

Frankenstein In Love

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OVER OPENING TITLES:

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Sepia-toned, hand-held, jittery home video footage of --

A sparse back yard in a subdivision lot. Tiny, new trees. Wooden fence. Fresh sod. Brand-new boy's and girl's bikes.

A young BOY (10) and girl (10) look into the camera, smiling. She's wearing her best party dress. He's in his Sunday best. He takes her hand, and they walk over to --

A mock-church altar setup made with balloons and streamers. Behind it stands a SKINNY, SMALLER YOUNG BOY (10) behind a podium. He starts performing a mock marriage ceremony.

CAMERA WHOOSHES around and finds a PRETTY SUBURBAN MOM (30), dabbing her eyes with a tissue. She realizes the camera is on her, then furiously points off-camera at the kids.

CAMERA FLIES BACK on the bride and groom, just as they kiss.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Some cheesy 80's hair metal ballad plays on an I-pod stereo. *If I Close My Eyes Forever*, indeed.

Your classic wood-panelled rec room. Now a science lab STUFFED with a maze of equipment.

Seated at a workbench is FRANKIE STEIN (17). 'Nerd' would be compliment. Think Michael Cera divided by Jessie Eisenberg. He's wearing thick gloves, sleeves and a big apron.

Frankie looks at a dead RAT lying on the table, recent roadkill. Thinking. He nods --

Leans over, starts attaching a series of electrical cables connected to suction cups on the rat's head, chest, arms and legs. Nods. Turns to a laptop. Starts PUNCHING in data.

THE MONITOR

Shows a series of graphs that read HEART, LUNG and BRAIN. Each reads *zero percent* below them.

FRANKIE

Smiles grimly.

FRANKIE
Rat-tastic.

He picks up a syringe. SQUIRTS it. Looks at the rat --

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You're going to feel a small pinch.

And INJECTS it. Frankie then turns to a TRANSFORMER that the cables are attached to. He starts flipping a series of switches. We hear a HUMMING sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A NEEDLE

On the transformer starts moving from left to right.
It approaches the red zone --

FRANKIE

FLIPS DOWN a metal bar, and --

THE RAT

Gets ZAPPED with electricity. BUZZZ.

THE GRAPHS

All JUMP to ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

THE RAT

BOLTS UP in the air. LEAPS onto Frankie and BITES his arm.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
SHIT --

He GRABS a coffee mug off the table and WHACKS him in the head with it. The rat goes FLYING into the air and lands on the floor. Starts SCURRYING around, SMASHING into stuff.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
(looks at his arm)
Kevlar. The gift that keeps protecting.

He watches the rat RACE around the room. Then realizes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I didn't close the DOOR --

It goes to the stairs, starts FLYING up to the first floor.
He CHASES after it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Total suburbia brought to you by the color beige, dimly lit by the light coming from the various appliances. The rat RACES through the kitchen, followed by Frankie.

The rat BANGS around the room, looking for an escape. Frankie THROWS OPEN the door to the back yard, and the rodent FLIES OUT. He SLAMS the door. Exhales. Shakes his head.

FRANKIE
Talk about a *rat-race*.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Is everything okay, honey?

The lights FLIP ON. Frankie's mother JULIE (40's) stands there in her bathrobe. Once a great beauty, now a bit washed-out-looking. But still appealing, even fresh-scrubbed.

JULIE
I heard the door slam. Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
 (nods)
 I was coming in from the back yard. The wind blew the door shut.

JULIE
 What were you doing in the backyard so late at night?

FRANKIE
 Uh -- I was --

JULIE
 Never mind. One of your experiments, right?

FRANKIE
 Uh, yeah.

JULIE
 Have a seat, boy genius. I'll fix you a glass of warm milk.

FRANKIE
 Could I, uh -- get a beer?

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Frankie walks out the door. Starts walking over to his car, a decrepit, old Volkswagon bus.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Hey, Frankie --

He turns and look, sees --

VITA HECK (17), his next-door neighbor. Your classic tomboy. Hair in a ponytail. Glasses. Baggy clothes. Not the stuff of teenage dreams. But kinda cute if you squint your eyes.

FRANKIE
 Hey, Vita. What's up?

VITA
 Finally fixed the motherboard. Got two-hundred screaming gigs of POWER.

FRANKIE
 (distracted)
 That's -- great.

He opens the car door. Gets in. Starts the engine. Vita walks over to the car.

VITA
 A bunch of us are gonna play Dungeons and Dragons tonight. Can I pencil you in as a wizard?

FRANKIE
 I haven't played that since we were kids --

VITA
 I know. I just thought --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
You ask me every week. And what do I
always say?

VITA
Uh, no -- ?

FRANKIE
Don't get me wrong. I really appreciate
the invite. No hard feelings?

VITA
Okay --

He nods. Puts the car in gear and drives away. She watches
the car sadly as it goes down the street. Sighs.

VITA (CONT'D)
I've loved you all these years, Frankie
Stein -- and you don't even know I exist.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Out of a John Hughes movie. Old and stately. Manicured lawn.
Manicured kids from good homes. The joint's abuzz with dozens
of STUDENTS on their way to class.

Frankie walks with his friend JOSH BOHNER (17), small and
intense. Makes Christopher Mintz-Platz look macho.

JOSH
You mean it WORKED?

FRANKIE
Yeah. Then the little fucker ran away.

JOSH
Do you realize what this MEANS?

FRANKIE
That I'm a genius?

JOSH
(sees something)
Uh-oh. Here come the archetypes --

A trio of CHEERLEADERS walk by. Two scoops of blonde times
three. They glide by the boys. Bathed in golden sunlight.
Frankie sighs. Stares at --

SHAYLA PETRIE (17), the head cheerleader. She sees Frankie
staring. Whispers to her friends. They ERUPT in laughter.

FRANKIE
Shayla Petrie --

JOSH
I can't believe you have the hots for
her. She just LAUGHED at you.

FRANKIE
I don't care. She's perfect --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Hello? Reality check? She's WAY out of
your league.

FRANKIE
(watches her go)
I don't care --

JOSH
(tugs on his sleeve)
C'mon, we're gonna be late for chem lab.

They start walking inside.

FRANKIE
I would KILL to be with her.

JOSH
Careful what you wish for --

HIDING BEHIND A NEARBY TREE

We see Vita, watching them. She shakes her head sadly.

VITA
Shayla Petrie? She's the biggest slut in
SCHOOL --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Plain and ordinary, but comfy. Homey. We hear SQUEALING and BANGING from behind a closed door. Vita's mother PEGGY (40) talks on the phone. Looks freaked out.

PEGGY
Nobody's come yet. Can they hurry it up?
It's making such an awful racket --

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
(electronic)
You don't need to call nine-one-one more
than once, Ma'am. An officer should be
there any minute.

The doorbell RINGS.

PEGGY
That must them. Thanks, bye --

She hangs up, rushes out of the room to the --

FRONT DOOR

Where she opens it. A UNIFORMED OFFICER walks in.
Young. Decent-looking. Trying very hard not to smile.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Mrs. Heck?

PEGGY
Please. Call me Peggy.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Peggy.
(nods)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
Officer Beverage. You reported a wild,
rabid rat invasion?

Meet CHET BEVERAGE (30's), small town peace officer. A bit
paunchy from living the good life. Great with getting cats
out of trees. Never fired his weapon. On purpose, that is.

PEGGY
Yes, I did. Thank god you're here. Come
with me. I'll show you.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Peggy and Chet stand in front of the door to the basement.
The rat SQUEALS and BANGS against the door.

PEGGY
I opened the back door to take out the
garbage, and it ran in here like a little
devil and went down to the basement.

CHET
Why didn't you call an exterminator?

PEGGY
Because it was, uh --
(eyes wide)
Already dead.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School's out. Students leave the building like a stream of
ants. Laughing and shouting as they walk.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Frankie and Josh walk towards Frankie's car.

JOSH
But that's CRAZY. You can't do that. I've
seen the movie. It DOESN'T end well.

FRANKIE
Well, that's because he used body parts
from several people -- but what about
reanimating a whole person?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Hey, LOOK. THERE they are. Don't ask,
don't SMELL --

Reveal WILLIS GRUBB (18), big and massive -- and Shayla's
boyfriend, with his cohort KIRK KIRK, JR. (18), even bigger.
Jocks Gone Wild. Staring at them. Fists clenched.

KIRK
And where are you two love birds off to?

WILLIS
Wait -- don't tell me. They're gonna Eat,
Pray, Fuck.

They both BURST into laughter. High-five each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
I don't know what the hell Shayla sees in
you, you fat fuck. You don't DESERVE her.

JOSH
(whispers)
Frankie --

Willis' face turns red.

WILLIS
I'm gonna fucking KILL you --

Frankie KICKS him in the balls. Willis keels over in pain.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
OW --

KIRK
You little SHIT --

Josh WHIPS OUT pepper spray and SHOOTS it in Kirk's eyes.

KIRK (CONT'D)
(wiping them)
My EYES, my EYES --

FRANKIE
Let's GO --

JOSH
RUN --

And they take TAKE OFF.

EXT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON BUS - CONTINUOUS

Frankie and Josh pile into Frankie's van. SLAM the doors.

JOSH
I can't believe you fucking DID that.

FRANKIE
Neither can I.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON BUS - CONTINUOUS

Frankie JAMS the car into gear. Josh turns around and looks
out the back window. Sees something.

JOSH
Wait. Don't go. Hold on a sec --

FRANKIE
Are you fucking crazy?

He starts pulling out of his parking space.

JOSH
WAIT. It's Shayla --

FRANKIE
What?

Frankie turns around. Looks.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Willis SLAPS Shayla. GRABS her. SHOVES her into his pickup truck. SLAMS the door. PEELS RUBBER out of the parking lot.

IN FRANKIE'S CAR

He looks at Josh. Open-mouthed.

FRANKIE

The rumors are TRUE. He DOES hit her.

Frankie HITS THE GAS and drives toward the exit.

JOSH

What are you DOING?

FRANKIE

What does it look like? I'm gonna FOLLOW them --

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Frankie's car follows Willis' truck down the street.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON BUS - CONTINUOUS

Josh looks at Frankie.

JOSH

You're fucking crazy. What are you gonna do when you catch up with them?

FRANKIE

Rescue her.

INT. CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL - OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered office filled with book shelves and filing cabinets. Paperwork EVERYWHERE. A tall, intense-looking SCIENTIST (30's) talks on the phone.

Meet REBECCA 'BECK' DRIVER. No-nonsense. Great-looking. Even with the glasses, hair pulled back. Smokin' hot bod hidden behind Armani. Has that Sarah Palin thing. But whip-smart.

BECK

Don't get me wrong, I love Dustin Hoffman, but OUTBREAK was ridiculous. The virus was --

(sees something)

My other line. Hold on a sec --

(PUNCHES a button)

This is Beck --

(listens)

REALLY? How long had it been dead?

(listens)

I'll be there as fast as I can.

(listens)

Of course. Do you realize what this could MEAN?

(listens)

Got it. Bye.

(PUNCHES another button)

I'm back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK (CONT'D)
 You'll never believe what was just found
 in Venison, Ohio --
 (listens)
 A dead rat on the loose.
 (listens)
 Yeah. It was brought back to life.
 (listens)
 OF COURSE I've see RE-ANIMATOR.

EXT. THE CAMELOT MOTEL - DUSK

A seedy, shitty adult motel on the outskirts of town near a park. Frankie's VW bus is parked at the opposite side of the gravel parking lot far away from Willis' truck.

JOSH
 I'm cold, I'm hungry, and I gotta take a piss.

FRANKIE
 You can go if you want to.

JOSH
 I'm not gonna WALK home. It's too FAR.

FRANKIE
 Relax. They're not gonna be much longer.
 They both have to go home for dinner.

On cue, a motel door OPENS. Shayla and Willis walk out. Dishevelled, with that 'just had sex' look. And a bit tipsy. They look around, make sure they're not being seen.

Willis holds a bottle of Jack Daniels. Takes a long swallow. They both get in the truck. It starts driving away.

IN FRANKIE'S VAN

He starts the engine.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Okay, here we go --

IN WILLIS' TRUCK

Shayla grips her stomach. Turns green --

SHAYLA
 Stop the car. I'm gonna get --

And PROJECTILE VOMITS all over the dashboard.

WILLIS
 Fucking BITCH. Look what you did to my TRUCK.
 (reaches over, YANKS her door open)
 Get OUT.

SHAYLA
 But, but --

Willis SHOVES her out of the seat. She FLIES OUT the door.

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CONTINUED:

IN THE VAN

Frankie and Josh see Shayla HIT the pavement. And Willis' truck ROAR away. Shayla stands up. Shakes a fist. SCREAMS.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
You fucking ASSHOLE.

ON THE STREET

A DRUNK DRIVER comes CAREENING around a corner. Now that it's getting darker, he doesn't see Shayla -- and CLIPS her with his front fender. She FLIES into the air like a rag doll --

And HITS the pavement, THWUMP.

FRANKIE'S VW BUS

SCREECHES to a halt beside her motionless body. Frankie and Josh jump out. Walk over. Frankie gets down on his knees. Takes her pulse. Shakes his head sadly.

FRANKIE
She's -- dead.

JOSH
Shit. We better call the cops --

FRANKIE
The COPS? Are you fucking KIDDING me?

JOSH
What else could we --
(realizes)
Oh, no. No WAY.

FRANKIE
Way. It worked on the rat. Now I want to try it on her.

JOSH
This is SICK, Frankie. You just want to be with her. No WAY am I getting involved in this. We could go to jail for a LONG time.

FRANKIE
So we don't get caught. Now help me put her in the back of the van.
(off his silence)
C'mon, don't you want me to go down in medical history?

JOSH
(sighs)
I'll take the feet. You grab her arms --

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN

Suzy Homemaker's dream come true. A riot of stainless steel and *off-white* in the heart of suburbia. Top Chef, ahoy.

A WOMAN (40's), pert, smiling, very attractive is studiously cooking at the stove. She tastes the sauce with a wooden spoon. Mmm. *Delicious*. Got Milf?

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CONTINUED:

Meet ADELLE PETRIE, Shayla's mom. The perfect wife, mother, bookkeeper, maid, chauffeur. You know the drill.

ADELLE
(calls into the next room)
Dinner's almost ready, honey. Did Shayla get home yet? I didn't hear her come in --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Not yet. You want me to call her on her cell?

BRUB PETRIE (40's), Shayla's father walks in. Tall and fit, with rugged good-looks. Right out of a Sears catalogue. I mean, could this family be more picture-perfect or what?

ADELLE
I'm sure she'll be along in a sec.
She's NEVER late for *dinner* --

BRUB
Gosh, honey. That's smells terrific.
Is that a new recipe?

ADELLE
How'd you guess?

BRUB
When it comes to your cooking, I've got a *nose for adventure*.

ADELLE
Oh, YOU. Do me a favor and set the table for dinner?

BRUB
Of course, my love. Anything for you.

They gaze at each other with undying love. Brub suddenly SHITS HIS PANTS with a ROAR OF FLATULENCE.

ADELLE
(waves her hand in the air)
Jesus fucking Christ, Brub. Get the fuck out of here, you're shitting up the KITCHEN.

BRUB
Don't use that tone with me, BETTY CROCKER. You want the belt again?

ADELLE
Oh, go ahead, Mr. Macho. Why don't you just fucking HIT me? I told you to wear fucking Depends, but NO -- Mr. Irritable Bowel just HAS to ruin his new Dockers.

Brub glowers. Storms over to the doorway. Over his shoulder.

BRUB
I'm going to take a shower, and when I come back, dinner BETTER be served.
Capiche?

Adelle blinks. Cocks her head. Smiles brightly.

(CONTINUED)

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ADELLE
Sure thing, honey-bun. Comin' up in
jiffy.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Frankie drives. Mind reeling. Deep in thought. Josh stares
out the window. Miserable.

JOSH
So where are you going to put her?

FRANKIE
In my basement lab, of course.

JOSH
Are you fucking KIDDING me? That's crazy.
Your mom will find her.

FRANKIE
No, she won't. She's forbidden to go down
there. It's my domain. It's not just my
lab, it's also my room, where I sleep.

JOSH
You're going to sleep in the same room as
a DEAD BODY?

FRANKIE
She's not going to be dead very long,
Josh.

JOSH
Yeah. That's what I'm AFRAID of --

EXT. STEIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A small, plain four-bedroom colonial job just like all the
others on the street. Frankie's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Frankie parks the car. Turns and looks at Josh.

FRANKIE
We can't move her now. We have to wait
until my mom is asleep.

JOSH
WE?

FRANKIE
C'mon. I need your help. We're in this
together.

JOSH
We ARE?

FRANKIE
You just helped me remove a dead body
from the scene of an accident. If that's
not *in this together*, I don't know what
is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
 (sighs)
 What time should I be here?

FRANKIE
 Midnight.

JOSH
 Should I bring anything?

FRANKIE
 If you find your balls, that might help.

Josh rolls his eyes. Opens the car door.

JOSH
 Very funny.

FRANKIE
 Hey, come on. I'm just messing with you.
 Thanks for helping me out. I owe you one.
 You're my best friend.

JOSH
 Are you TRYING to scare me?

INT. VITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Cure's queasy, plaintive, over-the-top romantic dirge
 PICTURES OF YOU plays on the stereo over --

Dark, like a cave. Candles burning. Horror movie and goth
 rock band posters dot the walls. Vita sits at her desk,
 cruising the web. She picks up her cell. Punches a number.

VITA
 Imogene -- ?
 (listens)
 Yeah, It's me. We're not playing tonight.
 (listens)
 I've got this gnarly cold. I've been
 coughing up chunks.
 (listens)
 Yeah. I've called the others --
 (listens)
 Yep. We're on for next week.
 (listens)
Beware The Phantom Brigade.

She CLICKS the phone shut. Shakes her head. Starts working
 the mouse and keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN

We see the HOT TOPIC website. Vita clicks on APPAREL. Then
 DRESSES. An array of cute black dresses appear. Goth-lite.

VITA

Scrunches up her face. Moves the mouse. Examines the choices.
 Then see one she likes. Beams.

VITA (CONT'D)
 Black chiffon skull tube ruffle dress,
 here we come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE SCREEN

She adds it to her shopping cart.

VITA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Okay, now for some shoes --

A page of cool shoes appears. Boots. Wedges. High heels.

VITA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Zebra platform heels? COOL.

VITA

Smiles. Fingers CLACK-CLACK across the keyboard.

VITA (CONT'D)
When the going gets tough -- the tough go
shopping.

She CLICKS the mouse. PUNCHES 'send.' She gets up from the desk. Goes to the window. Looks out at Frankie's house.

VITA (CONT'D)
Watch out, Frankie Stein -- there's a new
archetype in town.

EXT. SHITTY, RUN-DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

On the wrong side of the tracks. If there WERE tracks. The cheap seats. Threadbare lawn. Grey picket fence. Sagging foundation. A dim light flickers behind dirty windows.

Willis' truck pulls into the driveway. Parks.

INT. WILLIS FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like the carpet and drapes, it matches the outside. Piles of pizza boxes, newspapers, empty beer cans litter the joint.

Willis' father BUCK (40's), fat and sloppy, sits on the shitty, faded couch watching a ball game. Wolfing down a TV dinner with a bottle of cheap beer. Willis walks in.

WILLIS
Hey, pop.

BUCK
(eyes on the screen)
Hey, kid. You're home kinda late --

WILLIS
I was hanging out with Shayla.

BUCK
Picked up some of those Hungry Man dinners. They're in the freezer. Help yourself. Have two if you want. They were on special --

WILLIS
Thanks.

He starts walking to the kitchen.

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CONTINUED:

BUCK
Oh, and your mother called. Said you
could stay a few more days. She's gonna
work in Vegas awhile longer.

WILLIS
(over his shoulder)
Cool.

INT. WILLIS FAMILY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

'Bare bones' would be a compliment. Willis puts a TV dinner
in the microwave. Turns it on. Looks around guiltily.

WILLIS
(under his breath)
Fucking bitch --

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Frankie and Josh roll up Shayla in a brightly-colored bed
sheet. Frankie looks at it. Makes a face.

FRANKIE
Spiderman sheets?

JOSH
Shut up. They're from when I was a kid.

FRANKIE
I bet you still sleep on them.

JOSH
Fuck you. C'mon. Let's move it. I don't
wanna get caught.

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Frankie and Josh carry Shayla's wrapped-up body around the
side of the house toward the back door.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Frankie sets down his end. Reaches for the back door knob.

FRANKIE
(looks around)
So far so good. No one's seen us --

JOSH
Thank god. She's fucking heavy. Come on,
hurry it up.

In the window, a light TURNS ON in the kitchen.

FRANKIE
Shit. DUCK DOWN.

Josh DROPS Shayla. Gets down. She hits the grass with a THUD.

JULIE'S FACE

Appears in the window. Looks around. Shrugs. Disappears.
The lights SHUT OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE AND JOSH

Breath a sigh of relief. Pick her back up.

JOSH
Jeez. Now I know how Dexter feels.

FRANKIE
Enough wisecracks, Igor. Let's get her down to the dungeon.

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Shayla lies on a makeshift bed. An inflatable mattress on top of a piece of plywood on a couple of sawhorses covered by the Spiderman sheet. She looks like some kind of ungodly doll.

The left side of her head looks fine. Face still pretty. But the right side has been smashed in and flattened. Skull exposed. And she's pretty much COVERED in blood.

JOSH
She doesn't look so good anymore, Frankie.

FRANKIE
Nonsense. We'll get her cleaned up, maybe put a nice scarf around her head. Get one of my mom's old dresses. She'll look great.

JOSH
It's late. I'm gonna split.

FRANKIE
(still staring at her)
Okay. Thanks for all the help.

Josh nods. Starts for the stairway.

JOSH
See you tomorrow in school.

But Frankie's entranced. Ignores him.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Be sure to wear protection.
(off his silence)
Whatever.

He leaves. Frankie leans down and kisses Shayla on the cheek.

FRANKIE
You're mine now. All mine. Forever and ever.

INT. PETRIE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brub and Adelle sit on the couch. Chet Beverage sits across from them on a big, overstuffed chair. Jots down notes.

CHET
And you say she's never late for dinner?

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CONTINUED:

BRUB
NEVER. Our daughter is a model citizen.
She was PUMPKIN QUEEN --

ADELLE
(dabs her eyes with a tissue)
And the head cheerleader --
(sniffles)
We're so WORRIED about her.

She HONKS on her tissue.

CHET
Oh, I know. I haven't missed a game.
She's -- lovely.

BRUB
You need to FIND her, officer, NOW.
Something TERRIBLE could have happened to
her.

CHET
Well, we can't file a missing persons
report until twenty-four hours have
passed --

BRUB
But we can't WAIT twenty-four hours --

CHET
Not to worry, Mr. Petrie. I can still do
a little unofficial snooping around on my
own.

ADELLE
Oh, THANK GOD. Thank you, officer
Beverage.

CHET
Please. Call me Chet.
(off her weak smile)
Is Shayla dating anybody right now? That
might be a good avenue to explore --

BRUB
Yes, she is. Willis Grubb, that low-life.
Crazy girl broke up with Brent Brock, the
football captain --

ADELLE
AND prom king --

BRUB
To go out with HIM.

CHET
I see.
(stands up)
Well, thank you for letting us know. I'll
go check on Willis, and tomorrow we'll
start our investigation. Don't worry,
we'll find your daughter, dead or alive --

ADELLE
(BURSTS into tears)
DEAD or alive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brub GLARES at him. CLENCHES his fists.

BRUB
GET OUT. Get out RIGHT NOW. You're
upsetting my WIFE.

CHET
Ohmigosh, I'm so sorry. I, I -- didn't
mean --
(beat)
I'm gonna go now.

He nods. Hurries out the door. Brub rushes over to Adelle.
Tries to comfort her.

BRUB
Don't worry, my little flower. They'll
find her.

PUSH IN ON Adelle's face. Now livid.

ADELLE
They fucking BETTER.

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Shayla lies on the workbench. All the blood has been cleaned
off. She looks almost peaceful. A scarf now drapes where the
side of her head was smashed in.

Wires have been attached to various points on her body.
He attaches one on her right temple, then her left. Done.

FRANKIE
Now it's time to find out if we have
chemistry.

He rubs his hands together. Excited. Goes to his laptop.
Starts PUNCHING commands on the keyboard. Humming softly.

THE MONITOR

Shows the now-familiar graphs that read HEART, LUNG and
BRAIN. Each reads *zero percent*.

Frankie reaches over, picks up a GIANT syringe. Much bigger
than the one he used on the rat. He SQUIRTS it --

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
This is gonna hurt me alot more than it
hurts you --

And INJECTS IT into her neck. Pushes the plunger all the way
DOWN, then quickly PULLS IT OUT.

He turns to the transformer. Starts FLIPPING the series of
switches. It starts to HUM. Frankie watches her intently.

A NEEDLE

On the transformer starts SLOWLY moving from left to right.

FRANKIE

Watches it. Shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 C'mon, c'mon --
 (beat)
 Fucking Radio Shack --

He TAPS the side of it. The needle JUMPS into the red.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 We have LIFT-OFF.

Frankie FLIPS down the metal bar, and --

SHAYLA

Gets ZAPPED with electricity. BUZZZ.

THE GRAPHS

Jump to ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

FRANKIE

PUMPS a fist.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Let there be LIFE.

Shayla's body starts SHAKING. Begins to VIBRATE. Tendrils of SMOKE fly off her. Frankie watches, bug-eyed.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 C'mon, baby -- you can DO IT.

Her eyes OPEN. She BOLTS UPRIGHT. Blinks. Looks at Frankie quizzically. Opens her mouth to speak.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Shayla. You're BACK.

SHAYLA
 (slowly, with difficulty)
 Who's -- Shayla?

FRANKIE
 You're Shayla.

SHAYLA
 Don't -- know --
 (beat)
 Shayla.

FRANKIE
 You don't remember who you are?

She stares at him. Confused. Shakes her head.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Do you remember *anything*?

SHAYLA
 No. Who -- are you?

Frankie stares. *Holy shit.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE
I'm Frankie.
(beat)
Your *boyfriend*.

Shayla nods her head slowly. Looks around the lab.

SHAYLA
Where -- am I?

FRANKIE
You're home. This is where we live.

SHAYLA
(feels her head)
What -- happened to me?

FRANKIE
You were in an accident. But now you're
okay. You're home now.

She nods slowly. Looks like she's about to cry. Frankie starts taking the wires off her. She watches. Confused.

SHAYLA
Would you -- hold me?

Frankie gulps. Takes her in his arms.

FRANKIE
(under his breath)
Thought you'd never ask --

EXT. WILLIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Chet Beverage stands at the door. RINGS the bell. Wait a beat. RINGS again. The door FLIES open. Willis stands there. Sees Chet. Tries hard not to look freaked out. Fails.

WILLIS
Oh, hi -- officer. Is everything -- okay?

CHET
I just have some routine questions. Can I
come in?

WILLIS
Uh -- yeah, sure.

INT. WILLIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buck sits on the couch. Passed out in the dark. Some old movie plays at a low volume on the TV.

WILLIS
Let's go in the kitchen.

INT. WILLIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chet takes a seat at the small kitchen table. Willis stands, fidgeting. Looks very nervous. And more than a little guilty.

WILLIS
So what's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET
We got a call from Shayla's parents.
She didn't come home for dinner tonight.

WILLIS
She *didn't*?

CHET
Her parents said she was with you after
school. Was she?

WILLIS
Yeah. We were just -- hanging out.
Driving around, you know --

CHET
If you didn't take her home afterwards,
where did she go?

WILLIS
I don't know.
(carefully)
We had a -- a fight.

CHET
About what?

WILLIS
She puked all over the inside my car, and
I -- got mad and kicked her out.

CHET
And you just drove away?

WILLIS
Yeah.
(beat)
I was mad. The truck is almost BRAND-NEW,
and now it smells like puke.

CHET
Where did you drop her off?

WILLIS
Out by Old Country Road.

CHET
Were you drinking?

WILLIS
Of course not.

CHET
Could you show us where it was?

WILLIS
Right now?

CHET
Right now.

PUSH IN ON Willis' face. Quietly freaking out.

WILLIS
Uh, yeah -- sure.

INT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Students stream down the hallway carrying books.
Most of them looks sad, in shock, lost.

A pair of STONERS stand in front of the water fountain.
They sport the standard ripped jeans and Metallica T-shirt
uniform. You can practically smell them on the page.

ACNE-SCARRED STONER
Dude. It's *The case of the missing snatch*. What do you think happened to her?

FRIZZY-HAIRED STONER
I dunno. It's a loss to humanity, bro.
That was some righteous pink taco.

ACNE-SCARRED STONER
(nods solemnly)
In blonde we trust.

CAMERA finds a group of NERDS huddling around a locker.

BIG GLASSES NERD
She was swallowed into a space-time
continuum, I tell you.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NERD
God, are you *stupid*. She probably just
ran away from home or something.

BALD NERD
Maybe she got KIDNAPPED and sold into
white slavery.

BIG GLASSES NERD
Maybe she got sucked into a *black hole*.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NERD
Hey. Who you calling a BLACK HOLE?

CAMERA WHOOSHES OVER to a pair of jocks walking down the
hallway. Heads hung low. Trying to process the information.

RED-FACED JOCK
So -- is it still okay to jerk off over
her?

TALL JOCK
I dunno.
(low, to himself)
What a waste of such major boobage --

RED-FACED JOCK
Maybe I can dry-hump Nicole -- and think
about her?

TALL JOCK
NICE.

They SLAP PALMS.

RED-FACED JOCK
Gone, but still jizzed-on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA glides away. Finds Shayla's cheerleader friends AURA and AMBER. Teary-eyed, they hustle down the hall.

AMBER
I don't understand. Where did she GO?

AURA
I feel -- empty, like when I got kicked off *Facebook* --

AMBER
Yeah. It's like you texted someone, and they *didn't text back*.

They look at each other. SHRIEK. RUN into the girls' room. CAMERA finds Frankie and Josh, walking toward the exit.

JOSH
I dunno, Frankie. Maybe we should confess. It doesn't feel right.

FRANKIE
Yeah, right. What are we supposed to say? She's dead, but I brought her back to life and she's down in my basement?

JOSH
I had bad dreams last night, Frankie. I'm not sure if I can handle this.

FRANKIE
HANDLE this? You HAVE to *handle this*. She's mine now, and I'm not going to let her go.

JOSH
But she's DEAD, Frankie. She's DEAD. What good is she to you like that?

FRANKIE
GOOD to me? Tonight's our *first date*.

The reach the front entrance. Walk outside.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT LAWN - DAY

A horde of NEWS VANS are parked outside. A few REPORTERS with CAMERA CREWS are interviewing students.

A FAKE-SAD SHELLACKED HOTTIE REPORTER thrusts a microphone into a fat girl's tear-streaked face.

FAKE-SAD SHELLACKED HOTTIE REPORTER
Did you know Shayla well?

FAT GIRL
No. But we all looked up to her. She was so -- perfect.

FAKE-SAD SHELLACKED HOTTIE REPORTER
(nods, looks into the camera)
We still don't know what happened to little Shayla Petrie. Perhaps it was an unhealthy desire for perfection that drew her to the dark side --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE AND JOSH

Watch the hubbub from the front steps.

JOSH
Geez. They're like vultures circling a fresh kill.

FRANKIE
That may be. But I'VE got the body, not them.

JOSH
The body? Don't say that. It sounds -- creepy.

FRANKIE
Don't be ridiculous. Shayla's gotta great body.
(beat)
And I can't wait to sample the merchandise.

JOSH
You mean you're gonna --

PUSH IN ON Frankie's face.
Libido racing with teenage hormones.

FRANKIE
Hey. There's a first time for everything.

EXT. OLD COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

We recognize the spot where Willis kicked Shayla out of the car. And the curve in the road where she was plowed over by the hit and run driver.

But instead of being isolated, it's now a CRIME SCENE. A gaggle of CRIME TECHS search the area for clues.

In the background is the same media circus, now behind barricades, kept back by a handful of UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

Chet talks to the CHIEF OF POLICE, a pasty-faced big fella squeezed like a sausage into a cheap suit. Meet CAPPY WIND (50's), Venison's low-rent version of the high command.

CHET
He's kind of a fuck-up, chief. But I don't think he had anything to do with her disappearance. He was genuinely surprised to find out she didn't come home.

CHIEF WIND
But you said he acted kinda guilty.

CHET
Yeah, but not because of any foul play. He wouldn't admit that they'd been drinking, but he told me she threw up all over the inside of his vehicle.
(beat)
You know teenagers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF WIND

Too well. But we got an anonymous tip from someone who said he liked to hit her. As of now, he's our chief suspect.

An INTENSE-LOOKING TECH looks up from his work

INTENSE-LOOKING TECH

We got bits of skull and brains here, chief.

CHIEF WIND

So she was definitely killed.

He nods. Points at a spot on the side of the road.

INTENSE-LOOKING TECH

And we've got tire tracks that show a vehicle screeched to a stop here --

(points)

And there's traces of blood here --

(points)

And these marks suggest that a large object was dragged --

(points)

Over here. And see here where they stopped? The body was moved.

CHET

What do you think happened?

INTENSE-LOOKING TECH

If you ask me, she was hit by a car, then dragged off into *another* car and taken away.

CHET

Jesus CHRIST. Who the hell would do THAT?

CHIEF WIND

That's what we're gonna find out, son. NOBODY steals the dead body of the head cheerleader in MY TOWN.

(mutters to himself)

That nubile, young flesh --

CHET

Of course not, sir.

(thinks)

Actually, uh -- I think they did. Sir.

CHIEF WIND

Shut up, Beverage. You know what I meant. We're gonna find the culprit, GOT IT?

CHET

Got it. Sir.

CHIEF WIND

And I'm putting YOU in charge of the case.

CHET

ME? Sir -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF WIND

I want you to comb EVERY INCH of this bucolic, lower-middle-class paradise and FIND this monster.

CHET

Yes, SIR.

CHIEF WIND

I want Mr. and Mrs. Venison to know that we will HUNT DOWN and BRING TO JUSTICE anyone who DARES to kill and abduct OUR objects of desire.

INT. VENISON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The usual drab, puke-colored institutional joint. Strange details scream out 'built in the 70's.'

A LARGE COP sits at the front desk working a crossword puzzle. Beck Driver MARCHES up to him briskly.

BECK

Excuse me --

LARGE COP

(eyes on the paper)
Gimme one sec --

BECK

Beck Driver, CDC, here to see Officer Chet Beverage.

LARGE COP

(looks at her)
What's a five-letter word for *fat*?

BECK

Obese.

LARGE COP

That's IT.
(writes it down, looks up)
How may I help you?

BECK

Beck Driver, CDC, here to see Officer Chet Beverage.

LARGE COP

Beck? Like the musician?

BECK

It's short for Rebecca.
(low)
I'm here about *the rat* --

LARGE COP

Oh. *That*. You need to go to the morgue. Downstairs. I'll have him meet you down there.

Beck nods. Marches off. Fat picks up the phone. Watches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARGE COP (CONT'D)
Nice rack.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Cold, sterile. Right out of Quincy. Chet and Beck stand next to the MEDICAL EXAMINER (50's), a tall, bird-like chap. Wisps of white hair fleck a bald head. Piercing eyes like steel.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Most unusual. We don't usually handle
animals.

He goes to a steel drawer. They follow him. He slides it open to reveal -- a tangled mess of blood, bones and fur in a glass case marked 'biohazard.'

BECK
Jesus. What HAPPENED to it?

CHET
I shot it, but it kept coming at me. I finally got the little fucker by smashing his skull in with my nightstick.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I've never seen anything like it in my entire career. It was dead -- but still moving around.

BECK
And you know that from examining a tissue sample?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Indeed. It died twelve hours before the incident.

CHET
(looks at Beck)
What do you think? How could this have happened?

BECK
It would seem that someone -- brought it back to life.

CHET
Brought it back --

MEDICAL EXAMINER
To LIFE?

BECK
Yeah. I need to take it back to Washington and run some tests on it.

CHET
This used to be such a sleepy little town. Now all this crazy shit's going on.

BECK
What else is *going on*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET

The head cheerleader was killed in a hit and run and then abducted.

BECK

She was abducted AFTER she was killed?

CHET

Yeah. What? You look -- strange.

BECK

If this means what I think it means --

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

CHET

WHAT? Tell me.

PUSH IN ON Beck's face. Eyes blazing.

BECK

We just might have a modern-day Frankenstein on our hands --

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

The sickly-sweet shag-carpet 'soft rock' sound of Bread's I WANT TO MAKE IT WITH YOU over --

Frankie and Shayla, sitting at a small card table having a candlelit dinner. Frankie wears a sports coat. Shayla, one of Frankie's mother's old dresses.

And tons of garish make-up, poorly applied. She turns her head to look at something, and the scarf that hides her smashed-in skull slips off. Frankie barely notices.

FRANKIE

So I said to Josh, 'I said *nitrate*, NOT *titrate*.'

He chuckles, pleased with his joke. Shayla cocks her head. Pokes at her food with her fork.

SHAYLA

Don't -- understand.

FRANKIE

Silly me. I'm sorry. Let's talk about something else --

(notices she hasn't eaten)

You don't like fish sticks? I can fix you something else --

SHAYLA

I'm not -- hungry --
(strange smile)
For food.

FRANKIE

Oh.
(alarmed)
What ARE you hungry for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
(goofy smile)
Hungry -- for you.

FRANKIE
Oh. Wow. Uh --
(clears throat)
Would you -- like some more wine?

He grabs his glass. DRAINS it. She looks at hers.

SHAYLA
Had -- enough. Goes right -- to my head.

She clumsily stands up. KNOCKS OVER her glass with a stiff arm. It hits the cement floor and SMASHES. She looks at the broken glass sadly. Then her hand.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
I'm -- sorry.

FRANKIE
It's okay. Don't worry about it.

He gets up. Takes her hands in his. Looks in her eyes tenderly. Starts singing along.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
*Life can be short or long, love can be
right or wrong --*

SHAYLA
(cocks her head)
Have anything -- more upbeat?

FRANKIE
Uh, yeah -- sure.

He goes to the mini-stereo. Starts rifling through the CD's. Shayla starts shuffling over to her makeshift 'bed.'

SHAYLA
I'll be -- waiting --

Frankie GULPS. Chooses one. Puts it on. Punches PLAY. We immediately recognize the opening strains of Frankie Goes To Hollywood's RELAX (DON'T DO IT). He strikes a pose.

FRANKIE
(sings along)
Hey-EY, uh-huh --

Starts doing a strange dance to the music. Part David Bowie, part Pee Wee Herman.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
*Relax, don't do it -- when you wanna get
to it --*

Shayla sits on the bed, watching him. Amused. Starts pulling her dress up, revealing the scars and injures on her body. A BULGE in his crotch starts GROWING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Holy *shit* --

He pulls out his wallet. Digs out an ancient condom.
 Shayla sees it. Giggles. TOSSES her dress to the floor.

SHAYLA
 Don't need -- that.

FRANKIE
 Oh, right.

He goes over to the bed, still moving jerkily to the music.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
*When you wanna come -- when you wanna
 COME --*

Shayla grins lustily. Reaches over. GRABS his crotch. His
 body JERKS. Face goes WHITE. Shayla feels something. Cocks
 her head. Looks at her hand. Then at the stain on his jeans.

SHAYLA
 So -- soon?

FRANKIE
 Omigod. I'm SO SORRY.

SHAYLA
 (brightly)
 That's -- okay. I'm -- used to it.

She starts getting back into her dress.
 Frankie goes to the stereo. Shuts it off.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
 You have -- a smoke?

FRANKIE
 No, but I can get one. My mom smokes --

Shayla's eyes wander around the room.

SHAYLA
 No -- view.

FRANKIE
View?

SHAYLA
 No -- windows.
 (pouts)
 I want -- a view.

FRANKIE
 Windows --

SHAYLA
 Yeah. Feel -- trapped.

FRANKIE
 Well, we can't have *that*.

He stares off into space thinking. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I've GOT IT. It'll be PERFECT. The TREE
HOUSE.

SHAYLA
Tree -- house?

FRANKIE
Yeah.
(beat)
Can you say love nest?

INT. VITA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Vita comes in the front door. Closes it. Looks tired. Beat.

PEGGY (O.C.)
Is that you, honey?

VITA
Hi, Mom --

Peggy appears as if by magic.

PEGGY
How was Math Club?

VITA
A fraction of what it used to be --

PEGGY
Oh, that's FUNNY --
(smiles)
Your FedEx package arrived.

VITA
Oh, wow. Where did --

PEGGY
I put it on your bed. What did you get?
(beat)
If you don't mind my asking.

VITA
Just some -- stuff.

PEGGY
Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

VITA
(sighs)
A -- dress. And some -- shoes.

PEGGY
*A DRESS? I used to have to FIGHT to get
you into a dress for church when you were
a little --*
(off her stare, excited)
*It's Frankie Stein, isn't it. He finally
asked you out --*
(off her stare)
*Oh, I'm sorry. I'm butting in again. You
go on upstairs. Dinner'll be ready in
about half-an-hour. Okay?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSH IN ON Vita's face. Beyond humiliated.

VITA
Sure thing, mom. Can't wait --

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beck walks briskly to her rental car. Presses the key chain auto-lock, THWIP. Chet appears out of nowhere.

CHET
Ms. Driver -- ?

BECK
Jesus fucking CHRIST. You scared the *shit* out of me.

CHET
Sorry about that.

BECK
What do you want? I'm tired and I just want to go back to my bland, suburban hotel room, get drunk and watch some porn.

Chet stares. Wow. A real 'big city' girl.

CHET
I just wanted to -- offer my services.

BECK
Sorry, doll -- hate to burst your drool-bubble, but you're not my type.

CHET
Gosh, no -- I didn't mean THAT. I meant *with the investigation*.

BECK
Thanks, but no thanks. I work alone.
(off his look)
No hard feelings, okay, champ? I'm sure you need to go patrol the diner, the pool hall -- maybe check on the sock hop.

CHET
Listen, lady -- I don't know what's got your dander up, but I was just trying to be helpful.
(beat)
Small town folks won't take too kindly to a big-city government agent snooping around askin' a lot questions --
(off her look)
Unless they have a little local color with 'em.

Pause.

BECK
Okay. Tell you what. Meet me here tomorrow morning at nine-sharp. But let ME do all the talking, capiche?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET
 (beaming)
 Sure thing. Thanks. You won't regret it.
 You'll see. We'll make a great team.

BECK
 (rolls her eyes)
 I have no doubt about that --

CHET
 You got it. My pleasure.

BECK
 Oh. One more thing.

CHET
 Sure --

BECK
 What the fuck's a 'dander?'

INT. VITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Very dark. Lit by a trio of candles on the dresser. Some haunting new wave-goth classic plays on the stereo. We hear a *rustling* in the closet. The door opens, and out steps --

VITA. Wearing the dress. And the shoes. Looks scared. Uncomfortable. She tentatively CLOMP-CLOMPS over to the mirror. Looks at herself. Sighs.

VITA
 I look like a *drag queen*.

She plops down on the bed. Puts her head in her hands.

VITA (CONT'D)
 I can't DO IT.
 (sobs)
 What was I thinking?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

The joint is packed with LOUD STUDENTS eating lunch. Gossiping, laughing, each clique hanging out at their own table. Frankie and Josh sit alone in a far corner.

JOSH
 So how was your *first date*?
 (beat)
 No, wait. Don't answer that. I don't want to throw up my Salisbury steak.

FRANKIE
 It was so romantic --
 (sighs)
 I think I'm in love.

JOSH
In love? With a dead girl?

FRANKIE
 She's NOT dead. She's -- different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Oh, she's *different*, all right.

FRANKIE
There's just one small problem --

JOSH
A problem? Like what? She's COLD? You have to keep her HIDDEN because everybody's LOOKING FOR HER?

FRANKIE
No, no, no. She told me last night she wants -- a view.
(off his look)
You know, a window. She says the basement makes her feel -- confined.

JOSH
No SHIT.

FRANKIE
C'mon, I'm serious. I need you to help me move her up into the tree house.

JOSH
No way. Sorry. I'm done playing Igor --

FRANKIE
Aw, c'mon -- please? I just need you to help me do this one last thing, and then I'll never bring her up again.

JOSH
Well, that is unless she gets buried --

FRANKIE
Please, Josh. You're my best friend in the world. You're the only one I can turn to in this dark hour of need.

JOSH
(sighs)
You know I'm not very strong --

FRANKIE
All I need you to do is be my look-out. No heavy lifting. Just watch my back.

JOSH
What's in it for me?

FRANKIE
My undying friendship?

JOSH
And -- ?

FRANKIE
I'll give you my mint, still-in-the-box, original Spock action figure.

JOSH
Lame. NEXT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE
What about my first edition Superman
comic --

JOSH
Child's play.

FRANKIE
How about -- my Xbox?

JOSH
Have one.
(realizes)
Hey. What about your Jenna Jameson
fleshlight?

FRANKIE
My WHAT?

JOSH
C'mon. Cough it up. You don't need it
anymore.

FRANKIE
What makes you think I have --

JOSH
You showed it to me on New Year's Eve
when we got drunk on apricot schnapps.

Pause.

FRANKIE
Oh, yeah --

JOSH
Just make sure it's CLEAN, okay?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA pans across a row of lockers. Stops at one. Candles,
flowers and pictures of Shayla surround it. A banner reads
REST IN PEACE, SHAYLA above a teddy bear.

A delicate, feminine hand adds a BOUQUET OF ROSES.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

GRAPHICS FLY across the screen: NEWS FOUR AT YOUR DOOR.

We see a PERT, FADED BLONDE ANCHORWOMAN and a CHIPPER, DULL-
LOOKING BLACK ANCHORMAN seated at the news desk fake-chatting
with each other. Shuffling papers.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
News Four AT YOUR DOOR.
(beat)
With Candy Sprinkle --

Candy looks up. Gives a slight nod.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And Kip Cartwheel --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kip nods. Smiles briefly. Cocks an eyebrow.
CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Candy. Eyes bright with emotion.

CANDY
Welcome to News Four At Your Door.
Our top story tonight, little Shayla
Petrie, a senior at Venison High, who was
killed in a hit and run accident last
night --

She stops. Tries to continue, chokes back a muffled sob.
Kip sees this, nods, looks into the camera.

KIP
Police have started a county-wide search
for the body of the missing teen, who was
captain of the cheerleading squad, and
was crowned *Miss Pumpkin* at last year's
Harvest Festival --

Candy shakes her head. Recovers her composure.

CANDY
Law enforcement officials won't divulge
any details about their investigation,
and are still combing the scene of the
crime for clues --

KIP
We take you now to investigate reporter
Del Dunn, at the crime scene.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OLD COUNTRY ROAD - CRIME SCENE - DAY

DEL DUNN (30's), tall, thin, striking with a brunette bob
stands by the side of the road in a short, tight suit holding
a mike. She looks into the camera. Eyes flashing. Nods.

DEL
Kip --

KIP
So, Del. What's the skinny? Have you
rooted out any intel for us yet?

DEL
Indeed, Kip. Although Venison's finest
haven't given me squat, this
investigative reporter has been sniffing
out clues like Andy Dick at a pharmacy --

KIP
That's quite the colorful metaphor, Del.
So spill it. What did you find out?

DEL
Well, this hasn't been confirmed yet, but
police have not ruled out her boyfriend
Willis Grub as a suspect --

KIP
Willis Grubb? That ne'er do well? I
thought she was dating the football
captain, Brent Brock --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEL
 Sometimes the heart wants what the heart
 wants, Kip. And even if you're popular,
 it can take you to a dark place.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT LAB - AT THAT MOMENT

Frankie sits at his workbench eating a sandwich watching the
 news. He smiles. Softly SLAPS the table.

FRANKIE
Willis? NICE.

Shayla lies on her 'bed' leafing through a fashion magazine.
 She looks up, quizzical.

SHAYLA
 What?

FRANKIE
 Nothing, nothing --
 (beat)
 So you ready for the big move?

SHAYLA
 (smiles)
Room with -- a view.

FRANKIE
 Great. You're gonna love it.

Shayla cocks her head. Thinking.

SHAYLA
 Starting to -- remember.

FRANKIE
 (scared)
 Oh? Like -- what?

SHAYLA
 Used to be -- *cheerleader.*

FRANKIE
 R-really?

SHAYLA
 Something -- else --

FRANKIE
 Oh? Wh-what's that?

SHAYLA
 Another -- boyfriend. Funny -- huh?

PUSH IN ON Frankie's face. Freaking out. He swallows.

FRANKIE
 H-hilarious.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Very quiet at this late hour. Julie Stein wears a nurse's
 uniform, sits at her desk at the corner of two corridors.
 A PLEASANT-FACED LARGE NURSE (40's) walks up to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLEASANT-FACED LARGE NURSE
I'm going down to the cafeteria to get
coffee. Can I get you anything?

JULIE
I'd LOVE a coffee. These double-shifts
are KILLING me. Thanks --

Pleasant-Faced nods. Walks off. Julie picks up the phone.
Dials a number. Listens.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Hello, Frankie --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's on the phone. Shayla watches TV in the background.

FRANKIE
Hey, mom. What's up?

JULIE
I'm so sorry, but Tami called in sick. I
have to do a double-shift again tonight.

FRANKIE
That's okay, mom. I'll just nuke a couple
of Hot Pockets.

JULIE
Great. How was school today?

FRANKIE
Uh -- fine. School was -- great.

JULIE
Are you okay? Is something wrong? You
sound funny.

FRANKIE
(looks at Shayla)
No. Everything's -- fine. Just -- tired,
that's all.

Shayla raises her arms in the air. SHOUTS.

SHAYLA
KILL, KILL!

JULIE
What was that?

FRANKIE
Something on TV --
(gestures to Shayla to shush)
Sorry you have to work late again.

JULIE
(sighs)
Yeah, me too. At least I get overtime.
See you in the morning, honey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
Bye, mom. Good night.

JULIE
Love you.

FRANKIE
Love you. Bye.

He hangs up. Looks at Shayla.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, my love -- but you need to be quiet when I'm on the phone, okay?

SHAYLA
Sorry.

FRANKIE
What are you watching?

PUSH IN ON Shayla's face. Smiling sweetly.

SHAYLA
Real -- Housewives.

EXT. FRANKIE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dark and deserted at this late hour. Frankie stands near the back door with Shayla, who wears a hoodie over her dress, the hood pulled up and tied almost completely shut.

SHAYLA
Hard to -- see.

FRANKIE
Don't worry. It's just for a couple minutes.

Josh appears from around the corner of the house.

JOSH
Coast is clear.

FRANKIE
Great. You stay here, keep an eye out.

SHAYLA
Who's -- that?

FRANKIE
A friend. He's helping me move you.
(to Josh)
Keep an eye on the windows next door, and if you see anyone, give the signal.

JOSH
Okay. Just hurry it up, okay? I don't wanna get busted.

FRANKIE
(to Shayla)
C'mon, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes her by the arm, and they walk toward the back of the yard. Shayla shuffles slowly, stiffly, zombie-like. They approach a big, old oak tree in a far corner.

SHAYLA
(looks up)
It's -- beautiful.

ANGLE ON --

A TREE HOUSE nestled fifty feet up in the big, thick branches. Quite large, and beautifully made. It's been there for awhile, almost completely hidden by leaves.

FRANKIE

Gestures proudly.

FRANKIE
It's something, huh? Me and my dad built it when I was a little kid. I designed it.

SHAYLA
I -- LOVE IT.

FRANKIE
Shhh. We don't want to wake the neighbors.

INT. VITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vita lies in bed studying. She hears something. Cocks her head. Goes to the window. Looks out. Eyes grow wide.

VITA
Frankie? And who's that with him?

EXT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a circular staircase winding around the tree trunk. Frankie guides Shayla over to the first step.

FRANKIE
Okay, here we go --

Shayla grabs the handrail. Lifts her foot. Tries to take a step, but her muscle control is off.

SHAYLA
Can't -- DO IT.

Franke squeezes around in front of her. Offers his hand.

FRANKIE
Here. I'll help you.

SHAYLA
(takes his hand)
Thanks --

He pulls her up. They start slowly climbing the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VITA

Watches from her window. Leans out to get a better view.

VITA
What the hell?

JOSH

Sees Vita. Starts freaking out. Puts his hands together to make a bird call. Blows into them.

JOSH
Coo, coo, coo --

FRANKIE

Hears it. Looks around. Doesn't see anyone. His cell phone VIBRATES in his pocket. He stops. Takes it out. Whispers.

FRANKIE
What's wrong?

JOSH

Looks up at Vita's window.

JOSH
It's Vita. She was hanging out her window watching you. The jig's up.

FRANKIE
Go talk to her. Distract her.

JOSH
(sees something)
Shit. Too late.

FRANKIE
What do you mean *too late*?

JOSH
She just came outside.

FRANKIE
SHIT. Then go head her off --
(to Shayla)
C'mon, let's go --

SHAYLA
What's -- wrong?

FRANKIE
Hurry up. C'mon --

He starts pulling her up the stairs. Her feet find a rhythm, and they start moving faster.

VITA

Stands in her back yard, watching them climb.

VITA
Who's that WITH him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Josh walks over to the hedge at the edge of her yard.

JOSH
Hey, Vita. What are you doing out so late?

VITA
(turns and looks)
Josh? I could ask you the same question.

JOSH
Uh, Frankie's on a date. I was the -- designated driver.

VITA
A DATE? Who with?

JOSH
New girl. Uh -- foreign exchange student.

VITA
Oh.

JOSH
So, uh -- it's late. I gotta go. Have a good night.

VITA
Yeah. You too --

PUSH IN ON Shayla's face. Staring at the tree house.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

A surprisingly large room. Carpeted. A futon in one corner. Table and two chairs in another. A small boombox. Small love seat in front of a portable TV. Half-size refrigerator.

The door OPENS. In walks Frankie and Shayla. She pulls down her hoodie. Looks around. SQUEALS with joy.

SHAYLA
So -- CUTE.

FRANKIE
I thought you might like it.
(phone VIBRATES in pocket)
Hold on a sec --
(pulls it out, answers)
What's up?
(listens)
Brilliant. Thanks. See you tomorrow. Bye.

He CLICKS it shut. Gestures to the couch.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Have a seat. Take a load off.

Shayla smiles. Goes to the couch. Sits demurely. Pats the cushion next to her invitingly. He sits down. She takes his hands in hers. Leans in --

SHAYLA
Love -- nest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And they kiss.

IN THE WINDOW we see Vita's face. HORRIFIED.

OUTSIDE

Vita pulls away from the window.

VITA
(whispers)
Shayla?

EXT. VITA'S HOUSE - DAY

A bright, sunny day. Birds are chirping. The wind whistles through the trees. All that's missing is 'The Beaver.'

Chet and Beck stand at the front door, side by side. He takes off his shades. Slips them in his shirt pocket. RINGS the doorbell.

CHET
Remember, let me do the talking.

BECK
(bristling)
Of course --

PEGGY (O.C.)
(faint)
Just a minute --

The door OPENS. Peggy's smile fades. Disappointed.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Officer Beverage. Nice to see you again.

CHET
(tips his hat)
Mrs. Heck --

PEGGY
Please. Peggy.
(beat)
Are you here -- about the rat again?

CHET
Yes, Ma'am.
(gestures to Beck)
This is Beck Driver, from the Center For Disease Control.

PEGGY
Oh, dear --

CHET
Nothing to be alarmed about. We're just trying to --

BECK
This is going to sound strange, but do you know of anyone doing any medical experiments in the neighborhood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEGGY
Medical experiments?

BECK
 Yeah. Believe it or not, the rat was brought back from the dead -- and we're looking for the person who did it.
 (conspiratorial)
 It's a major medical breakthrough.

CHET
 You'd be doing your duty for your country, Mrs. -- Peggy.

Peggy blinks. Looks at them.

PEGGY
 Well, there's young Frankie Stein next door. They say he's a genius. Has a laboratory in his basement and everything.

BECK
 A -- basement lab?

PEGGY
 Oh, yes. His mother Julie isn't allowed down there, but she's told me he does all kinds of top-secret things down there.
 (brightly)
 I hope that's helpful.

BECK
 That's VERY helpful. Thank you.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Standing in the doorway to the kitchen is Vita. Listening.

VITA
 (whispers)
 I've got you NOW, Frankie Stein --

She grabs her backpack and heads toward the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

The joint is clogged with kids. Frankie stands at his locker working the combination. Vita comes up behind him.

VITA
 Frankie, we need to talk.

FRANKIE
 (turns, looks)
 Hey, Vita. Sorry, can't talk now, don't wanna be late for class.

He turns to leave.

VITA
 I saw you with Shayla last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
 (stops, stares)
 That's crazy. She's -- dead. Missing.

VITA
 No, she's not. She's in your tree house.

FRANKIE
 I, I can explain --

VITA
 You fucking BETTER --
 (grabs his hand)
 Come with me.

She drags him into --

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - DAY

Empty except for a YOUNG GIRL WITH BRACES drying her hands with a paper towel. She sees Frankie and BOLTS for the door.

VITA
 What the FUCK, Frankie. Did you bring her back to life?

FRANKIE
 Yeah, but wait, I can explain --

VITA
 A cop and woman from the CDC were at my house this morning asking my mother about the DEAD RAT that was running around like crazy in my basement. Did you do that, too?

FRANKIE
 (sighs)
 I was doing a dead-cell reanimation experiment -- and it worked. And then when Shayla got hit by a car --

He trails off. Gestures helplessly.

VITA
 I can't fucking BELIEVE it. Do you realize how much *trouble* you're in? My mother told them about your basement lab.

FRANKIE
 Oh, SHIT.
 (realizes, freaks out)
 Did you tell them you saw --

VITA
 No, no, no. I'd never do that. I want to *help* you.

FRANKIE
 You w-want to help me? Why?

VITA
 Don't you remember *the ceremony*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
We were TEN, Vita. That was kid's stuff.

VITA
It doesn't have to be --
(a whisper)
I never stopped loving you.

Frankie stares. Be careful here. You need her help.
He takes her hands in his.

FRANKIE
Can we -- talk about that later? I'm
kinda -- freaked out right now.

VITA
Of course, of course.
(thinks)
Here's what you do. Go to the nurse, say
you're sick, then go home and hide
anything in your lab that can be used as
evidence.
(realizes)
Oh, shit. Wait. The cop and the CDC lady
are probably there right now --

FRANKIE
No, it's okay. My mom's still at work.
She doesn't get home until ten. She did a
double shift last night.

VITA
Perfect.

FRANKIE
Yeah. Okay --

VITA
Don't worry. We'll figure this out.

FRANKIE
I don't know what to say.

She puts her hands on his hips. Draws him close --

VITA
Thank you would be nice --

And grinds into his crotch. Kisses him deeply. She pulls
back. Frankie looks at her. Aroused. Confused.

FRANKIE
(throaty)
Thank you.

VITA
Play your cards right, and there's more
where that comes from.

FRANKIE
I'd -- like that.

VITA
We can make up for lost time.
(off his stare)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VITA (CONT'D)
 She's no good for you, Frankie. She's
 dead. I'm alive --

FRANKIE
 (head spinning)
 Yeah --

VITA
 Now go, scoot -- go see the nurse. Hurry.
 He stares at her a long beat. Nods. Then hurries out.

VITA (CONT'D)
 (watches him go)
 You're mine now, Frankie Stein. All mine.

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Chet and Beck stand on the front stoop. Chet RINGS the bell.

BECK
 Nobody's home. Let's come back later.

CHET
 Hold on a sec. Maybe she's taking a shit.

BECK
 That's disgusting.

CHET
 Haven't you ever been uncoiling a
 sidewinder and the doorbell rang?

BECK
 First of all, I'm a petite flower.
 I don't *uncoil side-winders*.

CHET
 Well, excuse me, big-city gal. I guess
 your shit doesn't stink.

BECK
 You got THAT right.

He RINGS the bell again.

CHET
 I know what your problem is.

BECK
 Oh, really --

CHET
 You need to get laid.

BECK
 Fuck off.

CHET
 Look. Your cheeks are turning red.
 I'm RIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK
(points at his belly)
Time to make the donuts --

CHET
Hey. No need to be nasty.

BECK
You can dish it out, but you can't take
it, huh? Small-town HICK.

Pause.

CHET
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have --
(low)
It's, uh -- been awhile for me, too.
Kinda -- frustrated.

They stare at each other.

BECK
(low)
Sucks, huh --

CHET
Whattaya say we get some coffee and come
back later. My treat.

BECK
That would -- be nice.

They start walking back to the car.

CHET
You're not such a tough nut after all.

BECK
Tell anyone, and I'll fucking kill you --

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - DAY

The electronic equipment near the workbench is gone.
In it's place is a gerbil in a cage. A child's chemistry set.
Microscope. An X-box and a stack of videogames.

FRANKIE
My god, how dull.
(sighs)
Should work.

He SNAPS a padlock shut on a big cabinet. Shuts off the
lights. Goes to the stairs.

INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie opens up the fridge. Starts searching for a snack.
Then hears a car door SLAM outside.

He hurries out the back door. Julie walks into the kitchen.
Puts down her bag. Sighs.

INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

Shayla lays on the futon watching TV. Eyes glued. Entranced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
Tell him -- *pregnant* --

The door opens. Frankie walks in. Closes it.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Home -- early?

FRANKIE
Had an emergency I had to take care of.
What are you watching?

SHAYLA
Days Of -- Our World.
(looks at him)
Want to -- go on -- date.

FRANKIE
A *date*?

SHAYLA
(points at the TV)
Like -- them.
(beat)
Go -- outside. Feel -- cooped up.

FRANKIE
Okay --

Frankie's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Josh weaves through the throng of kids on their way to class talking on his smart-phone.

JOSH
Where are you? You weren't in chem lab.

FRANKIE
I had a -- emergency --

JOSH
Don't tell me. I don't want to know.
(beat)
I can't take it anymore, Frankie. I'm gonna turn myself in.

FRANKIE
NO. You CAN'T do that --

JOSH
I can't eat, I can't sleep -- I can't take it anymore, Frankie.

FRANKIE
Something's come up. I need to see you.
It's urgent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
I don't see the point in --

FRANKIE
PLEASE, Josh. I can't talk about it on the phone. Meet me at Ohio Burger Kitchen in half an hour, okay? I need to talk to you. It's IMPORTANT.

JOSH
I dunno --

FRANKIE
Josh, we've been friends since we were SIX. I gave you your first copy of PLAYBOY --

JOSH
Okay, okay. I'll meet you there.

They both hang up. PUSH IN ON Josh's face. Exasperated.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Chet and Beck sit in the patrol car sipping coffee. Watching Frankie's house.

CHET
So how long have been into infectious diseases?

BECK
One day when I was a little kid I saw *The Andromeda Strain* on TV. Changed my life. The idea that a virus could wipe out the entire planet scared the shit out of me. I vowed to never let it happen.
(sips coffee)
What made you want to be a cop?

CHET
Uh -- similar story --

BECK
Serpico?
(off his stare)
Hill Street Blues?

CHET
(clears throat)
Uh -- *Barney Miller*.
(off her look)
I'm an orphan, okay? Those cops were like a family --

BECK
(sees something)
There she is.

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Julie goes to the door. Looks exhausted. Pulls out her keys. Unlocks the door. Chet and Beck appear behind her.

CHET
Excuse me, Julie Stein?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE
That's me --
(turns, looks)
Officer. Is there anything wrong?

BECK
We'd like to talk to you about your son,
Frankie.
(off her stare, shows ID)
Beck Driver, CDC.

JULIE
What's wrong? Wh-what did he do?

CHET
Can we talk inside?

INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julie sits on the couch. Chet sits in a chair facing her.
Beck stands in front of the fireplace.

JULIE
A rat? Really?

CHET
Yes, ma'am.

BECK
And we're looking for the person who
brought it back to life.

CHET
Your neighbor Peggy Heck told us your son
Frankie has a -- *science lab* in your
basement.

JULIE
(under her breath)
That bitch --
(recovers)
Well, yes. But that's for his chemistry
class. He wouldn't do anything like *that*.
(proud)
He got in early admission to MIT.

BECK
Would you mind if we took a look?

JULIE
Well, I don't know. *I'm* not allowed down
there. Ever since his father died, he's
been very -- private.

CHET
We can get a warrant.

JULIE
(sighs, stands)
Follow me --

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON BUS - DAY

Frankie sits behind the wheel. Shayla sits next to him.
Now wearing a long, blonde wig. She adjusts it clumsily.
Looks at herself in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
Pretty.

FRANKIE
You look gorgeous.
(beat)
I thought we could go to Ohio Burger
Kitchen. Hope that's okay --

SHAYLA
Burger -- Kitchen --
(thinks)
Willis.

FRANKIE
W-willis?

SHAYLA
Went -- with Willis.
(looks at him)
You -- know him?

FRANKIE
Uh, no --

SHAYLA
CHEESE-BURGER.

FRANKIE
What?

SHAYLA
(sad)
Don't -- know.

FRANKIE
Don't strain yourself trying to remember
everything. Just think about the fun
we're going to have.
(smiles)
Our *first date* --

SHAYLA
First -- date.

FRANKIE
So you like cheeseburgers, huh? I do,
too.

SHAYLA
He -- HIT me.

FRANKIE
Who hit you?

SHAYLA
Willis.
(looks at him)
Don't -- know him?

PUSH IN ON Frankie's face. Quietly freaking out.

FRANKIE
Sorry --
(bad fake laugh)
Whatchoo talkin' bout?

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

A cozy, cheap 'living room' set that would do Good Morning America proud. Candy Sprinkle sits on a chair facing Brub and Adelle Petrie, seated on an overstuffed couch.

Adelle clutches a tissue in her hands, blinking back tears. Brub holds a mug of coffee. Looks haunted. Lost. Candy leans into the camera. Serious. Speaks in hushed tones.

CANDY

We're here today with Brub and Adelle Petrie, the parents of head cheerleader Shayla Petrie, whose tragic death has rocked this sleepy little hamlet.

(to them)

Thank you for coming. I know it must be hard for you, given the circumstances.

BRUB

No sh-(BEEP). The cops can't even find the (BEEP)ing body.

ADELLE

(low)

You and your foul mouth --

CANDY

Uh -- is there anything you'd like to share with the folks out there?

BRUB

Shayla was a GOOD girl, not some common BAR-SLUT. She was PUMPKIN QUEEN, goddammit.

He takes a sip of coffee. Eyes burning with fire.

ADELLE

(looks into the camera)

Please help us find our little girl. If we can't have a proper funeral, I don't know WHAT we'll do --

She trails off, overcome with emotion.

BRUB

(low)

I know *one thing* you won't do --

ADELLE

(hisses)

SORRY I haven't been in the mood to (BEEP) you. HONESTLY, how can you think of SEX at a time like this --

CANDY

I think we're straying off the topic --

BRUB

EXCUSE ME if a man has NEEDS, sister. A good (BEEP) relieves STRESS.

ADELLE

Watch your (BEEP)ing mouth, mister --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUB
Oh, YEAH? You gonna (BEEP)ing MAKE me?

CANDY
(touches her earpiece)
What?
(listens)
We've just received a late-breaking
bulletin. The police now have a suspect
in the case. Their identity has not been
released yet, but it's believed to be one
of Shayla's classmates.
(beat)
We now pause for station identification --

BRUB
I (BEEP)ing KNEW it --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

The usual throng of kids weave around each other on their way
to class. But now they seem excited. Almost happy. CAMERA
finds a gaggle of CHEERLEADERS by the water fountain.

AMBER
Ohmigod. Who do you think it is?

AURA
I don't know.

HOT BLACK CHEERLEADER
I can't believe it's someone here at
SCHOOL.

SHAPELY HISPANIC CHEERLEADER
(sees someone, loud whisper)
I bet it's WILLIS. Look, there he is.

Willis lumbers by them. Dejected. Head down. He walks over to
Kirk, who's working the combination on his locker.

WILLIS
Hey.

KIRK
(sees him)
Oh -- hey.

WILLIS
Whataya say after school we snag some
forties and blow a doob?

KIRK
I, uh -- got a lot of homework to do.

WILLIS
HOMEWORK? Since when the fuck do you --
(realizes)
Oh, I get it. You're TOO GOOD to hang out
with me now that I'm a suspect, huh?

KIRK
People been talking, dude. Just sayin' --

WILLIS
I didn't KILL her, man. FUCK you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He storms off. Kirk watches him go.

KIRK
 Asshole --
 (shakes his head)
 Whatever.

INT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - DAY

One of those low-rent suburban chain restaurants. Rows of red vinyl booths. Mostly dead at this hour on a weekday, but there's still a sprinkling of the low-end of humanity.

A HOMELESS MAN nurses a cup of coffee. A RETIREEE reads the paper at the counter. Picks at his tuna melt. And in a booth way in the back sits Frankie and Shayla, studying menus.

SHAYLA
 Around -- *The World?*

FRANKIE
 All the meals have cute names like that.
 It's a bacon cheeseburger with fries AND
 onion rings.

SHAYLA
 Cheese-burger --

FRANKIE
 I think I'm gonna have the *Slam Dunk*.

SHAYLA
 Slam -- *Dunk?*

FRANKIE
 It's a bacon cheeseburger with chili,
 avocado and pineapple, served on a bed of
 home fries.

Shayla looks at her menu. Eyes getting a little glassy.

SHAYLA
 Can't -- see so good.

She opens her mouth -- and VOMITS all over the table.

FRANKIE
 SHIT.

SHAYLA
 Don't -- feel good.

A CHUBBY WAITRESS (40's) wearing a too-tight polyester uniform appears holding a coffee pot.

CHUBBY WAITRESS
 Not feeling so hot, honey?

SHAYLA
 I'm -- sorry.

CHUBBY WAITRESS
 (over her shoulder)
 PACO. We got an up-chuck at table twelve -
 (smiles)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUBBY WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we'll get ya all cleaned up.
Do ya know what ya wanna have?

SHAYLA

Not -- hungry.

FRANKIE

I'll have the Slam Dunk, and please bring
her a glass of water. She'll decide
later.

Chubby nods, walks away.

CHUBBY

Cluck-clucks to herself.

CHUBBY WAITRESS

Another pregnant junkie. Skin's turning
BLUE, and she smells like something DIED.

FRANKIE AND SHAYLA

Look at each other. An awkward silence.

FRANKIE

Are you okay?

SHAYLA

Feel -- cold.

Frankie's phone RINGS.

FRANKIE

Hold on a sec.
(answers it)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - DAY

Josh sits on his bike on his cell looking in the window.

JOSH

I'm here, but I'm not coming in. I can
SEE her, Frankie. Get your ass out here.

FRANKIE

Be there in sec.

JOSH

Hurry up. I'm on my way to the police
station.

They hang up. Frankie looks at Shayla.

FRANKIE

I have to go talk to a friend for a
minute outside. Why don't you go to the
ladies' room and freshen up a bit?

SHAYLA

Freshen -- up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
Yeah. I'm sorry. It's really important.
It'll be real quick, I promise.

He gets up and hurries toward the door.

PACO (18) a tall, skinny Mexican kid arrives. Starts cleaning up the mess. Keeps sneaking a peak at Shayla. Wrinkles his nose. Shayla stares off into space. Gets up.

SHAYLA
Freshen -- up.

And starts shuffling off to the back.

EXT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie walks up to Josh. He gets off his bike.

FRANKIE
Hey, Josh. Thanks for coming.

JOSH
Nothing you can say is gonna change my
mind. I'm turning myself in.

FRANKIE
(GRABS his arm)
Let's go sit in my car.

INT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Cramped. Tiny. Fairly clean. A fan BUZZES in the window, pushing the fetid air around. Shayla looks at herself in the mirror. But her eyesight is failing.

She RIPS off the wig. Turns. Goes to the door. Opens it.

EXT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The back door OPENS. Shayla walks out. Looks around. Starts awkwardly marching down the back alley.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - DAY

Frankie sits behind the wheel. Josh is beside him, arms folded across his chest.

JOSH
My mind is made up.

FRANKIE
But we're on our FIRST DATE --

JOSH
Date? That's a good one --
(evil smile)
So did you FUCK her? I bet that was
GREAT. Talk about a *cold* one.

FRANKIE
SHUT UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Oh, did I hit a nerve? Well, it's time
you faced the facts -- she's DEAD, and
you're a fucking PERVERT.

FRANKIE
No, take that BACK.

JOSH
It's called *necrophilia*, Frankie. Fucking
a DEAD BODY, PERVERT.

FRANKIE
I'm not a PERVERT --

He LUNGES at Josh. They STRUGGLE. Frankie GRABS his head.
SMASHES it into the window, CRACK.

JOSH
OW. HEY --

SMASHES it again. Blood SPRAYS. BANGS it again. And again.
And AGAIN. Josh slumps over in the seat. Dead. Frankie
stares. Opens his mouth. Horrified.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Omigod. What have I done?

He looks out the window. No one around. Whew. Reaches over.
GRABS Josh, and with superhuman strength, THROWS him in the
back. Finds a rag. Wipes the blood off the window.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(realizes)
Shayla --

INT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie RACES over their booth. Sees she's not there.

FRANKIE
Shit.

He RACES toward the back.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY

The door FLIES OPEN. Frankie charges in. Sees it's empty.
Then sees her wig on the floor.

FRANKIE
Oh, no --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Functional furniture. Fake Persian rug. Fake plants. American
flag on the wall. Bowling trophies. Would be almost nice if
it weren't for the pukey-colored painted brick walls.

Seated at his desk is PRINCIPAL BACON (50's), a large bear of
a man. Florid-faced, balding, and stuffed into a threadbare
suit that the eighties would like to have back.

Beck and Chet sit in chairs facing him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK
Thanks for seeing us.

CHET
First time I asked to go the principal's office --

PRINCIPAL BACON
Don't worry, I'm not going to give you detention --
(SLAPS desk)
But enough tomfoolery. You didn't come here to trade quips and banter. I assume you have a suspect?

BECK
Yes, we do. One of your students --

CHET
Frankie Stein, a sophomore.

PRINCIPAL BACON
Frankie Stein? But he's one of our best students. He got into MIT, early admission --

BECK
We think he might have something to do with Shayla Petrie's disappearance.

CHET
We'd like you to ask him to come to your office. We'll take it from there.

PRINCIPAL BACON
Are you going to arrest him?

CHET
We just want to ask him a few questions.

BECK
Given the hysteria over Shayla's disappearance, we need to handle this quietly. We don't want the students to know what's going on.

PRINCIPAL BACON
Do you fear for his safety?

CHET
Missing cheerleader?

PRINCIPAL BACON
(nods)
Indeed.
(picks up his phone)
Ruth, could you please find out what class Frankie Stein is in, and get word to the teacher that I would like to see him?
(listens)
No. Don't use the PA. We need to keep this quiet.
(listens)
Thank you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRINCIPAL BACON (CONT'D)
 (hangs up, to them)
 He should be here soon.

Beck and Chet nod. Fidget awkwardly. Look around the room.

BECK
 So, uh -- I see you're quite the bowler --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The typical school office with ancient furniture. And what's that? A mimeograph machine? Seated behind her desk is RUTH CHUBB (60's), Miss Grundy incarnate. She studies a schedule.

Gets up from her desk. Walks toward the door.

EXT. CLASSROOM DOORWAY - DAY

Ruth whispers to the TEACHER (20's), a hot young thing. Her eyes grow wide. Shakes her head 'no.'

RUTH

Returns to her desk. Sits. Turns on the PA system. Leans into the microphone.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Completely empty. Ruth's voice comes over the PA system.

RUTH (O.C.)
 (electronic)
 Will Frankie Stein please report to the Principal's office? Frankie Stein, please report to the Principal's office.

CHET AND BECK

Sit in their chairs. WHIP their heads toward the speaker.

BECK
 What the *fuck*?

CHET
 Great. Just great --

PRINCIPAL BACON
 Fucking old CROW.
 (clears his throat)
 Excuse me --

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A room full of STUDENTS sitting behind their desks. They murmur to each other. CAMERA finds Vita. Freaking out.

VITA
 (raises her hand)
 May I be excused, please?

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Vita hurries down the hall. Pulls out her cell phone. Passes the Principal's office. Stops. Looks in the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VITA
(whispers)
Cops? *Shit.*

She continues walking. PUNCHES a number. Listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OHIO BURGER KITCHEN - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Frankie walks through the alley, searching for Shayla.

FRANKIE
SHAYLA, where are you? Come BACK. I'm
SORRY you don't feel well, I should have
listened to you --

His phone RINGS. He pulls it out. Listens.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

VITA
Frankie, it's Vita. We got trouble. The
cops are in the principal's office. They
want to see you.

FRANKIE
I can't talk right now --

VITA
What are we gonna do?

FRANKIE
WE? What do you mean WE?

VITA
But I thought we were --

FRANKIE
I said I CAN'T TALK NOW. Shayla's MISSING
and I've got FIND HER --

He hangs up. Continues down the alley. Vita stares at the
phone. Incensed. Heartbroken. Starts MARCHING down the hall.

VITA
You just crossed the WRONG chick, boy
wonder --

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Vita stands at the door. KNOCK-KNOCKS. Principal Bacon's
SURLY OLD SECRETARY (70's) opens it.

SURLY OLD SECRETARY
I'm sorry. The Principal is in a meeting.

VITA
I know. Tell him I've got some
information about Frankie Stein --

PUSH IN ON Surly's face. Eyes flashing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURLY OLD SECRETARY
Get your ass in here.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A lush expanse of foliage and trees surrounds a small grassy area with a small lake. Birds chirp in the trees. Bright sunlight shimmers off the water. It's like out of a dream.

Shayla CLOMP CLOMPS over to the entrance to the park. Looks around at all the beauty.

SHAYLA
Pretty --

A JOGGER runs by. Sees her. Does a double-take. Looks horrified. RUNS AWAY. Shayla watches him go.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
So -- fast.

She stumbles over to a park bench near the water. Sits. Looks at the pond.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Water --

Screws her face up. Thinking.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Picnic -- with WILLIS.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Excuse me. Do you mind if I sit here?

She slowly turns her head, looks, sees -- a YOUNG BOY (10) wearing sunglasses. Holding a white cane.

SHAYLA
Hello.

YOUNG BOY
(sits next to her)
Thanks. Hope I didn't startle you --
(smiles)
Don't worry. I won't hit on you.

SHAYLA
Hit -- on me?

YOUNG BOY
Well, I'm blind. I mean, hello.

SHAYLA
Can't -- see?

YOUNG BOY
Yeah. Not much fun, but you get used to it.
(beat)
I'm Willis.

Shayla reacts like she's been zapped with electricity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
WILLIS?

WILLIS
I know, it's a stupid name. But what are you gonna do? Stupid parents. My brother's name is FRANCIS. How lame is THAT?

SHAYLA
Shayla --

WILLIS
Shayla. Now that's a pretty name. Bet you're really pretty.

SHAYLA
You -- BOYFRIEND.

WILLIS
Whoah, slow down there, little lady. I don't move that fast. And besides, you sound a little old for me.

Shayla CLAMPS a hand on his thigh. HARD. Leans in for a kiss.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
OW.

SHAYLA
Want -- kiss.

WILLIS
(puts his hand on hers)
Stop. You're hurting me.

SHAYLA
Want KISS.

WILLIS
(tries to get up)
NO. Get OFF ME.

She WHIRLS AROUND, facing him. GRABS his head in her hands and KISSES HIM forcefully. He tries to SCREAM.

Shayla's teeth CRUNCH into his mouth. Blood goes FLYING. His body starts THRASHING. She RIPS OUT his lips. Smiles, her face a rictus of blood as she chews on them. Swallows.

An ungodly HOWL erupts from his ruined mouth.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
AHHH --

She looks at him. Confused. GRABS his head harder. SNAPS his neck with a CRACK. SHOVES his lifeless body onto the ground.

SHAYLA
BAD boyfriend.

FRANKIE (O.C.)
SHAYLA. THERE you are --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie RACES over to the bench. Sees the dead boy on the ground. The blood on Shayla's face. Horrified.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Shayla, what have you DONE?

She looks at him. Eyes liquid-bright with tears.

SHAYLA
We -- broke up.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Chet sits behind the wheel talking on his cell phone.
Beck checks her email on hers.

CHET
That's right, chief. Frankie Stein --
(listens)
Of course. I'll keep you posted. Over.
(hangs up, to Beck)
I can't believe it. It's like something
out of a horror movie.
(thinks)
Wonder why she snitched on him like that.

BECK
She's in love.
(off his look)
Spurned lover. If Vita can't have him, he
can't have Shayla.

CHET
You mean --

BECK
A love triangle. But one of them is dead.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - DAY

Frankie and Shayla sit in the front seat. He wipes the blood off her face with a rag. She looks at him. Smiles.

SHAYLA
Tasted good.

FRANKIE
What tasted good?

SHAYLA
Want MORE.

FRANKIE
Blood? Oh, no. NO. NOT good.

She frowns. Looks sad. He starts the engine. Tries to smile.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's go home. I'll fix you a nice
snack.

Frankie starts driving. Turns on the radio.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Maybe some music will --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 -- police have issued an all-points-
 bulletin for Frankie Stein, wanted in
 connection with --

Frankie's eyes bug out. He SHUTS it off.

FRANKIE
Shit.

SHAYLA
 Why do the police want to see you?

FRANKIE
 Uh, nothing. Nothing.
 (turns the wheel)
 Change of plan. We're gonna go somewhere
 else.

SHAYLA
 Where we going?

FRANKIE
 Surprise.

SHAYLA
 Oooh. I *like* surprises.
 (beat)
 We get more blood?

FRANKIE
 More BLOOD?

SHAYLA
 Makes me feel better --

FRANKIE
 Hey. All of a sudden you're talking much
 better --

PUSH IN ON Shayla's face. Eyes glinting maniacally.

SHAYLA
 Does a body good.

INT. VITA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Vita comes in. Shuts the door. Looks sad. Angry. Freaked out.
 Peggy rushes up to her.

PEGGY
 There you are. I just heard on the radio
 that the police are looking for Frankie --

Vita looks away. Heads for the stairs.

VITA
 I don't want to talk about it.

PEGGY
 It's okay, honey. Let me fix you
 something to eat.

VITA
 I'm not HUNGRY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she RACES upstairs.

INT. VITA'S ROOM - DAY

Vita turns on her laptop. Looks at the screen.
Finds the local news.

ON THE SCREEN

We see a screaming headline in big, bright bold letters:

POLICE MANHUNT FOR FRANKIE STEIN AND CAPTIVE SHAYLA PETRIE.

VITA

Stares at the screen. A tear rolls down her cheek.

VITA
Oh, Frankie -- what have I done?
(beat)
What have I done?

EXT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Chet and Beck search the room, examining his electronic equipment. Video games. Kid-stuff experiments.

CHET
Looks like ordinary teenager stuff to me.

BECK
Maybe he was tipped off --

CHET
And hid the evidence --

Beck walks over to a cabinet against the wall.
Fingers the padlock on the door.

BECK
Bingo.

CHET
We'll have to get a warrant.

Beck pulls a couple of hairpins out. Her hair falls down luxuriously. She smiles. Holds them up.

BECK
But I'm not a cop.

CHET
Yeah, but I am.

BECK
But I work for *the government*.

CHET
Knock yourself out.

She nods. Goes to work on the lock. Chet's cell phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET (CONT'D)
 This is officer Beverage --
 (listens)
 Holy SHIT. Really?
 (listens)
 Uh-huh --
 (listens)
 Damn --
 (listens)
 We're at his house. We'll let you know
 what we find.
 (listens)
 Copy that.

He CLICKS the phone shut. Looks at Beck.

CHET (CONT'D)
 A ten-year-old blind boy was found dead
 in the park.

BECK
 Do you think it's connected?

CHET
 Well, his name was *Willis*, and the bottom
 half of his face was chewed off, so I'd
 say YES.

BECK
 Damn.

CHET
 There's more. We got a call from Josh
 Bohner's mother -- he's Frankie's best
 friend -- and she says he didn't come
 home from school.

BECK
 Maybe he had some extracurricular
 activity?

CHET
 Negatory. His mother said he's a complete
 shut-in. Always comes right home after
 school.

BECK
 The plot thickens.

CHET
 No shit.

She goes back to work on the lock. It CLICKS open. She opens
 the cabinet doors. We Frankie's real lab equipment inside.
 The transformer. The gauges. Wires. The works. Chet whistles.

CHET (CONT'D)
 Looks like we've got our man --

BECK
 Let's go check out the tree house.

EXT. THE CAMELOT MOTEL - DUSK

Frankie drives the bus into the parking lot. Parks down at
 the end, away from the only other car.

INT. FRANKIE'S VOLKSWAGON - DUSK

He turns off the engine. Looks at Shayla. Sighs.

FRANKIE
I'm going to check us in. You wait here
in the car, okay?

SHAYLA
(looks out the window)
Looks familiar.

FRANKIE
Don't be silly. Wait right here, okay?
Don't leave the car.
(off her nod)
Be back in a sec --

He gets out. Starts walking over to the office. Shayla watches him go. Wrinkles her nose. Smells something. Turns around. Looks in the back of the van. Big smile.

INT. CAMELOT MOTEL OFFICE - DUSK

Tiny, cramped. The OBESE MEXICAN CLERK (40's) watches a shitty little black-and-white. Eats a giant burrito. Frankie walks in. Approaches the counter.

FRANKIE
Hi. I'd like to get a room, please.

OBESE MEXICAN CLERK
(eyes on the TV)
For the hour or for the night?

FRANKIE
Uh, for the night --

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN - DUSK

Shayla has found Josh's body in the back and is now sucking blood from a gaping wound she's chewed in his neck.

FRANKIE

Gets back in the car. Sees Shayla's not in her seat.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Not AGAIN --

He hears a sucking sound. Turns. Looks. Sees her feasting.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Ohmigod. Shayla, NO.

She looks up at him. Blood on her face. Confused.

SHAYLA
What's wrong?

FRANKIE
You can't DO that. He was my FRIEND.

SHAYLA
But I'm HUNGRY. Makes me feel BETTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
 But you can't eat PEOPLE.
 (sighs)
 C'mon, let's go to our room and get you
 cleaned up.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chet and Beck search the tiny room looking for clues.

CHET
 Nothing. How about you?

BECK
 Nothing.
 (looks at the bed)
 Do you think he fucked her?

CHET
 My god. That's SICK --

BECK
 I've seen his picture. He makes Mark
 Zuckerberg look like Ryan Reynolds.

CHET
 So --

BECK
 Shayla was *the head cheerleader*. AND
 Pumpkin Queen. You do the math.
 (off his look)
 What's the only thing on a sixteen-year-
 old boy's mind?

CHET
 To get laid.

BECK
 And where would he go to do THAT?

CHET
 A *motel* --

BECK
 Dirty Harry gets a gold star.

CHET
 I bet he went to The Camelot.

BECK
The Camelot?

CHET
 Yeah. It's one of those *sex motels*.

BECK
 You mean the kind with the *magic fingers*
 bed?

CHET
 Uh, yeah.

BECK
 Damn. I'm staying at the wrong place --

INT. THE CAMELOT MOTEL - THEME ROOM - NIGHT

Done up like a room in a castle, with peeling, faded 'brick' wallpaper. 'Shitty' would be a compliment. But hey, *free HBO*.

Frankie stands in the middle of the room looking at the entrance to the bathroom. Shayla comes out, face all clean.

FRANKIE
So, uh -- you wanna watch some TV?

She walks up to him. Takes his hand --

SHAYLA
Fuck *that*. C'mere, lover-boy. Let's get BUSY.

WHIRLS him around. SHOVES him onto the bed. Gets on top of him. Starts kissing his neck. Grabs his belt buckle. Starts undoing it. Frankie tries to fight her off.

FRANKIE
No, stop -- I don't want to --

SHAYLA
(WHIPS OFF his shoes)
Tough toenails, little fella. I've got an itch -- and it's gonna be SCRATCHED.

FRANKIE
I'm, uh -- not in the mood --

SHAYLA
(YANKS his pants off)
What's the matter? Don't tell me you're a VIRGIN?

FRANKIE
(turning red)
As a matter of fact --

SHAYLA
Well, we'll see about THAT.

She pulls her dress over her head. Revealing her perfect, injured body. Frankie's eyes go wide.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
FUCK me, Stephen Hawking.

Frankie's pelvis JERKS. Eyes go glassy. A wet stain forms on his tighty-whities.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
AGAIN?

FRANKIE
Sorry --

SHAYLA
Don't worry. We're just getting STARTED.
(big smile)
We've got ALL NIGHT --

PUSH IN ON Frankie's face. Scared shitless.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julie stands by the window holding a cocktail. She watches Chet and Beck get into their car. Downs it. Sighs.

Goes to the sofa. Sits. Grabs a bottle on the coffee table. Refills her glass. A tear slides down her cheek.

JULIE
 What have you done, Frankie?
 (takes a sip)
 What have you done --

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Chet drives. Beck looks at him.

BECK
 So how far away is the motel?

CHET
 Not far. Take us about fifteen minutes.
 (reaches for the radio)
 Better call this in.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

One of those quaint main hubs as seen in countless movies and TV shows. We see the bank. City Hall. The barber shop. Drug store. Sheriff's office. General store. Post office.

A group of ANGRY VIGILANTES have gathered near the entrance to a small city park. Their faces eerie in the streetlight.

BRUB
 He's taken my DAUGHTER and made her into a FREAK. That little blind boy was MURDERED -- and his best friend Josh Bohner is MISSING. Probably killed HIM, too.

RED-FACED REDNECK
 Let's go GET HIM.

IRATE GUY
 Yeah, let's fuckin' LYNCH him.

BULKY DYKE
 NO ONE fucks with OUR cheerleaders.

RED-FACED REDNECK
 That's RIGHT. Let's STRING 'EM UP.

A tall, skinny GAS STATION ATTENDANT runs up to them waving his arms. Excited as hell.

SKINNY GAS STATION ATTENDANT
 HEY. I jus' heard on the police scanner that Frankie and Shayla are over at the Camelot Motel on Old Country Road. They're headin' over there NOW.

BRUB
 C'mon, LET'S GO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRATE GUY
Yeah, let's GET 'EM.

Everyone RACES over to their cars and trucks, piles in, REVS their engines and TAKE OFF.

Standing behind a nearby tree we see Del Dunn. She RUNS over to her news van. She JUMPS IN, and they FOLLOWS them.

INT. CAMELOT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie and Shayla lie in bed. Frankie's completely spent, eyes narrow slits. Shayla puffs on a cigarette. Eyes ON FIRE.

SHAYLA
I can't believe you made it to round five. What a trouper.
(looks at him)
After I finish my smoke, let's go again.

FRANKIE
(looks at her)
Will you -- go steady with me?

SHAYLA
Go steady?

FRANKIE
Yeah. *I'd* never hit you --

Pause.

SHAYLA
HIT me --

She looks around at the room. Wheels turning. Remembering.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. I know this room --
(looks at Frankie)
You're FRANKIE STEIN.

FRANKIE
Uh --

SHAYLA
You're that fucking NERD. You're not my BOYFRIEND. What the FUCK?

Frankie BOLTS UPRIGHT. HOPS off the bed.

FRANKIE
Wait a minute. I can explain --

SHAYLA
Explain? *Explain?* EXPLAIN?

She JUMPS off the bed. Goes to the mirror. Looks at herself.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
I'm *Shayla Petrie*. I was the HEAD CHEERLEADER. The fucking PUMPKIN QUEEN. What the FUCK happened to me?

Frankie stares at her. Deflated. Gestures helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Willis threw you out of his truck -- you were drunk, and got hit by a car -- and died.

She stares at him, open-mouthed. Mind reeling.

SHAYLA

Then if I DIED, what the fuck am I DOING HERE?

FRANKIE

I, uh --
(beat)
Brought you back to life.

SHAYLA

Why?

FRANKIE

Because *I love you* --

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - NIGHT

Willis' truck pulls into the parking lot. Parks.

INT. WILLIS' TRUCK - NIGHT

Some corny power ballad plays on the car stereo. In a perfect world, Cinderella's DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT TIL IT'S GONE.

Willis looks at the motel longingly. Finishes a can of beer. SMASHES it against his forehead. Reaches over, pulls another one off a six pack. CRACKS it open. Raises it. Toasts.

WILLIS

This Bud's for you, Shayla --

The song ends. An ANNOUNCER'S voice comes on the radio.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We interrupt our current programming with this late-breaking bulletin. Venison police are currently searching for high school student Frankie Stein, who is wanted in connection with abducting the body of Shayla Petrie, who was killed in a hit-and-run accident --

WILLIS

What THE FUCK?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

If you see him, please contact the authorities immediately. And be careful. He's considered extremely dangerous.

WILLIS

Frankie STEIN? That fucking NERD? With my SHAYLA?

IN THE MOTEL ROOM

Shayla shakes her fist at Frankie. Beyond livid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
 So what the FUCK am I supposed to do NOW,
 HUH? I can't go home looking like THIS.
 I was the MOST POPULAR GIRL IN SCHOOL --
 and now I look like SHIT.
 (eyes fill with tears)
 Why didn't you just let me DIE?

FRANKIE
 I told you -- I love you.
 (beat)
 I think you're still beautiful --

SHAYLA
Beautiful? I look like THE BRIDE OF
 FRANKENSTEIN --
 (gasps)
 How DARE YOU lie to me about being my
 boyfriend. AS IF. You're a pathetic
 little creep who can only get a girl by
 fucking a DEAD BODY.

PUSH IN ON Frankie's face. Beyond upset. About to cry.

FRANKIE
 Does that mean -- we're breaking up?

INT. WILLIS' TRUCK - NIGHT

Willis shuts off the radio. In shock. Shakes his head.

WILLIS
 That little FREAK. Just wait until I get
 my hands on him --

Then he sees it. Parked down at the end. Frankie's VW bus.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
 What the FUCK? He's HERE?

He GRABS the door handle. JUMPS out of the car.

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - NIGHT

Willis STORMS across the parking lot, shaking his fist.

WILLIS
 FRANKIE STEIN. I know you're in there
 with MY SHAYLA. Get your ass OUT HERE
 RIGHT NOW, or I'm COMING IN.

INT. CAMELOT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie and Shayla hear Willis. Look at the door. Freaked.

FRANKIE
Willis --

SHAYLA
 What the fuck is HE doing here?

FRANKIE
 I dunno.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
Well, I'm not sticking around to FIND
OUT. No WAY is that fat fuck getting his
hands on me AGAIN.

She RACES into the bathroom. Frankie follows her.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shayla stands on the toilet. Opens the window. She starts
climbing out. Frankie races in.

FRANKIE
Wait. I'm coming with you.

SHAYLA
(turns, looks)
Stay AWAY from me --

And she's gone.

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - REAR - NIGHT

Shayla hits the ground with soft THUD. RUNS away. Frankie
starts climbing out. Loses his grip, HITS the ground.

FRANKIE
OW --

He gets up. Starts CHASING after her.

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - NIGHT

Willis walks down the row of doors, SHOUTING.

WILLIS
FRANKIE STEIN. Get your fucking ass OUT
HERE, right NOW.

Chet's patrol car FLIES into the parking lot. SCREECHES to a
halt in a CRUNCH of gravel. Two other patrol cars ROAR into
the lot. Cherry lights FLASHING.

Chet and Beck JUMP out of the car. Willis RUNS over to them.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Officer Beverage, I'm glad you're here.
Frankie Stein's here --
(points)
That's his car.

Chet and Beck look at each other. Her eyes flash a question.
He nods. She walks over to the van. Turns on a flashlight.

CHET
What are you doing here?

WILLIS
This is where Shayla and I last --
(embarrassed)
You know.

BECK
(flashes light in the window)
Holy SHIT.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK (CONT'D)
 (to Chet)
 Josh Bohner is in the back, dead.

CHET
 (to Willis)
 Wait right here.

He walks over to the car. Shines a light in the window.

BECK
 Looks like someone's developed a taste
 for blood.

CHET
 You mean -- like a vampire?

BECK
 Sort of. I'm guessing that whatever
 reanimated her started to wear off, so
 she needed fresh blood. So to speak --

Obese Mexican Clerk waddles over to them.

OBESE MEXICAN CLERK
 What's the problem, officer?

CHET
 I need to know what room Frankie Stein is
 in.

OBESE MEXICAN CLERK
 Number five. It's the only room that's
 taken. What did he do?

BECK
 Are you fucking KIDDING me? Don't you
 watch the news?

OBESE MEXICAN CLERK
 Nah. Ees too depressing.

Just then a CONVOY of CARS AND TRUCKS roars into the lot.
 The VIGILANTES start piling out. They carry shotguns and
 torches. They march over to Chet, Beck and Obese.

BRUB
 We'll take it from here, Chet.

CHET
 Stand down, Brub. I don't cotton to no
 mob scene vigilantes on my watch.

Brub raises his shotgun. Takes aim at Chet.

BRUB
 I've come to get my daughter, so get the
 FUCK outta my way.

Chet WHIPS OUT his service revolver. Aims it at Brub.

CHET
 Put the gun down, Brub. You're not acting
 rationally.

The Vigilantes raise their weapons. Take aim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUB
I'm afraid we've got you outnumbered,
Barney Fife.

BECK
Listen to me. You can't go in there
shooting. Shayla's *not dead* --

BRUB
Who the fuck are YOU?

BECK
I'm a government agent with the CDC.

BRUB
What do you mean *she's not dead*?

BECK
Frankie Stein brought her back to life.

BRUB
Yeah, right. And I'm Freddy Krueger.

AT THE FAR END OF THE PARKING LOT

Del Dunn sits in her news van. Talking on her cell phone.

DEL
That's right. Frankie and Shayla are
holed up in a room at the Camelot Motel.
(listens)
I dunno. The vigilantes outnumber the
cops --

INT. VITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vita stares at her laptop, tears in her eyes. Listening to
her I-pod. A TV is on with the sound off in the background.

ON THE LAPTOP

We see a picture of her and Frankie at age ten at the
'marriage ceremony' we saw in the opening flashback.

A CHAT WINDOW

Pops up. The message reads *OMG. Turn on the news.
They're talking about Frankie.*

VITA

Looks at the TV. Frankie's face fills the screen. She GASPS.
WHIPS off her headphones. PUNCHES the remote.

KIP CARTWHEEL (O.C.)
-- at the Camelot Motel, where police
officers and an angry mob have assembled.
We take you now to Del Dunn, at the
scene.

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Del Dunn stands away from the mob holding a microphone.
She looks into the camera. Cocks her head with importance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEL

Thanks, Kip. I'm here in the parking lot of the Camelot Motel, where Frankie Stein is holed up with his hostage, Shayla Petrie. It's become quite the scene, what with both local law enforcement *and* a mob of angry townspeople vying for control of the situation --

INT. VITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vita PUNCHES off the TV.

VITA

Holy SHIT.

She RACES to her closet. YANKS OUT the special dress. GRABS the shoes. Her makeup bag. RUNS into --

INT. VITA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She looks in the mirror. Starts applying blood-red lipstick.

VITA

Okay, Frankie Stein -- it's time to fight fire with glamor.

INT. STATE PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Shayla RUNS through the dense foliage like a madwoman on fire, WHACKING leaves and tree limbs in her way, leaving an easy-to-follow trail behind her.

FRANKIE

RUNS through the forest chasing her. He's about a hundred feet behind, following the trail she's left, but still getting SLAPPED on the face by leaves and branches.

SHAYLA

Gets to a jogging trail. Turns onto it. Now runs FASTER without any obstacles in her way.

She passes a JOGGER going the other way. He smiles at her, then sees her smashed-in skull.

He realizes who she is. Freaks out. STOPS. Pulls out his cell phone. PUNCHES a number. Listens.

EXCITED JOGGER

Hello, nine-one-one? I just saw *Shayla Petrie* on THE JOGGING TRAIL --

Frankie comes RUNNING PAST HIM. He watches him go by.

EXCITED JOGGER (CONT'D)

Yeah, he's following her.

(listens)

Going north, toward the old mill --

EXT. CAMELOT MOTEL - ROOM FIVE - NIGHT

Chet and Beck stand in front of the motel room door. Four DEPUTIES stand between them and the angry mob, pointing shotguns at them. Brub shakes his fist.

BRUB
I wanna see my DAUGHTER.

CHET
Stay right where you are. Any of you make a move, and we'll shoot.

EXT. STATE PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Shayla continues RUNNING down the jogging path. One of her high heels HITS a rock. She TRIPS, FLIES up in the air. Lands on her ass, THWUMP. She takes them off. Gets up.

Frankie comes TEARING ASS toward her. She sees him. SHOUTS.

SHAYLA
Go AWAY, leave me ALONE --

She veers off the path and TAKES OFF again into the woods -- just as Frankie catches up. He stops. Catches his breath.

FRANKIE
Shayla, STOP -- I just wanna TALK --

And he PLUNGES into the foliage after her.

IN FRONT OF THE MOTEL ROOM

Chet and Beck stand in front of the door. Chet pulls out his revolver. Clicks the safety. BANGS on the door.

CHET
Frankie Stein, this is the POLICE. Open the door, NOW.

Silence.

CHET (CONT'D)
This is your LAST WARNING. Open the door NOW, or we're COMING IN.

They listen. No sound. He raises his gun. Works a passkey into the door. Opens it. They slowly go inside.

THE CHIEF

Walks over to the deputies. Faces the crowd.

CHIEF WIND
If ya'll don't put down your weapons, I'm gonna arrest the whole lot of you.

BRUB
And if you don't move your FAT ASS --

Chet and Beck come back outside. Everyone looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET
They're gone.

BRUB
What the FUCK?

BECK
They went out through the bathroom window. It's open.

CHIEF WIND
God-DAMMIT.

Suddenly an old Dodge Dart Swinger ROARS into the parking lot, CRUNCHING gravel. SCREECHES to a stop. The door opens.

Out steps Vita. Transformed. Made-up. No glasses. Hair out of a Robert Palmer video. Smokin' hot in the black dress and fuck-me pumps. She puts her hands on her hips.

VITA
I need to have a word with FRANKIE.

CHET
Vita, it's not safe for you to --

His radio SQUAWKS on his belt.

FEMALE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
(electronic)
Attention, all units. Frankie Stein and Shayla Petrie have just been seen in the state park, heading north toward the old mill.

CHET
(into the radio)
Copy that, OVER. We're on our way.

BRUB
Come ON, everybody. To THE OLD MILL.
I know a SHORTCUT.

The vigilantes RACE OVER to their vehicles.

CHIEF WIND
STOP. Stay right WHERE YOU ARE.

BRUB
(jumps in his car)
Fuck YOU, old man. I'm gonna get my DAUGHTER.

CHIEF WIND
If you don't stop, we'll SHOOT.

BRUB
You wouldn't DARE.

He REVS his engine.

CHIEF WIND
Commence FIRING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The deputies look at each other. Scared. Watch Brub and the gang TAKE OFF, open-mouthed. Wind WHIRLS AROUND, red-faced.

CHIEF WIND (CONT'D)
Fucking PANSY-ASSES. Why didn't you SHOOT?

TALL DEPUTY
Aw, c'mon, chief. I bowl with Brub --

SKINNY DEPUTY
I thought we were just bluffin' --

CHET
Uh, chief? Don't you think we should FOLLOW THEM?

CHIEF WIND
God-DAMMIT. Let's GO --

He waddles over to his car. The deputies race over to theirs. Chet and Beck start for Chet's. Beck looks at Vita.

CHET
Go home, Vita. It's too dangerous.

VITA
But they're gonna hurt my FRANKIE.

Beck and Chet exchange glances.

BECK
She did help us out.

CHET
(sighs)
Get in the back. You can ride with us.

EXT. STATE PARK - THE OLD MILL - NIGHT

Like something out of picture postcard. A beautiful, old MILL perched on a river. Spooky in the moonlight. The giant blades of the windmill slowly turn in the breeze.

Shayla RUNS toward it. RACES to the front door. Opens it. DARTS inside -- just as Frankie arrives. Panting. Out of breath. He goes to the front door. Opens it. Creeps in.

EXT. STATE PARK ROAD - NIGHT

Brub and the vigilantes' vehicles ROAR down the road, followed by a SQUADRON OF POLICE CARS. Del's NEWS VAN -- and Willis' TRUCK.

INT. CHET'S PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Chet drives. Chewing his lip. He sneaks a glance at Beck. Beck looks at Vita. Arches an eyebrow.

BECK
That's quite the makeover --

VITA
Desperate times call for desperate measures.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VITA (CONT'D)

(beat)

So when this is over, how soon will you
two get horizontal?

Beck and Chet look at each other. Blush. Look away.

INT. OLD MILL - NIGHT

Dank, dark and creepy. Cobwebs everywhere from years of
abandonment. Rows and rows of old, empty grain barrels.
Shayla moves slowly in the shadows.

FRANKIE (O.C.)

Shayla. Where are you? I just wanna talk
to you.

She whips her head around, looks. Can't see him.
Makes her way over to a stairway to the second floor --

SHAYLA

Stop FOLLOWING me. Go AWAY.

And starts RUNNING UP the staircase. FRANKIE walks into
frame. Sees her. RACES toward the stairs.

FRANKIE

Shayla, COME BACK --

EXT. THE OLD MILL - NIGHT

The vigilantes' cars ROAR down the road to the mill.
SCREECH to a stop in front. Brub and the rest pile out of
their vehicles. Stand and look at the mill.

Shayla appears in an upstairs window. Then disappears.

BRUB

There SHE IS. She's UP THERE.

RED-FACED REDNECK

(KA-CHINKS his shotgun)

Let's get 'er done --

The police cars FLY toward them in a CRUNCH of gravel. Come
to a stop. The cops get out. Point their shotguns at the
vigilantes. Willis' truck appears. Parks behind them.

CHET

Hold it right there, Brub. Everybody put
DOWN your weapons, NOW.

BRUB

Yeah, right. You don't have the NERVE.

INT. OLD MILL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

A large, dark room filled rows of machinery for sifting and
sorting grains. Now ghostly and spooky.

Shayla stands at the far end holding a pitchfork. Frankie
comes up the stairs. Creeps in the darkness, trying to see.
He BANGS into something.

FRANKIE

Ow --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYLA
 STAY AWAY from me. You RUINED my life --
 I mean, my DEATH.
 (low, nasty)
 It's not NICE to fool Mother Nature.

FRANKIE
 Shayla, please. I just want to talk.

SHAYLA
 Fuck YOU.

She THROWS the pitchfork at him. He DIVES to the side. It HITS a pillar and CLANGS to the floor. Shayla sees a ladder on the wall going up to the roof. She starts climbing it.

Franke sees her going up. Starts after her.

FRANKIE
 Shayla, WAIT --

EXT. THE OLD MILL - NIGHT

Everybody watches the mill. The news van ROARS down the drive. Stops at the cluster of vehicles. Del and a LARGE CAMERAMAN (20's) jump out of the car. Start setting up.

ON THE ROOF

Shayla comes out. Then Frankie.

DOWN BELOW

Chet sees them. Points.

CHET
 There they are. Up THERE.

VITA
 FRANKIE.

BRUB
 SHOOT HIM.

Beck whips out a giant 44 Magnum. Points it at Brub.

BECK
 Put the piece down, Billy Bob. Any of you fucking rednecks so much as MOVE, and I'm gonna blow your head clean off. GOT it?

BRUB
 (under his breath)
Bitch.

Del stands in front of the camera. The red light goes ON.

DEL
 This is Del Dunn, coming to you live at The Old Mill, where pint-sized evil scientist Frankie Stein is having the final showdown with his ungodly creation, head cheerleader Shayla Petrie, back from the dead --
 (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEL (CONT'D)

And I must say, despite the fact that half her skull has been caved in, she still looks quite fetching.

ON THE ROOF

Shayla backs away from Frankie.

FRANKIE

Shayla, PLEASE. Let me EXPLAIN --

SHAYLA

There's nothing to EXPLAIN. You brought me BACK TO LIFE. For WHAT? So you could finally get what WASN'T YOURS?

FRANKIE

What?

SHAYLA

Don't you fucking GET IT? You're a WIMP. A LOSER. A JOKE. I'd NEVER be with YOU --
(under her breath)
And to think I fucking SLEPT with you.

FRANKIE

It's not supposed to be like this, Shayla. We're supposed to live happily ever after. Forever and ever.

SHAYLA

Forever and ever? You sound like a fucking Drew Barrymore movie --

FRANKIE

(starts walking toward her)
Shayla, please. I need you. I -- love you.

SHAYLA

But I DON'T love YOU --

FRANKIE

(gets closer)
But what about all the fun we had? The tree house, our first date?

SHAYLA

FIRST DATE? You can't go on a *date* with someone who's DEAD.

FRANKIE

(gets closer)
But Shayla --

SHAYLA

Stay AWAY FROM ME --
(low, menacing)
Step one foot closer, and you'll regret it.

DOWN BELOW

Everybody watches them argue up on the roof.

CHET

Boy, she's PISSED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECK
Hell hath no fury like a woman risen from
the dead --

Brub sneaks off to the side near his truck. Aims his weapon
at Frankie. Vita sees him. RUSHES over.

VITA
NO --

She GRABS Brub's rifle. They struggle for control.
Chet and Beck whip their heads in their direction.

The gun FIRES. A glass window in the mill SHATTERS.
Beck takes aim. SHOOTS Brub in the head. BANG.
He falls over, THWUMP. Dead. Vita SCREAMS.

RED-FACED REDNECK

Quietly moves away behind them. Hides behind a massive,
old oak tree. Raises his rifle.

ON THE ROOF

Frankie and Shayla hear the commotion. Look down.
Shayla inches forward toward the edge of the roof.

SHAYLA
What are all those people doing here?

FRANKE
(grabs her hand)
Careful, don't fall --

SHAYLA
(WHIPS her hand away)
DON'T TOUCH ME --

ON THE GROUND

Red-Faced's beady eyes squint on the gun site. Taking aim.

ON THE ROOF

Shayla PUSHES Frankie over. Moves to where he was.

FRANKIE
NOOO --

He FLIES DOWN toward the giant, rotating blades. GRABS onto
one. Starts slowly descending to the ground.

Bullets FLY through the air. Start HITTING Shayla. Her body
JERKS like a puppet without strings in a dance of death.

ON THE GROUND

Everyone watches in horror as --

ON THE ROOF

Shayla weaves back and forth at the edge of the roof.

SHAYLA
I don't feel so --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She falls off the side, PLUMMETS DOWN --

ON THE GROUND

And HITS the soft earth with a sickening THWUMP.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Good.

She slowly closes her eyes. Finally at peace.

CHET AND BECK

Stare in complete horror.

WILLIS

Sees her. Runs over. Drops to his knees. Starts weeping.

DEL DUNN

Looks into the TV camera. Tears in her eyes.

DEL

Oh, the humanity. Words can't begin to describe the horror. To see young love cut to ribbons by bullets -- I -- I --
(chokes back a sob)

Even after death, life can be so fragile.
(blinks her eyes rapidly)

This is Del Dunn, on the scene at The Old Mill, where a young girl's hopes and dreams have just ended --
(beat)

A second time.

PEGGY HECK

Looks at her TV. Shakes her head. Sighs.

ADELLE PETRIE

Watches the report on TV at home. Starts SOBBING.

JULIE STEIN

Shuts off her TV. Goes to her bar. Pours a drink.

DEL DUNN

Turns to Large Cameraman. He shuts the light OFF.

LARGE CAMERAMAN

That was GREAT.

DEL

Pulitzer Prize, here I come.

TWO COPS

Bring Frankie over to Chet and Beck. He's been handcuffed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHET
Do you realize the TROUBLE you've caused,
young man?

FRANKIE
I know. I'm sorry --
(beat)
Am I -- going to jail?

CHET
You bet your ass you are.

BECK
Hold on. I need to take him back to DC.

CHET
But what Josh Bohner? He KILLED somebody.

BECK
You can have him after we're done with
him.

CHET
(to the cops)
Uncuff him.

One of the cops shrugs. Starts taking off the cuffs.

BECK
Or -- you could come with me. Keep an eye
on the evil genius.

CHET
Well, I do have some vacation time
coming --

They keep talking as CAMERA moves in on Frankie and Vita.

FRANKIE
You look -- different.

VITA
Finally decided to lose the Juno-tomboy
thing.
(coy)
You like?

FRANKIE
(shy)
Yeah --

VITA
Why, Frankie? Why her? She was a
superficial, needy bitch. Not to mention
a complete slut.

FRANKIE
I was -- stupid. Chasing a fantasy.

VITA
Well, that's really *dumb*. You're not
going to find any happiness doing *that*.

FRANKIE
Yeah. I found that out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VITA
Do you remember our vows?

FRANKIE
(thinks)
Uh -- to have and to hold --

VITA
From this day forward, for better,
for worse --

FRANKIE
For richer or poorer --

VITA
Too love and to cherish --

FRANKIE
Till death do us part.

He stares at her with wonder. Eyes get bright with tears.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I'm, uh -- going to have to go away for
awhile.

VITA
And I'll be here -- waiting for you.

Pause.

FRANKIE
Could we still -- play Dungeons and
Dragons?

VITA
Of course, silly.
(beat)
You'll always be *my* wizard --

And they kiss.

EXT. THE OLD MILL - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Shayla lies on a gurney in a body bag. Gets loaded into an ambulance. The EMS techs close the doors.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - NIGHT

One of the techs sits on a jump seat next to Shayla's body. Murmurs into his cell phone. Distracted.

The body bag starts slowly UNZIPPING -- and a BLOODY HAND starts reaching out --

FADE TO BLACK