



THE WHISPERS IN THE WOODS

When a young woman investigates the covered-up murder of her friend, she teams up with a private eye and a cast of supporting characters to find the killer.

Written by

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"WHICH IS THE TRUE NIGHTMARE, THE HORRIFIC DREAM THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR SLEEP OR THE DISSATISFIED REALITY THAT AWAITS YOU WHEN YOU AWAKE?"- - JUSTIN ALCALA

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A dense wooded area emerges from a black screen.

It's spooky.

Someone runs through it--

It's a forrest

Huh...Huh...

Huh...Huh...

Huh...Huh...

They run from something...

They try to escape through the dark, wooded forrest.

The forrest begins to fade and a large, grassy area appears...

The night lit sky turns into day.

A mansion sits in the center of the grassy area somewhere in Pennsylvania--near Philadelphia.

As the mansion moves closer, a small girl, CHARLOTTE WALTERS, 10, Brunette with pony-tail, checkered skirt, an innocence only a child could have, plays with her baby doll.

Charlotte drops her doll, gets up and makes her way through--

INT. FOSTER HOME - CONTINUOUS

The mansion's rooms, which also serves as a foster home, swerve like a maze.

In one room, several young boys and girls take music lessons...

In another room, boys and girls play board games...

In the next room, boys and girls dust and vacuum.

The foster home bustles with energy!

As Charlotte travels through the house, a sense of the everyday life of the foster homes enlightens the screen.

As Charlotte concludes her travel through the foster home, she ends up in an empty room.

A queen-sized bed with lavish bedding sits in the middle of the space.

Charlotte carefully approaches the bed, lifts the quilt and kneels by it's side.

Under the bed is a young, shy, black girl, PRISCILLA SNOW, 10, hair in pony-tail, blue jean overalls.

She's scared.

CHARLOTTE

Hey, you.

Priscilla doesn't respond. She just looks at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Aw, cum' on. You can't stay here all day.

Priscilla still doesn't respond.

Charlotte makes a monster face.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Raarrrrr!!!

Priscilla jumps.

Charlotte giggles.

Priscilla loosens up. Giggles.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

What are you doing under there?

PRISCILLA

Hiding.

CHARLOTTE

Why?

PRISCILLA

I'm ugly.

CHARLOTTE

No, you're beautiful.

Charlotte grabs Priscilla's arm and pulls her from beneath the bed.

She puts Priscilla in front of a full length mirror, throws a hat and scarf on her and embraces her from behind.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Now you can be yourself. You don't have to be ashamed.

Priscilla grins.

PRISCILLA

The scarf is so beautiful.

Charlotte throws on a hat and scarf.

CHARLOTTE

We're both beautiful now.

PRISCILLA

We're princesses.

CHARLOTTE

We can be anything we want to be.

PRISCILLA

We can make our own world. Isn't that great?

CHARLOTTE

It is.

(beat)

Let me show you something.

Charlotte takes Priscilla to the window and points to the wooded area behind the house.

PRISCILLA

What's that?

CHARLOTTE

It's the woods, silly. But these woods are haunted.

PRISCILLA

You mean ghosts...

EXT. FOSTER HOME - NIGHT

Charlotte and Priscilla meet underneath the bed from the earlier moment. A small night lite illuminates their faces.

CHARLOTTE
 Yup. The ghosts of foster children
 who died without parents--alone.

Priscilla is stunned.

PRISCILLA
 Wow!!

CHARLOTTE
 They roam the woods at night and
 play hid-and-seeK. They whisper...
 they whisper in the woods.

PRISCILLA
 Whisper in the woods...

Charlotte grabs Priscilla. Puts a finger over her mouth.

CHARLOTTE
 Shhhh. Can you hear that?

A breeze comes through an open window.

Gentle whispers follow--

They're from children--

They're playful--

PRISCILLA
 I can hear them.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Charlotte and Priscilla stand together in the wooded area
 with a small lamp.

They can still hear the whispers.

CHARLOTTE
 Can you hear them? The whispers?

The whispers begin to get louder...and louder...and louder...

Until loud screams fill the air.

PRISCILLA
 Ahhh!!!

Charlotte covers her mouth with a finger.

CHARLOTTE

Shhhh.

The screams go quiet.

PRISCILLA

The screams. The children.

CHARLOTTE

The screams of foster kids who died alone.

(beat)

I don't want to die alone,
Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Me either.

Silence. Then,

CHARLOTTE

Promise me that you'll be my
friend.

PRISCILLA

I promise.

CHARLOTTE

Friends forever.

Priscilla smirks.

PRISCILLA

Friends forever.

Charlotte extends her pinky.

CHARLOTTE

Pinky promise.

Priscilla extends her pinky.

PRISCILLA

Pinky promise.

The two wrap their pinkies together, then hug.

CHARLOTTE

We have to whisper from now on so
the evil monsters don't hear us.

The two begin to walk through the woods and whisper.

PRISCILLA
(whispers)
I want to be a lawyer when I grow
up.

CHARLOTTE
(whispers)
I want to be a beautiful, famous
actress.

PRISCILLA
(whispers)
Charlotte, you can be anything you
put your mind to.

CHARLOTTE
(whispers)
If I get hit by a car, you'll be
the first lawyer I call, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
(whispers)
Well, thank you very much.

The two giggle and embrace each other as they walk down the
path.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Priscilla and Charlotte take singing lessons together.

The two girls perform vocal warm-ups.

PRISCILLA
Do-Re-Mi-Fa--

Charlotte nudges Priscilla.

The two girls giggle.

INT. FOSTER HOME - NIGHT

Priscilla and Charlotte prepare and serve dinner to the other
foster kids.

The foster kids cheer and congratulate Priscilla and
Charlotte.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Priscilla alone on the steps--sad.

Charlotte sneaks up from behind her and cheers her up with a puppet show.

END MONTAGE

TWO YEARS LATER**EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY**

The foster home sits quietly on the hill, then--

WOOOOOF!!!

A flame burst out of a window at the lower levels.

WOOOOOF!!!

Flames are seen engulfing the lower levels.

Screams are heard from the inside.

INT. FOSTER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Flames engulf the entire kitchen and spread throughout the house.

Children run and scream for safety--

Only a few make it out of the house.

Screams for help are heard.

Several foster mothers carry children to a gathering spot on the front lawn.

Firetrucks are heard in the distance.

Some children hang out of the windows and scream for help.

Some of the children jump from the windows--aflame.

The children on the lawn look at their foster friends die in the flames in a state of terror and horror.

Charlotte and Priscilla are among those looking on.

Tears stream from their eyes.

Firefighters bombard the lawn to put out the fire and tell everyone to get back.

Screams are heard from the foster mothers--

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Charlotte and Priscilla meet in the woods again.

A charred mansion stands in the background.

Screams children are heard in the midst.

CHARLOTTE

Promise me. Friends until we die.

Charlotte extends her pinky.

Priscilla accepts.

PRISCILLA

Friends until we die.

FADE OUT.

SOMETIME LATER

EXT. FOSTER HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Priscilla and Charlotte play with baby dolls on the front lawn

A FOSTER MOTHER comes from inside with a man-woman couple.

FOSTER MOTHER

Charlotte...Charlotte.

Charlotte looks up and bolts over to the Foster Mother.

Charlotte converses with Foster Mother and couple for a few moments then gleefully runs back to play with Priscilla.

CHARLOTTE

They want me. They want me!!

PRISCILLA

Charlotte...

CHARLOTTE

That beautiful couple over there
wants me to go home with them.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

They said they were in Congress or something.

PRISCILLA

Congress.

CHARLOTTE

Yup. They have a nice big house in the suburbs.

Priscilla begins to sulk.

She tears up and runs into the house.

Charlotte calls after her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Priscilla!

Priscilla doesn't respond.

Charlotte looks on.

A FEW MONTHS LATER

INT./EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Charlotte prepares to leave with her new foster parents.

Priscilla looks on from the top of the steps. Somber.

The girls make eye contact, then run towards each other.

The make another pink promise.

PRISCILLA

Friends until we die.

CHARLOTTE

Friends until we die.

The two hug.

PRISCILLA

I'm going to miss our whispers in the woods.

CHARLOTTE

Me too.

Charlotte leaves and gives one final wave.

Priscilla returns the wave.

Charlotte gets into the car with her new family.

Priscilla tears up again. Runs into the house.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Priscilla runs back into the room where she used to hide under the bed.

She stops in front of the mirror and reminisces about her time with Charlotte.

Priscilla turns toward the bed, slowly walks to it's side, lifts the quilt and crawls beneath it.

Priscilla begins to cry. Alone.

INT. FOSTER HOME - NIGHT

Priscilla hides beneath the bed.

She hears conversations with Charlotte...

She hears the whispers and screams of the children...

They get louder and louder...and louder

Then...

silence.

SOME YEARS LATER

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER BUILDING - DAY

A place designated for an occasion that most seldom desire to acknowledge--death. It's where the dead are examined for cause of death, especially those who died of unnatural causes.

Like murder.

A woman races through narrow hallways filled with people moving to and from one room to another.

The woman, Priscilla, now in her 30's, gray dress suit, hair in pony tail and face filled with fear and worry.

Priscilla scampers through the halls until she reaches a help desk.

A CLERK, 40's, daintily sits quietly behind the desk. Speaks on the telephone.

PRISCILLA
Charlotte...Charlotte Walters.

CLERK
Hold on, please.

Priscilla waits for a brief moment.

PRISCILLA
Excuse me. I need to see Charlotte Walters.

The clerk continues to speak on the phone.

CLERK
One moment, please.

Priscilla reaches over the counter and hangs up the phone.

PRISCILLA
Look. I need to know where the hell my sister is. Her name's Charlotte Walters.

The clerk is stunned.

She pulls up information on her computer.

CLERK
Charlotte Walters...down the hall, make a left, then a right. It's on the left side. Room 118.

Priscilla's look of desperation turns into relief.

PRISCILLA
Thanks.

The clerk empathizes.

CLERK
Good luck.

Priscilla bolts down the hallway.

It's like a maze.

Priscilla tries to remember the directions as she avoids running into someone and knocking them over.

Priscilla makes the left--

Then the right--

Room 118 is just a few feet away--

Priscilla sees two familiar faces walk down the hallway.

They're grieving.

They're the people who picked up Charlotte years ago--her foster parents.

They cuddle and console each other as Priscilla passes them.

The wife can barely keep her composure.

They're Charlotte's parents.

No words.

Room 118 emerges.

Priscilla's scamper turns into a slow, careful walk.

A soft whisper calls Priscilla.

It's Charlotte's voice--

CHARLOTTE
(whisper voice)
Priscilla. Priscilla.

Priscilla looks around.

PRISCILLA
Charlotte?

Nothing.

No response.

INT. ROOM 118 - DAY

Priscilla slowly enters room 118.

Dim lights

Eerie

Quiet

No one else is in the room except--

An EXAMINER, 40's, scrubs, greets her.

EXAMINER
Can I help you with something?

Priscilla looks around.

PRISCILLA
I'm here to see Charlotte Walters.

EXAMINER
Come with me.

The Examiner motions Priscilla.

Priscilla follows him to an examination table where a body lies on the table with a plastic cover draped over it.

The Examiner removes the cover.

It's Charlotte, 30's, naked. dead.

It looks like the body was reassembled piece by piece.

Charlotte's body is chalk-like because--

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Her body was found buried in cement. She had her cell phone on her. That's how we were able to find her.

Priscilla is mortified.

PRISCILLA
No...no.

Priscilla begins to break down.

EXAMINER
Her body was found in pieces. We had to reassemble her corpse.

Charlotte's body shows that it was dismembered then reassembled. Stitches highlight the joints.

PRISCILLA
Oh, my G--

EXAMINER
Several internal organs were removed and not located.

Priscilla cries profusely.

PRISCILLA
Who could've done this?

EXAMINER
An investigation has been
initiated. The murder rate in Los
Angeles is on the rise and--

PRISCILLA
Who could've done this to my
sister?!?

EXAMINER
RIFT. Which may have caused someone
to do this to her. The side effects
of the drug are severe and make
some users extremely violent.

PRISCILLA
Why did they do this to my sister?

The examiner tries to empathize.

EXAMINER
I'm so sorry.

Priscilla continues to cry.

PRISCILLA
Oh, no...Oh my, God!

EXAMINER
Feel free to contact us anytime if
you need assistance.

The examiner stands silent.

Priscilla hovers over Charlotte's body.

She gives Charlotte's limp finger one last pinky promise.

Then, laments.

Howls a loud cry.

Whispers are heard, then the whispers turn into screams...

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Priscilla stands in center of the living room of a small,
studio apartment.

It belonged to Charlotte.

Clothes, furniture, books and junk is scattered throughout the place.

Yuk!!!

Priscilla rummages through the trash.

She walks over to a small drawer next to the bed, opens the top drawer.

A small picture of Charlotte and her when they were sits by itself as if it were Charlotte's most precious possession.

Priscilla grabs, caresses it.

She reminisces of times past with Charlotte.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

-Priscilla and Charlotte play hide and go seek.

-They bake cookies together.

-They blow bubbles on the front lawn.

END FLASHBACK

Priscilla continues to look at the picture with a soft gaze.

She explores the apartment:

The bathroom--disgusting.

The kitchen--gross.

Dirty clothes litter the floor.

Priscilla tries to tidy up the place as much as possible to no avail.

She packs a few things in storage containers and takes them to her car.

She notices a brochure on the table. An acting class.

She grabs it, puts it in her pocket. Leaves.

INT. CEMETERY LAWN - DAY

Somewhere in Pennsylvania, a small gathering of people overlook a closed casket.

It has Charlotte's remains.

A MINISTER presides over the ceremony--

MINISTER

...and we bid farewell to our
beloved Charlotte. Ashes to ashes
and dust to dust.

Priscilla sits in the back of the audience.

Alone.

Face, somber.

Tears slide down her cheek.

The family and other onlookers proceed to the--

INT. CREMATORIUM AREA - DAY

Family members and onlookers gather around Charlotte's casket where they wait for the remains to be cremated.

The casket is slowly inserted into the retort.

Tears creep down Priscilla's cheek.

A giant flame is ignited.

Charlotte's casket is engulfed by the fire.

It disappears.

After an hour, the remains are fully cremated.

A FEW WEEKS LATER**INT. CREMATION OFFICES - DAY**

The family signs the legal paperwork and seize Charlotte's urn.

Family members hug and console each other.

They head to--

EXT. MEMORIAL GARDEN - DAY

An exquisite garden with a tailor-made sculpture dedicated to Charlotte bustles with mourning and conversation.

Then, quiet...

Charlotte's mother and father gently dispose of her remains.

The crowd is somber.

Still.

Goodbye, Charlotte...

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD AIRBNB - DAY

A modestly furnished, one-bedroom serves as a temporary headquarters for Priscilla who opted return to California for a few weeks longer.

Priscilla sits in front of the storage cases that contain Charlotte's personal items.

She sorts through them carefully.

She discovers old photos of Charlotte and her.

... of Charlotte in the Peace Corps.

... of Charlotte with her theater troupe.

Priscilla pulls out a picture of Charlotte with her acting class, the "Monroe School of Acting" and browses through it.

Priscilla jots down the contact information--

Picks up the phone--

And makes a call--

The RECEPTIONIST answers.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Hello. Monroe School of Acting.

PRISCILLA
Hi. I wanted to schedule an
appointment to speak to you about
some of your acting programs.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Sure. Which programs are you
interested in?

PRISCILLA
Acting for Film. When can I come
by?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Anytime after noon. Our head
instructor will be here to greet
you.

PRISCILLA
Great thanks. See you then.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Sure thing. Bye.

The receptionist hangs up the phone.

Priscilla hangs up.

INT. MONROE SCHOOL OF ACTING - DAY

A dimly lit studio space with actors and writers and teachers
floating around it's halls is filled with energy.

Priscilla walks down the main hallway flanked by movie
posters: Audrey Hepburn, Sidney Poitier, Alfred Hitchcock.

She's greeted by a middle-aged woman, MS. MARIE, 50's, thin
build, black dress, soft, graceful walk.

MS. MARIE
Hello, there. You must be
Priscilla.

Ms. Marie extends her hand.

PRISCILLA
Yes, ma'am.

Priscilla extends her hand. The two shake hands.

MS. MARIE
Follow me. My office is just down
the hall.

Ms. Marie heads down the hall.

Priscilla follows.

MS. MARIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Marie and Priscilla have an impromptu meeting in an office filled with Hollywood flair.

Priscilla sits in a chair with hands crossed over her lap.

Ms. Marie sits in an executive chair behind a desk littered with acting books and magazines.

MS. MARIE

So, which one of our classes are you interested in?

PRISCILLA

Well, I want--

MS. MARIE

You know, I studied with some of the best acting teachers in the world.

PRISCILLA

No that's not it...

(beat)

I want to ask you about my friend. Charlotte Walters.

Ms. Marie lights up.

MS. MARIE

Ah, yes. Charlotte was a brilliant student. She left sometime ago.

PRISCILLA

Well, she died a few weeks ago. Her body was found buried in cement.

Ms. Marie sulks.

MS. MARIE

No.

PRISCILLA

I want to find out who knew her and would want to hurt her.

MS. MARIE

So, you're a private eye.

PRISCILLA

No. She was my sister...foster sister.

MS. MARIE

I'm so sorry.

(beat)

How can I help?

PRISCILLA

I need you to tell me what you know about Charlotte. Anything.

Ms. Marie thinks for a moment.

MS. MARIE

Charlotte was a brilliant student, but she got mixed up with the wrong group and was in a really bad relationship for a while.

PRISCILLA

Who was the guy?

MS. MARIE

His name was Mark. He hit on her a lot, you know. He would come to the studio and we just couldn't let Charlotte continue with this guy being involved...

Priscilla ponders.

PRISCILLA

Do you have any kind of contact information?

MS. MARIE

Well, he was a RIFT dealer who works out of the liquor store off of Franklin.

PRISCILLA

RIFT.

MS. MARIE

It's the latest craze. It makes the kids absolutely insane. Charlotte's boyfriend would recruit some of the students and introduce them to the drug. Charlotte was one of them. It totally ruined her talent.

Priscilla gets up.

PRISCILLA

Thanks so much. I'll look into it.

Ms. Marie gets up to escort Priscilla.

MS. MARIE

Be careful. It's dangerous out here. I'm so sorry about Charlotte.

Ms. Marie shows Priscilla the door.

Priscilla exits.

INT. ROBERT'S LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Priscilla arrives at a run-down liquor store just outside of the Paramount Studio gates.

Chips, pretzels and Pepsi stack the aisles.

There's nothing healthy or desirable about this place.

Priscilla creeps into the storefront. Uninterested and unimpressed.

A STORE CLERK stands behind the register.

STORE CLERK

Can I help you?

PRISCILLA

Just looking.

Priscilla strolls through the store.

STORE CLERK

We're running a special on the potato chips.

Priscilla continues to stroll throughout the store then makes her way to the counter.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)

How can I help you young lady?

Priscilla looks around--

PRISCILLA

I need to speak to Mark.

STORE CLERK

Mark?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. Mark for--

Priscilla makes a smoking gesture.

STORE CLERK

Oh...

The store clerk presses a button.

SFX: Bzzzzz

Priscilla exits through the buzzing door.

BACK ROOM - DAY

Priscilla enters the back room.

Dark, smoky, spooky with hip hop music blaring through the speakers.

Several guys play pool in the far corner.

A few more guys guzzle beers.

This place looks like a real shady drug house alright.

Priscilla walks over to the bar.

The BARTENDER, 40's, beard and mustache attends to two women.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you?

Priscilla slowly walks over to the bar.

PRISCILLA

I want to speak to Mark.

BARTENDER

Mark got shot two moths ago. He's gone.

Priscilla is quiet.

PRISCILLA

Who's selling the RIFT?

BARTENDER

What RIFT? Ain't no RIFT in here.

PRISCILLA

One of your guys, named Mark was selling RIFT to my girlfriend and I'm gonna kick his ass. She's dead now.

Priscilla begins to get unsettled.

One of the GUYS drinking a beer begins to take notice.

He gets up.

BARTENDER

Now hold on, little lady. No need
to get up--

PRISCILLA

I'll get upset whenever I damn well
pl--

Out of nowhere a hand comes from behind and covers
Priscilla's mouth.

It's the guy from the beer table.

He throws Priscilla against a wall. Back smacks her.

Priscilla falls to the side.

The man picks her up by her throat and begins to choke her
then--

BAM!!!

A pool stick comes out of nowhere and hits the guy in the
head.

BAM!!!

The stick cracks the guy in the head again.

The man falls to the ground.

Priscilla gasps for her breath.

The man, ALEXANDER "ALEX" GRAY, 30's, dressed in a white
suite with a fedora to match, stands back as the guy lies on
the ground bleeding--

GUY

You're an asshole!!

The other guys get up to approach Alex.

Alex pulls out a pistol and fires it in the air.

ALEX

I'm not in the mood.

Alex walks over to a recovering Priscilla.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey, you alright!

Priscilla is shaken and scared.

PRISCILLA
Yeah...yeah. I'm o.k.

ALEX
Look. Let's get outta here.

Alex grabs Priscilla and the two leave.

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Priscilla and Alex eat tacos at a local stand.

Mexican music plays in the background.

ALEX
My name's Alex. I'm a private investigator. So, what inspired you to go to a RIFT house and curse at a bunch of guys in the middle of Hollywood?

PRISCILLA
Personal reasons. My name's Priscilla--Philly soon-to-be lawyer.
(then)
Pass the red sauce.

Alex passes a small cup of red sauce.

Priscilla puts it on her taco and gags as it burns her mouth.

Alex hands her a napkin.

ALEX
Easy, now...

Priscilla straightens up.

PRISCILLA
My friend was murdered and I want to find out who did it. Then I want to kill him.

ALEX

People are murdered everyday in
Hollywood.

PRISCILLA

I know. But she was special. She
was my sister. Her name was
Charlotte Walters. She was an
actress--

ALEX

Who got caught up on RIFT.

Priscilla is embarrassed.

PRISCILLA

Yeah.

ALEX

This RIFT world is shit, ya'
know...

Priscilla nods.

PRISCILLA

They found her in pieces buried in
cement.

Alex empathizes.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I almost couldn't recognize her...

Alex touches her hand.

ALEX

My best friend died in my arms
after he slit his wrist from a RIFT
binge.

Priscilla looks at Alex.

Alex chokes up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

He was living with me. I couldn't
even face his folks at the funeral.

Silence.

PRISCILLA

I'm so sorry.

ALEX
I wanna kill all those RIFT dealer
sons of bitches.
(then)
You understand?

Priscilla nod's her head "yes".

PRISCILLA
Yeah.

Alex bangs on the steering wheel.

The two look each other in the eyes.

ALEX
I wanna help you get the guy who
killed your friend because I'll
never find the guy who killed *my*
friend.

Priscilla nods in agreement.

PRISCILLA
I know.

A pause.

Alex touches Priscilla's hand.

ALEX
Let's go find him.

The two get up and leave.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Priscilla and Alex learn more about each other as they hunt
for Charlotte's killer.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Alex teaches Priscilla how to shoot a .22 caliber pistol.

PRISCILLA
Do I really have to kill someone?

ALEX
This here pistol may save your ass.
Make it your friend.

POW!!

POW!!

Priscilla flinches.

PRISCILLA

Yikes.

ALEX

Ata a girl!

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Priscilla and Alex play miniature golf at a local venue.

Priscilla gets a hole-in-one. Cheers

Alex and Priscilla congratulate each other.

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Alex and Priscilla play darts and bar games with strangers.

They're having a blast.

All is good.

END MONTAGE

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - DAY

Priscilla and Alex are alone at Priscilla's AIRBNB.

It's quiet.

Alex finishes teaching Priscilla self-defense moves.

Alex approaches Priscilla, grabs her and goes for a kiss.

Priscilla backs off.

PRISCILLA

I gotta go pee...

Priscilla breaks away and bolts into the bathroom.

Alex follows her but only as she slams the door in his face.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Alex bangs on the door--

ALEX
Priscilla!

Alex bangs again-

Bang. Bang. Bang.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Priscilla, I'm sorry.

PRISCILLA
I think that we should reconvene
tomorrow.

ALEX
Is everything alright?

PRISCILLA
I think I may need to puke and take
a crap too. It's gonna be a long
night. Sorry.

ALEX
Oh. Alrighty then. I'll check back
tomorrow.

Alex backs off of the door.

Puts on his shirt.

Leaves.

INT. GUS'S GUN SHOP - DAY

Priscilla and Alex visit a gun store somewhere in the Valley.

It's packed with guns, knives, crossbows, you name it.

It's straight out of a horror flick.

Think "Dusk to Dawn" weirdness.

ALEX
Look, whatever you do, pretend that
you know what you're talking about.
This guy gets nervous real fast.

PRISCILLA
Got it.
(then)
Wait-- no, never mind --no, wait. I
don't know anything about guns.

ALEX
Well, just shut up and play along.

PRISCILLA
Got it.

Priscilla and Alex walk around for a moment, then

ALEX
(shouts)
Hey, I need to speak to the owner.

A MAN, 50's, long, grayish beard, comes from behind the counter--

MAN
What?!?!??

ALEX
I said, I need to see the owner.
Tell him his cousin is out front.

This sounds like some sort of code.

The man goes to the back.

He returns with the owner, JACOB MCGRATH, 60's, skinny and cocky.

JACOB
Whaddya want asshole?

ALEX
I wanna kick some ol' man's ass.

JACOB
Well, bring it on.

ALEX
I hope you're not a bleeder.

The two men get into a fighting stance.

The two smile then embrace.

Priscilla looks on.

JACOB
Get you ass on over here.

Alex and Priscilla follow Jacob to the back of the store.

BACK OF STORE - DAY

Alex, Priscilla and Jacob sit in big leather chairs.

Alex and Jacob share a bottle of single malt scotch --
MaCallan 18.

Priscilla sips on a bottle of water.

ALEX

Looks like you came up, Jacob. No
more of the cheap stuff in the
plastic bottle.

JACOB

My tastes improve with age.

ALEX

But not your looks...

The two laugh.

JACOB

So what can I do you for?

ALEX

Somebody killed this young lady's
friend and we want to find the jerk-
-and kill him.

Jacob settles in his chair.

His jaw drops.

JACOB

You just don't quit do you?

Alex grins.

ALEX

You know me, Jacob.

JACOB

Damnit, Alex.

ALEX

Come on, J'.

JACOB

You know I quit the vigilante crap
years ago.

ALEX

J'. This woman's friend was found
in pieces. Buried in cement...

Jacob thinks for a moment.

JACOB

Damn. You know I don't like doing
this shit.

ALEX

I'm gonna do it. You're just gonna
give me the firepower to get this
guy.

Jacob looks over at Priscilla.

He feels sorry for her.

JACOB

You promised me that you'll get out
of the RIFT game because of your
friend--

ALEX

I know, I know but this woman needs
my help. She has no where else to
go...

JACOB

Aw, shit Alex...

ALEX

This ain't me. This is an innocent
young lady who lost her friend.

Jacob shakes his head.

Thinks for a moment.

Takes in the last swallow of scotch.

JACOB

Alright, alright...

Jacob gets up and goes to the next room.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(yells)

Move your arse!

Alex and Priscilla spring up and follow Jacob.

ADDITIONAL ROOM - DAY

Alex and Priscilla marvel at the displays of various weapons.

PRISCILLA

Wow. This guys is one crazy motherf-

JACOB

Look, make sure you don't blow a bunch of shit up this time. The police were on my ass about who gave you the dynamite from the last incident.

ALEX

Look, I slipped, alright.

Jacob rolls his eyes.

JACOB

Whatever.

(then)

Hey, take a look around and pick out whatever you need.

Alex guides Priscilla around the store.

They see a chrome plated .22 caliber pistol.

ALEX

Priscilla, take the pistol. Go get the car and pull it around back so we can load the gear.

Alex tosses Priscilla the keys to the car.

She snatches them out of the air.

Priscilla leaves.

Alex begins to select weapons and ammo with Jacob.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You got a bazooka.

JACOB

Hell, no! You ain't blowin' no more shit up.

Alex grins.

Jacob walks away.

MOMENTS LATER**BACK ALLEY - DAY**

Alex loads the trunk of his car with the weapons he selected from the shop.

JACOB
Looks like you're going to war,
pal.

Jacob pulls out a huge knife and tosses it in the trunk with the rest of the weapons.

ALEX
It's killin' season.

Alex slams the lid of the trunk.

PRISCILLA
That looks like everything.

Alex looks at Jacob, walks over to him.

ALEX
Thanks

JACOB
Don't thank me, just go get that
son of a bitch.

PRISCILLA
I'll be in the car.

Priscilla leaves.

JACOB
(RE: Priscilla)
She's a hottie.

ALEX
Yeah.

Alex shakes Jacob's hand.

JACOB
Be careful out there, dude.

Alex grins then gets into the car.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - TRAVELING

Alex and Priscilla ride to Alex's home.

ALEX

Hey, I can't take you back to my place and I don't wanna go to yours. Things are gonna get crazy and we need to be safe.

PRISCILLA

Look, I can take care of myself. We don't need to jump through hoops.

ALEX

No way. I'm going to help you get this guy whether you need me or not.

PRISCILLA

If you say so.

A moment, then--

ALEX

If we go after a bunch of RIFT dealers, we're asking for trouble so we need to be like sneaky little mice and not get killed.

PRISCILLA

Look, I just want to find the guy who murdered Charlotte.

ALEX

We will. You just gotta know that every cop, every sheriff, every crook is in the RIFT game. So, if we step on the wrong toes, we're going to be in a lot of trouble.

(beat)

They killed my friend too and I still can't do a damn thing about it. I want them just as bad as you do, but--

PRISCILLA

So, we're sitting ducks.

ALEX

We can't keep the stuff at my place or your place. If we get caught, we'll need to bail.

PRISCILLA
I don't know anyone in town.

ALEX
We can stash them in a motel
somewhere.

PRISCILLA
I can use my credit card.

ALEX
No, we use cash. They'll trace the
credit card. I know a place where
we can do that.

PRISCILLA
This is confusing.

ALEX
It's supposed to be.
(a brief moment)
Los Angeles is shit across the
board, Priscilla. The fat cats want
to pad their pockets and sweep all
dirt under the rug--even if it
means we get shot. You got that!!

Priscilla takes this in.

PRISCILLA
Yeah.

ALEX
Whatever, you were back in Philly--

PRISCILLA
Lawyer.

ALEX
Well, all that's behind you now.
Got it?

PRISCILLA
Got it.

ALEX
Good.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

Priscilla and Alex sort out weapons, maps and cash.

PRISCILLA

Where do we start?

ALEX

The RIFT crowd acts like cock roaches. They hang out in the darkest, dirtiest of places.

Alex pulls out a map.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We can start in East Hollywood and make our way throughout the city. Wherever there's trash and crime, we'll find RIFT.

PRISCILLA

The acting teacher told me that Charlotte went to some club with her boyfriend often. Maybe we can start there.

ALEX

There's a million RIFT clubs, so we need to get the name of the one she went to.

PRISCILLA

I'll make the call tomorrow.

ALEX

Let's get the guns organized and load them back into the car. We're gonna need them.

Alex reaches into his bag to pull out some photographs.

He shows them to Priscilla. She gasps at the gruesome pictures.

PRISCILLA

Where'd you get these?

ALEX

I got them from the coroner. I thought it would give you added motivation.

Alex walks into the bathroom.

BEGIN FLASHBACK**INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT**

A young Priscilla, 8, shy, hides beneath a bed--scared.

Her mother, DARLENE, 30's argues with her boyfriend, JAY, 30's, in the neighboring room.

DARLENE (O.S.)
You better get your hands off of
me...

NEIGHBORING ROOM - NIGHT

JAY
Gimme dat damn money. I need to go
get my damn hit...

DARLENE
I ain't paying for no damn drugs--

Jay grabs Darlene.

SMACK!!!

A body falls to the ground.

Screams are heard.

An altercation takes place.

JAY
Get yo' ass over here.

DARLENE (O.S.)
Somebody help me!!!

JAY
Come here, bitch!

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Priscilla listens to the altercation while she hides beneath the bed.

DARLENE
Get off of me--

JAY
What??

Smack!

A body falls...

Feet are heard scampering across the room.

Someone opens a drawer.

POW...

POW...

A body falls to the ground.

Darlene rushes into the bedroom and finds Priscilla.

DARLENE

Mommy loves you baby girl. Mommy
loves you.

MOMENTS LATER

Police escort Darlene to the cop car.

A body bag is transported to an ambulance.

It's Jay.

Priscilla looks on from the side as tears fall to the ground.

A YEAR LATER

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Priscilla stands in the center of the living room of a foster home somewhere in suburban Philadelphia.

The FOSTER MOTHER, 40's, caucasian, looks like a music teacher, holds her hand.

The room is filled with young children.

FOSTER MOTHER

Everyone, I would like to introduce
you to your new foster sister.

The children wave and clap.

Priscilla hides behind her shyness.

FOSTER MOTHER (CONT'D)

Say hi to your new family.

Priscilla stays silent.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The foster mother walks Priscilla to the room where several beds sit.

FOSTER MOTHER
Alright, Priscilla here's your
room.

The foster mother leaves.

Priscilla drops her bags and runs underneath the bed to hide.

END FLASHBACK

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL - DAY

Alex sits alone in the living room of the motel. Priscilla went to the grocery store to get some more supplies.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Alex looks up.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

A voice yells from outside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Open up!! Sheriff.

Alex gets up opens the door.

A man, SHERIFF ACOSTA, 50's, burly, stands in the doorway.

Alex opens the door.

ALEX
How can I help you.

Sheriff Acosta tips his hat and grapples his belt--

SHERIFF ACOSTA
The name's Sheriff Acosta. I got
word that there were some noises
coming out of here so I wanted to
see if everything was alright.

ALEX
I don't know who could've told you--

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Look, here I don't want any trouble--

ALEX

Ain't no trouble over here, sir.

A brief silence.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

There's been a lot of RIFT activity in these parts. Another young lady was found dead not too long ago--

ALEX

I heard about that--

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Lemme finish, now.

(beat)

A young lady was found dead not too long ago near here. They said she was hanging out with a handsome, drug dealer boyfriend...

Alex takes this in.

Sheriff Acosta raises his voice.

SHERIFF ACOSTA (CONT'D)

I was told that they used to hang out in this here motel before she was murdered. This whole ordeal is scaring the livin' shit outta e'rybody in the neighborhood.

ALEX

I'm scared too.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Good. If you know anything, go down to the front desk and tell them to call me. I'm Sheriff Acosta, Deputy Chief.

ALEX

Will do.

Sheriff Acosta gets somber.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

I don't want any trouble...uh...

ALEX

Alex.

Alex extends his hand; Sheriff Acosta declines.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

We like things quiet and peaceful around here, you understand? This RIFT situation is putting people in a bad space.

ALEX

I understand.

A pause

SHERIFF ACOSTA

You take care, now.

Sheriff Acosta turns around and walks away.

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - DAY

Another RIFT murder, another gruesome corpse, another set of unusual clues. It's a freight yard somewhere near Van Nuys.

Several SHERIFFS, CORONER STAFF, and onlookers view the site.

The victim was looks like it was skinned alive, guts removed and stung up on the fence in a crucifix style.

Among the onlookers are Priscilla and Alex.

The Sheriff and Coroner Staff are stunned.

SHERIFF #1

My God...

CORONER

I've never seen anything like this. What is that?

SHERIFF #1

It's some sort of bloody sacrifice.

The Coroner takes a few pictures.

The sheriff makes a few phone calls.

Priscilla and Alex look on in shock and horror.

PRISCILLA

Whoever or whatever this is--

ALEX

I don't think he's human.

PRISCILLA

How could he have put the guy up there?

ALEX

He must have used some sort of hoist.

Priscilla walks over to the Coroner and Sheriff--

She hands them one of her business cards.

PRISCILLA

My name's Priscilla Snow. I think this is the same person who killed my friend. Could you please contact me if you get any info?

SHERIFF #1

I'm sorry to hear that. We can't give you pertinent information, but you can follow-up at the station if you want.

CORONER

We have to keep facts confidential for legal requirements. Sorry.

PRISCILLA

Well, I'll stay in touch. Thanks for your time.

Priscilla walks away.

ALEX

What did they say?

PRISCILLA

Nothing. They can't give me information.

ALEX

I should've expected that.

PRISCILLA

Doesn't look like we're gonna get much help from law enforcement.

ALEX

Got a visit from a Sheriff Acosta. Didn't seem very friendly at all.

PRISCILLA
That's disconcerting.

ALEX
From the looks of it, things are
about to get really interesting.

PRISCILLA
What next?

ALEX
I sent a few emails, left a few
messages, sent a few texts. Now we
just have to wait.

PRISCILLA
Just hurry up and wait, huh.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The coroner from earlier and a few ANALYSTS take a look at
the pictures that were taken at the site.

The coroner picks up the telephone and dials.

On the other end is--

INT. HOME - SOMEWHERE NEAR WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A man JACK MICHAELS, 70's, silver hair, picks up the
telephone.

He used to investigate this type of thing when a well known
killer was on the loose--MARCELLUS KINGS.

JACK MICHAELS
This is Jack.

An INVESTIGATOR from the California Department of Justice is
on the other side.

INVESTIGATOR
Jack Michaels.

JACK MICHAELS
Yeah.

INVESTIGATOR
I've got something you may want to
see. Check your email.

Jack Michaels initiates his laptop and pulls up his email.

JACK MICHAELS

What is it?

INVESTIGATOR

I'm not quite sure to be exact.
Somebody said that you were a
specialist in this sort of thing.
We can't make anything of it over
here in Los Angeles.

Jack Michaels opens the email.

He opens the picture attachment.

JACK MICHAELS

What the...

INSPECTOR

I know. We thought you'd be able to
help us out.

Jack Michaels is frozen.

The picture of the crucified victim stares at him from his
laptop.

JACK MICHAELS

Where did you get this?

INSPECTOR

They were taken yesterday. We got a
bit of a murder wave over here. Do
you think you can have your team
take a look at it?

JACK MICHAELS

Sure thing. I'll get right on it.

INSPECTOR

Everybody's running around here
like a chicken with their heads cut
off.

JACK MICHAELS

I'll see what I can muster up.

INSPECTOR

I appreciate it.

JACK MICHAELS

Bye now.

INSPECTOR

Out here.

The two hang up.

Jack thinks for a moment, stares at the picture, then picks up the phone.

He dials to call--

INT. APARTMENT - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - DAY

A woman, CLARICE THOMPSON, 60's, listens to Pachelbel's "Canon in D minor" as she tends to watering her plants.

SFX: Phone Rings

Clarice rushes to answer it.

CLARICE

Jack. I haven't from you in a while.

JACK MICHAELS

Clarice...

Clarice senses the troubled urgency in Jack's voice.

CLARICE

What's wrong?

JACK MICHAELS

I need you to look at this.

Jack clicks send on his laptop.

CLARICE

What is it?

JACK MICHAELS

Just...just open my email.

Clarice sits at her desk, turns on her computer. Opens the email.

She opens the attachment.

Her jaw drops at what she sees.

CLARICE

This isn't real. This can't be...

JACK MICHAELS

The guys over in Los Angeles don't know what to do. They asked me for help.

CLARICE
It can't be him.

JACK MICHAELS
The law enforcement over there is
dealing with a drug called RIFT
that's making the kids go crazy.
Now they're dealing with a murderer
who acts just like our old friend.

CLARICE
I'm on my way there.

Clarice hangs up the phone.

She sits for a while and reminisces of the horror she faced
with Marcellus Kings and Buffalo Bob.

She stares at the picture again and hears voices of MARCELLUS
KINGS.

MARCELLUS KINGS (V.O.)
Clarice...Clarice...

Then.

MARCELLUS KINGS (V.O.)
I ate his heart out...

Clarice shuts her eyes.

When she opens her eyes, she's on a--

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Clarice travels via plane to Los Angeles to investigate the
strange murders.

Clarice reflects on the conversation she had with Jack
Michaels.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)
You don't have to do this.

CLARICE (O.S.)
If he's out there, I need to find
him and put him back where he
belongs.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)
Be careful out there. Buffalo Bob
almost killed you.

CLARICE (O.S.)

I know.

A moment of silence.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)

Be sure to check in with the
Sheriff's and tell them I sent you
and tell them you're former F.B.I.

CLARICE (O.S.)

Got it.

Clarice looks at a picture of the crucified corpse then
closes here eyes.

A replay of her moment in pursuit of Buffalo Bob plays in her
mind.

INT. FOXY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A night hangout filled with millennials dancing to the latest
hip hop hits--

Gorgeous men...

Beautiful women...

A huge lizard in a huge glass cage.

Priscilla and Alex get patted down by security guards.

They're dressed in all black.

Priscilla walks up to the lizard cage--

PRISCILLA

Interesting.

ALEX

This place is full of interesting
things.

(then)

Take a look at that.

Alex points to a man. Dancing.

The man has on no shirt with tattoos all over his body.

He's missing an eye.

He dances in some sort of interpretive, artistic way.

PRISCILLA

Weird.

ALEX

He's a RIFT zombie. The drug gradually destroys motor and cerebral skills to a point where they have no control or logic abilities.

Alex and Priscilla stare and look on.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Alex leads Priscilla down a hallway to a hidden room.

They encounter another bodyguard who pats them down.

They enter a room

It's filled with people--who look like zombies.

Some of them are completely naked.

They dance--

They make out--

They even get into fights.

It's a RIFT hangout at it's worse.

PRISCILLA

This is insane.

They meet a guy named RUSS, stocky, tattoos, smack talker--you know, the typical bad-ass, drug dealer type.

RUSS

Alex.

ALEX

Hey asshole.

RUSS

Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

ALEX

(RE: Priscilla)

We're looking for someone who killed this lady's friend.

RUSS
People get killed everyday in L.A..
My condolences.

BOOM!

POW!

Alex punches Russ in the gut, then punches him in the face and tosses him over the room into a sculpture.

He pulls out a pistol.

ALEX
Look! You better tell me whee the hell is some guy named Mark is and who the fuck is killing the RIFT users.

Out of nowhere, zombie-looking RIFT addicts attack Alex from behind.

He flips one then kicks the other off of him.

He points his pistol at another and they back off.

An addict grabs Priscilla's arm, she use a self-defense move taught by Alex and flips him across the room.

Alex puts the pistol to his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You better *spill your guts* or I'm gonna *spill your brains* all over this place.

RUSS
I don't know anything.

Alex shakes Russ and cocks the pistol's hammer.

ALEX
I'm not fuckin' around, Russ!

RUSS
Look, there's a guy that's been buyin' a lot of shit. He's some sort of big spender buying up RIFT and taking a few girls to his place.

Alex lets up.

RUSS (CONT'D)

I'll text you his number and address.

(then)

Alex, you know I wouldn't screw you. You know that.

Alex gets up and grabs Priscilla.

ALEX

Let's get out of her.

Priscilla briefly looks back at the RIFT addicts, digs in her purse and pulls out the .22 caliber pistol. She looks at it briefly and puts it back.

Alex and Priscilla exit the club.

LATER THAT NIGHT

EXT. CANOGA PARK COSTCO SUPERSTORE - NIGHT

It's dark, quiet during the late night at a Costco Superstore somewhere in the valley. The parking lot is scarce with parked cars.

Only raccoons are seen scampering across the lot.

A HOMELESS MAN, 50's, shady-looking, dirty, sings out loud to himself--

HOMELESS MAN

"Hey, Hey". "Heyyyyy. Heyyyyy"

A MYSTERIOUS MAN, thin build, wears all black and a matching knit hat, comes from behind a parked car.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Could you keep it down a bit, sir.

The homeless man continues to sing.

HOMELESS MAN

"Hey, Hey" "Heyyyyyy. Heyyyyyy".

The mysterious man sneaks up on the homeless man from behind.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I said shut...up!!!

He hits the homeless man inn the head with a pipe-like weapon.

Beats him up.

Pulls up a van and puts the man inside.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LOS ANGELES RIVER - THE VALLEY - DAY

A gathering of people form around a crime scene at a bank along the Los Angeles River.

The crowd looks in horror as coroner staff and sheriffs remove the body from the river...

In pieces.

Alex and Priscilla stand on the side.

ALEX

This guy's a real nut job.

PRISCILLA

We're not gonna find him.

Alex pulls Priscilla to the side.

ALEX

Listen up. I told you that I got a visit from the Sheriff the other day.

PRISCILLA

Yeah.

ALEX

He said something about they like things quiet around here...

PRISCILLA

Yeah.

ALEX

Well, that was code for him asking for a bribe.

PRISCILLA

What's your point?

ALEX

Priscilla. This RIFT game, these murders are all connected. The sheriffs...the police, they're all in on the cover up.

PRISCILLA
 Meaning, we may never find
 Charlotte's murderer.

ALEX
 Exactly.

Alex gives Priscilla a somber look.

Priscilla reflects.

PRISCILLA
 I'm still not giving up.

Priscilla walks away.

ALEX
 Priscilla!

Priscilla keeps walking.

No answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Priscilla!!

Still no answer.

Priscilla disappears.

SOMETIME LATER

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Priscilla does laundry and loads clothes into the dryer.

While she loads she hears VOICES from the past--

VOICES (V.O.)
 Priscilla...Priscilla...

PRISCILLA
 What? Who is it?

The voices become louder.

VOICES
 Priscilla...Priscilla...help

Priscilla becomes frantic.

PRISCILLA
 I...I can't help you...

The voices turn into screams.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh!!!!!!

INT. VAN NUYS SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

The office bustles with sheriffs and coroner staff during a normal business day.

It's noisy.

Phones ring.

People converse.

File cabinets slam.

Clarice enters the main room and is greeted by a RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
How can I help you?

CLARICE
My name is Clarice Thompson. I'm here to see head of homicide investigations.

The receptionist picks up the phone--

RECEPTIONIST
(into the phone)
Clarice Thompson is here to see you.

A man, Sheriff Acosta, comes out to greet Clarice.

SHERIFF ACOSTA
Hi. You must be Clarice.

CLARICE
That's me.

The two shake hands.

SHERIFF ACOSTA
I was put in charge of the RIFT associated murders and am here to help. I hear that you specialize in these types of things.

CLARICE

I used to. For the F.B.I.. I just help out on special cases now.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Well, we could use all of the help we can get.

CLARICE

I'm here if you need me.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Follow me.

Sheriff Acosta leads Clarice down the hall into a room--

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clarice and Sheriff Acosta converse in a dark room and view various pictures of murder victims.

The picture of the crucified victim is on the screen.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

This victim is our most intriguing case. We've never seen anything like it. It almost looks...artistic. Like the killer was trying to create some form of art or something.

Clarice stares at the picture as memories from the days working with Marcellus Kings emerge.

Clarice is stunned. Frozen

SHERIFF ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Is everything alright.

Clarice straightens up.

CLARICE

Uh, yeah. Yeah, everything's alright.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

This guy is outsmarting and outworking every cop in Los Angeles.

CLARICE

What kind of information do you have.

SHERIFF ACOSTA
 Not much more than what you see.
 (then)
 Here...

Sheriff Acosta hands Clarice Priscilla's business card.

SHERIFF ACOSTA (CONT'D)
 This young lady says she's a lawyer
 investigating the death of her
 friend. It might be a good idea to
 see what she can dig up.

EXT. CLARICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clarice unloads her laptop and other equipment including the
 revolver she used to kill Buffalo Bob.

She looks at it.

Thinks for a moment.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Clarice sits at her computer and looks through more victim
 photos--

Video footage--

Witness interviews.

She ponders for a moment, then--

Picks up the phone and dials--

SFX: Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

The phone picks up.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)
 Hello.

CLARICE
 Hi. Priscilla Snow?

PRISCILLA (O.S.)
 That's me.

CLARICE
 My name is Clarice Thompson. I want
 to talk to you about--

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Clarice and Priscilla meet at the same taco stand that Priscilla and Alex met at.

Mexican music plays in the background.

CLARICE

--the murders that have been in connection to the RIFT crisis. I understand that your friend was murdered not too long ago.

PRISCILLA

I still can't get the sight of her corpse lying there on that metal examination table. Cut into pieces.

CLARICE

I specialize in gruesome crimes. Well, I used to when I was with the F.B.I. I just take on special cases now.

PRISCILLA

I see.

CLARICE

There's no fee.

Priscilla takes this in.

PRISCILLA

So, how can you help me?

CLARICE

I have connections in the government who can--

BEEP. BEEP.

BEEP. BEEP.

Priscilla looks up and sees a car double parked across the street.

PRISCILLA

Oh, that's Alex. He's my partner.

CLARICE

Partner?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. He's a private investigator
that's helping me to find this guy.
He's cool.

Beep. Beep.

Beep. Beep.

CLARICE

He's impatient.

PRISCILLA

Yup. Gotta go.

Priscilla gets up and leaves.

Clarice looks on.

She takes down the license plate number for Alex's car.

EXT. ALEX'S CAR - TRAVELING

Alex and Priscilla drive down the street and converse.

PRISCILLA

So, I was thinking--

ALEX

--Who was that?

PRISCILLA

Oh, um. That was Clarice...Clarice
Thompson. She was asking me a few
questions.

ALEX

About--

PRISCILLA

About Charlotte and the murders.
She said she can help out since she
used to work for the F.B.I..

ALEX

The F.B.I.!! Shit. The police are
gonna be all over us.

PRISCILLA

She seems pretty nice.

ALEX

Look, we gotta move fast before the
shit hits the fan.

(then)

Hey, Russ just texted me the
contact information for that guy
who was buying a lot of RIFT and
taking the girls back to his place.

PRISCILLA

You think he's the guy.

Alex is hesitant to respond.

ALEX

...yeah.

The car is silent.

PRISCILLA

Are we gonna kill this
motherfucker.

Alex is silent, then

ALEX

Yeah.

Silence.

EXT. BURBANK APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Alex and Priscilla pull up to an apartment complex in Burbank
somewhere near the studios.

It's grim, ugly, spooky, suspicious.

ALEX

I know you care about your friend
and want to kill this guy, but I
need you to be in control.

PRISCILLA

I want to go with you.

ALEX

Listen. This guy is cutting up
people for their body parts. He's
gonna put them together to make
some sort of sick creation.

Priscilla shakes her head in disgust and disbelief.

PRISCILLA
I don't believe it.

Alex grabs her arm.

ALEX
Listen to me Priscilla! This guy is
a maniac. He's a killer.
(beat)
I'm gonna go in there and find him.
You wait here.

PRISCILLA
Alright, then.

Alex grabs Priscilla's purse, pulls out her .22 caliber.

ALEX
Make sure you keep this close.

The two make eye contact.

Priscilla gives Alex a brisk hug.

INT. BURBANK APARTMENT - DAY

A man, THOMAS TIMOTHY, 30's, heavy set live in a small
apartment.

The inside of the apartment is dark and dreary.

Eerie.

Body parts are all over the place.

Thomas Timothy sits at a table.

Naked.

He eats a strange looking meal.

Slop.

Pictures of women are pinned on the wall.

Actresses.

Charlotte.

Thomas Timothy looks at the pictures of Charlotte and begins
to masturbate.

This guy looks like a Buffalo Bob times twenty.

Billy Idol's "Eyes Without A Face" plays in the background.

BOOOM!!!

The door explodes open.

Alex charges inside.

Pistol out.

Ready to rumble.

He moves to where Thomas Timothy was sitting. He's gone.

ALEX

Hey. Anyone home?

No one answers.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey??

BAM!!

Thomas Timothy comes out of no where and tackles Alex.

The two wrestle.

Alex kicks Thomas in the nuts. Thomas falls over.

Alex jumps on his back.

Thomas backs Alex up over the stove. Turns it on.

Alex's suit catches fire.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ah, shit!

Alex spots roach spray, grabs the can and sprays it in Thomas's eyes.

THOMAS TIMOTHY

Ahhh!!

Alex picks up a chair and hits Thomas with it.

Thomas brushes it off (That's a big, powerful dude!).

ALEX

(to himself)

You ain't human.

Thomas rushes Alex with all his might and throws him to the ground.

He punches Alex in the face.

Knocks him silly.

Thomas Timothy begins to choke Alex until Alex's face turns red.

Alex tries to fight back.

No luck.

He's starting to look like a ten year-old going up against a grown man.

Alex is beginning to fade...

Fade...Fade...Then,

POW!!!

A piece of Thomas Timothy's skull flies off of his head.

Alex looks up to see--

Priscilla.

She holds the .22 caliber pistol in her hand frightened.

Alex is relieved.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Damn good shot, woman!

Priscilla breathes gently.

Alex gets up.

Grabs Priscilla.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Priscilla writes on a sticky note: ***"This is the man who killed my friend, Charlotte!!"***.

She puts it on Thomas Timothy then follows Alex.

She looks back one last time, then leaves.

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - DAY

Priscilla watches the local news while sitting on her couch.

SFX: Blip. Blip. Blip...

Blip. Blip. Blip...

The phone rings.

PRISCILLA

Hey, Alex. When are you comin--

ALEX (O.S.)

--Things are getting hot. I just got another visit from the sheriffs. I gotta jet. Leave town for minute so things can cool off.

PRISCILLA

I thought we were going to the beach. You know hang out.

ALEX (O.S.)

I'm going to Mexico in a few days. I'll call you when I get there.

PRISCILLA

But, Alex--

ALEX (O.S.)

The case is solved. We got the killer...

PRISCILLA

Alex--

ALEX (O.S.)

I gotta go. Bye.

Alex hangs up.

Priscilla sits for a moment.

Thinks.

Then picks up the phone.

Dials.

SFX: Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 This is Alex Gray. I'm not
 available--

It's voicemail. Priscilla hangs up.

INT./EXT. ELDERLY WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

An elderly, LACEY JONES, 70's, silver-hair, skinny woman
 watches soap operas at her home somewhere in the valley.

She cries gently as she watches a hospital scene.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The front door knocks.

Lacey walks to the front door.

LACEY JONES
 Who is it?

A familiar voice responds.

ALEX (O.S.)
 Hi. I'm looking for Ms. Jones.

Ms. Jones opens the door.

LACEY JONES
 How can I help you.

Alex wears a suit and a pair of glasses. His hair is slicked
 back.

ALEX
 Hi Ms. Jones my name Arthur and I
 just want to talk to you about your
 insurance needs.

LACEY JONES
 I'm so sorry. I'm just not
 interested at this time.

Lacey tries to close the door.

Alex forces it back open.

Lacey is startled.

ALEX
 Just one minute, please...

Lacey tries to close it again.

Alex forces it open.

LACEY JONES
Please, go away!

Alex forces himself into the house.

Slams the door behind him.

ALEX
You know, you remind me of my
mother...

Lacey backs up in fear.

LACEY JONES
Who are you?

Alex creeps closer to Lacey.

ALEX
She used to beat me with a curling
iron...

LACEY JONES
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Alex grabs Lacey. Punches her to the ground.

He keeps punching.

Pulls out the big blade that Jacob gave him--

Stabs. Stabs. Stabs. Stabs.

ALEX
How do ya' like me now, momma! Huh.
Huh. Huh...

Alex stabs. stabs. Stabs...

ALEX (CONT'D)
Huh. Huh. Huh. Huh.

As Alex murders, Lacey, another version of Alex emerges--

Face: Red.

Eyes: Bulge.

Teeth: Sharp.

The Villain.

OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Alex puts Lacey's body into a body bag and puts her in his van--the same van that transported the homeless man outside of the Costco Superstore.

Alex walks up to Lacey's house, looks inside and gently closes the door.

He carefully drives away.

EXT. OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Somewhere in Encino a WOMAN, blonde, slim, fit, model material takes a late night dip into her backyard swimming pool.

WHOOOSH!!!

The woman dives in--naked.

She swims a few laps--

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

The woman stops and takes a quick breather.

She swims more laps.

Back and Forth.

Back and Forth.

She stops swimming and gets some rest at the inner edge.

She admires the Los Angeles night line.

A mysterious figure slowly emerges behind her.

The woman doesn't notice.

The mysterious figure becomes more familiar as the moonlight reveals his face.

It's Alex.

The woman continues to take in the night scenery.

Alex creeps up behind her--

Slow.

Quiet.

Slow.

Quiet.

Then.

SWOOOSH!

Alex grabs the woman--

WOMAN

Ahhhh!!!

Alex pulls the woman underwater.

The pool turns red as the woman's feet are seen kicking.

Then they stop and sink underwater.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN VAN NUYS - DAY

A hispanic man applies a layer of paint to a boat parked outside of his house.

He listens to some Mexican music.

The man hums with joy to the sounds.

A mysterious figure dressed in black creeps from behind the boat--

He holds a big machete.

His hair is slicked back.

He moves with the slyness of a fox.

It's Alex.

The hispanic man is focused on his boat.

He continues to hum.

He looks up for a moment.

He gets up and walks to the back of the house.

Alex disappears.

The man comes back and resumes painting.

He knocks over can of paint.

MAN

Shoot.

He tries to clean it up.

Sits for a moment.

Then--

SLIIITTT!!

The blade of Alex's machete comes across the man's throat.

The man struggles for a while.

Alex mutes any efforts as the man falls limp.

Alex puts the man's body into his van.

The van slowly pulls off.

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - DAY

Priscilla packs her things in preparation to leave town.

She grabs an old package of her and Charlotte.

Reminisces.

SFX: Ding. Dong.

Priscilla thinks it's Alex. Rushes to the door.

Opens it.

PRISCILLA

Hey.

It's Clarice.

CLARICE

Hey.

PRISCILLA

Well, they found the guy. He's gone.

CLARICE

How so?

PRISCILLA

Not quite sure. I heard some guys found him and shot him. He's dead now.

CLARICE

What's next

PRISCILLA

I'm gonna go home and finish up with a case that I'm working on.

CLARICE

Oh. Well, I see that you were really into that guy Alex.

PRISCILLA

Yeah. He helped me look for the guy. He was cool.

CLARICE

Tell me more about Charlotte.

Priscilla gets sentimental.

PRISCILLA

Charlotte was my foster friend... my sister. We made pretend we were princesses. We'd go to the woods to escape our real lives at the foster home. We could be who we wanted to be.

Priscilla glows.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

After the fire--

CLARICE

Fire?

PRISCILLA

There was a fire at the home. An electric fire. Some of the kids there were killed in the blaze and...we would go to the woods to make pretend sometimes...

Priscilla reflects.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

We could hear the voices of the dead children playing, then they'd turn into screams. I still hear them. I can hear Charlotte's voice too.

(then)

You remind me of Charlotte. You look just like her...

Priscilla smiles.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Charlotte.

CLARICE

What about Alex?

PRISCILLA

I don't know much about him. He just saved me that time and told me about how his friend died from RIFT. Alexander Gray's his name. That's all.

CLARICE

You gonna see him again?

PRISCILLA

I don't know.

(then)

I'm just glad it's over.

Clarice empathizes.

CLARICE

Me too.

PRISCILLA

What are you gonna do now?

CLARICE

I'm going home to enjoy some peace now.

PRISCILLA

I gotta finish packing.

CLARICE

You take care of yourself, now.

Clarice turns around and leaves.

MOMENTS LATER

INT. CLARICE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

INTERCUT - CLARICE'S CAR / JACK MICHAELS'S HOME

Clarice speaks to Jack Michaels on the phone inside her car.

CLARICE

I need you to look up a a private investigator--Alex Gray. I'm texting you the license plate info for the car he was driving.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)

I thought the crime was already solved.

CLARICE

The sheriff's said that they still don't have a definitive suspect and the guy could've been anybody.

JACK MICHAELS'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

JACK MICHAELS

Are you thinking that the guy could still be on the lose?

CLARICE

Maybe. The woman didn't seem to know a lot about her friend or who the killer was.

CLARICE'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)

Got the text. I'll run this over to my guys to see what we can do.

CLARICE

Also, try to look up Priscilla Snow. She's a lawyer out of Philly.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)

I'll see what I can dig up.

CLARICE

Jack, I don't know what I would do without you.

JACK MICHAELS (O.S.)

Me either. Bye Clarice.

INT./EXT. HIDDEN MOUNTAIN-SIDE HIDEAWAY - DAY

Alex sits at a table--naked.

He eats a strange-looking meal made up of internal organs.

They're from his victims.

"Cult of Personality" from Living Colour plays in the background.

Alex gets up and walks into the next room.

It has a smaller room that's refrigerated.

The room houses the body parts of Alex's victims.

The head of the hispanic man who was painting his boat sits on a shelf.

Alex stands, looks at it for a moment.

Alex moves throughout the room where notable body parts: the woman from the pool, the homeless man, Lacey Jones lie in the refrigerated room.

Alex leaves.

He throws on a pair of overalls and heads out back.

Alex enters a shed where a tall cage sits.

It's occupied by a woman in her underwear. She's terrified.

Alex strolls up to the cage.

ALEX
Hey, beautiful.

Tears of fear run down the woman's cheek.

Alex goes into a room and gets his machete.

He comes back out to the woman in the cage.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We're gonna have a little dinner party tonight.

Alex swings the machete and does a bit of an interpretive dance.

The woman screams.

Alex screams.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - NIGHT

Priscilla sits on her couch and watches the news.

She sees more murder cases and wonders if she caught the right killer.

Her eyes flicker with wonder and confusion.

INT. CLARICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clarice continues to research the murder cases in Los Angeles.

She sits at her computer.

SFX: Bleep. Bleep. Bleep.

Her cell phone rings.

Clarice answers.

CLARICE

Jack.

Jack Michaels call Clarice from the F.B.I. Building in D.C..

JACK MICHAELS

I have some really interesting news.

CLARICE

Give it to me.

JACK MICHAELS

The license plate number you gave me is registered to a man named James Carlisle who was a known felon from Tennessee.

CLARICE

You gotta be kidding me.

JACK MICHAELS

He was arrested for the gruesome murder of several people, but the evidence was corrupted, so they threw it out. He got off without a scratch.

CLARICE

It's making sense now.

Clarice thinks to herself.

JACK MICHAELS

Alex Gray seems to have been the name of a silent actor in Hollywood a long time ago. He died in 1975.

Clarice is shocked.

CLARICE

What about Priscilla Snow?

JACK MICHAELS

I'm still trying to find her, but nothing yet.

(then)

Your guy Alex Gray is non-existent.

Clarice is scared silent.

CLARICE

Jack...Jack. I'll call you back. I need to make another call. Just contact me when you find something.

Clarice hangs up.

Begins to dial a number to--

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - DAY

Priscilla makes the final bag before she departs town.

She begins to tidy up the AIRBNB.

Then--

The telephone rings.

Priscilla picks up.

PRISCILLA

Hey, Clarice.

CLARICE
Priscilla. Where's Alex?

Clarice is frantic.

PRISCILLA
I don't know. I think he's headed
out of town. To Mexico or
something.

CLARICE
Priscilla. I need you to listen to
me very carefully. There is no Alex
or Alexander Gray.

PRISCILLA
Clarice.

CLARICE
Alexander Gray doesn't exist. It
was the name of an actor from Old
Hollywood.

PRISCILLA
Then who is he?

CLARICE
We traced the car he drove to a man
named James Carlisle who was a
murderer from Tennessee. He was
never convicted because--

Priscilla begins to put the pieces together.

PRISCILLA
Alex...Alex is the killer.

CLARICE
I think so...everything points to
him.

PRISCILLA
He's getting on a bus to Mexico.
Today.

INT. ALEX'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY - DAY

Alex shaves his head bald. He puts on a wig, a fake beard and
sunglasses.

He doses his mountain hideaway with gasoline and places
explosives throughout the house.

KABOOOOOOOM!!!

Alex detonates the explosives and the house goes up in flames.

He leaves in another mysterious car
(probably from one of his victims).

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Alex buys a ticket at a bus station in downtown Los Angeles.

He wears a disguise of a wooly wig, fake beard and sunglasses.

CLARICE (V.O.)
We got to get to Alex and stop him
before he leaves the country. I'm
coming to get you now.

INT. CLARICE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Clarice and Priscilla race down the 100 Freeway to catch Alex.

PRISCILLA
I can spot him a mile away. We just
need to get to the station.

Clarice and Priscilla weave through traffic and race down the expressway.

CLARICE
What time does his bus leave?

PRISCILLA
Three o'clock.

Clarice looks at her phone--

It says 2:45 PST.

CLARICE
We've got fifteen minutes...

PRISCILLA
We're not gonna make it in time...

CLARICE
We just gotta try.

BEEEEEP. BEEEEEP. BEEEEEP!

Clarice pounds on the horn and nearly rear-ends a Buick.

Clarice's car exits the freeway and races down a city street.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

There it is.

Clarice see a group of Hispanics loading a travel bus.

PRISCILLA

Pull over right here.

Clarice pulls over on the curb and startles a homeless man walking down the street.

BAM!!!

The rental car crashes halfway on the sidewalk.

Clarice and Priscilla storm out of the vehicle and charge into the station.

INT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

They barge their way to the CASHIER CLERK--

PRISCILLA

When's the next bus leaving?

The cashier clerk points to a bus that's loading the last few passengers.

Alex loads the bus with them.

Priscilla and Clarice race to the bus to stop Alex but are intercepted by security guards who blockade the two from reaching the bus as it begins to pull off.

INSIDE THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Alex notices Priscilla and Clarice at the platform, stares for a moment, then closes his eyes and nods off.

BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Priscilla and Clarice try to wrestle past the security guards.

CLARICE

Let us through. There's a killer on
the bus. Please...

Clarice and Priscilla continue to fight as the travel bus
fades into the horizon.

PRISCILLA

That man killed my girlfriend. He
killed my girlfriend. Noooooo!!!
Nooooo!!!

FADE OUT.

INT. PRISCILLA'S AIRBNB - DAY

Devastated. Priscilla heads home to regroup and find a way to
catch Alex.

She grabs her bags, looks around one more time to make sure
has everything then heads for the door.

As she opens the door, several people are gathered outside of
the door:

Sheriff Acosta, MS. DIANE CARTER, 40's, mental health
specialist, several deputy sheriffs and several mental health
assistants.

Priscilla is stunned.

PRISCILLA

Yes.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Ms. Snow, we're going to need you
to come with us.

PRISCILLA

To go where?

Sheriff Acosta enters to apprehend Priscilla.

He puts handcuffs on her.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Ms. Snow, you're being arrested for
the murder of Thomas Timothy
several days ago...

PRISCILLA

No, no, no there must be some
mistake.

Priscilla tries to resist.

Sheriff Acosta reads Priscilla her rights.

Diane Carter interrupts--

DIANE CARTER
Lakeisha. Lakeisha Brown.

Priscilla looks up. Changes face.

Her innocence turns into anger.

PRISCILLA
I don't know any Lakeisha Brown.

DIANE CARTER
Lakeisha. We need you to come with
us.

Priscilla becomes more angry and resistant as the sheriffs take her away.

She has fits and struggles with the sheriffs and mental health assistants.

PRISCILLA
(screams)
I don't know any Lakeisha Brown! I
don't know her.

Clarice pulls up as the authorities escort Priscilla to the vehicles.

Clarice gets out and runs towards Priscilla.

CLARICE
(shouts)
Priscilla! Priscilla!

Clarice runs to Priscilla but a few deputy sheriffs intercept her.

Priscilla notices Clarice--

PRISCILLA
Charlotte.

Priscilla turns away as she is escorted to the sheriff vehicles.

CLARICE
Priscilla!

Sheriff Acosta walks over.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Ms. Thompson, you're gonna have to back up. You can follow her down to headquarters.

INT. VAN NUYS SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Clarice follows Priscilla to the Sheriff's headquarters in Van Nuys.

She finds Sheriff Acosta--

CLARICE

Sheriff...Sheriff Acosta. What happened?

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Well, Ms. Thompson, it looks like your friend killed a man, Thomas Timothy a prosthetics specialist at a movie studio a few days ago high off of RIFT.

CLARICE

This can't be.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Yes it can. Priscilla is Lakeisha. Lakeisha Brown. She was a resident of a mental hospital in Philly and escaped when she found out about the death of her friend.

Clarice gasps.

CLARICE

This is all some sort of a set-up. There must be some set-up. They're lying.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

Your friend was a big RIFT addict. Her boyfriend was a dealer and they killed Thomas Timothy over money and drugs that was owed him.

An image of Thomas Timothy being shot in the head is shown.

Clarice shakes her head in disbelief.

CLARICE

No. No. This can't be right...

Then, Priscilla is being escorted down the hall by a sheriff
convoy.

She notices Clarice--

PRISCILLA

Charlotte. I hear whispers...

Clarice is spooked.

Silent.

CLARICE

Where are they taking her.

SHERIFF ACOSTA

To a cell until they schedule a
court date.

(then)

Ms. Thompson. Your friend Ms.
Priscilla Snow has dementia. Which
can turn into a very, very
dangerous situation.

Clarice stares at Priscilla walk down the hall.

SHERIFF ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Ms. Thompson, please stay in touch.
I'll let you know when things
change.

CLARICE

Please do.

Clarice leaves the headquarters.

MOMENTS LATER

EXT. VAN NUYS SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Clarice, distraught, walks to her rental car.

SFX: Ring. Ring. Ring.

Her phone rings.

She answers--

CLARICE

This is Clarice.

No answer.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Hello.

No answer.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Hello!

Finally, someone speaks.

It's a familiar voice.

It's Alex.

ALEX

I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry,
Clarice.

Clarice is confused.

CLARICE

Who is this?

ALEX

I was the guy driving the car.

CLARICE

Alex.

ALEX

I killed her friend, Charlotte. I
felt guilty and tried to dump her
in the cement to ease the pain, but
I couldn't escape...

CLARICE

Look, I can get you help. I just
need to know where you are.

ALEX

I killed all of them. I didn't mean
it. It was the monster inside of
me. Pushing me... It devours all
the good inside of me... It
destroys everything I love...

CLARICE

Please, Alex--

ALEX

The sheriffs tried to stop it, but
I was too cunning. Too slick.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

They tried to help, but I was
already gone...

CLARICE

Please--

ALEX

I'm gone and I ain't ever comin'
back. I'm a monster.

(then)

Bye Clarice...

Alex hangs up.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - DAY

An isolated hotel room sits a mere few blocks another drug
infested neighborhood.

Alex, stares out of a window to see an economically disperse
neighborhood.

Alex, gently removes his wig.

He slowly removes the sunglasses.

Finally, he carefully displaces the beard--

VOICE (O.C.)

I see you've come to grips with who
you are... what you're destined to
be...

Alex looks out the window.

ALEX

I don't want to be you...

VOICE (O.C.)

You're already me. You're far worse
than I was or would ever be...

ALEX

I can't. I'm gonna change. I'm
gonna be a--

VOICE (O.C.)

Alex...Alex. You're were born evil.
It lives within you.

Alex thinks for a moment.

ALEX
I want to go home.

VOICE (O.C.)
Come on home, boy.

Alex turns around.

The voice is revealed as, MARCELLUS KINGS, 70's, white suit.

Alex walks over to Hannibal, leans on his shoulder. Cries.

Marcellus consoles him.

MARCELLUS KINGS
Welcome to the killers club.

Marcellus holds Alex intently.

Looks up and out the window.

Then gives a sly, evil grin.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The trial against Priscilla Snow for murder takes place.

Priscilla sits quietly in the witness stand as the prosecution prepares to deliberate.

Somber, sincere, solemn dressed in a tan dress-skirt with hands neatly folded over her lap, Priscilla makes reluctant eye contact with Thomas Timothy's family.

The courtroom is packed.

Judge, jury, prosecutors, defendants and visitors.

Clarice sits in the far back. Silent.

The prosecutor, MS. DEBRA GOODWIN, 30's, African-American, dressed-in a skirt suit walks forward to engage Priscilla.

DEBRA GOODWIN
Ms. Snow...that is your name isn't
it?

PRISCILLA
Yes it is.

DEBRA GOODWIN
Or is it Lakeisha Brown? Which one?

Priscilla hesitates.

PRISCILLA
It's Priscilla. Priscilla Snow.

Debra Goodwin pauses for a moment.

DEBRA GOODWIN
Well, your file says Lakeisha
Brown.
(then)
Oh, you changed your name to
Priscilla Brown because it was the
name your foster sister Charlotte
gave you because you hated your
black name.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

Charlotte walk in a moonlit forrest.

PRISCILLA
I hate my name. Lakeisha Brown.

CHARLOTTE
Why so?

PRISCILLA
Because I'm black and my daddy gave
it to me and he didn't like me.

Priscilla begins to sob.

CHARLOTTE
My name is Jacqueline Carter. My
momma didn't like me.

Priscilla stops and hugs Charlotte.

PRISCILLA
I'll name you Charlotte after
Charlotte's Web...

CHARLOTTE
And you'll be Priscilla Snow after
Snow White.

The two giggle.

PRISCILLA
 We'll just call each other
 Priscilla and Charlotte from now
 on.

CHARLOTTE
 We can be whoever we want.

The two stroll down the dimly lit path.

Arm in arm.

END FLASHBACK

Priscilla is a little nervous.

PRISCILLA
 That's correct.

DEBRA GOODWIN
 Good. I just wanted to make sure
 that's clear.
 (then)
 Because that's exactly what your
 former case worker found out just
 before you attacked her and bit off
 her nose!

Debra Goodwin shows a picture of her former case worker
 before and after Priscilla bit off her nose.

PRISCILLA
 That was all a big mishap.

DEBRA GOODWIN
 I don't think so. She belittled you
 because you were ghetto trash. She
 was everything you weren't: a
 sorority girl, went to Harvard,
 well raised... everything that made
 you feel like trash. Right?

PRISCILLA
 I don't know.

DEBRA GOODWIN
 Are you a killer?

Priscilla acts amused.

PRISCILLA
 No. No, I'm not.

DEBRA GOODWIN

Are you sure? Because you sure
killed a lot of people in that
house fire you set at your foster
home.

Priscilla clams up.

She freezes

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Priscilla starts a fire in a vacant room in the foster home.

She pours gasoline on the drapes then brakes a lamp to ignite
the drapes.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOFFF!!!

The drapes flare.

Priscilla looks on in amazement.

Runs out of the room.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOFFF!!!

Foster mothers, children and firefighter personnel look on as
screams are heard from the home.

Priscilla just stares.

END FLASHBACK

DEBRA GOODWIN

You were quite the fire starter
weren't you?

Priscilla becomes unsettled.

PRISCILLA

Those kids were my friends. I
didn't mean to--

DEBRA GOODWIN

You *killed* those children. Your
friends. Didn't you?!?

Priscilla hesitates.

The DEFENSE ATTORNEY interrupts.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I object.

The JUDGE responds--

JUDGE

Overruled.

Debra Goodwin continues.

DEBRA GOODWIN

Now, you bring your show to Los Angeles and kill Mr. Thomas Timothy, an aspiring cinema prosthetist with your drug dealer friend. In cold blood.

PRISCILLA

No...no.

DEBRA GOODWIN

Pow! A shot to the head from you .22 caliber...

Priscilla shakes her heard.

PRISCILLA

No.

DEBRA GOODWIN

Pow...Pow...P--

Priscilla's voice begins to tremble.

PRISCILLA

He killed Charlotte!!

DEBRA GOODWIN

Oh, no he didn't. Oh, no!! Thomas Timothy took acting classes with Charlotte and was on RIFT...

PRISCILLA

He killed her!!

DEBRA GOODWIN

He did *no such thing*. You were high on RIFT with your boyfriend, broke into his home and murdered him for drugs and money.

Priscilla freezes.

PRISCILLA

No.

DEBRA GOODWIN

But you wouldn't even know, would you since you were on RIFT the whole time?

(beat)

You came to Los Angeles with a fake I.D., bogus credit cards, and bogus back story of you being a lawyer from Philadelphia when you were a mere "head case" who escaped the mental health facilities when you heard about the death of your friend. Right?

Clarice sits in the rear of the courtroom. Mortified.

PRISCILLA

No. No. I don't know what you're talking about.

Silence.

DEBRA GOODWIN

You are a killer. Aren't you?
You're a killer Lakeisha Brown.

Priscilla begins to tear up and breakdown on the stand.

PRISCILLA

You had better stop lyin' on me,
lady...

DEBRA GOODWIN

You killed those children then you killed Thomas Timothy--

Priscilla gets worse.

PRISCILLA

(screams)

Stop!!!

DEBRA GOODWIN

Thomas Timothy was sitting in his apartment until you and your boyfriend invaded and killed him in cold blood!

PRISCILLA

Stop it!!

Priscilla storms off the stand and charges Debra Goodwin.

Debra Goodwin tries to fight her off but can't.

Priscilla tries to bite off Debra Goodwin's nose, but is apprehended by the bailiff and other officials.

A big physical altercation ensues.

Priscilla is erratic.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Ahhh!

Priscilla lets off a loud dementia laugh--

a holler--

then bursts into tears--

The room scampers as security struggles to contain Priscilla as she loses her self-control showing signs of dementia.

Debra Gibson is consoled by a fellow attorney as she crumbles in fear.

The judge bangs the gavel.

Clarice runs to try to provide help to Priscilla but is held back by a court security officer.

CLARICE

Priscilla. Everything's gonna be alright. Hang in there.

Clarice tries to fight through the security to no avail.

The security guards take Priscilla away. She screams.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's sentencing day and Priscilla stands front and center to receive her punishment.

Priscilla's dressed in an orange jumpsuit, hair in rouged pony tail and slightly scattered.

A DEFENSE ATTORNEY stands by her side.

The presiding JUDGE speaks--

JUDGE

Given the circumstances that transpired and the behavior the defendant has exhibited, the jury has rendered their decision. Does the defense have any comments?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

None, your honor.

JUDGE

Very well. After deliberations with jurors and consideration of the defendant's capital offense of first degree premeditated murder and her behavior, the jury has ruled Ms. Priscilla Snow guilty on all counts.

The court room erupts with conversation.

Priscilla stands still. Quiet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Will there be any statements from the defendant?

The defense attorney stands.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

None, your honor.

The judge types notes into his laptop.

JUDGE

Any comments from the prosecution?

Debra Goodwin stands.

DEBRA GOODWIN

None, your honor.

The judge takes notes on his laptop.

JUDGE

Any word from the victim's family?

Thomas Timothy's MOTHER, 60's, full-figured, red-neck woman--

Thomas' mother is shaken as tears run down her face.

MOTHER

I just wanna say, you honor, dat' dere' heffa dun' killed my boy.

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

She dun' took my baby Tommy from me. He was all I got...

Two heavy-set MALES stand next to her.

They're Thomas's cousins.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

She ain't just kill Tommy, she dun' killed all of us.

Priscilla stands still. Silent. Head bowed.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

And you know what? I want revenge dammit! I want that bitch dead! Dead!!

One of the MALE COUSINS speaks--

MALE COUSIN

You killed my cousin! You don't deserve to live.

Priscilla is still somber.

The male cousin charges after Priscilla.

The mother and other cousin follow suit.

He grabs her and throws her to the ground.

BAM!

Priscilla falls to the ground with no resistance.

She lies on the ground. Defenseless.

Security guards grab the male cousin and the rest of the family.

MALE COUSIN (CONT'D)

You gonna die.

The courtroom resumes order.

The judge reconvenes.

Clarice sits in the far back.

Gazes.

The judge straightens up.

Speaks.

JUDGE

Based on the authority given me by the State of California, the evidence presented and the verdict given by the jury, I hereby sentence the defendant Priscilla Snow to the death penalty to be performed by the mode of her choice.

The crowd rumbles with conversation.

Sparse applause are heard.

Priscilla is devastated.

She weeps softly.

Clarice wipes tears from her eyes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Considering the defendants threat to society, I will recommend that her execution be expedited.

The judge bangs his gavel.

The bailiff and security staff take Priscilla to her holding quarters.

As the security guards transport Priscilla down the aisle,

Clarice tries to get her attention.

CLARICE

Priscilla. Priscilla.

Priscilla notices Clarice.

PRISCILLA

Charlotte.

The security guards leave the courtroom with Priscilla.

Clarice is stunned and horrified.

EXT. DEATH ROW DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

Priscilla is transported from an armored personnel carrier vehicle to the death row detention facility.

She's strapped on a stretcher, strapped in a strait jacket, strapped in a Resin Mask...

The sight of Priscilla is filled with scare, terror...horror.

Priscilla is greeted by the Governor of California, KATHERINE JACKSON, 50's, African-American, Business suit,

The prosecuting attorney, Debra Goodwin,

And several other observers.

Priscilla is wheeled in front of the crowd;

The Governor approaches--

KATHERINE BROWN

Ms. Snow. Are you prepared to begin your sentence for crimes committed against society?

PRISCILLA

I just want to say that I love my family, friends and everyone who supported me through this.

The gathering is silent.

Katherine Brown looks at Priscilla with a touch of sorrow.

She motions to the staff to wheel Priscilla off.

KATHERINE BROWN

You can take her now.

The staff prepare to take Priscilla away.

Then,

PRISCILLA

Oh, Katherine.

Ms. Brown stops the staff.

KATHERINE BROWN

Yes.

PRISCILLA

I love your dress girlfriend.

Priscilla gives another demented laugh.

The staff takes her away.

A FEW YEARS LATER**INT./EXT. DEATH ROW HOLDING FACILITY - DAY**

Clarice arrives at a death row holding facility to visit Priscilla.

Clarice approaches the front desk. Taps the fiber glass barrier.

A CLERK speaks on the phone.

CLARICE
Hello. I'm here to see Priscilla Snow.

The clerk continues to speak on the phone.

Clarice taps harder.

CLARICE (CONT'D)
Hello. Hello...

The clerk looks up.

CLARICE (CONT'D)
I'm here to see Priscilla Snow.

The clerk grabs a clipboard. Hands it to Clarice.

CLERK
Fill that out and give it back with your I.D..

Clarice takes a few moments to fill it out and hands it back to the clerk.

CLARICE
Here you go. I'm former F.B.I..

The clerk looks it over for a moment.

CLERK
Thank you for your service.

CLARICE
You're welcome.

CLERK
You can head down the hall. The security guard will let you in to see her.

Clarice heads down the hall and stops at the security station.

A security guard checks her visitors badge and lets her in a corridor where several visitation room sit on both sides.

Clarice is escorted to the booth with Priscilla.

She enters. Slowly sits down in front of the fiberglass.

Priscilla is escorted into the room.

She's not the same Priscilla we're used to.

Dazed,

confused,

distraught,

abused.

It looks like she went to hell and back.

She sits in front of the glass. Looks down.

Clarice's heart sinks.

She lightly taps on the fiberglass to get Priscilla's attention.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

CLARICE

Priscilla. Priscilla.

Priscilla looks up.

Speaks in a subdued tone.

The psychotic drugs have taken their toll.

PRISCILLA

Charlotte. Clarice.

CLARICE

How are you doing? I've been thinking about ya'.

PRISCILLA

I still hear the voices. This time it's Charlotte. They're getting louder and louder.

Clarice tries to make sense of this.

CLARICE
Priscilla. Tell me. Tell me what I
need to do to help you.

Priscilla just sits there.

PRISCILLA
The voices. Alex.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS

-Alex sits on a beach and looks out at the water.

-Alex looks at pictures of victims, then Priscilla and him.

-Alex looks at a map to plan his next mission.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

CLARICE
Just tell me what you need me to
do.

A moment.

Priscilla looks down for a moment, then looks up.

PRISCILLA
Would you...be my friend? I don't
want to run anymore. I want to be
myself...

Clarice empathizes.

CLARICE
Priscilla. Yes. I'll be your
friend.

PRISCILLA
Friends forever.

Clarice nods.

CLARICE
Friends forever.

PRISCILLA
We can be princesses.

CLARICE
Yes. Yes. We can be princesses.

Priscilla makes a gesture with her pinky.

PRISCILLA
Pinky promise?

Clarice smirks then makes a gesture with her pinky.

CLARICE
Pinky promise.

A moment.

Priscilla gazes at Clarice.

Clarice gazes at Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
He's still alive.

Priscilla looks away.

CLARICE
Yeah.

Silence.

**INT. CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS FACILITY - SAN
QUENTIN - DAY**

It's gloomy, dark and still as Priscilla is escorted to the execution chamber.

Her requested mode of execution: electrocution.

The year is 2019 when the mode is still legal in California.

Perhaps she chose it because of the way she started the fire at the foster home.

Priscilla is escorted to the chair and straps are applied.

First the wrists--

Then the ankles--

A lobe is placed on her head.

A blindfold is placed over her eyes.

Clarice is present. She looks on in fear.

The guards look at the time and record it.

Priscilla looks up and sees Clarice.

Clarice sees Priscilla.

Priscilla's last word as she makes eye contact with Clarice--

PRISCILLA
Charlotte.

CLARICE
Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
We can be princesses.

CLARICE
Yes. Yes we can.

The guard gives the signal to initiate the execution.

BRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!

The electric voltage rushes through Priscilla's body.

She shakes and trembles.

Murmurs are heard.

Priscilla clinches her fists.

Her body convulses.

Then, nothing.

One of the assistants check Priscilla.

SHE'S STILL ALIVE

The assistant removes the eye mask to see Priscilla's eyes flickering.

The guard motions for another round of voltage.

The assistant complies.

BRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

Priscilla shakes profusely.

Violently.

Then, **stillness...**

Silence...

Priscilla's gone...

Clarice runs to the front of the viewing room but is intercepted by security

CLARICE (CONT'D)
Priscilla!! Priscilla!!
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

Hey.

Hello.

Who's there.

Pee - a - boo.

I see you.

You can't hide.

Tag. You're it.

Knock, Knock.

Gentle whispers are heard...

Priscilla

Charlotte

Alex

Clarice

The lost children

The whispers begin to turn into screams...

THE WHISPERS IN THE WOODS

AAAHHH!!!

AAAHHH!!!

AAAHHH!!!

AAAHHH!!!

AAAHHH!!!

SCREAMS!!!!!!!!!!