

Where Are The Cool Kids At?

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A *limousine* drives down the highway.

AMELIA (O.S.)
Yes, mom, I'm on my way home now.

A young woman sits in the back of the limousine; a cell phone pressed against her ear. AMELIA ESTERO (16) Pop star. Egotistical and selfish.

YELENA (V.O.)
How close are you?

AMELIA
I don't know.

She lowers the cell phone from her ear and leans forward.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Hey!! Driver!! How close are we!!

She moves closer.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Hello?

A click from her cell phone.

Amelia looks at her cell phone.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm getting another call! I'll call you back.

She hits the answer button.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Hello?

MAN (V.O.)
Hello?

AMELIA
Who is this?

MAN (V.O.)
Who is this?

AMELIA
I think you have the wrong number.

MAN (V.O.)
Wait? Your voice sounds familiar.
Are you Amelia Estero?

Amelia smiles.

AMELIA
Maybe.

MAN (V.O.)
I knew it!

AMELIA
(laugh)
You got me. What can I do for you?

MAN (V.O.)
I recently worked on an install for
your house and am just checking for
any leaks. Can I ask you a few
questions?

AMELIA
Shoot?

MAN (V.O.)
Have you experienced any minor
leaks of propane?

AMELIA
No.

MAN (V.O.)
Is your refrigerator going in and
out?

Amelia gets suspicious.

AMELIA
No.

MAN (V.O.)
Okay? Is there anyone with you?

AMELIA
No.

MAN (V.O.)
Last question? Where's the driver!

The limousine swerves to the left.

Amelia grabs the door and pushes it open. She jumps out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF-NIGHT

AMELIA
(scream)

Amelia rolls from the backseat of the limousine. She falls over the edge of the cliff. Her hand grips onto the edge.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Help me, please!! Help me!!

Her hands lose their grip to the edge. She drops to the bottom.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Two men walk down a hill, stumbling at first. RICHIE QUINN (27) Police detective. Kind, loyal and straightforward. JOHN ROSENBERG (30) Police detective. Loose cannon, caring and dependable.

RICHIE
Does the chief not know that it's
my day off.

JOHN
My guess is that he doesn't care.

A sheet covers the DEAD BODY of Amelia.

John looks up at the cliff and looks back down at Amelia.

Richie looks closer at Amelia's face.

RICHIE
Hey! Isn't this Amelia --
(snaps fingers)
-- What's her face!

John looks at Richie.

JOHN
Richie, this is not the time!

RICHIE
I'm sorry.

He returns his attention to her. His attention to the scrapes on her knees.

JOHN

She jumped from the limousine.

Richie looks at the limousine. It's lifted out of the ocean by a **crane**.

RICHIE

No driver.

JOHN

The person that planned this wanted her dead. Why?

RICHIE

Why would anyone want a pop star dead?

JOHN

Come on! Girls envied her and boys wanted her.

RICHIE

I'm sorry.

JOHN

What for?

RICHIE

When you tell your daughter that her favorite singer is dead.

JOHN

She wasn't Laura's favorite singer.

Richie looks at him with seriousness in his eyes.

RICHIE

You want to bet?

A ring from his cell phone.

John looks at his cell phone.

JOHN

Speak of the devil!

He looks at Richie, hoping it's fine to leave.

RICHIE

Go!!

JOHN

See ya!

John rushes up the hill.

RICHIE

Twenty bucks!

JOHN

For what!

RICHIE

If she's a fan!

JOHN

(flips off)

LAURA (V.O.)

CALL ME BABY, BABY, BABY!

CUT TO:

INT. 1971 DODGE CHALLENGER-DAY

John looks at a girl sitting in the passenger seat, moving her head to the music. LAURA (8) Fourth grader. Spunky and caring.

LAURA

CALL ME BABY, BABY, BABY!

JOHN

Laura?

She looks at him and moves her head to the music.

He pulls her **headphones** off.

LAURA

What?

JOHN

I'm trying to talk to you.

LAURA

About what?

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-DAY

The 1971 Dodge Challenger stops at the curb to the elementary school.

CUT TO:

INT. 1971 DODGE CHALLENGER-CONTINUOUS

LAURA
We're here!

Laura opens the door.

JOHN
Have a good day.

LAURA (O.S.)
You too dad.

JOHN
I love you.

LAURA (O.S.)
Ewe! Dad!

JOHN
(laugh)

The passenger door closes.

He puts the **GEAR** in **DRIVE** and presses his foot on the gas pedal.

RICHIE (V.O.)
I don't get it. Why kill a pop
star?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

John steps up to a board with Amelia's **photograph** on it.

JOHN
Your guess is as good as mine,
Richie. Somebody had it out for
her. Question is why? Bigger
question is who's next?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-MANSION-DAY

A woman leans herself against the counter. A cell phone in front of her. ISABEL (21) Super model. Dimwitted, gullible and shallow. A man behind her. MALE MODEL (20's)

CELL PHONE SCREEN

The Male Model goes back and forth.

ISABEL
(moan)

A call comes through.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Fuck!

BACK TO SCENE

She answers the call and puts the phone to her ear.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Hello?

AGENT (V.O.)
Are you busy?

She looks at the Male Model.

ISABEL
Not anymore.

Isabel leans down; her elbow leaned against the counter.

The Male Model presses himself against her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(pant)

She covers her mouth, trying to control her outburst.

AGENT (V.O.)
What was that?

ISABEL
Nothing. What's up?

AGENT (V.O.)
Looks like someone wants you to be
a part of a new reality show.

ISABEL

Really?
(moan)

Her head drops to the counter, unable to contain herself.

AGENT (V.O.)

Alright! I'll call you after you're
done fucking!

ISABEL

Okay!

She ends the call with the last impulse she has in her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

A man speeds on a *jet ski* across the water. TRAVIS PAUL (21)
Football player. Self-absorbed, egotistical and arrogant.

TRAVIS

Woohoo!!

He straps the jet ski down.

A ring from his cell phone.

Travis reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.
He looks at the number.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY-MANSION-DAY

A woman stands, leaned against the edge of the balcony.
BAILEY (21) Model. Mild-mannered, caring and down to earth.

A vibration goes off from her cell phone.

BAILEY

What now?

Bailey grabs it and hits answer, pressing it to her ear.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

A man sits up from the bed. BRADY (22) Basketball player. Arrogant and self-absorbed. He looks directly at Bailey as she stands outside on the balcony.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

BAILEY

Bye.

She looks back at Brady.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

A cell phone on the *nightstand* vibrates.

Brady looks at it. He looks back at Bailey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

BAILEY

It's for you!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY

A woman in a *mink coat* and *sunglasses* steps towards the front yard. MIMI (21) TV cook. An outspoken, naive and self-centered woman.

MIMI

Cool!

She looks at the mansion like she's looking at a candy shop.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Mimi steps into the dining room, looks at the platters of food on the *dining room table*.

MIMI

Wow!!

She sits at the end of the table, grabbing platters of ***fried chicken, French fries*** and ***onion rings***.

MIMI (CONT'D)

This looks so fucking good!!

Mimi bites into a chicken leg.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Mmhmm --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-DAY

Her eyes drooping with tiredness and her hand rubbing her belly. She steps to a bedroom door, seeing her name on it.

MIMI

Okay.

She pushes the door open and steps in.

The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALADE-DAY

Bailey leans towards the front seat. She looks at the DRIVER.

BAILEY

Is this it?

DRIVER

Yes.

The escalade stops.

Her hand grabs the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY

Bailey steps towards the front door.

Another escalade drives into the driveway.

BAILEY
I guess I'm first.

She pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

The living room lit up by the *chandelier*.

Bailey eyes are mesmerized by the look of the living room.

Isabel steps into the living room. An impressed look on her face, making her feel like a queen. She takes off her sunglasses.

ISABEL
Sup!

Bailey looks at her, confused.

BAILEY
Huh?

ISABEL
Never mind.

Isabel steps towards the dining room.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up!!

Bailey rushes towards the dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Both Bailey and Isabel look at the food and the wine glasses on the table.

A note on the table. It reads: Dinner at eight o' clock.

Isabel steps towards the table. She grabs two glasses and hands one to Bailey.

ISABEL
Cheers!

They tap their glasses together.

BAILEY
Cheers.

TRAVIS (O.C.)
Cheers, ladies!

Isabel looks at Travis.

Travis looks at her as he rushes towards the table. He glances at Bailey.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Which one? Choices!

ISABEL
(laugh)

Bailey steps away.

BAILEY
Oh, brother!

He grabs a glass and taps it against hers.

TRAVIS
Cheers to you!

ISABEL
Cheers!

Isabel smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

Bailey stands with her back to the door.

The door flies open.

Brady looks around.

A **suitcase** drops to the floor of the living room.

BRADY
Where's the butler when you need him!

Bailey looks away.

BAILEY
(roll eyes)

She steps towards the dining room.

BRADY
I guess it's a no.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

At the dining room table, Travis sits across from Isabel and Brady sits across from Bailey.

BAILEY
So, Isabel, right?

ISABEL
Right.

BAILEY
What kind of reality show were you on?

ISABEL
Win a date with your secret admirer.

BAILEY
What was that like?

ISABEL
Ewe! Bad.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Isabel opens the door.

An overweight man stands in front of her. ADMIRER (20's)

She slams the door and locks the **DEADBOLT**.

ISABEL
Oh, God!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-BACK TO PRESENT

BAILEY
Don't you think that's a bit shallow?

ISABEL
You didn't see him for yourself.

Brady looks around the dining room.

BRADY
When do we get to meet the person of the hour?

ISABEL
Yeah, good point. Where is this guy at?

BAILEY
How do you know it's a guy?

ISABEL
Come on! Two guys, two hot women. He probably wants to see some action.

Travis smiles.

TRAVIS
That's what I'm talking about babe!

Isabel leans her head to his.

ISABEL
Yeah, baby!!

Cell phones vibrate on the table.

Bailey picks up her cell phone and reads the screen.

CELL PHONE SCREEN

Game Time Starts tomorrow at Ten in the morning.

BACK TO SCENE

Bailey looks at Travis, Brady and Isabel.

BAILEY
Looks like we better go to bed.

Isabel looks at Travis, smiling, getting a dirty thought through her mind.

Brady looks at Bailey. He reaches for her hand.

Bailey pulls away and stands up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey steps towards the bedroom assigned to her.

Brady steps to his bedroom door. His hand on the doorknob.

BRADY
Do you need some company?

BAILEY
No thank you.

She pushes the door open, steps in.

The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey locks the door. She steps towards the bed and drops face down.

BAILEY
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. POOL ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Travis sits in a **hot tub**. The warmth of the water causes him to react.

TRAVIS
Oh, baby! This feels so good.

Isabel steps towards the hot tub.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You got something going on underneath that towel?

ISABEL
See for yourself.

She lets the towel loose, it drops to the floor.

Travis's eyes widen.

TRAVIS
Those are the perfect tits I've
ever seen!

Isabel steps into the hot tub. She drops her head down into the water.

Travis tugs at his shorts, yanking them down as quickly as possible.

She rubs her hands on his chest.

ISABEL
Are you ready to fuck me hard?

TRAVIS
Yes.

Isabel reaches her hand down, touching his groin.

ISABEL
Your friend's happy to see me.

Travis stands up, lifts her up and presses himself against her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(pant)

TRAVIS
How's this!

ISABEL
Great!

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey lays asleep.

ISABEL (O.S.)
(moan)

She opens her eyes.

ISABEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fuck me!!
(moan)

Bailey grabs a pillow and covers her head with it, trying to block out the noise.

BAILEY
Fuck! Why me!

CUT TO:

INT. ISABEL'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Travis lies flat down on the bed. he looks at Isabel as she sits up against the headboard. A cigarette in her hand.

TRAVIS
Can I hit that?

ISABEL
(giggle)
You already did.

TRAVIS
The cigarette!

She hands him the cigarette.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(inhale)

He hands the cigarette back to her.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I got to go baby.

ISABEL
So soon!

Travis stands up and wiggles his body in front of her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(laugh)
Why again didn't you get picked?

TRAVIS
I drink too much.

He steps towards her, kisses her and caresses her breasts.

ISABEL
Mmhmmm --

Travis backs away.

TRAVIS
See you in the morning!

ISABEL
(blow kiss)

He opens the door and steps out.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-DAY

The door opens.

Bailey steps out and shuts the door. She runs her hands through her hair.

BAILEY
(yawn)

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-DAY

John steps towards the door.

A woman steps outside and shuts the door. HANNAH, 29. Homemaker. Smart, loving and caring. She looks at John as if John can read her mind.

JOHN
What? What is it?

HANNAH
She doesn't feel like going to school.

JOHN
Why?

HANNAH
Are you serious! You're on the case.

He puts his hands over his head, trying to conceal his eyes from being seen by his wife.

JOHN
Oh.

HANNAH
Is that all you have to say is oh?

JOHN
I'll go talk to her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-DAY

A knock on the door.

LAURA
Go away!

JOHN (O.S.)
It's me!

LAURA
Go away, dad.

JOHN
Please!

Laura turns her face to look away from the door.

LAURA
(sob)
Come in!

The door opens.

John steps in and shuts the door. He steps towards the bed and sits at the edge.

JOHN
Come on, we can go see a chick flick?

LAURA
You hate chick flicks.

JOHN
Not true. How do you think I convinced your mother to go out with me?

LAURA
You told me you hated them.

JOHN
I told you that so you would think
I was cool.

LAURA
Why didn't you tell me she was
dead?

JOHN
It wasn't the time. Who told you?

LAURA
Girls at school.

He rubs his hand on her shoulder.

JOHN
Come on, we'll go rent a bunch of
movies and watch them with mom.
Order Chinese. It'll be fun.

LAURA
Fine.

Laura sits up and rushes out of the bedroom.

LAURA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I'm driving!

He stands up and steps out of the bedroom.

JOHN (O.S.)
Now you're really dreaming.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-MANSION-DAY

Bailey steps into the kitchen. She quickly looks away.

Isabel looks at Bailey while she cooks naked.

ISABEL
Do you want some scrambled eggs?

BAILEY
No thank you.

She scrapes them on a plate.

Bailey grabs an **orange** from the **aisle table**.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
I'll just have an orange.

ISABEL
More for me then.

Isabel steps out of the kitchen.

The clock in her eyesight.

BAILEY
It's almost that time! Guys!!

TRAVIS
Yeah, yeah!!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Isabel, Bailey, Travis and Brady step into the living room.

Isabel looks at the four **chairs** in a circle. A **wooden bowl** flipped over, concealing something for their first game.

ISABEL
What's with the bowl?

TRAVIS
Shit! Find out.

Isabel leans down towards the bowl.

A cell phone rings.

Bailey, Travis and Brady look at their cell phones.

BAILEY
It's not mine.

TRAVIS
Not mine.

Brady looks at Isabel.

Isabel looks back at Travis and Bailey. She reaches into her pocket.

ISABEL
It's mine.

Her finger hits the answer button.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Hello?

MAN (V.O.)

Now, now, Isabel. Leave the
surprise for later. Have a seat,
please.

Bailey sits.

Travis sits.

Isabel sits alongside of Brady.

Isabel's cell phone rings.

She hits the answer button.

ISABEL

Yes!

MAN (V.O.)

What's loud and cries all the time?

ISABEL

My ex.

(laugh)

TRAVIS

(laugh)

BRADY

(laugh)

BAILEY

(roll eyes)

MAN (V.O.)

This might be funny to you, Isabel
but if your life were on the line
in this game, you honestly would be
running for the front door.

Isabel looks at the living room as if he's really going to
come through and kill her.

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

To be fair, you have a second
chance to answer the question. Go
ahead?

ISABEL

The answer is a baby.

MAN (V.O.)
 Correct! You move onto the second
 round. You may remove the bowl.

Isabel leans down and lifts the wooden bowl off a plate,
 revealing a baby made out of cake. Her eyes in disbelief.

ISABEL
 Is this a joke!

She stands to her feet, looks up at the ceiling.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 Do you think this is funny!

MAN (V.O.)
 How many men have you slept with,
 Isabel? One, two, three or five?

ISABEL
 That's none of your business!

MAN (V.O.)
 Are you sure about that?

The sound of a doorbell rings.

The television on the wall turns on.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Isabel with Travis, CONTESTANTS #1 and #2. She kisses Travis,
 Contestants #1 and #2.

BACK TO SCENE

ISABEL
 (sob)
 (cry)

Tears stream down her cheek. She wipes them away and steps
 out of the room.

BAILEY
 Isabel!!

Bailey stands up and rushes after her.

TRAVIS
 Was that really necessary!

MAN (V.O.)
If you haven't noticed, nobodies
safe. Not even you, Travis.

TRAVIS
What dirt do you have on me?

MAN (V.O.)
Plenty.

Brady gets up.

BRADY
I'm going to go check on her.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-DAY

Isabel stops at the window. She wipes her eyes.

A hand raises up with a tissue.

ISABEL
Thanks.

BAILEY
No problem.

Isabel wipes her eyes.

ISABEL
(blow nose)

BAILEY
Did you do it?

ISABEL
What?

BAILEY
Sleep with all those men.

ISABEL
Do you ever brag about the men you
sleep with?

BAILEY
No.

ISABEL
Why are you asking me about my
affairs then?

BAILEY
Because he said it.

ISABEL
Like I care what you or a
psychopath thinks.

Isabel steps away from the window.

Brady steps in front of her.

BRADY
Are you alright!

ISABEL
No. Let's get fucking hammered!

BRADY
It's eleven in the afternoon.

Isabel steps away.

ISABEL (O.C.)
Who gives a fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-MANSION-DAY

Isabel steps towards the bottles of liquor. She pours vodka
into a tall glass.

Brady steps towards her.

BRADY
Stop!

ISABEL
Why!

BRADY
Because it's not worth it.

ISABEL
Shut the fuck up and mellow out!
(gulp)

She slams the glass down on the bar table.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Now, it's time to fuck!

Isabel pulls the strap to her bikini top down, along with her bottoms. She pushes him to the floor.

BRADY

What!

ISABEL

It's fuck time.

Down to his lap, she drops down, yanking at his pants.

BRADY

Is this really what you want?

ISABEL

Do you want to fuck or not?

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey stands in front of the vanity and looks at herself in the mirror. She ties the straps to her bikini top around her neck.

Bailey's cell phone rings.

BAILEY

For goodness sakes!

She answers it and presses it to her ear.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

RUTH (V.O.)

(sob)

(cry)

Bailey -- where are you?

A look of shock on her face.

BAILEY

Mom?

RUTH (V.O.)

Come home -- Bailey?

BAILEY

(sob)

The call ends.

Bailey looks at the cell phone screen and presses it back to her ear.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Hello? Mom!

She tosses it to the bed and grabs at her head.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
God, I need a drink!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-MANSION-DAY

ISABEL
(moan)

Isabel goes up and down.

Brady grabs a hold of her back, pushing himself into her.

Bailey steps towards the bar table and snatches the bottle of vodka.

BAILEY
(gulp)

Isabel looks at Bailey and watches her as she steps out of the bar.

BRADY
What is it?

ISABEL
She's drinking.

BRADY
So?

ISABEL
So, we should join her.

BRADY
Fair enough.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey rests her head back against a pillow as the hot tub flows with warmth.

Isabel steps into the hot tub, naked. She drops down to the bottom, lowering her head towards Bailey's groin area.

Bailey opens her eyes, looks down, feeling shocked but also feeling a sensation of arousal at the same time.

Isabel rises up.

ISABEL
Want me to stop?

BAILEY
No.

Isabel lowers her head down.

Brady steps into the hot tub.

BRADY
Can I join you two ladies?

Bailey smiles.

BAILEY
Sure.

He lets the towel drop to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-NIGHT

John, Laura and Hannah sit on the sofa, blankets on their laps and bowls full of **popcorn**.

Laura looks at John.

John looks at Laura.

LAURA
Thanks dad.

JOHN
For what?

LAURA
Doing this.

JOHN
You're welcome.

John stands up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Want anything to drink?

HANNAH

Yes.

JOHN

Coming right up ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-NIGHT

John steps towards the counter full of soda bottles.

A cell phone rings.

John reaches into his pocket and pulls out the cell phone. He presses it to his ear.

JOHN

Hello?

RICHIE (V.O.)

You might want to get down here man.

JOHN

I really can't.

RICHIE (V.O.)

Look, there was no driver in the limo.

His eyes wander, thinking about what he just heard.

JOHN

What?

RICHIE

Someone was controlling it from a remote.

JOHN

How is that possible?

RICHIE

Our suspect has a way with electronics.

John looks at the living room.

RICHIE (V.O.)

Are you coming or not?

JOHN
No. We can do this tomorrow.

 RICHIE (V.O.)
John!

 JOHN
Rich, family comes first.

 RICHIE (V.O.)
I got you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

John steps into the living room with two full glasses of soda. He hands one to Hannah and the other to Laura.

 HANNAH
Who was that on the phone?

 JOHN
No one important.

He smiles.

 HANNAH
Aww! Daddy loves us, Laura.

Laura looks at John.

 LAURA
Aww!

John looks at the television.

 JOHN
Shh!

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey lays on the bed well Isabel kisses her chest.

Brady goes back and forth.

 BAILEY
(moan)

Isabel kisses her lips.

CAMERA SCREEN

Isabel moves to Bailey's left side of the bed.

Brady presses himself against her.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
(moan)

BACK TO SCENE

A small camera embedded into the breast of a woman on the painting.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Travis tips a bottle of tequila over his mouth.

TRAVIS
(gulp)
I guess it's just me tonight.

He drops his head down into the hot tub.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(gurgle)

Bubbles of his breath floating to the surface of the water.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

In the middle of the living room, there's only three chairs in a small circle.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey opens her eyes. She sits up.

Isabel's hand on her breast.

BAILEY
(laugh)

She looks at Brady. A thought comes to her mind about Travis.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Fuck! Travis!

Isabel opens her eyes. She thinks about what Bailey said.

ISABEL
I did fuck Travis.

BAILEY
No. We better go check on him.

Bailey scoots off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey and Isabel look at the three chairs.

BAILEY
Three chairs?

Brady steps into the living room.

BRADY
What's up with there being only
three chairs?

Bailey looks at him.

BAILEY
Come on!

She rushes past Isabel and Brady.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-DAY

Bailey rushes towards Travis's bedroom door.

BAILEY
Travis!!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

The door opens.

Bailey steps in.

BAILEY

Travis!!

No sight of his luggage or belongings.

Isabel steps into the bedroom.

ISABEL

Travis!!

Bailey looks at Isabel.

BAILEY

He's not here.

ISABEL

Where is he?

(sob)

BAILEY

He's gone.

ISABEL

(cry)

Where is he!

She hugs Isabel.

BAILEY

He's gone.

Isabel looks up at the ceiling.

ISABEL

Where is he you cock sucker!!

BAILEY

Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Isabel wipes her nose with a tissue.

Brady looks at Isabel. He puts his hand on her leg.

She jumps from feeling his hand on her leg.

BRADY

It's going to be alright.

ISABEL

Whatever.

A cell phone rings.

Bailey reaches into her pants pocket and pulls out her cell phone. She hits the answer button.

MAN (V.O.)

Good morning, everyone!

ISABEL

Fuck off!

MAN (V.O.)

Isabel, I'm shocked.

ISABEL

Fuck you. Where is he?

MAN (V.O.)

Who?

ISABEL

Travis you psycho!

MAN (V.O.)

I guess the poor guy couldn't take the heat. Should I say he got left out while the three of you -- you know, Isabel -- fucked!

The television turns on.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Isabel leans her head down towards Bailey's groin.

Brady presses himself against Isabel's butt.

ISABEL

(moan)

BACK TO SCENE

Isabel looks at the ceiling.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

You sick fuck!

MAN (V.O.)
Here's the clue for our next
riddle. What's magical, has a horn
and only exist in fairy tales?

Brady looks at Bailey and then at Isabel.

ISABEL
What's magical, has a horn and only
exist in fairy tales? I really
don't have a clue

MAN (V.O.)
The time is ticking!

Bailey smiles.

BAILEY
Unicorn.

MAN (V.O.)
What was that?

BAILEY
It's a unicorn.

MAN (V.O.)
Awesome!! Gold star for Bailey!!
You move onto the next round.
Isabel, Brady, since you can't keep
your hands off each other, you
might as well strip down and fuck
each other.

ISABEL
What! No!

MAN (V.O.)
Then you have to leave. Make your
choice.

Brady looks at her. He stands up.

BRADY
Let's just get this over with.

He pulls his shirt over his head and tosses it to the floor.

MAN (V.O.)
Now, Bailey, please step aside and
enjoy the show.

Isabel stands up. She unbuttons her shirt.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Help her rip that off, please!!

Brady rips the shirt open.

Her bare breast shows. Isabel covers herself.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No need to cover the goods.

She slides her shorts down to her ankles and kicks them off.

Brady looks at Isabel.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You're turn, Brady!

He drops his pants with his boxers to the floor.

Isabel looks around.

ISABEL
Where do you want us?

MAN (V.O.)
In front of the TV.

ISABEL
Why there?

MAN (V.O.)
You'll see.

BRADY
The coffee table.

Isabel steps towards the coffee table.

Brady steps behind her. He pushes her to the coffee table.

MAN (V.O.)
Get to it!

Brady presses himself into her.

BRADY
(grunt)

He goes back and forth.

MAN (V.O.)
Harder!

ISABEL
(moan)

The television turns on.

TELEVISION SCREEN

A live stream on the television goes to the top of the corner of the television screen.

Brady goes back and forth.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(moan)

He pulls on the back of her hair.

BACK TO SCENE

The eruption echoes throughout the entire mansion.

Bailey looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY

ISABEL
(sob)
(cry)

Isabel covers her face, feeling regretful and hurt. She wipes her eyes.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
It's going to be alright!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. 1971 DODGE CHALLENGER-DAY

LAURA
Dad?

JOHN
Yeah?

LAURA
Can I drive your car?

JOHN
Sure.

LAURA
Really?

JOHN
Yeah, when you're eighteen.

LAURA
Well, that sucks.

JOHN
(laugh)

The Dodge Challenger stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Here's your stop princess.

LAURA
Thanks dad.

She leans and kisses him on the cheek.

JOHN
Have a good day.

Laura opens the door and gets out.

The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey sits on the bed, looking through her *middle school yearbook*.

A knock on the door.

She closes the yearbook.

BAILEY
Just a second!!!

She leans down to the bottom of the bed and slides the yearbook underneath.

Bailey sits up straight on the bed. She grabs a hold of her ankles.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Come in!

The door opens.

Isabel steps in and shuts the door.

She looks at Isabel.

ISABEL

Hey.

BAILEY

Are you okay?

ISABEL

I will be.

Isabel sits on the edge of the bed.

BAILEY

What more does he want from us?

ISABEL

I don't know.

BAILEY

What more sick games does he have
for us?

ISABEL

I really don't know.

BAILEY

(breath)

She covers her face and turns to the left.

Isabel crawls onto the bed. She wraps her arms around Bailey.

ISABEL

Shh!

Bailey closes her eyes.

Isabel closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Laura sits on the edge of her bed. She writes in her diary.

A knock on the door.

She closes her diary and slides it between the mattress and box spring.

The door opens.

John peeks his head in. He smiles.

JOHN
Good night sweet heart.

Laura smiles.

LAURA
Good night dad.

JOHN
Sweet dreams. Try not to stay up too late.

LAURA
I won't.

The door closes.

Laura sets her feet on the bed and lays her head back on the pillow.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Brady lays asleep. He moves in his sleep.

BRADY
No -- We can't --

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Brady's hands on the steering wheel. He drifts off to sleep.

Headlights shine in his face.

A car horn sounds.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Brady sits up. He looks around with his eyes in shock and frightened.

BRADY
(breath)

He touches his forehead, wiping the sweat away.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY

His head drenched in warm water from the showerhead.

BRADY
Mmhmm --

The shower curtain opens.

Brady looks at Bailey.

BAILEY
Do you have room for one more?

He touches her shoulder.

She gets in.

Brady shuts the curtain.

Her head leaned against his chest while the water hits both of them.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
I don't know if I can go on with this.

BRADY
I agree.

She looks at him.

BAILEY
You do?

BRADY
Yes.

Brady hugs her tighter.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey steps into the bedroom. She looks at the empty bed and no sight of Isabel.

BAILEY
Isabel?

CUT TO:

INT. ISABEL'S BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

The door opens.

Bailey steps in. She looks around.

BAILEY
Isabel?

No sight of Isabel's luggage or belongings.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Not again!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey steps towards two chairs face to face with each other.

Brady steps towards the chairs.

BRADY
I guess we're playing musical
chairs again.

He sits.

BAILEY
I guess so.

Bailey sits.

A cell phone rings.

Brady reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.
He presses the answer button.

MAN (V.O.)
Good morning, Brady -- Bailey. I
trust that you are ready to play?

BAILEY
When is this going to be over?

MAN (V.O.)
When I say it is!

BRADY
Why don't you come out and face us?

MAN (V.O.)
Because I make the rules!

Brady looks around the living room.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who likes to party and bang as many
girls as possible?

Bailey looks at Brady.

BAILEY
What?

MAN (V.O.)
Time people!!

Brady thinks about the question.

BRADY
There is no answer.

MAN (V.O.)
Well done! You see, Bailey, Brady
here slept with more girls than you
can count on your fingers and toes.

BAILEY
(sob)

Bailey covers her mouth.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
(cry)
What!

BRADY
Shut up!

MAN (V.O.)
What he hasn't told you is that
using a condom would've protected
you and Isabel from the STD that's
flowing through him right now.

Bailey falls to the floor. The disbelief in her face.

BRADY
Shut up!!

MAN (V.O.)
All those poor girls -- all those
parents. All because of you and
your forgetfulness.

Brady stands up in frustration.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The frat parties, the boys telling
you to keep going. Fuck her!!

He grabs at his hair.

BRADY
Shut the fuck up!!

MAN (V.O.)
(laugh)

Bailey sits up.

Brady drops to his knees. He looks at Bailey.

BRADY
It only happened --

BAILEY
(wave)

MAN (V.O.)
The damage is done.

A beep from his cell phone and the call ends.

Bailey looks at him.

BAILEY
That's what you were doing?

BRADY
We were broken up.

BAILEY
You lied to me.

Bailey stands up. She steps out of the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

Bailey rushes into the bedroom. She slams the door and locks it.

BAILEY
(sob)
(cry)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

Brady throws his arms in frustration.

BRADY
Fuck!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

BAILEY
(cry)

Bailey lays down on the bed and covers her face.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
(sob)

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. 1971 DODGE CHALLENGER-NIGHT

John puts his foot on the brake pedal. He looks at the lights from a police cruiser.

Richie stands in front of him as he steps closer.

JOHN
Where is she?

RICHIE
She's close.

JOHN
I want to see her.

Richie pushes him back.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I want to see my little girl!!

Richie hugs him.

RICHIE
I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

Day turns to night.

Bailey opens her eyes. She sits up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey steps into the living room. She looks around.

BAILEY
Brady?

A cell phone rings.

She feels in her pants pocket, not feeling a vibration from her own cell phone.

Brady's cell phone is on the coffee table, vibrating and beeping.

Bailey picks it up and presses the answer button.

MAN (V.O.)
Are you ready to finish the game?

BAILEY
Sure.

MAN
How about a riddle first?

Bailey looks around the living room.

BAILEY
Tell me?

MAN (V.O.)
I know your secrets but hold no words.

(MORE)

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I share your laughter and catch
your tears. I have no shadow yet,
follow you through the years. You
can't buy me or trade me, but I can
be broken. What am I?

BAILEY
A shared memory.

MAN (V.O.)
Yes! Very good! Now another.

BAILEY
No!

MAN (V.O.)
If you want the truth, then play!

BAILEY
Fine!

MAN (V.O.)
I have many keys, but I can't open
any doors.

BAILEY
A piano!

MAN (V.O.)
You got it!

Bailey rushes into the dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey steps to the piano. She sits on the bench and presses
on the keys.

MAN (O.C.)
Would you like to play with me?

Bailey looks at the cell phone and realizes it's off. She
looks back and sees a man in a **ski mask**. He punches her
across the face.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BASEMENT-MANSION-NIGHT

Bailey's eyes flinch.

A gloved hand touches her cheek.

BAILEY'S POV:

A man in a ski mask stands.

MAN
Bailey, sweet Bailey. How you have
grown.

He feels on her breasts.

MAN (CONT'D)
In more places than one!

BACK TO SCENE

He steps back from her.

BAILEY
Who the hell are you?

MAN
We're getting to that.

He pulls the ski mask over his face.

MAN (CONT'D)
When you're a father and you do
everything in your power to protect
your little girl from the dangers
of this world, you entrust her
friends with returning her home to
you. Take my case for example!

The man looks back at Bailey and the man turns out to be
John.

Bailey looks at John.

BAILEY
Mr. Rosenberg?

JOHN
Please, call me John.

He steps closer.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Surprised?

BAILEY

I --

JOHN

(yell)

-- What!

BAILEY

(sob)

Sorry.

JOHN

(yell)

Don't fucking say it!

BAILEY

I'm sorry!!

JOHN

Do you know what losing a child
feels like! Of course you don't.
You're a fucking spoiled rich bitch
that had a lawyer daddy and
detective uncle in the cities
pocket!

(snap finger)

All you had to do was tell them and
Bailey gets off Scot free!

John grabs the yearbook and flips it open to a photograph of
Bailey with Laura.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You and my Laura. See!!

He shoves it into her face.

BAILEY

I see --

-- John closes it and slaps her across the face with it. He
drops the yearbook to the floor.

JOHN

She could've been a lawyer or
doctor, but you and your stupid
boyfriend took that away from her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Two teenage girls step away from the front yard. 16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY. A spoiled and self-centered girl. LAURA (16) High school student. A down to earth and bright young teenage girl.

Laura looks at a *Trans Am* parked at the curb.

16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY

Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM-NIGHT

Laura looks at a teenage boy. His appearance is handsome. 17-YEAR-OLD BRADY. A self-absorbed and cocky young man.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY

My girl tells me that you're quiet
the nerd in school?

LAURA

Nerd?

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY

Just kidding. I do that.

LAURA

Ha ha!

He turns the steering wheel to the right.

Laura looks at the liquor store.

16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY

Why are we stopping here?

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY

We're going to party, right?

LAURA

Yeah.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY

We're going to party our way.

17-Year-Old Brady parks. He opens the driver door.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY (CONT'D)
See you in a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE-NIGHT

17-Year-Old Brady steps towards the **twelve pack** of **beer**. He looks back at a man giving him a look of suspicion. STORE OWNER (30's)

He steps towards the counter and sets the twelve pack down.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY
(point)
Can I have the bottle of Tequila?

STORE OWNER
Sure -- After I see some ID!

17-Year-Old Brady reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out his ID and hands it to him.

The Store Owner looks at it and then at 17-Year-Old Brady.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)
Okay.

He hands it back to him.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM-CONTINUOUS

The door opens.

17-Year-Old Brady sits.

16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY
You got it!!

He hands the twelve pack of beer to 16-Year-Old Bailey.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY
Let's party ladies!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

17-Year-Old Brady tips the bottle of Tequila over his mouth.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY
(gulp)

LAURA
Give it!

She snatches it from him.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(gulp)

16-Year-Old Bailey takes it from her.

16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY
(gulp)

Laura looks at the Trans Am.

LAURA
I want to drive!

17-Year-Old Brady spins the key around on his finger.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY
Catch me if you can!

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TRANS AM-NIGHT

He rushes towards the driver door.

Laura runs after him, grabs the key and rushes to the passenger door. She looks over the roof at him.

17-YEAR-OLD BRADY
Give it here!

LAURA
Not until I drive!

She rushes into the driver seat, puts the key into the ignition, turns it.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Coming or what losers!

The Trans Am backs up into the road.

Headlights drive straight at the driver side door, hitting it straight on.

The Trans Am flips over.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-CONTINUOUS

16-Year-Old Bailey looks at the destruction of the Trans Am.

16-YEAR-OLD BAILEY
(yell)
Laura!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

John steps towards the dead body of Laura. His eyes in disbelief and shock.

JOHN
(sob)
(cry)
Laura!!

He crouches down, kneeling and hugging onto her.

16-Year-Old Bailey looks at John.

John looks at her and 17-Year-Old Brady with the looks that could kill.

JOHN (V.O.)
I lost my little girl that night.
All because you and your deadbeat
boyfriend had to get drunk.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ROSENBERG RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Hannah pours a handful of aspirin into her hand. She takes one at a time.

JOHN (V.O.)
My wife. My beautiful Hannah. She
lost the will to live.

John rushes into the bedroom. He lifts Hannah off the bed and lowers her to the floor.

JOHN
(scream)
Hannah!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

Drenched in rain, John looks at the headstones of Hannah and Laura. The feeling of loss comes hard to him.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-BACK TO PRESENT

A knock on the wall.

John smiles.

JOHN
Come in.

A woman in a baseball cap steps in.

Bailey looks at the woman and sees its Isabel.

BAILEY
What the fuck!!

She takes off the baseball cap. A **voice changer** in her hand. Isabel hands it to John.

He holds it over his mouth.

JOHN
(wink)
(In Ruth's voice)
Got ya!!

John drops it to the floor.

BAILEY
You were in on this?

ISABEL
You fell for it, didn't you?

BAILEY
You sick fucks!

ISABEL
No, my dear!

Isabel gets in front of Bailey, staring her in the eyes.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
You and your boyfriend are the sick
fucks! I just took you for a ride.

Bailey looks at John and then at Isabel.

BAILEY
How did this happen?

ISABEL
(laugh)

JOHN
There was a murder spree going on.
A pop star and actor were killed. I
tracked them down, but I made it
too late.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

The door flies open.

John steps in with two guns drawn on a girl.

JOHN
(point guns)
Freeze!!

The young girl looks at him. 16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(looks surprised)
Oh!
(lower guns)

JOHN (V.O.)
I may have lost my family, but I
got something back. A new friend.

John steps towards her.

JOHN
Where is he?

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL
Dead.

She looks to her left.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL (CONT'D)
 (point)
 (sob)
 He tried to kill me!
 (cry)

He wraps his arm around her, hugging her.

JOHN
 Where's the gun?

16-Year-Old Isabel reaches into her pocket and pulls out a gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Here, take this?

John hands her his gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Give me your gun?

She hands him the gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Run.

16-Year-Old Isabel rushes past him.

JOHN (V.O.)
 She may have saved more people than
 she knew but, in the end, she
 gained a new friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

16-Year-Old Isabel sits on a bench, headphones over her ears.

John sits beside her.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL
 I --

JOHN
 Shh!

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL
 Okay.

JOHN

Did he teach you everything he knew, you know. With the gadgets?

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL

Yes.

John reaches into his pocket and pulls out an **envelope**. He slides it to her.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL (CONT'D)

What's this?

JOHN

Something for you.

16-Year-Old Isabel opens it and sees a stack of **twenty-dollar bills**.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL

I can't take this.

JOHN

Take it.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL

Question, what do you want?

JOHN

I want you to teach me everything you know.

16-YEAR-OLD ISABEL

Everything?

JOHN

Everything!

John stands up. He looks at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We'll be in touch.

He steps away.

16-Year-Old Isabel smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO-DAY

JOHN (V.O.)
With enough money from our stocks,
we were able to buy the perfect
place to set up our next operation.
See, there were people like Mimi
and Travis talking about how Laura
was just another girl.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-STUDIO-DAY

Mimi stands in front of the AUDIENCE, cutting up celery.

MIMI
This is one of those meals that
will make you tell your daughter to
stay home and not drink.
(laugh)

The Audience stares at her with a blank and confused
expression.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Travis stands beside BAR GIRL #1 and #2 (20's)

He reaches his arm behind Bar Girl #1 and drops a pill into
the glass next to her.

She looks at him and smiles.

TRAVIS
I promise to get you home safe and
not let you end up like some dead
girl I used to know.

John sits five stools away. He looks at Travis in the corner
of his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB-DAY

Isabel types on the keys to the keyboard. Her eyes stare at
the monitor.

MONITOR SCREEN

A mansion appears with a small paragraph underneath it. It reads: 1.1 million dollars.

BACK TO SCENE

Isabel hits the **ENTER button**.

ISABEL
We're all set John!!

ISABEL (V.O.)
I of course had to make all of you
think that I was as shallow as you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-STUDIO-NIGHT

Isabel sits across from a woman.

WOMAN HOST (30's)

Isabel smiles.

ISABEL
(laugh)

WOMAN HOST
What was it like with all those
fatties?

ISABEL
Ewe! Just thinking about it.

ISABEL (V.O.)
Reality host make me sick. Which is
why that woman went missing!

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM-STUDIO-NIGHT

The Woman Host sits in front of the vanity mirror, **duct tape**
over her mouth.

Isabel slides a **kitchen knife** underneath her chin.

WOMAN HOST
(scream)
(muffle)

ISABEL
What! Sorry, I can't hear you!!

She rips the duct tape from over her mouth.

WOMAN HOST
(yell)

ISABEL
That's better.

WOMAN HOST
I can give you what you want! Just
name it?

Isabel swipes the knife across the Woman Host's neck.

WOMAN HOST (CONT'D)
(gurgle)

Isabel smiles.

ISABEL
(laugh)

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Isabel sits on a bench.

John sits beside her. He pulls out a **yellow envelope** and
gently pushes it towards her.

ISABEL
What's this?

JOHN
Just something for you to do.

She grabs it and opens it.

John stands up and walks away.

Isabel looks at a couple of photographs of Bailey and Brady.

ISABEL
I guess you want me to find them.

JOHN
Something like that.

She looks at him.

ISABEL
I got it covered.

JOHN (O.C.)
Good.

Isabel stands up and steps away from the bench.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-MANSION-DAY

Isabel sprinkles *onion powder*, *garlic powder* and *flour* into a bowl.

ISABEL (V.O.)
It wasn't hard to fool a glutton
with a bunch of fried chicken.
Especially laced with cyanide.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-BACK TO PRESENT

Isabel reaches into her pocket and pulls out a bottle of cyanide.

Bailey looks at her.

BAILEY
You're not going to be able to get
away with this!

Isabel looks at John.

ISABEL
Did you hear that?

JOHN
Loud and clear.

She leans down towards Bailey.

Bailey reaches into the back of her pants pocket and taps her fingers onto the phone screen. Dialing 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 what is your emergency?

BAILEY
All three of us, in this house,
have one man with a gun and a crazy
bitch with a bottle of cyanide!!

Isabel leans her head towards Bailey, listening to the small sound of tapping from a keyboard. She looks her in the eyes.

ISABEL
Sneaky bitch!

Bailey headbutts Isabel.

Isabel falls back to the floor.

John steps towards Bailey. He slaps her across the face.

Isabel sits up.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Fucking bitch!

John pulls Isabel up.

She punches Bailey in the stomach.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Follow me!

JOHN
What! Why?

ISABEL
Just do it! And bring her!

Isabel rushes towards the pool room.

JOHN
Unbelievable!

John cuts the tape from her wrists and legs. He lifts her up.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Isabel stands with a man, a **bag** over his head. A kitchen knife in her hand.

John drops Bailey to the floor.

BAILEY
(yell)
God!

She looks at Isabel.

ISABEL
Time for the final act!

Isabel turns the man around to face Bailey. She removes the bag.

Brady opens his eyes. He looks at Bailey.

BRADY
Bailey?

Isabel smiles wickedly.

ISABEL
How sweet. Here's the final cut!

She swipes the knife across his throat, going from ear to ear.

BAILEY
(yell)
Brady!!

Isabel pushes him into the pool.

Bailey rushes into the pool.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL-MANSION-NIGHT

She swims towards him.

The blood flows towards her.

She reaches her hand out for his.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

ISABEL
Get her!!

John looks at her with annoyance.

JOHN
This is my show!

ISABEL
Grab her!

He reaches his hand into the water and grabs a hold of the back of Bailey's shirt. John pulls Bailey onto the floor.

BAILEY
(cough)

Bailey rolls herself onto her back.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(yell)
Police!! Anyone here!!!

ISABEL
Fuck!!

Isabel kicks Bailey in the stomach.

JOHN
Get out of here now!

ISABEL
What!!

JOHN
Go! I can't protect you if they catch you. Go!

ISABEL
What about her?

JOHN
I got a plan! Go!

Isabel rushes out of the pool room and heads for the back door.

POLICE OFFICER #1 and #2 (30's)

Police Officer #1 points his gun at John.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Freeze!!

John looks at him.

JOHN
It's alright, I'm a cop!

POLICE OFFICER #2
What happened here!

JOHN
I got him!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER-NIGHT

Bailey sits in the backseat, wrapped in a blanket.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-NIGHT

Police Officer #1 walks with John.

JOHN
Can I ride with her?

POLICE OFFICER #1
Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. POLICE CRUISER-NIGHT

The door opens.

John sits.

The door closes.

He looks at Bailey.

JOHN
Not a word.

She looks at him in the corner of her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-NIGHT

A cup of water at the tips of her fingers, Bailey stares at the water as it shakes to the footsteps coming towards the room.

The door opens.

Richie steps in. He rushes towards her and leans down, hugging her with all his strength.

BAILEY

(sob)

I tried -- to save him --

RICHIE

Shh! I know.

He sits across from her.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You're dads on his way.

Richie pulls out a pack of tissues and hands them to her.

Bailey takes them.

BAILEY

Thank you.

A knock on the window.

RICHIE

I'll be right back.

BAILEY

Okay.

RICHIE

Can I get you anything else?

BAILEY

Coffee.

RICHIE

You got it.

He stands up and steps out of the interrogation room.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-NIGHT

Richie steps towards a man in a police uniform. CHIEF (30's)

CHIEF

(wave)

Come here!

He stops.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing? You know you can't talk to her, since you are her uncle.

RICHIE

I was only informing her that her father's on his way.

CHIEF

Please, stay out of this case, okay.

RICHIE

You wouldn't be saying that to me if it was your daughter.

CHIEF

(point)
Go now!

Richie steps away from the Chief and steps towards the door. He pulls it open and steps out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

The door opens.

A man steps into the interrogation room. ROBERT (47) District Attorney. Ruthless and cunning.

Bailey turns and looks at him.

BAILEY

Daddy!!

Robert hugs her.

ROBERT

Baby!

He looks at her.

BAILEY

(sob)

ROBERT

Are you alright?

BAILEY

Brady --

ROBERT

-- I know.

BAILEY

What?

Robert looks at her.

ROBERT

John told me he got there just
before Brady got the chance to kill
you.

She looks at him with seriousness, confusion but knowing the
truth of what really happened.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-NIGHT

John stirs a straw around in a coffee cup.

RICHIE (O.C.)

John!

John looks back at Richie. He smiles.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to thank you for saving my
niece.

He reaches his hand out for his.

John shakes his hand.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what happened to your
daughter, John. I truly am.

He looks away from him, anger in his eyes of the thought of
his former partner mentioning his daughter's name out loud.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

Robert sets his *briefcase* down on the table. He opens it and
grabs a cell phone.

ROBERT

He gave me your cell phone.

Bailey looks at it.

BAILEY
John gave this to you?

ROBERT
Yes. Why?

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

John reaches behind his back. His hand on the handle of a knife.

RICHIE
Laura was a good kid.

JOHN
Yes, she was.

He hugs him and drives the knife into Richie's stomach.

JOHN (CONT'D)
For my little girl!

John drives the knife up.

RICHIE
(moan)

He pulls the knife out. Richie falls to the floor.

His eyes on John's.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
John -- I'm --

JOHN
Goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

Bailey throws the cell phone into the trashcan.

BAILEY
(scream)
Duck!!

An explosion erupts.

Robert flies over Bailey as she drops to the floor. He hits the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

John looks at the hallway.

JOHN
Excuse me while I go kill that
bitch niece of yours!

He steps down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-POLICE DEPARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

Bailey opens her eyes. She looks at Robert and sees that he's dead.

BAILEY
Daddy?

Bailey pushes herself up.

John steps into the room. He looks at Bailey as she crawls away towards the window.

JOHN
I'm sorry about your father.
(laugh)
Actually, I'm not.

Bailey looks at the **broken table leg** laying right in front of her.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Give it up! You're not going
anywhere!

He kicks her in the side of the stomach.

BAILEY
(scream)

He pulls a knife from behind his back.

JOHN
I'm really going to enjoy this!

BAILEY
You want to know something, John?

JOHN
What?

BAILEY
Laura was unpredictable but you --
-- Bailey looks at John's right foot. She kicks it.
He falls.
She raises the table leg up.
The leg goes through his chest, then through his back.

JOHN
(breath)
Bailey pushes him off. He falls to his back, staring at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY

Slowly stepping into the bedroom, Bailey sits on the bed. She looks down at the floor.

BAILEY
(sob)
(cry)

TALK SHOW HOST (V.O.)
I would like to bring out the young lady of the hour. She is the survivor of the 1999 mansion massacre. A true inspiration for all women out there. You can read about it in her book, "True Survivor." Please welcome, Bailey Santoro!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-DAY

Isabel looks into the mirror.

AUDIENCE
(applause)

She looks back at the television.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-DAY

Bailey steps towards a woman and hugs her. TALK SHOW HOST
(40's)

TALK SHOW HOST
Good to have you here.

Bailey steps back. She sits.

TALK SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
I speak for everyone here when I
must say that you are a true hero.

Bailey smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Isabel looks at the television.

ISABEL
(laugh)

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Now, we're going to take some calls
from our viewers.

Isabel presses a cell phone to her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-DAY

TALK SHOW HOST
Hello?

ISABEL (V.O.)
Hello. I love your show!

TALK SHOW HOST
Thank you. Do you have a question?

ISABEL
Yes. Hi, Bailey!

BAILEY

Hello.

ISABEL (V.O.)

Yeah, Bailey, how do you feel
knowing that the place you're going
to die in is the same place that
you're going to be remembered as a
liar!

Bailey's eyes grow with stress, wandering out of control.

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

So long!

The call ends.

An explosion erupts.

Bailey and the Talk Show Host evaporate along with the
Audience in the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Isabel looks at the TV screen. She raises the remote up and
hits the power button.

ISABEL

One way to be subtle.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO-DAY

A woman police officer steps past the remains of what used to
be the studio. ROSEMARY RAMIREZ (23) Humble and kind.

ROSEMARY

Whoever did this was definitely not
a fan of network television.

A man rushes towards Rosemary. EDDIE (25) Police detective.
Cunning and driven.

EDDIE

How fast can you drive!

ROSEMARY

I don't know!

EDDIE

Take this!

He hands her a **box**.

Rosemary looks at it.

ROSEMARY

What's in it?

EDDIE

Go!!

She rushes towards the police cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER-DAY

Rosemary turns the steering wheel and presses her foot on the gas pedal. She looks at the box, feeling curious about what's in it.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FORENSICS SCIENCE CENTER-DAY

Rosemary rushes into the office.

ROSEMARY

I got some evidence here!!

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY-FORENSIC SCIENCE CENTER-DAY

A man rushes to a table, carrying the box. CSI SUPERVISOR (30's)

Rosemary rushes behind him.

He looks back at her.

CSI SUPERVISOR

You can't come back here!

ROSEMARY

I drove that box here! I'm going to see what's in it!!

CSI SUPERVISOR
I hope you have the stomach for
this!

He sets the box down on the table and opens it.

Rosemary looks around the laboratory.

The CSI Supervisor pulls out a human head.

She looks at the head.

CSI SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

ROSEMARY
Sure. Never better.

Rosemary drops to the floor, fainting from the sight of the
human head.

He looks down at her.

CSI SUPERVISOR
So much for bodies hitting the
floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL-HOTEL-DAY

Isabel sits back on a lounge chair. Her sunglasses on. She
reaches for the **glass** of **wine** on the table on her right.

The glass falls over, spilling and falling to the ground.

ISABEL
Shit!! Fuck!!

She grabs at her head in frustration.

A man steps towards her, holding a glass in his hand. NICK
(25) Maintenance man. Troubled but kind.

NICK
Excuse me, miss?

Isabel looks at him.

ISABEL
Yes!!

She smiles.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Hello. Sorry about that.

NICK
I thought you might need another
one.

He hands her the glass.

ISABEL
Thank you.

Nick turns and starts to walk towards the pool.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Wait!

He looks at her.

NICK
Do you need anything else, ma'am?

ISABEL
What time do you get off?

NICK
In less than thirty-minutes.

ISABEL
Can I buy you a drink?

NICK
I don't drink.

ISABEL
A coke?

NICK
Sure.

Nick starts to step away.

ISABEL
Wait?

He looks at her.

NICK
Yes?

ISABEL
I don't even know your name.

NICK
It's Nick.

ISABEL
Isabel.

NICK
Nice to meet you.

She reaches her hand out for his.

Nick grabs her hand and shakes it gently. He kisses it.

ISABEL
(giggle)

He smiles and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-HOTEL-NIGHT

Isabel steps towards the bar table. She looks around, making sure she's not being stood up for that drink she promised Nick.

NICK (O.C.)
How about that drink?

A smile on her face appears.

NICK (V.O.)
So, I asked him, when are you going to pop the question? He said when she gives me what I want. I told him that the woman gets to choose.

ISABEL
You said that?

NICK
Yes.

She grins. Her eyes on her watch.

ISABEL
Is there anything that you can tell me about yourself?

NICK
When I see something, I like, I go for it.

ISABEL
What are you thinking now?

He looks at her face, chest and eyes.

NICK
I'm thinking --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-NIGHT

Nick kisses the back of her neck while caressing her breasts in both of his hands.

ISABEL
(pant)

He lowers his hands down to her butt, pulling her panties down from underneath her dress.

Isabel lays on the bed, flat on her stomach.

Nick pulls his pants down, along with his boxers. He presses himself against her butt.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(moan)
(pant)

He goes at a fast pace.

NICK
(grunt)

Her hands grip onto the blanket to the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-NIGHT

Isabel leans her face against the tiled wall.

Nick goes back and forth.

ISABEL
(moan)

NICK
(moan)
(grunt)

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Night turns into day. The outside of the hotel is tended by LANDSCAPERS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-DAY

Isabel lays asleep. Her face pressed against the pillows.

Nick fastens his belt.

She opens her eyes and looks back at Nick. A big smile on her face.

ISABEL
Hi.

He steps towards her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
I'm glad I caught you before you
left.

Nick leans down and kisses her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
I hope to see you again.

NICK
You can count on it.

She smiles.

Nick steps towards the door. He looks back at her.

ISABEL
(blow kiss)

NICK
(catch kiss)

ISABEL
(giggle)

He opens the door and steps out.

Isabel falls back to the pillows, covers her face as she feels smitten with happiness. She cannot hide her emotions.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY-FORENSIC SCIENCE CENTER-DAY

Eddie steps into the laboratory. His eyes on Rosemary.

EDDIE
Are you alright?

She feels her neck.

ROSEMARY
I'll live.

The CSI Supervisor makes eye contact with Eddie.

Eddie looks at him.

EDDIE
Look, I'll make it up to you.

He kisses her on the lips and steps towards the CSI Supervisor.

Eddie steps towards the table.

The CSI Supervisor lifts the head up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What's the verdict?

CSI SUPERVISOR
That explosion that evaporated
these two --

EDDIE
-- Yes?

CSI SUPERVISOR
It was C4.

EDDIE
Could they have had it underneath
the seats?

CSI SUPERVISOR
Yes.

He hands the head to Eddie.

Eddie takes the head.

EDDIE
(gag)

Rosemary looks away.

Eddie looks back at her. He hands the head back to the CSI Supervisor.

CSI SUPERVISOR
Anyways, that's why the rest of
those people were turned into
mulch.

EDDIE
Now comes the hard part.

CSI SUPERVISOR
What's that?

EDDIE
Finding the last call from that
phone line.

CSI SUPERVISOR
Good luck on that.

EDDIE
Thanks.

Eddie turns and walks towards Rosemary.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(wave)

ROSEMARY
What's the result?

EDDIE
C4.

ROSEMARY
What's next?

Eddie smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-DAY

A **1999 Toyota Corolla** parked in a alley. It bounces in a fast motion.

CUT TO:

INT. 1999 TOYOTA COROLLA-DAY

Rosemary sits face to face with Eddie. She goes up and down.

ROSEMARY
(moan)

EDDIE
(grunt)

She hugs him and the seat.

ROSEMARY
(sigh)

A beep from a cell phone.

EDDIE
Get off!

Rosemary moves to the passenger seat, pulling her panties and pants up. Her eyes on Eddie.

ROSEMARY
Tell me, is this how it's going to be?

Eddie reaches into his pants pocket.

EDDIE
What are you complaining about now?

ROSEMARY
Have you even considered leaving your wife?

EDDIE
Why would I do a dumb thing like that?

ROSEMARY
So, we could start our life together!

He leans his face towards hers.

EDDIE
Read my lips, I'm not leaving my
wife. This is just a fling!

She slaps him across the face and opens the passenger door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-CONTINUOUS

Rosemary steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. 1999 TOYOTA COROLLA-CONTINUOUS

Eddie turns the key in the ignition. He puts the Automatic in Drive.

The passenger window rolls down.

He grabs her **police cap** and tosses it out of the window.

EDDIE
You forgot something!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-CONTINUOUS

The police cap drops to the ground.

Rosemary looks at the 1999 Toyota Corolla.

ROSEMARY
Asshole!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-NIGHT

Isabel sits up on the bed, wearing a bath robe. She takes a handful of French fries from a platter and shoves them into her mouth.

A knock at the door.

She rolls off the bed and rushes to the door.

ISABEL
Good, the ice cream is here!

Isabel opens the door.

Nick stands in front of her with a carton of ice cream.

NICK
Room service!

She smiles.

ISABEL
I didn't --

NICK
-- Not so soon. I figured it's a
good time for ice cream and us.

Isabel steps aside.

ISABEL
Come in.

Nick steps in.

She closes the door and locks it.

He hands her the carton of ice cream.

Isabel takes it.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She sets the carton down on the table.

His eyes on hers.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
What do you want to do now?

He kisses her.

Isabel kisses him back.

Nick unzips his pants and pulls them down. He lifts her up
from the floor.

She opens her robe.

He pushes her against the wall, yanking his boxers down.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Fuck me good baby!!

Nick presses himself against her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(moan)

He goes at a slow pace.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(pant)

NICK
(grunt)

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-NIGHT

Nick washes his face. He looks at himself in the mirror.

NICK
I promise. This is the last time. I
swear!

He steps towards the door and looks back at the mirror.

NICK (CONT'D)
I swear!

Nick pulls the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-NIGHT

Nick and Isabel sit in the back seat, kissing.

She sits on his lap, bouncing herself up and down.

ISABEL
(moan)

He grabs at her breasts, kissing them.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO BOOTH-NIGHT

Isabel and Nick look at the camera.

A light flashes, capturing every shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Nick and Isabel step through the park.

Her eyes on the pictures of her and Nick.

He kisses her.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL-HOTEL-NIGHT

Isabel sits up against the edge of the hot tub.

Nick goes back and forth, pressing himself against her.

ISABEL
(pant)

He grabs her neck.

NICK
(grunt)

Nick goes at a faster pace.

ISABEL
(moan)

He kisses her.

NICK
I'm going to take a shower.

Isabel smiles.

ISABEL
I'll see you up there!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-POLICE DEPARTMENT-NIGHT

Eddie sits in front of a desktop computer. His fingers tap on the keys to the keyboard.

His phone rings.

He grabs it and presses the receiver to his ear.

EDDIE

Yes!

CSI SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

I got those prints for you.

EDDIE

Who do they belong to?

CSI SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Travis Paul.

Eddie thinks to himself.

EDDIE

Travis Paul! The football player?

CSI SUPERVISOR

It's a shock to you too, huh?

EDDIE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Isabel tapes C4 underneath a chair. She looks at the skinned gloves of what used to be Travis's hand.

Travis's severed head sits across from her on a chair.

ISABEL

Thanks for lending me a hand,
Travis.

(laugh)

EDDIE (V.O.)

Okay! Then we bring him in!

CSI SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Sir! Travis is dead. His head was
found with the rest of the victims.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-POLICE DEPARTMENT-BACK TO PRESENT

EDDIE

What!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #122-HOTEL-DAY

Isabel stands in front of the vanity mirror. She puts her hair up in a bun.

MONTAGE

-- Isabel puts on mascara.

-- Isabel puts on blush.

-- Isabel puts on lipstick.

BACK TO SCENE

Isabel looks back at the suit behind her.

ISABEL

Paris here I come!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-DAY

Nick steps past the FRONT DESK LADY.

FRONT DESK LADY

Sir?

He stops and looks at her.

NICK

Yes?

FRONT DESK LADY

She checked out.

Nick steps towards her.

NICK

Checked out? Did she say where she was going?

FRONT DESK LADY
No, sir. But she did want me to
give you something.

The Front Desk Lady hands Nick an envelope.

He takes it and opens it.

A stack full of hundreds flip in his hand.

Nick pulls a note out.

NICK
(read)
Sorry, Nick, I had to go. I hope
you find what you're looking for.
Love always, Isabel.

He closes the envelope and shoves it into his pants pocket.

NICK (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The front door opens.

Eddie steps past Nick.

Nick holds the door open and steps outside.

NICK (CONT'D)
(sigh)

Eddie steps towards the front desk.

EDDIE
Excuse me?

FRONT DESK LADY
What can I do for you, sir?

EDDIE
Do you have a woman in room #122?

FRONT DESK LADY
She checked out.

He slams his hands on the desk.

EDDIE
Fuck! Great!

FRONT DESK LADY
I'm sorry.

EDDIE
It's cool.

He steps back and starts to walk out. Eddie looks back at her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Did she mention where she was going?

FRONT DESK LADY
I'm afraid not.

EDDIE
Shit! Thank you for your time.

FRONT DESK LADY
No problem.

Eddie steps away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL-DAY

Nick sits on a bench, staring up at the sky.

Eddie steps past Nick. He looks at him. A thought to ask him something comes to mind.

EDDIE
Are you feeling alright?

NICK
I'm fine.

He steps towards him.

EDDIE
Are you sure? You look like you lost your best friend.

NICK
I did. Twice.

EDDIE
Women, huh?

NICK
Tell me about it.

Eddie pats him on the shoulder.

EDDIE
Come on, I'll give you a ride.
Where to?

NICK
East L.A.

EDDIE
Okay.

Nick stands up.

CUT TO:

INT. 1999 TOYOTA COROLLA-DAY

Nick sits.

Eddie looks at him.

EDDIE
What's your name?

NICK
Nick.

EDDIE
I'm Eddie.

NICK
Nice to meet you.

He looks back at the road.

EDDIE
There's plenty of women out there.

NICK
I know but --

EDDIE
-- She made you feel something,
didn't she?

NICK
Definitely.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

The 1999 Toyota Corolla stops.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. 1999 TOYOTA COROLLA-CONTINUOUS

NICK

Thank you.

EDDIE

Anytime.

He shakes his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself.

Nick opens the door. He gets out.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

The 1999 Toyota Corolla drives away.

NICK

(wave)

Nick looks around, trying to see who is in the neighborhood.

HOMELESS MAN (50s)

HOMELESS WOMAN (60s)

He smiles.

The Homeless Man hands the Homeless Woman a bottle of water.

Nick walks closer, reaching into his pants pocket and starts pulling out the hundred-dollar bills.

The Homeless Man stands up.

HOMELESS MAN

Yes?

NICK

It's okay, I just wanted to give you something.

HOMELESS WOMAN

What?

Nick hands the Homeless Woman a *wad* of *cash*.

NICK

For you.

She looks at it, amazed at what he handed her.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Thank you!

NICK

Go get yourselves something to eat.

The Homeless Man steps towards him, shakes his hand and hugs him.

HOMELESS MAN

Thank you.

Nick steps away.

NICK

Take care.

He looks around his old neighborhood.

NICK (CONT'D)

I miss you mom.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS-DAY

Nick stands and looks outside the window.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Nick steps into the living room, shuts the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

He flips the light switch on.

ISABEL
Surprise!

A smile grows on his face.

NICK
What!

ISABEL
Not what you expected?

NICK
No. I thought you --

ISABEL
-- I did but I couldn't leave.

Nick steps towards her, kisses her and lifts her up. He gently lowers her to the bed.

Isabel pulls down her panties. She unfastens his belt, pulls his pants down along with his boxers.

He goes back and forth.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(pant)

SUZIE (V.O.)
Nick?

Nick looks at Isabel, feeling confused about her voice.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

A woman stands over him, watching him dry hump the sofa cushion. SUZIE (24) Waitress. A smart and caring woman.

SUZIE
Nick!

Nick opens his eyes. He looks at her.

SUZIE (CONT'D)
You started without me, huh!

NICK
(laugh)

SUZIE
(shake head)

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY-ISABEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Isabel stands, leaned against the rail. A cup of tea in her hand.

ISABEL
(sip)

She feels her stomach. A kick from her unborn child shows in her pregnant belly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-ISABEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Isabel looks at a photo booth group of photos of her and Nick. She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD-COTTAGE-DAY

SUPER: FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

A boy and girl stand in the midst of the park. ADELINE (14) middle school student. Kind and loving. LEON (14) Middle school student. Confident and arrogant. Adeline swings the **Croquet mallet** into a **yellow ball**.

She looks at Leon.

ADELINE (SUBTITLE)
(In French)
And that's how it's done!

Leon steps towards the green ball.

LEON (SUBTITLE)
(In French)
Step aside!

ISABEL (SUBTITLE)
 (In French)
 Adeline, Leon!! It's time to come
 in!

ADELINE (SUBTITLE)
 (In French)
 Coming mother!

LEON
 (In French)
 (mimic)
 Coming mother!

She pushes him.

ADELINE (SUBTITLE)
 (In French)
 Shut up!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-COTTAGE-DAY

Isabel looks outside the window and watches her children
 interact with each other.

ISABEL
 They're all grown up, Nick.
 (laugh)
 I wish you could meet them.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

A woman sits on a sofa.

Candles lit all around.

MILEY JOLIE "MJ" (24) Internet model. Kind and protective.

She looks at a **framed photograph** of her mother and feels her
 stomach.

MJ
 (sob)
 (cry)
 I wish you were here mama.

MJ looks at the photograph of her great, great grandmother,
 Adeline.

MJ (CONT'D)
I hope I can make you all proud one
day.

She hugs the framed photograph and closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN-HEAVENS-NIGHT

Nick lies asleep on the grassy ground.

A woman's hand slithers onto his face.

SIERRA (20) Cunning, manipulative and dangerous.

SIERRA
(giggle)
Sweet, naive and handsome Nick.
Everything you've done will come to
the light.

Sierra's head rises up from the grass. She smiles.

Thunder sounds.

She looks up at the sky.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Until then -- I'll see you soon.

Sierra's head drops down into the grass and moves like a snake.

Nick opens his eyes.

FADE OUT:

THE END