

Inconceivable Pain

by

Frank B. Hansen

[hansenfbl@cox.net](mailto:hansenfbl@cox.net)  
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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A purse lies on a table. Music thumps behind a closed door.

BEDROOM

Sunlight seeps through partially drawn curtains.

On a dresser, a framed photo of two four year old girls. One with sun glasses and short dark hair, the other with a hat and blonde pig tails.

A mirror atop the dresser reflects AMBER COX (25), petite, in a bed, ball gagged, handcuffed to bedposts.

A wire runs from a door handle to a trigger of an assault rifle, mounted on a bed frame. The barrel disappears under her nightshirt, between her spread out, tied up legs.

She yanks on the handcuffs, screams.

Frantic eyes at the ceiling. Chest heaves under her drenched nightshirt.

She snaps her head sideways, peers out a window as a sports car skids to a stop in a driveway.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

MARC POWELL (32), long hair, sports black shades, bolts out of the sports car with a bouquet of red roses.

He leaps onto a porch.

Rock music fills the air.

He looks over his shoulder, backtracks.

At a hedge, Marc picks up a pink phone, taps it, silences an "unknown call."

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Marc paces toward the muffled music.

He opens the door a crack, peeks in.

## BATHROOM

Marc's face barely visible in a steamed up mirror.

On a vanity, a boombox blasts rock tunes. A shower runs behind a dark curtain.

He leans the roses against the boombox, runs a finger on the mirror, "I LUV U."

## HALLWAY

Marc eases the door shut.

## BEDROOM

Amber strains her neck. Tears run rampant as she stares at the door.

## HALLWAY

Marc pushes down on a door handle, swings a door open.

## BEDROOM

Amber drops her head back, whips it from side to side with closed eyes.

## GUEST ROOM

Cardboard boxes stacked next to a dresser.

Marc slides a door to a walk-in closet. He pulls a shoebox from a top-shelf, puts it on the dresser, removes the cover.

He picks up a revolver, lays it on the dresser, pulls tissue from the shoebox, picks up a small gift wrapped box and a card marked "Amber."

## BEDROOM

Muffled whistles.

Amber cranes her neck, blinks back tears.

The door handle moves down.

She screams.

The door swings open.

Wire tightens.

Shots ring out as she catches a glimpse of Marc.

Her body convulses.

He recoils, bumps into the dresser, drops the gift wrapped box and the card.

The photo on the dresser wobbles, hits the floor, face down.

A heartbreaking scream disintegrates the air.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

In a corner, a recliner, table and a couch. Books crowd shelves. Art work on earth tone colored walls. Plants add to the soothing environment. Soft music plays.

On a desk, a laptop, an office phone and a framed picture of three women.

Behind the desk, DINAH DYKES (35) leans back in a chair. Her dress professionally disguises serious curves.

CAPTAIN JACK A. GOLDMAN (55), receding hairline, expanding waistline, stands next to a window.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
What the hell is playing?

DINAH  
Patients like it.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I'm not a fucking patient, okay.

DINAH  
I do have an opening this  
afternoon.

He spins, glares at her.

With a pen, she punches the laptop keyboard. Music stops.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Marc Powell expressed an interest  
in seeing a shrink. So, with my  
generous nature, I recommended your  
services. Did he call?

She nods.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Did you sign him up?

DINAH  
He was a little hesitant on the  
phone. Said he would call back.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I need a profile on him.

DINAH  
Profile?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
A professional evaluation.

She gets up from behind the desk, crosses her arms.

DINAH  
What you're asking me --

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I know perfectly well what I'm  
asking you. Sign him up. We'll  
recap weekly over breakfast.

He steps closer to her.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Your number popped up frequently in  
her phone records. I can always get  
a search warrant and a subpoena.

DINAH  
Amber was a patient of mine.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
When'd you start offering late  
night sessions?

DINAH  
Why Marc? Is he a suspect?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I'm only doing my job.

His hand on her shoulder.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Consider it a police matter.

EXT. A CLIFF BY THE OCEAN - DAY

Palm trees line the shore.

Next to a large rock, Marc sits with a backpack between his legs. With his left hand, he scribbles on a note pad.

From the backpack, he pulls an urn, opens it, drops a note inside, closes it.

He clutches the urn as he gazes out over the ocean.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Marc exits, trudges down a sidewalk.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A bus pulls away from a curb.

With the backpack on his lap, Marc sits on a bench, stares across a street.

He stands, plods to an intersection, crosses the street with his head down.

EXT. PILC'S GUN STORE - DAY

Marc peers at a storefront sign, takes a deep breath, enters.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

On top of the stairs, with a coffee in one hand and a purse in the other, Dinah leans against a wall, exhales.

DINAH  
Damn elevator.

With eyes closed, Marc rests his head against a door with a name plate, "Suite 400. Dinah Dykes, PsyD." The backpack sits beside him.

DINAH (O.S.)  
Marc?

He jerks, gets on his feet.

MARC  
Hi. Morning.

DINAH  
Sorry, I'm a few minutes late.  
You've been waiting long?

MARC  
Couple of hours.

She glances at him.

MARC  
Couldn't sleep.

She puts the coffee on the floor, rummages her purse, pulls a set of keys.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dinah flicks on the lights.

Paintings of nature on walls. Chairs and a couch. Magazines fanned out across small tables.

DINAH  
Please, have a seat. Give me a couple of minutes.

Marc hands her the coffee. Dinah nods, smiles.

DINAH  
Thank you.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Marc sits on the couch. A phone in his hand. Across from him, in the recliner, Dinah taps a tablet.

DINAH  
Would you like some water?

MARC  
No, thanks.

She leans forward, hands him the tablet.

DINAH  
I need your signature. Just use your finger.

With his left hand, he scribbles on the tablet, hands it back to her.

DINAH  
Your first time seeing a therapist?

MARC  
Yeah.

DINAH  
I'll be taking notes --

MARC  
Can we cut the bullshit? Please.

They hold each others eyes.

MARC  
I don't sleep well.

He taps his phone, leans over the table, holds it up.

MARC  
Say hi to her every morning. That  
beautiful smile gets me through  
most days.

Dinah stares at a photo of Amber with long blond hair and a great smile. She nods, leans back.

He pockets the phone, reaches in the backpack, tosses a box of cartridges on the table.

MARC  
I got these the other day.

As she leans forward, eyes bulge. Tablet hits the floor.

DINAH  
Marc.

He pulls a revolver from the backpack, puts it on the table next to the box.

Wide eyed, she pushes back in the recliner.

MARC  
Some days are tough, and ...

He stares at the revolver and the box.

With eyes glued on him, she picks up the tablet.

MARC  
Amber didn't like guns. I got it  
for protection.



He gestures toward the revolver and the box.

MARC  
Please.

DINAH  
Marc, I can't --

MARC  
Please.

DINAH  
The police --

MARC  
I don't trust 'em.

INT. JAVA JOLT MEET UP - DAY

An OLDER COUPLE sit at a table. An EMPLOYEE dumps baked goods on a shelf.

At a corner table, Dinah stares out a window while Captain Goldman bites into a waffle, washes it down with coffee.

DINAH  
How's your diet?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
On track.

He loads a heap of sour cream on the waffle, folds it, smirks before he takes a bite.

Glops of sour cream splatters on a plate.

She grimaces.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
What's your take on Marc?

DINAH  
Based on two sessions?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Didn't ask you how many times you've seen him. What's your professional opinion about him?

DINAH  
I can't determine --

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Listen. Give me a brief  
professional summary.

DINAH  
Why the rush?

He stuffs the rest of the waffle in his mouth, chomps as he  
stares at her.

In one gulp he empties the coffee, leans back.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
A profile, please.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A car rolls over a marked spot "22" and stops. A sign posted  
on the building wall reads, "Reserved Parking."

With coffee in one hand, purse over a shoulder, Dinah steps  
out of the car.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Scratches around the door lock to "Suite 400." Wood splinters  
on the floor.

Dinah opens the door.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dinah flicks on the lights.

Eyes fixed on the open door to the office.

INT. PACIFIC CLIFF MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Dim lights.

Wrapped in a towel, Marc sits on the floor, leans against the  
foot of a bed.

On his phone, he thumbs through photos of Amber.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Dinah puts down the coffee and purse on the desk, pushes the  
chair out of the way.

As she pulls out a scratched drawer, her jaw goes slack.

She drops back in the chair, swipes her phone, punches it, puts it to her ear.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN (V.O.)  
Morning, Dinah.

INT. PACIFIC CLIFF MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Tears travel as Marc watches a video clip of Amber giggling.

He lifts his left arm, runs fingers through his hair.

AMBER (V.O.)  
(video clip)  
Love you Marc.

With both hands, he grips the phone.

A gloved hand pins Marc's head against the bed. A revolver jams his right temple.

A shot rings out. Bedsheets go red.

He slumps to the floor, next to the phone.

The gloved hand puts the revolver in Marc's right hand.

Open eyes. Blood seeps from his mouth.

The video clip plays on as Amber's voice trails off ...

DREAM - INT. SEA AND SURF INN - ROOM - NIGHT

... Amber, ashen colored face, short dark hair, draped in a bloody nightshirt, struggles to keep herself upright at the foot of a bed.

A light partly illuminates her face.

AMBER  
Please, help me.

In the bed, KENZIE HEART (25), messy long hair, throws her head from side to side, kicks her legs.

Amber drops to her knees.

AMBER  
I'm dying.

Each kick pushes a bedspread off Kenzie's petite body, wrapped in a drenched nightshirt.

Amber stares at Kenzie.

AMBER

Too late. I'm dead.

Kenzie bolts upright, wide eyes at the foot of the bed.

With both hands, she covers her face, stifles a sob.

Next to the bed, she flicks on a table lamp, picks up a framed photo of two four year old girls (same photo as in Amber's bedroom). She runs a finger across the photo, snuffles, puts it back on the table beside a phone.

She gets out of bed, rubs her eyes as she steadies herself on a dresser.

As she shuffles past a full length mirror, her eyes bulge, legs freeze.

Slowly, she backtracks, turns toward the full length mirror.

She jerks, tumbles backwards, drops to the floor, bumps up against the side of the bed.

Kenzie gapes at Amber's lifeless reflection. With ashen colored face, short dark hair, on her knees, Amber clutches a photo of two four year old girls.

Kenzie jerks her head around.

The framed photo on the table, gone.

With her eyes glued on Amber, she struggles to push herself onto the bed.

A single tear escapes Amber's eye.

Kenzie throws her head back. A silent scream.

END DREAM.

INT. SEA AND SURF INN - ROOM - DAY

Kenzie snaps awake, sits, stares straight ahead.

She flicks on the table lamp, picks up the framed photo of two four year old girls.

A wake up tune breaks the silence.

She jumps, taps the phone, takes a deep breath.

She puts the framed photo on the table, flips the covers, slides out of bed.

At the full length mirror, she pauses, peeks at her reflection, shakes her head.

Two steps and her eyes pop.

She jolts backwards against the bed, drops to the floor, stares in the mirror at herself in a bloody nightshirt.

She closes her legs, hugs knees, sobs.

EXT. SOFIE'S BREWED ATTITUDE - DAY

Fog rolls in from the ocean.

In hooded sweats, Kenzie rushes around a corner.

INT. SOFIE'S BREWED ATTITUDE - DAY

Baked goods behind a glass enclosed counter. A stack of newspapers next to a cash register.

A YOUNG COUPLE at a condiments counter.

Kenzie rummages her purse as a CASHIER scribbles "Kenzie" on a styrofoam cup.

SPECIAL AGENT ERIC HAWKE (38), athletic, crewcut, enters.

He steps up behind Kenzie.

BARISTA (O.S.)  
What can I get you?

ERIC  
Large coffee. Dark roast. No room  
for cream.

Kenzie digs deeper in her purse.

Barista hands him the coffee.

He drops a twenty on the counter, eyes the Cashier, gestures toward Kenzie.

CASHIER  
Ma'am.

KENZIE  
Sorry, I forgot my wallet.

CASHIER  
The gentleman paid for you.

Kenzie looks up.

KENZIE  
Thanks so much.

He lifts the coffee as he backs out the door.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Fog lifts. Seagulls screech. Distant rumble of surf. A few BENCH WARMERS. PEOPLE walk. A couple of RUNNERS.

On a bench, Kenzie scrunches a brown paper bag, tosses it in a trash can. Eric sips coffee.

ERIC  
Try Property Masters. Ask for Lauren Wilkins. She's a good friend of mine. Might help if you mention my name.

KENZIE  
Okay. Thanks much.

ERIC  
Beautiful morning. Wish I could stay, but work is calling.

KENZIE  
Where do you work?

He pulls a card from a pocket, hands it to her.

ERIC  
Personal trainer.

They shake hands.

ERIC  
Good meeting you, Kenzie.

KENZIE  
I didn't tell you my name.

He points to the coffee cup with her name scribbled on it.

She shakes her head, smiles.

ERIC  
Good luck with the rental.

KENZIE  
Thanks much.

As he leaves, she glances at the business card.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

On a front porch, Kenzie shoulders a purse, rings a doorbell.

INT. TRUCK - PARKED - DAY

Across a street from the cottage, Eric sits behind the wheel, eyes Kenzie.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In a corner, a lazy chair next to a side table. Across from a couch and a coffee table, a flat screen TV above a fireplace. A few posters on walls.

CAPTAIN LAUREN WILKINS (45), crisp suit, hair pulled back in a bun, strides in with a phone in her hand. Kenzie follows.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Certainly not a mansion, but it got  
a great view. One bedroom. One  
bath. Needs a woman's touch.

A phone rings.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Excuse me. Have a look around.

EXT. COTTAGE - BALCONY - DAY

A light breeze flutters Kenzie's hair. She leans against a railing, fills lungs with ocean air.

CAPTAIN WILKINS (O.S.)  
Feels good, doesn't it?

KENZIE  
It's beautiful.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
A short walk to the beach.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

At a table next to a window, Kenzie pulls a chair, puts her purse on the floor, sits.

Across from the table, Captain Wilkins leans against a counter, an envelope in her hand.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
You like cooking?

KENZIE  
Mostly nuking.

As Eric enters, Kenzie grabs her purse, leaps to her feet. The chair tips over, hits the floor with a bang.

Eric picks it up, motions for Kenzie to sit.

ERIC  
Please.

At the table across from Kenzie, he sits.

KENZIE  
What's going on?

Captain Wilkins shows her credentials.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Captain Lauren Wilkins, FBI. You've met Special Agent Eric Hawke.

KENZIE  
What's this about? Am I in trouble?

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Please, have a seat. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

Kenzie stares at him.

KENZIE  
How about your credentials?

He displays his credentials.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Please, take a seat.

Hesitant, Kenzie sits, puts the purse in her lap.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
How well did you know Amber?



Kenzie's eyes dart between Captain Wilkins and Eric.

KENZIE

Why?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We know you're not in town for coffee and the beach. How well did you know her?

KENZIE

I didn't. Too young to remember.

Captain Wilkins hands Kenzie a photo of Amber.

The photo shows Amber with ashen colored face, short dark hair, clutches the framed photo of two four year old girls.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

I'm sure you've seen this photo posted by the police.

KENZIE

Yeah, I recognized the photo on her lap. I was told it was taken days before we got separated at the orphanage. Never saw her again.

Kenzie touches the photo.

KENZIE

Didn't even know her name.

She sniffs back a tear.

KENZIE

She looks so sad.

He slides a box of tissue across the table.

Kenzie nods, wipes her eyes.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We understand you've been in touch with the police.

KENZIE

How'd you ... Yeah, I called 'em. They didn't wanna talk to me cause I'm not family and the investigation is ongoing.

Captain Wilkins pulls another photo from the envelope.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We had a hard time connecting you  
with Amber. Dysfunctional history.

Captain Wilkins puts the photo in front of Kenzie.

She picks it up, leans back.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Taken a few weeks ago.

Kenzie stares at the photo, eyes Captain Wilkins and Eric.

KENZIE

Amber?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Yes.

Kenzie puts the photo on the table, pulls her hair back.

The photo shows a head shot of Amber with a big smile, blonde  
hair in a ponytail.

Captain Wilkins puts a hand on Kenzie's shoulder.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Your sister.

KENZIE

My sister? Amber was my sister?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Identical twin.

Kenzie wipes her eyes, blows her nose.

KENZIE

Sorry.

Captain Wilkins squeezes Kenzie's shoulder.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We're truly sorry.

KENZIE

Thanks much.

Kenzie leans forward, clears her throat.

KENZIE

Why am I here?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

I know you've got a lot to digest  
and I do apologize for being so  
insensitive, but we need your help.

KENZIE

My help?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

As an informant. The circumstances  
around Amber's death is part of a  
larger undercover investigation.  
Special Agent Eric Hawke will fill  
you in. He reports to me.

KENZIE

You believe what the police  
reported about Amber?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We do question their statements.

KENZIE

I don't believe any of that crap.  
Some kind of a sexual game. Sounded  
like a freak show.

Kenzie locks eyes with Eric.

KENZIE

Was Amber murdered?

CAPTAIN WILKINS (O.S.)

At this point, we can't --

ERIC

Yes, Amber was murdered. Sorry,  
Captain.

KENZIE

What do you want me to do?

Captain Wilkins hands Eric the envelope and a set of keys.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

All expenses paid, including rent.  
As a precaution, we'll provide you  
with a new ID.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Goldman sits on the couch. Dinah leans at the desk.

DINAH

Did he leave a suicide note?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

You pair a stripper with a nutcase.  
Not a good combo. Marc was a danger  
to society and your concern is if  
he produced a suicide note?

DINAH

He was asking for help.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

I guess he didn't want our help.

DINAH

Did anyone do a positive on him?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

Should be in the Coroner's report.

He gets off the couch, hands in his pockets as he paces  
toward her.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

Nothing happened in your office.  
All surveillance has been  
confiscated. Clean up done.

With a smirk, he puts a hand on her shoulder.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

Lucky for you. It happened over  
the weekend.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kenzie signs a paper, hands it to Eric.

He stuffs it in the envelope, gives it to Captain Wilkins.

ERIC

Any more questions?

KENZIE

I'd like to meet Marc's family.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

We can't disclose that information  
at this time.

Captain Wilkins turns to Eric.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Anything you like to add?

ERIC  
I'm good.

Captain Wilkins extends a hand to Kenzie.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
We do appreciate your cooperation.

Kenzie gets up, wraps her arms around Captain Wilkins in a tight hug.

Captain Wilkins leaves.

ERIC  
You hungry?

KENZIE  
Starving.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A home phone sits on a table with a mirror above it.

A five foot teddy bear pushes a door open, waddles in with Kenzie's arms wrapped around its waist.

Eric follows, carries shopping bags, shakes his head.

KENZIE  
I told you. A woman's touch.

ERIC  
Sure.

BEDROOM

Kenzie leans the teddy bear against a head board.

KITCHEN

Eric drops four bags on a counter.

ERIC  
That's it.

Kenzie pulls a couple of frozen dinners from a grocery bag, holds them up.

KENZIE  
You wanna stay for dinner?

ERIC  
Rain check, okay?

She nods, puts one frozen dinner in a freezer, the other next to a microwave.

ERIC  
Good luck with the interviews.

KENZIE (O.S.)  
Hey.

An ice hockey puck flies through the air, lodges in his hand.

KENZIE  
Like hockey, huh?

ERIC  
I grew up playing hockey. Feels good getting on the ice once in awhile, even if you have to fight the crowds.

She smiles.

KENZIE  
Thanks for everything.

LATER

The microwave dings.

On the table, a candle burns next to the framed photo of two four year old girls. Kenzie sits, scoops a spoonful from a steaming food tray.

EXT. STEAKOUT SHACK - PARKING LOT - DAY

On top of a hill, a police car slips into a spot.

INT. STEAKOUT SHACK - DAY

Log beams stretch across high ceilings. Booths with high partitions hug the walls. Tables line up at the windows.

SERVERS tap orders on tablets while a BUSBOY cleans a table.

## DINAH'S TABLE

She puts down a menu, reaches for a glass of water, sips.

Her eyes go wide as Kenzie bounces toward her.

She spits water, covers her mouth with the back of her hand, coughs, puts the glass on the table.

Flatware rattles as Kenzie flips a napkin, hands it to Dinah.

Dinah nods, coughs into the napkin.

Kenzie puts a hand on Dinah's shoulder.

KENZIE

You okay?

Dinah leans back, clears her throat.

DINAH

Thank you.

KENZIE

Sure.

DINAH

You new here?

KENZIE

My first day.

## TABLE

A HOSTESS smiles as she struts away from OFFICER RICK CHASE (40), gelled back hair, horseshoe mustache, doughnut lover and OFFICER TONY LYNCH (40), a beanpole in serious need of a tailor to lengthen his flood pants.

Tony crosses a leg, scratches a no sock ankle, studies a menu, taps his phone.

Rick leans back, eyes rove.

As Kenzie breezes by the table, Rick's eyes pop. He tracks her every move, until his eyes land on Dinah.

He puts a finger to his forehead, salutes Dinah.

## DINAH'S TABLE

She frowns, stabs a salad plate with a fork.

BOOTH

TEEN#1, ponytail, points to a menu as he slides a foot behind Kenzie.

TEEN#2, skinny, peach fuzz, peeks above an upside down menu, puts a thumb up.

KENZIE  
Great choice.

She taps a tablet.

Teen#1 quickly retracts his foot.

KENZIE  
Drinks coming up.

As she leaves, Teens chuckle.

DINAH (O.S.)  
Curious. What's on your menu?

Dinah strides up to the table, smiles at Teen#2.

Teen#2 glances at the menu, flips it, snickers.

Teen#1 slides a foot behind Dinah.

DINAH  
Not the menu. Your menu.

Teen#2 shrugs.

Without looking, she crushes Teen#1's foot with her heel.

As Teen#1 yelps, reaches for his foot, she grabs the ponytail, yanks his head back.

DINAH  
If you're looking for cotton or  
silk, don't waste your time, cause  
I don't wear any.

She steps aside, yanks Teen#1's head sideways.

DINAH  
You see the cops over there?

Wide eyed, Teen#1 winces.

She glares at Teen#2.



DINAH

I'm sure they'd like to know what's  
on your menu.

Teen#2 gawks. He drops the menu, stuffs a tablet in a  
backpack, buries his face in the menu.

With a jerk, she lets go of the ponytail.

DINAH

Don't fuck with the waitress.

As she swaggers away, Teen#1 scratches his head, tends to his  
foot. Teen#2 studies the menu.

EXT. STEAKOUT SHACK - DAY

A door swings open. Kenzie waves a billfold.

KENZIE

Wait. Ma'am. Dinah.

Kenzie rushes up to Dinah, hands her the billfold.

KENZIE

You left a hundred dollar bill.

Dinah smiles, opens a car door.

DINAH

See you in spinning class.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Music blasts from a radio. Kenzie finger taps the steering  
wheel, belts out lyrics.

EXT. T-INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Kenzie's car changes lanes, stops at a red light.

The light turns green. Her car makes a left turn.

A police car speeds up behind her, flashers and sirens on.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

In the rear view mirror, she eyes the police car.

KENZIE

Shit.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Under a street lamp, Kenzie's car sputters to a stop. Lights turn off.

The police car rolls to a stop behind her car. Sirens go off.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

She pulls a driver's license from her purse.

As she reaches for the glove compartment, a spotlight slices through the rear window. She turns, squints.

She paws through the glove compartment, picks up a registration, rolls down a window, sits back.

The spotlight goes off.

Eyes pinned to the side view mirror.

Footsteps crunch on gravel.

KENZIE

Evening officer.

Rick leans in, sweeps the interior with a flashlight.

RICK

License and registration.

She hands him the papers.

KENZIE

What'd I do?

EXT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Rick points the flashlight at the papers.

RICK

All current?

KENZIE

Yeah.

RICK

What is it? Miss or Mrs. Heart?

KENZIE  
Kenzie. What'd I do wrong?

RICK  
Unsafe lane change.

KENZIE  
What?

RICK  
I didn't see a signal.

KENZIE  
But I was in the turning lane.

RICK  
How'd you get in the turning lane  
in the first place?

She avoids eye contact.

RICK  
Been drinking tonight?

KENZIE  
I just got off work.

RICK  
You hard of hearing? Anything to  
drink tonight?

KENZIE  
Water.

He raises an eyebrow.

RICK  
What were you looking for?

KENZIE  
Registration.

He hands back the papers.

RICK  
A warning this time. Remember, the  
blinker is your friend.

KENZIE  
Thank you, officer.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

She puts the papers in her purse.

With one hand on the roof, Rick leans closer.

RICK

I assume you got insurance.

As she reaches for the purse, he grabs her shoulder.

RICK

I'll trust you. You wouldn't lie to  
an officer of the law, would you?

She shakes her head.

He releases the grip.

RICK

Have a great evening, sweetie.

EXT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

As Rick saunters toward the police car, he taps a phone.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

With pursed lips, she rolls up the window, peeks in the rear  
view mirror, extends both middle fingers in her lap, wiggle  
them, mouths a "fuck you."

EXT. KENZIE'S CAR - NIGHT

As her car pulls away from the curb, sirens wail and lights  
flash behind it.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - NIGHT

She stomps on the brake.

KENZIE

What now?

A chuckle as she turns on the blinker.

INT. FITNESS CLUB - NIGHT

Upstairs, legs pound treadmills and steppers.

In a weight room, neck-less GUYS lick their biceps.

Behind a glass wall, a spinning class in progress. A FEMALE INSTRUCTOR yells. RIDERS stand, pump pedals. Dinah, red-faced, locks onto Kenzie's behind.

The Female Instructor yells again. Riders sit, slower pace.

Kenzie wipes her face with a towel.

Dinah hangs over the handlebar, huffs and puffs.

LATER

Kenzie and Dinah exit the spinning class. Dinah drinks water from a fountain, steals a peek at her butt in a mirror.

DINAH

You want to get something to eat?

INT. BEAN THERE BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

A handful of PATRONS crowd a semi circled bar counter. Sport games on wall mounted flat screens.

At a table, next to a rock wall, Dinah chats on a phone while Kenzie sips beer.

DINAH

I love you too, mom. Sleep tight.

Dinah taps her phone, puts it on the table.

DINAH

As long as she knows I'm okay, she'll relax and sleep well. It's like clockwork. Mondays and Thursdays at seven.

KENZIE

Nice to have a mom who cares.

DINAH

I do love her.

They clink glasses. Dinah sips wine. Kenzie gulps beer.

DINAH

I got to ask you. How do you stay in such great shape?

KENZIE  
Working out is a lifestyle for me.  
It feels great and the side effect  
controls my dress size.

DINAH  
I only wish.

KENZIE  
Hey, ...

Kenzie rifles through her purse, hands a card to Dinah.

KENZIE  
... I bumped into this guy the  
other day at the beach. Nice guy.  
He's a personal trainer.

DINAH  
Thanks. I'll check him out.

Dinah removes her jacket, drapes it over a chair.

KENZIE  
Wow.

DINAH  
What?

KENZIE  
Your butterfly tat. It's beautiful.

DINAH  
A routine call turned violent. I  
screamed for back-up. Ignored.  
Bianca, my partner and best friend,  
took a bullet in her arm and one in  
her chest.

Dinah palms one of her boobs, clears her throat.

DINAH  
I was sworn to protect and serve. I  
couldn't even protect my partner  
and best friend.

Kenzie touches Dinah's hand.

KENZIE  
I'm so sorry.

DINAH  
My last day in uniform.

A BLONDE WAITRESS drops a bill on the table.

BLONDE WAITRESS  
Thank you. Have a good evening.

Kenzie snaps up the bill.

KENZIE  
This one's on me.

DINAH  
Thank you.

A phone rings.

KENZIE  
Sorry, I gotta take this.

She swipes the phone, chins it.

KENZIE  
Hey. Hold on a second.

As Kenzie pulls a credit card from her wallet, another card drops on the floor.

With Kenzie away from the table, Dinah picks up the card, flips it, stares at Kenzie's driver's license.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Leaned against a police car, Rick squeezes MISTY BARKER's (35) curvy scrubs covered buns.

A car horn blares.

He cups her face, lock lips.

INT. DINAH'S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Dinah throws her hands up, shoots Misty and Rick a "what the fuck" look.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rick glances at Dinah's car.

MISTY  
I gotta go. See you later.

As Misty leaves, Dinah yells.

DINAH  
You're in my spot.

RICK  
Call the cops.

He waves at Misty.

RICK  
Don't see your name posted.

DINAH  
Twenty-two. My paid spot.

He eyes number "21" painted on the asphalt, glances at the sign posted on the building wall, "Reserved Parking."

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rick slides in behind the wheel, slams the door shut.

In the passenger seat, Tony thumbs his phone.

TONY  
No love for the police, huh?

Rick shakes his head, keys the ignition.

INT. DINAH'S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Dinah lays on the horn.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rick kills the ignition.

RICK  
What the fuck.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rick bolts out of the police car, stomps toward Dinah's car.

RICK  
Step out of the car.

DINAH  
Get out of my spot.

With one hand on a holstered gun, he yells.



RICK  
Dinah, not gonna ask you again. Get  
out. Now.

Dinah gets out.

RICK  
Up against the car. Face me.

He steps close to her.

RICK  
I could arrest you for public  
nuisance. Disturbing the piece.  
Unlawful parking. But I'm not.

With his fist, he bangs the roof of her car. She jerks.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Is everything okay, Dinah.

Rick whips around.

She nods.

RICK  
Police matter. Step away.

ERIC  
I got an appointment with Dinah.

Rick shakes his head, huffs.

RICK  
Step the hell back. I'll let you  
know when she's available for your  
mental issues. Okay?

Eric backs up, drops a shoulder bag on the ground, leans  
against a car.

RICK  
(hushed voice)  
I'll let this one slide, but don't  
you ever humiliate me again. Ever.

Rick crosses back to the police car, glares at Eric.

RICK  
She's all yours.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rick slumps into the driver seat.

TONY  
You guys worked it out?

RICK  
She needs to get laid.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

The police car howls, rockets in reverse out of the parking spot, misses Dinah's car by inches.

Flashers go on as the police car leaves at snail speed.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Eric sits on the couch. The shoulder bag on the floor.

In the recliner , Dinah taps her tablet.

DINAH  
What's your secret to stay fit?

ERIC  
No secret. Stay happy. Stay fit.

She pinches her waistline.

DINAH  
Happiness isn't working for me.

He measures her up.

ERIC  
With the right exercises and attitude, the muffin top and underarm jelly should be gone in no time.

She leans back.

A phone rings.

ERIC  
Excuse me.

He steps away from the couch, puts the phone to his ear.

ERIC

Yeah.

KENZIE (V.O.)

Hi, I was wondering if you have any free time on the twentieth?

ERIC

I can leave it open.

KENZIE (V.O.)

Please do. Thanks much. Have a great day.

He pockets the phone, paces back to the couch, sits, pulls a notebook and a pen from the shoulder bag.

ERIC

Close your eyes.

She fidgets.

ERIC

Pretend we're in a session. I'm one of your clients.

Her eyes flutter shut.

With the palm of his hand, Eric draws circles on a cushion.

ERIC

What's your state of mind?

She crosses her legs.

DINAH

Focused on your needs and interest.

ERIC

Keep your eyes closed. Let's switch to the gym. Spinning class. Pedals pump. Sweat pours. What's your state of mind?

DINAH

Not sure.

ERIC

You check your phone?

DINAH

Sometimes.

ERIC  
Maybe planning dinner?

She smiles.

ERIC  
Reflecting on the day or maybe an  
incident with a client.

A slight contraction of her eyebrows.

The notebook hits the table with a bang.

Her eyes fly open.

ERIC  
Body and mind. You apply the focus  
you have for your clients to your  
workout routine and you'll be a  
very happy woman.

He stuffs the notebook and pen in the shoulder bag.

ERIC  
I got to roll. Sign up is online.  
Hope to see you again.

They shake hands.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eric's eyes wander as he leaves.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - DAY

On the desk, a laptop displays a profile of Kenzie.

Dinah leans back in the chair, holds a phone to her ear,  
Kenzie's driver's license in the other hand.

DINAH  
I'd like to leave a message for  
Kenzie Heart, please.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On a couch, Rick and Misty cuddle.

Rick runs a hand up her scarred leg.

MISTY

I'll get matching stockings when I pick up my wedding dress.

RICK

Stockings? How about thigh high white boots?

MISTY

Not matching my wedding dress.

RICK

I was thinking honeymoon.

She gently slaps him. They kiss.

On a table next to the couch, a phone chimes.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A front door swings open. Misty and Rick hug.

With a duffel bag in one hand, he saunters toward a limousine, waves at Misty.

A DRIVER opens a door, nods as Rick gets in.

INT. LIMOUSINE - PARKED - NIGHT

The door shuts.

Champagne on ice. Soft music. Dim lights.

Rick slides into a seat, bumps fist with Tony.

RICK

Nice, but are we gonna make love or am I in a hearse?

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

Tony taps a panel, switches to rock music.

RICK

Yeah. Listen, buddy. Nikki got us a private room at the Tap.

TONY

We got to pick up the guys.

RICK

Let 'em know we'll be a bit late.

TONY

We have to be in Vegas before midnight. You want to piss off the strippers?

ERIC

I don't give a shit about the strippers. Tip 'em. They'll be your friends for life. Isn't it my bachelor party? A couple of drinks at the Tap, then Vegas. Okay?

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dinah opens a desk drawer, picks up Kenzie's driver's license, hands it to her.

DINAH

It was on the floor when I went back for my car keys.

KENZIE

Thanks so much.

Kenzie puts the driver's license in her purse.

DINAH

I met with Eric this morning.

KENZIE

You gonna sign up with him?

DINAH

Not sure.

Kenzie glances at the framed photo of three women.

KENZIE

Your friend?

DINAH

Bianca, mom and I.

Dinah unbuttons her shirt, eyes glued on Kenzie.

She slides a hand under her bra, pushes it aside, exposes a butterfly tattoo.

DINAH

Bianca saved my life.

Dinah hooks an arm around Kenzie's waist, pulls her closer.

With one hand, she cups Kenzie's face, kisses her.

The lip-lock lingers.

A phone rings classical music.

Dinah eases away.

DINAH

My mom.

INT. T AND A TAPROOM - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Wall mounted flat screens pump out music videos. A fireplace crackles. Artistic posters of scantily dressed girls posing with hot rods and custom bikes.

Rick relaxes in a chair. Tony slouches on a couch.

With a grin, Rick dangles a pair of handcuffs.

RICK

In case I have to arrest her.

Heels clack.

As Rick turns, his smile fades into a scowl.

With a tray in one hand, Kenzie bounces across the floor.

She steals a glimpse of the handcuffs.

KENZIE

Officer. So, you're the lucky one?

RICK

Where's Nikki?

KENZIE

She had an emergency.

Tony gapes at Kenzie.

Rick shifts in the chair.

RICK

Two shots of your best tequila.

KENZIE

Nikki told me --

RICK  
Two shots.

KENZIE  
Drinks coming up.

She leaves.

TONY  
You guys met?

RICK  
Traffic stop.

TONY  
You don't remember the lame ass  
stripper at your fortieth?

FLASHBACK - INT. T AND A TAPROOM - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Handcuffed to a chair, Rick licks his chops as an all MALE  
CROWD cheers.

TONY (V.O.)  
The one that got slaughtered. Did  
she rise from the dead?

On her knees in a bikini and heels, armed with a can of  
whipped cream, Amber fills Rick's crotch with whipped cream.  
She scoops up a load, extends her middle finger, licks it.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. T AND A TAPROOM - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Rick smirks.

RICK  
Why do you think I pulled her over?

TONY  
Who is she?

RICK  
A chick with an attitude.

Kenzie returns with a tray of drinks, lowers it in front of  
Rick and Tony.

KENZIE  
Enjoy.



Rick grabs her arm.

RICK

Hold on.

She wriggles out of his grip.

They clink glasses, knock back the drinks, put the glasses on the table.

RICK

Another round.

She picks up the glasses, puts them on the tray.

Rick leans forward, grabs her waist, pulls her closer, runs a hand under her skirt.

KENZIE

Hey.

She spins, whacks him with the tray.

Glasses fly. One explodes on the floor, the other lands in the chair.

KENZIE

Get your greasy hands off my ass.

Rick rubs his face.

Tony leaps from the couch, pins her arms behind her back.

The tray bounces on the floor.

RICK

Fucking bitch.

Red faced, Rick stands.

RICK

Cuff her.

ERIC (O.S.)

That won't be necessary.

All eyes on Eric as he moseys across the floor.

RICK

Private party. Get the hell out.

ERIC

I don't believe the Chief is a big supporter of sexual assault.

Tony releases his grip on her.

Eric taps his phone.

ERIC

You okay?

She nods, rubs her wrists, picks up the tray.

Eric's phone rings.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(speakerphone)

Hello. Eric, is that you?

ERIC

Beth. What's going on? The Chief is too lazy to pick up his own phone?

WOMAN (V.O.)

(laughter/speakerphone)

He forgot his phone again.

He taps off the speakerphone, steps away from Rick.

ERIC

(into the phone)

How's your recovery?

Eric scans the music videos.

ERIC

Great. So, marathon next month.

He laughs, paces the floor.

ERIC

Listen, I'm running late for a dinner date. Can you have the Chief give me a call as soon as he gets in. It's important.

Rick runs fingers through his hair, mumbles.

RICK

Fuck.

ERIC

Thanks. Are you joining us for dinner at the Homeland Roadhouse? Be good to see you again.

(nods)

Twentieth.

Kenzie's eyes pop.

ERIC  
I know. That place got a  
reservation list a mile long.

Eric saunters toward Kenzie.

ERIC  
Sure. Sounds great. You too.

He pockets the phone.

ERIC  
Hungry?

Kenzie and Eric leave.

KENZIE  
Did we have dinner plans?

ERIC  
We do now.

Rick puts a phone to his ear.

RICK  
Hey, Mon. It's Rick. I need a  
favor. Is the Chief on your  
reservation list for the twentieth?

He raises an arm, rolls eyes.

RICK  
Of course the Chief of police. Who  
the fuck do you think I meant?

He picks up the glass from the chair, rubs it.

RICK  
Yeah. He does? Thanks, Mon.

Neck veins pop, face twitches.

The glass propels through the air at the fire place, shatters  
the screen.

INT. SAKE TYPHOON GARDEN - NIGHT

Light traffic. On the walls, paintings and pictures express  
harmony and tranquility.

In a corner booth, Eric studies a menu. Kenzie downs a drink, winces as she puts a ceramic cup on a table.

She wraps a napkin around a ceramic bottle, fills two cups.

In one gulp, she drains the cup, shakes her head as she pounds it on the table.

He glances up from the menu.

KENZIE

Good stuff.

She forces a smile.

KENZIE

You think I have a nice ass?

He arches an eyebrow.

KENZIE

Dinah likes it. You know. My ass.

Giggles as she drops back in the booth.

KENZIE

That cop. What a slimeball. Thanks for being there.

Her eyes glazed.

KENZIE

You know. I can handle the ass grabbing, but being lied to, in my face, no, that I won't take.

With a slurry look, she leans forward.

KENZIE

So, if this trust thing, you know, between us, is gonna work. Don't you fucking lie to me.

Her eyes well up as she rummages her purse, tosses a couple of tickets on the table.

KENZIE

I trusted my boyfriend. He banged my stepmom.

He picks them up.

ERIC

VIP hockey tickets?

KENZIE  
Surprise. The twentieth. Enjoy your  
dinner with the Chief.

They exchange stares.

KENZIE  
I wanted to say thank you. Don't  
worry, I used my own money.

ERIC  
Listen. I want to --

Slumped in the booth, she snores.

He stands, drops a few bills on the table, shoulders her  
purse, picks her up.

ERIC  
You do have a nice ass.

She makes a raspy sound as she inhales.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

On the table underneath the mirror, the home phone blinks.

Knocks on the front door.

RICK (O.S.)  
Police. Open up. Search warrant.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

In bed, Kenzie grunts, pulls covers over her face.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

A fist pummels the door.

RICK  
Police. Open the god damn door.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door bursts open.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Kenzie's eyes flutter open.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Rick elbows the door aside. Tony follows. Guns drawn.

THREE OFFICERS, one holds a battering ram, stand back.

RICK

Stand guard. Seal off the premises.

LIVING ROOM

Tony levels the gun, sweeps the room.

HALLWAY

Rick kicks open a door, grins, aims, fires.

BEDROOM

Tony rushes in, lowers his gun.

At the bed, Rick picks up the oversized teddy bear. A hollow third eye in the stuffed animal's forehead.

HALLWAY

Rick pauses at the home phone, pushes a button on an answering machine.

ERIC (V.O.)

(speakerphone)

How's your recovery?

Rick's eyes narrow.

ERIC (V.O.)

(speakerphone)

Great. So, marathon next month?

He smashes the answering machine against the mirror. His face twitches as shards of glass drop to the floor.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A door splinters open.

On a couch, Eric snaps awake.

Rick bursts in, extends a gun at Eric.

RICK  
Police. Wake up. Search warrant.

Tony flicks on the lights. The Three Officers follow.

Eric sits, rubs his eyes.

RICK  
On your knees. Hands where I can  
see 'em.

He gets on his knees, hands on his head.

RICK  
(to Tony)  
Stay on him.

A door creaks open.

Rick spins, points the gun.

From behind the door, Kenzie peeks out, squints at Rick.

RICK  
Police. Get your ass in here.

Dressed in an oversized T-shirt, she drags her feet across the floor, kneels next to Eric.

RICK  
Cuff 'em.

Tony holsters his gun, flex cuffs Eric's arms behind his back, yanks him back on the couch.

RICK  
Go easy on the lady.

Rick winks at the Three Officers.

RICK  
Scan for bugs. Don't want any video  
or audio recordings interfering  
with the search warrant.

The Three Officers spread out.

Rick holsters his gun.

Tony jerks Kenzie to her feet, flex cuffs arms behind her back, pushes her down on the couch.

Rick swipes a set of keys from a table.

RICK

Yours?

Eric nods. Rick pockets the set of keys.

RICK

(to Tony)

Stun him if necessary.

From a breast pocket, Rick pulls a piece of paper, drops it in Eric's lap.

RICK

Distribution and selling of illegal narcotics. Serious felony.

ERIC

Are you on a sugar high? Lay off the doughnuts.

Tony stuns Eric.

Rick snaps the search warrant, stuffs it in his breast pocket as Eric writhes on the floor.

He pats his stomach.

RICK

Don't insult my love for doughnuts.

OFFICER#1 (O.S.)

All clear.

Rick tosses the keys to Officer#1.

RICK

I want every inch of the garage searched, including all vehicles.

The Three Officers leave.

RICK

Tony, get me a flashlight. I'll conduct the cavity search.

Rick flashes a scary grin at Kenzie.



RICK  
Short staffed today.

Tony stuns Eric, leaves.

From a pocket, Rick pulls latex gloves, slips them on, snaps them for good measure. She jerks.

RICK  
I'll be gentle.

She lowers her head as Rick steps closer.

RICK  
Open your mouth.

KENZIE  
Dream on.

He backhands her face.

She yelps as blood splatters from her nose.

He grabs her hair, yanks her head back against an armrest, rubs his crotch inches away from her face.

RICK  
Sorry, had an itch. Open up.

She opens her mouth. He lowers his head.

RICK  
Looks clean ... and inviting.

He releases the hold on her hair. She shakes her head, drops back on the couch.

RICK  
Turn around. On your knees.

TONY (O.S.)  
Rick.

With slurry eyes, Eric catches a glimpse of Kenzie.

RICK (O.S.)  
You gotta be kidding me.

Rick taps his radio microphone.

RICK  
Piece of shit.

He pulls the gloves off, stuffs them in a pocket.

RICK

Listen up. It's been a mistake.  
Wrong address. We do apologize for  
the intrusion. Please, remain calm.

Rick snaps open a switchblade, cuts her lose.

She wipes blood off her face.

Tony levels his gun at Eric as Rick jerks Eric back on the  
couch, cuts the flex cuffs.

RICK

Address any personal complaints to  
the police department, or in your  
case, address the Chief directly.

Rick smirks.

RICK

No need to get up. We'll let  
ourselves out. Have a nice day.

As Rick and Tony leave, Eric shakes his head.

ERIC

I'll take you to the hospital.

She touches the bridge of her nose.

KENZIE

Still in one piece. What I need is  
a make-up artist.

A forced thin smile.

KENZIE

Can I take a shower?

ERIC

Cotton and peroxide in the medicine  
cabinet. Towels on the shelf.

KENZIE

Eric?

ERIC

Yeah.

KENZIE

I don't wanna press any charges.

BATHROOM

Naked, on her knees, Kenzie throws up in a toilet. She chokes back tears.

KITCHEN

Eric puts a phone to his ear.

ERIC

I want twenty-four-seven on Kenzie  
and I need a vehicle.

BATHROOM

A shower runs behind a dark curtain.

KITCHEN

At a counter, Eric turns on a coffee maker.

As he stares at a home phone, hands white knuckle around the edges of the counter.

The coffee maker explodes against a fridge.

BATHROOM

With the palm of her hand, Kenzie wipes a fogged up mirror, touches her face.

KITCHEN

Eric sweeps the floor, empties a dustpan in a trash can.

He wipes off the counter with a rag.

Kenzie enters.

ERIC

We'll get coffee on the way.

She grabs the rag from him, wipes down the fridge, hands the rag back to him.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

With one hand on the steering wheel, Eric dry washes his face with the other hand. In the passenger seat, Kenzie glances out a side window.

KENZIE

No more sake for me.

She turns to him.

KENZIE

I'm sorry about last night.

ERIC

Why?

Her eyes pop.

ERIC

Cause you stood up for yourself?

KENZIE

What? No.

ERIC

Cause you like sake? I like sake.  
Do you see me apologizing?

KENZIE

Red light.

His arm shoots across her chest as he slams the brakes. She jerks forward, bumps into his arm.

ERIC

Buckle up.

As she clicks a seat belt, he glances past her at a police car in a side street.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

The police car pulls out from the side street, slips into traffic a few cars behind the truck.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Eric eyes the police car in the rear view mirror.

ERIC  
Thanks again for the tickets. I  
heard the VIP burgers are great.  
You want to join me?

With raised eyebrows, Kenzie stares at him.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

The truck rolls past shops and palm trees. The police car follows at a distance.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

A finger taps a navigation screen.

ERIC  
Open gate.

A green light blinks.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

A gate rolls open. Two "DO NOT ENTER" signs posted on each side of the exit. Ground spikes make sure nobody enters.

EXT. ONE-WAY STREET - DAY

The truck pulls up to a stop sign.

A delivery van backs out into the street.

The police car swerves, scrapes paint off a car, plows into a trash can.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

With both hands, Eric grips the steering wheel.

ERIC  
Hold on.

Kenzie grabs the seat belt as he guns the engine.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

At a hilltop, the truck makes a sharp turn, accelerates down a steep hill.

With flashers and sirens on, the police car zips across the hilltop, screeches to a halt, backs up, turns, speeds down the steep hill.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

In the side view mirror, Eric catches a glimpse of the police car.

ERIC

Head down.

Kenzie drops her head, grabs the seat belt.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

The truck peels around a corner.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Eric floors the gas.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

The truck rips across an intersection, heads straight for the parking structure.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

On top of an incline, the truck goes airborne as it zips by the "DO NOT ENTER" signs.

A metal box sensor flashes.

The gate closes.

Front wheels bounce on the ground, feet away from the gate.

Rear wheels lick the top of the ground spikes.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Driver side mirror snaps. Metal against concrete as the truck threads through an opening between a brick wall and the closing gate.

The truck makes a one eighty, skids to a stop behind a wall.

The gate clanks shut.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

The police car comes to a stop at the intersection before the parking structure. Sirens go off. Flashers stay on as the police car speeds down a street.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Eric opens the passenger side door, unbuckles Kenzie, extends a hand.

She trembles as she slides off the seat and into his arms. A tight hug.

ERIC  
Breakfast?

As they cross the grounds, they pass three black SUVs and two black trucks.

She glances over her shoulder as a MAN sweeps up debris at the gate.

EXT. COTTAGE - STREET - DAY

Kenzie's car coasts to a stop behind a parked motorcycle with a helmet on a seat. The car sputters. Doors creak open as Kenzie and Eric get out.

He opens a mailbox.

KENZIE  
No mail on Sunday.

As he pulls two sets of keys from the mailbox, he glances across the street, gives a slight nod.

A car pulls away from a curb.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

At the front door, Kenzie struggles with the key in the lock, tugs on the door handle.

Eric hands her a set of keys.

She unlocks the door, pauses.

KENZIE  
They paid me a visit first?

ERIC  
Yeah.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Eric stares at the home phone on the table.

KENZIE  
I'll be right back.

BEDROOM

Kenzie zips up her jeans.

As she pulls on a sweater, eyes pop.

She sits on the bed, runs a finger across the teddy bear's hollow third eye.

(O.S.), from the hallway.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(speakerphone)  
Hello. Eric, is that you?

Kenzie turns in the direction of the voice.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(laughter/speakerphone)  
He forgot his phone again.

HALLWAY

Eric holds the answering machine in one hand as Kenzie peeks out from behind the door.

ERIC  
Needs a new greeting.

The answering machine beeps.

ERIC (V.O.)  
(speakerphone)  
How's your recovery?

He shuts off the answering machine, puts it on the table.



ERIC  
Couldn't get a hold of anyone. Had  
to resort to my homemade service.

She flashes a smile.

ERIC  
Unfortunately, I swapped your home  
phone with mine. Sorry.

KENZIE  
Shit happens.

From the table, she picks up a piece of glass, rubs it.

KENZIE  
Are the VIP burgers still tasty?

With a smile, he puts a thumb up.

ERIC  
Why don't you stay at my place for  
a few days.

KENZIE  
Do I have a choice?

He picks up the home phone.

KENZIE  
I'll take you home.

ERIC  
Thanks, but I'll be okay.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

On the front porch, Kenzie leans against a post, waves.  
A motorcycle rumbles to life. Eric slips on the helmet.  
She glances over her shoulder, shakes her head.  
The motorcycle pulls away from the curb.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kenzie lies on the couch, eyes shut.  
On the table, her phone chimes.

With eyes closed, she fumbles for her phone, picks it up, squints at a text from Dinah, "dinner next week?"

She puts the phone on the table, eyes flutter shut.

INT. ERIC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Garage door open. Plugged to music, Eric wipes down the motorcycle with a rag.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A police car rolls by at slow speed.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

With a hand, Eric shades his eyes, squints into bright lights as the police car rolls to a stop a few feet from the motorcycle. High beams shut off.

He stuffs the earbuds and music player in a pocket.

Rick slides out of the police car with a baseball bat in his hand. Tony gets out on the passenger side.

RICK

Nice bike.

ERIC

There's a baseball field a few miles down the road.

Rick brandishes the baseball bat.

RICK

My security blanket.

ERIC

You're trespassing. Get off my property.

RICK

Just wanna talk.

ERIC

I got nothing to say.

RICK

I do.

ERIC  
Another search warrant?

Rick huffs a smirk, shakes his head.

RICK  
Hit and run.

ERIC  
Humor me.

TONY (O.S.)  
Fuck u.

Tony head gestures at the motorcycle.

TONY  
The plate. Read it backwards.

The motorcycle license plate reads, "UKCUF."

RICK  
Cuff him.

Tony handcuffs Eric's hands behind his back, yanks him around, shoves him against the front of the police car.

Rick backs up to the motorcycle.

RICK  
A broken taillight. Well, it gets me curious.

With a quick jab, Rick shatters the taillight with the baseball bat.

He swings the baseball bat over his shoulder, saunters to the front of the motorcycle.

In a flash, Rick crushes the headlight. Another whack, the fender crumbles.

RICK  
A broken headlight. That really gets my attention.

Rick ambles back to Eric.

RICK  
Any weapons on you? Drugs? Needles? Sharp objects?

ERIC  
I got a bazooka in my back pocket.

The baseball bat clatters on the concrete as Rick yanks Eric around, slams his face against the hood of the police car, jerks his wallet from a back pocket, hands it to Tony.

RICK  
Run plate and license.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Tony swipes Eric's license.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

As Rick saunters to the passenger side of the police car, Eric back steps.

A window goes down.

TONY  
Squeaky clean.

Rick circles around the front of the police car, picks up the baseball bat.

A clank.

Rick jerks, slowly turns, smirks as he swipes the handcuffs from the hood of the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

As Rick sinks into the driver seat, he drops the baseball bat in the back seat, tosses the handcuffs in Tony's lap.

He keys the ignition, grabs the steering wheel with both hands, stares at Eric.

He pumps the gas, yanks the car in reverse.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Motionless, with arms crossed, Eric peers at the police car zipping out the driveway.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN GOLDMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Framed rewards crowd a wall. A cork board tacked with notes. On a desk, a laptop, a phone and a stack of papers.

Behind the desk, Captain Goldman sits with a sheet of paper in his hand. Eric sits across from him.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

I want to personally apologize for the home intrusion the other day. Unfortunately a search warrant was issued with the wrong address. I'll follow up on this matter.

Captain Goldman waves the sheet of paper, leans back.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

What puzzles me is this bill you submitted for repairs to your bike. No official complaint. No statements. Only a bill with a reference to two police officers.

ERIC

They know what happened.

They exchange a stare.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

I talked to the officers and they believe, actually, they know this is all a simple misunderstanding.

ERIC

Memory lapses do happen. You might want to have a chat with them again. Refresh their memories.

Captain Goldman finger taps the desk.

ERIC

I'll let the bogus search warrant slide, but I want reimbursement for damages to my bike.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN

You expect me to snap off a few hundred dollars from our home grown money tree and cut you a check?

Eric tosses a memory stick on the desk.

ERIC

Might be a good idea to either keep the money tree or put a leash on your doughboy. Have a great day.

As Eric leaves, Captain Goldman picks up the memory stick, rubs it.

A door slams shut as he plugs the memory stick in the laptop, taps the keyboard.

A video plays on the laptop.

RICK (V.O.)  
(video)  
Nice bike.

Captain Goldman rubs his chin.

ERIC (V.O.)  
(video)  
There's a baseball field a few miles down the road.

As the video plays on, his eyes narrow.

He punches the keyboard. The video freezes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rick waves his hands as he stomps ahead of Tony.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rick and Tony get into a police car.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rick drops behind the wheel. Tony in the passenger seat.

He keys the ignition, pumps the gas. The police car howls.

TONY  
Easy. You want desk duty? One paycheck and this guy is out of your life.

RICK  
That's one paycheck too many.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

The police car shoots out of a spot.

EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A wall of plexiglass panels against the ocean. A bar in a corner. Each table with a heating lamp. Light traffic.

Waves crushes the rocks below. Palm trees silhouetted against the sunset.

At a table, next to the plexiglass wall, Kenzie drives a fork through a tomato.

Dinah glances at her.

KENZIE

What?

DINAH

Nothing.

KENZIE

Rabbit food Tuesday.

Dinah smiles.

DINAH

You feel okay?

Kenzie wiggles her nose.

KENZIE

A little sore. Amazing what make-up can do.

DINAH

Who was in charge?

KENZIE

A bloated grease monkey with a U-turn moustache and an inflated ego.

Dinah frowns.

KENZIE

You know him?

DINAH

You're not pressing charges?

KENZIE

That might deflate his ego.

A clank as Dinah lifts a fork with an impaled cherry tomato.

DINAH  
He sexually assaulted you. That  
asshole should be behind bars.

KENZIE  
I'll survive.

Dinah touches Kenzie's hand.

DINAH  
Sorry, I'm only concerned.

With two fingers, Dinah slides the cherry tomato off the  
fork, drops it in her mouth.

They clink glasses, sip.

DINAH  
You want to ride me?

KENZIE  
What?

Dinah leans back, chuckles.

DINAH  
The wine's talking.

She sips.

DINAH  
My mom wants me home for my  
birthday. It's a nice ride up the  
coast. You want to join me?

KENZIE  
When?

DINAH  
Twentieth?

KENZIE  
Sorry, no can do. I got Eric VIP  
hockey tickets and he invited me to  
the game. How about dinner and  
drinks before you take off?

DINAH  
You like hockey?

KENZIE  
It's a nice ride up the coast and I  
heard the VIP burgers are awesome.



Dinah huffs, swirls the wine, sips, lightly swooshes the wine in her mouth.

A PETITE WAITRESS lowers a tray with two drinks.

PETITE WAITRESS

Excuse me, ladies. Here's your bill and compliments of the gentleman at the bar.

As the Petite Waitress puts the drinks on the table, Kenzie eyes the bar.

A BALD MAN lifts a glass.

Dinah puts the wine glass on the table, rubs the stem, stares straight ahead.

DINAH

Please, inform the male model at the bar that we truly appreciate his generosity, but we're not in the mood for a pussy hunter.

The Petite Waitress freezes for a second, puts the drinks back on the tray.

DINAH

Thank you.

Dinah snatches the bill.

KENZIE

Great service. Thanks much.

The Petite Waitress nods, leaves.

Kenzie picks up her purse.

KENZIE

Let me take care of the tip.

DINAH

Don't worry. The horn dog's gesture isn't affecting her tip.

KENZIE

Thanks.

Kenzie jumps, cups an eye with her hand.

KENZIE

Shit. My contact went south.

She blinks her eyes.

KENZIE

I need to swing by the bathroom.  
See you downstairs.

As Kenzie passes by the bar, the Bald Man grins.

Dinah drops a credit card on the bill.

INT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In front of a mirror, Kenzie pushes a finger against an eyelid.

A thud at the door.

KENZIE

Hold onto your horses. I'll be out  
in a second.

She leans over a sink, splashes water on her face.

Lights go off. A lock clicks.

Water splashes.

KENZIE

Shit. What happened?

A phone flashlight flicks on.

DINAH

The male model was getting a bit  
nosy. Just wanted to make sure  
you're okay.

Heels clack as Dinah strides across the floor.

She drops her purse next to Kenzie.

Dinah runs a finger under Kenzie's chin, slides her wet  
finger in her mouth, sucks it clean.

She places her phone on the side of the sink.

DINAH

You know we're in a drought, right?

Kenzie turns, shuts off the water.

Dinah rubs against her buns, rips Kenzie's blouse open.

A sultry exchange reflects in the mirror as the sound of buttons dance on the floor.

With eyes closed, Kenzie grabs Dinah's neck.

Bodies rub. Pelvises gyrate.

A hand caresses a boob. Fingers gently pinch a nipple.

Kenzie moans.

The sound of a zipper. Heavy breathing.

A cry of pleasure as Kenzie throws her head back.

A knock at the door.

LADY (O.S.)  
Anybody in there? You fallen in?

DINAH  
Shit.

KENZIE  
Fuck.

DINAH  
We need to get a room.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Windshield wipers work overtime.

Behind the wheel, Rick chomps on a doughnut. Tony rides shotgun, thumbs his phone.

RICK  
Forget the internet stuff. Get a blow-up, man.

A phone chimes. Rick picks it up, flashes a grin as he reads the text, "time for your spanky."

Rick taps the phone, "when?"

His phone chimes, "NOW."

RICK  
Yeah.

TONY  
What?

RICK  
Evening snacks.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The police car skids to a halt in the driveway.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Rick shuts off the ignition.

RICK  
See you in a bit.

Tony nods.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick bolts from the police car, rushes to the front door.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Muffled music. Rick puts an ear to a door, knocks.

RICK  
Honey, I'm here.

He pushes down on a door handle.

BEDROOM

As the door opens a crack, a wire tightens between the door handle and a leg of a barstool.

HALLWAY

Rick taps a chain link, peeks through the door opening, eyes a whip against a dresser.

BEDROOM

A boombox plugs away on a wedding march.

RICK  
Honey, I've been very bad.

Stiletto heels tremble on the barstool. A wedding dress hugs Misty's curvy body. With a rope around her neck, arms tied behind her back and blindfolded, she screams into a ball gag. A veil drapes her face.

The rope passes through a pulley at the ceiling. The other end hooks to a wall plug.

HALLWAY

Rick kneels, flashes a grin.

RICK  
Please, I need my spanky.

A thud. Crushing noise.

RICK  
Hey, honey. What's going on?

He gets back on his feet.

Glass shatters.

RICK  
Fuck.

BEDROOM

The chain link snaps as Rick rams the door with his shoulder.

Wire tightens, rips the barstool away.

A sickening crack.

Rick freezes.

Misty's body jerks, goes limp as she sways slightly back and forth.

An ear-splitting scream as Rick dives at Misty, grabs her lifeless body.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In riding gear, a Person storms across a yard.

Rick bolts out the front door, yells.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Tony looks up from his phone.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick races toward the police car, whips his head around by the sound of a sputtering motorcycle.

Tony gets out of the police car.

RICK

Call nine-one-one. Misty is fucking  
dead, man. Murdered.

Rick jumps in behind the wheel.

A growl as the police car takes off, fishtails like a salmon in heat across a yard.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

The motorcycle sputters.

Wood splinters as the police car rips a fence, bounces off a sidewalk, hits the asphalt a few feet behind the motorcycle.

A roar and the motorcycle peels away.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rick flips on the flashers and siren, white knuckles the steering wheel with both hands.

RICK

Fuck u too.

He turns off the siren.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

The motorcycle thunders away from the police car.

INT. KENZIE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Rain pelts the windshield.

Behind the wheel, Kenzie taps her phone.

A rumble. She whips her head around. A motorcycle rolls past her on the passenger side. A garage door opens up.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Tools on a work bench next to a side door. Cardboard boxes stacked in a corner beside a cabinet.

The motorcycle comes to a stop.

Eric flips down a kickstand, removes a helmet.

KENZIE

You like riding in the rain?

ERIC

Went to a funeral.

Kenzie opens her mouth, shrugs.

The garage door closes as he picks up a cardboard box.

Vinyl and metal explode.

A police car barrels through the garage door. A metal rod spiderwebs the windshield.

He throws the cardboard box at her.

She tumbles backwards, head-bumps a pair of floor to ceiling water pipes.

He dives next to the cabinet.

The police car slams into the motorcycle, throws it across the floor.

The motorcycle bangs against the wall and the edge of the cabinet, pins Eric in a corner.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Behind a deflated airbag, Rick shakes his head.

He grimaces as he clutches his ripped shoulder, picks up the metal rod, flings it in the back seat.

Face twitches as he shifts into park, roars the engine, jerks the car into drive.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The police car leaps, crashes into the motorcycle, punches the handlebar through the wall, cuts into Eric's real estate.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Rick peers out the windshield.

He yanks it into reverse, backs out a few feet, kills the ignition. The flashers stay on.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Rick slides out, slams the door shut.

As he staggers toward Eric, he pulls out a gun.

RICK

You gotta change the plate, man.  
Are we filming tonight?

He sways.

RICK

Any last words?

Eric cradles his wrist, grimaces, eyes closed.

A grunt. Rick eyes Kenzie on her knees.

He holsters the gun, yanks Kenzie to her feet, handcuffs her to the pipes.

She lifts her head, dazed eyes on Rick.

RICK

Time to finish the cavity search.

From the work bench, he picks up duct tape, slaps a piece over her mouth.

RICK

Don't wanna disturb the neighbors.

He rips open her shirt.

She knees him in the nuts.

A raspy inhale as he doubles over, kneels, sucks air.

With feverish eyes, he stumbles to his feet.



She snaps her head sideways.

He yanks his gun from the holster, levels it at Eric, fires.

She screams. Muffled.

Gas seeps from a hole in the motorcycle gas tank.

With a flashy smirk, he runs a bloody finger across her neck and boobs.

RICK

You wanna try and kick me again?

He puts his gun on the hood of the police car, opens the door, sinks into the driver seat, cranks up tunes.

RICK

Can't party with no music.

He gets out, grips his shoulder.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN (O.S.)

Rick, hands where I can see them.

Rick lowers his head.

RICK

Hard to hear you, Captain.

A shot pierces the rear window of the car, kills the music.

Rick jerks.

RICK

Nice shot, John.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

With hands in his pockets, Captain Goldman stands in front of a police car. OFFICER JOHN SNIPER (35), burly, levels an assault rifle at Rick.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Rick's eyes drift between his gun, Kenzie and Eric.

RICK

Captain, I made an arrest for the murder of my fiancée Misty Barker.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN (O.S.)  
Hands on top of your head.

Rick steps in front of the open car door, grits teeth as he puts his hands on top of his head.

RICK  
Captain, give me the order and I'll  
save the taxpayers a lot of money.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN (O.S.)  
Get the hell out of there. We'll  
get you to a hospital.

Eric's eyes flutter open.

ERIC  
Kenzie?

Muffled sobs.

Rick frowns, peers at his gun.

He dives, sweeps the gun from the hood of the police car, dashes to the front of the car, whips the gun at Eric.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A shot.

Captain Goldman shakes his head.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A beam flickers across Rick's face. Blood gurgles from a hole in his neck.

John pushes the side door open with the assault rifle, flicks on a light, turns off the flashlight.

JOHN  
All clear, Captain.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kenzie and Eric exit. His wrist bandaged.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A few ducks waddle along a pond. A COUPLE strolls down a paved path. At a distance, KIDS kick a ball around.

On a bench, Dinah and Captain Goldman converse.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Come on. Rick is six feet under.  
Let him rest in peace.

He pulls photos from inside his jacket, hands them to her.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I know you like blondes.

In her hands, head-shots of Amber and Kenzie, both with long blond hair.

DINAH  
What are you saying?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
You tell me.

She hands the papers to him.

DINAH  
Didn't you run a background on  
Kenzie?

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
With the amount of carpet licking  
you're doing, I was hoping you  
could provide more details.

With a glare at him, she stands.

DINAH  
On my birthday, I plan on drilling  
Kenzie with a ten inch strap-on.  
Not sure if I'll bang her from  
behind or she squats on my stick.

She takes a few steps.

DINAH  
Let me know if you need more  
details. Always a ... pleasure  
helping out law enforcement. Have a  
great day, Captain.

As she struts down the paved path, he stuffs the photos inside his jacket.

## MONTAGE

-- Coast Highway - Sun peeks through clouds. Waves lap along beaches. A motorcycle snakes its way passed rugged cliffs. Kenzie wraps her arms around Eric.

-- Restaurant - On a patio, Kenzie and Eric converse. He raises a bandaged arm, puts a thumb up. She laughs. They clink glasses.

-- Freeway - Skyscrapers loom at a distance. Kenzie and Eric pass a sign, "LA City Limit."

-- Hockey Arena VIP Lounge - Eric jumps to his feet, fist pumps the air with a handful of other FANS. Kenzie raises an arm, yells, bites into a burger.

## INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The motorcycle rolls to a stop.

Kenzie slides off, removes a helmet, puts it on the seat.

ERIC  
It's in the office.

## BATHROOM

Kenzie flushes a toilet.

## OFFICE

On a desk, a pink bag sits next to a laptop and a printer.

As Kenzie grabs the pink bag, she steps on a sheet of paper.

She picks it up, flips it.

The pink bag hits the floor as she puts a hand to her mouth.

Her eyes well up as she stares at a photo of Amber in bed, all tied up and ball gagged.

She yanks her phone from a pocket, taps it.

KENZIE  
No. No. Come on. Shit.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Use mine.

She jumps, drops her phone, gawks at Eric.

As he puts his phone on the desk, she takes a few steps back.

With a finger, she hammers the photo, flips it, shoves it in his face.

KENZIE

Amber?

He nods.

KENZIE

How the fuck did you get this?

She shoots him a lethal stare.

KENZIE

You perverted sick prick.

ERIC

We recovered Amber's phone from a bank deposit box. I pulled the photo off her phone.

With her mouth open, she shakes her head.

ERIC

You got to trust me.

They lock eyes.

KENZIE

What was the name of the priest at the funeral?

Her chest heaves.

ERIC

No priest.

KENZIE

Who conducted the service?

ERIC

Nobody.

KENZIE

Interesting funeral. Who was laid to rest? Nobody?

He clears his throat.

ERIC  
My best friend. Marc Powell.

He pulls a desk drawer, opens a false bottom, picks up a photo and credentials.

ERIC  
Marc and Amber had a favorite spot by the ocean, on a cliff, next to a large rock.  
(sniffles)  
Marc liked the rain, so I scattered his ashes over the ocean the other night at their favorite spot.

Hands her the photo.

ERIC  
Marc and I at the beach last year.  
Her hand trembles as she stares at the photo.  
He steps closer, displays his credentials.

ERIC  
Special Agent Eric Hawke ...  
His thumb slides.

ERIC  
... Powell.  
Her lips quiver. No words.

ERIC  
For obvious reasons, Captain Wilkins referred to me by my first and middle name.  
She leaps into his arms. Floodgates open up, soak his shirt.  
His eyes well up as he kisses the top of her head.  
The embrace lingers.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

On the table, a lit candle. Steam rises from a food tray.  
A microwave hums.  
Kenzie leans against a counter, arms crossed, head down.  
A ding.

She slips on oven mittens, pulls a food tray from the microwave.

A door bell chimes.

She puts the food tray on the table, tosses the mittens on the counter.

HALLWAY

The pink bag sits on the table.

Kenzie opens the door.

Eric smiles, hands her a sixpack of beer.

KENZIE

Thanks.

KITCHEN

Eric lifts a beer.

ERIC

Cheers.

They clink bottles.

He scoops up a spoon full.

ERIC

Pretty good.

KENZIE

Did you ever meet Amber?

ERIC

I wish I had.

Kenzie shuffles a fork back and forth in a tray.

ERIC

Not hungry?

She takes a pull from the beer.

KENZIE

Why do you keep me on board after all the shit I've given you.

He takes a swig.

ERIC  
Cause I trust you.

## HALLWAY

Eric motions to the pink bag on the table.

ERIC  
I got you one too. You might want  
to take it for a spin, so to speak.  
Get a feel for it. Thanks again for  
dinner. Sleep tight.

Kenzie locks the door, picks up the pink bag.

## LIVING ROOM

Kenzie slumps into the lazy chair, puts the pink bag on the  
side table, takes nips from a bottle of beer.

She pulls out two boxes from the bag. One gift wrapped with a  
bow, the other covered in plain papers.

As she flips the bag, two miniature dildos drop in her lap.

She picks up one, snickers.

On the miniature dildo, she clicks an on/off switch, pushes a  
slider knob.

On the side table, the plain paper box hums.

She takes a big slug from the beer bottle.

With eyes glued on the box, she pushes the slider knob. The  
box vibrates.

She drops back in the lazy chair, wiggles two fingers.

KENZIE  
You got competition.

She snorts a laughter.

## LATER

On the side table, an open box, plain paper wrappings and two  
empty beers.

A door slams shut.



Muffled giggles.

Silence.

Muffled moans.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door swings open.

Wrapped in a dress two sizes too small, elbow length gloves and heels to match, Kenzie back kicks the door shut.

She struts across the floor with the pink bag in her hand and a coat over her arm.

Behind the desk, Dinah slowly rises from the chair.

Kenzie drops the pink bag and the coat on the desk.

She pushes Dinah back in the chair, pins her hands to the armrests, kisses her.

The smooch lingers.

As Kenzie eases away, Dinah's eyes flutter open with a smile.

Kenzie reaches into the pink bag, pulls out the gift wrapped box, hands it to Dinah.

KENZIE  
Happy birthday.

DINAH  
Thank you.

Kenzie puts two glasses and a champagne bottle on the desk.

DINAH  
I made reservations at the --

KENZIE  
Open it and let me know if you  
wanna go out.

Dinah unwraps the box, removes the cover, picks up a toy butterfly. She jerks as the toy vibrates.

A grin spreads across Dinah's face as Kenzie flashes the miniature dildo in her hand.

Dinah punches the laptop keyboard. Soft music fills the air.

Kenzie pops the bottle of champagne.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

A revolver and a box of cartridges lie on the desk. The laptop displays an image of Amber tied up.

Eric taps the keyboard, pulls a memory stick.

He thumbs a cartridge into the chamber of the revolver.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. On the desk, a half full bottle of champagne and two empty glasses.

Blindfolded, Dinah arches her back in the recliner. Hands cuffed behind the chair. Legs zip tied to the base. Skirt hiked up.

On her knees, Kenzie pushes the slider knob on the miniature dildo as she strokes Dinah's inner thighs. Fingernails against skin.

Handcuffs rattle. Moans echo through the air.

Kenzie puts the miniature dildo on the table, picks up her coat, leaves.

Dinah shifts, chest heaves.

Music stops.

DINAH

Kenzie?

Footsteps.

DINAH

What's going on?

A ball gag in a gloved hand crushes the miniature dildo.

She jumps.

DINAH

What the hell? Kenzie?

The gloved hand rips off the blindfold.

Her eyes go wide.

Eric blows on the ball gag, rubs it.

ERIC  
You scream and I'll plug you.

He puts the ball gag on a side table next to Dinah's phone. Leather straps dangle from the edge of the table.

She steals a glimpse of the crushed miniature dildo, whips her head at the ball gag.

He sits on the couch.

ERIC  
All juiced up and nobody to play with, huh?

They hold each others eyes.

DINAH  
Where's Kenzie?

ERIC  
No clue. By the time the cops pick her up, we'll both be gone.

With the palm of his hand, he draws circles on a cushion.

ERIC  
Marc sat here, didn't he?

He shakes his head.

ERIC  
I begged him to stay the hell away from that fucking bitch. She ripped us apart.

Her eyes pop.

ERIC  
Where'd you keep his revolver?

She squirms.

ERIC  
Where did you keep his revolver?

DINAH  
I tried to help Marc.

ERIC  
Then, why did you kill him?

She stiffens.

DINAH  
Marc committed suicide.

In a swift motion, he leaps to his feet, grabs the table, hurls it.

She recoils as the table splinters against the desk.

His arm shoots forward, blocks her windpipe, pins her against the recliner. He yanks the revolver from his waistband, jams it to the side of her face.

She wheezes as tears squeeze past her lids. Her lips quiver.

A finger white knuckles around the trigger as he gives the revolver an extra thrust against her temple.

As he releases the grip on her throat, she gasps for air, throws her head down, coughs.

ERIC  
Don't fuck with me.

He drops back on the couch.

DINAH  
Why didn't you kill me?

She whips her head up.

DINAH  
Why the fuck didn't you kill me?

ERIC  
Why should I? You don't believe in family assisted suicide.

DINAH  
What the hell --

ERIC  
Three classical rings of pleasure  
and a hell of a mess.

He peeks at his phone, pockets it, leans back on the couch.

Classical music penetrates the air.

She jumps. Jaw goes slack as she gapes at her crotch.

He picks up her phone from the side table, removes his glove.

A second ring of classical music. She jerks, screams as she wiggles her pelvis.

A tap on her phone shuts off the call.

ERIC  
Mom is a little early tonight.

She gawks at him as he slips on the glove, wipes the phone down with a sleeve, puts it back on the side table.

The desk phone shrills.

An answering machine picks up.

DINAH'S MOM (V.O.)  
Hi, sweetie. Your cell cut me off.  
Anyway, looking forward seeing you  
tomorrow. I'll call you back in a  
little bit. Love you.

The answering machine clicks off.

DINAH  
Love you too, mom.

Her eyes well up.

DINAH  
I didn't kill Marc.

ERIC  
What happened to suicide?

DINAH  
I tried to help him.

She takes a deep breath.

DINAH  
Listen. Amber fucked with me too.

Handcuffs rattle.

DINAH  
You don't fuck with feelings.

She stares straight ahead.

DINAH  
So, I punished the bitch. Even took  
snapshots of her.

ERIC  
Snapshots?

DINAH  
I lost her phone.

His eyebrows arch.

DINAH  
I don't know who killed Marc. Ask  
the god damn police. There are some  
bad seeds in that department.

He pulls an envelope from inside his jacket, drops it on the  
side table, snaps open a switch blade.

She pushes back in the chair as he stabs the envelope.

DINAH  
I didn't kill him. I swear.

With the ball gag in one hand, he places the other hand on  
the chair close to her face.

DINAH  
Marc was left handed.

He eases away from her. She drops her head.

DINAH  
I didn't ...

Chest heaves as she lifts her head.

ERIC  
What kind of bike do you ride?

An intense stare.

In a flash, he stomps her foot.

Her mouth flies open.

The ball gag lodges in her mouth. He straps it tight.

Frantic muffled screams.

He leans her phone against the switchblade, pulls his phone  
from a pocket, taps it.

DISPATCHER  
(speakerphone)  
Nine-one-one. What's the emergency?

His eyes glued on Dinah.

DISPATCHER  
(speakerphone)  
Hello. Nine-one-one. Please, state  
your emergency.

He taps the phone, puts it to his ear, paces toward the door.

ERIC  
I'd like to report a family  
assisted suicide that will take  
place in the Healthcare Center  
downtown. Suite four hundred.

At the door, he flicks off the lights.

ERIC  
My name is not important.

As he closes the door.

ERIC  
You're not listening.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Police cars spill in, flashers on, sirens off.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dinah's phone lights up, rings classical music.

She throws her head up.

A muffled crack.

A bullet whizzes by her head, shatters her phone.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN (O.S.)  
Dinah, it's Jack. You okay?

She whips her head around, nods into a flashlight beam.

Lights flick on. Flashlight goes off. John lowers an assault  
rifle. Two heavily armed POLICE OFFICERS and Tony spread out,  
guns ready.

Captain Goldman paces toward Dinah, unties the ball gag.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
We got a weird nine-one-one.

He flips open a switchblade, cuts the zip ties and pulls down her skirt.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
What the hell happened?

She rattles the handcuffs.

DINAH  
Get me out of these. We need a face to face.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Tony, make sure the hallway is secured. John, get me bolt cutters.

The Police Officers, Tony and John leave.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
We've sealed off the building.

DINAH  
Waist of time. He's long gone.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Who the fuck is this guy?

DINAH  
I don't know. You talked to him the other day.

Captain Goldman peeks at the envelope on the side table, pulls a handkerchief from a pocket.

He yanks the knife free, picks up the envelope marked "Captain Jack Ass Goldman", huffs as he rips it open, pulls out a note.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
I never told him my middle name.

His eyes narrow.

DINAH  
What?

He stares at the note, "Meet me in Marc's room at the Pacific Cliff Motel."

DINAH  
What is it?

He crumbles the note, drops it in his pocket.



DINAH  
He knows Marc was murdered.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
It was ruled a suicide.

DINAH  
He knew about Marc's revolver.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
How?

DINAH  
Marc was left handed.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
You're telling me now?

DINAH  
You asked me to profile him, not to  
prep him for murder.

They lock eyes.

DINAH  
This psycho will stop at nothing  
until he faces Marc's killer.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Good luck. He'll need an excavation  
permit and a shovel.

DINAH  
Who gave the order, Jack?

As he stalks across the floor, he pulls a radio from a coat  
pocket, spits as he yells into it.

CAPTAIN GOLDMAN  
Bolt cutters? Get me those fucking  
bolt cutters?

At a window, he peers out.

The door bursts open.

Captain Goldman hurls around.

Dinah whips her head back.

FBI AGENTS fan out with assault rifles leveled at Captain  
Goldman and Dinah. Captain Wilkins steps forward.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Captain, drop the radio. On your knees. Hands where I can see them.

Captain Wilkins crosses her arms.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Captain, not going to ask you again. These Agents don't miss a fly at a thousand feet. They're not going to miss a bloated jackass at close range.

Captain Goldman drops the radio, kneels, hands on his head.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Get him out of here. He got no rights, but read them anyway.

Two FBI Agents handcuff Captain Goldman, yank him to his feet, drag him out.

DINAH

What the hell are you doing?

With a recorder in her hand, Captain Wilkins paces over to Dinah, squats in front of her, rips a microphone from under the side table.

Captain Wilkins sits on the couch, taps the recorder.

DINAH

What's between my legs?

CAPTAIN WILKINS

If you don't know what's between your legs, you better get some serious therapy.

The recorder plays back part of the conversation between Dinah and Eric.

Captain Wilkins taps a few buttons on the recorder.

DINAH

You had me tied up. Insulted. Interrogated. For what? Of course I fed him what he liked to hear.

Captain Wilkins punches a button on the recorder.

DINAH (V.O.)  
(recorder)  
So, I punished the bitch. Even took  
snapshots of her.

ERIC (V.O.)  
(recorder)  
Snapshots?

DINAH (V.O.)  
(recorder)  
I lost her phone.

Captain Wilkins clicks off the recorder, pulls a pink phone  
from a pocket, holds it up.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Remember this. Amber's phone. The  
one you lost.

FLASHBACK - EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

At a hedge, Marc picks up a pink phone, taps it, silences an  
"unknown call."

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Wilkins thumbs through photos on the phone.

DINAH  
Get me a fucking lawyer.

With a photo of Amber tied up and ball gagged, Captain  
Wilkins thrusts the phone in Dinah's face.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
Let your fucking lawyer know.

Dinah stares at the photo, slips off her high heels.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eric opens a back door to a black SUV. A smile spreads across  
his face.

Kenzie returns a smile.

INT. SUV - PARKED - NIGHT

Wrapped in a FBI jacket, Eric slides in by Kenzie's side, shuts the door, hugs her.

ERIC  
Thank you for all your help.

KENZIE  
What happened?

ERIC  
Basic interrogation.

The windshield implodes.

Dinah's head spiderwebs the windshield as her body slashes through the glass, head bumps against a center console.

Kenzie screams, buries her face against his chest.

Her bloody body convulses. Lifeless eyes at Kenzie and Eric.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kenzie and Eric get out of the SUV.

A phone rings.

INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Wilkins peeks out a shattered window.

ERIC (V.O.)  
Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
You guys okay?

ERIC (V.O.)  
We're good. Dinah's going nowhere.  
She's still in cuffs.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An SUV with Captain Goldman and Tony in the back seat rolls past Captain Wilkins and Eric.

CAPTAIN WILKINS  
How did you know Marc was murdered?

ERIC

Had him identified. He was shot on the right side of his face. Marc was left handed.

He runs fingers through his hair.

ERIC

The Captain confirmed my suspicion. He set it up and his doughboy officer performed the execution.

He reaches in a pocket, pulls out a miniature dildo, tosses it to Captain Wilkins.

ERIC

Great work on the phone traffic.

She lifts an eyebrow.

ERIC

Classical vibrations of pleasure.

FLASHBACK - INT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - DINAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eric peeks at his phone. It displays "6.55pm" and a "smiling emoji" from Captain Wilkins. He pockets it.

When he pulls his hand out of his pocket, he hides the miniature dildo in the palm of his hand.

He leans back on the couch.

As Dinah's phone rings classical music, he pushes the on button of the miniature dildo.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. HEALTHCARE CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A body bag strapped to a stretcher slides into a Coroner's Van. A CORONER GUY slams the doors shut.

The Van leaves.

Kenzie hugs Captain Wilkins.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

I'll have Amber's personal items returned to you in a few days.

KENZIE  
Thanks so much.

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

On a bedside table, a phone rings.

In bed, Kenzie bolts upright, wide eyed.

She grabs the phone, swipes it, puts it to her ear.

KENZIE  
Yeah. Hello.

LIVING ROOM

On a table, an urn sits atop a map.

Kenzie clutches the urn to her chest, hands shake.

She runs a finger across a marked circle on the map.

BEDROOM

Kenzie puts the framed photo of two four year old girls, the urn and the map in a backpack.

HALLWAY

Kenzie slips on boots.

In front of the mirror, she pulls her hair in a ponytail.

She shoulds the backpack, rushes out the door dressed in a sweater, jacket, panties and boots.

The door slams shut, locks.

The sound of a key in the lock, the door flies open.

She shakes her head.

EXT. A CLIFF BY THE OCEAN - DAY

Sun breaks through clouds.

Eric leans against a large rock.

KENZIE (O.S.)

Eric?

He steps away.

Kenzie hands him a coffee, puts the backpack down. They sit.

ERIC

They loved this spot.

He sips coffee.

ERIC

When Marc met Amber, he settled in Southern California. Must have been true love. He liked the rain.

She wipes her face, sniffles.

They sit in silence.

She unzips the backpack, pulls out the urn, cradles it, stands, steps to the cliff's edge. Eric follows.

KENZIE

They should be together.

She removes a lid, hurls the ashes out over the ocean. He wraps his arms around her.

They step back to the large rock, sit.

On her lap, the framed photo of two four year old girls.

FADE OUT.