

Spook  
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INT. THE JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

A dead woman lays on a couch across the room from a television that is on. Her complexion is ghostly white and above her waist and below her shoulders, she is a hollow shell.

Someone has torn her open. Her dead eyes stare into the TV.

LEFT of the television is a bloody mess. A giant African American man, in a black suit and tie, is slumped over on the floor. His legs spread. He's been shot in the head. Red mass is splattered on the white wall behind him.

IN THE FRONT HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT.

The door of the hallway closet creeps open. CAMERA sneaks into the closet and towards it's back wall. A hole has been created in the wall. About 8 feet high. And 4 feet wide. The size of an average doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- - NIGHT

On the other side of the hole in the wall there is another closet. Another apartment. Across the front hallway and in the living room. A filthy, desecrated space.

RIGHT there is a hospital bed. An operating table. Next to it an anesthetic machine, containing a pole mount pressure device, two oxygen scales and a rubber mask. Next to that, a silver tray covered with scalpels, syringes, prescription pill bottles, scissors and gauze.

LEFT in the far corner there is a giant pile of dirty torn clothing. Along with watches, hats, cards and all kinds of personal accessories.

Past the living room. RIGHT is the bathroom. CAMERA moves in CLOSER. Inside the bathroom, DESHAWN, a young African American guy, is passed out in the bathtub.

CLARICE, a tall, attractive African American transsexual, is standing over him.

Clarice is sporting a lop sided long black wig and a skirt that has been torn up the back. All aside, she is a beautiful black girl.

Between her lips she holds a scalpel. CAMERA FULL ON Clarice's face and shoulders. She takes the scalpel out of her mouth and with a smirk, places it in the tub of water.

WE watch as her wrist goes up and down. Very smooth motions. She brings her hands out of the water, and places the scalpel on the edge of the sink LEFT. Holding something bloody in her palm. She dumps it in the toilet. Clarice looks down at Deshawn. He is pale and completely withdrawn.

Clarice leans over the bathtub and gently smacks Deshawn across the cheek with the front of her hand. He stirs only a bit. Clarice hits Deshawn harder with the palm of her hand. He finally gets it together, his eyes quickly opening, but once again closing even quicker.

Clarice seems pleased. She looks over at a needle that has already been threaded on the edge of the tub RIGHT.

She reaches into the tub to undo the drain stopper. She kneels there, on the filthy bathroom floor, waiting patiently for the water to siphon away. As the bath water lowers, Clarice makes sure the needle is threaded just right. Deshawn lays completely still in the tub. Blood still running from his crotch.

Clarice takes a deep breath. With the needle between her lips, she again lowers herself towards the tub.

CLOSE ON Clarice's face as she takes the needle out of her mouth and places it towards Deshawn's crotch in the tub. In and out she stitches, being very precise with her incisions.

CLOSE ON Deshawn's face. He's alive but unable to move. His eyes shut but his lids flutter as Clarice works.

Finally Clarice finishes. She brings the needle to her lips and bites off both ends of the thread. She spits the needle out and proceeds to tie the two ends of thread together. Tight. Then even tighter.

Clarice leans back against the wall once the work is done. A beat as she takes another very deep breath.

Again, she plugs the bathtub drain. This time filling it with cold water. She picks up a bucket full of ice cubes and dumps them in as soon as the tub is half full. Deshawn's body begins to contort and shake uncontrollably. Clarice reaches for Deshawn's shoulders, trying to hold him down.

But he continues convulsing. He is in a state of shock. He is splashing waves of water out of the tub onto the bathroom floor. And blood from his crotch is beginning to turn the water red again.

Deshawn is still entirely uncontrollable, so Clarice grabs a pill bottle from the dust covered medicine cabinet above the sink and takes two large pain pills into her palm.

She leans over Deshawn and pries his mouth open. She pulls his chin upward. She holds one of the pills between her index finger and thumb. She shoves it down Deshawn's throat. Then the next pill the same way. She scoops some water from the tub into her palm and pours it down Deshawn's mouth. Clarice forces Deshawn's mouth closed and keeps his head back until she's sure he has swallowed the pills. Eventually, Deshawn calms down. The splashing ends.

So Clarice leans against the bathroom wall to relax. She looks over at Deshawn in the bathtub. He seems peaceful. But the water in the tub is completely red with his blood by now. She pulls herself up from the floor and walks out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice walks out of the bathroom and into the living room. Past the medical equipment and into:

THE HALL CLOSET. She walks through the hole of the closet into:

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice emerges from the other side of the hole in the wall. She goes through the living room. Past the mutilated bodies and into:

HER BEDROOM RIGHT. She plops down on the bed in the dark. She closes her eyes and doses off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BATHROOM- NIGHT

Drip drip drip. The faucet in the bathtub taps water onto Deshawn's forehead.

CLOSE ON his face. Slowly he begins to wake up. His eyes peek open, then close again. Finally awake, he reaches up and begins wiping water away from his face. He tries to lift his head but ends up banging it on the edge of the faucet. He lifts his hands to his forehead and lowers his head back against the tub.

He takes a moment and cocks his head to the side of the faucet. He sits upright. He looks down into the tub at his crotch. It's covered in bandages, excessive blood seeping through. He begins to panic. He tries to yell for help but nothing comes out. It hurts too much.

He palms the wall overhead, trying to pull himself up. He slips. Leaving a trail of blood behind. He takes a giant breath, grappling onto the tiles. Standing upright, he stumbles. Finally he manages to get himself up onto the bathroom floor. Water and blood drip through the gauze covering his crotch.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT BEDROOM-NIGHT

Clarice is lying flat on her back on a mattress on the floor. Her RIGHT hand resting on her forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BATHROOM- NIGHT

Deshawn is totally dazed. He is grabbing for the wall. He stumbles out of the bathtub. He doubles over onto the bathroom floor in pain. He reaches for his groin. It hurts so much.

A beat and he gets up, grabbing the towel rack LEFT. He lifts his hand from his groin, slamming his RIGHT palm onto the wall. He maneuvers himself towards the door in front of him, leaving behind bloody palm print after bloody palm print.

Deshawn is standing upright. He sees his t-shirt and his underwear corner LEFT. He slowly reaches down onto the bathroom floor for his clothes. He hastily slips everything on. Careful to support himself up the entire time.

Then he opens the door and gets out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Deshawn stumbles out of the bathroom and into the living room. He can hardly stand. So he begins crawling across the floor away from the bathroom.

Through the living room, or makeshift operating room. He gags at the smell of the place while inching his way out. The stench of rotting flesh, dirty clothing and chemicals hold him back for a moment.

Finally he is in the front hallway. He slides his body along the wall towards the front door. He reaches for the door knob. It turns but the door won't open. Desperately, he bangs his RIGHT side against it. It won't budge. He thrusts harder, harder, AND HARDER. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY OF THE JACKSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

From the other side of the door, in the main hallway, WE watch and listen as Deshawn tries and tries to break the door down.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

He looks behind, at the other end of the hall. There is a window. Again, he crawls standing up along the wall towards his escape route.

At the window, he tries to pull it open. It doesn't move. He takes his elbow, slamming it into the glass. It begins to shatter. Again he strikes the window with his elbow. It breaks apart, creating an enormous CRASH. He takes a deep breath and jumps to the ground below, from two stories above.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSING PROJECT- NIGHT

Deshawn is trying with all his might to get away from that place. He stumbles often, but always gets back up, regaining his focus.

FULL ON the project development. Five towering low income housing buildings surround a run down playground. There are multiple sets of park benches and nasty, unkempt grass plots. Deshawn is mustering enough strength to get across the courtyard.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The bedroom door slowly opens and Clarice appears. She walks through the living room and to the closet in the front hallway. THROUGH THE HOLE BETWEEN THE TWO CLOSETS INTO:

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

She walks through the closet on the other side, and in the front hallway notices the broken window. She moves CLOSER to the window frame, shattered glass crackling underneath her shoes. She peeks out, onto the empty, run down neighborhood outside. She looks LEFT and RIGHT. Clarice slams her fist onto the window sill.

IN THE ABANDONED APARTMENT'S BATHROOM. Clarice bursts through the door. And Deshawn is gone, the tub still filled with bloody water.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Deshawn is staggering down the sidewalk. There is no one else around. Complete silence. He is breathing heavily but continues on. Eventually he starts running.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice is furious. Stomping back into the closet, she repeatedly pounds her fists against the walls.

IN THE CLOSET. She stands to the side and swipes a dirty rug away, tossing it into the hallway behind her.

Then she begins to pull up an 8 x 4 unhinged wooden door off of the floor. She brings it upright and slides it to the hall behind her. Once removed, she is standing over a hole in the floor, approximately another 8 feet into the ground. She swipes the hair from her face, and leans over the black hole.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Deshawn is still working his way down the street. Becoming increasingly pale, blood dripping down his legs. Just ahead of him is a police station. Seeing it, he immediately picks up his pace. Trying to get there as fast as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice is getting covered with dirt as she pulls a hunched over dark figure from the hole in the closet floor. She has a gun pointed at the figure as it emerges to the surface.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- NIGHT

It's quiet inside the station until the front door busts open and Deshawn emerges. THE FEMALE OFFICER on desk duty that night is talking on the phone. Deshawn stumbles up to the front desk. His expression washed out and completely dazed. All color is drained from his face.

FEMALE OFFICER

Anyway I gotta go....some kinda  
weirdo just walked in.

Deshawn tries to balance himself on the edge of the desk, but ends up falling over. The female officer looks over the desk at Deshawn on the floor.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice is kneeling on the floor of the living room/strange operating room in the abandoned apartment. Next to her is a large, human sized storage locker on wheels. She slams the lid shut and fastens the locks on the RIGHT and LEFT sides. She gets up, goes into the closet, dragging the door/floor cover behind her. She drops it back into place.

She goes back and yanks the storage locker up by it's handle and walks through the hole in the closet wall.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- NIGHT

Deshawn has collapsed, sprawled out on the floor. Blood is still oozing from his crotch. His eyes are wide open but his expression is totally vacant. Two OFFICERS appear from around the corner. They are leaning over his body.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice appears through the wall of the closet from the abandoned apartment and into the closet of the Jackson family apartment. She is dragging the storage locker right behind.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. Clarice lets go of the locker's handle, letting it slam to the floor. She saunters over to the dismembered body of her mother MS. JACKSON, who lays dead on the couch. Clarice rolls her eyes at her corpse. She grabs the blanket from the edge of the couch and pulls it further over Ms. Jackson's lifeless face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Two EMT workers run through the front doors of the police station, pulling a stretcher behind, to:

Deshawn, who still lies on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

PULL IN on his face as a FEMALE EMT attempts to resuscitate him.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

IN THE FRONT HALLWAY. Clarice pulls the storage locker to the front door of the apartment. She turns the knob and goes into:

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY OF THE JACKSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

The florescent lighting from above blinks in and out. Always dimmer than it should be.

From the opposite end of the hallway, WE watch as Clarice hurries towards CAMERA. Storage locker still in tow.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Clarice, looking distraught and disheveled, is speed walking down the sidewalk of a run down inner city neighborhood. Her make up smeared, her wig slanted sideways. Imperfect over her forehead. Struggling with the wheeled locker behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

The EMT's roll Deshawn out of the police station on a stretcher. An ambulance is waiting. Just as they are about to slide him into the back of the ambulance, a female EMT notices Deshawn stir. His eyes fluttering uncontrollably.

FEMALE EMT

Hi. Can you tell me who did this to you?

Deshawn tries to focus on her face. On her eyes. He can't. No words come out.

FEMALE EMT (CONT'D)

Did you do this to yourself?

Deshawn blankly stares at her.

FEMALE EMT (CONT'D)

Ok. If you understand me just blink once.

He does.

FEMALE EMT (CONT'D)

All right. That's good. Did you do this to yourself? Just blink once for yes.

He doesn't blink.

FEMALE EMT (CONT'D)

Good. Can you tell me how this happened then?

He blinks. Then motions for her to lean in. He wants to whisper something into her ear.

So she does. She strains to listen. After a beat, she lifts her ear away from his mouth.

FEMALE EMT (CONT'D)

Good. Really good. We're gonna get you help then you can talk to someone.

She rolls him into the ambulance and closes the back doors. She slaps the doors and runs to the passenger side. She takes a tiny notebook out of her jacket pocket and writes something down. She motions for DETECTIVE RAMSEY to come over before she gets into the ambulance.

Ramsey is a tall and handsome Caucasian guy. He looks disheveled and terribly tired from lack of sleep. Ramsey approaches the EMT. She hands him the pad of paper she'd made notes on. He quickly reads it over.

RAMSEY

Hackman project complex.....

He looks up and smirks.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Suitable I guess.

He motions to the other officers on the side that it's time to get going.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Lets go guys.

The ambulance pulls away. Ramsey jumps into a police car. Sirens blazing, it drives away. Another police car follows behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Clarice is sweating profusely. Still hauling the human sized suit case behind her. She stops in her tracks. In the distance, she can hear police sirens. She listens as they come CLOSER and CLOSER. She waits for a moment. She adjusts her wig and skirt that is riding up on her. She catches a deep breath, and continues down the street.

The neighborhood is totally run down. One abandoned two or three story home after another. Certain homes and buildings not entirely abandoned, yet severely ignored, disregarded and on the verge of devastation.

Clarice itches at her scalp underneath her long, disheveled wig. She is growing increasingly annoyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

Police sirens blaring. Two cop cars pull up in front of the main stairwell of the project development.

Detective Ramsey emerges from the passenger side of the first car.

He scans the area RIGHT and LEFT. He motions for the 1ST OFFICER driving his car to come. Then to the 2ND OFFICER and 3RD OFFICER in the car behind.

They all follow him up the main stairs to the quad at the center of the project development.

INSIDE THE QUAD. Ramsey slips the scrap of paper from his pocket that Deshawn had written on for the female EMT. He reads it over.

RAMSEY

We're looking for the Hackman building. #106. The Jackson's apartment.

He scans the 50 floored plus project buildings surrounding him. Trying to figure which is the right one.

2ND OFFICER

That one sir.

The 2nd Officer points to the building just ahead.

2ND OFFICER (CONT'D)

That's Hackman. I've been there.

CAMERA PULLS IN on the plaque at the front of the building. It reads: HACKMAN HOUSING.

Ramsey runs over to the front entrance. He reads the plaque. It is worn out and graffiti has been sprayed over and around it.

RAMSEY

This is it. Let's go.

He bides his time for a beat. Finally motioning for his backup team to move in.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Ok. Lets go.

The 3rd Officer from behind the Detective takes out his billy club. He approaches the rickety, aged door knob. Ready to break it off. Then noticing it has already been torn off. He pushes the doorway open. The other two officers follow him inside. Detective Ramsey is just behind.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

CAMERA is watching them from the opposite end of the hallway as they make their way towards the Jackson's apartment on the 1st floor. IN FRONT OF APARTMENT 106. Ramsey first knocks very quietly. No one answers. So he knocks louder. Still no answer.

RAMSEY

Police! Open Up!

He waits a moment. With no response again, Ramsey reaches for the door knob, jiggles it and with no effort it opens right up.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

FROM INSIDE THE MAIN HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT. The front door slowly slithers open. Ramsey enters, the three officers follow. The closet door LEFT is wide open. Ramsey immediately goes to look inside. He takes out a flashlight, trying to turn it on. He smacks it across the side a few times to get it working.

He wipes the sweat from his forehead and shines the light into the closet quickly LEFT and RIGHT.

Nothing out of the ordinary. Just mess and dishevelment.

Then he lifts the flashlight towards the back wall of the closet. Noticing a crack, a few inches wide, between the wall LEFT and the wooden panel placed against the wall next to it.

From outside of the closet, in the JACKSON'S LIVING ROOM.

WE hear an officer screaming out for him.

OFFICER

Detective! Get in here! Now!

Ramsey turns around and leaves the closet.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. The 2nd and 3rd Officers are standing over Ms. Jackson's dead body on the couch. The blanket still covering her completely.

Ramsey stumbles towards them.

RAMSEY  
What? What is it?

Ramsey is standing over the couch next to the Officers.

Finally, the 3rd Officer reaches down and swiftly pulls away the blanket from Ms. Jackson's body.

Exposed, her insides have been ripped out. Her flesh rotting. Her face torn apart. Her RIGHT eye missing. Ramsey glances to the back wall at the tall dead black man. Shot in the head. His neck is slumped over between his spread legs. Blood and brain matter cascaded all over the white wall behind him.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)  
What the.....

They all stand there for a few seconds, just staring.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)  
Ok that's enough. Come on. Cover  
her up guys.

The 3rd Officer pulls the blanket back up over Ms. Jackson's chin.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)  
No no.

Ramsey waves his hand in the air. Gesturing for the 3rd Officer to pull the blanket further up. So he does. Bringing it all the way, entirely over the top of her head. Afterwards, Ramsey lowers his head into his RIGHT hand. Ramsey shakes his head while mumbling a curse word.

IN THE FRONT HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT. The 1st OFFICER is snooping around. He makes his way into the hall closet. He notices the hole on the back wall of the Jackson's hall closet into the closet of the apartment next door. He approaches the hole and peers inside. REVEALING:

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

FROM INSIDE THE APARTMENT'S CLOSET. WE see the 1st Officer slip through the hole between THE JACKSON'S CLOSET and THE CLOSET ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE. He crosses the main hallway, noticing the shattered window RIGHT. Glass strewn all over the dirty floor.

It stinks in there. He plugs his nose. IN THE LIVING ROOM. The Officer stops in his tracks. He is surrounded by a makeshift operating room. He attempts to yell out.

1ST OFFICER  
Detective! Detective Ramsey!

He goes further into the apartment. Past the operating living room towards the bedrooms LEFT. There are two bedrooms. The first is pretty empty. Except for a dirty mattress and some random articles of clothing.

IN THE SECOND BEDROOM, just next door. The 1st Officer opens the door. From inside the stench of death immediately creeps out and into the hall. He gags. Covering his mouth and nose, he reluctantly goes in.

IN THE FAR CORNER OF THIS BEDROOM. A pile of human bones. Next to that pile, another pile. This pile still has flesh and blood all over it. Body parts yet to be finished off.

1ST OFFICER (CONT'D)  
RAMSEY! RAMSEY!

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Detective Ramsey is leaning over the dead body on the floor of the living room. He hears his name being screamed in the distance.

IN THE HALLWAY. Ramsey walks into the closet. He sees the hole in the wall at the back of the closet.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Ramsey emerges from the other side of the closet wall. He passes through the front hall, into the makeshift operating and living room. He goes into the second bedroom furthest LEFT. The 1st Officer is cowering in the corner. Puddles of vomit encircling him. Ramsey smells the stench and sees the stripped bones and flesh covered others. He cringes and lowers his head. He can't wait to see what's next.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM.

The tub is half full of dull red water. The walls are covered with Deshawn's bloody handprints.

ON THE SIDE OF THE SINK. There is a jar. Two human testicles are floating close to the top of it. Ramsey backs away, without touching anything.

The 1st Officer lifts the lid of the toilet RIGHT. Ramsey reluctantly looks down into it.

INSIDE THE TOILET. Bloody water surrounds what looks like another pair of testicles floating in the bowl.

RAMSEY

Fuck! Shit close it! Close it!

The 1st Officer slams down the lid of the toilet bowl.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

What was that? Jesus. This is too much.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Clarice is dragging the giant suitcase on wheels down the sidewalk. Her make-up completely smeared, her wig falling off the top of her head.

CLARICE APPROACHES:

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED INNER CITY HOUSE- NIGHT

A flight of steps leading to the front door of a derelict, depressed home.

She drags the suitcase up the stairs, yanks the front door open and disappears inside. The door slams closed behind the tail end of her jumbo storage locker.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED INNER CITY THREE STORY HOUSE- NIGHT

FROM INSIDE. WE watch as Clarice sets foot into the house. She takes a breath, re-adjusts herself and pulls the suitcase in behind her.

IN THE FRONT ROOM OF THE HOUSE. A living room RIGHT torn apart with trash and mess.

There is a staircase ahead. Clarice begins to climb it, lugging the storage locker right behind her. Thump, thump, thumping up the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

WE see ANDRE, a skinny African American guy somewhere in his mid-twenties, stumbling down the sidewalk.

He is all alone. Smoking a cigarette. Puffing away intensely, along with his determined steps.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED INNER CITY HOUSE- NIGHT

ON THE TOP THIRD FLOOR. WE watch as Clarice appears from the stairs LEFT and onto the third floor of the rundown house. She doubles over in the corner, out of breath.

CLOSE ON Clarice. She wipes her brow, re-adjusts her wig, and stands up.

She looks into the empty, dark hallway ahead of her. It is dirty desolation.

She picks up the suitcase and makes her way down the short corridor of the third floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Andre making his way down the sidewalk. Full speed. Determined. Passing one boarded up, forlorn house after another. The streets in the neighborhood are vacuous.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED INNER CITY HOUSE- NIGHT

ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

Clarice is dragging the suitcase along the hallway.

IN THE FIRST ROOM LEFT. Two shabbily dressed people are lying on a dirty mattress on the floor. Smoking from a glass pipe. They look up at Clarice as she passes by. And they could care less about her. Going back to inhaling their business.

Clarice moves past to the second and last room RIGHT. INSIDE there is a man lying in the middle of the floor, surrounded by dusty, broken-down bedroom furniture. He is sticking a needle in his arm, and talking to himself.

IN THE FAR RIGHT CORNER OF THE ROOM. There is a man leaning against the window. His palms pressed firmly on the sill. A woman is on her knees between the man's legs. Her head bobbing up and down.

AT THE END OF THE THIRD FLOOR HALL. Clarice kicks open the last door LEFT.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED INNER CITY HOUSE- NIGHT

Andre staggers up the steps and onto the front porch of the abandoned house. He shakes his arms out, rotates his neck. Jumps in place a few times. Preparing himself to go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED INNER CITY HOUSE- NIGHT

Andre is in the front hallway. And he knows exactly where he is going. He sprints for the stairwell.

ON THE THIRD FLOOR. Andre is tip toeing down the short hallway.

IN THE FIRST ROOM ON THE LEFT. The two people who were smoking crack are dead. Their bodies have been torn apart. Half of a corpse on one side of the room. The other half on the other side.

IN THE SECOND AND LAST ROOM ON THE RIGHT. The junkie who had a needle in his arm is bleeding to death on the floor. He is crying, pale.

The arm that had the needle in it has been ripped off. Blood oozes from his mouth as he tries to get ANDRE'S attention.

IN THE CORNER AGAINST THE WINDOW. The man on the sill's head has been smashed through the glass to the outside. His hands loose, flopping towards the floor. Dripping with blood.

And the woman in his lap. The skin of her bottom lip and jaw have been torn away. Revealing her gnarly, unkempt and yellow bottom row of teeth. She is still alive. Her forehead resting on the edge of the window sill, between the man's legs.

Andre looks around RIGHT and LEFT. He decides to go in.

INSIDE, he approaches the disfigured woman, covering his mouth. Standing over the half dead woman between the man's legs. Andre reaches into her pocket, gagging all the while doing so.

He pulls out a baggy. Filled with a few little rocks of crack cocaine. Andre smiles to himself. For a moment forgetting exactly where he is and what he is doing.

He presses the outside of the dead man's pocket. He feels a lump, apparently worthy of further examination. Andre enters the man's pocket. Finally yanking out a plastic bag filled with prescription pain killers.

He smiles an even bigger smile to himself.

Quick fast he jumps up and gets out of there.

IN THE HALL OF THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE HOUSE AGAIN. Andre has a definite new spring in his step.

AT THE END OF THE HALL. AND IN FRONT OF THE LAST DOOR ON THE LEFT. Andre carefully pushes the cracked door open.

INSIDE. It is mostly empty. Maybe a random coffee table, worn and turned over on its side. Or stray articles of clothing strewn on the floor.

Other than fortuitous left overs, in the middle of the room sits the human sized storage locker on wheels.

Andre sees it, but thinks nothing of it.

He walks over to the far corner of the room LEFT and squats down onto the floor.

With a shaky, sweaty hand he pulls the bag of crack rock he had stolen from his pocket. With his other hand, he evinces a pipe and lighter out of his other pocket.

He places a crack rock into the pipe. Takes a deep breath. And without hesitation lights the pipe, inhaling a mammoth hit from it. Andre holds the intake in his lungs for a beat. And another. And another. Finally exhaling. Pure satisfaction engrossing his face as the smoke billows into the air ahead of him.

As the smoke disappears, Andre leans his back closely against the wall behind him. His arms fall to the floor. THEN:

The storage locker in the middle of the room begins to rock. Back and forth. Shaking. Andre is taken off guard. His enormous pupils focused on the foot locker.

The noise abruptly ends. Andre's upper body has tensed up immensely. Fixated against the wall like a cement statue. He continues to stare wide eyed at the locker. Never blinking. Not once.

No movement from it for a few moments.

Andre begins to relax. He shakes his head, places his palms on his forehead. Like maybe this was all a hallucination.

AGAIN- the locker stirs uproariously. This time bouncing up and down. Someone or something inside BANGING on the box's top. Trying really hard to get out.

Then there is kicking and punching on the sides, LEFT and RIGHT.

The locker flips to it's side, then immediately back up right again.

Andre is totally and utterly freaked out at this point. His body inching up the wall, until he stands straight up.

The locker continues bouncing up and down.

Andre is in shock. His heart racing, 300 beats a minute.

BANG, BANG, BANG. ON the top of the storage locker from inside until it bursts open. Andre covers his mouth, containing his scream.

FROM INSIDE THE LOCKER. The head of a shadowed figure surfaces. Their torso leaning up by the waist out of their container. Their hands grasp the edges of the human size box. Pulling themselves up.

Finally emerging like a vampire from it's coffin.

Andre can no longer contain his scream!

The figure climbs out of the box, squatting on the dirty floor of the room.

ANDRE BOLTS FOR THE DOOR. As the figure is slithering up behind him. Andre grabs the doorknob and gets the hell out there. In a heartbeat.

IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR. WE watch Andre shrill down the front staircase like a little girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED THREE STORY HOUSE- NIGHT

The front door erupts open. Andre appears, fleeing from the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS- NIGHT

A quiet, florescent lit bus. Andre sits, cowering in a corner seat. His head pressed against the window. He is breathing heavily, totally unnerved.

WE pass block after block of the shabby neighborhood outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

The doors at the back of the bus swing open and Andre wobbles out. He steps onto the sidewalk. WE are in a much nicer part of town now. Newly constructed, modern apartment buildings around.

The bus pulls away. Andre waits a moment. Checking himself. Still high. Sweating and probably smelly. He is still visibly shaken by what happened less than an hour before. But birds are chirping. The sun has come up.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET. Andre approaches one of the newly built apartment complexes.

IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING. Andre's index finger glides down the numbers and their respective buzzers.

He stops at 1313. The name is Vanessa Jordan. He pushes down on the buzzer.

WE are looking up at a 20 plus story apartment building.

Andre buzzes the buzzer again. He waits, pacing back in forth. He presses it again. UNTIL:

He is pressing a buzzer over and over again. Finally a woman on the other end of the intercom responds.

FEMALE VOICE

What? Who is this?

Andre stands back from the speaker. The female voice on the other end is firm, mean, and extremely upset. Andre leans back in, and presses the button to talk.

ANDRE

Hey. Yo, it's...it's me. Andre.

FEMALE VOICE

Are you serious? You are a piece of work. I was asleep! It's 5 AM.....

Andre leans in and pushes down on the intercom button.

ANDRE

I'm sorry. I'm buggin out Vanessa. Please let me in. Somethin happened.

He lets go of the button. There is a beat. The door is buzzed open. Andre goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT BUILDING- MORNING

Andre down the main hallway to the elevators. OUT OF ORDER. SORRY FOR THE TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCE. He rolls his eyes and goes to the stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT BUILDING- MORNING

In the stairwell. Andre passes the 2nd floor, the 3rd, 4th, and to the 13th.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT BUILDING- MORNING

ON the 13th floor. Andre pushes the stairwell door open. He slumps onto the floor after walking up thirteen flights. He's sweating like Whitney Houston. He finally gets up and continues down the hallway to apartment 1313. He knocks on the door and immediately it opens.

VANESSA, a pretty African American girl, answers the door in her pajamas, half a sleep, and hair disheveled.

VANESSA  
Get in here you weirdo.

She grabs Andre by the shirt collar and drags him into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Vanessa drags Andre inside her place and slams the door behind. She keeps on nagging him, pushing him, smacking him on the ass. They end up in the living room.

VANESSA  
You little weasel. Are you for real? I have to be at work in 4 hours!

Andre plops down on the couch.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
You little shit. You look like shit. What do you want? What in god's name could you possibly want from me?

Andre says nothing he doesn't even look at her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Fine. Fine.

Vanessa notices the open cut on his arm.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Jesus.....

She rushes into the other room and brings out a towel and disinfectant.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
What the fuck? What happened?

Vanessa begins tending to the wound.

ANDRE

I was at this place. And this.....  
I don't know...thing..er monster  
came out of nowhere! And there were  
dead bodies...human bodies ripped  
apart everywhere!

Vanessa finishes cleaning his wounded forehead. After making sure everything with it is up to par, she leans back into the couch.

VANESSA

Ok. What are you talking about?

ANDRE

Forget about it. It doesn't matter anymore. Can I just crash here tonight.

VANESSA

A monster eh? Andre you're high.

ANDRE

I'm not! I'm not Vanessa!

VANESSA

Okay well I haven't heard from you in like four months then finally. Here you are! A monster and all.

ANDRE

Can I have some water please?

Vanessa gets up, goes to the kitchen and brings back a pint glass of water for her brother.

VANESSA

Here. Drink it.

Andre chugs the glass of water. His hand shaking uncontrollably.

ANDRE

It wasn't black or white. Like for a person. I saw both. Both black and white.

Vanessa places the palms of her hands against her face. She leans over, resting her head between her thighs.

VANESSA

You know what? Andre I can't deal  
with this now.

She jumps up from the couch. She scratches her scalp, further  
messing up her already bedded head.

ANDRE

No listen! It came at me. It lunged  
at me! It came out of a box.

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

VANESSA

Ok. Andre take it easy with the  
drugs. Please.

Vanessa leans over, forcing Andre to lay down on the couch.  
She flicks his shoes off. And covers him with the blanket.

ANDRE

Fuck you Vanessa! This has nothing  
to do with drugs! I saw body parts  
lying around! I woulda ended up in  
a pile! Of body parts. Jesus.

VANESSA

Okay. I'm sure. Go to sleep.

She goes across the room and turns the lamp off.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Just don't steal anything.

She kisses him on the forehead.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Good night weirdo.

Vanessa leaves the living room. Andre is sprawled out on the  
couch. His eyes still wide open after the lights go out.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT- MORNIING

The sun is rising. Everything is pretty quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Andre is up and about. He is getting himself together. Dazed and confused. He folds the blankets his sister had given a few hours before. He's ready to leave. He sees her purse. He opens it up, taking out her wallet. Inside there's cash. He snatches two twenty dollar bills. He closes the purse and goes to the front door. He yanks the door open and jumps out. The door slams behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET- MORNING

Andre is waiting on the corner for the bus to come. He is pacing incessantly. It never comes.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- MORNING

Andre is walking down the street of the run down, busted up neighborhood he had been in the night before. No one is around. Except for the occasional homeless person or addict sleeping in a corner. The homes and buildings all around are in disrepair. Forgotten and fading away.

Suddenly Andre looks up as he passes the house in which he'd experienced the horrors the night before. He pauses. In his mind, he considers more drugs and paraphernalia that could still be available inside. Andre places his hands over his face. Trying hard to shake these thoughts from his head.

He passes the house, moving on.

ON THE CORNER OF THE STREET. WE see Clarice in front of a boarded up bodega. She is pacing back and forth, an unlit cigarette dangling from her lips. Andre crosses her path. Once he's passed by, Clarice calls out to him.

CLARICE

Hey! Slim!

Andre stops and turns around. He glances at Clarice in discomfort.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Gotta light for a pretty lady?

Andre backtracks to Clarice. He takes a lighter from his pocket. Lights it and raises it to Clarice's lips. She puffs on the smoke, all the while looking Andre up and down.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
 And what might you being doing  
 around here at this time of day?  
 Searching for something in  
 particular?

Andre analyzes his surroundings. LEFT AND RIGHT.

ANDRE  
 Well ya. Actually.

CLARICE  
 Well ya actually what? You wanna  
 score or something?

ANDRE  
 Well ya actually.

CLARICE  
 You do. Ok then.

Clarice snubs her cigarette out on the sidewalk. She grabs  
 Andre's hand and begins pulling him down the sidewalk.

ANDRE  
 Ok. So..... Can you hook me up?

CLARICE  
 That's what this all about honey.  
 Or ummmmmmm.....

ANDRE  
 Andre. I'm Andre.

CLARICE  
 Perfect Andre. I'm Clarice. Nice  
 to meet you.

Suddenly, she stops dead in her tracks. Turning back to  
 Andre.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
 You have money. Right?

ANDRE  
 Sure. Sure.

CLARICE  
 How much are we talking here? Just  
 so I know exactly what to ask for.

Andre is a bit dumbfounded. Put on the spot. But he's  
 desperate.

So he digs into his pocket and pulls out the two twenty dollar bills he had swiped from his sister Vanessa's purse earlier that morning.

Clarice snatches the bills from his hand and smiles.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Now we're talking. Shift it!

She grabs Andre's arm again and once again tugs him down the sidewalk behind her.

CAMERA FULL ON Clarice and Andre from the opposite side of the street. She is jerking him along the pavement. She is fast and focused. They pass one shoddy, shanty home after another. Finally they reach:

THE ABANDONED THREE STORY HOUSE. Clarice turns onto the nappy, unkempt grass in the front yard of the stranded house.

Andre buckles his knees and digs his feet into the grass. Yanking Clarice to a standstill.

Andre's face pales at the sight of the house.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
What's the holdup 'dre? Inside is your treasure and believe me, it won't wait all day.

Andre stays planted. Dead in his tracks. He begins shaking his head. Scared and stubborn.

ANDRE  
Hell no. Hell no! I ain't going in that house of horrors. No!

Andre rips his arm away from Clarice's grasp, turns and begins to walk away.

Clarice runs up behind him, pulling him back by his armpit.

CLARICE  
Wait. Chill. Slow down.

He is stopped in his own footprints.

ANDRE  
I've been here. I was here last night.

CLARICE  
So what sweetheart? What's the problem?

Andre lowers his head to the ground.

ANDRE

I saw....shit. I saw a lot a shit  
go down.

Clarice is rubbing his arm. Trying to console him.

CLARICE

I've been inside already. There's  
no "shit" going on. Only the kind  
I'm assuming you approve of.

Andre looks up from the ground, and at Clarice.

ANDRE

You've been inside?

CLARICE

Ya. Ya.

ANDRE

And there's no dead bodies or  
weird.....like creatures popping  
out of boxes anywhere?

Clarice begins to laugh. She claps her hands in the air with  
humorous hysteria.

CLARICE

Honey. You must of got your hands  
on the wrong kind of stuff last  
night!

Once she stops cackling, Clarice peers directly into Andre's  
eyes.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

There ain't nothing in there but a  
couple crack heads and a supply of  
quality narcotics okay?

Andre looks around. He tries to make a decision quickly.

ANDRE

Fine. Damn it. Fine.

Clarice smiles, takes Andre's hand again, and drags him  
towards the front door of the house.

And with her foot, she kicks the door wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED THREE STORY HOUSE- MORNING

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL. Clarice appears, directly behind her is Andre. He is pretty hesitant, dragging his heels along the floor.

Clarice makes her way up the staircase ahead. Andre still in tow.

ON THE THIRD FLOOR. The doors of the first two rooms LEFT AND RIGHT are wide open. As they pass by, Andre nervously peers into each room, hoping not to see the massacre he'd seen the night before.

AT THE END OF THE HALL. Clarice and Andre stop in front of the last door on the LEFT.

Clarice turns to Andre.

CLARICE

So you're especially lucky this morning Andre. I think my brother is REALLY hungry!

Clarice grabs Andre by his shirt, just below the back of his neck. Yanking the door to the room wide open and tossing him inside.

IN THE ROOM. The door is slammed behind Andre just as he tumbles to the floor.

Andre notices, just like the night before, the locker that is placed near the center of the room. AND as he stands up, establishing his balance, THE LOCKER BEGINS TO STIR. Andre trips, heading for the door in a hurry. He quickly gets up, regains his bearings and reaches for the doorknob. It won't budge.

ON THE OTHER SIDE IN THE HALL. Clarice is pressed against the door on her side, safeguarding Andre from an escape.

IN THE ROOM. Andre begins banging his side on the door, HARDER AND HARDER. It only peaks open, CLARICE'S force proving too mighty.

Suddenly the storage locker bursts open.

Andre shudders. Sweat pouring off his forehead. He knows he has made a mistake. A BIG MISTAKE. And he knew it even before he had entered this room.

The door won't open, so Andre bolts to the window on the opposite side of the dark room.

He grabs the bottom of it, attempting to pull it up. He looks out of the window, down onto the ground. From three floors above.

He looks back into the room. The dark figure from the locker growing CLOSER AND CLOSER. He has nowhere to go. His back is pressed against the wall.

The figure sneaks in. Their head covered by a black hooded sweatshirt. Their gnarly teeth exposed. They grab Andre by the head and slam it against the wall. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN. Blood from the back of Andre's head running down the wall behind. Like a major migraine, Andre reaches for his forehead as he slides to the floor.

The figure lowers their jaw to Andre's neck, takes a big bite and jerks his body onto his back and onto the floor. DRAGGING him across the floor to:

THE FAR LEFT CORNER OF THE ROOM. WE can hear Andre gasping for breath, trying to yell out. AS THE FIGURE PROCEEDS to munch, chew and cannibalize his flesh.

CAMERA watches from across the room as Andre's body flails around, goes into shock, and eventually lays still. Dead on the floorboards of the room. The figure still savagely eating away at his body.

IN THE HALLWAY. Clarice has her ear pressed against the door. She smirks, licks her lips, then bites her tongue gently while listening to the mysterious person or creature chomp away on Andre's dead body.

FROM INSIDE THE ROOM. The door opens and Clarice appears. She walks over to the figure, as they are enjoying the smorgasbord of Andre's body.

Andre's blood soaked pants have been torn off and thrown into the corner. Clarice snatches them up and begins digging through the pockets. In one, she finds the small bag of two tiny crack rocks and in the other pocket, the larger plastic bag filled with prescription painkillers.

This entire time, Andre's body is being desecrated less than ten feet away.

Clarice opens the plastic bag of painkillers and takes two of them out. She slips them into her mouth and swallows them hard.

She backs into the corner, kneels down to the floor and closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROFESSIONAL URBAN OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

CAMERA is LOOKING UP at a 20 story plus office building in the business district of the city.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH the main office of a company on the 13th floor. There are cubicles all around. 9 to 5ers typing away, researching on their desktops. The incessant CLICK, CLICK, CLICKING on their keyboards all around.

WE come to Vanessa. She is well-dressed in appropriate business attire. And trapped in one of these cubicles.

She is staring blankly into her computer screen. She seems sad, confused and worried all at once.

SHE closes her eyes and begins rubbing them with her knuckles.

After a long, deep breath, she picks up the phone on her desk. She places the receiver on her ear, and dials a number.

She waits. RING AFTER RING AFTER RING. Finally:

VANESSA

Hi. I'd like to report a missing person please.....

CUT TO:

A TITLE READS: A YEAR EARLIER

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- MORNING

FULL ON the entire high tower project apartment complex. The central quad is surrounded by three identical structures. In the quad there is a run down pair of swing sets and a few about to be broken benches.

Some kids are running around. Some adults bull shitting on the benches.

CLOSER ON ONE PROJECT BUILDING TO THE RIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- MORNING

TRACKING DOWN the front hallway of the apartment. And in the kitchen.

CLARENCE (known earlier as Clarice), is hunched over the kitchen counter, making sandwiches. Although Clarence is now a guy, he is still dressing himself up. Make up, tight jeans, slinky shoes.

His brother, LEUK, is sitting at the kitchen table, eating a bowl of cereal. WE cannot see his face. He has the hood of his black sweatshirt pulled over his forehead. Leuk is about 13, probably in the 8th grade.

Clarence, dressed in what might be called half drag, licks some mustard from his fingers and finishes the sandwiches.

He looks at the clock on the wall.

CLARENCE

All right Leuk. Shift it. We're gonna be late.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. Ms. Jackson is sprawled out on the couch across from the television on the other side of the room. She stares blankly into the screen.

Clarence enters the room. He stops in front of his mother, looking down at her. She doesn't even blink. And never looks away from the television.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Ok so we're leaving.

Still no acknowledgement.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

So whatever. Have a.....day.

Clarence rolls his eyes and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- MORNING

LONG SHOT of Clarence and Leuk walking down the sidewalk on a sunny weekday. The click clicking of Clarence's high heeled shoes along the pavement grows louder and louder. Leuk is hunched over. Normally probably almost as tall as his brother, he is hanging his head in shame. Clarence is pulling his brother along hurriedly.

They pass an aged, deserted hospital. The sign outside reads:  
DO NOT ENTER! THOSE WHO DO SO WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE  
FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW!

As they turn a corner at the end of the block, a Junior High School appears. The two brothers continue down the tree lined sidewalk in front of the school. Leuk lowers his head even lower and begins to lag. Clarence stops for a moment next to him.

Clarence hooks his arm onto Leuk's arm. Clarence glances over at his brother, who is very sad. Clarence comes to a FULL STOP. He waits to see if Leuk will look up. He never does.

CLARENCE

So it's gonna be okay.

Leuk still hasn't looked up.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Are you scared?

Leuk says nothing.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I'm your big sister Leuk. I'm  
always here.

Clarence takes a deep breath as other kids, or students begin to surround them. Making their way to the front entrance of the junior high school.

The brothers remain silent, next to one another as the students cascade past them, into the school.

WE hear the bell inside ring.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Well you're late.

Clarence tears up a bit. His brother refuses to look at him or even say a word.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

It's just a day Leuk. There will  
be a lot more. Jesus.

Clarence puts his arm around his brother.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Now get your ass in there. So you  
can get your ass out at the end of  
the day. I'll be here. You know  
that.

Leuk's head still low to the ground. Clarence smacks him on the butt. Then a triple pat to get him going. Leuk starts walking towards the school.

Clarence waves his hand goodbye in the air as Leuk makes tiny steps up to the entrance of the school.

But he turns back around and raps his arms around his big brother. Tight and meaningful. Clarence shuts his eyes. Taking in the moment.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
Now Go! You got this! It's only  
junior high.

Leuk walks away, into his new school.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL- MORNING

FULL ON the front entrance. Leuk slips through the glass doors.

INSIDE- Kids are everywhere. Talking to one another in front of their lockers.

Leuk slumps his head further down, his hood still pulled far over his face.

The other kids hanging around stop what they're doing and stare.

Silence as Leuk passes through, to the end of the hallway.

Leuk never looks up at his surroundings.

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY. A set of doors. Leuk stops and pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE- MORNING

Inside the main office of the junior high school.

The school secretary, MS. BLACKMAN, is hunched over the front desk. She is reading a pile of papers.

Leuk approaches the desk. He says nothing. He waits for Ms. Blackman to acknowledge him.

Ms. Blackman finally looks up. She takes a giant breath. She places her LEFT palm over her heart.

MS. BLACKMAN  
Ok. Oh! I'm sorry. I'm Ms.  
Blackman. Sorry you spooked me.

SHE regains her composure.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
So. What can I help you  
with..... Young.....man.

Leuk reaches into his pocket, retrieving his folded up piece of paper. He places it nicely onto the counter.

Ms. Blackman slips on her reading glasses. She glances down at the slip of paper then up again at Leuk.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay then. Lets see what we've got  
here.....

She looks at the paper, her head moving LEFT to RIGHT as she reads.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Ok fine. You do realize you are  
late today Mr. Jackson?

Leuk says nothing. He doesn't even look up.

This time, without judgement, Ms. Blackman looks over Leuk. She smiles.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Well anyway. Let me print your  
schedule for you.

SHE begins to walk away from the front desk. Halfway to the copy room, she turns her head slightly to catch another glance of Leuk. Then she disappears into the copy room.

LEUK stays still. IN FRONT of the front desk.

WE hear a copy machine outside of FRAME doing its work..

Finally Ms. Blackman reappears with a print out for Leuk.

She approaches the front desk.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Here is your schedule Mr. Jackson.  
Don't lose it until you've  
memorized it please. Your locker  
number and combination are here.  
(MORE)

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
If you have problems opening it the first time, try again. Please don't ask for help from us until you're desperate.

She hands the papers over the counter to Leuk. He still hasn't looked up at her.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
And also.....well..... You can't wear hats or hoods of any kind over your head or face at any time.

She stares at Leuk. He lowers his head further down.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?

He is unresponsive.

Ms. Blackman rolls her eyes, takes a deep breath and walks around the front desk to the other side.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)  
You can't wear that in school!

She pulls HIS hood from his head and rips off his baseball cap.

SHE GASPS. SHE covers her mouth. Her face goes pale.

Ms. Blackman has seen something very unusual.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- MORNING

At the other end of the hall, LEUK slowly makes his way towards CAMERA. His head hung low.

He reaches into his back pocket, pulling out his ball cap. He slips it onto his head, just before pulling the hood of his sweatshirt over it.

At the end of the hall, Leuk stops in front of a door. He waits and waits. He can't seem to wait enough. He reaches for the door knob and turns it open.

CUT TO:

INT. ART CLASSROOM- MORNING

FULL ON the classroom.

Junior high school students playing around with paint. And markers. And crayons. They're talking loudly. Leuk walks in. Silence envelopes the room. Leuk creeps over to the teacher's desk as all the kids in the class watch him intently.

MR. MERRYMAN, a gangly white guy with perfectly quaffed hair and a handle bar mustache looks up. He takes a moment.

MR. MERRYMAN

Hello. Welcome. In this place you must feel and be like yourself.

Leuk just stands there.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Ok well I see you've got something you're hanging onto there.....

Mr. Merryman reaches up and tries to take the paper from Leuk's hand.

Leuk pulls away.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

This is a place of acceptance. Somewhere you can be yourself.

Leuk still doesn't want to give him the paper. So Mr. Merryman snatches it from his grasp.

HE reads it over. Then smiles and looks at Leuk.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

This is art class!

He places the paper down on his desk and then lures Leuk in.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Welcome welcome! We're just doing some free art right now.

HE ushers Leuk towards a table close to the front with an empty seat.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Hello Leuk. My name is Mr. Merryman. I want you to feel as comfortable as can be. So just unwind. Draw, paint what you want.

(MORE)

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Expose yourself. Let us get to know  
you.

HE forces Leuk to sit down.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Ok good. Let us just.....

Mr, Merryman reaches up for Leuk's hood, trying to pull it  
off.

But Leuk smacks his hand away.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Well. That. Just will not do.

Mr. Merryman cocks his head. He stares gravely into Leuk's  
eyes.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Junior high school is the real  
world Mr. Jackson.

In a quick second HE snatches the hood off of Leuk's head.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
And in the real world we do not  
cover our faces or deny our true  
selves. How can one experience the  
world if one cannot see it?

Leuk reaches for his head, trying to protect his ball cap.  
In his dismay, the cap is flung to the floor by Mr. Merryman.  
CLOSE ON MR. MERRYMAN'S FACE. Shocked, grossed out. HE clasps  
his hands over his mouth. HE whimpers like a little girl. The  
sight of Leuk's exposed face has left him in a state of  
frighten. HE backs away, towards his desk. Stumbling for his  
arm rests, he finally slumps into his chair. Never blinking  
an eye.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Ok. Yes. Back to normal class.

Mr. Merryman begins tapping his pencil on his desk, nervous  
as hell. He sweats disgustingly. FULL ON the classroom. Leuk  
is sitting in the second row. His head is lowered as always.  
He is without his hat or hood though.

CAMERA PULLS IN on LEUK. CLOSE UP on Leuk. He looks up. His  
face is disfigured with vitiligo. He has dark black skin,  
spotted with large patches of pale white pigmentations. His  
complexion is a giant contrast. His eyes seem sad. His  
shoulders slumped. His demeanor devoid.

Leuk picks up a paint brush. He places it into the cup of black paint right in front of him. He lowers the brush onto the paper on his desk ahead.

FROM BEHIND. WE see a kid stand up. This is TYRESSE. He begins to stare over Leuk's shoulder. After watching him paint for a bit, Tyresse leans over his desk and smacks the paint brush out of Leuk's hand. Black paint smears the desk in front of Leuk.

TYRESSE  
What are you?

Leuk doesn't respond.

TYRESSE (CONT'D)  
Black or white?

Leuk still doesn't give an inch. He decides to pick up another paint brush.

TYRESSE (CONT'D)  
Hey oreo cookie I'm talkin to you!

He swipes the new brush from Leuk's fingers.

TYRESSE (CONT'D)  
Are you black or white?!

Leuk stays calm. He remains motionless.

TYRESSE (CONT'D)  
You deaf TOO freak?

With a quick, unexpected jerk Leuk grabs a cup filled with white paint.

He turns around and flings it into Tyresse's face. White paint slowly falls down the bully's face.

TYRESSE (CONT'D)  
What the.....

Tyresse reaches for his face, smearing the white paint from his eyes.

It dribbles down his cheeks, marking his naturally dark black skin. It ECHOES that of Leuk's complexion.

A BEAT. And Tyresse jumps over his desk and on top of Leuk, throwing him to the floor.

AN UPROAR overcomes the classroom.

THE OTHER KIDS jumping up from their seats, surrounding the two boys. Screams, jeers. FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT!

Tyresse is on top of Leuk, punching him in his stomach, white paint falling from his face and onto the floor and onto Leuk.

Leuk has curled into a ball. HIS arms tucked at his side. HIS tight fists protecting his face.

MR. MERRYMAN at his desk. He takes off his glasses, and wipes his eyes. Very slow to react, he finally stands up.

MR. MERRYMAN

Boys! Boys!

He rolls his eyes and reaches for his desk drawer.

HE PULLS OUT a whistle. He blows it.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Enough! Enough!

Still the fighting continues. Mr. Merryman wipes his brow.

HE PUSHES the circle of kids away, and leans over Tyresse. He grabs the boy by the collar and pulls him off of Leuk.

AND Tyresse still tries to kick and fight.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

That's enough! I SAID ENOUGH!

He throws Tyresse onto a chair on the other side of the room.

LEUK is slowly getting up from the floor. He reaches for his chair and finally sits in it.

HE is collecting himself. Breathing heavily. HIS HEAD again very low.

MR. MERRYMAN looks down at Tyresse. And frowns.

THEN He looks at Leuk. His face crunches up. Angry as hell.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Leuk. LEUK!

HE is sympathetic to Tyresse over Leuk

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)

To Miss White's office young man!

Leuk won't look up.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?

MR. MERRYMAN grabs the chair out from underneath Leuk. And he falls to the floor.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Get up! I SAID GET UP! NOW!

Leuk jumps up from the floor.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Out! Get out!

Mr. Merryman scrambles to his desk and begins to write out a permission slip for Leuk.

HE rips the slip from his tablet and hands it to Leuk.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
I said SHOO!

Leuk gets up from his chair. Mr. Merryman swats his backside.

MR. MERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
Please go away so this class can  
regain its artistic integrity!

With principal slip in hand, Leuk opens the door to the classroom and disappears into the hallway.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- DAY

Leuk is pacing up and down the quiet school hall. Lined with lockers. His head is hung very low.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- DAY

The door swings open and Leuk appears. He goes up to the front desk. Ms. Blackman, the school secretary, is filling out a form. She looks up at Leuk.

MS. BLACKMAN  
Back so soon Mr. Jackson?

She chuckles at herself. Leuk does not. Leuk won't look up, but he slides the pink slip across the counter for her. The one Mr. Merryman had given him. She looks it over.

MS. BLACKMAN (CONT'D)

Take a seat Mr. Jackson. Maybe read  
the new edition of Highlights for  
kids?

Leuk slumps down in his chair, waiting patiently for his  
impending punishment.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

FULL ON the entire school. It is a brilliantly sunny day  
out.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

The hallways are quiet. Class is in session. CAMERA PULLS IN  
on the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. The front of the office entirely  
exposed by floor to ceiling glass.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- DAY

Leuk is still waiting in the office reception area. WE HEAR a  
door from the back of the office open.

MISS WHITE appears. She is bold, blond and beautiful. She  
leans over the front desk, next to Ms. Blackman. She picks  
up Leuk's slip and reads it.

MISS WHITE

Leuk? You're Leuk?

Leuk looks up from his Highlights magazine. But quickly  
lowers his head again.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

Well Leuk. It looks like you and I  
are due for a little chat, wouldn't  
you say?

Leuk is still looking down. Miss White waves her hand in the  
air.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

Hello?! Mr. Jackson? Earth to Leuk  
Jackson!

She is still waving her hand at Leuk. She turns and makes her way to her office at the back of the room from which she came. Ms. Blackman snaps her finger at Leuk. He looks up half way. Leuk finally gets up and follows Ms. Blackman into Miss White's office.

INSIDE MISS WHITE'S OFFICE

Miss White is sitting across her desk from Leuk.

She folds her hands and places them in front of her. She curls her lips, closes her eyes and leans back. Taking a deep breath, she looks like she thinks she is about to make a life changing revelation.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

So Leuk.....

She opens her eyes.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

I've received some concern from your art teacher Mr. Merryman. He's informed me that this morning you intentionally threw paint into the face of another student in the class? Is this true?

Miss White looks down at a pen and notebook in front of her on her desk. She picks up the pen, waiting patiently for a response.

She waits. Leuk never responds. He won't even look up at her.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

Ok. So. We have a problem here. Why act so aggressively on the very first day at a new school?

Leuk just hangs his head lower.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong Mr. Jackson? Are you even listening to me?

Finally Leuk looks up at her. She sees his extreme vitiligo up front and center. HER EYES WIDEN. She grasps her chest. Her hair almost turns white.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)

Well I....well....

She fumbles to pick up the phone receiver RIGHT. With butterfingers she places the receiver under her ear. She is trying not to look at Leuk but every once in a while she can't resist a quick glance.

She begins stumbling through the Rolodex at the side of her phone. Her fingers slippery and shaking.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
I'm just going to make a little  
call home to your mother. To  
inform her.....

She can't find the number. She's flabbergasted.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
So...well...your information must  
not be in here yet.

She laughs an uncomfortable laugh. Without looking up at him, staring at the numbers on the telephone.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me your home phone  
number?

She waits, never looking up. Eventually tapping the pen frantically on the desk.

Leuk pulls a notebook from his backpack. He writes something down on a piece of paper. He gets up and slides it across the desk towards Miss White. She picks up the paper and half smiles. Glancing up at Leuk as he takes his seat again. Miss White wipes her hair out of her face. She composes herself.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Thank you.

Miss White dials a number on the telephone, reading it from the paper Leuk gave her. She relaxes a bit. And snuggles into her cushy principal office chair.

Waiting for someone on the other line.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Hello. Mrs. Jackson? Mrs. Jackson  
are you there? Is this you?

A BEAT. Miss White cringes and lowers her brow.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I apologize. Ms. Jackson.  
Well Ms. Jackson I have your son  
Leuk here in my chambers.....

WE WATCH Miss White's face. Listening to the reply from the other end.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
No. No. Ma'am.... Or Ms. Jackson I  
am not a judge.

She listens to Ms. Jackson's response.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
No this is not the police. I'm the  
principal, Miss White, of your son  
Leuk's new junior high school.

Miss White takes a deep breath.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately Ms. Jackson your son  
has been involved in an incident in  
his morning art class.

FROM MS. JACKSON'S end of the phone, WE HEAR a giant roar.  
Her words mumbled but obviously very very upset.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Yes. Yes. Art class. Anyway Ms.  
Jackson.....

Miss White listens.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Well Leuk had apparently  
thrown.....

Miss White coughs uncomfortably into the top of her clenched fist.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
White paint into the face of a  
black student.

WE CAN HEAR MS. JACKSON on the other end of the line again.

This time she is hysterically laughing.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
Ms. Jackson? Hello please listen to  
me..... Leuk's here....in my  
chambers....office.....

Ms. Jackson still laughing. And laughing. And laughing even harder.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Ms. Jackson? MS. JACKSON PLEASE!  
 Someone needs to come and pick Leuk  
 up.

WE HEAR the click of a dial tone on Ms. Jackson's end of the line.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Ms. Jackson? Hello? Ms. Jackson?

Eventually, Miss White hangs up her phone.

She looks down at her lap. Then back up at Leuk. She takes a big breath.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
 So Leuk. You can find your own way  
 home right?

Leuk gets up from his seat and heads for the door.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Just....ummmm just think about what  
 you've done.

She clears her throat as Leuk walks out of her office.

MISS WHITE (CONT'D)  
 And think about what you can do in  
 the future to transform this type  
 of behavior. This ugly,  
 inappropriate behavior.

Leuk is gone. The door to her office is closed. She gets up and goes out to the reception area.

IN THE RECEPTION AREA. Ms. Blackman peers up from her computer as Leuk stands outside of the principal's office. He is fully exposed through the floor to ceiling glass.

Miss White stands next to Ms. Blackman at the front desk.

MS. BLACKMAN  
 Will he be all right?

Miss White chuckles. Very insecurely.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- DAY

Leuk is making his way down a crumby, abandoned street in his neighborhood. His head hung low and his hoodie pulled way over. He kicks some leaves and rocks into the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECT DEVELOPMENT- DAY

THROUGH THE COURTYARD. Some kids playing, thugs hanging out on benches. Leuk passes by. HE APPROACHES his building and goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- DAY

IN THE FRONT HALLWAY Leuk waits for the elevator to come.

CUT TO:

ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

CLOSE ON an old elevator, stripped of it's original paint job.

The doors open and Leuk walks out. His head hung like always.

He lifts his backpack up to his shoulder as the elevator doors close behind him.

He sneaks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- DAY

CAMERA waits in the front hallway of the Jackson family apartment. WE see the front door slowly open. LEUK'S silhouette appears. He enters the apartment, closing the door behind him. His shadow getting CLOSER to CAMERA on the other end of the hall. His clothes are sagging off of his body. He quietly shuts the door. The front hallway pitch black behind. Leuk tip toes past the kitchen LEFT and into the living room RIGHT.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. The television is on. Ms. Jackson is sprawled out on the couch OPPOSITE.

The volume on the television is low. Leuk tries his best to sneak past his snoozing mother and into his room.

He almost makes it. He reaches for the doorknob to his room. Suddenly, he hears his mother's voice behind him.

MS. JACKSON  
Your teacher called.

She tsk tsk tsks him.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
And on your first day. You little  
freak.

Leuk just stands there. His back still facing his mother.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Look at me young man. God damn it  
look at me!

Leuk still doesn't turn around. His hand shakes while still grappling the doorknob to his bedroom.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
You fuck. You've always been such  
a disrespectful little bastard.

Leuk lowers his head so low he can almost eat the dirt off the floor.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Miss. Jackson reaches for a prescription bottle from the coffee table in front of her. She chucks it towards the back of her son's head. She misses.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
God damn it..... shit.....

Miss. Jackson groans. She has to pick herself up and do something. She lifts the couch cushion up from under her and finds another prescription pill bottle. Then she finds another. And then another. With all the might she can muster she tosses all three of them at Leuk's head. Thump. Thump. Two of them hit.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you pill head!

Leuk is rubbing the top of his head.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'M FUCKING TALKING TO YOU!

Slowly but surely Leuk turns towards his mother. Ms. Jackson is sitting straight up on the couch. Ready for a fight. Her elbow placed aggressively on the couch's armrest. A sour scour crosses her face. She is pissed off.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
What have I done to deserve this?

Leuk still won't look at her.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Well. Do you know why I named you Leuk? It's a good reason. It's not because I loved the name or anything.

Ms. Jackson begins laughing out loud. At first in jest then the laughter becomes uncomfortable and eventually sad.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Frankly, I didn't give a fuck what your name was gonna be. Actually you didn't have a name until the doctors finally put a label on your ugly mug. Leukoderma. Get it....Leuk.

Ms. Jackson laughs hysterically.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
The more socially appropriate term for your confused skin condition. Disgusting. Your nasty, gross vitiligo covered body made me vomit. It still makes me vomit.

She shakes her head at him as she nods in and out of sleeplessness. Leuk remains hunched over, his face to the floor as he stands in the corner of the living room. Suddenly, Ms. Jackson jumps up from the couch and lunges at her son. She begins strangling him, ringing his neck.

In the front hallway. WE watch as Ms. Jackson drags Leuk towards the hallway closet.

She yanks the closet door open and throws her son in by the hairs on his head.

One foul swoop.

She slams the door behind him.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I can't let you go anywhere without  
embarrassing me. Ignorance.

Back in the living room. Ms. Jackson plops down on the  
couch.

CUT TO:

EXT INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Clarence is stumbling down the sidewalk. His focus is on the  
stairs leading to the quad of his family's project building.

IN THE QUAD. Clarence approaches his building. And opens the  
door.

CUT TO:

INT PROJECT APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

Clarence slips on the floor, then gains his balance. He  
turns RIGHT. Down a long, dark hallway. Florescent lights  
overhead flash on and off. HE stops in front of #106. Next  
door is #108. At The end of the hall is #110.

He looks over at #108. Its door boarded up. Completely  
concealed with nails and wooden coverage. He places his key  
into his apartment door and turns the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

From INSIDE. The door creaks open and Clarence's shadow  
appears from the hallway. HE enters the front entryway.  
Slowly closing the door behind him.

IN THE DARKNESS, Clarence can hear his brother crying inside  
the closet LEFT.

He places his ear against the door. And then reaches for the  
doorknob.

About to open it, he is disrupted. His mother yells from the  
next room.

MS. JACKSON  
Don't even think of opening that  
door or you are out on the street  
boy.

Clarence stands there. Like a deer in the headlights. He listens as his brother cries on the other side. He is whimpering, quietly begging to be let out. Clarence composes himself and stomps into the living room where his mother is sprawled out on the couch staring at the television. As per usual.

CLARENCE

What the fuck?

MS. JACKSON

He didn't listen. As usual. They sent him home.

CLARENCE

Who? Who sent him home?

MS. JACKSON

The school. His new school. He caused an outburst. They don't want him anymore.

Ms. Jackson fades in and out with her words. Her eyelids slowly close, open again, then begin to close again.

CLARENCE

What do you mean they don't want him?

Ms. Jackson doesn't respond.

Clarence leans over her and grabs her face.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

What happened?

Ms. Jackson's eyes open wide. Her face grows mad as hell. She smacks her son's hand off her face. She leaps up from the couch, throwing the blanket off her body.

MS. JACKSON

Boy don't you ever touch me like that mother fucker! I will have your ass for breakfast.

Ms. Jackson corners her son, behind the television.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

Your brother has freaked out ten too many people.

Clarence, still standing, cowers in the corner. As his mother corners him.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Leuk needs to learn a lesson.

FROM THE HALLWAY.

WE hear Leuk screaming, pounding on the closet door. Trying to get out. Ms. Jackson's brow furrows. She turns towards the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN she grabs a pair of scissors.

IN THE HALLWAY. She jerks the closet door open. Leuk is inside. His hands are tied together with a rope. He is kicking the wall opposite, screaming. Ms. Jackson leans over, grabs her son's chin and forces his mouth open. Leuk is still screaming. Ms. Jackson simply opens her own mouth and sticks out her tongue. Waving it around. Leuk copies her, thinking he is just making fun of her. With his tongue out, Ms. Jackson takes the kitchen scissors and proceeds to cut her son's tongue out of his mouth. Blood spurts, Leuk goes into shock.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Clarence! Bring me a towel! Now!

Leuk is hunched over in the closet, holding his face.

Clarence eventually appears, holding a towel.

Ms. Jackson yanks the towel from his hand and stuffs it into Leuk's mouth.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Bite down. Keep it there.

Leuk accepts the towel shoved into his mouth. He bites down on it and lowers his head.

CLARENCE  
What the fuck did you do?

Clarence bends over, into the closet, towards his brother.

Ms. Jackson smacks him away. Pushing him into the wall OPPOSITE.

MS. JACKSON  
This doesn't involve you anymore  
Clarence.

Clarence gets up from the floor and glares at his mother.

CLARENCE  
Yes. It does. Mother.

MS. JACKSON

Let me ask you a few questions  
young man. Are you interested in  
still living under my roof?

Clarence doesn't respond.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

Answer me boy!

Ms. Jackson slaps her son across the face.

CLARENCE

Yes. Yes!

MS. JACKSON

Do you wanna continue to steal my  
pills?

Clarence lowers his head. He is very ashamed.

CLARENCE

I don't... Mama I don't.....

MS. JACKSON

Don't bull shit me you ungrateful  
freak. I wasn't born yesterday  
okay?

Clarence looks up at his mother.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

Get outta my face bitch.

Clarence walks towards the bedroom RIGHT. Out of his  
mother's way.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

FULL ON the neon sign. The "S" in SHIM is blinking ON and  
OFF.

WE follow Clarence to the front door. He passes the giant  
bouncer just past the entrance.

BOUNCER

What's up Clarice?

CLARENCE

Hi ya honey?

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

CAMERA follows Clarence into the club. Through the dimly lit main entryway and into the main room. Clarence swipes away a beaded curtain. ON THE OTHER SIDE. WE SEE a stage. Male transvestite strippers dancing, working the poles.

RIGHT there is a bar. Male customers are waiting to get the bartenders attention. Clarence waves in that direction. And the bartender waves back.

CAMERA continues to follow Clarence. Beyond the stage, and the main room entirely. And into a back room. Clarence pushes a swinging door wide open.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SWINGING DOORS. A long, dark descending stairwell is ahead. WE follow Clarence down. At the bottom, the music from the main floor has disappeared.

Light slips INTO FRAME as Clarence turns a doorknob, revealing a brightly lit space. He walks in. It is a dressing room. The walls covered with mirrors. In front of the mirrors there is a straight row of counters. The counters are covered in make-up, wigs, beauty products and every kind of female necessity.

Clarence throws his bag down on the counter in front of him. He plops down into a chair. He looks down at his lap. He sighs. He takes a deep breath and looks up into the mirror ahead. He waits, frozen. He stares at his image in the mirror. He lifts his head back. His RIGHT HAND comes up to his neck. He caresses his neck with a finger. Up and Down. His finger finally resting on his Adams apple. He lowers his head, and his hand falls away from his neck.

He looks up at himself in the mirror and glares at his image.

Suddenly the door bursts open. The loud music from upstairs quickly envelopes the room. SASHAY, another black transvestite, stumbles into the room. She is tall, dark, beautiful and fabulous. She slumps down into the chair next to Clarence.

SASHAY

Damn girl. You just got here? It's a slow roll out there tonight.

Sashay begins taking off her drag. Make-up, wig, eye lashes.

SASHAY (CONT'D)  
When you going on girl?

Clarence just stares at himself in the mirror. Sashay glances over at him, furrowing her brow. She continues to de-drag herself.

SASHAY (CONT'D)  
Hey? Clarice? You gonna work  
tonight? You ok girl?

A beat. Finally Clarence looks up at Sashay.

CLARENCE  
Did you see him tonight?

SASHAY  
Who honey?

CLARENCE  
You know. The doctor.

SASHAY  
The doctor? Honey- you know how  
many doctors I ride, slide and  
glide every night up in this shit  
hole? You need be a bit more  
specific.

CLARENCE  
Dr. Johnson.

SASHAY  
Oh country club. Ya I saw him  
creeping around.

Clarence continues getting ready. Putting on his face.

SASHAY (CONT'D)  
Well well. I never thought my girl  
would want a whirl with that swirl.

Clarence drops his eye liner, disgusted.

CLARENCE  
Please girl not that....

SASHAY  
I don't know. Myself, I'd stay away  
from that child killer looking  
mother fucker. I've heard some  
shit.

CLARENCE

Like what?

SASHAY

I don't know. Like he's got some retarded intentions.

CLARENCE

He's brilliant.

Sashay drops what she is doing.

SASHAY

He may be brilliant but I know for a fact he is not the best in the business.

CLARENCE

He's cheap though.

Sashay shrugs her shoulders.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

What do you know?

Sashay leans back in her chair and looks over at Clarence.

SASHAY

He did my girl. Like six months ago.

Clarence looks away from his mirror and at Sashay.

CLARENCE

And....

SASHAY

And he owns her until she makes it as a cover girl, or until she dies.

CLARENCE

What do you mean?

Sashay slouches over to get closer on a more intimate level.

SASHAY

Look..... he does one. You pay up front for it. Then he does the other one on, let's say....well on layaway.

CLARENCE

Layaway?

SASHAY

Yes girl. You'd be running around as a half finished work of David if you didn't plan on selling your soul to the good doctor. Nothing is complete until he is replete. He's a tricky dick girl. Unless you got major cheddar.....

CLARENCE

Well than what?

SASHAY

Well than I guess he'll take care of both of your boys. But shit, I don't know any bitch had the initial cash for that. Seriously, don't mess with that mess. You don't pay him for the layaway-mother fucker owns your ass.

Clarence looks at himself in the mirror. He smooths his hand over his face. Sashay looks back at herself in the mirror. Continuing to de-drag.

CLARENCE

Please excuse me Sashay. I have a doctor's appointment.....

Clarence gets up, places his hand on Sashay's shoulder then walks away. Up the stairwell to the main room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

The main floor of the strip club. Clarence has pushed through the door from downstairs and through the beaded curtain and into the main room of the club. A BASS INDUCED SONG encompasses the space. There is another transvestite stripper performing on the stage.

Clarence passes the stage, the men at all sides of the stage admiring the show, throwing cash at the performer. Others tucking money into their g strings.

THE BACK RIGHT CORNER of the room. Here sits DR. JOHNSON. He is slouched over, skinny African American guy. He is nursing a cocktail. Hovering over him is a giant BODYGUARD. Clarence approaches the doctor's table. Dr. Johnson is still watching the main stage, he never looks over at Clarence. Clarence leans over the table towards the doctor.

CLARENCE

I think I'm ready.

The doctor's eyes wait. Still staring at the performer on the stage. FINALLY, HE looks up at Clarence. In the eyes at first. Then his gaze travels down from her head to her toes.

DR. JOHNSON

Well well. I'm offended by your beauty young man.

Clarence just stands there, in front of the doctor.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Sit. Please.

He offers a chair across from him and Clarence accepts.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I saw you perform. You were lovely and amazing.

Clarence stays silent. He just stares at the doctor from across the table.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Are you here to give me a lap dance?

Clarence still says nothing.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Well as much as I wish you were, maybe we should just get down to business.

Clarence collects himself. He folds his hands underneath the table and begins a speech in his head. The doctor can see the mental motors running.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You're not happy.

Clarence shakes his head.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And you're looking for that final change? You know who you are but the mirrors you look into don't see the same person.

Clarence lowers his head. He begins to cry.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

It's okay. The person you should see and want to see is only really a few steps away. Don't cry darling. I can fix you. If you trust me.

Clarence is balling, crying into his arm. Dr. Johnson's bodyguard slips Clarence a Kleenex. Clarence blows his nose.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I don't want to waste my time or your time. Tell me what's going on.

Clarence hesitates. Finally he looks up at the doctor.

CLARENCE

I need to be a woman.

The doctor leans back in his seat and crosses his arms.

DR. JOHNSON

Well then. We have some work ahead of us. Are you sure you understand and are prepared for what's going to happen?

Clarence takes a deep breath. He seems a little unsure.

CLARENCE

I think so. I mean I know the procedure.

DR. JOHNSON

Do you now.

Clarence becomes even more unsure of himself.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

More important.....do you understand the cost?

CLARENCE

I've heard.

Dr. Johnson leans forward in his chair.

DR. JOHNSON

And what have you heard beautiful?

CLARENCE

I pay for one. But I get both done. Then I owe you my soul.

The Doctor laughs out loud. He claps his hands in the air and leans backwards.

DR. JOHNSON  
I've never heard truer words!

Clarence leans back, a bit scared.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
So you've been taking your hormones  
I see....

CLARENCE  
Ya. Almost every day.

DR. JOHNSON  
For at least a year.

CLARENCE  
Probably more.

DR. JOHNSON  
Good. Good. That's very good. Your  
healthy otherwise? Good heart? Good  
kidneys?

CLARENCE  
Ya but what does that have to do  
with.....

The doctor gets up from his table.

DR. JOHNSON  
Well then. You are able to  
disappear for a month or so I  
presume.

Clarence nods his head.

DR. JOHNSON  
Fantastic. Meet me here. Two  
nights from now. Just outside.  
I'll be waiting in my car.

CLARENCE  
What if.....

DR. JOHNSON  
What if nothing Clarence my  
darling. I never go back on a  
commitment and neither should you.  
Do we understand one another?

Clarence nods his head again.

DR. JOHNSON  
(CONT'D)

I promise not to disappoint you.

The doctor walks to the exit of the club, his GIANT BODYGUARD following right behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Clarence is slowly walking down the sidewalk late at night. His hands in his pocket, and a lot on his mind.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

The door to the apartment opens from the outside. The dull florescent light from the outside hallway shining into the dark entryway.

CAMERA watches from the opposite end of the hall as Clarence enters and shuts the door behind him. Turning the bolt lock.

The CLICK, CLICKING OF HIS STILETTO SHOES on the old, tiled floor.

AT THE CLOSET DOOR, LEFT. Clarence leans his ear in. Waiting and hoping to hear some kind of sound or acknowledgement from his imprisoned younger brother.

A tiny whimper. Then Clarence can hear his brother beginning to cry. He reaches for the door knob, but backs away. He lowers his head and walks on down the hall and into:

IN THE LIVING ROOM. The light from the television illuminates the shadows of the otherwise pitch black living room.

Ms. Jackson is laying across the couch. Passed out, her mouth wide open. Snoring silently.

Clarence sneaks over to the small table RIGHT of the couch. Under a lamp, there is a handful of prescription medicine bottles.

Clarence quietly picks one up and looks over the label. Nope. Not that one. He picks up another. That's the one.

He undoes the cap of the bottle and quietly pours a few pills into his palm. He snaps the cap back into place and delicately puts the bottle back exactly where it came from.

IN THE BEDROOM. Clarence plops down on the bed. He tosses the pills into his mouth and lays back on the bed. Staring intensely at the ceiling. Waiting for the sun to come up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

THE NEXT NIGHT. Clarence appears from the front door of the building downstairs and into the quad.

He is dressed to the nines. Hair blown out, short skimpy skirt, tight blouse leaving the imagination to picture an impressive bosom underneath.

He staggers through the courtyard, and down the short flight of steps to the street below.

Parked along the sidewalk is a shiny, black SUV. The engine is running. From a distance, WE can hear the faint sound of loud, thumping hip hop music coming from inside.

Clarence knows this car. AND wants to avoid it. So he lowers his head, pulls his purse close to his side and tries fiercely to make his way down the street, past the SUV.

Slowly, the window lowers from inside the car on automatic control.

A pillow of marijuana smoke pours through the open window and into the air outside.

Sitting in the driver's seat is SHADE, a twenty something African American thug type. His hair is done in braids, pulled back underneath a dark bandana. WE see his arm covered in tattoos as he lifts the blunt he's smoking between his fingers to his mouth. Puffing away.

Shade sticks his head out the window and whistles at Clarence.

SHADE

Clarice. Girl. Finally. I was startin to think you'd bounced.

Clarence curls his lip. Stumped. He straightens his shoulders and turns back to the SUV.

Shade's eyes are glassy and blood shot. Clarence leans in to him against the door frame.

CLARENCE

Oh please. Where you think I'm gonna run off to?

SHADE

Shit beats me. You types a chicks sometimes actin real crazy.

Clarence leans his head all the way into the smoke filled car.

CLARENCE

MY type a chick? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Shade takes another puff and starts laughing out loud. Now he's cracking up.

SHADE

You know. Chicks with.....dicks!

He can't stop laughing. Clarence rolls his eyes.

SHADE (CONT'D)

Shit girl. Get in. You owe me some dough.

Clarence goes around to the other side of the SUV. WE hear the locks click and Clarence opens the back passenger side door and gets inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADE'S SUV- NIGHT

Clarence attempts to make himself comfortable on the bucket seat in the back of Shade's SUV.

His short skirt is riding up his thighs. So he reaches for the bottom hem, trying inconspicuously to pull it further down.

He re-adjusts his long, black wig on his forehead. Making sure that the falling ends cascade nicely over his shoulders.

His makeup is flawless. And his cleavage is perking over the upper edge of his low cut top. He makes a very beautiful, convincing black woman.

Shade still in the front drivers side seat. Finishing off his blunt. He reaches it back to Clarence, checking him out in the rear view mirror.

SHADE

Want some?

Clarence pulls down on her skirt again, flattening it further.

CLARENCE

No. No thanks.

He waves it away with a flick of his wrist.

SHADE

So what you got for me this evening  
Miss. Thang? Let's see that  
cheddar.

CLARENCE

Actually.....

Clarence clears his throat. A bit too manly like, so he tries to cover it up. With a more feminine cough.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I need a few more days.

Clarence is attempting to talk over the loud rap music.

SHADE

Excuse mother fuckin me? What?!

CLARENCE

I just need a few more days.

Shade starts to laugh. This time with a more sinister, sarcastic tone.

SHADE

You need a few more days? You need  
a few more mother fuckin days?  
Bitch you said that a few mother  
fuckin days ago!

Clarence is growing very uncomfortable, anxiously anticipating what will come next.

SHADE (CONT'D)

Girl this ain't charity cause!

He turns and looks at her directly.

SHADE (CONT'D)

I get you the jobs, you give me my  
cut. It's simply matter of fact.

Clarence looks down, picking at his nails.

SHADE (CONT'D)  
Now we've had this conversation  
before know what I'm sayin?

Clarence doesn't respond.

Shade takes the blunt he's been smoking and mashes it out on Clarence's thigh.

Clarence cries out.

SHADE (CONT'D)  
KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN?!

The lit ash from the cigar sparking off his leg, onto the floor of the car.

SHADE (CONT'D)  
I made you, you ungrateful fucking  
bitch. So show some respect! Now.  
Where is my money?

Clarence is holding is palm over the burn on his thigh. He wipes tears away from his eyes.

CLARENCE  
I came into some....issues.

SHADE  
What kinda mother fuckin issues?

Clarence takes a deep breath.

CLARENCE  
My little brother. He needed some  
stuff for school.

Shade laughs. Then shakes his head.

SHADE  
Well. Your little brother right?  
Your little mother fuckin brother.

Clarence nods his head.

SHADE (CONT'D)  
I never knew you had one a those.  
Is he a lady-boy like you?

Shade laughs louder. Banging his palms against the steering wheel.

CLARENCE

He's just a kid. He needed help  
for school. And I'm there for him.

SHADE

Well well. Isn't that sweet.  
Isn't that sugar and mother fuckin  
spice.

Clarence looks away.

SHADE (CONT'D)

Too bad you got OTHER obligations  
little girl. Ones we worked out  
when I got you started in this  
game.

CLARENCE

I know.

SHADE

You know? YOU KNOW?! So what you  
gonna do now pay me in leftover  
mother fuckin school supplies? Some  
crayons or some shit?!

Clarence still hasn't looked at him.

SUDDENLY, Shade jumps over the front seat and into the back.  
He throws Clarence onto his stomach and in a rage gets on top  
of him.

He lifts Clarence's skirt up and pulls down his underwear.

Shade undoes his own belt buckle and lowers his jeans and  
underwear to his ankles.

HE STUMBLES AROUND A BIT. But eventually enters Clarence  
from behind. Raping him violently and rough.

Clarence's face is pressed against the window. His eyes  
closed. Shut tight. Taking it as well as he possibly can.

FINALLY. Shade finishes. Pulling himself off of Clarence.  
Buttoning up his pants.

Clarence pulls up his underwear and lowers his skirt back  
down to his thighs. He is crying quietly. His black eye  
liner is running down his cheeks.

Shade is sitting in the driver's side seat again.

SHADE (CONT'D)

So I'm gonna drop you off.

Clarence is still trying hard to hold it back. His face lowered.

SHADE (CONT'D)

You got two days. Two mother  
fucking days. And I better see my  
mother fucking cheddar.

Clarence nods yes, wiping the excess make up from his face. And the sadness from his eyes.

Clarence notices Shade's wallet, laying on the floor of the SUV in the back. The car pulls away from the sidewalk.

Clarence looks up at Shade in the REAR VIEW MIRROR. He's only paying attention to the road right now.

SO Clarence sneaks his hand down onto the floor and quietly opens the wallet. INSIDE, there is one \$100 dollar bill after another. And after another. And another.

Clarence swipes the cash from the wallet, stuffing it between his cleavage. Invisible under his top.

A BEAT. Clarence is waiting to see if Shade has noticed anything. Nothing.

AND THEY DRIVE ON. Through the desolate inner city neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

Shade's SUV. pulls up to the front of the strip club.

The booming bass of a rap song from inside can be heard from the street.

A BEAT. AND the back passenger side door opens. Clarence staggers out, walking around to the back of the car.

THE SUV. speeds away. Leaving Clarence in its dust.

Clarence stands motionless in the street. Ashamed, his head dangling to the ground.

TO THE LEFT. The infamous SHIM SHACK sign. The "S" in Shim blinking on and off. ON AND OFF.

Clarence approaches the front door of the strip club. He opens it and goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

The regular doorman is standing at the entrance, just past the front door.

DOORMAN  
Hey ya Clarice.

Clarence hesitates. Wiping the lingering smudges of eyeliner from underneath his eyelids and cheeks.

CLARENCE  
Hi ya hon.

HE SAYS SADLY TO THE DOORMAN. In a less than enthusiastic manner.

HIS HEAD hung so low as he walks away.

The DOORMAN looking concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM OF THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

IN FRONT OF HIS WALL LENGTH MIRROR. Clarence is making the final touches to his drag/strip show ensemble. His makeup completed perfectly. The mess Shade had made of his face in the car an hour before has disappeared. Clarence situates and forms his long black wig directly along his hairline. Nicely on his forehead. He looks beautiful. His neck bends over onto the dressing table, a line of cocaine waiting there. He snorts it, and his head jerks back up. He stares at his image in the mirror. As he looks at himself. He is beyond depression. Wondering past what he sees. To a new beginning.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAIN STAGE OF THE SHIM SHACK- - NIGHT

The curtain at the back of the small stage slowly opens as a rock song from the 1980s FADES IN through the speakers. FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. Clarence appears, all slut-like and seductive.

The audience is filled with a colorful cast of characters: Old sleazy queens, straight guys on the down low, a handful of genuine ladies, and the sporadic gaggle of curious fags just out for a good time. CLARENCE begins his routine on the dance floor.

TOWARDS THE POLE, he dances off one piece of clothing at a time. With only his panties remaining, his breasts fully exposed, he leans over to the patrons lingering at THE EDGE OF THE STAGE. One after another, they begin stuffing bills into Clarence's panties, others just make it rain. THROWING money onto the stage below his feet.

IN THE FINAL REVEALING MOMENT. As the song is coming to an end, Clarence seductively slides his panties down to his ankles. He kicks them into the air with his LEFT foot. They land somewhere in the audience.

THE SONG ENDS. Clarence is leaning his naked body against the stripper pole. HIS PENIS is out there in the open. The crowd goes wild! Apparently, he puts on a really good show.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM OF THE SHIM SHACK.

Clarence is staring at himself in the giant mirror ahead. He pulls the pair of fake lashes from his eyes. He wipes the lipstick from his mouth off with a Kleenex. Then he removes the eyeliner from his lids. HE STARES AT HIMSELF. Still a beautiful woman. He lowers his neck to the dressing table AHEAD. Snorts a line of cocaine, lifts his head, adjusts his wig and TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

The front door opens to the street and Clarence appears. He is carrying a small duffel bag. ON THE SIDEWALK. Clarence glances around. Down the street, he spies a shiny black limousine. The engine is running, the lights are on. Clarence crosses the street and approaches the car. He waits next to the driver's side door.

THE BACK SEAT DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW BEGINS TO OPEN. And here sits Dr. Johnson, in all his creepy glory. He is a tiny man, with his tinted glasses. His hands cradled together on his lap. His fingers lapping up and down on one another in devious anticipation.

DR. JOHNSON  
Lovely night isn't it Clarice?

Clarence looks around the block. Suspicious and unsure, at the same time ready and willing.

CLARENCE

Sure. I mean....yes. Really good, pretty, or you know.....

The Doctor senses his nervousness.

DR. JOHNSON

It's okay Clarice. I'll take very good care of you. Don't worry.

Clarence fumbles through her bag. And reveals a wad of cash. She hands it to the Doctor through the window. He smiles a gnarled, sinister grin.

The Doctor opens the door to the car a crack and slides to the other side of the backseat.

Clarence gets in and closes the door.

THE BIG BLACK CAR PULLS AWAY. It leaves the block. Disappearing in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

DARKNESS. ALL AROUND. Until suddenly a wide warehouse garage door begins to open. Light from outside slips in slowly but surely as the door continues to open. Then a CLANK. As it settles into place above.

FULLY OPEN, just outside the garage WE see the giant silhouette of Dr. Johnson's Bodyguard. Behind him is the Doctor's black limo.

The Bodyguard ENTERS. GETTING CLOSER TO CAMERA.

He turns LEFT. OUT OF FRAME.

Fog is rising from the ground outside.

WE are still staring at the limo. The back passenger side door opens and Dr. Johnson emerges. The cheap over sized suit he wears is hanging over his miniature stature.

He makes his way around the front of the car, to the backseat driver's side.

He pulls the door open and Clarence gets out. Carrying his overnight duffel bag behind.

The car door slams shut. Clarence and the Doctor enter the industrial space.

They pass through FRAME RIGHT. JUST AS the Bodyguard appears again. He stands LEFT of the garage door. He grabs the remote control to the door, hanging along the wall.

He presses down on the button at the center of the device, and the garage door steadily begins to close.

ONCE COMPLETELY SHUT. AGAIN, total darkness.

FADE INTO:

INT. BASEMENT OF INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

CAMERA peering up at a long, rickety staircase. At the top of the steps there is a door. IT CREAKS OPEN. The wide silhouette of the Bodyguard steps through. Then down the stairs. He stomps closer and closer until he passes CAMERA at the bottom.

IN THE BASEMENT. All around, it is a spacious makeshift operating room.

AGAINST THE WALL LEFT. A long row of glass cabinets. INSIDE THEM, glass bottles filled with all sorts of chemicals and medical liquids. ALONG THE BACK WALL OF THE BASEMENT. Shelves are occupied with numerous different prescription bottles and medications. Label after label. The entire encyclopedia of prescription medication right there. AGAINST THE WALL RIGHT. Test tubes. Numerous jars containing human and animal organs. And others filled with human blood.

FURTHER RIGHT. Two human sized freezers placed next to one another. Cold steam exuding from the tops of both. AND FURTHER RIGHT. There is a bathtub. In the tub is laying a young man. Seemingly asleep. It is filled to his chin with cold water. And surrounding him in the tube are piles of ice cubes. He is breathing, but unconscious. Every once and a while, his body JERKS. Recognizing the freezing water around him.

FINALLY AT THE CENTER OF THE BASEMENT. Clarence is laying on a flat operating table. His RIGHT arm hooked up to an I.V.

He is entirely out of drag. No wig, no makeup. He is wearing a light blue hospital gown. And a surgical cap over his head.

Hovering over him is Dr. Johnson. He, as well, is prepped for an operation. Surgical gloves, surgical gown, and mask covering his mouth.

DR. JOHNSON  
How do you feel Clarice?

Clarence nods his head.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Very good.

The Doctor's Bodyguard appears next to him. Decked out as well in appropriate operating room garb.

The Bodyguard slides a table on wheels INTO FRAME. Between himself and the Doctor. It is covered in perfectly displayed, completely sterilized surgical instruments. Scalpels, scissors, knives, needles, gauze.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
So as requested by you, I will keep you entirely conscience yet thoroughly numb for the duration of this procedure.

The Doctor examines the tools on his shiny silver table.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
We aren't barbarians here in any way. So.....

Dr, Johnson lifts a GIANT NEEDLE up from the tray, presses down on it's end, and a liquid spurts forth from it's sharp tip. He flicks the base of the LARGE syringe.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
We're going to keep you utterly numb in the downstairs area. The entire time.

Dr. Johnson lifts Clarence's gown, lowers his hand and the needle underneath, and injects his patient somewhere close to the groin.

Clarence cringes.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Ok. Ok. Very good. One more then we'll be on our way.

The Doctor picks up another large needle, slides it under Clarence's gown, performing the same exact injection. THIS SECOND TIME AROUND. Clarence can't feel a thing. Totally numb down there.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Now. You should be feeling  
absolutely nothing below your  
waist. Yes?

Clarence agrees.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Before we get started- I  
need to ask. You still want me to  
describe the procedure to you  
during the entire operation?

Clarence nods his head emphatically, YES.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Ok then. As you wish. To each  
their own. Am I right? Let's begin  
shall we.....

CLASSICAL MUSIC SLOWLY FADES IN. CLOSE ON CLARENCE'S FACE.  
As the Doctor begins the procedure.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
First I will remove the testicles.

The Doctor reaches for a sterilized scalpel from the tray.  
He lowers it to Clarence's crotch.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I will make two incisions. Right  
and Left.

AND he does. WE DO NOT SEE but BELOW FRAME, Dr. Johnson  
cradles Clarence's testicles in his palm. He reaches for a  
sterilized pair of scissors from the tray. Snip, snip. Dr.  
Johnson hands them over to his Bodyguard.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And remove the testicles from the  
body.

The Doctor lightly wipes his forehead.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Now the penis will be inverted.

He reaches for a new scalpel and lowers it to Clarence's  
groin.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
The foreskin and the penis are  
being turned inside out.  
(MORE)

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I'm making a flap to preserve the  
blood and nerve supplies.

Dr. Johnson fully focused on the transsexual task at hand.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
With this flap, hopefully, you will  
have a fully sensitive vagina. And  
a clitoris with fully supplied  
nerve endings. With that in mind,  
I must take a moment.

AS THE CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES IN THE BACK ROUND. Dr.  
Johnson completes the procedure.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Now. We wait. Until we form the  
labia majora.

Clarence's eyes are open but he is completely numb. His mind  
still able to register the steps of his surgery but his body  
cannot move.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And. We are. Finished.

Dr. Johnson lifts a clear rubber mask from his operating  
tray. It is attached to an anaesthetic gas supply.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And it's time for us to take a  
little nap.....

He lowers the mask onto Clarence's face.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Just take a nice deep breath.

Clarence does.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And another. And another.

Clarence follows the Doctor's instructions.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Now count backwards from 100.....

FROM UNDERNEATH THE MASK, WE hear Clarence mumbling: 100, 99,  
98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91.....1.....

The last number disappears from his mouth. He has fallen  
asleep.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And we'll see you soon.

FULL ON CLARENCE'S FACE. Peaceful and quiet.

FADE TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

Clarence has been turned on his RIGHT side. He is still unconscious. Dr. Johnson is performing another operation on his body. He picks up a new scalpel from his tray and lowers it to Clarence's back. Just behind his abdomen. He makes a small, 5 inch incision. Delicately, preciously. HE PULLS OUT ONE OF CLARENCE'S KIDNEYS. His Bodyguard stands close to the Doctor, holding a small Styrofoam cooler in his hands.

The Doctor places the kidney into the cooler.

DR. JOHNSON  
Close it up tight and get it into  
the freezer right away.

The DOCTOR CONTINUES THE PROCEDURE. WE cannot see the exact steps per se. But WE can see him pulling gently around INSIDE the back of Clarence's abdomen. Carefully putting things back in tact.

He reaches for a surgical needle and thread from the silver tray and begins to suture the opening.

After a very focused 10 or 15 minutes, The Doctor is done. He removes the surgical goggles from his forehead and wipes his brow with a towel. Then yells out to his Bodyguard:

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And please contact Dr. Smith- Jones  
immediately. Inform him that I've  
recovered a proper kidney donation  
for him.

The Doctor smiles down at the work he's done on Clarence.

FADE TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- DAY/NIGHT

ABOUT A DAY HAS PASSED. Clarence, technically now Clarice, lays asleep, most likely very drugged up, on a recovery table in the underground hospital.

Dr. Johnson approaches to examine him. Checking heartbeat, vital signs. Everything seems to be going smoothly. He mentally pats himself on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

The giant industrial garage door squeaks open. It slams at the top of the gate.

A black car is pulled up at the front, just outside in the driveway. The back passenger side door opens. A tall man gets out. Dr. Johnson's Bodyguard is waiting for him just inside the open warehouse garage door.

HE motions for the man to come with him. They exit together LEFT FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

CAMERA is looking up at the stairs. The basement door opens and The Bodyguard appears leading the mystery man down to the bottom. AND INTO:

THE MAKESHIFT OPERATING ROOM/BASEMENT. Finally the man's face is revealed after he lifts a wide brimmed hat from his forehead. This is DR. SMITH-JONES. He is a tall, well dressed doctor somewhere in his forties. He is good looking yet a bit suspicious. A dark, sinister aura surrounds him.

Dr. Johnson turns and watches him as he approaches.

DR. JOHNSON

Ahh...Dr. Smith-Jones. The man of the hour has arrived. Back so soon?

DR. SMITH- JONES

You told me to come.

DR. JOHNSON

Yes, yes. Of course I did.

Dr. Smith-Jones glances down at his watch.

DR. SMITH- JONES

I have a very important patient waiting for me. Do you have the kidney?

DR. JOHNSON

Yes. Do you have my.....

Dr. Smith-Jones hands him his briefcase.

DR. SMITH- JONES

It's all there I assure you. You  
can count it if you like.....

Dr. Johnson takes the case and snaps his fingers at his  
Bodyguard, who is waiting in the wings.

The Bodyguard reaches out his arms. The Doctor places the  
brief case on top of them, unlatches it and lifts the top.

He peers down into the case, smiles and rubs his hands  
together with pleasure.

DR. JOHNSON

Good. Very, very good.

INSIDE are stacks and rows of cash. Perfectly piled and  
placed. Dr. Johnson closes the case and lowers it to the  
floor. He turns to one of the freezers against the wall  
RIGHT. He opens it up and pulls out the small Styrofoam  
cooler. Surrounding the cooler are various human body parts  
encased in blocks of ice.

He hands Dr. Smith-Jones the cooler.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Enjoy, good luck. And remember,  
I'm always taking special orders.

Dr. Smith-Jones attempts to lift the lid off the cooler. BUT  
DR. JOHNSON smacks his hand away. HE shakes his head.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

No, no, no! It's fresh from the  
donor dear Doctor. You mustn't  
open it until the exact moment of  
placement into it's recipient. You  
know that. Trust me- it's in  
there, completely healthy and fully  
intact.

DR. SMITH-JONES

Fine.

Dr. Smith- Jones turns away and follows the Bodyguard back up  
the basement stairs to the warehouse above.

Dr. Johnson beams to himself as the other Doctor leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE- DAY

FULL ON the warehouse during a sunny afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF INNER CITY WAREHOUSE- DAY

IN THE OPERATING ROOM. Clarice is laying in a bathtub RIGHT of the room. It is filled with cold water and piles of ice cubes. Dr. Johnson approaches, leaning over Clarice. He places a thermometer into Clarice's mouth. He takes it out and checks the temperature. He is very satisfied with the results. She's stable. And alive.

DR. JOHNSON

Looks as if you're about ready to  
go home Ms. Clarice.  
Congratulations.

The Doctor walks away from the tub.

FADE TO:

DR. JOHNSON AND THE BODYGUARD lean over Clarice in the tub. They each put an arm underneath her arm pits and prepare themselves to lift her from the freezing cold water.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Now!

TOGETHER they drag her up. Clarice is semi-conscious for this. And as she stands, almost straight up, her newly created vagina is clearly and visibly a reality.

FADE TO:

CLOSE ON Clarice's face as she comes to. Her eye lids blink open quickly, then close. AGAIN. Until finally they settle WIDE OPEN.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Good morning. You made it.

The Doctor takes a towel and wipes off her forehead. Clarice seems unnaturally focused. Her head jets LEFT and RIGHT.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Don't worry my dear. I  
administered a small dose of  
adrenaline to get you going.

Clarice reaches for the top of her head. NO WIG- she seems  
disappointed and embarrassed.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
You look fine my love. We have  
some brand new clothes ready for  
you in the back. You'll look  
fabulous.

FADE TO:

IN A BACK ROOM OF THE BASEMENT. Clarice is standing in front  
of a full length mirror. She is wearing a new black rap  
around skirt that presumably, the Doctor had bought for her.  
A long, finely combed and custom black wig. AND perfectly  
fitting black strap-up stiletto heels. She is admiring  
herself. Turning LEFT and RIGHT to examine every angle.

She reaches underneath the skirt and places her hand on her  
groin.

She looks up, bites her lip and smiles ear to ear proudly.

THE CURTAIN AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM PARTS OPEN and Dr.  
Johnson appears. He comes up behind Clarice and puts his  
arms around her waist.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Perfection. Absolute perfection.  
You're ready.

Clarice raises her hands and places them on top of the  
Doctor's arms, still rapped around her. In a sort of thank  
you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE- EVENING

The Doctor's limo is parked, the engine running, just outside  
of the warehouse garage door. The Bodyguard is in the  
driver's seat and Clarice is in the passenger side backseat.  
The door is wide open. AND Dr. Johnson is kneeling on the  
pavement next to Clarice.

DR. JOHNSON  
Now. I've completed my part of the  
deal correct?

Clarice nods her head.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
And you remember your part of this deal which is yet to be completed correct?

Clarice nods yes again.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
They must be young. And healthy. Wherever you find them....I don't care.

Clarice lowers her head to the floor. She's exhausted. The Doctor doesn't care, with his finger he lifts her chin up. And looks directly into her eyes.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I'm a reasonable man. I'll give the appropriate time to adjust and heal. No worries. But young and healthy.

Dr. Johnson lets go of her chin.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Don't fuck this up. I'm watching you. No paid credit around here is VERY, very bad credit.

He closes the car door and prompts the Bodyguard to pull out. The car disappears around the corner, away from the old industrial city block.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

The black limo pulls up to the curb. Clarice steps out of the passenger side door. The car peels off quickly, leaving Clarice in it's dust.

SHE looks up at her family's towering apartment building furthest RIGHT of the project building complex. It has been months since she's been back. She has been living and recovering in Dr. Johnson's basement hospital. The look on her face tells the whole story.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

CAMERA watching the front door from inside. WE can hear the snap of the door's lock click from the other side. It slips open and Clarice enters. The front hall is shrouded in darkness. The quiet sound of voice's from a television can be heard from further within the apartment. Clarice closes the front door behind her, carrying her duffel bag over her shoulder.

SHE WALKS DOWN THE FRONT HALLWAY. At the end LEFT is the kitchen. It is totally filthy. Trash all around, dirty dishes reeking of neglect. It stinks in there. She turns RIGHT into the LIVING ROOM.

MS. JACKSON is laying across the couch, the TV. is still on. On the other side of the room. Clarice waits in the doorway. FINALLY, Ms. Jackson looks up at her.

MS. JACKSON

Where the fuck have you been?

Ms. Jackson leans up on the couch and stares Clarice up and down.

MS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

You look different.....Did you do something with your hair?

SHE LAUGHS OUT LOUD. Then lays back down onto the couch.

CLARICE

It's nice to see you too mama.  
So.....

Clarice waits.

MS. JACKSON

So what?

CLARICE

So where's Leuk?

MS. JACKSON

Where do you think? He's in the closet.

CLARICE

What? What!

Clarice drops her bag and bolts to the hallway closet. She yanks it open. Peers in. In a dark corner at the back of the closet, she sees her brother.

Hog tied to a pipe protruding from the ceiling. He looks up, sees her, and tries to scream. But his tongue has been cut out of his mouth.

Clarice rushes in, trying to untie him. BUT she needs a knife or scissors. She runs into the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN. It is disgusting, difficult to find anything. Finally she locates a knife.

FROM THE LIVING ROOM, MS. JACKSON yells out.

MS. JACKSON

Don't you DARE do anything with  
your brother! He's in there for a  
reason!

Clarice leaves the kitchen, running back into the closet. Wielding the knife. She lifts the knife to the knots of the rope tying Leuk to the pipe. IN AND OUT, she intensely cuts away. CUTTING AND CUTTING UNTIL, Leuk's arms are free. She lowers the knife to his ankles. Again sawing away at the rope that ties his legs together. FINALLY, he is free.

In an instant, Leuk jumps up and bolts into the living room. Clarice doesn't have a moment to contemplate what will come next. Suddenly, she hears A SHARP CACKLING SCREAM from the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. Leuk's skinny, hunched body engrosses Ms. Jackson on the couch. He has bitten away at her face, eating one of her eyeballs. She is thrashing around, but Leuk is on a roll. He lifts his head, exposes his teeth and jams them into her abdomen. He spits a chunk of her skin onto the floor. And then another. With his long, uncut finger nails, he rams his RIGHT hand into her stomach and tears it open.

Clarice is shaking, watching from the corner of the room as her brother tears their mother apart.

Leuk is uncontrollable. Eating Ms. Jackson INSIDE OUT. Clarice decides enough is enough. She jumps on top of her brother, attempting to pull him off their mother. BUT LEUK REFUSES TO GIVE UP. Anger, resentment and extreme hunger all at once.

Clarice struggles with him, eventually containing her brother by the neck in a half nelson. She drags him away from their near dead, torn apart mother.

KICKING AND SCREAMING, she brings him into the front hallway. She grabs the closet door knob, opens it and shoves her brother back inside.

She slams the door and listens in as he pounds his fists against the back wall of the closet. HARDER AND HARDER. Every time. Until WE hear a piece of the back wall break off.

She slowly and steadily re-opens the closet door and IMMEDIATELY LEUK LUNGES AT HER. She grabs his neck and pushes him back into the closet. Leuk slams against the back wall, now creating a five foot high hole into it. The cheap stucco and dry wall falling away like butter.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

IN THE CLOSET OF THE APARTMENT. Leuk still struggling to get away from his sister. Like a rabid dog without a leash.

CLARICE

Stop it Leuk! Calm down!

Clarice reaches for the rope still attached to each of his wrists. She forces him to the floor and begins to tie his hands back together again. He is thrashing BACK and FORTH. Determined to free himself. BUT Clarice has the upper hand. She pushes him onto his back and begins dragging him by his wrists.

DOWN THE HALLWAY, PAST THE KITCHEN, THROUGH THE EMPTY LIVING ROOM AND INTO THE BATHROOM. She brings him up to the towel rack on the back wall, across from the toilet. She grabs for the slack end of the rope around his wrists and ties it tightly to the towel rack. CHECKING THAT IS SECURE. Then again.

She bolts from the room, slamming the door behind. She makes her way back through the abandoned apartment, into the closet, through the hole in the wall and back into:

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice rushes over to Ms. Jackson's side, desperate to investigate the damage done. AND IT'S BAD. Clarice gags. Trying to hold it in. But she can not contain it. She runs into the bathroom RIGHT.

IN THE BATHROOM. She is vomiting into the toilet. Finished, she wipes her mouth and looks at herself in the mirror.

Her eye make-up running down her face. Her heart beating terribly fast.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice is standing in the barren living room. WE can hear her brother banging against the back wall of the bathroom. She hardly pays attention. CLOSE ON her face. The wheels inside her head turning. Imagining something around her.

CLARICE'S P.O.V. LOOKING from LEFT to RIGHT of the space.

BACK TO HER FACE. She has a big idea.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

LOOKING INTO THE CLOSET. Clarice crawls through the hole from the abandoned apartment.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. Clarice approaches a large storage locker in the RIGHT corner. She opens it up and pulls out a pile of blankets and other assorted household stuff. She takes one of the blankets, shakes it out in the air and spreads it over her dead mother's body on the couch. She slams the locker shut and drags it into the front hallway by its squeaky, rusted back wheels.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

FULL ON the city block as WE watch Clarice grow CLOSER to CAMERA from the opposite end. She is passing one boarded up, run down home and building after another. Only a handful of cars parked along the sidewalk. Most of them likely forsaken. A depressing, somewhat apocalyptic environment.

IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABANDONED HOSPITAL. The sign in front reads: CLOSED. PRIVATE PROPERTY. DO NOT ENTER. Clarice stands there, staring up at the quiet, broke down facility. She lifts up the storage locker and makes her way up to the main doors.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL- NIGHT

THE MAIN FOYER. Clarice looks to the elevators at the back of the floor. Of course they aren't working. So she goes to a door leading to the main stairwell.

IN THE STAIRWELL. WE watch as Clarice pulls the locker up the steps behind her. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP over each and every step.

ON THE THIRD FLOOR. The door to the stairwell swings open and Clarice walks in with her locker. She is sweating, pretty annoyed by the walk up.

A nurse's/receptionist area. Old computers, dust thickened on the counter. Clarice is on an ex-operating room floor. She travels along the wall LEFT, past one locked room after another. UNTIL the last. It's opened. Before going in, Clarice takes her palm and wipes away the layer of dirt and nastiness that has built up on the window. It looks into the room.

INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM. Clarice is meddling around. But she knows what she is looking for. She admires the metal surgical bed, and fortunately, it folds up. Straps linger down its sides. Wrist straps also available. A score.

Next to the bed, an anaesthetic machine. Able to be dismantled. She folds it up and sticks it into the locker. Along the wall LEFT, a glass cabinet. Filled with syringes, gauze, masks, bottles of anesthetic chemicals, and numerous intravenous needles. Clarice tries to open it. No success. She picks up a towel, layering it around her knuckles. She punches the glass and it breaks away all over the floor underneath her.

She pulls the storage locker from her side LEFT, over the shards of glass, and finally in front of her. Then swiping the contents from the cabinet directly in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL- NIGHT

FULL ON the building. WE see Clarice stumble through the front doors, dragging the storage locker and the folded surgical table, down the pavement towards CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

THROUGH THE QUAD. Clarice approaches her apartment building. Hunched over and exhausted, with the locker and table in tow.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S PROJECT APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

Clarice steps up to the front door of her apartment. She looks LEFT. WE see the boarded up door of the next apartment over. A sign stamped on it reads: EVICTION NOTICE. And further down the flyer, smaller hard to read letters create a long, over worded paragraph of legal jargon. Clarice takes out her keys, and turns the lock.

SUDDENLY, the last door at end of the hall, just RIGHT of the EVICTED APARTMENT, quickly opens. MISS MABEL appears. She is a mid life, sloppily dressed black woman. Short and stout. With colorful curlers all through her hair.

MISS MABEL

Excuse me! What is that ruckus?

CLARICE

What ruckus?

MISS MABEL

That ruckus comin from that apartment.....

Miss Mabel points to the door of the abandoned apartment.

MISS MABEL (CONT'D)

And INTO mine.

CLARICE

I really wouldn't know. I live here.

Clarice points to her front door. Miss Mabel looks Clarice UP AND DOWN.

MISS MABEL

Um-hum. I never trusted that mother a yours. And girl, or whatever you are, I don't trust you neither. I got my eyes wide open. ALL OVER this here place, okay?

Clarice goes inside her apartment. The operating table and storage locker right behind her. Miss Mabel stands there, in her doorway. Shaking her head and her finger.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

FULL ON the closet. Clarice emerges from the hole in the wall, with the storage locker. THEN she goes back for the operating table.

IN THE BATHROOM. Leuk, still tied by his wrists to the towel rack, has calmed down immensely. BLOOD DRIPPING down the RIGHT side of his head onto his forehead. From banging it against the wall. He is worn out. Exhausted from struggling.

Clarice staring at him from the bathroom doorway. She tears up. Feelings of guilt and self-hatred surfacing. She's so sorry for her brother. He doesn't look at her. His head lowered to the floor.

Clarice advances towards him. Calm, cool, and collected. She slyly reaches up to untie him from the towel rack. THEN- LEUK'S HEAD JETS UP.

CLOSE ON his vitiligo splotched face. He shows his teeth, gnarled and fierce. And exposes his lopped off, half of a tongue. He jerks forward, biting at Clarice. Ravenous and vengeful. Clarice quickly backs off. She leaves the bathroom. Holding back her tears.

IN THE EMPTY LIVING ROOM. Clarice is creating her own version of a makeshift operating room. The operating table has been set up close to the LEFT SIDE of the living room.

She is emptying the contents of the storage locker. Using her mother's silver food tray, she begins spreading out the syringes, scalpels, and other instruments on top of it. After being thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, THEY are perfectly displayed along side one another.

She re-assembles the anaesthetic machine. Placing it RIGHT of the operating table. She finds an outlet along the wall. SHE PLUGS IT IN. Hoping for the best. It turns on. The pressure device and oxygen scales elevate. The anaesthetic gas supply indicators turn on as well. Clarice is in business.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE QUAD OF THE JACKSON'S PROJECT APARTMENT- DAY

FULL ON THE THREE PROJECT BUILDINGS. Surrounding their quad in the sunlight. There is a children's playground. Monkey bars, a slide and swing set. DEVOID OF KIDS. The swings swaying on their own by the motion of the wind. The grass around unkempt and ignored. Overgrown in some spots. Dead and gone in others.

BUT IN ONE SMALL CORNER RIGHT. Close to the Jackson's building, there is a garden. Nicely kept, beautifully overgrown with certain flowers. And rows of up and coming others.

Tending to it is DARYL. A tall, broad shouldered African American guy somewhere in his early 20's. He is digging holes, planting seeds and fertilizing the soil of his spot. Surrounded by the otherwise ignored grounds.

FROM THE FRONT DOORS OF THE JACKSON'S BUILDING. Clarice comes out. She stumbles to the benches at the edge of her building's side of the quad. She plops down in a huff and lights a cigarette. Puffing away, she notices Daryl tending to his garden. She yells over to him:

CLARICE

You're just like the jolly green  
giant!

Daryl looks over at her. She smiles, sucking down on her smoke. He blushes. Embarrassed, but enjoying the attention.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

It looks beautiful. A diamond amid  
this rough.....

Daryl is very insecure.

DARYL

Thanks. Thank you.

Clarice snubs out her smoke and walks over to him. Immediately bringing on HER FLIRT.

CLARICE

You must be so strong. With that  
shovel and without any gloves.....

It's obvious now that Daryl is a little slow. A late bloomer. This big, burly guy is melting under the glance of a haggard transsexual.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I have some work I need done in my apartment.

She pulls the shovel out of Daryl's hand. Her finger tip grazing his in the process.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I'll pay you of course. I just need a healthy man to dig something for me and build some other little things.....

Clarice is gazing directly into his eyes. He hesitates.

DARYL

Ok. Ya. Ya I could do that.

CLARICE

Great! Later today ok?

Daryl nods yes.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Fabulous. Come over around five? I'm in 106. Hackman housing. Right there.

Clarice points RIGHT to her building.

DARYL

Oh ok. I live there too. Actually I think maybe the apartment next door. With my mama. Mabel. Do you know her?

Clarice knows Miss Mabel. The nosey neighbor in #110. The last apartment on the RIGHT. The one just past her newly developed makeshift operating room. Clarice half smiles at the mention of Miss Mabel's name.

CLARICE

Great. It's a date. See you then.

Clarice turns away. Daryl watches her ass as she leaves. SHE SUDDENLY turns back:

CLARICE (CONT'D)

And don't forget to bring your tools.

She smiles, blows him a kiss and goes back into her building. Daryl stands there. Aroused and excited.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- EVENING

There is a knock on the front door. And another. The door opens and Daryl is standing in the doorway. All of his tools in hand. Clarice escorts him inside. Daryl follows her down the front hallway to the closet LEFT. Clarice opens the door.

IT IS EMPTY INSIDE. The floor boards have been taken up and off. Exposing the dirt and natural earth underneath. Daryl notices the nearly five foot high, sloppy hole on the back wall.

CLARICE

I have two favors. First, I just need more storage space. So....I want something dug into the ground. Only like... 8 feet down or so.

Daryl is perplexed.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

And that wound there.....

She points to the wall in the back wall.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I'd like it to be....a little bigger, more accessible.

Daryl peers into the closet. Unsure but agreeable.

DARYL

Ya. Ok. I can do that.

CLARICE

You can! Oh thank you!

Clarice lifts her LEFT leg into the air and kisses Daryl on the cheek.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

And who says it's hard to find good help these days?

Daryl blushes. And just stands there.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
So I'll leave you to it then.....

Daryl snaps out of it and goes for his tools. He picks up his shovel and begins digging into the floor of the closet. With the first scoop of dirt though, he looks back at Clarice.

DARYL  
Where should I.....

He pretends to throw the dirt into the air.

CLARICE  
Through the hole.

She snaps her finger towards the opening at the back of the closet. Daryl nods and thinks to himself I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Carry on.

Daryl digs. Swiping the dirt into the abandoned apartment closet next door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

FULL SHOT. CAMERA LOOKING UP at their project building.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS DOWN the front hallway. IN THE CLOSET LEFT. A deep hole has been dug. The end of a shovel appears from below, filled with dirt and ground. It's tossed aside LEFT, through the gap in the back wall.

Quiet. Then a human sigh. Daryl's hand appears. He lifts himself out of the hole.

The opening in the wall between the two closets has been widened. Now having the height and width of a proper doorway. Daryl wipes himself off then slips through the opening in the back wall. FROM THE ABANDONED CLOSET ON THE OTHER SIDE, he brings in it's unattached door. He lowers the door to the floor, completely covering the hole in the floor of the Jackson's closet.

He's finished the job. Clarice appears around the corner RIGHT, from inside the Jackson's apartment.

CLARICE  
How goes it?

DARYL  
Finished.

Clarice claps her hands together.

CLARICE  
Let me see.....

Daryl lifts the door from the floor, exposing the 8 foot deep bunker under the closet floor. Clarice peers down into it. A perfect black hole.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Perfect!

Clarice hugs Daryl. He's taken off guard. He lowers the dismantled door back onto the floor. Clarice gazes at the new entryway between the two closets.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Follow me Daryl.

She walks through the wall, into the abandoned apartment. Daryl follows along.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

They leave the closet, walk down the hallway and enter the living room. NOW IT'S A MAKESHIFT OPERATING ROOM.

Clarice leads Daryl to the operating bed. Standing next to it, she invites him to lay down.

CLARICE  
Take a break guy. Right here.

She pats her hand down on the mattress. Daryl seems uncertain of what to expect. But he tries to expect only the best. So he lays down.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Just relax. Close your eyes.....

He does. Waiting for something from Clarice she never intends to give.

Clarice grabs for the mask attached to the anaesthetic machine RIGHT. She jams it over Daryl's mouth. His eyes bolt open and he breathes in the gas. Then falls asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET-NIGHT

Clarice is leaving her family's project development, and to the street a few steps down. Waiting there- a black limousine. Clarice is dragging the storage locker behind her.

The front driver's side door opens and Dr. Johnson's Bodyguard materializes. He approaches Clarice on the sidewalk. He looks down at the storage locker.

CLARICE

He's in there. Alive. But I gave him some anaesthesia.

The Bodyguard motions for Clarice to open up the locker. So she does. He sees Daryl inside. He reaches down, picks up Daryl and throws his body over his shoulder like a rag doll. He opens the trunk and dumps Daryl inside. He slams it shut and goes back to the driver's side of the car.

Clarice stands there on the sidewalk. Waiting for some sort of validation. But there is none. The black limo speeds off. Leaving Clarice and the foot locker there on the side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice is in the shower. PULLING IN ON THE CURTAIN. The water turns off. Clarice steps out. Drying herself off. She suddenly feels a pain in her RIGHT side behind her abdomen. She turns to the bathroom mirror. She sees a small fresh scar on her back where her kidney is located.

CUT TO:

Clarice is laying in bed. Almost asleep.

SUDDENLY- a monstrous pounding on the front door. She tries to ignore it, covering her head with a pillow. BUT IT GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER. THEN- Someone begins yelling from the hallway outside the front door. Cursing, screaming.

Clarice jumps out of bed. Pissed off. She passes through the living room, into the main hallway. LOOKING THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE. On the other side is Shade. Clarice rolls her eyes. He continues to bang on the door. Eventually calling out her name:

SHADE

CLARICE! Yo CLARICE! Come on out  
bitch! We gotta talk!

She can't take it anymore so she opens the door. And there is Shade, drunk and unruly.

CLARICE

What the fuck Shade? My family  
lives here!

Shade bursts in, pushing Clarice aside, stumbling down the front hallway. He sways and staggers, leveling himself with his RIGHT arm as he slides along the wall. Slurring his words, seemingly upset.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. He notices a smell. A nasty, grotesque stench.

SHADE

Damn girl. In stinks like hell up  
in here.

He laughs and plops down on the couch. The stench much stronger now. He looks down at the blanket on the couch he's sitting on.

He slowly pulls the top of the blanket away. MS. JACKSON'S GHASTLY FACE EXPOSED. He pulls it further down, her throat torn out. FURTHER, everything above her waist torn out, oozing, eaten away, all of the leftovers of her interior organs exposed. Shade jumps up, covering his mouth.

SHADE (CONT'D)

What the.....

FROM LEFT, Clarice SMASHES the lamp from side table next to the couch over Shade's head. Shade pummels to the floor. Completely passed out. Clarice is disgusted with herself. Then comes up with a great idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

FULL ON Shade strapped down to the operating table. He's still passed out from the blow to his head.

Clarice is standing over him. The silver tray is loaded up with all the necessary operating essentials.

Clarice picks up a syringe filled with a white liquid. She flicks the tip of it, making certain it will release the liquid. She leans over Shade's body and injects a vein in his RIGHT arm.

SUDDENLY- SHADE WAKES UP. Clarice panics. She reaches for the mask connected to the anesthetic machine. It won't turn on. Clarice smacks it, hitting it on it's side. It has broken down. So in a moment of confusion and angst, CLARICE MAKES A FIST and with all her might, punches Shade in the face. He is out again.

Clarice relaxes. Taking long deep breaths.

FADE TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Shade is still spread out on the operating table. Tied down. Clarice leans over his body.

CLARICE

I've injected you with a powerful amount of painkillers.....you won't feel a thing.

Clarice looks over at the tray RIGHT. On top are all of his essential surgical tools. Clarice unbuttons Shades's pants and pulls them off over his ankles. SHADE'S GUN falls from his pocket, onto the floor. Clarice picks it up and keeps it. Then his underwear next. Totally naked from the waist down, Clarice places a plastic blue blanket over Shade's "privacy". Then she reaches for a scalpel off of the silver tray.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I'm going to make two incisions now. One on the right testicle. The other on the left testicle.

Clarice performs the cuts. Now holding Shade's testicles in the palm of her hand. She is proud of herself so far.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Sorry ass hole. You're my castration guinea pig. And if this works out, I might make this my main form of income. Don't worry...I think...I was taught by one a the best in the business.

Clarice reaches for the sterilized scissors from the tray. She takes a deep breath. Lowering the scissors to Shade's crotch, snipping the testicles from his body.

SHADE'S HEAD JERKS UP LIKE LIGHTNING. His eyes wide, unblinking. He screams out! Clarice tosses his now unattached pair of testicles into a silver bowl on the tray. Shade thrashes about on the operating bed, shrieking in pain. Blood squirting from his crotch.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop! I got this!

She reaches for another towel, placing it firmly over Shade's crotch. It becomes soaked with blood in an instant. Clarice is overwhelmed, anxious to the point of total confusion. She picks up the scalpel again, and presses it against Shade's penis. He screams out!

SHADE

HELP! SOMEONE HELP!

His body jerking around. Clarice's hand shaking, unable to make a proper incision.

CLARICE

Shut up! Shut the fuck up! This is for your own damn good. You fucking rapist!

She tries to make a cut, but Shade won't sit still.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Fuck this shit!

Clarice raises the scalpel to Shade's neck and slides it across. Blood spurts everywhere around. Shade slowly dies a red mess of a death. Once finally dead, his body finished contorting, Clarice relaxes.

A moment. Then Clarice releases the straps which attached Shade's wrists to the operating bed. His arms fall flat, along the side of the bed. Clarice lifts his body from the table, dragging it through the living room/makeshift operating room.

IN THE HALL. Clarice goes into the abandoned apartment's closet and through the hole in the wall into:

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice is drawing Shade's body through the hole. Into the Jackson's front hallway. She takes a deep breath, removes the rug CENTER OF THE CLOSET FLOOR then lifts up the door panel that covers the 8 foot deep bunker in the floor.

WE immediately hear scratching against the wall of dirt from beneath. A silent, desperate scream from someone or something unable to fully express themselves.

Clarice picks up Shade's body by his ankles and tosses him into the pit.

IN AN INSTANT, WE can hear his corpse being ravaged. Destroyed, bitten apart into pieces. Most disturbing of all, with each chomp and tear, the attacker underground is enjoying every moment of it.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The cannibalism of Shade's body is finally over. Clarice has lowered the door back down over the hole in the closet floor. Then the rug over top. Clarice sighs and leans against the wall in the Jackson family's front hallway. A beat while she catches her breath. She turns and heads towards the living room when:

SUDDENLY SOMEONE BEGINS BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR OF THE APARTMENT. Clarice stops in her tracks. Furious.

CLARICE

Oh Christ. What the fuck now?

The banging continues. Harder and louder. Clarice rushes up to the door. She yanks it open.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

What?!

Miss Mabel is standing there. Her arms folded over her chest.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

MISS MABEL

Where is my son?

CLARICE

Lady, I don't know. Did you check his bedroom?

MISS MABEL

Bitch don't you dare sass me! I saw you with him in the garden and I seen you enter the building with him.....

CLARICE

Ya, we chatted sure and walked in together. But that's the last time I saw him.

MISS MABEL

Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes okay? My son ain't a right minded boy. He's slow, and I taught him that, in life, people is gonna try and take advantage of him.

CLARICE

And.....your point is.....

MISS MABEL

My son ain't gonna go along with just anybody. I taught him better than that. Unless maybe some, oh I don't know.....junkie slut come along. Tryin to seduce him. Get outta him whatever she wants.....

CLARICE

Excuse me bitch?

MISS MABEL

You heard me. I know he's in there. He told me he was comin over to your place to fix some shit. And he never come home. I ain't stupid.

Miss Mabel kicks the Jackson's front door wide open and screams into the apartment:

MISS MABEL (CONT'D)

DARYL! DARYYYYYYYYYL!!!

Clarice pushes Miss Mabel back and tries to close the door. BUT Miss Mabel just pushes right back. She yells into the apartment louder.

MISS MABEL (CONT'D)

Daryl baby! It's me mama! You in there?

CLARICE

Back the fuck off bitch!

Clarice grabs Miss Mabel's arm and tosses her away.

MISS MABEL

How dare you touch me freak!

SUDDENLY FROM INSIDE THE JACKSON'S APARTMENT. FROM THE CLOSET. WE hear banging. Miss Mabel's eyes widened. She's imagining her son. Trying to escape from someone or something.

MISS MABEL (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

She thrusts herself towards Clarice, elbowing her in the chest. Willing to do about anything to get passed her and into the apartment. Miss Mabel eventually gains the upper hand. She places her hand over Clarice's face, shoving her into the hallway wall RIGHT. Clarice's head bangs against the wall. She falls to the floor. Miss Mabel rushes in.

MISS MABEL (CONT'D)

Don't worry Daryl! Mama's coming!

She jets to the hallway closet, and looks inside. Finally-she notices that the pounding is coming from underneath the floor. Miss Mabel drags the rug away and leans over to lift the door from the floor.

She is standing over the pit. In shock. Clarice appears behind her. She shoves Miss Mabel down into the hole without hesitation. Miss Mabel pummels 8 feet down. There is an immediate attack on her. WE can hear her body being thrashed around. She is screaming in agony. The sound of clothing being torn away. Human flesh being ripped apart and eaten.

Clarice is standing over the hole in the floor. Watching as the carnage continues.

CLARICE

Dumb bitch.

She slams the door back down onto the floor. Miss Mabel is underneath, still struggling for her life.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- DAY

FULL ON the quad at the center of the apartment buildings. Besides a few drug dealers and prostitutes hanging around the benches it is quiet and pretty lonely.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- DAY

CAMERA TRACKING DOWN the front hallway. Towards the hall closet.

Clarice is standing over the exposed pit. Her LEFT HAND shakes. In it she holds Shade's gun. She has it pointed down into the hole in the ground. In her RIGHT HAND, she has Daryl's shovel. She is scooping out human bones, left over flesh, and torn apart clothing from below. WE can hear the hushes whimpers and silent pleas from whomever or whatever is underneath, inside that ditch.

Clarice has the gun focused directly on them as she retrieves human remain after human remain. Dropping each piece into the storage locker which is on the other side of the hole in the closet wall. IN THE CLOSET NEXT DOOR.

Clarice finished up the job. SUDDENLY a hand appears at the edge of the pit. A black hand, spotted and disfigured with giant splotches of pale white. Finger nails grown into tiny razor blades.

Clarice takes the back of the gun, slamming it down onto the hand. It falls away. Back in to the hole.

CLARICE

Don't fuck with me today Leuk! Not today. So far it's been a shit show.

Clarice lowers the door back over the pit. She disappears through the hole in the closet wall, into the abandoned apartment, dragging the storage locker behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT COMPLEX- NIGHT

FULL ON THE JACKSON'S BUILDING. From RIGHT, WE see the dark silhouettes of Dr. Johnson and his giant Bodyguard following just behind. They approach the front glass doors of the Jackson's project building.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

IN CLARICE'S BEDROOM. She is asleep on her bed. Silent and peaceful.

IN THE HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT. WE watch the crack at the bottom of the door and the shadows of four feet approaching on the other side.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Subtle and contained.

IN CLARICE'S BEDROOM. Her eyes explode open. Looking RIGHT and LEFT. WE hear more, louder banging on the front door. Clarice gets up, throws on a robe, sticks Shade's gun into her pocket and leaves the bedroom.

IN THE HALLWAY. Clarice approaches the front door. She peers through the peep hole. She sees Dr. Johnson and his Bodyguard directly behind. She sighs. HERE WE GO AGAIN. She opens the door. Dr. Johnson standing there, short skinny and bespectacled. His Bodyguard. Arms crossed tightly. A sour expression.

DR. JOHNSON

Clarice. Lovely Clarice. I'm  
sorry.....were you sleeping?

Clarice is trying to look him in the eyes. Focusing after being surprised out of sleep.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

May we come in? We need to talk.  
I'm a little concerned about our  
agreement.....

Clarice ushers them in. They pass through the door and into the apartment. Clarice rolls her eyes behind their backs. She shuts the front door.

The Doctor and his Bodyguard make their way LEFT into the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM. Dr. Johnson immediately covers his nose.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

For Christ sake Clarice it reeks in  
here! Have you heard of opening a  
window?

The Bodyguard goes and stands in the far LEFT corner of the room. Next to the television.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So that big friend of yours....the One you sent to me? He died. Quite quickly actually. This is not good Clarice. Not for you. Not for me. And definitely not for him.

CLARICE

But he was perfectly healthy. I picked him out. Especially for you....

DR. JOHNSON

His heart gave out Clarice. And like I told you many many times before...a perfectly healthy beating heart was exactly what I was looking for.

Clarice shrugs her shoulders.

CLARICE

I'm sorry. I don't know what to say. I'll make it up to you. I'll find someone else right away.....

Dr. Johnson takes a pair of rubber gloves from his pocket. He snaps them onto his hands.

DR. JOHNSON

Unfortunately there's no time for that now. As you know I service many, many very prominent and important patients. And one in particular is waiting for his new heart.....as we speak.....

Dr. Johnson motions for his Bodyguard to approach.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I've tested you. Studied you. For the past year. And at this point- your heart will do just fine.

The Bodyguard goes to grab Clarice. In a split second, she pulls Shade's gun from her pocket and fires it into the Bodyguard's chest. He's hit and backs off. Blood seeping through his white buttoned shirt. He bends over at his waists, covering his wound. THEN BENDS BACK UP AND LUNGES AT CLARICE. She fires another shot. This time into this head. Then another. His massive body flies backwards, slamming against the living room wall LEFT. He slumps dead on the floor. A massive blood bath covering the wall behind.

Dr. Johnson tries to slip away. He runs to the front door of the apartment. Clarice follows behind.

CLARICE

Where do you think you're going  
fuck face?

She grabs the Doctor by the back of his neck and pulls him away from the front door. Dr. Johnson cries out like a wimpy little boy.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice drags Dr. Johnson through the hole in the closet to the other side. THROUGH THE HALL. IN THE MAKESHIFT OPERATING ROOM. Clarice throws Dr. Johnson to the ground, face forward. Holding him down by the back of his neck.

DR. JOHNSON

Let me go. Please. I promise-I'll  
forget. None of this ever happened.

CLARICE

What did you do with my kidney?

The Doctor is caught off guard.

DR. JOHNSON

I didn't do anything.....

CLARICE

FUCK YOU!

Clarice reaches up to the surgical tray next to the operating bed. She grabs a scalpel. She lifts Dr. Johnson's shirt over his head. He struggles, trying to pull himself out from underneath Clarice. But she slams his face hard back down against the floor.

DR. JOHNSON

Please....please....what are you  
doing?

Clarice lowers the scalpel to the back of the Doctor's abdomen. The tip of the knife touching the skin. She presses down.

CLARICE

It's time to give back doc. You're  
an organ donor now.

She stabs the scalpel into his back, cutting across the flesh. Dr. Johnson screams out in extreme pain. Clarice finishes cutting. She tosses the scalpel aside.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Let's just hope I cut you in the  
right place.

Clarice takes both of her hands and tears the wound on the Doctor's back further apart. Ripping the sides of skin away from one another.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
What a pity you didn't teach me  
this operation Doc.....

Dr. Johnson is crying, unable to move at all. Clarice shoves her LEFT hand inside of the gapping wound on his back. She digs around. Eventually tearing out Dr. Johnson's RIGHT kidney.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Look what we have here! I used to  
have two of these believe it or  
not.

She pulls at the organ, tearing it entirely from Dr. Johnson's body. She stands up, holding the kidney tight in her LEFT fist. She leans over and spits into Dr. Johnson's open wound.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
DINNER TIME!!!!!!

She grabs Dr. Johnson by the ankles with her RIGHT hand and tugs him out of the abandoned living room.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

IN THE CLOSET. Clarice lets go of the Doctor's legs, and reaches down to the door off the floor. The pit exposed. Dr. Johnson tries to sneak away, clawing his way towards THE HOLE IN THE CLOSET WALL.

Clarice lifts Dr. Johnson's kidney into the air. AFTER A BEAT- he tosses it into the pit. She turns to the Doctor and laughs at him as he attempts to escape. She grabs his foot and yanks him back into the closet. She pushes his lower body into the hole. Immediately WE can hear his pants being torn away from his legs, then the flesh.

The thing in the hole jerks the rest of Dr. Johnson body down below. Clarice slams the door down over the hole in the floor. WE hear Dr. Johnson's final terrifying screams from below.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

Probably the next night. FULL ON THE SEEDY STRIP JOINT.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHIM SHACK- NIGHT

The strip club is packed with the usual suspects. Clarice appears from the door to the stairwell that leads to the dressing rooms down in the basement. She cruises through the audience. A transvestite stripper performing on the stage BEHIND.

About ready to leave, Clarice looks over at the bar. Near the RIGHT END of the bar sits Deshawn, the young black transvestite from earlier. He is sporting daisy duke cut denim shorts, a tight revealing tank top, revealing a pair of perky breasts. His wig is black and cut short.

Clarice approaches Deshawn at the bar. She stands in front of him. Deshawn eventually notices her staring. He looks her up and down.

DESHAWN

Can I help you with something?

Clarice reaches for his hand.

CLARICE

You're coming with me.....

DESHAWN

Excuse me.....what are you.....

CLARICE

I have drugs. Lots and lots of drugs.

Deshawn's hesitation quickly switches to anticipation.

DESHAWN

Ok. Lets go.....

They walk out of the Shim Shack together, hand in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

A full moon brightens up the dark sky. Deshawn follows Clarice into the foyer of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The front door opens and Clarice and Deshawn enter the front hallway. Deshawn immediately notices the horrible stench inside.

DESHAWN

Shit bitch. Your place smells like an ass hole that needs to be wiped. Damn!

CLARICE

I know. Sorry. The cleaning lady's on vacation.

Deshawn is disgusted. IN THE CLOSET. Clarice leads Deshawn to the hole in the back wall. Deshawn hesitates.

DESHAWN

What the fuck? What is this? I'm not sure girl.....

CLARICE

No worries ahhhh.....

DESHAWN

Deshawn.

He snaps his fingers in the air, diva style.

CLARICE

Don't worry Deshawn. Everything's in there. It's like a secret....bunker. Or a safe drug haven.

Deshawn seems convinced. And Clarice pulls him, hand in hand, through the giant hole.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice and Deshawn enter the living/makeshift operating room. Clarice leads her guest to the operating bed.

DESHAWN

What is this? A mother fucking  
doctor's appointment?

Clarice picks up a syringe filled with a white, cloudy liquid.

CLARICE

Oxycotin my dear?

Deshawn loves the sound of that! Clarice lifts up Deshawn's LEFT ARM, grabs his elbow and squeezes tight. She waits for a pulsate. She finds one.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

And here....we.....go.....

She sticks Deshawn with the needle. His eyes roll back in his head. He flops backwards onto the operating bed. As his eye lids slip closed, WE:

FADE TO:

THE BATHROOM IN THE ABANDONED APARTMENT. Deshawn wakes up the bathtub. Reaching for the wall. Dragging himself up and onto the floor. Blood oozing from his crotch.

FADE TO:

IN THE HALLWAY. Deshawn busts through the window with his elbow. Then jumps out to the ground two stories below.

FADE TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Deshawn is staggering down the sidewalk. Both of his hands grasping his crotch. A trail of blood following behind.

FADE TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice sees the broken under the hall window. IN THE BATHROOM. Deshawn is gone.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- NIGHT

Deshawn stumbles through the glass front doors. He passes out on the floor in a pool of his blood.

FADE TO:

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Clarice has Shade's gun in her LEFT hand. Pointed down into the pit in the closet. In her RIGHT hand she has Daryl's shovel. As quickly as possible she is scooping bones, clothing, wallets and other human remains from the hole.

FADE TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR- NIGHT

Clarice is dumping the human bones and rotten flesh from inside the storage locker, onto the floor of the living/operating room RIGHT CORNER. Once entirely empty, she lifts it up by the pulley strap and drags it into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

IN THE CLOSET. Clarice leans over the pit. She holds the gun over the hole in her LEFT HAND.

CLARICE

Let's make this as easy as fucking possible. Lift up your arms. Don't try anything funny or I'll blow your head off okay?

Clarice reaches down into the pit and lifts her brother, Leuk, out from underneath. He's fully exposed, hardly able to stand up right. She grabs his wrists and holds them behind his back. He is wearing torn apart black jeans, and a big black hooded sweatshirt. Clarice pulls the hood over his head. Clarice yanks her brother into the front hallway.

She lifts the lid of the human sized storage locker and shoves her brother inside. He pushes against the lid, trying hard to get out. Clarice slams it shut over him and quickly locks it. With the RIGHT and LEFT side latches.

She fixes herself up and goes towards the front door of the apartment. She opens it and slips out. The storage locker right behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON FAMILY PROJECT BUILDING- NIGHT

Clarice exits her building as the sirens and lights of police cars grow CLOSER AND LOUDER. She disappears FRAME RIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

Vanessa has the phone receiver pressed against her ear.

VANESSA

Hi. I need to report a missing person.....

She waits for a response.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Okay. Thank you.

She is being transferred. She waits at her desk. Tapping her pen anxiously.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Detective Ramsey walks into his office, picks up the phone and the red blinking button.

RAMSEY

Detective Ramsey here. What's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

VANESSA

Hello Detective. My name is Vanessa Jordan. I need to report a missing person....

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Detective Ramsey reaches for a pocket sized notebook and a a pen.

RAMSEY

So Ms. Jordan.....what's going on.....

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

Vanessa takes a deep breath.

VANESSA

It's my brother. He's disappeared. I mean I saw him last night but he was acting real crazy. He said he saw all these murders. Dismembered bodies and this....monster.....I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Detective Ramsey leans back in his chair. Listening to Vanessa intently. WE hear her voice through the receiver:

VANESSA (V.O.)

I know it sounds crazy...but he was really freaked out. Like.. I mean..I saw my black little brother turn white last night.

Ramsey is thinking about the night before. In the Jackson's apartment. He rubs his eyes.

RAMSEY

How long has he been missing Ms. Jordan?

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

VANESSA

Since this morning. Early morning.  
I woke up for work and he was gone.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

RAMSEY

I'm sorry Ms. Jordan. We have to  
give it 24 hours before we can file  
a missing persons report. And it's  
only been a few hours.....

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

VANESSA

But he's in trouble. He is! I know  
him. He's my brother! He was  
genuinely afraid.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

IN HIS HEAD, Ramsey assumes there must be a connection  
between Vanessa's story and the murders he discovered in the  
Jackson family apartment. But he can't be sure.

RAMSEY

I'm sorry Ms. Jordan. But you have  
to give 24 hours.

Vanessa is silent on the other end.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Look. Here's what you can do. Put  
yourself in your brother's shoes.  
Where was he? Who was he hanging  
around with? Track this steps.  
That's all I can tell you to do  
right now. I mean...he's probably  
just at a friend's place and forgot  
to call.....

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

Vanessa rolls her eyes. Distraught.

VANESSA

Well. Thanks anyway.

She puts down the phone. Places her hands in her face and hunches over her desk. Very disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANESSA'S OFFICE BUILDING- EVENING

The work day is over. Floods of corporate suits, secretaries, and cubicle drones excitedly leaving their 9 to 5's. Vanessa appears through the crowd. She is checking her phone. She sighs. She pulls a slip of paper from her pocket and reads it over. She had written down the name of the neighborhood where her brother said he had been attacked the night he came over. She makes a decision. She exits FRAME LEFT.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT

CAMERA FULL ON a quiet, empty inner city block. A car pulls up to the sidewalk. It parks.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S CAR- NIGHT

Vanessa checks herself out in the rear view mirror. She reaches towards the glove compartment RIGHT. Opens it and takes out a pistol. She sticks it into her jacket pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT

Vanessa steps out of the driver's side of the car. She closes it, and looks around the block. She presses down on the alarm and lock button on her car keys. BEEP. BEEP. It's secure. She hopes.

Vanessa folds her arms over her chest. Totally aware of her surroundings.

CUT TO:

UNDERNEATH A CITY BRIDGE. AT THE EDGE OF A RIVER. There is a bon fire. For homeless people, derelicts and other societal misfits. Crack heads smoking from their pipes, junkies getting their fix, homeless circles around the fire. Drunkenly chatting with each other. Prostitutes picking up johns.

Vanessa is standing there, evaluating the scene. She reaches for her wallet and flips through it. She finds a picture of her brother Andre. She stares at the photo lovingly. She rests her finger near his face and delicately smooths it over. UP and DOWN.

Vanessa makes her way through the different groups of bottom feeders underneath the bridge. She approaches a transvestite hooker, RIGHT of the bon fire. He's smoking a cigarette. She lifts up Andre's picture.

VANESSA

Sorry to bother you. But have you seen him? This is my brother Andre.

The hooker swipes the photo away from her face.

HOOKER

Fuck off bitch.

FURTHER RIGHT, there is a prostitute giving a nicely dressed business man a blow job. She passes them.

THEN THERE IS CLARICE. Sitting on a dirty shipping crate across from a transvestite who is apparently performing his latest act.

Vanessa feels awkward. She doesn't want to interrupt. She attempts to slip past without being noticed.

CLARICE

Well, well. Look what the sexy cat dragged in.....

Vanessa turns to Clarice. Confused. Motioning- who? Me? She is flattered and a little scared.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

What's a refined, up standing lookin lady like yourself doin around here at this time a night?

Vanessa collects herself. She looks down at the picture of her brother.

VANESSA

Actually I'm...I'm looking for my  
little brother. Andre.

Clarice notices the photo in Vanessa's hand. She motions for Vanessa to bring it over to her. Vanessa reluctantly advances. She hands Clarice the photograph. Clarice looks it over.

CLARICE

Ya. I've seen him.

Vanessa brightens up.

VANESSA

Really?! Oh thank god! Where?  
Jesus, is he okay? Please I need to  
know.

CLARICE

Chill girl. Chill. Calm yourself.

Vanessa shakes her arms out, trying to relax.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I seen him. For sure.

VANESSA

Where? Please tell me!

CLARICE

Up the crack house on Montgomery.  
He was pretty fucked up.

VANESSA

Did he say anything? Anything about  
a murder...or a slaughter....or  
a.....monster?

Clarice and the performing transvestite break out into laughter. Vanessa just stands there. Very uncomfortable.

CLARICE

Shit girl no! In that case your  
brother must been really REALLY  
fucked up on some bad shit!

They keep laughing.

VANESSA

Can you take me there?

Clarice stops laughing, but the trans performer continues. Clarice leans forward and hits the guy.

CLARICE  
Shut the fuck up dick wad!

VANESSA  
I'll pay you. Just take me there. I  
need to know if he's okay.

Clarice gets up from her seat, staring directly into  
Vanessa's eyes.

CLARICE  
Fine. Of Course.

Clarice waits. Vanessa pulls out her expensive looking  
leather wallet.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
How much you got in there fancy  
nancy?

Vanessa slowly pulls one bill out after another. Clarice  
rolls her eyes. She reaches into the wallet herself, pulling  
out every last bill.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
That will do. Come on.

Clarice grabs Vanessa's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

FULL ON THE ENTIRE BLOCK. In the distance, WE see Clarice  
rushing down the sidewalk, pulling Vanessa along behind her  
by the hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONDED THREE STORY HOUSE- NIGHT

Clarice and Vanessa standing on the sidewalk near the street.  
In front of the run down, neglected house.

CLARICE  
Well this is it girl.

Vanessa is skeptical.

VANESSA  
Are you sure?

CLARICE  
 Surer than shit bitch. You wanna  
 see that brother a yours or not?

Vanessa nods yes.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
 Fine then. Follow my big, beautiful  
 ass on inside.....

The two walk up the steps to the front door. And go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONDED THREE STORY HOUSE- NIGHT

IN THE HALLWAY OF THE THIRD FLOOR. Clarice escorting Vanessa along the hall. The first door on the LEFT, inside the man who has been torn in half. Clarice pushes Vanessa ahead so she won't see inside.

THEN THE ROOM RIGHT. With the dead man and the woman between his legs who's face has been torn off. Clarice turns Vanessa away so she won't see that scene either.

FINALLY AT THE LAST DOOR ON THE LEFT. Clarice turns to Vanessa.

CLARICE  
 In here. This is where I saw your  
 brother.

VANESSA  
 Why the hell was he here anyway?

CLARICE  
 To get high. Oh you poor naive  
 little thing.....

Clarice tucks Vanessa's hair away from her face and under her ear. Vanessa swipes Clarice's hand away.

Clarice reaches for the door knob. It creaks opens and:

INSIDE THE LAST ROOM ON THE LEFT. Nothing is in there except for the storage locker placed directly in the middle.

VANESSA  
 There's no one here.....

Clarice approaches the locker. Unlocking the latches RIGHT and LEFT. She runs over to the front door, slams it shut and remains standing directly in front of it.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What are you.....

SUDDENLY THE STORAGE LOCKER BEGINS TO STIR. Shaking around. The top busts open and Leuk jumps out. His back hunched, the black hood over his head. Vanessa cries out and runs directly for the door. Clarice pushes her away. Leuk is inching across the floor towards her.

Vanessa backs up to the wall on the opposite side of the room. Leuk raises himself up, standing directly in front of Vanessa. She fears the worst. A moment passes. Leuk lifts his disfigured hand to Vanessa's face. Caressing her skin. Her hair.

Vanessa reaches up and yanks Leuk's hood off his head. Her heart stops. She leans back. Shocked and amazed.

FULL ON LEUK'S FACE. Disfigured with vitiligo. His teeth rotting out of his mouth. His eyes black and suffering. He begins brushing the hair away from Vanessa's forehead. She looks away.

SUDDENLY- Leuk seems to smile. As grotesque and abnormal it appears. His lobbed off tongue licking his lips. For once, he looks happy.

Clarice yells out from in front of the door.

CLARICE

DO it! Do it you retard! KILL HER!

Leuk doesn't want to hurt Vanessa at all. He is smitten. Clarice leaves her post and grabs his brother from behind, turns him around and begins berating him, shaking him.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you thinking  
Leuk?! She's worthless. She's  
dinner!

Leuk smacks Clarice aside. He grabs her around the neck with both palms and slams her into the wall.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean  
for any of this to happen. I'm your  
sister Leuk. I was trying to help  
you.

Leuk leans in and takes a bite out of Clarice's throat. She gags. Blood squirting all over. The wall. Clarice's face and Leuk's. Leuk tugs him by the neck to the window. Vanessa moves away. Leuk throws Clarice's head into the glass.

AGAIN. AND AGAIN. The window finally breaks apart and Leuk tosses Clarice out. Out of the window. Onto the ground below outside.

Leuk turns to Vanessa. She is trying to get away. Scampering towards the front door. Leuk jumps forward and grabs Vanessa. She screams. But Leuk has a tight grip on her.

He drags her over to the storage locker. And shoves her in. She's screaming as he lowers the lid and locks the latches RIGHT and LEFT.

Leuk lifts up the locker and pulls it out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET- NIGHT

Leuk tromps down the sidewalk. Hunched over. The storage locker right behind. With Vanessa inside.

FULL ON Leuk from behind. WE watch him walking away. INTO THE DISTANCE.

FADE OUT.