

RIPPLES OF MOONLIGHT

Written by

Konstantin Selivan

Kselivan@gmail.com
617-510-0835

FADE IN:

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

From a window, the yellow light of a full moon sneaks into a neatly organized kitchen. The dark silhouette of a medium built MAN hangs over a sink. His sweatshirt's hood is on, and we can not see his face.

The Man rolls up the sleeves of his shirt, washes his hands, and then turns the water off. As the sound of the water stops, the sobbing of a woman coming from inside of the house is heard. The Man takes a big kitchen knife and slowly walks out from the kitchen.

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

From a table, a portable fan blows air toward STACEY SMITH(30). She lies naked on a bed. All of her limbs are tied up to the poles of the bed creating a star out of her body. A piece of fabric is shoved in her mouth. Multiple cuts on her chest and stomach are bleeding.

Stacey hears steps. Through tears in her eyes, she stares at someone walking into the room. Fear cripples her face, she sobs.

The Man sits beside her with his back toward us. He whispers something as he dips a finger into the woman's blood and draws a circle enclosing a five cornered star on her stomach. He takes the knife, places the tip near her neck and gently moves it down to the middle of the star. Stacey begs him to stop with her eyes.

The Man goes on one knee in front of her. He looks up as if he was talking to someone up above them and then slowly raises the knife for the strike.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A grand piano stands by a wide window. It overlooks a pond surrounded by manicured grass in a spacious yard. A couple of florists are moving vases with flowers around.

CHELSEA ALMOND, a beautiful twenty-seven-year old, sophisticatedly dressed, walks into the room. She is holding a phone to her ear.

CHELSEA

Yes, two bars. One in the living room and one outside. Yes, correct.

She glances at the flowers in the room and snaps her fingers at one of the florists. As the woman looks at her, Chelsea points to a bouquet of roses, indicating her desire to put it on the piano. The woman follows her orders. Chelsea nods with approval and goes back to her conversation on the phone.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
 Yes shrimp cocktails and oysters.
 No, double it. OK, thank you.

She hangs up and looks around.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
 Gloria?

A middle age Latino woman comes in from the kitchen.

GLORIA
 Yes Ma'am?

CHELSEA
 I need to go out. Please make sure that the room downstairs is set and ready for catering.

GLORIA
 Of course Ma'am.

Chelsea takes another critical look at the living room. There are no flaws she can find.

CHELSEA
 OK.

She walks out of the room.

EXT. VALENTINO STORE, NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON - DAY

Chelsea comes out from the store holding a couple of bags. She looks stunning. A couple of guys passing by run into a fence as they stare at her. They break down in laughter as they realize how silly they look. Chelsea smiles and walks down the street in the opposite direction.

INT. UPSCALE CAFE - DAY

The cafe is pretty full. Chelsea sits alone at a table. A waiter stops by.

WAITER
 Hi there. Can I get you a drink to start off?

CHELSEA

Just a water for now, I'm waiting
for my husband.

WAITER

You got it.

He leaves.

A few tables away, TUAN, a handsome guy with long hair (30),
notices Chelsea.

Rays of sunlight, coming from the window, highlight Chelsea's
hair. She looks like an angel.

Tuan gets a notebook and a pencil from his pocket and draws
something in it as he glances periodically at Chelsea.

Chelsea's phone rings. She picks it up.

CHELSEA

Hi baby. Yes I'm here. You can't?
I'm sorry. Of course, yes I'll see
you tonight. OK. Love you.

She hangs up. The waiter comes and pours water in her glass.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I think I'm ready to order.

WAITER

OK, what would you like?

CHELSEA

Greek salad, please.

WAITER

Anything for your husband?

CHELSEA

No.

WAITER

Okay, Greek salad coming up.

He walks away.

Chelsea looks out of the window at a tree. Rays of sunlight
bounce off of the green leaves. A couple of birds chase each
other in between the branches. As Chelsea watches them a
light smile touches her lips.

TUAN (O.S.)

Pretty amazing life huh?

Chelsea looks around and sees Tuan. He stands by her table with a notebook in his hand. A light smile touches his lips as he nods at the birds outside.

TUAN (CONT'D)
They are living the dream.

Chelsea looks at the birds again.

CHELSEA
They really are.

TUAN
I'm sorry for the intrusion but I
couldn't resist.

He offers her his notebook. Inside, there is a beautiful sketch of Chelsea looking out of the window.

CHELSEA
Wow. That's pretty good.

TUAN
Thanks. May I?

He nods at the chair.

CHELSEA
Sure.

Tuan sits down.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
So you're a cafe artist?

TUAN
Just an artist.

WAITER (O.S.)
Here is your salad Ma'am.

The waiter places the plate in front of Chelsea.

CHELSEA
Thank you.

Tuan looks at the waiter.

TUAN
May I have coffee please? And when
we're done I'll have the check.

Chelsea grins.

CHELSEA
I thought artists are poor.

TUAN
Assumptions can be wrong.

CHELSEA
Perhaps.

She takes a bite as the waiter pours coffee for Tuan.

TUAN
My apologies for being up front,
but would you be interested in
modeling for me? There is something
awfully mysterious about you, and I
would love to capture it.

CHELSEA
Probably not.

She takes another bite.

TUAN
How come?

CHELSEA
I don't think my husband would
approve.

TUAN
He can watch.

CHELSEA
He is a busy man.

TUAN
How would you feel about making a
present for him then?

He gets a business card and places it on the table.

TUAN (CONT'D)
You really are beautiful and I'm
sure your husband would appreciate
the painting.

Chelsea picks up the card and checks it out. There is a
silhouette of a naked woman dancing under a full moon printed
on the cover.

CHELSEA
Hmm. Are you into witchcraft?

TUAN
No. Just like witches.

CHELSEA
Why?

TUAN
Mystery, passion, connection to the Earth.

CHELSEA
I see. Be careful though.

She puts her fork and knife into the plate.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Witches are dangerous.

TUAN
As long as they model for me, they can eat my heart out.

Chelsea smiles and stands up.

CHELSEA
Good to know. Thank you for the lunch.

TUAN
Already? You didn't finish your salad yet.

CHELSEA
Got to go. Thank you again.

TUAN
Call me.

CHELSEA
Maybe.

She walks to the exit as Tuan watches her leave.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The party is in progress. Drunk patrons are mingling around.

In the middle of a small group of men we can see REGINA (30), a sexy Latino girl. She is talking to TOM HADLEE (50), a handsome flamboyant man.

REGINA

In two years I envision my business bringing hundreds of millions in revenue. All I need is a bit more capital to make it explode.

TOM

That's great. How much do you bring in now?

REGINA

Well, as all new companies we are a bit negative, but we're creating a new trend and if you get on board now you will make tons of money in the future.

TOM

I tell you this honey... What's your name again?

REGINA

Regina.

TOM

Right. You are a beautiful and very passionate woman, Regina. But you should spend more time on your pitch.

Regina smiles.

REGINA

Okay, can you give me some pointers.

TOM

Of course. I was in your shoes not too long ago, myself. So I can spare a moment or two after the party. What do you say?

Regina smirks as she stares at Tom.

From a distance we can see MICHAEL ALMOND and Chelsea Almond. Michael is an average looking man in his fifties. They are watching Tom flirting with Regina.

CHELSEA

Do you think he'll slow down anytime soon and commit?

MICHAEL

Knowing Tom, I wouldn't hold my
breath.

CHELSEA

He needs to settle down one day.

MICHAEL

Yea right.

CHELSEA

That's not very positive. I wish he
will find someone special.

MICHAEL

He does it every day, honey.

CHELSEA

I see.

Tom walks toward them.

MICHAEL

So how did it go?

TOM

It's a score, baby.

He high fives Michael and glances at Regina. The woman holds
a glass full of whiskey, she downs her drink in one go. Tom
looks at Chelsea.

TOM (CONT'D)

Isn't she special?

CHELSEA

Yea, looks like a roller coaster to
me.

TOM

Wow, it's going to be an exciting
ride then. I don't mind to share by
the way.

He winks at them.

MICHAEL

Dude, I think we're good.

TOM

Suit yourselves guys.

A cook touches Michael's shoulder.

COOK

Mister Almond may I steal you for a second?

MICHAEL

Sure.

He glances at Chelsea.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

He steps away with the Cook.

Tom grins at Chelsea.

TOM

While we do have a second, when will I get my payback?

CHELSEA

We've had this conversation, Tom.

TOM

I know, I know, the marriage changed everything. But we had a deal and I demand my payment.

CHELSEA

Come on, there is a hot girl waiting for you right there.

She nods toward Regina.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

So please, let's forget about that deal.

TOM

Deal is a deal, honey.

CHELSEA

Tom, I will never do this to Michael. And again, please leave it right there.

TOM

Or what? You will tell him that you have an obligation to fuck me?

CHELSEA

You're such a dick.

Tom is about to say something.

MICHAEL(V.O.)
Shit, they messed up the skewers.

Tom and Chelsea look at him.

TOM
What a fucking disaster.

Michael is surprised by his reaction.

MICHAEL
Are you OK?

TOM
Never been better, man.

He glances at Chelsea.

TOM (CONT'D)
Yea you need a lot of screwers,
sorry I meant skewers, with a hot
wife like yours.

MICHAEL
What the fuck, man?

CHELSEA
Don't worry, honey. It's nothing,
and there is plenty of food.

She kisses him.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I'll catch you later.

She glances at Tom and walks away to an older couple standing
a few yards away.

Tom watches her. Michael stares at him.

MICHAEL
Do you feel OK? Something am I
missing?

TOM
I am fine.

He turns his eyes back to Michael.

TOM (CONT'D)
I just can't figure it out, how you
got her. I thought she would be
just a one night stand.

MICHAEL

I assume, this is the whiskey talking. Dude, she is my wife. So cut it out.

TOM

What do you think your wife loves more, you or your cash?

MICHAEL

Fuck off man. OK?

TOM

Yea sure, but does she know that your new and supper hot venture, where you dropped all of your money by the way, might go belly up?

Michael is silently looking at Chelsea.

TOM (CONT'D)

Damn, I guess she doesn't know. But listen, since you're still working for me I've got your back, buddy.

MICHAEL

It will be fine, I just need more time.

TOM

You need more cash my friend and no one will give it to you since your clinical study's data was badly mishandled.

MICHAEL

You know that it was the moron technician who fucked it up. The product is good.

TOM

It doesn't matter if it's good or bad. The problem is - the other people and the industry. I don't think they have faith in the company.

MICHAEL

I believe the investors will come to their senses.

TOM

Oh those investors.

Chelsea stops by a group of women mingling nearby. She turns her head and meets Tom's eyes. After a second of stare down, she coldly moves her eyes away. Tom smirks as he gets backs to Michael.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell me, is your belief in your wife as strong as the belief in your company?

MICHAEL

What?

TOM

I guess my question is, will she cheat on you to keep her status and the money? Or will she be faithful despite the possibility of loosing it all?

MICHAEL

Are you fucking serious?

TOM

I am. And I am offering you a deal.

MICHAEL

A deal?

TOM

Yes.

He glances at Chelsea and then turns his eyes back to Michael.

TOM (CONT'D)

The fund's profit for the year is around a hundred million dollars and I'm willing to bet all of this money...

He nods toward Chelsea.

TOM (CONT'D)

On your wife.

MICHAEL

What? What the fuck are you talking about?

TOM

Look at her. Young and beautiful.

Both of them look at Chelsea. She is in her element as she mingles with guests.

TOM (CONT'D)

And she loves her status and every bit of her lifestyle. I bet she will do whatever it takes to keep it, even if she has to cheat on you.

MICHAEL

You're freaking crazy, man.

TOM

I guess I am, and this is your chance to save your company and test your wife. If I'm wrong you get a hundred million, and if I'm right then she doesn't deserve you. Do we have a deal?

MICHAEL

Hundred million? Why? I don't get it. What are you getting from it, what's your side of the bargain?

TOM

Well, here it goes. If I win, you'll hold a candle while I fuck her.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ, you're really fucked up, Tom. And I am really close to punching you in the face. So do me a favor - stop drinking, dude.

He is visually upset and about to leave.

TOM

Come on, wouldn't it be wonderful to know if she loves you for real? She is twenty years younger than you for fuck's sake.

MICHAEL

Screw you.

He turns away from Tom and walks to a group of people.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea is in bed. Michael comes in from the bathroom and lies beside her.

CHELSEA
Happy birthday honey.

She kisses him gently.

MICHAEL
Do you love me?

CHELSEA
Of course I do.

MICHAEL
What if I had no money?

CHELSEA
What are you talking about?

MICHAEL
Nothing, just... Tom was too nosy tonight.

CHELSEA
That's what he does, create chaos.
I just can't wait when you quit his fund.

MICHAEL
Yea me to.

He kisses her. She notices his sadness.

CHELSEA
What's wrong? Are you OK?

MICHAEL
Yea, yea, I'm OK.

Chelsea leans on her elbow as she stares at him.

CHELSEA
Something is bothering you. What is it?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Listen. Would you have married me if I had no money? You weren't an accountant or a hairdresser or a doctor when I met you.

CHELSEA

Seriously? That's low, Michael. I didn't hide who I was. You knew everything.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I just...

He tries to hug her.

CHELSEA

Don't.

She pushes him away, gets up and rushes to the bathroom.

MICHAEL

Honey, come on...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TWO YEARS EARLIER, NYC UPSCALE PARTY - NIGHT

Fruit, champagne, and crackers with black caviar are making their way into the mouths of young sexy women and their older companions. Laughter and noise mix with some light jazz coming from a quartet of musicians performing in the corner.

Chelsea, in a tight cocktail dress, politely holds a conversation with a fat gentleman in his late sixties.

FAT GENTLEMAN

My wife passed away a year ago. And it's hard for me to get back into the game. I'm not young anymore.

CHELSEA

You're doing fine honey. And I'm sorry about your wife. Its tough to lose someone you love.

FAT GENTLEMAN

Yes, it is. I need to use the restroom my dear. Would you wait for me?

CHELSEA

Of course Judge, I will be right here.

FAT GENTLEMAN

Thank you dear.

He walks away.

TOM (O.S.)
He's quite a catch.

Chelsea turns around and sees Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
Is he your grandfather?

CHELSEA
I wish he was.

TOM
Tom Hadlee.

He offers a handshake. She smiles and shakes his hand.

CHELSEA
Chelsea.

TOM
I have a proposition for you,
Chelsea. My best friend is turning
fifty tomorrow and I think, you
would be the perfect gift for him.
What do you say?

CHELSEA
The gift you're talking about is
very expensive, I hope your friend
is worth it.

TOM
Every penny, and I'll throw you a
nice bonus on top. For that you
will owe me the best night of my
life. Do we have a deal?

Chelsea smiles as she looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A crowd of people stand around a huge cake. Fifty candles are
burning with yellow light.

Michael smiles as his guests sing a song.

CROWD
Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you, happy birthday
dear Michael, happy birthday to
you. Yea!

Everyone raises their glass to cheer for Michael. All of them drink. Tom walks from behind and pats his shoulder. Michael turns around.

MICHAEL

Hey bud, where have you been?

TOM

Getting something special for you.

He glances back and signals someone to come closer. Michael looks in that direction and freezes as if he sees something magical. Chelsea slowly makes her way toward him. Her thin athletic body breathes with a sexual fire under a long tight dress. Her long hair is pinned on top of her head with only a few pieces freely dangling around her face. She is intense and mysterious. She takes another step, wraps her arms around Michael's neck and gently kisses him.

CHELSEA

Happy birthday, Michael.

Michael glances happily at Tom and shakes his head as if he couldn't believe his luck.

TOM

Happy Birthday brother.

He hugs him.

INT. PRESENT DAY, DESIGNER'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

A couple of wealthy women are looking through dresses by a beautifully decorated wall.

ANN, a sales associate, comes out from a back door and walks towards a dressing room. She knocks on the door.

ANN

Chelsea, I found one more that you may like.

The door opens and Chelsea comes out in a colorful short dress. She turns around looking at herself in the mirror.

TUAN (O.S.)

I think that's the one.

Chelsea looks at the voice and sees Tuan sitting on a plush bench.

TUAN (CONT'D)

The color palet works well with your skin tone and your eyes. If you don't mind a professional opinion.

Chelsea looks at herself in the mirror again clearly liking the reflection.

CHELSEA

I see. You are an artist, right?

He smiles and nods his head.

TUAN

Right.

CHELSEA

What are you doing here?

TUAN

I saw you walking down the street. I had to leave my glass of wine behind to catch you.

CHELSEA

OK since you are here, should I buy this dress?

TUAN

Definitely, it complements you.

Chelsea looks at the sales person.

CHELSEA

I'll take it.

ANN

Great, what about the shoes?

CHELSEA

No, just the dress.

She looks at Tuan.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

So, still going to bug me?

TUAN

Of course. My fashion expertise is pretty valuable. You can pay me back by joining me for dinner.

CHELSEA
Is that right?

Tuan nods.

TUAN
Yep.

Chelsea glances at her watch and thinks for a second.

CHELSEA
OK. Only because my husband
misbehaved last night.

TUAN
It's my lucky day then. Maybe we
can even stop by my studio to see
the art?

CHELSEA
We'll see. One step at the time.

TUAN
Of course, one step at the time.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

It is a small Italian restaurant. Chelsea and Tuan laugh as they share a desert and sip wine.

CHELSEA
Thank you. That was great.

TUAN
So are you ready for the art?

Chelsea glances at her watch.

CHELSEA
I really have to go.

TUAN
I think you need to punish your
husband a bit more. And the studio
is right around the corner.

Chelsea hesitates as she looks at him.

TUAN (CONT'D)
Please, it would mean a lot.

CHELSEA
OK, a quick tour.

TUAN

Thank you! You won't regret it.

He stands up and moves Chelsea's chair letting her get out from the table.

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - NIGHT

Chelsea and Tuan walk upstairs to the entrance.

INT. TUAN'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Huge windows in the loft reveal the lights of nightly Boston. Chelsea, with Tuan by her side, slowly walks by a wall of paintings. The naked women in most of the paintings exhibit sexual possessions, wild dances and dark desires.

TUAN

Raw human emotions are very powerful. And women express them with such grace. Don't you think?

CHELSEA

Right. Men at their best, trying to interpret a woman's mind.

TUAN

Really? OK educate me then. What drives women?

CHELSEA

How about security and love.

TUAN

And what about passion? Do you think it's not as important?

CHELSEA

It's trouble.

TUAN

Trouble?

CHELSEA

I think so.

Chelsea stops by a beautiful painting. A few naked women dance around a bonfire near a lake. They have wreathes of white flowers on their heads. The light of a full moon shimmers across the body of water.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Spying on witches could be risky.
They can turn you into a frog.

TUAN
But a kiss from you would turn me
back into a prince. Right?

He looks into her eyes intently.

CHELSEA
You're funny.

She comes closer to the painting and looks at the price tag
on the wall.

TUAN
I call it Ripples of Moonlight.

CHELSEA
Five thousand? Wow, you're not shy.

TUAN
Every product has it's customer. I
think this painting has found one.

CHELSEA
I actually do like it.

She gets a check book from her purse. Tuan smiles as he
watches her writing a check.

TUAN
It is free of charge if you let me
paint you?

Chelsea points at the sexual craziness hanging on the wall.

CHELSEA
All of your models got one?

TUAN
No, I'd be out of business.

He goes to a closet and gets a weightless see-through gown.

TUAN (CONT'D)
Try it on.

He hands her the gown.

CHELSEA
Seriously?

TUAN

Just a few strokes to start with.
It'll take a couple of months to
finish. And it would be a great
present for your husband, he would
love it.

Chelsea hesitates. She glances at her watch.

CHELSEA

You'll get me in trouble. Just a
few strokes, OK? I need to get
home soon.

TUAN

Beautiful. Thank you! You can
change in the bathroom.

She takes the gown and walks towards the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Chelsea stands by the window looking at the almost full moon hanging in the dark sky. Soft artificial light, aimed at her, penetrates the fabric of the gown revealing her sexy silhouette. Tuan stands by a tall easel. He dips a brush into paint and makes his first stroke on the canvas. He is getting intense as he focuses on the work.

INT. OFFICE, MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael sits at his desk and stares at the screen of a TV hanging on the wall. A bottle of whiskey is in his hand.

MICHAEL

OK, go ahead you morons.

He gulps the spirit as he keeps his eyes on the screen.

Business news is playing. A HOST of the program talks to his GUEST.

HOST

What a turn around with Irokon
Pharmaceuticals. Do you have any
updates of their clinical trial?

GUEST

What a story indeed. High flying
Icarus hits the ground.

(MORE)

GUEST (CONT'D)

And look, they - I mean the management can blame the technicians all day long but how can you trust the leadership if they can not manage or control their people and their work. I think Irokon will have a very hard time to raise well needed capital in the near future.

HOST

So what is your judgement?

GUEST

Irokon Pharma is a no-no for me at the moment.

Michael drinks and then slams the bottle on the table.

MICHAEL

No-no my ass, you - moron.

There is the sound of the front door closing. Michael glances at the clock. It shows 11:50 PM. He drinks more and gets up.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chelsea walks in holding the painting. She puts it on the floor against the wall and takes her shoes off.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Where have you been?

Chelsea lifts her eyes up and sees Michael in the doorway of his office. He holds a bottle of whiskey in his hand.

CHELSEA

Hi honey. I've got you something.

MICHAEL

You didn't answer my question.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry. OK, I went to the store. Then I had dinner. And then I went to an art studio to buy you a gift.

MICHAEL

What studio? It's almost midnight. What the fuck are you talking about?

CHELSEA
Baby please...

MICHAEL
You didn't answer my calls or
texts.

CHELSEA
I'm sorry my phone died. Let's talk
tomorrow when you're sober.

MICHAEL
I am sober! Are you seeing someone?
Are you?

He rips the wrapping paper off of the painting and looks at
the art.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What is this?

CHELSEA
Your present.

MICHAEL
Present? That's what I fucking need
right now. How much did you pay for
this?

CHELSEA
Five thousand.

MICHAEL
Five thousand? Are you fucking
kidding me? Stop wasting my money!
Fuck!

He walks back into his office and slams the door. Chelsea
stares at the door speechless. She can hear him screaming in
the office.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tom sits behind his desk talking to someone on the phone. He
has jeans and a dark hoodie on.

TOM
Baby I can't stop thinking about
your little ass. Let me fly you in
for the weekend. Yes?
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Yes okay, I'll send a driver to pick you up at the airport.

The door opens, Michael walks in. He looks beat up. Tom notices that.

TOM (CONT'D)

Listen baby I've got to go. You'll get the details by e-mail. Yes, me too. Can't wait. Bye.

He hangs up and looks at Michael.

TOM (CONT'D)

You look like shit. Are you OK?

MICHAEL

Not really.

He drops into a chair across from Tom.

TOM

Is it Irokon or your wife?

MICHAEL

I guess both. Fucking a. Listen, I was thinking and... I want to see if Chelsea's faithful to me.

Tom grins.

TOM

You mean the hundred million dollar bet?

MICHAEL

Yes.

TOM

Listen, I would be worried like hell if I had a wife like that.

Michael glances at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

OK, OK. So you want to get to the bottom of it, right?

MICHAEL

Right.

TOM

I don't blame you my friend. And here is the deal then.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

You will do a vasectomy with my doctor and then you will press your wife to get pregnant. You will press her so hard to the point of divorce, if she is not pregnant in the next six months. So she needs to understand that she can lose everything, and I mean everything if she does not deliver. And if she gets pregnant, it means she cheated on you and I win, but if she doesn't, then you'll know that you have a faithful wife and on top of that you'll get a hundred million dollars.

Michael thinks.

TOM (CONT'D)

So? Are we doing this?

MICHAEL

Fuck, man. OK.

TOM

OK. But Michael, you need to understand that everything should be fair. No possibility for fraud. I will hire a private investigator to follow Chelsea. Also, I want cameras in every room of your house. And of course I need to know that Chelsea is capable of getting pregnant. And Michael, if there is a slight indication that you told her about the bet, you lose. Deal?

Michael nods his head.

MICHAEL

Deal. Draft the contract.

TOM

Beautiful.

He opens a drawer, gets bond papers and throws them in front of Michael.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sign it.

Michael is a bit confused as he looks at the binder.

MICHAEL
How did you know?

TOM
Listen, between Irokon and your
wife, it was a no brainer. Sign the
contract, buddy.

He gives him a pen. Michael hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)
Come on, I'm risking the money. You
on the other hand are seeking the
truth.

He stares at him. After a few seconds of internal fight,
Michael reads and signs the contract.

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARIA (32) lies naked on the bed. Each of her limbs is tied
up to a pole of a bed frame. The sound of fear and pain comes
out from her gaged mouth. Both of her breasts are bleeding
from deep cuts.

The Man, in the hoodie, mumbles a prayer as he dips a
paintbrush into her blood. He draws a circle around a five
cornered star painted on her stomach. He puts the brush aside
and picks up a knife. The eyes of the woman beg for mercy as
she stares at the hands with the knife loading up for the
strike. The man thrusts the blade all the way into her
flesh.

INT. CHELSEA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Chelsea is waking up. She opens her eyes and glances at the
clock, 9:12 am. Michael is gone.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tom sits at his desk, watching his computer monitor. On the
screen he sees Chelsea. She opens her eyes and glances at the
clock.

TOM
Good morning, sunshine. Let me see
it.

Chelsea moves the blanket off of her body. She has a tank top
and some small underwear on. She stands up and walks to the
mirror.

TOM (CONT'D)
There you go.

After a few seconds of assessment Chelsea heads to the bathroom.

Someone knocks on the door. Tom turns the video off.

TOM (CONT'D)
Come in.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lunch time. A few cops are eating behind their desks.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE, an African American in his forties, sips his coffee as he looks at the screen on his monitor.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
You've got to be kidding me. How about this?

He clicks and shifts the mouse. On his screen, the white queen moves toward the black king.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Check.

He giggles with satisfaction.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
I got you.

DETECTIVE SMITH walks in and waves to the detective.

DETECTIVE SMITH
Hey Charm, we've got a body. Let's go.

Charm shakes his head as he looks at the screen. He types "Got to go. Finish later". He closes the chess program and walks quickly to the exit.

INT. A CAR - DAY

Charm is driving an old ford on a small road. A few police cars with flashing lights and an ambulance appear down the street. He slows down as he gets closer and then stops by a small one-story house.

A COP guards the entrance. Charm nods and walks inside of the house.

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The dead girl lies on the bed. Multiple puncture wounds are inside of the red star painted on her stomach, the rest of the body has many bloody cuts.

KATHY (35), a forensics specialist, is collecting the evidence. Charm walks in and comes to the body. He puts latex gloves on and glances at Kathy.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Do we have a name?

KATHY
Maria Gelovan, thirty-two year old.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Time of death?

KATHY
Around two A.M.

He checks her wounds.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Second body with the same C.O.D.
and behavioral pattern. Looks like
we have a serial killer on the
loose.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Did you find the weapon?

KATHY
Nope.

Charm checks the bruises on her arms and then studies her hands and fingers.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Check her nails for DNA.

KATHY
Done that.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
OK.

The detective stands up and looks around. He sees a witch's altar in the corner. He walks to it and studies the candles, silver cups, crystals and herbs nesting on the altar.

KATHY

I think she was a witch. No magic wand though, I checked.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Right. OK keep digging.

KATHY

You got it boss.

Charm walks out.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael stands by the window looking outside. He sips whiskey from a glass. Chelsea walks in. He ignores her presence.

CHELSEA

Hi.

MICHAEL

Hi.

CHELSEA

Can we talk?

Michael turns around.

MICHAEL

Fine. I guess we can.

CHELSEA

I don't know what happened but after your birthday you've changed. I'm sorry I came late the other night, but I promise you I have no one but you. I love you.

MICHAEL

I want a baby.

CHELSEA

What?

MICHAEL

I want to start a family. If you love me of course, as you said.

CHELSEA

I do, but I thought we decided to wait.

MICHAEL

I'm not getting any younger, Chelsea. I can't wait anymore. Its very important to me that you get pregnant as soon as possible.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom smiles as he watches Chelsea and Michael on the screen.

CHELSEA

Honey are you sick? I feel like you're hiding something from me.

MICHAEL

Nothing to hide, I just want to have a baby.

CHELSEA

OK. I'll stop my pills if that's what you want.

MICHAEL

That's what I want. Thank you.

He steps toward her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I was an ass.

Chelsea softens up as she looks into his eyes.

CHELSEA

Yes you were.

MICHAEL

Peace?

He opens his hands for a hug.

CHELSEA

Peace.

She leans toward him. Michael hugs her and looks at the hidden camera.

Tom grins as he watches them.

TOM
Peace my ass.

INT. CAFE, OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Big umbrellas are covering tables from the sun. Chelsea and ELVERA POLANSKY (50), a gray haired witch-looking woman, occupy one of them.

CHELSEA
I don't know what's going on with Michael. He's pressing me so hard to start a family.

ELVERA
It's just a mid-life crisis, honey. Some want a sports car, Michael wants a baby. So give it to him.

CHELSEA
I'm not ready. And we agreed to wait a year or two.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

From a distance, JOHNNY (40), a private investigator, aims his camera at Chelsea and Elvera. The shutter clicks as he takes pictures.

INT. CAFE, OUTDOOR PATION - CONTINUOUS

ELVERA
I'm sure you'll figure it out.

CHELSEA
I hope so. Yea by the way, I have something for you.

She gets an envelope and puts it on the table. Elvera takes a peak inside. She sees cash.

Click, click - from a distance, Johnny takes pictures of the envelope changing hands.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Five thousand. And that's the other thing, Michael is stressing out about every dollar I spend.

Elvera puts the envelope in her purse.

ELVERA

Listen, that's what men do, worry. He just realized that he's getting older and he is scared of every little thing. Enough about that. Tell me better, when you'll visit me.

CHELSEA

Believe me, I need to.

ELVERA

Then come, a full moon is right around the corner.

CHELSEA

I'll try, I promise.

ELVERA

Seth was asking about you.

CHELSEA

Did he? How is he doing?

ELVERA

The usual. He worries me.

CHELSEA

Why?

ELVERA

I don't know. He's too quiet. I'm afraid he might hurt himself.

CHELSEA

He'll come around. Don't worry.

ELVERA

I hope so.

INT. SETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

A small room is lit by candles. They stand on an altar along with a silver cup, animal skulls, a ritual knife, herbs and crystals. Above that, on the wall, hangs a picture of a horned God.

SETH, a pale faced skinny guy in his thirties, sits topless on his knees in front of the altar, worshiping his God.

Elvera walks into the room. She stops behind him. Seth continues his prayer.

ELVERA

I saw Chelsea. She is coming for
the ritual.

Seth stops and turns his face slightly toward her. A crumple
of a smile touches his lips. He turns back to the altar.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

I thought you might want to know.

Seth continues to whisper his prayer. Elvera sighs and walks
out.

EXT. FOREST BY THE LAKE - NIGHT

A full moon hangs in the sky. In its yellow light, Johnny
holds his camera as he carefully walks in the woods. In
between fluffy bushes he sees a bonfire reflecting on the
lake.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING BY THE LAKE - NIGHT

The bonfire throws a red glow on the naked bodies of a few
young women consumed in a spiritual dance. All of them wear
wreaths of white flowers on their heads.

Johnny squats by a bush aiming his camera at the dancing
women. Through his lens he focuses on Chelsea. Click, click,
click - the camera records every move Chelsea makes.

A branch breaks behind him in the forest. Johnny points his
camera into that direction and stares at something in the
dark. Not able to see, Johnny carefully crawls over to
investigate.

EXT. FOREST BY THE LAKE - MORNING

Johnny's dead body lies on the ground with a wire wrapped
around his neck. Cops are searching the area, they are
placing yellow cones by any evidence. Detective Charmaine
squats near the body.

KATHY (V.O.)

His name is Johnny Woodcock. He's a
PI.

Charm looks up at Kathy. She squats beside him.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

PI? He must have a camera then.

KATHY

No, no camera.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

(to dead Johnny)

What were you doing here Johnny?

He stands up and walks to the clearing near the lake. ALEX, a forensic, takes photographs of the remains of the bonfire. Charm checks out the burnt wood and walks to the water. He sees the flower wreaths floating by the shore.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Hey Alex, take pictures of these please.

He points at the wreaths.

ALEX

Sure thing, Charm.

He walks to the water and takes pictures of the wreaths' remains.

INT. JOHNNY WOODCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Pictures of Chelsea are hanging on a cork board and lying all over a messy desk. Charm picks one of them and studies it for a while.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Hmm.

EXT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - DAY

Charm rings the bell. After a few seconds the door opens and Chelsea shows up in the doorway. Charm checks her out.

CHELSEA

May I help you?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Chelsea Almond?

CHELSEA

Yes.

Charm flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Detective Charmaine. May I speak with you?

CHELSEA
What is this about?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
I believe it's about you, Ma'am.

Chelsea looks a bit confused.

CHELSEA
About me?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Yes.

CHELSEA
Oh... OK. Come in.

She lets him in.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charm looks around as he sits on a chair across from Chelsea.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Nice house.

CHELSEA
Thank you.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Where were you last night?

CHELSEA
Why?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
This morning we found a dead body
in the woods of the Sudbury
Reservoir.

CHELSEA
And how is this related to me?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
I have a hunch that you were there
last night.

Chelsea is silent as she looks at him.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Johnny Woodcock? Does it ring a
bell?

CHELSEA

No.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

He is... he was a private investigator. We found tons of your pictures at his place. Any idea why?

CHELSEA

What?

She looks confused.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Do you feel safe at home misses Almond?

CHELSEA

Jesus. Yes I feel safe. Are you saying that Michael hired a private investigator?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

If you're referring to your husband, then I don't see who else would. So, where were you last night?

CHELSEA

I was with my friends at the lake.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

You mean the Sudbury Reservoir?

CHELSEA

Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

What did you do over there?

CHELSEA

Girls night out.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Unusual time and place, Misses Almond. Did you see Johnny Woodcock?

CHELSEA

No. I told you, I've never met the guy.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Right. Where is your husband?

CHELSEA
At work. The Hadlee Fund.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
OK then. I'm sure your husband can
clarify a thing or two.

On a coffee table, he sees a chess board with an unfinished
game on it. He studies the composition and nods his head with
approval.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Nice. I assume it's Mister Almond's
game, right?

CHELSEA
Yes it is, detective.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Well, thank you for your time. I'll
see myself out.

He stands up and as he walks to the exit he notices the
painting "Ripples of moonlight" hanging on the wall. He comes
closer and studies the bonfire and flower wreaths on women's
heads.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Interesting. Girls night out you're
saying?

He looks at her. Chelsea lowers her eyes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Have a good day, Ma'am.

He walks out of the house. Chelsea leans on the back of the
couch, she looks dumbfounded.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chelsea sits at the kitchen island with a glass of wine. She
finishes the drink and pours more, emptying the bottle.
Michael walks in and glances at the empty bottle.

MICHAEL
Wow, I thought we'd want to have a
healthy baby.

CHELSEA

Did Detective Charmaine pay you a visit?

She stares at him.

MICHAEL

Listen honey... It's not what you think.

CHELSEA

You hired a private investigator to spy on me? What the fuck, Michael? Yes I was selling my body before, but I'm no cheater! So you go and fuck yourself! I am done with you, I'm leaving tomorrow.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE, VIDEO FEED - CONTINUOUS

Tom is concerned as he watches the streaming video of angry Chelsea and Michael.

Michael looks right into the hidden camera, staring at Tom.

TOM

Come on Michael, do something.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael turns his eyes back to Chelsea.

MICHAEL

Honey... This artist... Listen, yes I did it because I love you. When you came that night with the painting I thought you cheated on me. You broke my heart. I'm sorry for being crazy about you, okay. And what the hell were you doing in the woods? There's a killer on the loose.

He drops on his knees and hugs her legs. Chelsea finishes her wine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I am so sorry. When he told me about the killing I was so scared I could lose you. Please forgive me. I'm begging you.

Chelsea puts her hand on his head.

CHELSEA

Get up Michael and bring more wine.
And please, please never question
my loyalty again. Do you hear me?

Michael gets up and hugs her.

MICHAEL

Never I promise, I'm so sorry.

CHELSEA

Wine Michael, I'm still mad at you.

MICHAEL

Yes, baby.

He walks to the wine cooler.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom watches the screen. There is the sound of a vacuum cleaner coming from the hallway. Tom sees Seth cleaning the floor. He glances at the screen again, then takes his gold watch off of his wrist and throws it in the drawer.

TOM

(to the screen)
Close call, Michael.

He rotates his neck and massages his wrist. A glance at Seth. The guy is about to enter the office. Tom minimizes the video and walks out of the office.

Seth notices Tom on his way towards him. He lets Tom through and walks into the office. As he vacuums around the desk he turns and bumps into the table. The keyboard moves. Seth fixes it and sees the live surveillance video pop up on the screen - Chelsea is drinking wine with Michael.

Seth stares at the monitor. In the corner of his eye he sees a shimmer, coming from the half open drawer. He looks down and sees the watch. A quick glance at the door, there is no one in sight. Seth opens the drawer wider and stares at the gold Rolex. He reaches to it and notices the contract between Tom and Michael. As he glances at it he notices Chelsea's name.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is empty. Tom comes out from the restroom and walks back to the office.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks in, glances at Seth vacuuming near the windows and drops into his chair. The open drawer gets his attention. He glances inside at the watch, gives a quick glance to Seth and closes the drawer.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE, HADLEE FUND - MORNING

Michael is behind his desk. He holds a letter in his hand as he reaches for an opener. It is a fancy stiletto-shaped dagger with an amber handle.

TOM (O.S.)
Morning.

Michael glances at him.

MICHAEL
Hey.

He opens the letter. Tom sits in a chair across from him.

TOM
Nice recovery last night.

MICHAEL
What was she doing by the lake?

TOM
I wish I knew, my guy got whacked.

MICHAEL
This is crazy. What the hell is going on?

TOM
I don't know man, but we definitely will find out.

MICHAEL
Fuck.

TOM
Listen, whatever she is up to, she'll make a mistake.

MICHAEL
Thanks a lot, Tom. Looks like
you've figured it out already.

Tom stands up.

TOM
You'll see bro. She is up to
something.

He walks out.

MICHAEL
(quietly)
Damn you.

He turns his eyes to a picture standing on his desk. Chelsea,
in a wedding dress, smiles at him from the photograph.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TWO YEARS EARLIER. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, NYC

A yellow cab stops by the apartment building. Michael gets
out and walks to the front door. He holds a bouquet of
flowers.

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, NYC - DAY

Chelsea sits in the kitchen of a small loft apartment in her
pajamas. She sips coffee as she turns the pages of a
newspaper. Her intercom buzzes by the door. Chelsea walks to
it and pushes the talk button.

CHELSEA
Who's there?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
It's Michael.

CHELSEA
What Michael?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
The birthday boy from Boston.

Chelsea grins as she thinks.

CHELSEA
OK, come in.

She pushes the button and walks quickly to a mirror. Satisfied with her teeth and hair Chelsea walks back to the door. The bell rings. She waits. Another ring. After a few seconds she opens the door.

A huge bouquet of roses hides the man behind them. Chelsea smiles wide. The roses move to the side and Michael's face appears.

MICHAEL

Hi there.

CHELSEA

Wow they're beautiful. Thank you.

MICHAEL

May I come in?

He offers her the bouquet.

CHELSEA

Sure.

She takes the flowers and lets him in.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you call?

Michael glances at her outfit.

MICHAEL

I wanted to see you in your PJ's.
Cool giraffes.

He nods at the print of giraffes on her pajamas.

CHELSEA

Aren't they cute?

MICHAEL

Yeah adorable.

Michael walks inside and looks around checking out the place.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Nice flat.

CHELSEA

Thank you. So what brings you to
New York?

MICHAEL

A couple meetings.

CHELSEA
Ohh. Coffee?

MICHAEL
Sure.

He looks out the window and sits at the table. Chelsea places a cup in front of him and pours coffee into it. Michael watches her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I want you to move to Boston.

She chuckles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'll take care of you. Anything you need.

CHELSEA
Anything I need - I have.

She sits in a chair and takes her cup of coffee.

MICHAEL
I'll give you stability.

CHELSEA
I already have a sugar daddy, Michael. But thank you for the offer.

MICHAEL
I see. I hope he's a good man.

CHELSEA
He is.

MICHAEL
Well, that's... great. Maybe some day I will see you again.

CHELSEA
Maybe. Some day.

Michael stands up and heads to the door. In the middle of his walk he stops, thinks for a few seconds and turns around.

MICHAEL
Is there a jewelry store around here.

CHELSEA
A couple blocks down. Why?

MICHAEL
I'll be right back.

He walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Michael stares sadly at the wedding picture of Chelsea. Her happy smile makes him smile as well. He takes his cell phone and finds Chelsea's number. After a moment of hesitation he grins and shakes his head.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
What are you doing man?

He puts his phone down.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Chelsea and Elvera sit on a bench under a tree. Birds are chirping.

CHELSEA
I think he's gonna divorce me.

ELVERA
Come on Chelsea, its never going to happen.

Chelsea gets emotional.

CHELSEA
I just don't know what the hell got to him. He's... he's not himself. He's basically saying if I don't get pregnant, we're done.

ELVERA
He loves you. He would never do that.

Chelsea wipes her wet eyes.

CHELSEA
I hope you're right. And also, he's watching every penny I spend. So I won't be able to get any cash for you for awhile.

Elvera's eyes toughen up as she grins.

ELVERA

Honey, I count on you. How am I supposed to survive? I have to pay my bills.

CHELSEA

I don't know. I'm in a tough spot right now.

ELVERA

Listen, I was there for you when you were in trouble. And I went an extra mile to help you out, didn't I?

CHELSEA

You did.

ELVERA

I'm sure you'll figure out a way to pay me back.

CHELSEA

Wow.

ELVERA

Get pregnant for your sake. If you need help, I'll be there for you as always.

CHELSEA

To hold a candle or do what?

ELVERA

Don't be a jerk. You know I can help.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry. My head is just spinning.

ELVERA

That's OK honey. Tell me better, when is your ovulation?

CHELSEA

In a week.

ELVERA

OK then, come to my place and I'll make it happen.

CHELSEA
 Seriously? What if it's not going
 to work, whatever you have on your
 mind?

ELVERA
 It will, I promise.

CHELSEA
 It's better than.

She stands up.

ELVERA
 Where are you going?

CHELSEA
 Something I need to do for Michael.
 I'll see you in a week.

ELVERA
 I'm here for you as always. You
 know that, right?

CHELSEA
 I do. Thank you for that, Elvera.

ELVERA
 I'll see you in a week.

Chelsea smiles sadly as she nods and walks away.

INT. TUAN'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Chelsea is looking down at the street from the window. Her
 body is barely hidden by the see-through gown.

A few feet away, Tuan repeatedly glances at her as he paints
 the details of her body and face.

A single tear escapes her eye and runs down her cheek.
 Chelsea wipes it off with her hand. Tuan notices that.

TUAN
 Are you OK?

CHELSEA
 Yeah.

She wipes the other side of her face.

TUAN
 What's wrong?

Chelsea shakes her head. Tuan puts his brush on the easel and walks to her. He looks at her face and sees eyes filled with tears and sadness.

TUAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, you're a wreck. What happened? Anything I can do?

Chelsea sobs and leans toward him. He hugs her tight.

EXT. TUAN'S ART STUDIO, STREET - CONTINUOUS

A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR is aiming a camera at the window of the studio. Through the camera's lens we can see Tuan holding Chelsea in his hands. The shutter of the camera clicks repeatedly, taking pictures.

EXT. COMMONWEALTH PARK - MORNING

The park is waking up under the morning sun. Tom is running on a path. His dark hoodie has fresh sweat patches. He slows down to a walk breathing heavily and heads toward the exit of the park.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS CONDOMINIUMS - MORNING

Tom walks to the entrance. A doorman opens the door.

DOORMAN

Welcome back Mister Hadlee.

TOM

Thanks.

He walks in.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

It is a lavishly decorated bedroom. Tom, with a towel around his waist, walks in. He sits on the bed and leans on some pillows placed against the headrest. A laptop nests nearby. He takes it, puts it on his laps and opens the screen.

A few clicks open the video feed of Michael's bedroom. Chelsea lies in the bed alone.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea opens her eyes and glances around. Her phone rings. She picks it up.

CHELSEA
Hello? Oh hi. No, still in the bed,
thinking about you.

She throws the blanket to the side, uncovering herself.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Maybe.

She places her hand on her inner thigh and gently strokes it.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
No, at eleven I'm gonna see my
gynecologist. Yea. How about lunch?
I feel like a steak. Fine, but if
your schedule opens up I'll be at
the Capital Grill. Right, yea. Bye.

She hangs up and stares at the ceiling as her fingers play with her stomach.

INT. GYNECOLOGY OFFICE, HOSPITAL - MORNING

Chelsea is already dressed. She looks at MICHAEL CHEN (75), the gynecologist.

CHELSEA
Thank you, doctor.

MICHAEL CHEN
As I said, everything looks good.
If you need anything let me know.

CHELSEA
I will. Thank you again.

MICHAEL CHEN
Bye now.

CHELSEA
Bye.

She walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - MORNING

Chelsea stands by a big window of a nursery looking at a few newborns lying in table cribs. A NURSE walks to a crying one and changes its diaper. She glances at Chelsea and smiles. Chelsea smiles back. She watches the nurse and the baby for a few seconds and then walks away.

INT. CAPITAL GRILL - DAY

Lunch time. The restaurant is busy. Chelsea sits at a table alone. A waiter places a plate with a steak in front of her.

WAITER

Enjoy.

CHELSEA

Thank you.

He leaves. Chelsea cuts off a juicy piece of meat and puts it in her mouth. As she chews, she glances around and notices Tom walking in. He talks to A HOSTESS.

HOSTESS

Do you have a reservation?

TOM

No, but I believe my friend is here.

He looks around and notices Chelsea.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh there she is.

Chelsea sees Tom approaching her table.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey there.

CHELSEA

Hi Tom.

TOM

Is Michael coming?

CHELSEA

No. He is busy working for you.

TOM

That's how I like it. May I join you?

Chelsea looks around. A few tables are available. Tom smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)
All reserved.

CHELSEA
I see.

She makes an inviting gesture.

TOM
Thank you.

He sits down.

TOM (CONT'D)
How's the meat?

He nods toward her plate.

CHELSEA
Good.

TOM
May I have a bite?

Chelsea grins and slowly cuts a piece. It's a bit bloody.

CHELSEA
What do you want, Tom?

TOM
You know what I want.

CHELSEA
I do.

She lifts her fork with the piece of meat on it and moves it to Tom's mouth. Tom stares at her as he takes it. He chews.

TOM
Mmm delicious.

A waiter comes to the table.

WAITER
Are you ready to order Sir?

TOM
Sure. I'll take what she has.

He nods at Chelsea's dish.

WAITER
Certainly. Anything to drink?

TOM
Bottle of red.

WAITER
Right away.

He walks to the kitchen. Tom looks at Chelsea.

TOM
So where were we?

CHELSEA
You tell me.

TOM
OK, how about we'll go to my place
and continue lunch there?

CHELSEA
Why you don't let me and Michael
be, Tom?

He puts his hand on top of hers.

TOM
I will, after you pay your dues as
we agreed.

Chelsea looks at his hand.

CHELSEA
Was the baby thing your idea?

TOM
No. But I think it is a great idea.
You guys would look so good,
pushing a stroller together,
changing diapers, trying to get
your figure back. A lot of fun,
right?

Chelsea takes her hand away.

CHELSEA
Right. But why now? Is he sick,
does he have cancer or something?
Tell me.

TOM
That's a good question.

Chelsea watches him.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll find out and let you know. I
promise.

He glances at her plate.

TOM (CONT'D)
May I have another bite?

Chelsea pushes her plate toward him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thanks.

He cuts a piece of meat and puts it in his mouth.

CHELSEA
Michael is your friend, right?

TOM
Yea, he's my buddy. Why?

CHELSEA
You know why.

TOM
You're an attractive woman, Chelsea
and you owe me. Michael will
understand.

The waiter comes with a bottle of red wine and two glasses.
He puts the glasses in front of them and shows the bottle to
Tom. Tom glances at the label and nods his head. The waiter
pours wine into the glasses.

CHELSEA
Please Tom, I am his wife now.

TOM
I know. I bought you for him.

He nods toward her glass with wine.

TOM (CONT'D)
Please, it helps to relax.

CHELSEA
You can't forgive him because he
married me, that's why you're doing
this?

TOM

Doing what? Doing what, Chelsea?
What did Michael tell you?

CHELSEA

To get pregnant or he'll divorce
me. That's what he basically told
me. Is there something else I
should know?

TOM

No, nothing else.

He pushes the glass closer to her.

TOM (CONT'D)

Please, go ahead.

Chelsea gets her wallet and stands up. She pulls out eighty
dollars and drops them on the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

Did I offend you somehow?

CHELSEA

You did, Tom. I will never cheat on
Michael, never.

TOM

Said a call girl.

Chelsea shakes her head as she walks to the exit. Tom smirks
and puts another piece of meat into his mouth.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

The moon is almost full. Chelsea and Michael sit by a fire-
pit. Both hold a glass of Scotch.

MICHAEL

What did your doctor say?

CHELSEA

Vagina looks good.

MICHAEL

That's what he said?

CHELSEA

Yea.

MICHAEL

This guy is fucking eighty years old. He can't see shit.

CHELSEA

That's right, Michael, he is eighty years old. You have nothing to worry about.

MICHAEL

What about this artist of yours? Should I worry about him?

Chelsea glances at Michael.

CHELSEA

No. I thought I was clear about that.

MICHAEL

Good.

He sips his Scotch.

CHELSEA

I'll be late tomorrow night.

MICHAEL

Late, again? Jesus. I thought we...

CHELSEA

I'm almost at my peak. This healer Elvera, she might be able to help me get pregnant. We were waiting for a full moon to do the ritual.

MICHAEL

Ritual? Full moon? You've got to be kidding me.

CHELSEA

It doesn't matter if you believe in it or not, as long as it works. Right?

MICHAEL

Right. As long as she doesn't have a dick I'm OK with this.

CHELSEA

Michael what's wrong with you? Why are you so angry?

MICHAEL

I'm angry because you can't give me a baby. I'm angry because you're spending time with some artists doing who knows what. What else? What else should I tell you?

CHELSEA

How about I love you? As you promised, forever.

Michael lowers his eyes as his anger diminishes.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm just under a lot of pressure. I don't know what to do.

CHELSEA

Then talk to me. Talk to me Michael. I can help you. Please tell me what's going on.

MICHAEL

OK... I'll tell you.

Chelsea waits for his words.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Honey, this baby means so much to me. I'm putting my trust in you. I know you can do it.

Chelsea grins as she nods.

CHELSEA

I'll do my best, Michael.

MICHAEL

Thank you baby. This healer, how do you know her? Do you really think she can help?

As Chelsea looks at him her thoughts take her away from reality.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brown wallpaper adds gloominess to the place. A dated couch and a lazy-boy chair nest side by side. A few feet away an old TV set stands on a scratched wooden shelf.

CHRIS (45), a heavy unshaven brute, sits in the lazy-boy with a glass of whiskey in his hand. His drunken oily eyes stare with lust at Chelsea, fifteen years old at the time. He spreads his legs apart and moves his fat fingers inviting Chelsea to kneel between his legs.

Tears run down Chelsea's cheeks all the way to her simple generic dress.

CHELSEA

Please uncle Chris, I don't wanna do it anymore.

CHRIS

Come on baby, what's not to like.

Chelsea shakes her head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm feeding you bitch. Get on your knees and do it.

CHELSEA

No.

CHRIS

NO?

He stands up and grabs her hair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Are you fucking telling me NO?

Chelsea cries.

CHELSEA

Please.

CHRIS

Do it!

He shoves her down. His drunken face lights up with pleasure.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah there you go.

He grins and moans until he cums. He drops in his chair exhausted. Chelsea stands up, wipes her eyes and stares at Chris. He finishes his whiskey and offers her the empty glass.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fetch me some more.

Chelsea takes the glass and goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea places the glass on the counter and looks around. Only Chris's legs are visible through the doorway. Chelsea opens a cabinet and reaches deep inside. She gets out a small glass vial, unscrews it and pours its contents into the glass. A quick glance back. Chris is still in the chair. Chelsea fills the glass with whiskey and walks back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris watches Chelsea walking in.

CHRIS

What the hell takes you so long,
you lazy bitch.

Chelsea extends her arm with the glass. Her hand is shaking. Chris takes it and grins as he stares at her. He licks his lips.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I think we're gonna play more
today.

He gulps half of the whiskey and winks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I wanna buy you a new dress. So I
need to see what size you are.

He nods at her dress.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Take it off.

CHELSEA

No.

CHRIS

Here we go again.

He finishes his drink and stands up. He is about to say something but freezes as his face grimaces in pain. The glass drops on the floor. Chris looks at it and then stares at Chelsea.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuc...

He extends his arm to grab her. Foam comes out from his mouth as he collapses, dead.

Chelsea sits on the couch staring at the dead body. The door bell rings. Chelsea stands up and opens the door. On the porch she sees Elvera.

ELVERA

Is it done?

Chelsea nods her head. Elvera walks inside and sees the body. She turns to Chelsea.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

Go to my house. Seth knows you're coming. You'll stay with us from now on.

CHELSEA

Thank you Elvera.

She hugs her.

ELVERA

OK, OK go now.

Chelsea leaves the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - EVENING

The door opens and Chelsea walks out. Michael follows her. She turns around and kisses him.

MICHAEL

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?

CHELSEA

Yes I am sure. And please, don't you worry Michael. I'll be OK.

MICHAEL

OK then, I'll be waiting for you. I hope her magic works.

CHELSEA

Me too. Love you.

MICHAEL

Love you.

She kisses him again and walks to her car.

INT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, RITUAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is illuminated by candles. The light of the full moon breaks in through the window.

A ritual table, covered with white sheep's skin, stands in the middle of the dim room. A witch's altar holds burning candles. By the walls, bunches of herbs hang from the ceiling.

Uplifting vocals perform a song in a foreign language. Four women escort Chelsea into the room. All of them have white tunics on. Elvera, in a white tunic and a crown of branches, containing berries and flowers, walks behind. They stop by the table. Elvera steps to the altar, takes a silver cup and whispers a spell over it. After its done, she takes the ritual knife and crosses the cup.

Chelsea watches the ritual. Elvera walks to her and offers her the cup. The song continues. Chelsea takes the cup and sees liquid inside. Elvera invites her to drink the mixture. Feeling overwhelmed, Chelsea drinks the liquid to the last drop. Her vision starts to blur. Like in a dream, she lets the girls lie her on the table and tie her limbs to it. Elvera puts a mask over her face.

Barely conscious, Chelsea sees two bare chested men slowly walking into the room. Their faces are covered by black masks. As the song continues, the first man gets to the table. Chelsea sees him lifting her tunic up and feels the penetration. Her vision gets blurry and fades to darkness.

INT. ROOM CONNECTED TO THE RITUAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through a hole in the wall, Seth is watching the men switching places as they rape Chelsea repeatedly. Tears streaming down his face.

EXT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, PATH IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

A full moon shimmers in the sky. Chelsea is shaking as she walks through the forest on a dark dirt road, away from Elvera's house.

There is the sound of a branch breaking behind her. As she looks back Chelsea sees the dark figure of A MAN standing between the trees. The black mask covers his face. Chelsea walks faster. The man follows. Chelsea glances at him over her shoulder and stumbles over a rock losing her balance.

In fear, she runs to her car parked ahead. The sound of the man's steps behind are resonating in her ears. As she gets closer to the car she pulls out her keys and opens the door with her shaking hands. A glance back. The man in the mask is walking toward her from the darkness. Chelsea jumps in and turns the ignition on.

As she drives away she sees him in the rear view mirror. He makes a few more steps and stops, silently watching her leave.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chelsea is alone. She pours herself a glass of vodka and gulps it at once. She fills the glass again.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You home? I didn't hear you.

CHELSEA
Yea I'm home.

She drinks again. Michael sits beside her.

MICHAEL
Wow, slow down girl, we have a big night ahead of us.

Chelsea glances at him and laughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

CHELSEA
Just can't imagine getting fucked right now.

MICHAEL
Are you serious? Today is your peak day. We can't miss it. Especially, as you said, after your healer's visit you'll be extra fertile.

Chelsea grins.

CHELSEA
Oh yeah, the healer. If it's OK with you, can we do it tomorrow please?

MICHAEL
What the hell Chelsea? Tonight is the night, right?

Chelsea stares at him with her sad eyes.

CHELSEA
Yes tonight is the night.

MICHAEL
And we're not gonna miss it.

CHELSEA
Michael, I am very tired and I
can't believe you don't give a fuck
about me or what I want or feel.

Michael stares at her as he thinks. He looks in the direction of the hidden camera. He hesitates for a second and then turns back to Chelsea.

MICHAEL
I don't care if you're tired, you
have to do your duty as a wife.

Chelsea grins and nods her head.

CHELSEA
OK, go ahead, make my day honey.

She undresses herself and drops her clothes on the floor as she walks out of the kitchen.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Chelsea, in her pajamas, is drinking coffee. Michael walks in dressed for work.

MICHAEL
Good morning.

Chelsea nods.

Michael makes an espresso for himself and sits across from her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

CHELSEA
Fucked. If you know what I mean.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry I had to press you.

CHELSEA

You've been pretty good with it lately.

MICHAEL

Listen, I just have to do what I have to do.

CHELSEA

Really?

She stares at him. Michael thinks for a second.

MICHAEL

If we want to have a baby we need to do it when the time is right. That's all. I know you were tired and I had to force it. I'm sorry for that.

CHELSEA

Right.

MICHAEL

Listen, let me make it up to you. I'll take you to the best restaurant in town. What do you say?

CHELSEA

Whatever.

MICHAEL

Good. It's a date then.

He kisses her cheek and walks away from the kitchen.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chelsea and Michael are facing each other at the table. Michael is almost done with his food, Chelsea's plate is untouched. Michael picks up his glass with wine.

MICHAEL

To us.

Chelsea smiles sadly and picks up her glass.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

On the sidewalk, a medium built man is standing by the window. He has a dark hoodie on covering his face.

From his POV, we can see Chelsea and Michael sitting inside of the restaurant talking and drinking wine.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sips her wine. She glances out the window and freezes. Tuan, with the hood on, stares at her from outside.

Michael notices something in Chelsea's behavior and turns toward the window as well. No one is there.

MICHAEL

What is it?

Chelsea shakes her head.

CHELSEA

Nothing. I thought I saw someone I know.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Michael is driving. Chelsea sits beside him. He turns into the driveway of their house and stops by the entrance. They get out and walk to the door. As they get closer they see something hanging on the doorknob. Michael takes it off of the knob and brings it to the light. Chelsea freaks out as she recognizes the mask of the man who followed her on the dark road. She looks around in fear.

MICHAEL

What's wrong?

CHELSEA

The mask.

MICHAEL

Yeah what about it?

CHELSEA

Open the door please, quickly
Michael.

Michael opens the door. They walk in. Chelsea locks the door. She looks disturbed. Michael is puzzled.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

CHELSEA

When I was coming home from Elvera's, someone in that mask was chasing me.

MICHAEL

What? What are you talking about?

Tears fill her eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

CHELSEA

You were busy accusing me of treachery.

MICHAEL

Jesus Chelsea. I'm calling the police.

He dials a number.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Charmaine sits across from Chelsea and Michael.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

OK let's start from the beginning again. Where did you see the mask for the first time?

CHELSEA

On my way home from the healer. A man was following me, and he had this mask on.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

What is the name of this healer?

CHELSEA

Elvera.

The detective writes it down.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

OK. So you were walking to your car and a man in this mask was following you?

CHELSEA

Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
What time was it?

CHELSEA
Around one AM.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
One AM?

He glances at Michael.

CHELSEA
Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Why did you go to this healer?

CHELSEA
I thought she could help me.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Help you with what?

CHELSEA
Does it matter?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
It does.

CHELSEA
Fine, to get pregnant.

Detective glances at Michael again and then turns his eyes back to Chelsea.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Is she a doctor?

CHELSEA
She is a naturopath.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Naturopath? Interesting. So this
guy who followed you, any idea who
he is?

CHELSEA
No.

The detective thinks as he looks at her. He reaches to his briefcase and gets a picture. He puts it in front of Chelsea. She looks at it and freaks out.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

It is a picture of the murdered woman. He places another picture with a close up of her bloody stomach. Chelsea stares at the puncture wounds inside of the five cornered star in the circle. He places another close up of her face.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Do you know her?

CHELSEA

Yes. Her name is Maria.

Michael is dumbfounded as he stares at her.

MICHAEL

You know this woman, honey?

She glances at him.

CHELSEA

Yes.

She turns her eyes back to the Detective.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

She was Elvera's regular.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Do you have any idea who could be behind this?

He nods to the pictures.

CHELSEA

No.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Any strange events, besides the mask?

CHELSEA

No.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

OK then.

He stands up.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Please stay away from that naturopath of yours until we get the killer. OK? I'll be in touch.

MICHAEL

That's it? You'll be in touch? What about protection?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

There is no obvious threat right now. So, if you see something suspicious or have legitimate information please give me a call. Good night.

He takes the mask and walks to the exit. Michael looks dumfounded as he glances at Chelsea.

MICHAEL

Do you believe this? I pay my taxes, I basically put food on his table. Where are all the police when you need them?

The detective closes the door after himself.

INT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, SETH'S ROOM - MORNING

Seth is on his knees in front of the altar. He whispers something as he stares at the picture of the Horned God above.

The doorbell is ringing. Seth turns his head slightly toward the sound.

EXT. ELVERA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detectives Charmaine and Smith stand by the front door. It opens a third of the way. From inside, Elvera checks the detectives out.

ELVERA

May I help you?

Charm flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Elvera Polansky?

ELVERA

Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Can we talk?

Elvera thinks for a second and then opens the door wider inviting them in.

INT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The detectives walk in and look around.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
I've heard you're a healer.

ELVERA
I practice natural medicine. If you need a consultation, it's free of charge today.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
No, maybe another time.

ELVERA
Did my neighbors complain or something?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Yea something. Do you know Chelsea Almond?

Elvera tenses up.

ELVERA
Yes. She comes sometimes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
What is the nature of your business with her?

ELVERA
She asked me for help.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
What kind of help?

ELVERA
That's private information.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
OK. A couple of nights ago she was followed by a masked man after she left your house. I'm sure you're aware of the recent killings in your area.

ELVERA
Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
The two women killed were your
regulars. Is that correct?

ELVERA
I have no idea what you are talking
about.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Maria Gelovan and Stacey Smith?
Rings a bell?

ELVERA
Oh good god.

She sits down.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Do you know anything about it?

ELVERA
If I did I would've called the
police.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Right. So there was nothing unusual
about them, anything at all?

ELVERA
No. I was wondering and worried
about them.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Worried and wondering about what?

ELVERA
About their absence, detective.

Charm stares at her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
OK. Who else lives in the house
besides you?

ELVERA
My son. Why?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
He might have seen something.

ELVERA
I don't think he can help you. He
is a quiet boy. He stays in his
room all the time.

Charm glances at his partner.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Is he in his room now?

ELVERA
Yes.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
I would like to ask him a few questions.

ELVERA
I don't think he would like that.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
It is an active investigation
Ma'am. I need to talk to him.

Elvera hesitates.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Right now.

ELVERA
Fine.

She walks towards a dark hallway. Charm looks at his partner, loosens up his gun and follows Elvera.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The detectives walk behind Elvera. They are passing by the ritual room. Its door is a bit open. Charm pushes it in. The door makes a squeaky sound as it lets the detective inside.

INT. THE RITUAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three candles throw shaky rays of yellow light on the altar, the sacrifice table and the bunches of herbs hanging from the ceiling.

Seth stands quietly by the wall near the door. The door opens covering him up. Charm steps in and looks around.

ELVERA (O.S.)
This is not his room, detective.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
I see.

He takes another look and then steps back closing the door. Seth stands breathless by the wall.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Elvera stops by a door down the hallway. She knocks. There is no answer.

ELVERA
He might be sleeping. Come tomorrow.

Charm moves her aside, puts his hand on his gun and pushes the door in.

INT. SETH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The candles, on the altar, are still burning. The door opens and Charm walks in holding his hand on the gun. Seth is not there. The detectives walk around the room. Elvera watches them.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
You said he was here.

ELVERA
He was.

Charm stops by the altar and looks at the Horned God. He takes a closer look and sees something sticking from underneath the painting. He slides the painting to the side and a picture of Chelsea appears. She is naked dancing under the full moon. Behind her he sees Elvera in a white gown holding a ritual knife. Charm scoops the picture off of the wall and turns to Elvera.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Where is your son?

ELVERA
I don't know. He was here praying.

Detective Smith takes his gun out from the holster and walks into the hallway. Charm follows him searching the house.

EXT. ELVERA'S HOUSE - LATER

The detectives walk around the house.

INT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charm and detective Smith stand by the table across from Elvera.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Did you see a photo camera in your son's possession?

ELVERA
No. Whatever you think he is, he isn't. He is a quiet boy.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Miss Polansky, I need to talk to your son about this picture.

He flashes the picture of Chelsea.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
He might have seen the killer and could be in danger himself.

ELVERA
He has hideouts in the forest. He must have heard you and gotten scared.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Miss Polansky, if you care about your son, bring us to him.

ELVERA
I'm sorry, I don't know where he hides.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Don't you have a crystal ball?

ELVERA
You still believe in fairy tales detective?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Hardly.

He gets a business card and hands it to Elvera.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
If you hear anything please call me. And again, your son is in grave danger. Please let me help.

ELVERA

Thank you, detective. If I hear
from him I will give you a call.

Charm nods and walks out of the house followed by his
partner.

INT. CHARM'S CAR - DAY

Charm drives the car away from Elvera's house. He glances at
detective Smith.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Place a search warrant for Seth
Polansky.

Detective Smith calls a dispatcher.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Dispatcher one oh two.

DETECTIVE SMITH

John Smith. I need to locate a
suspect. Seth Polansky, Age thirty,
Southborough resident, place of
work - Hancock Tower, occupation -
janitor.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Information Received.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Thank you.

He ends the transmission.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom drinks scotch with STEVE WASSERMAN (60), his lawyer.
Michael walks in. He looks dead serious.

TOM

Hey bud, we were just talking about
you.

He notices Michael's demeanor.

TOM (CONT'D)

Why so grumpy? Are you OK?

MICHAEL

I can't hurt my wife anymore. I
want to cancel the bet.

Tom and Steve stare at him. Tom looks at his lawyer.

TOM

Is it legal or even possible?

STEVE WASSERMAN

I don't think so. There is a clause
in the contract saying that the bet
can not be canceled or interrupted
for any reason. The cancelation
will result in forfeiting the bet.

Tom looks at Michael hopelessly and points at his lawyer.

TOM

These blood sucking lawyers man.
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Are you fucking kidding me? Cancel
the fucking bet. I covered your ass
so many times. You owe me this one.

TOM

Come on Michael, what are you
talking about?

MICHAEL

Alice, Julie...

Tom stares at him. Steve glances at Tom with curiosity.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you want me go on?

Tom smiles.

TOM

Sorry, I don't know what you are
talking about.

MICHAEL

Really?

INT. FLASHBACK. FRAT HOUSE, TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom (21), with a hoodie on, is shaking nervously as he stares
in panic at an unconscious girl.

She's laying in bed half naked. The door opens and Michael (21) rushes in. He sees the girl and freezes.

MICHAEL

What the fuck did you do?

TOM

She asked for it. She fucking asked for it, man! Trust me.

MICHAEL

Is she dead?

TOM

Oh fuck!

The girl inhales loudly and grabs her throat. She sits up breathing rapidly. Her face grimaces in pain. She stares angrily at Tom. Her eyes are filling up with tears.

THE GIRL

Fucking psycho! I'm going to the cops.

She grabs her clothes and rushes out of the room in tears.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

I covered your ass that night. You would be in fucking prison.

TOM

I think you're overreacting buddy.

He gets a few photographs from his desk and throws them in front of Michael.

MICHAEL

What is this?

TOM

Take a look. I don't think you'll like it.

Michael takes the photos and changes to an old man as he looks through them. In the pictures, Chelsea, in the see-through gown, hugs Tuan by the window.

TOM (CONT'D)

She visits him quite often. She might bear his child already as far as I know. I'm returning you a favor, my friend.

Michael turns around and slowly leaves the office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE, HANCOCK BUILDING - NIGHT

The employees are gone. Michael sits alone at his desk with a glass of whiskey in his hand. He stares at the pictures lying in front of him. Chelsea, dressed in a very revealing outfit, is hugging Tuan. Michael grins, gulps the spirit and pours more. His phone rings. He glances at the screen and sees a picture of Chelsea light up. He thinks for a second, flips the phone over and drinks again.

INT. BMW SUV - NIGHT

Chelsea drives on a dark street looking for parking. She checks her phone and then dials a number. Long beeps change to a message.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This is Michael Almond, leave a message.

CHELSEA

Michael call me.

She hangs up. There is a parking spot available. Chelsea drives in and opens the door.

EXT. STREET NEAR TUAN'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

The street is poorly lit. Chelsea comes out and locks the vehicle. As she is about to walk, she notices a dark figure in a hoodie slipping between parked cars and heading toward her. Chelsea walks quickly to the entrance of the building. She opens the door and looks over her shoulder. In the dark, the figure of the man moves toward her. Chelsea gets inside quickly.

INT. THE BUILDING - CONTINUES

Chelsea walks in and heads toward the elevator. She sees a sign "Out of order" on it.

CHELSEA

Shit.

She walks upstairs and dials the number again. Beeps. Michael picks it up.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Yes?

There is the sound of the entrance door shutting. Chelsea walks faster.

CHELSEA

Michael, thank God, I think someone's following me.

There are heavy steps coming from below.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Where are you?

CHELSEA

I'm going to Tuan, the artist. I need to pick something up.

The connection breaks. She hears the beep again.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Michael?

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael throws the phone to the wall, breaking it to pieces.

MICHAEL

Fucking whore!

He drinks from the bottle.

INT. THE BUILDING, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea keeps walking up. The steps are getting closer.

Chelsea glances down and speeds up to the studio's door. As she looks back again she stumbles leaning on the door. It opens. No light inside. The steps are getting louder. Chelsea walks into the studio and stares into darkness.

CHELSEA

Tuan?

She closes the door and carefully moves forward.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Tuan, are you here?

A draft of air moves the curtains. Chelsea takes a few more steps and sees a painting of a naked woman standing on the easel. A bloody five cornered star is carved on her stomach. Chelsea stares at the star with fear. Someone touches her shoulder. Chelsea jumps up and screams.

TUAN

Chelsea?

She turns around and sees Tuan holding a couple of shopping bags in his hands. He has a dark hoodie on.

CHELSEA

Jesus. What the hell?

TUAN

How did you get in here?

He turns the light on.

CHELSEA

The door was open.

TUAN

Oh I must forgot to lock it.

He puts the bags on the table and nods toward the new painting of the woman with the bloody star.

TUAN (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

CHELSEA

It's pretty dark for me.

TUAN

Really? I thought you like dark stuff.

CHELSEA

Where did you get that?

TUAN

Just a hunch. Wine?

CHELSEA

Sure.

Tuan gets a bottle from the bag and opens it. He grabs a couple of glasses and fills them up with wine.

TUAN

I think we have an excuse to celebrate.

He passes her the glass.

CHELSEA

OK?

Tuan walks to a canvas covered with a cloth. He takes the fabric off and turns the painting toward Chelsea.

It is the painting of Chelsea standing by the window. The image is light and dreamy, almost weightless.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Wow. It's beautiful. Michael will love it.

Tuan lifts his glass.

TUAN

I saw you by the way, in the restaurant.

CHELSEA

I thought it was you.

TUAN

Your husband is quite older than you.

CHELSEA

I know.

TUAN

Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you.

CHELSEA

That's OK.

TUAN

Cheese?

He gets the cheese from the bag and then reaches for a big knife in a drawer. Chelsea glances at the knife.

CHELSEA

Sure.

TUAN

You're a bit tense. Are you OK?

He puts the knife on the table.

CHELSEA

Not really. It was a long day.

She glances at the knife again and then at the painting of the woman with the bloody star.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

And I need to get going. Michael is waiting. I told him that I am going to stop by your place.

She nods toward the painting.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

He will be so excited.

TUAN

He knows you're here?

CHELSEA

Yea.

She smiles and gets a checkbook from her purse.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the wine by the way.

TUAN

You didn't drink it. Are you OK?

CHELSEA

Yea. Sorry, it's just too much going on. I need to get going.

TUAN

I see.

Chelsea writes a check, tears it from the checkbook and places it on the table.

CHELSEA

Here we go.

She smiles.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Well. Thank you so much again.

TUAN

When will I see you?

CHELSEA

Call me and we'll figure it out.

TUAN

OK. Let me help you with this.

He takes the painting and heads toward the door.

CHELSEA

Thank you.

She exhales with relief and follows him.

EXT. STREET NEAR TUAN'S ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea and Tuan walk to the car. She opens the trunk letting him put the painting inside.

CHELSEA

Thank you again.

TUAN

Lunch tomorrow?

CHELSEA

I am not sure, the next few days
will be tough, but call me.

Chelsea smiles and gets inside the car. Tuan watches her driving away. As the car disappears he walks back to the building.

INT. TUAN'S ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Tuan walks in and pours more wine into his glass. He comes to the table and glances at the money number written on the check. He nods his head with satisfaction and notices the checkbook Chelsea forgot. He takes a sip of wine.

The doorbell rings. Tuan smiles, takes the checkbook and walks to the door.

TUAN

Coming.

He opens the door and grimaces in pain as a sharp object drives into his stomach. He stares at someone as the hand with the knife stabs him over and over again.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Chelsea places a cup in the espresso machine and pushes the button. Her phone rings. She picks it up.

CHELSEA

Hello?

As she listens she goes to the TV set and turns it on. She flips through the channels and stops on the local news. Pictures of Tuan and Michael appear on the screen side by side.

TV ANCHOR

A prominent hedge fund manager is arrested this morning for murdering a local artist.

Chelsea stares at the TV. The doorbell rings.

EXT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detectives Charmaine and Smith stand by the door. A short distance away, a group of journalists and cameramen are ready to engage as they stare at the entrance. Charm glances at them and rings the bell again.

The door opens half way. Chelsea takes a peak outside. The cameras flash and roll.

JOURNALIST

Misses Almond did you have an intimate relationship with Tuan Gretchen?

Chelsea looks perplexed as she stares at the crowd and then turns her eyes to the detectives.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

I think it would be better if we talk inside.

She lets them in.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sits across from the detectives.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Tuan Gretchen, when did you see him last?

CHELSEA

Last night at his studio. I bought a gift for Michael.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

What time did you leave the studio?

CHELSEA

I don't know. Some time after nine.
Wait, where is Michael? I saw on TV
that...

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

He's at the station.

CHELSEA

He is not a killer. Believe me, he
can't hurt a fly.

Charm gets a few photos from his suitcase and places them on the table. On the pictures, Chelsea hugs Tuan. She is barely dressed.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Your husband had these in his
pocket when we got him.

Chelsea looks at the pictures.

CHELSEA

Tuan was painting me. That night I
was very upset and he comforted me.
Is that a crime?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

I think your husband might think
so.

CHELSEA

Michael is not a killer.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Tuan was killed with a letter
opener, which belongs to your
husband.

The detective gets another picture and places it on the table. Chelsea sees the letter opener with the amber handle, the one Michael had in his office. It has blood on it.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

And it has Mister Almond's
fingerprints on it.

Chelsea cries.

CHELSEA

I called him yesterday on my way to Tuan. Someone was following me. I was scared. When he heard that I was going to the studio, he hung up on me. He was drunk.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

We noticed, eight times over the legal limit. Misses Almond, why did your husband hire a private investigator?

CHELSEA

How would I know? I didn't give him any reason.

She sobs. Detective Charmaine moves the picture with Chelsea hugging Tuan closer to her. Chelsea looks at it.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I told you, I had a nervous break down. Michael was pushing me hard to get pregnant and it wasn't happening. He thinks it's my fault.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

You said, on the way to the studio, someone was following you?

CHELSEA

Yes. A man, he had a hoodie on.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Could you recognize him?

CHELSEA

No, I didn't see his face.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

OK Misses Almond. Thank you for your time. Oh I have something for you.

He gets her checkbook from his suitcase and hands it to her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

It's a bit bloody.

Chelsea takes the checkbook and sees stains of blood.

CHELSEA

Oh God, is it Tuan's.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Yes Ma'am.

She drops the check book on the floor. She is visibly disturbed. The detective watches her for a second and then turns around and heads to the exit followed, by Detective Smith. At the door, Charm stops and turns to Chelsea again.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Do you know Seth Polansky?

CHELSEA

Elvera's son?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Yes.

CHELSEA

I do.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

When did you see him last?

CHELSEA

I don't know, I can't even remember.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Why would he hide your picture behind his God?

CHELSEA

What?

Charm stares at her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

The picture of you by the lake.

Chelsea is a bit confused.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

The fire, the moon, the dancing.
Does it ring a bell?

CHELSEA

I don't know how he got it or why he would keep it.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Right. If you see him, or if he contacts you, please call me immediately.

He places his business card on a table and walks out.

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A building with barred windows faces the Charles river.

INT. VISITING ROOM, SUFFOLK COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sits in a half open booth. Thick glass separates her from Michael. He stares at her with tears in his eyes. They both speak through the phone connecting them to each other.

MICHAEL

I didn't kill him. You've got to believe me.

CHELSEA

I do honey. I do.

MICHAEL

When I came he was already dead. My fucking lawyer tells me to take a plea. But I didn't do it!

He cries.

CHELSEA

Honey, if you didn't do it then they'll figure out who did and you'll go home.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I was such an asshole.

CHELSEA

That's OK baby. The most important thing is to get you out of here.

GUARD

Time's up.

Michael stands up and stares at Chelsea with his watery eyes.

MICHAEL

I love you.

The guard takes him away. Chelsea nods her head.

CHELSEA

(quietly)
I love you too.

INT. KITCHEN, ELVERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elvera washes dishes. She glances at the dark window and sees the reflection of a man standing behind her. She turns around quickly and exhales with relief.

ELVERA
What the hell, Seth?

She shakes her head as she looks at her son.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
Where have you been? The police are looking for you.

Seth sits at the table.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
They found a picture in your room. I didn't know you have a thing for Chelsea. And they were looking for some kind of camera. Do you know anything about it?

Seth stands up and walks out of the kitchen.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
OK, nice talk.

Seth stops and thinks for a second.

SETH
I think Chelsea is in trouble.

ELVERA
Why do you think she's in trouble?

SETH
I saw something.

ELVERA
You saw what?

She walks to him. He still stands with his back toward her. She turns him around.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
What did you see?

SETH
A contract.

ELVERA
A contract? OK, what contract?

SETH
They bet on Chelsea.

He is quiet again. Elvera is losing patience.

ELVERA
Can you finish the story please?
Who bet on Chelsea and what is the
bet?

SETH
Michael and his boss.

ELVERA
Tom?

Seth nods his head.

SETH
I have it on my phone.

ELVERA
What? Give it to me.

SETH
Tom wants her to get pregnant.

ELVERA
Give me the phone.

Seth nods. He finds the pictures on his phone and hands the phone to Elvera.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - MORNING

The doorbell is ringing. Chelsea walks to the door. As she opens it she sees Elvera standing on the porch. They stare at each other.

ELVERA
I heard about Michael.

Chelsea is silent.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
May I come in?

Chelsea reluctantly moves aside. Elvera walks in. Chelsea locks the door and follows Elvera to the kitchen.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tom sits behind his desk. The laptop beeps. Tom glances at the screen and sees a video icon blinking. He clicks on it and sees Elvera and Chelsea walking into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elvera walks to the table and sits. Chelsea stands.

ELVERA

Sit down.

CHELSEA

I'll stand.

ELVERA

Fine. May I say, congratulations?

CHELSEA

What for?

ELVERA

You've got what you always wanted. But don't forget who was helping you all these times.

CHELSEA

Oh. You mean raping me?

ELVERA

Come on, I did it for your own good. And besides that, you're not a stranger to cock, are you?

CHELSEA

Fuck you.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom is getting amused as the conversation progresses.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ELVERA

I want my cut.

Chelsea laughs.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

Do you think it's funny?

CHELSEA
Kind of. There is nothing to cut.

ELVERA
Don't bullshit me.

CHELSEA
Michael lost all of the money. I
have to sell the house to pay the
bills.

ELVERA
What?

CHELSEA
Unfortunately, it's the truth.

ELVERA
Fuck.

CHELSEA
Yea.

ELVERA
But this house sale won't work for
you either.

CHELSEA
Why not?

ELVERA
You've signed the prenup, girl.
Without a child it all belongs to
Michael. You have no rights to any
assets, including the house.

Chelsea sits on the chair. Elvera looks around the kitchen as if she was looking for something. She stares at a black dot in the corner up by the ceiling.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

From the screen, Elvera stares at Tom. She waves her hand at him discretely. Tom is confused by her obvious knowledge of his presence.

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ELVERA
I think you should consider to get
pregnant as soon as possible.

She takes her eyes off of the hidden camera and turns them to Chelsea.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
This is your only option to sell
the house and keep the cash.

CHELSEA
Are you kidding me? What am I gonna
do with a kid?

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom stares at the screen.

TOM
You take care of it, bitch.

INT. ELVERA'S HOUSE, SACRIFICE ROOM - EVENING

Elvera stands on her knees in front of an altar, praying. The candle's yellow light illuminates the painting of a Goddess above her. The doorbell rings.

INT. ENTRANCE, ELVERA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elvera opens the door and sees Tom. He waves his hand the same way Elvera waved to him in the Chelsea's kitchen.

TOM
Hello there.

ELVERA
Mister Hadlee. Come in.

Tom walks in and looks around checking the place out.

TOM
So, enlighten me.

He sits down and stares at her.

TOM (CONT'D)
How did you find out?

ELVERA
I have a crystal ball.

TOM
Oh that. I should hire you as my
business adviser then.

They look at each other.

ELVERA

You don't have much time left. Even with Michael in prison, the bet is still on.

TOM

Darling, I went to Harvard, I know that. Tell me better what you can do for me.

ELVERA

I can make her pregnant.

Tom glances at Elvera's crotch.

TOM

Lovely.

ELVERA

Ten million dollars.

TOM

Wow, do you even know how many zeros are in that number?

ELVERA

It's ten percent of what you might lose if you turn it down.

TOM

Damn, I want this crystal ball of yours.

ELVERA

Do we have a deal?

Tom thinks.

TOM

For this money, I want to be the one who makes her pregnant.

He stands up.

TOM (CONT'D)

So do your hocus pocus and make it happen.

ELVERA

In one week the full moon will rise. Be ready, she'll be at her peak.

TOM

Yea? Just a little warning,
darling. I don't know where and how
you've got this information. But I
would be very careful talking to
anyone about that.

He gets in her face.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm talking
about?

ELVERA

I do.

TOM

I'll be in touch.

He walks to the door leaving Elvera alone.

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY JAIL, VISITING ROOM - DAY

Chelsea sits across from Michael. Both of them hold a phone
by their ear.

CHELSEA

Michael I have to sell the house.

Michael is getting excited as he whispers into the phone.

MICHAEL

No, no, forget about it. My lawyer
is getting me out of here soon.

He glances over his shoulder at the guard and then turns back
to Chelsea.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Listen, I am winning this bet, you
don't have to know about it. But
some big money is coming our way,
baby. Trust me and don't worry
about anything.

CHELSEA

Oh baby, that's great.

She smiles happily at him.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I also have some good news for you.

MICHAEL
Awesome, what is it?

He smiles in anticipation.

CHELSEA
I'm pregnant.

Michael's smile has deflated.

MICHAEL
What?

CHELSEA
Remember we had sex after I came
back from Elvera? It happened,
Michael. I knew I wouldn't let you
down baby. Aren't you happy?

Michael is in shock as he stares at her.

MICHAEL
You're a fucking whore! How could
you? If you're pregnant I will
fucking kill you!

He stands up and moves his face all the way to the glass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I am here because of you! I will
fucking kill you!

Guards are pulling him away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You ruined it. Whore! I hate you,
you fucking whore!

Chelsea is stunned as she watches guards dragging Michael
away.

INT. MICHAEL ALMOND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Chelsea and Elvera sit at the table. They drink wine.

ELVERA
Did you tell him?

CHELSEA
Yes.

ELVERA
Was he happy to hear the news?

CHELSEA

No, not really. I think he lost his mind. One day he pushes me to get pregnant all the way up to divorce and then when I tell him I'm pregnant, he goes mad, calling me a whore. Do you have any idea why?

Elvera smiles.

ELVERA

Honey, he's under a lot of stress lately and probably is very confused. I'm sure he didn't mean it.

CHELSEA

I think he did. There was so much hate in his eyes. I just don't get it.

ELVERA

Listen, it doesn't matter anymore. You need to worry about how to get his assets. And for that you need to get pregnant as soon as possible.

CHELSEA

But how?

ELVERA

I guess the old fashion way. In a few days you'll be at your peak again. You need to come to my place. I'll make it happen.

CHELSEA

Again? Are you fucking kidding me?

ELVERA

Do you have a better idea?

CHELSEA

No.

ELVERA

Then it's done.

She raises her glass.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

For you.

Chelsea looks sad, she nods as she looks at Elvera and drinks her wine.

ELVERA (CONT'D)
With money in your pocket, you'll
feel more optimistic, honey.

CHELSEA
I guess I will.

ELVERA
Trust me.

She smiles as she drinks.

EXT. THE LAKE - NIGHT

A full moon hangs over the lake. Its light shimmers on the ripples of water all the way to the shore.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DETECTIVE'S CHARM APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charm sits at a wooden desk in front of an old computer screen. He plays chess online. The doorbell rings. Charm walks to the door and opens it. No one is there. He notices a small package lying on the floor.

Charm opens the package and sees a memory stick inside. He connects the stick to a computer and sees a video file. He clicks on it to open.

The video starts. In the ritual room, Chelsea lies on the table. Two men wearing masks rape her one by one. Charm notices the full moon shining through the window. He glances at the window of his apartment and stares at the full moon hanging in the dark sky.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Shit.

He grabs his gun and runs out of the apartment.

INT. RITUAL ROOM, ELVERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The candle light throws a shadow onto the objects on the altar. Wood is burning in a big fireplace distributing it's warmth throughout the room. A white sheep's skin covers the ritual table.

A deep voice is singing a song in an unknown language. Chelsea with two girls by her side slowly walk in.

She has the white tunic on, a mask on her face and a wreath of white flowers on top of her head.

Chelsea stops by the table and turns around. Elvera appears from a side door and walks toward her. She is dressed in a white gown and has the crown on her head. In each of her hands she holds a silver cup.

Elvera puts one cup on a side table and whispers a spell over the other. At the end she crosses the cup with the ritual knife and offers it to Chelsea to drink. The song is getting closer to the culmination encouraging Chelsea to act. The girls and Elvera join the voice. Chelsea brings the cup to her lips and drinks it all.

The girls take the tunic off of Chelsea's body and lie her down on the sheep's skin. They put leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles, bring her knees up and tie her to the table.

Elvera takes the other silver cup. As she whispers the spell, she dips her fingers into the oil inside of the cup and draws symbols on Chelsea's stomach. Through the ritual, the voice continues the song. Elvera gives a signal to the girls to walk away.

INT. THE ROOM NEXT TO THE RITUAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the hole in the wall, Seth is watching the ritual. He is nervous.

INT. THE RITUAL ROOM, ELVERA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea's head is spinning. Through holes in her mask, she sees a man walking up to the table. He has a mask on. As she stares at him, she feels him getting inside of her. Chelsea breathes faster. He smiles and takes his mask off. Chelsea pulls her restrained arms and screams as she stares at Tom.

CHELSEA

NO!

She tries to get off of the table. The restraints hold her tight. Tom laughs as he continues penetrating her. Chelsea cries.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

No, not him. Elvera please stop him!

TOM

I told you, it's inevitable. And now you'll carry my child.

CHELSEA

Please stop! I'm begging you!
Elvera stop him please!

Elvera comes to the table and takes Chelsea's arm.

ELVERA

It's OK baby. All you need is a child.

CHELSEA

NO! Why are you doing this to me?
Please stop him!

TOM

God, you are so dramatic.

He grabs Chelsea's legs hard as he gets closer to the end. Chelsea sobs. Through her blurry vision she sees Tom freeze. The tip of a knife comes out from his chest spraying his blood out. Tom falls dead on the floor revealing Seth standing behind him with the knife.

Elvera is stunned in disbelief as she stares at the bloody scene.

ELVERA

Seth, what did you do?

She gets closer to him.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

What did you do? You stupid imbecile!

She looks dumfounded at Seth. Seth stares blankly at her. She hits his chest with her hands.

ELVERA (CONT'D)

You ruined it! You ruined it. You dumb fuck.

He takes her neck with his hand and drives his knife all the way in her stomach.

With a surprised look of her face, Elvera slips down on the floor dead.

Chelsea sighs with relief.

CHELSEA

Seth thank you, thank you. Please untie me now.

Seth takes her mask off and stares at her face for a few seconds.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Seth, what are you waiting for?

As he holds his knife, Seth walks around and stops in between her legs.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Seth? What are you doing? Please let me go.

SETH

Your body is a poison. I can't watch you suffer anymore. You must belong to our Lord.

He whispers something.

CHELSEA

Seth listen to me. We'll talk about this later, okay? Please untie me.

Seth dips his finger in Tom's blood and draws something on her stomach.

Chelsea glances down and sees the bloody circle and the five cornered star inside of it. Chelsea is in shock as she stares at Seth.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Oh God. No. Seth, you don't want to do this. We grew up together, you're like a brother to me.

Seth whispers a prayer over her.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Seth. One minute. Please give me one minute. I have to tell you something.

Seth finishes the prayer.

SETH

He's waiting.

He wraps the handle of the knife with both of his hands and lifts it up for the strike.

CHELSEA

Wait!

Seth lowers his hands.

SETH

What?

CHELSEA

Your mother... she is...

SETH

With Lord now.

Chelsea stares at Seth's pale face and the knife going all the way up. It reaches the highest point and as it is about to crash down on Chelsea, gun shots sound. Three bullets hit Seth's chest sending him to the ground.

Chelsea glances to the side and sees Detective Charmaine.

CHELSEA

Detective.

She closes her eyes and exhales in exhaustion.

EXT. ELVERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Multiple police cars and ambulances stand by the house with flashing lights.

Paramedics are carrying Chelsea on a stretcher from the house to the ambulance.

INT. COURT - DAY

It is a bench trial. Detective Charmaine, dressed in a suit, sits at the witness stand.

JUDGE

Detective, when you entered the premises how did you find Chelsea Almond?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

She was bound to the table. Seth Polansky was holding a knife over her stomach ready to strike.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea is at the witness stand.

JUDGE

Misses Almond, what was the nature of your visit to Elvera Polansky?

CHELSEA

I came to Miss Polansky for advice and help.

JUDGE

Could you be more specific?

CHELSEA

Your Honor, with my husband's conviction and a tough financial situation I was going through a rough time. Miss Polansky was known as a healer. I didn't know what to do or where else to go. She promised me a remedy to calm my anxiety.

JUDGE

What happened when you came to her house?

Chelsea gets emotional.

CHELSEA

I was drugged, raped and almost killed.

JUDGE

At that time, did you know why Elvera Polansky and Thomas Hadlee would put you in that position?

CHELSEA

No your Honor.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS

From the witness stand, Detective Charmaine looks at the Judge.

JUDGE

Detective, based on your investigation, did Chelsea Almond know about the contract?

Detective Charmaine thinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. LIVING ROOM, AN OLD HOUSE - DAY

Cheap furniture is neatly settled in a meticulously cleaned room.

Detective Charmaine sits across an old couple. They all hold cups with hot tea.

OLD GENTLEMAN

Yes, Chelsea was a very bright kid. When her parents died in the car crash, her uncle took her in.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Why didn't she come to live with you guys? You are her grandparents.

The old couple smiled oddly.

OLD GENTLEMAN

We had a rough patch, we couldn't support her. And Chris, her uncle, was kind enough to take her in.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

He was a heavy drinker and died of poisoning. Didn't he?

OLD WOMAN

He was a good man. He took care of her. But when the Lord calls for you you've got to go.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Can't argue with that, Ma'am. So what happened next?

OLD WOMAN

This witch, Elvera, took her in. Chelsea was living under her roof with this creepy son of hers.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Seth?

OLD WOMAN

Yes. This boy was crazy about her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

You mean Chelsea?

OLD WOMAN

Yes, Chelsea of course.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

And then?

OLD WOMAN

She disappeared. I heard she went to New York City and got married to some rich man. Never got a dollar from her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Hmm go figure.

Charm notices an old picture of Chelsea standing on a shelf. He points at it.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Is it Chelsea? May I?

The old couple turn toward the picture.

OLD GENTLEMAN

Oh this?

He stands up and brings the picture to Charm.

OLD GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

She was the state champion. We were so proud of her.

Charm takes the picture and stares at it. Chelsea (15) has a big smile on her face. She sits in front of a chess board. Charm reads the sign below: "Youngest Master from le Roy NY wins state championship".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS

Charm is deep in his thoughts. The Judge loses his cool.

JUDGE

Detective, are you with me? Do I need to repeat my question?

Charm is back. He looks at the Judge.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

No your Honor. I believe that
Chelsea Almond did not know about
the contract.

The judge writes something on a piece of paper and then addresses a small crowd including Chelsea, a group of lawyers and Detective Charmaine sitting in the room.

JUDGE

Taking into consideration the
cruelty and inhumane behavior of
the parties involved in the
contract and taking into
consideration that all the binding
agreements of being faithful to her
husband were met by the subject of
the bet. The court has reached a
decision.

Chelsea holds her breath as she looks at the judge.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

The monetary award of the contract
in the sum of one hundred million
dollars is going to Chelsea Almond.

He brings down the gavel. Detective Charmaine looks at teary Chelsea. She stands up and hugs her lawyer. Charm nods his head as he thinks and then leaves the room.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

A full moon rises over the park. A small crowd of chess players sit behind a few tables.

Detective Charmaine sits across from his opponent, GARRY (60). The chess board has only a few figures left. Garry has a big disadvantage. Charm moves his queen toward the Garry's king.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Checkmate.

Garry stands up.

GARRY

Again! You're too darn lucky for
me, Charm.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Maybe next time, Garry.

GARRY
You've got it right, mate. I'll get you next time.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
You know what never dies, Garry?

GARRY
What?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Hope.

Charm grins with satisfaction as he puts the figures back on the board.

GARRY
I know, I know. You can laugh all day long, but I will get you eventually.

He walks away. Charm smiles as he continues setting the board.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
May I?

Charm glances at her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Oh Misses Almond, I was wondering how long it would take for you to show up.

CHELSEA
Call me Chelsea.

Chelsea sits at the table.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Chelsea.

He points at the board encouraging her to make the first move. Chelsea pushes her pawn forward. Charm responds. They play fast and aggressively. Chelsea advances her position. Charm is puzzled as he stares at the board.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Jeez, you are good. New York state champion at one point, right?

He makes a move.

CHELSEA

You did your homework, detective.

She keeps the pressure on as she attacks his king with her queen. Charm protects it with a knight.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Yes I did. But I'm still in the dark.

He looks at her.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Maybe you could clarify a few things for me?

CHELSEA

Sure, why not.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

OK. Your uncle - did Elvera help you poison him?

CHELSEA

My uncle?

She tenses up a bit.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Yes. He was abusing you, wasn't he? Sexually.

CHELSEA

Hmm, as I remember him, he was a very sweet man. And it's unfortunate that he died quickly. Sorry, I would say, prematurely. But you know what I mean.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Yea, I do. What about Seth? You guys lived under the same roof for a while. He was madly in love with you. Wasn't he?

CHELSEA

Oh yea, so much he almost killed me.

She takes Charm's knight with her bishop.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Check.

Charm looks at his chess situation realizing that he has no choice but move his king away.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

I think it was miscalculation on your part. You didn't know he was the killer.

CHELSEA

You're right, I had no idea.

She attacks his king again with the queen.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Check.

The detective sighs as he looks at his losing position and then lifts his eyes back to Chelsea.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

I have a theory. He was cleaning offices in your husband's business. One night he stumbled upon the contract, took the pictures and sent them to you. Am I right?

CHELSEA

You have quite an imagination, detective. But no, he didn't send me any pictures.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

I see. What about your gynecologist?

CHELSEA

Doctor Chen?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

No, doctor Nancy Gaylord. Another gynecologist of yours.

CHELSEA

What about her?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

She said that she prescribed a cervical cap for you. Isn't it counter productive to have that if you are trying very hard to conceive a baby?

CHELSEA

Yes I had the prescription, but it doesn't mean I was using it, right?

Detective thinks.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Perhaps.

CHELSEA

Your move, detective.

Charm looks at the board and moves his king again.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

You should pay attention to the game, my friend.

She moves her pawn forward attacking the king.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Check.

Charm has no options left but to move his king again.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

You know what fascinates me?

He stares at her.

CHELSEA

Please, satisfy my curiosity.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

No. I'm the one who is curious about, how a call girl was able to marry a wealthy man, put him in prison, and kill all of these people who wanted to control her life.

CHELSEA

It's a very interesting thought, detective.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE

Don't get me wrong, I think they all deserved it. But there is only one thing that still doesn't let me sleep at night.

CHELSEA

And what would that be?

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Tuan Gretchen. Was he a part of
your plan from the beginning to get
Michael to prison?

CHELSEA
Come on detective, you can do
better than that.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
You provoke Michael to go there.
And when he came to the studio Tuan
was already dead. Was it you or
Seth? Both of you had access to the
letter opener Tuan was killed with.

CHELSEA
Tuan was a sweet boy and I had
nothing to do with his death.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
Sweet boy? Like your uncle?

He gets intense.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
This one is on the record. If
Tuan's blood is on your hands, I
will hunt you down. Do you hear me?
I will, hunt you down.

Chelsea stands up as she keeps her eyes on the board. After a
second of consideration, she makes a move with her knight.

CHELSEA
It's a beautiful night. Happy
hunting, detective.

She knocks the detective's king down with her finger and
leaves the table. Charm looks at the board and realizes that
he was defeated.

DETECTIVE CHARMAINE
What?

He lifts his eyes and stares at Chelsea walking away on a
narrow path.

The full moon is hanging in the dark sky. Chelsea gets her
phone and goes into her text messages. After scrolling down,
she selects the message from Seth. The picture of the
contract pops up followed by a text: "Your husband is a
moron. Love you, Seth". Chelsea clicks the delete button and
erases the message from her phone.

As she walks away she glances at the moon and smiles leaving her past behind.

THE END