syringe sprays across his arm.

Craig jumps away, narrowly missing the victims thrashing arm.

The victim's violent thrashing continues. He bucks and lurches. Joints popping he twists around on himself, the grotesque contortion humanly impossible.

The torturous seizure compelling them to watch, their breath held.

CRAIG

There it is.

Dr Grick lowers his head, his face awash with disappointment. He begins to wheel the chair backward.

The victim's thrashing ceases, he lies still, his chest rising and falling. The injection site on his arm pulsating, turning. It's color graying, spreading the length of his arm.

Like a tightly wound spring, the victim instantly untwist from his painfully looking contortion. His arms and legs stretch against the ropes, stiff as the table he lay upon.

The gray on his arm rapidly spreading through out, the black transformation of his skin quickly consuming his body.

His eyes roll back -- turning jet black. They sink back devoured by his own head.

Dr Grick turns and wheels toward the door. Craig saunters toward the victim. Both silent. He stares at the failure that is now just another corpse. Dr Grick stops, turns back. He leers at Craig.

DR GRICK

You used the latest formula?

CRAIG

Of course.

Dr Grick's stare less than convinced.

DR GRICK

Show me your arms.

CRAIG

Why.

DR GRICK

Show me your arms.

Craig prods forward pulling up his sleeve. Shoves it under Dr Grick's nose. His eyes leer up.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

The other.

Craig's face is awash with smug confidence. He pulls up his other sleeve. Dr Grick looks down, slowly back up into Craig's eyes. He turns and wheels away.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Don't let me catch you using again.
Dispose of that.

Craig turns back to the victim.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

I tire of these failures.

Dr Grick wheels out the door. Craig's stare dripping with contempt. He scratches his thigh.

DR GRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Prepare for dinner.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- NIGHT (LATER TODAY)

Liz steps out from another club's door. It's pretty busy on this end of the strip. A car horn BEEPS. A COUPLE walks by, clearly not his steady girlfriend.

She turns. A scuffle down the way catches her ear. The pedestrians staring as they walk around. They block her view. A MAN falls outward from the crowd.

The PIMP lunges out behind him, he's kind of a short, about five feet. He hovers over the fallen man. His loud voice heard down the block.

PIMP

Puto.

The OTHERS around him walk away. He digs into the man's pocket, pulls out some wadded bills.

LIZ (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. This is one of those guys your mom warns you about.

He stands counting the money. His DATE, primped to the nines, stares over his shoulder.

He leers over at her, raises his hand to strike. She flinches upright, near a full head-and-a-half taller than him, he acts the big man.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is -- but he's the good kind.

He rolls up the cash jamming it into his pocket.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You could say.

He looks around, grabs his Date's hand, marches down the sidewalk.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At least with his type you can tell they're coming.

She's caught distracted in the moment. Her stare mindlessly fixed on their approach.

Her gaze met with an aggressive stare, she snaps out of her trance with his bellow.

PIMP

Who you lookin' at bitch?

His entourage joining the swarm, he walks her way.

LIZ (V.O.)
Yeah, these are the kind you can
spot a mile away.

She lowers her head, looks away.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Puffed out chest, Roaring bark.
Lots of peasants following. Walks
around like a king.

He strolls up close to her. Her eyes avert his scowl, she says nothing.

PIMP
You don't work my block.

He rubs his nose, looks her over with a come hither.

PIMP (CONT'D)
Unless I get some. You got me?

He gets right up in her face. He screams at her.

PIMP (CONT'D)
YOU AIN'T NO HO!

LIZ (V.O.)
Did I mention his bark?

Her stare locked away, her nose crinkled. She hides the fear.

PIMP
Get the fuck off my street.

His entourage backs away, they know to move even before he does. He backs away, his eyes locked on hers. Resumes his stately stroll down the sidewalk. She peaks up as they leave.

LIZ (V.O.)
It's always the little ones with the
toughest attitude.
Big ego, tiny dick?

She slowly turns her head away.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Still, it's not him I'm looking for.

Fades into.

EXT. EMPTY STREET -- NIGHT (TODAY) -- LATE

The night streets are barren. Only the unsavory would wander the dim sidewalk.

Liz saunters down the sidewalk, she shivers in the brisk night air. The approaching lights reflecting off the lamp post, she turns.

Her heels clack the sidewalk as she ducks into a dark doorway. The OFFICER stares from the slowing police car. He shines the mars light. Hidden well, she's unseen.

His radio WARBLES.

RADIO

Car 14. 258.

He grabs his shoulder mic.

OFFICER

Car 14. 258 check.

The police car speeds off. Peering out, she resumes her seductive prance.

A HOMELESS MAN staggers toward her.

She stops, watching this miscreant. His groggy eyes stare. His dirty hands offer some wadded bills, his eyes darting between the bills and her face. His tongue flicks between his remaining teeth.

LIZ

Really old man?

His shaking fingers fondle the bills.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Beat it!

He mumbles, fumbling the wadded bills.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Fuck off -- Go away.

His stare shifts to her side.

She follows his shifted eyes. She turns, stunned by a face directly behind her.

A swift bludgeon, a moment of pain.

Dark.

Craig watches her body slump, the bludgeon frozen in air.

Grabbing her arms he drags her around the corner, the car waits in the dark alley.

Her limp body drops into the trunk. THUD.

Slamming the trunk he turns, the homeless man crowds him. His shaking hands present the crumpled bills, Craig leers and snatches the bills.

He pulls a paper bag from his jacket, the homeless man impatiently grabs it. His grungy teeth peak through a crooked smile.

He twists off the cap, takes a long swig. Craig smirks.

CRAIG

Happy?

The homeless man swallows, hands the bottle out to Craig, he mumbles. Craig smirks, waves off his offer.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

No. Enjoy. You've earned it.

The car door slams. The engine starts. Headlights illuminate the dark alley. The homeless man stands drinking. The car drives off.

The homeless man stands alone as the headlights fade. Booze dribbling down his chin, his jaw quivers.

The bag hits the ground, bottle shatters.

His body slumps to the pavement.

INT. BROOK'S FAMILY DINING ROOM -- MORNING (ONE YEAR AGO TODAY)

Close up of a candle flame. It pulls away, twenty other candles flicker atop the cake. MOM, 50's, carries it from the kitchen. DAD, 50's, eats his breakfast at the table.

KARI, 21 today, she's far too pretty to have such a naive face. Her toothy grin beaming. A quirky Mardi Gras mask hides half her face. Liz stands behind her, hands cover Kari's eyes.

Liz moves her hands.

FAMILY

Surprise!

Kari's face beams. Liz hugs her kisses her head. Her face glows from the candles. Taking a deep breath, Liz grabs her shoulder.

LIZ
Wait! Mom, there's twenty one here.

MOM
Yes...

LIZ
The one for luck. We need one for
luck. Hold on!

Liz runs into the kitchen.

KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

She scrambles around pulling open drawers.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Mom, where are they?

A picture catches her eye. The two small girls hugging brings a smile.

MOM (O.S.)
On the counter.

Liz stares at the photo.

KARI (O.S.)
The cake's melting here.

She grabs a candle from the counter.

BACK TO DINING ROOM

Lighting it, she jams it in the middle of the cake, the candles singe her arm.

LIZ
Ow. -- Ok.

Kari's cheeks puff with her mighty blow. The smoke wafts around the cake. They all cheer.

Dad pushes his plate. Standing, he walks over and kisses Kari on the head. She looks up and smiles.

DAD
Happy birthday baby.

KARI
Thanks dad.

Mom sets a piece in front of Kari. Dad grabs his coat off the hook.

MOM
Cake dear?

DAD
No thanks.

Putting on his coat, he pats his belly.

DAD (CONT'D)
You girls going out tonight.

KARI
Yeah!

Kari's cheeks bulge, the cake rolls around her mouth, turns to Liz

KARI (CONT'D)
You coming?

LIZ
Buying the first round.

KARI
Nah uh, I'm buying the first. Well --
legally.

Dad gives a curious look as he saunters to the door.

DAD
Call me if you're too drunk.

Kari shovels more cake in her mouth.

KARI
That won't happen.

She glances at Liz.

KARI (CONT'D)
Liz can't get drunk.

Dad grins a perplexed guffaw.

DAD
How does that happen?

Mom smirks picking up the cake. Liz wipes the corner of her mouth.

LIZ
Ever since I got my Wisdoms' out.

Dad stands waiting for the punch line.

KARI
The Novocaine didn't do anything.

LIZ
Hurt like hell.

KARI
Her scream was so loud. Freaked everyone out.

DAD
Really? -- Interesting...

Mom grabs Dad's empty plate.

DAD (CONT'D)
You knew about this?

Mom looks at him. She smirks.

MOM
Of course.

She turns toward the kitchen.

MOM (CONT'D)
The dentist was afraid to finish.

DAD
Do you girls ever tell me anything?

KARI
Not if we don't have to.

DAD
All right then.

He opens the door to leave, pauses and looks back.

DAD (CONT'D)
Still. Call if you need me.

KARI
We always need you daddy.

DAD
Right. Happy birthday baby.

KARI
Thanks dad.

Kari stands putting on her jacket she walks to Liz.

KARI (CONT'D)

What time you coming?

LIZ

Soon as I get off.

Kari grabs the mask off the table walking toward Liz.

KARI

So... What?

Just in time to carry me home?

LIZ

Don't get stupid.

Kari holds the mask up to Liz's face.

KARI

I won't. --

(whispers)

I'm getting drunk.

The feathers fall across her eyes.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- (PRESENT)

The dim light filters through the grimy cloth.

Struggling to see through the blindfold, her hands barely reach. Her finger nails scratch as she paws the blindfold.

One eye freed she takes in her surroundings.

Liz lies on the wooden table we have seen before. Her hands and feet tied to the corners of the table.

Gray grungy walls, strange boxes piled up, chains hang from the ceiling, pasty and disgusting.

A large wardrobe, now dilapidated.

Against the wall an old hospital gurney, a man's body lies still.

She pulls the ropes tight, the heavy knots bruising her wrists. The rough wood scraping her bare flesh, she struggles to pull the blindfold off. She twists, taxing her limbs she reaches for the tape across her mouth.

The man moves, she freezes.

Her fingers stretch, slowly peels at the tape, it pulls her face, lips nearly ripping off the tape gives way. She forces out the gag, breaths in deep, holds in her scream.

Rolling over, Craig awakes.

His hands wipe across his face. Eyes blink, he picks at the corners. Half awake, he stares.

CRAIG

Good morning.

She turns her head, her steel gaze fights back the tears. Craig sits up, stretching, he yawns.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Sleep well?

Her eyes open, nostrils quivering.

He jumps from the gurney. His shoes smack the floor. He twists flexing his back. Her eyes follow his sauntering gait.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh, man. Those gurneys suck. They're shit to sleep on. You probably slept better on this table.

He pounds the table with his fists. She flinches.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Right?
(chuckles)

He turns away from her stretching tall.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

No wonder patients don't get better.

He spins around lunges at her, she jumps with his aggressive move. His gaze wanders down to the gag on the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You're quite agile.

He leans close to her face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

So why don't you answer me?

She grimaces from his breath.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

DID -- YOU -- SLEEP -- WELL?

Her face haughty. His slap snaps her head aside, he screams in her face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

WELL...

Her lip quivers, voice cracks.

LIZ

Yes...

He lowers his ear to her mouth.

CRAIG

What?

She screams in his ear.

LIZ

YES!

He grabs his ear. Jumping away his face amused with her bold intrusion. She closes her eyes tight, waiting. His finger probes his ear. Her eyes follow his prance back to her.

CRAIG

Good.

She winces as he caresses her hair, her eyes tearing.

LIZ

Please.

The loud metallic door cuts off her plea, it creaks open. She strains to see Dr Grick wheel in.

Craig grabs the handles and pushes him to the table. Dr Grick's quivering hand reaches out to caress her calf.

His fingers circle her ankles.

DR GRICK

Bruises -- Your bruises -- I'm sorry.

His leathery hand caresses across her thigh.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Sometimes Craig can be less than...

His gaze jumps up to meet her stare.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Less than Hospitable.

His hand withdraws, glares at Craig.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
Such tender flesh needs a gentle
touch.

He sits up tall in the chair, almost grows from it. He leans against the table. He rises up, his back creaking he groans. He stands erect, surprisingly tall for a crippled old man.

His figure menacing as he hovers over her face. Her eyes wide. They snap shut with his touch to her cheek. Her face distraught, eyes water. He caresses her hair.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
You are very pretty.

His eyes circling her face.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
Prettier than the others.

He turns his head to Craig.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
Pity.

His hand glides across her face, down her neck, across her shirt, rests on her breast. He clumsily kneads them, his tongue protrudes between his thin lips.

She lies motionless.

Craig stares at Dr Grick's hands.

Dr Grick's hands trace across her stomach, down her skirt. He follows down to her thigh, she flinches.

He pauses and looks at her face. His hand slowly moves up and under her skirt. Unseen beneath her skirt, he violates her very soul.

Her eyes tear, lips quiver, she turns her head away. Dr Grick tugs beneath her skirt, his hand stops.

She looks down, her eyes close.

He withdraws his hand, the light glistens off the blade of the dagger. He studies the dagger close, his eyes wander along its length.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
What is this?

Craig's eyes widen, he chuckles.

Liz lies frozen, her eyes fixed on Dr Grick.

He becomes giddy, he points the dagger upward in front of his face, the moment hangs heavy. He slowly raises the dagger in his wrinkled hand.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

(he hums)

His arm, rigid as a machine, it swings violently and embeds the dagger into her thigh. Her scream rips through air.

LIZ

(scream)

Craig's hand clamps down across her mouth. Her scream muffled, her spit filtering between his fingers. She writhes in pain.

Dr Grick's cold face stares at her agony, he revels in the moment of her misery, his eyes closing. He slumps back into his wheelchair, the exhaustion showing.

DR GRICK

Take me.

Craig lifts his hand, her complexion white, eyes rolling, Liz fades.

Craig grabs the handles of the chair. He looks back pushing Dr Grick through the door. The door clanks shut behind them, the echo lingers and hangs heavy in the room.

Her ears ringing, the sound dimming, she fights for consciousness. Her head slowly rolls back and forth, tears run down her cheeks.

LIZ

Kari -- I'm sorry -- I'm so sorry.

BLACK

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT -- (ONE YEAR AGO TODAY)

The heavy thump of the bass beats. The dance lights flash and swing. The bodies bounce up and down. A tribe in celebration.

Kari's hair floats across her face with every turn. Her arms raise high. She dances carefree.

She reaches out, wraps her arms around a man's neck, pulls close. Her head leans to his. Her lips open, press to his, their tongues dance with lustful desire. The club envelopes them.

She breaks the kiss, her head tilts back, eyes closed. Seemingly fused they turn.

His head tilts up from their kiss. Craig gazes at her face, he smirks at his fortune of finding such a willing and attractive one night stand.

Her eyes snap open, head thrusts forward.

KARI
A drink! I need a drink!

CRAIG
What?

KARI
I'm thirsty!

He shrugs clue-less. She rolls her eyes. Grabbing his hand, she drags him behind. She staggers through the crowd. His eyes scanning around.

Her drunken swagger slams her into the bar, she raises her arm.

KARI (CONT'D)
Hey!

The bartender mixes a drink further down.

She flutters her lips, smiles at Craig. He looks away. The bartender trades drinks for cash, he leers back at her waving arm. Saunters toward her.

KARI (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm parched here.

He stares. A moments pause and he reaches down. Slaps a bottle of water in front of her.

KARI (CONT'D)
(laughs)

His stare cold and unmoving.

KARI (CONT'D)
Seriously?

She swipes at the bottle, turns with a sneer.

KARI (CONT'D)
Jerk.

He smirks at the bartenders leer, watches her stagger into the crowd.

He watches as Kari plops into a chair.

The table filled with glasses, some full, some empty. Clearly housekeeping is not a priority for the girls.

CHRISTI, 20's, voluptuous, over done in every aspect, she tries her best to stand out as the willing beauty of the clique. She studies every guy around.

JILL, 20's, dark hair, she masks her unassuming looks with heavy makeup and big hair. Her face beaming with the attitude of a shrew.

Craig stands, looking around with nowhere to sit.

Kari cradles her cheeks. Plants her elbows on the table, eyes half shut, she sips the bottle.

Liz sits beside Kari. Her arms crossed, it appears she wants a nap more than a drunken celebration. She peeks an eye at Kari.

Jill, leers at this strange guy Kari has latched onto. She motions him to sit.

JILL

Sit Ubu, sit. -- Good dog.

SARA, 20's, blonde, her naive innocence shows through her pudgy face and wide eyes. Her tight outfit tries to conceal her body that clings to a hint of baby fat. She tries too hard to seem older than her years. She sits at the far end of the table, she laughs. The straw pasted to her lips.

SARA

Ha.

Kari stands letting Craig sit down. His eyes bulge as she plops in his lap.

Liz peaks an eye, reaches and moves her drink in front of Kari. Closes her eyes. Kari happily grabs it.

KARI

Thanks.

Sara nods at Liz.

SARA

What's wrong with you?

LIZ

I'm just tired.

JILL
You're just too old.

Christi chuckles.

CHRISTI
Ha ha

KARI
Hey.

Liz peaks an eye at Jill.

LIZ
Some people work.

JILL
I work.

CHRISTI
Yeah, checking old guys prostates.

SARA
Gross.

JILL
I do not, I just like, take them to
the rooms.

CHRISTI
Yeah and get to see their wrinkled
asses -- real sexy.

SARA
Oh my god, that is so gross.

KARI
I thought you answered the phones
and shit.

CHRISTI
She got promoted,
(sips)
Now she gets to stick her fingers in
old guys rectums.

SARA
Ga, Gross.

Sara shivers. Sticks out her tongue attempting to rid her mouth of the bad taste. The moment passed, she bites back down on the straw.

JILL
I do not! Beside it's part of my
internship.

CHRISTI
Don't you mean intern SHIT?

SARA
(laughs hard)

Jill leers at Sara, she turns to Christi.

JILL
Fuck you!

CHRISTI
Slut...

Jill's face shows her agitation.

JILL
At least I don't sit on my BIG ass
all day.

CHRISTI
My ass ain't big!

SARA
Your ass is big.

Jill's palms spread apart.

JILL
Really big.

Christi wrinkles her nose, she sneers at Jill.

CHRISTI
You're just jealous.

JILL
Yeah right.

Jill rolls her eyes and looks away. Slugs her drink. Sara's eyes dart between them.

CHRISTI
Hey, guys like my ass.

SARA
Really which ones?

CHRISTI
Ask him.

She points at Craig, his tongue deep in Kari's mouth. Kari's eyes shut, her mouth stuck to Craig's.

Sara snickers loudly. Jill nudges Liz, she looks at her sisters indiscretion.

LIZ
Geez, sis...

SARA
Gross, get a room.

Jill fakes a cough.

JILL
(raspy)
Slut.

Kari breaks the kiss, leans back. The stream of spit still connects them.

Sara chokes on her drink, she gags, sticking out her tongue, she wags her head.

SARA
Gaa, guk...

Christi mimics the fake cough. Sara follows her taunt.

CHRISTI
(raspy)
Tramp.

SARA
(raspy)
Hooker.

Christi gazes at Sara. Sara shrugs her shoulders. Kari squints a mean look at them.

KARI
Fuck you guys.

JILL
Looked like you already were.

KARI
Fuck all you guys.

She sits up, her eyes half closed, she points at herself.

KARI (CONT'D)
It's MY fuckin birthday

The girls all start belittling each other, their rants straight from a reality show.

Sara stands, her whistle rips through their bickering.

SARA
Hey! Stop it. Come on, enough.

Sara grabs her drink.

SARA (CONT'D)
It's Kari's birthday. Here's to the birthday girl.

She raises her glass.

SARA (CONT'D)
May your tits never sag and your ass never get big, too much...

They all raise their drinks and clink glasses. Sara reaches into her bag and pulls out a large 35 mm camera.

SARA (CONT'D)
Pictures!

She shoots several photos, the flash blinding them. Craig avoids the camera.

Jill mockingly shoots with her own camera phone, she turns it and stares at the display.

JILL
Well? Where are they? Lets see.

SARA
I have to develop them stupid.

Jill holds out her phone to them.

JILL
Not mine.

Christi takes the phone and browses the pictures.

SARA
Digital? Real photographers don't use digital. Film is just... sexier.

Christi leans and shows the phone to Kari, she chuckles.

CHRISTI
Here. This looks sexy.

Christi holds out the phone.

Picture of: JILL SITTING INTERTWINED WITH AN OPEN SHIRT GUY, HER HAND BURIED IN HIS MASSIVELY HAIRY CHEST, HER TONGUE PROTRUDING.

KARI

Who was that?

JILL

Just some guy.

Christi scrolls through more photos. Jill shrugs.

JILL (CONT'D)

He was hot.

CHRISTI

Looks more like you were hot.

She holds out the phone to the others.

Picture of: JILL STANDS, LEGS WIDE, BENT DOWN, FACING THE CAMERA, THE GUY'S FACE COMPLETELY HIDDEN BY HER RAISED SKIRT.

Sara grabs the phone, scrolls through the pictures.

SARA

Oh my god that guy is so gross.

Jill shrugs.

JILL

I like hairy chests.

Sara points her finger in her open mouth pretending to gag. She looks and pauses.

SARA

HA!

She shows the phone.

Picture of: CHRISTI STRADDLES A STRANGE GUY, HER HEAD THROWN BACK, SHE BURIES THE GUY'S FACE IN HER BOSOMS.

Kari laughs.

Christi reaches for the phone.

CHRISTI

Give me that.

SARA

Hands off.

Sara holds the phone tight.

She continues and holds the phone out, she chuckles.

SARA (CONT'D)

Ha ha.

Picture of: CHRISTI LIES ON THE TABLE HER HEAD THROWN BACK
LEGS SPREAD WIDE FACING THE GUY, HIS MOUTH AGAPE, EYES WIDE.

JILL

Oh yeah, I remember that.

Christi snatches the phone from Sara, she stares intently.

JILL (CONT'D)

Wasn't that the time you thought you
were late?

Christi's eyes well up with tears. The girls get silent.
Christi leers with rage at Jill.

She drops the phone in a glass of water. PLOP!

Jill jumps in her seat and fishes the phone from the glass.

JILL (CONT'D)

What the fuck you bitch!

Christi stares as Jill frantically wipes the phone with a
napkin.

JILL (CONT'D)

You're fucking buying me a new phone
you cunt.

Sara stares innocently wide eyed, she sips her straw, her
eyes follow the action.

Jill stares at her phone, her eyes welling with tears.

They all jump as Jill slams her hand on the table. She stands
abruptly, her chair slamming into the guy behind her.

She storms off, into the club.

Christi looks at the other girls, their brows peaked. She
stands and chases after Jill.

CHRISTI

Jill! Wait. Jill.

Catching up, she wraps her arm around Jill's shoulders.
Jill shrugs her away, they disappear into the crowd.

Liz sits arms still crossed, her eyes wide, shocked at their
behavior.

Sara shrugs and sips her drink.

SARA

Girls.

Liz looks over to Kari's empty chair. She unfolds her arms and props herself up, scans the crowd.

LIZ

Where did Kari go?

Sara shrugs. Liz stands, frantically scanning the crowd. She walks through the club.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Kari!

Heading for the door she takes one last look around the club.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB -- NIGHT, (LATER, MOSTLY)

Intercut flashbacks. Today and last year. This is the same club we last saw Kari. One year ago today.

Liz steps through the club door, the MUSIC fading, slowing, echoing deep into her head.

Craig's arm slung around Kari's shoulder, her buzz glazing her face in fearless sensuality. She staggers clutching Craig.

Liz looks this way, a slow blink. Turns the other way. She sees Kari staggering far down.

Lost in the thought, Liz stares at a couple walking past. Deja vu of a couple walking by last year.

They stare back.

A shadowy echo from beyond, her yell slows in time.

LIZ

Kari!

They continue. Liz cups her hands by her mouth

LIZ (CONT'D)

KARI!

They continue to walk.

She slouches, stands there dejected. Her face solemn, she softly speaks.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Call me...

Liz stands frozen, her face becoming long, her eyes darkening, tears welling in her eyes.

Close up, they shut, transitions to

GRUNGY ROOM -- (PRESENT)

Close up, Liz gasps and cries. Her hands grasps her thigh, the dagger poking from her torn flesh. The blood runs down her thigh.

Her hand slowly wraps around the handle. She fights the agony, grasping the dagger, she slowly withdraws the cold bloody steel.

LIZ

Aah! Ow!

Her blood clings to the tip, spurting from the wound. Her fingers wrapped tight around the handle.

The back of her hand rubs across her anguished face. The blood stings her eyes.

Her chest heaving with every sob. Her legs ungraceful, the room growing dark. Her ears ringing.

Her scream rips through the room. She lie sobbing, her blood soaked hand covering her eyes. Her mouth clinches, silent. She growls intensely.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(SCREAM)

She rolls to her side, lunges the dagger under the ropes. Hacking away, the rope gives. She sits up with the intention of a woman possessed. Her leg stiffens, the dagger drops.

She clinches her teeth, droplets of spit spray with every labored breath. The blood flows from her open wound. Her eyes clamp shut as she grabs her leg.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(SCREAM)

Her nostrils flare as she breaths in the agony. She snatches up the tape and rag, lays it across the gaping wound.

Blood flows down her thigh, sweat drips from her face. She pulls the tape tight across the rag. Blood seeps from her wound.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(GRUNT & MOAN)
Fuck...

She rocks back and forth, fighting past the pain, gasping deep.

Her complexion turning green, her eyes sinking into her head. She gags and covers her mouth. Her arm wrapped across her stomach, the putrid taste building in her mouth.

She lunges forward across the table, her attempts to contain the vile disgust too overwhelming. The vomit projects forth and spews through the air.

Raising her head she gasps deep, spits the remaining vomit in her mouth onto the floor.

Her head shaking, she sits up and rubs the back of her hand across her forehead, it leaves a streak of blood behind.

Grabbing the dagger off the table, she pulls and hacks at the ropes binding her legs until they are cut through.

She swings her legs off the table, the pain surges. Slowly lowers herself across the edge, she winces as her feet touch the floor.

She slowly puts her weight on one leg, then cautiously the other. The pain rockets through her body.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(SCREAM)

She flinches and drops to her hands and knees. She hangs her head shaking off the pain. Slowly she looks toward the door, her only escape sealed shut.

Liz carefully raises up and limps toward the door. The dagger clinks against the metal door. She leans her ear in close. Only the terrifying silence.

She grasps the handle, it does not budge.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Shit.

She looks around, her first real chance to examine her prison.

An old wardrobe, stately in its day, it's almost falling apart, legs broken, it barely stands.

She limps over to it. Grasping at the knob it falls off in her hand. The intricate detail, a vision of class and elegance unbecoming of this place.

She jams the dagger between the door and pulls, the wood splinters.

The door resists, seemingly glued to its frame. It slowly peels away, the sound of sticky tearing fills the air.

She pulls hard at the door, it creaks on its metal hinges. The light filtering in across its long hidden secret.

Liz stares at the gelatinous mass of disgusting brown and green. It settles relieved of its confinement.

She opens the door wide. Gouges on the inside of the door tell a gruesome tale. The mass molded from age, it sticks together. Her fingers touch. The mass tears open.

Startled, she jumps back, the flowing ooze soaking her legs with its vile contents. It flows across the floor beneath her feet.

The putrid liquid drips from the wardrobe, it clings to the small bones, a small skull the jaw agape.

Liz gasps seeing the remains of a small child forced to rot in this tomb, she slams the door violently, leaning against it, she tries to hide her fears of the inevitable.

She looks up in distress and bangs her head against the door, she whispers.

LIZ (CONT'D)

No...

Her eyes close, she sighs, the moment hangs heavy.

Her hand clutches tight around the dagger, its tip poking into the wood.

She slowly drags it across the grain.

The tip of the dagger moves away, her hand plunges into the wood. Eyes locked shut, her head rolls.

The tip retracts. Lunges into the wood.

It retracts again. Lunges deeper.

Her eyes locked shut. Her head rolls.

The tip retracts and lunges, the rhythm increases. It sinks deeper with each speeding thrust, until...

Her eyes pop open wide, she stares, the rage beaming.

INT. DINGY LAB

SPLASH

The water foams filling the bowl. Craig looks up from the sink, he puts down a glass bottle.

Turning the valve of the faucet, the pipes rattle.

The foamy mixture sloshes in the pan. He walks to an old pharmacist cabinet.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Craig reaches for a vial. Looks at the label. Fills a syringe with it's liquid contents. Arranges it on the tray. Tears open a package with a fresh sponge. Grabs a towel.

We follow him toward the steel door. The room almost appearing to stretch as we walk through the room.

He reaches, spins the handle of the metal door.

Slowly pulls the door open. Pounding MUSIC grows louder as the room inside becomes --

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT -- (SOME MONTHS AGO)

The rhythmic flashing lights causes the crowd of bodies to appear as a ripple of debris floating on the water. Hair and fabric wave and float on the invisible energy of this bio-mass.

Liz stands in crowded isolation in the midst of this foreign surrounding. Her clothing more suited for a day at the library than this world of intimate exposure.

Her face is anxious. The rhythm of the room slowly spins around her. She stares around lost in the sea of faces, all so differently similar. The eyes lost in determined confusion.

She struggles her way through the crowd that envelops the bar. The MUSIC pounds in her head, deafening it drowns out her voice. She waves at BARTENDER #2.

She holds up the photo as he approaches.

LIZ

Have you seen him?

The bartender sneers, snatching it from her hand. He squints, sarcasm dripping, he gazes between the photo and her face. He clearly does not care what she needs.

BARTENDER #2
Him? Looks like a girl.

Liz stretches over the bar. She looks curiously. Points at the photo.

LIZ
Not her. Him!

The bartender leers.

BARTENDER #2
Can't even see him. I don't know, I see a lot of guys.

He hands her the photo back.

BARTENDER #2 (CONT'D)
She's cute though, tell her Tuesday is ladies night.

Liz gives him an angered look.

BARTENDER #2 (CONT'D)
You want something.

She's lost in his question, her mind searching, speechless she turns away. She wanders aimless

The faces flash, the pounding beat almost dream like, her reality co-mingled with her confused search. The room turns around her.

Her mind playing tricks, she sees Kari in every other girl she looks at. The guys around all resemble the man she seeks.

She falls deeper into a confused realm of despair. The many faces, the endless sea of people, she becomes further lost in the crowd.

She spins in place, the music overwhelming, it beats in her head. The air stagnant, the swarm of people expanding around her.

INT. FAMILY ROOM -- MORNING (SOME MONTHS AGO)

It's dark. That predawn dark where light hides, resting for a moment before the rising sun. The front door knob jiggles. Slowly opens.

Liz peaks her head in. Quietly pulls her keys from the lock. She tip toes in, slowly closing the door. A dull CLICK as the door closes. A subtle smirk of relief, she pauses, turns.

DAD

Almost time to get up for work.

The sudden voice in the dark room sends her for a jolt, she falls back against the door with a THUD.

A beat -- she relaxes catching her breath, her heart races. She flips on the light switch. The lamp does a little to brighten the dark room.

She stares for a moment, hangs her head, fumbles her keys. Dad sits in one of the living room chairs. His bathrobe a little less than new, it shows its tattered wear. His face is solemn and haggard, far from the man we saw before.

LIZ

I got a couple of hours.

She inches away from the door.

DAD

You need to stop this.

Liz pauses, looks down, stares at her keys. She takes a step toward the hallway.

DAD (CONT'D)

What do you expect to find?

She stops, her gaze stoic, fixes on his shadowy face.

LIZ

Anything.

His hand cups his face, he rubs his stubble searching for reason, he looks away from her.

DAD

The police are doing that. Let them do their job.

Her brow furrows, face scrunches, the anger creeping in.

LIZ

Their job? -- Their job. Is it their job to find missing people? What will that do? Give you a body?

His face lowers, eyes glaze. He looks away from her.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Tell me DAD, what will that give you? A reason to shop for a headstone?

DAD

If that is all I have left then --
yes. I will give her what I can.

Liz turns her head, she gives him a steely leer.

LIZ

That's not good enough.

His calm demeanor begins to turn stern.

DAD

What is good enough? Both my
daughters gone?

Liz rolls her eyes, gazes away. He stands, slowly approaching her.

DAD (CONT'D)

What do you expect to find out there?
The same thing Kari did? Reckless,
both of you.

Liz avoids his stare, her eyes watering. He draws near, his face torn between anger and regret.

DAD (CONT'D)

Now you're chasing ghosts or madmen,
or god knows what.

Liz has turned away from him, she battles with her conscience to submit to her loss and the revenge that builds inside.

DAD (CONT'D)

Now come on, get some sleep. Leave
the detective work to the police.
They will find answers.

Liz is almost consumed with rage filled tears.

LIZ

(softly)
I can't leave her this way.

DAD

And I can't have you running around
on some death wish.

He walks up and grabs her shoulders, she lowers her head .

DAD (CONT'D)

I need you here, your mom needs you
here. We don't want to lose you
too.

He turns her around, looks deep into her eyes.

DAD (CONT'D)
You were never like this. You were
always the level headed one.

Her serene moment is short lived. Her eyes widening.

LIZ
That girl died, DAD!
(her anger growing)
She died when her heart was taken
from her.

DAD
Stop blaming yourself.

She pulls back from his hold, her eyes burning.

LIZ
Who should I blame? Huh dad? Who?
I was watching her, I should have
made her stay with me.

His face waxes of sympathy, he searches for a way to console her pain.

DAD
So that's it. You're going to insist
on trying to get hurt?

He stares her in the eyes, their gaze unblinking.

DAD (CONT'D)
I can't allow that.

A beat

DAD (CONT'D)
Give me your keys.

A quick blink of surprise, her face awash with shock.

LIZ
What?

DAD
Your keys, give me your keys -- you're
grounded.

LIZ
You're kidding?

DAD
No -- I'm not.

She stands there in amazement, the moment hangs on their stare. She drops her gaze, starts to walk around him. He stops her.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm serious, you're not going out anymore. Work and home, that's it!

Their eyes lock.

LIZ

I'm an adult -- You can't tell me what to do.

DAD

Yes I can -- As long as you live under my roof you're not going to run around playing detective.

Cut to

INT. SEEDY APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON (SOME MONTHS AGO)

The walls needed painting a decade ago. The moth eaten drapes offer a faint ray of sunshine into the dark apartment.

A KNOCK.

A long beat and then. Another KNOCK.

The shadow across the floor precedes her. Liz staggers across the room. Tank top, panties, her hair disheveled, she rubs her eyes heading for the door. She covers her eyes from the bright daylight streaming in from the opening door.

Sara enters with a slow cautious gate, she reluctantly enters. Looking for somewhere to put down the cardboard box she carries, she stands fumbling with its weight.

SARA

Uh, nice place.

Liz leers back at Sara's sarcasm.

LIZ

Works for me.

Sara struggles with the box.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What do you want Sara?

Sara stands very stiff, uncomfortable in the surroundings, her voice hesitant.

SARA
I have some of the stuff you were
looking for.

She hands the box to Liz. She drops it down, opens it digging through.

LIZ
What did my dad say?

Sara stands fumbling, she gazes around astonished at the spars and dingy apartment.

SARA
Nothing -- didn't even look at me.

Liz glares back at Sara, sensing she is holding back. She stares long, her eyes cutting Sara for the truth. Sara gazes around avoiding her stare.

SARA (CONT'D)
Your mom -- she wanted to talk, but
your dad stopped her. All I heard
was arguing.

Liz turns and walks toward her, Sara stands nervous.

LIZ
What did they say?

SARA
Nothing -- I left right away.

Liz's cold stare sweeps across Sara's face.

SARA (CONT'D)
Really!

Liz turns, goes back to the box.

SARA (CONT'D)
I found another picture. This one
is a little better than the one I
gave the cops.

Liz struts over, snatches it from her.

SARA (CONT'D)
It's not that great. See.
(pointing)
Kind of dark in the shadows. Should
have opened the aperture more.

Liz leers back at her selfish answer. Her eyes stare deep into the photo. Craig's face burning into her memory.

SARA (CONT'D)
I always do that. Don't know why, I
just...

Liz's cold eyes stop Sara's rant. She wavers looking for an
out.

SARA (CONT'D)
Are you going to the bachelorette
party?

Liz gives her a pained look, pulls some items from the box.

SARA (CONT'D)
You should go -- After all.

Liz opens a box pulling out some of her items.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm just saying.

Her cold gaze not relenting, she keeps unpacking.

SARA (CONT'D)
She would want you there.

Liz turns away hiding her watering eyes.

SARA (CONT'D)
She would.

Her face suddenly stern and distant, Liz wipes her eyes.
Turns back to Sara.

LIZ
Go home Sara.

SARA
Come on, I'll go with you.

LIZ
They're not my friends.

She fights the emotions building, her anguish hides behind a
facade of indifference.

LIZ (CONT'D)
They don't want me there anyway.

Sara's face hints a subtle empathy.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I should of stopped her.

Sara walks up behind Liz, embraces her shoulders.

SARA
She wouldn't blame you.

LIZ
You're right. She wouldn't.

Liz leers over at Sara, her gaze unyielding.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Go home -- Thanks for your help.

Sara slowly slinks back, the rejection covers her face. She turns to leave.

Liz stands watching a dejected Sara sulk to the door. She sprints toward Sara. Grabbing her shoulders, she turns her and gives her a tight hug, a long silence.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Sorry. Thanks for your help.

SARA
You gonna be OK?

LIZ
Let's go to this stupid bachelorette party.

INT. PARTY ROOM -- NIGHT (SOME MONTHS AGO)

His tan buttocks shakes in front of us. The screaming and cheering of the girls almost drowns out the heavy thumping bass from the dance club beyond.

He shimmies sideways, revealing Liz in front of him. Her eyes wide with disbelief, her hand covers her mouth. Christi sits next to her, she bobs to the beat of the music. Her eyes as big as her smile, she reaches out. Hidden by his backside we can only imagine what she is doing with her hand. Liz watches, further shocked.

She peers over to Sara, she sits on her other side, the straw of her fruity drink still pasted to her lip, she sips.

She pokes the straw from her lips, looks over at Liz.

SARA
That's almost scary ain't it?

Liz stares at her, the question making her wonder about Sara's innocent persona. Sara looks back questioning, shrugs her shoulders.

SARA (CONT'D)

What? -- I've never had a guy with one so big. -- You?

LIZ

No -- why would you ask that.

Sara shrugs. They both turn with the loud roar and cheers from the other girls. The room is highly decorated in very adult paraphernalia, you name it, it's somewhere in the room. The crowd of girls about a dozen of them have gathered around one of the tables.

Sara jumps up strutting over to see the action, Liz follows her a moment behind. They wedge between the raucous girls. Liz's eyes widen in further disbelief at what she is witnessing.

Jill, lies on the table, naked as the day she was born. His undulating buttocks rocking her to his rhythm. Her calves hang across his shoulders. Several other girls stand with their shirts undone or removed. The girls squeal and giggle cheering her on. Liz points leaning to Sara.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Isn't she the one getting married?

Sara, wide-eyed, sipping her drink, she nods yes. Liz stands shocked.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What the fuck is she doing?

The PARTY GIRL next to her gives her a puzzled look.

PARTY GIRL

Looks pretty obvious.

LIZ

She's getting married. Why is she fucking this strange guy?

Liz stands there, her face dripping with distaste.

PARTY GIRL

Why not? This is her last chance to get her freak on. After that it's off limits. Mostly.

She smirks at Liz, who still cannot believe what she is witnessing. She stares over at Sara, her stunned amazement seems a bit envious.

They watch as another of the GIRLS leans down close to their mated crotches.

His back still blocks her view, she's unsure of who is doing what to whom.

A Beat, and Liz slowly backs away. Her head nodding side to side. Sara watches. Liz belts out.

LIZ
Are you fucking stupid? What the fuck are you doing?

The crowd getting very quiet, the beat from the club breaking the silent moment.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You're all stupid -- Reckless -- Running around where you shouldn't be. No one learned anything from Kari.

Liz backs away toward the door, all eyes are focused on her.

LIZ (CONT'D)
If I had any fucking clue this is who my sister was hanging around with -- I would have locked her in her room.

Her eyes tearing, she covers her face prodding to the door. She looks back.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Fucking sluts.

INT. CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind her. The lights of the club flashing in her face, she leans back against the door. Wipes her eyes.

Close, we fade to.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- (TODAY)

The handle spins. The mechanism clanks with the opening door. Craig steps in.

His eyes wide he looks at the empty table, his head rapidly scans the room. His movements panicked, he bends down looking underneath the table. The small room offers few hiding places.

A sudden push the metal door slams him sideways. The tray tumbles, throwing everything crashing to the floor, the water soaking his front.

The dagger barely whizzes past his face. Liz's arm lunges around the door. He covers his face with the tray. The dagger bounces off with her wild swings.

It slashes across his arm, he winces pulling away. She pushes the door, he slips on the wet floor. He's stumbling, she hesitates and it will cost her. He catches his footing, grabs the door shoving it into her face, her head snaps back.

She's dazed but swings the dagger out toward him, he pushes the door open. The tray still grasped in his hand, he swings it hard at her hand, the blade flies across the room, slides under the gurney. She clutches her hand.

She ducks back with each swing of the tray. She backs into the hanging chain, grabs it in her hands. Swings it at him. Attached to the hoist, it doesn't give much to swing.

Craig pauses. His face amused by her meager challenge. He swats the tray at the swinging chain. Liz blinks with every loud CLANK.

Bored with her game, he watches her offhanded swings of the chain, his eyes hollow seem to anticipate her moves. She swings the chain to the side.

His chance as the chain swings by. A swift jab square to her nose.

The chain drops from her hands, she covers her face, the pain radiates through her head, she flops back against the wall.

He rushes in without hesitation. Raises the tray above his head and slams it down hard bending the thin metal with every blow against her head. His face awash with glee, he enjoys this occasional challenge.

Liz wavers, her eyes closing. He grabs her hair and bounces her face across the table.

She falls back onto the floor. He stares with a smile, heart racing he wipes his face and looks around. The glisten of the swinging chain reflecting in his eye.

Liz lies rolling back and forth, she moans.

LIZ
(groggy moan)

The excitement of the moment over takes him, Craig grabs the hook and pulls it hard. The gears whirl as the chain snakes through the block.

He bends down wrapping the lift chain around her neck. She coughs, grasping around the chain that constricts her breath.

Craig grabs the hand chain and pulls it hand over hand. The lift chain tightens around her neck, eyes bugging from her head.

Craig pulls faster.

She pulls at the chain around her neck, her head lifting off the floor, she gasps.

Raising up, slowly at first, she struggles. Her torso leaving the floor, then her knees. Her feet start kicking, toes scratching at the rough concrete as they lose ground.

Craig pulls, every jerk of the chain a little bit of delight for him. He pulls faster until -- The hand chain abruptly stops.

Liz kicks wildly, her body twisting, her face planted in the hoist.

Craig stares dodging her kicking feet. He's somewhat sadistically satisfied with himself, giving no thought to what he is actually doing.

BUZZ!

The distant buzzer echoes in the room.

A jolt back to reality, Craig's head whips around, he releases the hand chain. The hoist whirls as the chain slips through the block dropping it's load.

Liz crashes to the floor, her head bounces off the concrete, out cold.

Craig turns, his eyes wide. Liz lies motionless, he stares shocked, rubs his bleeding arm.

DR GRICK (O.S.)
(all very faint)
Craig...

Craig jumps back, he looks down at Liz.

BUZZ!

DR GRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Craig...

Craig stands frozen.

CRAIG

Shit.

BUZZ!

DR GRICK (O.S.)

CRAIG!

Craig jumps, he charges out, spins, sprints back.

He hovers over Liz's still body.

Pulls the chain from her neck, grabs her hands, wraps the chain around her wrists.

Buzz!

Frantic he twists his head. Slowly pulls the hand chain, her arms raise behind her. He wraps the chain around the table leg locking it in place.

Buzz!

He sprints out of the room and across the lab.

DR GRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Craig!

Craig pulls off his bloody shirt. Wipes his face.

BUZZ -- BUZZ -- BUZZ

CRAIG

Damn it, I'm coming...

He winces, looks at his arm. Wraps his shirt around his wound.

DR GRICK (O.S.)

Craig!

Dr Grick's voice distressed.

Craig yells.

CRAIG

I GOT IT!

INT. DARK HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

He bolts through the door.

His footsteps becoming a slow march, time slowing. The buzzing sound collapsing around him.

The hallway fading into tunnel vision.

He pops back into real time as he stops in front of a row of lockers. Grabs a lab coat from the rack.

Grimacing, he slips in his arm. He struggles with the coat scuffling toward the door ahead. The back of the coat in large letters -- OFFICE OF THE CORONER.

INT. DOCK -- CONTINUOUS

Craig busts through the door -- it slams against the brick wall. He runs up to the door, peers through the peep hole. A beat, he pushes the "Talk" button on the intercom.

CRAIG

We are currently closed. Normal hours are 9 am to 5 pm. Please take any deliveries to the main facility downtown, they are open twenty four hours for your convenience.

He leans back, the voice sequels from the intercom.

DRIVER (O.S.)

That's forty minutes away! Come on Craig open up. The wife wants me home.

Craig gazes back at the hallway door.

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

It's just a dead derelict -- Sign off, burn him up and you can go back to playing scientist.

Craig leers over at the door switch. One round button printed OPEN, the other CLOSE.

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

Come on -- it's our anniversary, she wants to go out for dinner.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The door grinds open. A portly man (DRIVER), stands beside an old style white hearse, the gurney before him, atop a plain black body bag, filled. The door rising, Craig's face appears as he bends down looking under. It stops opening with a THUMP.

CRAIG

It's not your anniversary.

DRIVER

Thought I would appeal to your
sensitive side.

The driver pushes the gurney inside, Craig reaches and pulls
it along.

CRAIG

Sensitive side?

DRIVER

You prefer cold hearted bastard?
Shit you look like hell.

A trace of blood runs down Craig's hand. The driver points
it out.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You ok?

Craig doesn't bat an eye. Wipes the blood on his sleeve.

CRAIG

Had a big fat one I was fighting
with.

DRIVER

Hate those.

CRAIG

Yeah, he's a mess.

DRIVER

We had one guy, big hog beast.
Anyway. This guy decides to take
out the trash. Not sure why, the
rest of his place was pig pen.

They grab the body bag, hoist it onto another gurney.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Place stunk. So, this guy must have
tossed away his last oreo cookie,
because we get the call, show up and
here is this fat ass half wedged in
the garbage chute.

The driver hands Craig a folder. He walks to the desk, writes
"Natural Causes" tears off the top sheet. He hands him back
the folder his face stoic. The driver looks at the form,
his careless expression unchanging.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Took six of us to drag his ass out.

CRAIG
Anything else?

DRIVER
Little antisocial today? Doc got
you busy on some new miracle drug
again?

CRAIG
Yeah I'm very busy.

DRIVER
Ok then,

He turns and pulls the gurney behind him, their stare cold
and curious to each other.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
See you later, tell the doc I said
hi.

Craig waves, pushes the button "CLOSE". His face scrunched
in a grimace he rubs his arm. The door closes.

THUMP.

INT. FURNACE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The freight elevator doors clank and grind open. Craig jams
the gurney though, impatiently bouncing it down the hall.

The flames bursting to life brighten the dim room. The light
glowing through the heavy iron grates. Craig unzips the
body bag.

The cloudy eyes of the homeless man stare up, it's the same
homeless man we saw when Liz was abducted.

Carelessly, Craig rolls it on the conveyer. Slapping the
button it creeps into the flames. Craig's stare lingers, he
watches as the flames consume the dead flesh. He peers with
a maniacal smile.

Fade.

INT. DINGY LAB -- MOMENTS LATER

Liz lies unconscious. Her face pressed against the cold
floor. Her arms still pulled behind her back painfully tied
with the lift chain. Her body dangles just off the floor.

Slowly pulling from the grungy room into the dingy lab, Dr
Grick sits. He watches, Liz sprawled, motionless.

His face hallow. The life so distant in his eyes he nearly appears a wax figure.

JINGLING KEYS. -- His eyes twitch. Head moves, just slightly. Footsteps approach. Craig comes into view, he stares into Dr Grick's eyes. Slowly glances back at Liz's still figure.

He pats Dr Grick's knee, stands up. Close on Dr Grick's distant eyes, they flirt a hint at following him. Craig's reflection fills his eyes, he fills a syringe in the distance.

Craig crouches down, kneels over liz. He gives her face a stare. Pulls the top of her waistband down. Jabs the syringe into her hip.

Craig reflects in Dr Grick's glasses. He approaches, disappears around his side. Dr Grick's head bobbles slightly. Craig turns him around.

They head for the door. Craig lunges grabbing a syringe and vial from the counter. He catches the wheelchair spins him around opening the door. The syringe clinched in his teeth, he mumbles.

CRAIG

Let's go up stairs -- what do you say? -- get ready for dinner?

Dr Grick's shoes drag on the floor.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Pick up your feet.

Dr Grick leans back in the chair. The door slams. We pull in tight to Liz. Her face pressed against the cold floor.

INT. ANOTHER CLUB -- NIGHT (SOME MONTHS AGO)

The club scene changes little from one to the next. Becoming a blur of the same dancing figures and pounding music. Liz strolls up to the bar. A familiar scenario, except this time her attire is a bit more stylish, her attitude a bit more schooled.

The usual suspects line the bar front. A sea of the seemingly same people, just a different day. She wedges her way up to the bar.

The busy bartender nods to her.

LIZ

Makers. Up.

He nods back to her. She looks around, the SHADY GUY next to her giving her that "come hither" stare. She turns away.

The bartender gives her the drink, she calls him back.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hey!

She slides a ten dollar bill across the bar toward him, holds up the photo to him.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Seen this guy?

He gazes down at the bill, his eyes saying "not enough". She slides another ten toward him.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Seen him?

He snatches the photo from her. His stare dripping with contempt. He hands it back to her.

BARTENDER #3

I see a lot of guys.

LIZ

Look again!

A customer down the bar yells for the bartender.

CUSTOMER

Hey!

The bartender leers at her, hands her back the photo. He turns and walks away. She grabs his arm, his leer cuts like daggers.

LIZ

Come on! This is important.

He stares her down. Her face tired and dejected, she lets go, slumping in the stool. She cradles her head in her hand, oblivious to the stranger (STALKER) slinking in next to her. His sly moves a little too planned.

STALKER

Hi.

She looks up at the stranger next to her. Pretty average, just another bar fly cursing for a hook up, slightly effeminate. He smiles a toothy grin at her.

STALKER (CONT'D)

I've seen him.

She gives him a reserved stare. Face stressed. His smile lingers. He snatches the photo from her and stares.

His eyes dart between the photo and her face.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Yeah. This guys a creep. He was in here earlier.

Liz hesitates to prop up, a reluctant sense of interest compels her to listen, she gives him a side eye.

STALKER (CONT'D)

He was trying to pick up some girl in here. She slapped him. Made a real scene.

He slowly gets her interest, she sits up, her gaze frozen on his eyes. She looks for a reason to believe him.

STALKER (CONT'D)

He cruises these places around here. Probably went down the street to "Juices".

LIZ (V.O.)

Juices -- I thought the past couple of months had prepared me a little better.

Liz stares, his demeanor seeming a bit primped and alternate to this type of club. He gives her a wink.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

They walk down the sidewalk, the Stalker's swagger a bit effeminate. She lags cautiously behind.

STALKER

Come on sweetie, I won't bite.

He stops to wait for her. She slows her pace, approaching slowly, anxiety filling her face.

He slings his arm around her neck, he playfully pulls her along.

LIZ (V.O.)

Juices -- Juices. Fuck -- still an idiot.

She gazes up at him. His cheerful face, he cons her on.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're following this stranger to find some psycho.

STALKER

Why so glum? We'll find your guy.

His smirk a little less than convincing. She does her best to slow their pace. The thought of turning away fills her mind.

Again it is her hesitation that costs her. She feels the sharp tip against her throat.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

He pulls her into the alley, the tip of the dagger pressed tight against her esophagus.

He forces her against the cold brick wall. Stands back, arm extended, dagger held tight. Her eyes wide with fear.

His look that typical lust, a fly in his web. He reaches and fondles her breasts, she looks away. His face beams with the typical sleazy smirk of a lowlife.

STALKER

(masculine)

Let's see them titties.

She gazes up, her eyes squinted in defiance. His arm pushes foreword, she bumps her head against the wall. Presses the dagger into her throat, his look demanding.

She slowly unbuttons her blouse. His head turns with a nervous glance to their sides. She opens her shirt. He drags the dagger across her sternum, under her bra strap.

He pulls back on the dagger, it slices the fabric. Her breasts exposed, she covers her arms over them. Tries to look away.

With a gleam in his eye he reaches down his hand. Pushes her arms away grabbing at her breast, he puts the dagger between his teeth. Reaches down with his other.

His clumsy groping makes her shiver, she pulls her clinched hand tight to her shoulders. Her eyes wander to his face. The street light glistens across the blade.

It twinkles in her eye. The hesitation draws out the time, his heavy breathing, his spit slurping between his teeth, it turns to a low humming noise. It's now or never.

A beat. Silence.

She snatches the dagger from his mouth. It rips his cheek open. She spins around, poised to fight the dagger hers now.

The Stalker doubles over, he garbs at his torn face, bobs in pain.

LIZ
Come on fucker!

She clinches her shirt closed.

He stands, pulls his hands away. He tries to talk, but his split tongue just wags through his gaping cheek. He gurgles.

STALKER
(gurgling)

There is no hesitation this time. She whips around and races down the alley leaving him behind, bent over he clutches his face.

The blacktop pounding through her heels she peels them off, the determination keeping her pretty steady. She clutches them running around the corner.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

The rough sidewalk beating her feet, she runs, non-stop. The mist of her gasping breath spraying, she jolts. Releasing her shirt, she pumps her arms sprinting like mad. The dagger clutched in her hand.

She runs.

Closing in on her face, it becomes peaceful, relaxed. Motions stopping, rotating to a level view. Liz's face laying. Unconscious.

INT. DR GRICK'S BEDROOM

Craig slides several suit bags across a closet rod. He removes one from the large wardrobe.

Polished leather, the bag is very notable. Not your typical garment bag, he drapes it across the bed.

He crosses the room passing Dr Grick. His crooked fingers wrestle with his tie.

Craig spins a turnstile. Grabs a box. Its craftsmanship from a distant time.

He sets it next to the suit bag.

Dr Grick folds his tie. Drapes it over the arm of his chair.

Craig slowly unzips the bag. A stunning black tuxedo. Fifty years fresh.

He hangs it, brushes it with the care of a surgeon. He gently runs his fingers across the lapel. Picks a speck, flicks it.

Dr Grick fumbles with his buttons.

Craig kneels. Unbuttons the shirt. He lifts his shirt off, Dr Grick's joints creak.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Dr Grick sits in the tub. The water running. Craig polishes a dress shoe. Dr Grick rubs the towel across his arm.

The straight razor glides across his neck. Craig wipes the blade. Shaves his other side. Dr Grick swallows. Craig wipes his face. He smiles.

Dr Grick shuffles across the floor, his boxers sag. Craig grabs his elbow. Guides him to the bed. He sits. Grunts.

DR GRICK

Thank you

Dr Grick slouches. Craig lifts the suit. He presents it. Front. Back. Dr Grick looks up. Smiles.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Beautiful

He reaches out. His fingers quiver. Craig hands him his glasses. Dr Grick stares up at him.

He gazes at the clothes laid out on the bed. Craig picks up a stark white under shirt. Unfolds it. Holds it open. Dr Grick waves him away.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Leave me

Craig nods.

He strolls across the room to the mantle. The machete, perched, waiting. He gazes back at Dr Grick. Grabs the base.

The door slowly closes behind him. Dr Grick stares. Craig gazes back.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

You're a good boy

The door closes.

INT. DINGY LAB -- MOMENTS LATER

Craig holds up the glass syringe.

The bubbles rise. A drop of the fluid emerges at the tip. He lays it next to a bowl. The sponge floats in the foamy liquid. He lifts the metal tray, turns.

He rotates the suspended chain against the wall, the chain rattles against the wall.

His hand lifts the sponge from the bowl. Water dribbles into the bowl with his squeeze.

INTERCUT

INT. GRUNGY ROOM\DR GRICK'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She sighs a dull moan as the needle pierces her tender flesh. The cotton ball covers the site, the needle withdraws. She groans.

Dr Grick struggles his arms into the shirt. He wrestles it over his head, his hair a mess. He contorts, mumbles soft.

Craig's hands squeeze the sponge.

A woman's leg, a little dirtier than it should be.

The suds flow down her thigh. The sponge a gentle relief across her dirty knee. He stops, and stares, the polish on her toes almost completely gone.

Dr. Grick's old fingers fumble with his buttons.

DR GRICK

Damn it

Craig slowly glides the soapy sponge across her shoulders. The soapy suds run from the nape of her neck to the low of her back.

He raises her arm. Glides the sponge down its length. He gently massages the sponge between her fingers.

His thumb scratches at her finger nail.

Dr. Grick pulls on his jacket. He stands in front of the mirror. Adjusts his tie. He looks to one side. Admiring. Turns the other side.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Handsome as ever.

He hobbles back. Struggles to sit. Slumps into the wheel chair. Exhales.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Craig dumps the water in the sink. Squeezes the sponge. Places everything on the tray, places it on the counter.

Dries his hands.

Dr Grick sits. His head nodding, he resists the fatigue.

Quiet solitude. Alone.

INT. DINGY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Craig rolls a large wooden box into the room. Inserts the key. Opens the door.

He reaches below, pulls out a large white canvas. Unfolds it onto the floor. Removes his shoes.

He stretches to reach up.

Pulls the rod, pivots it. The mechanism, complicated and elaborate for a simple hanger rod.

A large silk bag hangs in this elaborate wardrobe.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Craig works the yards of satin material over her slumped body. He reaches his arm through the sleeve, guides her limp hand out.

He fluffs the thick veil, guides the folds into a flowing form. Its many layers of taffeta make it nearly opaque.

He layers it across her shoulders. Her face and head nearly invisible. She moans.

She sits there, motionless. Fully adorned in the majestic wedding gown. The veil so thick you can barely see her face. The wheel chair almost invisible under the gown.

A beat

Craig walks behind her. His butler outfit a fitting statement of class. His shoes brilliantly polished. He pushes her forward. They fade into.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He rolls her up to the dining room table. A room we have been in before.

Seated at the far end of the table, Dr Grick. Giddy as a school boy, he sits tall in his chair. His excitement almost makes him look 20 years younger.

DR GRICK

Ahh! -- My dear!

Pushing his chair back Dr Grick Stands, props himself on the table. A coupe slight creaks and pops and he actually seems tall in his stance. He scuffles down the side of the long table.

Craig rushes over, grabbing his arm he attempts to help him. Dr Grick pushes him, smiles at his seated bride. He hobbles along, the chair backs his crutch.

They cross in front of the long credenza. The fine lace trim drapes the edge. The sterling serving set at one end.

The large tapestry hanging above. Centered, the cradled machete. And to the far side almost hiding in the shadow of the corner, a large satin bag.

He nears, his leathery face radiant. He bends down reaching for her hand. Gives her hand a kiss, his stare vibrant.

He looks up and smiles at her, her face hidden. He struggles to stand up. Craig bounds over, Dr Grick wobbles to stand.

He falls back into the dining chair, nods to Craig. He looks across to her, smiles. Craig presents the champagne. Dr Grick nods graciously. He pours it into his glass. Walks down and fills hers.

The plate set in front of him, Dr Grick smells the food admiring the aroma. A fabulous slice of prime rib, fresh sauteed green beans. A colorful rice medley. He reaches for the fork.

Craig saunters down to the other end of the table. He sets the plate in front of her. A beat. He gazes down to Dr Grick. He chews watching them.

Craig cuts a piece off, jabs the fork into it, hangs the fork off the plate. He stands back. She's motionless. The appetizing plate of food a tortuous tease she will never eat.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Dr Grick eating, smiling. Craig serving. The bride sitting, the smallest of movements. Her plate still full. He tips his glass to her. Craig removes the plates, her's untouched. Pours coffee.

Close on Dr Grick's face, his eyes closed, a happy smirk. Her face close to his, they bob, slowly a dance. Dr Grick managing a pretty good stance.

Craig's arms wrapped around her, he holds her from the back, swaying her.

A beat

Pulling back. The table linen sits clumped on the plate.

A large candelabra, dozens of candles burn to illuminate the room with an amber hue.

LIZ (V.O.)

Some say love is what you make of
it.

Darkened ceiling, candle soot, stained clouds, dark and ominous.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Those tender moments that give you
hope.

He sits. His tuxedo as stunning as the day it was tailored.

At the head of the table a BRIDE. Elaborate wedding gown. A thick veil very ornate.

The fireplace glows through it. Her face a mere shadow.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A look.

A giddy chuckle, a beaming smile. He leans toward the table. An old photo album, he points.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A touch.

Intriguing photos of a young couple. The uncommon backdrops, various wonders of the world set their locations.

His frail fingers turn the pages. He acts as joyful as he has ever been. A young couple overlooking a plateau. The clouds far below. He leans back in his chair, his hands gesture a floating motion.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Looking past the flaws.

His eyes peer into the shadow within the veil.

A soft moan, her head wavers. Her hand reaches up to the table. He looks close at her, curious concern in his eyes.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mistakes.

A beat, his eyes wander to the empty champagne glass in front of her.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just loving them for who they are.

He grabs the glass, twisting in his chair he waves it about, clearly calling for someone.

Dr Grick twists around looking, waves the glass. He mouths the words, "More champagne Craig."

CRAIG walks through the door. Craig pours into Dr Grick's glass.

He reaches out, gently clinks his glass against hers.

DR GRICK
To us. Another glorious year.

A sip of champagne.

LIZ (V.O.)
Or who they are not.

Ave Maria begins to chime. The clock's chimes announce the hour.

Dr Grick sets his glass on the table, he stares under the veil. Craig crosses.

The chimes stop, fading into. A beat of silence.

The gong strikes.

GONG

Dr Grick turns, we lead his trek through the room.

GONG

Her soft moan growing distant.

GONG

Craig cross behind her. Dr Grick wheeling away.

GONG

Her rapid breathing growing louder.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And sometimes.

GONG

Dr Grick nears the door across the room.

GONG

Her head slowly turns.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just sometimes.

GONG

Dr Grick's head locked stiff, he nears the door.

GONG

Craig rises from the fireplace.

GONG

Her head wobbling, she whimpers.

GONG

Craig walks behind her.

GONG

Her head swings, she whimpers.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You have to make your own kind of
love.

GONG

Craig raises the machete. Pulls it far over his shoulder.

GONG

Time slows, the music fading, replaced by the swish of the blade cutting through the air, the machete lingers in it's arc.

Her head wavers, expectant, the veil flutters. Fleeing the approaching blade it bunches around her neck.

The blade slices clean through, the veil curling around the machete. Pulling the veil with, the blade follows through his swing.

The veil hangs a moment before sliding off the end of the machete, her veiled bundle flies across the room.

Her lifeless body slumps in the chair, the brief quivering slows. Stopping. Dead.

He stands, his face stoic.

He places the large satin bag on the table. Unties the strings. He lowers the bag around its contents.

A large glass jar. A heavy metal fastener seal. Inside a head, old and aged by the gooey fluid. It's eyes opened, grotesque in their cold dead stare.

He pulls the head out, the stench of formaldehyde stings his nose. It drips from its' blonde Crown Braids. Decades of soaking have pickled its skin.

He jams a steel rod into the severed neck, where her head lived moments ago. The corpse wiggles with his forceful push.

He carefully lowers the old head onto the steel spike. He turns it, adjusting to perfection. He smiles, the closest thing to life Margaret can ever expect.

INT. DR GRICK'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dr Grick hobbles toward the bed. His long night shirt sweeps across his slippers, he stops with the opening door.

Craig wheels Dr Grick's radiant abomination of a bride into the room. His face full of glee. Margaret's mummified head grossly out of place atop the wedding gown, her mouth hangs disturbingly open.

DR GRICK

My darling.

He clambers into the bed, settles in against the pillows. He pulls back the sheets on her side.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)

Come, my dear.

Craig hoist the macabre corpse into the bed. Dr Grick leans close, his face radiant with glee he pulls the sheets over her.

His grisly hand caresses her face. Enamored he kisses her cheek.

INT. DR GRICK'S BEDROOM HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Craig closes the door behind him. The grotesquely tender scene fades from his view.

He pads down the hallway, the veiled head hangs in his grasp.

He walks slowly, his smirk grows, his head turning, he listens to the faint sound of aged laughter.

He approaches close.

INT. FURNACE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The freight elevator doors clank and grind open. Craig steps through, his hand still clutching the veiled head.

The flames bursting to life brighten the dim room. The light glowing through the heavy iron grates. His gaze stoic, he unwraps the blood soaked veil.

Staring long, his face glows and reflects the flames within.

Her face yet unseen. He lays it on the conveyer, he pauses, shoves it into the furnace.

The sound of hair sizzling and popping echoes in the small room. His nostrils flare, the stench of burning flesh captivating.

He looks in.

KARI. KARI's dead eyes stare back with a regretful gaze.

The flames grow consuming KARI's face, her flesh charring. Her jaw opens from the heat.

LIZ (V.O.)

But that kind of made up love is not
for me. -- Not tonight.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- WELCOME BACK TO, TODAY

Her eyes pop open, with the slamming door, Craig and Dr Grick have just left the room.

Liz, lies face down on the concrete, her arms straining in the lift chain.

She twists looking into the dingy lab, all clear.

Her foot reaching up, she tugs at the lift chain. Grunts, useless.

The hand chain wrapped around the table leg, her foot unable to reach. She strains her shoulders, laboring she drags herself mere inches.

Her foot paws at the chain, her face grimacing as she taxes every joint in her body.

The knotted chain holds tight to the leg beneath the plywood shelf.

She turns herself face down. The sole of her foot kicks at the shelf. It creaks.

She kicks again, and again. Each kick a contorted struggle that lifts and drops her back to the floor. The plywood cracking, the splintered shards pierce her foot.

Near exhaustion, she clings to hope as the plywood breaks free. The chain drops only slightly. It catches on the rusty nails sticking out of the table leg.

She spits and groans pulling the chain, the nails bending.

She pushes at the chain with her foot. With her toes prying at the chin, her foot slips. The force propelling it onto the nails.

The pain excruciating, she chokes back the scream. Her brow soaked with sweat and grime, she buries her face on the floor.

Taking a deep breath she jerks her foot off the piercing steel.

Her teeth clinched, the spit sprays with every gasp. The pain too much to bear, the agony becomes rage. She violently thrashes, a wolf ready to chew off their own foot, she stretches her body to the limit.

The chain lets go, she drops with a THUD.

LIZ

Ugh.

Barely a moments thought her hands twist and pull to free from the chain wrapped around them. She pulls her hands free, she rolls over to jump up.

Grabbing her wounded leg, she hobbles out into the dingy lab.

INT. DINGY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Her first view of a room we are all too familiar with. She scans the disarray.

She limps to the door, grabbing the knob. Locked tight. She turns and leans. Her leg throbbing, she winces.

With all the stuff and clutter in the room, there has to be something here to help her escape. She limps over the large medicine cabinet. Her eyes wander over all the vials and jars.

With all the stuff, nothing makes a good weapon. Her face consumed in concern, she limps to the cluttered desk.

Looks around. Opens a drawer, useless junk. The journal centered on the desk. She opens it. The writing filling every page. She stares focused on the words on the page. She turns the pages slowly.

INT. PAST GRICK HOUSE/FOYER -- DAY (THE PAST)

The front door opens, a cloudy gray sky backdrops his entrance. He shakes off the rain from his umbrella, snaps it shut, hangs it on the rack.

The screen door hurls open slamming against the outside wall. He jumps grabbing for it, pulls it closed. A flash of lightening illuminates the room.

Overcoat dripping into the tray below, he hangs his hat neatly atop.

The sitting room adjacent, museum like, all it needs is a rope barrier between a couple of posts.

DR GRICK

Margaret.

INT. PAST GRICK HOUSE/ STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The long rolling stair case, as elegant and refined, frames the spacious room. He looks up.

DR GRICK

Margaret.

He ascends, his foot steps softened by the carpeted runner.

INT. PAST GRICK HOUSE/ HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The dozen crafted doors line the long hallway. Paintings and curious meticulously positioned through out.

His silhouette casts a long shadow from the brief flash of lightening.

The thunder quiets. The moment's silence carrying the subtle moans to his ears. He turns.

The lightening flashes.

His steps slow and stunted, he stops at a door.

His ear close the sounds clearer, sharper, rhythmic.

A woman's moan. A man's grunt.

He listens close. The lightening flashes long. The hallway illuminates. The painting bathed in the bright light, it stares back at him.

INT. DINGY LAB -- (TODAY)

Liz turns around, she scans the lab. The disarray overwhelming, she spins around lost.

The old oil painting should seem out of place against the dingy wall. Faded and chipped, the intricate carved detail of the large frame retains little of its gold color.

The beautiful young woman stands out against the lush garden background. Her hair, the Crown Braid sit perfectly above her lovely face, the wedding dress flowing and magnificent.

Nearly invisible, the repaired cut catches her eye. Looking closer her hand brushes across the small stitching. Almost the full width, it eerily severs across her neck.

She jerks her hand away. The canvas rebounds, the frame shutters. It sways banging the wall.

Flung open, it bounces against the wall, the rusty hinge near ripping from the frame. The wall safe hidden behind.

She grabs the handle, turning it the safe opens.

Mostly empty save for a few items, she reaches in taking out a wrapped stack of thousand dollar bills, her eyes widen.

LIZ

Shit!

Dropping the cash she pulls out an old photo album. She flips through it. Wedding photos, vacation photos, old memories. Worthless to her she lets it drop to the floor.

A last look inside, the glisten catches her eye. Shiny, it almost calls to her with the reflecting light.

Snatching it out, she gives it a long stare. Several wedding bands and a large diamond engagement ring hang along side of a single key. Turning to the door she bolts.

Try as she might the key will not fit the lock, a dead end. Frustrated she growls. She stares around the room. It really could use an organizer.

She spots the large canvas that covers the wardrobe in the corner. She tears off the tarp. Inserts the key, the hinges squeak.

She examines the gown, her mind caught between curiosity and awe at the elaborate dress. She drops the sleeve and digs around beneath the dress.

She pulls out a high heel shoe. It's not much of a weapon, but as is known, can inflict some damage. She grabs it tight.

She strolls back to the desk, her hands on her hips, the thought of escape fleeting. She pulls open the desk drawers, she searches, tearing everything out, nothing.

She tears out the last drawer whipping it across the room. She pulls at her hair, sniveling, she groans.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She spies the safe once more. She reaches in pulling out the contents. The cash flutters down, a quill pen hits the floor. The journals drop. An old picture album, she lets everything fall to the floor.

The safe empty, she withdraws her arm. She holds an old piece of paper, folded, very aged. She slowly opens it, looks up from the letter. She jams it into the sash of the gown.

Her gaze wanders down. The photo album lays at her feet. Their old wedding photo staring back at her. Dr Grick, in his tuxedo, young and once handsome. MARGARET, smiling, beautiful in her wedding dress. She's the woman in the painting.

The sudden RINGING of a phone, Liz jumps. Frantic she looks around.

It RINGS again, she focuses in on the source. It rings again.

The ringing closer, she moves aside several boxes on the desk. Her brief excitement fades with the phone in view.

No dial. A beat.

She jumps. Startled as it RINGS again.

An old candle stick phone. Straight from the twenties, it's the kind with the simple ear piece that hangs on a hook. It resembles a candle stick.

She raises the receiver to her ear. The voice rough and labored.

DR GRICK (V.O.)

Craig

Their encounter may have been brief, but he left a lasting impression, she knows that voice.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Craig

I need my shot.

Her mind reeling, her eyes lost in thought.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Craig...

Her gaze wandering. She looks at the wedding album on the floor. A beat.

LIZ

Em?

Silence.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Em, where are you?

A beat. The silence tensioned.

DR GRICK (V.O.)

Margaret?

LIZ

Em, where are you?

The wait agonizing, her face contorting.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Em. I need you. I'm all alone.

Biting her lower lip, she hangs on every breath.

DR GRICK (V.O.)

Margaret, I've missed you.

INT. DR GRICK'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dr Grick sits in his wheelchair, he leans on the dresser.
His face buried in his arm

LIZ (V.O.)
I've missed you too darling

INTERCUT

DR GRICK (V.O.)
Margaret, I'm sorry.
I never meant to hurt you.

Dr Grick's head hangs low.

DR GRICK (CONT'D)
You were my only love.

LIZ (V.O.)
I'm sorry too.

His hands cradle his face.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Em, come to me.

Weeping, he throws his head back.

DR GRICK
I'm so tired.

LIZ (V.O.)
I know my dear, let me help you

Liz studies everything in the dingy lab, her eyes look for
anything she can use.

LIZ (CONT'D)
It's our wedding day my love.

Liz hangs on the silence, her cheek twitches.

DR GRICK (V.O.)
Where are you?

She looks around, searches for her next thought.

LIZ
I was looking for you my love -- I
missed you -- I wanted to be with
you.

A beat.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Come to me -- Marry me

The silence agonizing, she looks down.

DR GRICK (V.O.)

I need my shot. Where is Craig?

LIZ
Craig is here darling. He's getting
your shot.

Dr Grick sits frozen, his head pitched back, his mouth hangs open.

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Come to your lab darling.

Liz stands with the cabinet open, she stares at the wedding dress.

DR GRICK (V.O.)
You were so beautiful -- I did not
deserve you.

INT. DR GRICK'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Dr Grick wheels out from the bedroom, down the hall. His movements labored, his eyes battle for focus. His mind half distant.

INT. FURNACE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The grind of the freight elevator awakens him. Craig lies on the gurney. The syringe and vial, evidence of his indulgences lay next to him. The same concoction he has been giving Dr Grick.

His eyes are nearly sunk back in his head, his gaze distant. He tries to comprehend the moment. The powerful drug taking its toll on him.

His eyes flutter with the groaning sound of the elevator doors floors above, his head turns, rising from the gurney. The light from the elevator shaft shifting with its descent. It stops at the floor above. He stares, his gaze distant.

INT. DINGY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Liz stands back in the lab. She wears the wedding gown. Her hair a gallant attempt at Crown Braids, it looks pretty good for being rushed.

She stands radiant against the dingy setting. She could almost pass for a reflection in the painting. Dr Grick wheels into the room. He stops midway.

A beat

He's frozen stiff. She slowly shuffles to him. His fading eyes follow her like a prom date. She circles around him, he cradles his face as her hand reaches out to his cheek.

She comes around, kneels down to him. His hand struggle to touch her face, his eyes close.

DR GRICK

I need my shot.

His eyes dozy, he's nodding off. They stand in front of the medicine cabinet. She studies the different vials.

She has no clue which one is which. She reaches for the ones on the top, the best stuff is always on the top shelf. She fills the syringe. Struggles his sleeve up his arm.

The skin a dark leather, the needle cannot penetrate. She swings it down hard, jabs into his arm. His eyes pop open.

INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The room is empty, but set as we have seen before. The candles dark. The dim fire casting an amber glow across the room, the shadows long and ominous.

The machete, seated on it's cradle almost begs for the light. It strangely almost glows in it's perch.

A man's hand grabs it from the cradle.

The blade approaches overtaking the view.

INT. GRICK HOUSE/ HALLWAY -- (THE PAST)

A lightening flash, the hallway lights up.

A door opens. A wedding gown proceeding through the door. Margaret steps into the dim hallway, she turns back to the door.

A man steps out, her LOVER. He pulls her tight. She grabs his crotch, a lusty smile. They have done this before, the dress adding to insult. They kiss.

A lightening flash. Their tongues dance in their open mouths. Dr Grick's shadow traces across the floor.

They turn with a start. His silhouette dark against the large window behind.

INT. DINGY LAB -- (TODAY)

The door opens, Craig pushes it open with the tip of the machete. The glass jar clutched against his chest. Margaret's preserved head in plain sight.

They stand watching Craig enter. Liz holds his hand. Dr Grick sits up tall in his chair. His hands in a permanent spasm.

The look in his face not seen before, it burns with a suppressed rage. His cheeks tighten in a smile, his stare distant.

CRAIG

Doctor.

He pockets the keys in his hand. Holds out Margaret's head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I brought Margaret.

Liz clutches his hand tight, his head turns, nuzzles into her arm.

Craig steps in closer, holds out the jar.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Doctor -- come on, lets get ready.
I have your bride.

Dr Grick's hand tightens around her hand. He turns to Craig his eyes fire red.

DR GRICK

My bride.

Craig nears, his nervous gate wavers.

CRAIG

No -- she's not your bride. Here's
your bride. Here's Margaret. Right
here.

She leans closer to Dr Grick. Dr Grick pulls her tight.

Craig shakes the jar, Margaret's head floats around. He waves the machete, struggles to hold the jar.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

That's not your Margaret. She's
just some whore. Remember?

Dr Grick's grasp tightens around her hand, she pulls against his painful squeeze. His body stiffening, eyes opening.

LIZ

Ow.

Liz leans down to Dr Grick's face, her lips approaching his. Her eyes close her tongue peaking between her lips, she lays a deep kiss on him, her hands cradling his face. Craig wavers, nervous turning to impatience. He lunges forward.

CRAIG

Fuck this.

He grabs Liz by her braids, her hand clutches his grip, the other being pulled back by Dr Grick. It snaps free with Craig's pull.

LIZ

(scream)

He drops the jar on the counter, pulls her down in front of him. He fights against her struggle, her hands pulling at his grip.

CRAIG

Get the fuck over here.

He takes a solid hold, raises the machete in the air. He aims for her neck. Dr Grick's tall shadow falls across her face. Craig looks curious, he turns.

Dr Grick stands behind him. He looks twenty years younger, his posture straight and tall. His frailty subdued, he's menacing towering over Craig.

He grabs Craig's hands, rips the machete from them.

Craig leaps for Dr Grick's hands, he fights him for the machete. Their struggle pitches them against the counter, the jar slides off the edge.

It shatters on the floor, Margaret's head splats like a tomato on the hard concrete.

Dr Grick enraged, bats Craig across his head with the flat of the blade.

INT. GRICK HOUSE/ HALLWAY -- (THE PAST)

Slightly slow, time crawls. Silent

Dr Grick walks down the hall, the silhouette of the machete appears at his side.

MARGARET storms at him, her face enraged. He pushes her aside. She grabs his arm.

The LOVER backing down the hallway. Dr Grick pads toward him, Margaret pulling him back, her gown waving. She mouths her disapproval.

Dr Grick shakes her off, his strut widens. He nears the cowering Lover. He raises the machete.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM (TODAY)

Dr Grick tosses Craig against the wall like a rag doll.

Liz watches guarded behind.

The jolt wakes Craig, he shakes it off. Crouches against the wall.

Dr Grick strolls over to him, he raises the machete. Craig's dazed face watching him. He lunges grabbing for the machete, it pierces his side. He falls back against the wall

INT. GRICK HOUSE/ HALLWAY -- (THE PAST)

Dr Grick approaches the Lover, he cowers against Margaret's painting. He raises the machete. Margaret reaches up and hangs on his arm, pulls the machete down. Dr Grick leers at her.

Dr Grick's head turned the Lover lunges around them. Dr Grick whips his head around, he fights Margaret for the machete. He tosses her off, she stumbles back.

Dr Grick swings wildly at him, he twists his legs buckling, he slips around. His world blurring past him. The machete buries into the wall, it slices through the painting, it's tip buried into the wall. He pulls it free.

The Lover stumbles over the top step down the hall. Dr Grick turns, Margaret to his side. She stands motionless. Her face sallow, her head turns to him, eerily slow.

Dr Grick stands, he watches. She looks straight at him, for a moment. Her head continuing to turn. The red line appearing across her neck, it begins to streak down her throat.

Her head twists around, it begins to slide sideways. Her arms move. Her head hangs in the air. Her body slumping. Dr Grick reaches for her, catching her falling body. Her head bounces on the floor.

Dr Grick clutches her decapitated body. He wails.

A beat.

Lightening flash.

EXT. GRICK HOUSE/ HILLSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Shoes stomp through the muddy grass. A man's legs kick as they are dragged behind.

The Grick house behind them. The driving rain beating against their backs.

A flash of lightening reflects off of the machete clutched in his hand.

Dr Grick drags the Lover down the hillside. He fights and kicks, but with Dr Grick's rage so intense he pulls him effortlessly toward the rushing river below.

The lover slides across the muddy river bank. He instantly rolls over.

Dr Grick stands watching the lover on his knees begging for his life.

He raises the machete. The Lover pleads. A lightening flash lights Dr Grick's face, his expression cold, his eyes lifeless.

The WHOOSH of the machete slicing the air, the blade rings.

INT. GRUNGY ROOM -- (TODAY)

Dr Grick breaths heavy, his threatening presence intimidating. Craig lays writhing on the floor, he holds his punctured chest tight.

Dr Grick's eyes glare red, the uncontrollable rage building, the possession overwhelming. He slowly raises the machete, his smile maniacal and frightening to the core.

The shadow rises behind him. Unaware of the motion behind him, he continues to raise the machete.

Her move would impress a Ninja. Liz whips the lift chain around Dr Grick's neck, catches the hook in it and pulls the hand chain.

Dr Grick's body lurches up. His eyes widen in shock. His hand grabs the constricting chain around his neck. His feet slipping, his whole weight unsteady around his throat.

The machete slings wildly in his other hand. His legs kicking as he ascends. Behind him Liz pulls down the chain faster and faster.

Craig crawls across the floor, he holds his side together.

Liz raises Dr Grick, his feet flailing, the machete swinging, Craig gets low.

Dr Grick's kicking feet slam into the nails sticking out of the table legs.

The chain tightens, Liz hangs on the lift chain. Dr Grick twists around kicking his free leg. She pulls on the lift chain, it tightens around his neck, he gasp and flails.

She jumps up and down pulling on the lift chain, each pull digging the links into his flesh. She hangs on it, it holds tight.

A beat.

She stares at his writhing body. No hesitation, she leaps across his hanging torso. His foot impaled on the nails, his neck in the hoist, her dropping weight pops his head off. It falls slow, bounces off the floor. The machete drops.

Liz rolls away, his decapitated corpse crashing down on her.

A beat, quiet.

The sound of the freight elevator echoes through the open door.

She picks herself up, leg throbbing, she clutches it. Limp away from Dr Grick's dead, headless body.

INT. FURNACE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Liz opens the elevator doors, the metal clanking echoes in the small room. Craig sits, his back to us. She approaches slowly.

Craig turns, his eyes glazed. He withdraws the needle from his arm, he clutches his side.

She lunges at him, her finger aimed for his throat. He jumps up nearly catching her. Her fingers dig into his neck, he slings her to the side. He chokes, her grasp like steel, her teeth grind.

He fights for a moment, she shoves him against the wall, his head strikes hard, his eyes roll. She slams his head against the wall again, and again.

Every slam of his head sending him further into darkness. She throws his limp body down onto the conveyer. She takes a breath, he's motionless.

She slaps the "ON" button. The flames burst to life, the conveyer grinds forward, Craig is going in, slowly into the flames.

With a start, Liz leaps for his pocket. She digs out the keys. They hang up on a hook. She fumbles with it, getting closer to the open oven, the conveyer dragging her closer. The heat radiating on her face.

It lets go with a snap. She catches herself, slowly backs away.

FADE

INT. DOCK -- CONTINUOUS

The jingle of the keys and the door flies open. It slams against the wall as Liz bolts through. She turns on the light. Leaps for the wall switch, slams her hand on the "OPEN" button.

The steel door grinds open, she paces looking back down the hall, the wait seems long.

The room goes black, the door lurches to stop. The dim light under the partly open door cutting into the dark room.

LIZ

Shit!

She drops to her knees, rolling on her back she tries to squeeze under. The opening barely enough to get her head under.

She struggles forcing her shoulders through, the tension nipping at her.

The metal door scrapes at her back as she claws her way under, every inch a battle of wills.

She pushes and fights against the door. With only her hips to get under, she can sense freedom lingering.

Her toes claw at the concrete, the skin tearing. The wound on her leg bleeding. The door stopped solid resists her escape.

She pushes harder, with one last gasp she slips her waist under.

Collapsing in a moment of exhaustion, she lays half way out. She breaths a sigh for a moment.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

She crawls out into the alley. Lifting herself up she limps down the alley. The pain finding it's way into the moments calm. At the end of the alley, the wall lights up from an approaching car farther down the street.

She pauses a moment, her limp becoming a labored sprint toward the alley's end. The car drives by, her arms waving frantically, the gown flowing with her struggled run.

The car passes, a face inside turns passing, the red brake lights glowing against the brick wall. She waves frantic.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DOCK

The metal door scrapes at her back as she claws her way under, every inch a battle of wills.

She fights against the door. Freedom lingering. Toes claw at the concrete, the skin tearing. The wound on her leg bleeding. The door stopped solid resists her escape.

She pushes harder, with one last gasp she slips her waist under. Collapsing in a moment of exhaustion. Laying half way out, she breaths a sigh for a moment. A moment too long.

Her head lifts up, eyes stunned. A CLICK, the light under the door shines in her face.

She pulls. Her leg held tight, she kicks at the door with her free leg.

She looks to see a pair of legs standing on the other side. Kneeling down, she can see them starting to look under the door.

The bright light shining in her eyes make it difficult to see. Slowly it becomes clear.

Dr Grick stares back at her. A beat of disbelief, stunned, she stares at the face of the man she just killed.

She twists clawing at the pavement. Her leg held tight, her efforts futile. Her head turns back and forth, her gaze caught between freedom and captivity. Dr Grick's cold stare beaming back at her.

LIZ
(SCREAMS)

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

She snaps up in bed, the sweat running down her face. Her eyes adjusting to the light. Even in the dark, she finds comfort in the familiar setting of her childhood bedroom.

She looks to the night stand. Reaches. The photo of her and Kari, embraced as children. A tear, she puts it back.

The yellowed piece of paper sits atop the night stand. She slowly picks it up.

Unfolding it, she stares in the dim light.

DR GRICK (V.O.)
My Darling Margaret.

SLOW FADE INTO

INT. GRICK HOUSE/ STUDY -- (THE PAST)

Dr Grick leans against the mantle, his head against his arm. He stands motionless.

DR GRICK (V.O.)
I realize, all too late, how it must have become so troubling for you. I can only imagine the solitude you must have felt and how unbearable life alone became.
For this I am sorry.

He turns his head, his eyes closed.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I now see with clarity. A clarity clouded far too long, that it was my own obsessive compulsion that kept me away far too often. My desire to find the cures of man's ills, blinded me to my own disease.

His head lifts. He rests his chin on his arm.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A disease far more damaging than the ones I sought to cure. I wish my malady had been one of self destruction. Instead it did not afflict me alone, but destroyed your beautiful soul and spirit. A spirit you needed to share with someone.

His eyes wander up. An old vase. A native pottery bowl and a reed doll.

A photo, silver frame, Margaret stands embracing Dr Grick. Beautiful in her wedding gown, a handsome tuxedo. They smile. Memories of the past line the mantle.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I feel that it is far too late for me to return to the man I once was. The man whose hopes had at one time given you great joy and happiness. I fear he has gone for good, never to return.

His gaze looking up, stopping on the MACHETE that hangs centered on the wall above.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I will wait alone, wait for the day we can once again be together. It will be my turn to suffer through the solitude and only through God's forgiveness, bring us together again.

The desk drawer opens. His hand reaches in.

He wraps the rubber tourniquet around his arm.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know now that I drove her to it.

The needle pierces his arm.

The syringe bounces across the desk.

DR GRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But if it is meant to be my destiny to join the fallen angels for my indiscretions, my wait shall be eternal and our day together may never come. For that please forgive me.

His eyes close, his head tilts back, he begins to tremble.

FADES INTO

LIZ

With my lasting love -- Always yours --
Em."

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

Liz folds the old and faded letter, a tear runs down her cheek. She looks up.

The girls are all here, again. Clearly some sort of costume ball, they wear a mix of costumes.

Jill uncomfortably wears a nun's habit, her shrewish face almost fitting of her attire.

Christi, not sure if this is really a costume or just one of her regular outfits. She clings onto a prop stripper pole, her pasties way too small for her ample breasts. She bounces to the club MUSIC.

And Sara. The silly mask does little to conceal her face. Her costume, very skimpy, reveals a bit too much of her curvaceous figure.

They sit there, uncomfortably silent.

SARA

WOW -- You're like a total Rambo --
If Rambo was a girl I mean.

Jill rolls her eyes.

JILL

Sounds like total bullshit to me.

LIZ

Your fiancée buy you that costume?

She leers at Liz, her eyes like daggers. She turns away. Sara stares wide-eyed at Liz, her head nod telling her to keep quiet.

A beat.

CHRISTI

So where did you get the letter?

LIZ

I put it in the gown, not sure why.
Wasn't thinking about it.

CHRISTI

Did you get to keep it?

Liz holds up the letter.

LIZ

The letter?

CHRISTI

No. The dress.

Liz sips her soda, nods her head.

LIZ
No, they took it away at the hospital.

A beat.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Why? Do you think Jill could use
it?

The others cover their mouths snickering. They all look away from Jill, clearly they are all avoiding saying something. She turns back to them, her leer cutting through them even deeper. Sara stands up, leans down and hugs Liz.

SARA
Anyway, you were a total bad-ass, I
want you for my body guard.

LIZ
No thanks. Once in a lifetime is
enough for me.

CHRISTI
Well -- Did they find -- um?

Liz looks down, the memories taunting. She shrugs.

LIZ
They said it will take months to
figure it all out. There were
hundreds of remains all over.

The girls look stunned.

LIZ (CONT'D)
They have to figure out what was
legit and what was not.

JILL
Still sounds flaky to me.

SARA
Well I don't care, you're still a
hero to me.

She stands looking around.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get another drink, maybe
check out some of these guys here,
anyone want anything?

They stare at her with blank faces. Liz nods. She walks off into the crowd, her strut inviting, she bounces to the beat.

Sara walks through the crowd, the girls at the table growing distant behind her.

A BEAT

She slouches on the bar stool sipping her fruity drink. Again the straw seemingly pasted between her lips. Her eyes gaze the crowd with a much too innocent and naive stare.

We see the back of a man's head as he approaches. She sits upright as he nears, her eyes beaming. She coyly bats her eyes.

MASKED MAN

Hi.

SARA

Oh , my god, that makeup is awesome.
You should take off the mask and
show it.

His back to us he raises the mask. Her face beaming, she reaches out and touches his face. She playfully cringes.

MASKED MAN

Care to dance?

A beat.

SARA

I don't know -- your mask is very
scary.

She snickers. He reaches taking her hand. Setting down her drink -- she stands -- walks toward the dance floor.

He turns, a plain white mask covers half his face. The "Phantom of The Opera" kind. It does a good job of covering the burn scars.

The rancor dripping in his eyes, CRAIG'S leer follows her strut into the crowd.

She looks back, he follows.

SARA (CONT'D)

Haven't I seen you here before?

Black...