

What Happened to Sarah Bishop

By

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Based on true events

Writer's Guild of America-W
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FADE IN

INT. - CONDO - NIGHT

DEXTER CUNNINGHAM (Dex), mid-twenties, stares blankly into the blank word document on his LAPTOP COMPUTER screen. He takes a sip from his cup of coffee. He scrunches his mouth with distaste.

PHONE RINGING

Dexter reaches for his cell phone.

DEXTER
(into phone)
Dex? Hey Carl, what's up?

CARL (V.O.)
(filtered)
What's up Dex? You need to come out to the Blue Flamingo now buddy. It's hoppin' and the girls here are off the hook, baby!

DEXTER
(into phone)
Dude, I told you that I have a term paper due this coming Monday and I don't have time to be going out and looking for chicks right now bud, sorry.

CARL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Just come out for a quick drink and you can call it a night. Dude, I know you can hear the party in the background. Hell, you're probably sitting there sipping on that same cup of coffee that you had earlier today, staring at a blank computer screen... right?

DEXTER
(into phone)
For your information... dick... I have half my paper done and...

CARL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Man, you're so full of shit. I don't believe that for a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARL (V.O.) (cont'd)
minute. Why don't you call up some
of those internet hoes you've been
bangin', huh? Tara maybe?

DEXTER
(into phone)
Whatever. You say Blue
Flamingo? I'll be there in about
ten. Later.

He hangs up.

EXT. BLUE FLAMINGO BAR - LATER

Dexter is pulling into a parking space as music is heard seeping from the busy college bar. An obviously tipsy COUPLE argue in a car next to where Dexter is pulling in. He glances at the couple. The GIRL has her head planted in her hands crying as the GUY is barking violently at her. He looks up at Dexter.

GUY
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!
(Dexter turns away) MIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS!

INT. BLUE FLAMINGO BAR - SAME

Dexter enters the scene and takes a look around at the congested area. COLLEGE COEDS are everywhere in the small bar. Uncontrollable laughter and loud music fill the atmosphere.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey Dex, over here, man!

Dexter looks to the rear of the bar-

DEXTER'S POV - CARL AND ERIC

Waving for him to come in their direction.

BACK ON SCENE

Dexter goes to them, squeezing his way through the crowd. CARL BLAKE, typical college freshman, arrogant jock and ERIC BANKS, same, pound beer as if there's no tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

(to Dex)

What's up Dude? Glad you could make it.

DEXTER

Hangin' in there, man.

ERIC

What's up D? Heard you're doing the internet thing too. Getting any play, playa'?

DEXTER

Not like everyone seems to think.

CARL

Have a seat, Dude. What would you like, buddy? Brewski?

DEXTER

Screwdriver, Ketel One, please?

CARL

Ewww, high dollar huh? (to a passing WAITRESS who we will later learn is Kala Kruz) Hey sweet thing, one screwdriver, "Ketel One" and another pitcher of Bud, please.

WAITRESS

You got it, sweetheart.

Carl begins to blush from her friendly gesture

CARL

(to Dex)

So what did happen to that Tara chick anyway? And yes, you did hit that, right?

DEXTER

We quit talking after she found my address book on my computer with all my female contacts and no, I didn't bang her, she just let me finger her... dick-

ERIC

(to Dex)

What about Rhonda? Carl said that chick was hot as hell!

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

(not impressed)

That's because Carl got to fuck her
and I just got to see her pic
online... dick-

CARL

(chuckling)

Hey, hey, hey, you snooze you lose,
pal. You know how it works.

The waitress is back around with the pitcher of beer and the
screwdriver.

WAITRESS

Here you are, one screwdriver,
"Ketel One", and a pitcher of
Bud. Twelve dollars even, Babe.

CARL

Thank you very much. What's your
name, pretty thing?

She smiles, obviously embarrassed.

WAITRESS

Kala.

Carl gives her a folded twenty dollar bill.

CARL

Keep the change. I'm Carl, by the
way, and these are my friends Dex
(he gestures toward Dex) and Eric
(then gestures toward Eric).

Eric and Dex nod in unison. Kala gives a gentle wave to the
two.

KALA

Hi. (gesturing to Dex and Eric) Say
"hey" if you see me later. Oh!
(she pulls out a pen from her apron
and begins to write something down
on a napkin that sits on the table)
And here's my full name. Facebook
me sometime if you're online. My
last name is Kruz with a "K", but
for extra privacy, I have it under
Kala Kay, K-A-Y. I'll probably be
leaving soon. My shift is almost
over.

She begins to leave but Carl gently catches her by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
(to Kala)
Wait... how will you know it's me
if I friend request you?

KALA
I'm probably one of, if not the
only one on there with my name
spelled like that and I'll remember
your cute face and I'm sure you'll
remember mine. Trust me, I'll
know.

She winks and heads for another table.

CARL
(getting a big head)
See Dex. That's the way you handle
things. Take notes from C-dog!

DEXTER
C-dog? (not impressed) Whatever.

ERIC
(to Dex)
Dude got lucky is all. (rolling
his eyes) Notes, my ass. I met
this chick off the net named
Brandy. Phew! Girl is off the
hook! Big booty, D cups, half
Asian and black...

Carl and Dexter turn to each other in astonishment.

CARL AND DEXTER
DAMN!

ERIC
Yeah! She saw my picture online
and said I was so fine. I'm
telling you Dex, get on plenty of
fish dot com. Nothing but local
chicks, college chicks, business
chicks and just plain horny
chicks. You take your pick.

DEXTER
(to Eric)
Thanks, but I can do just fine on
my own. (sarcasm) I actually
'HAVE' to study so I can get my
degree. You know, make a good life
for myself, future wife and kids.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

(to Dex)

Don't worry about Eric. He probably showed the picture of him in his convertible five point-o.

ERIC

(to Carl)

Well, what's wrong with that? Just had a new paint job too!

CARL

Thought so. All car, no looks.

ERIC

(getting up from the table)

Okay, okay. I think I've had my fill here tonight gentlemen. I will see you both bright and early tomorrow in algebra. Oh, (he points at Dexter and winks) don't forget-

DEXTER

Sure, plenty of fish dot com, whatever.

Eric exits from the scene.

EXT. - BAR

Eric stumbles drunkenly to his MUSTANG dropping the keys on the ground. It begins to rain with fury.

ERIC

(frustrated)

Really?

He fumbles around trying to pick them up. Finally. He presses on the key fob that unlocks the door then gets in.

INT. - MUSTANG

SOUND OF: Ludacris rap song "Stand Up"

Eric is tearing down the street bobbing his head and singing along with the music.

[CHORUS: LUDACRIS AND
(SHAWNA)]WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE (JUST
LIKE THAT?) WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE
(JUST LIKE THAT?) WHEN I MOVE YOU
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOVE (JUST LIKE THAT?) HELL
YEAH! HEY DJ BRING THAT
BACK! (WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE)JUST
LIKE THAT? WHEN-

The CD starts to skip.

ERIC
Oh hell no. Come on. Damn disk!

WIDE SHOT

The Mustang barrels through town and onto County Road 600.

INT. - MUSTANG

Muttering obscenities, Eric frantically pushes the buttons on the CD player. He glances at the CD player then the dark street, the CD player...

Suddenly, Eric looks up and the dark figure of a WOMAN is in his headlights. He jerks the steering wheel, spinning around off the road-

BOOM! CRASH! The rear end smashes against a large tree. All is quiet except for the sound of the horn wailing from the car and the pouring rain pounding against the Earth. Eric struggles to get the door open. Finally, getting the door open and falling to the ground, he fingers a bloody gash on his forehead.

ERIC
(leery and confused)
Ah, shit! Miss, are you
alright? Hello? Miss, can you
hear me?

He can see the woman's body lying on the ground. She isn't moving. There are HEADLIGHTS coming toward him in the distance (maybe the lights of a semi). Frantically, he rushes back to his car and gets in.

INT. - MUSTANG

Eric is violently turning the key, but the car barely turns over. He looks into his rear-view and notices the headlights are getting nearer.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
START GODDAMMIT!!!

EXT. - MUSTANG

After a few hard tries, the car finally starts. He floors it making his way back onto the street and peels away into the night.

BACK TO:

CUT TO:

INT. - BAR - LATER

CARL
... so she comes up to my place,
right. I'm so excited, I'm
thinking I'm gonna' bang this
chick. I open the door and it's a
fucking guy in a wig wearing a
dress. I punched that faggot out
and slammed the door.

DEXTER
You see, that's a perfect example
why I don't go along with the whole
internet dating ordeal.

CARL
(in his best Forrest Gump
impression)
Well, just like Forrest said, "Life
is like a box of choc-o-lates, you
never know what you're gonna' get."

Carl is cracking up at himself now.

DEXTER
Yep. You're cut off. Let's go.

Dex gets up from the table. Carl stands while gulping down his last, but large, swig of beer.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Okay, let's go, drink king.

They head for the door, making their way through the dying down bar. Carl catches Kala, out of the corner of his eye, standing at the bar putting in another drink order.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Bye Kala. Hope to chat soon.

Kala gives a bright smile and a gentle wink then turns back toward the bar.

CARL
Yee-haw! She likes me, baby!

Dexter shoves Carl out the door.

EXT. - BAR - SAME

CARL
(trying to talk over the sound
of the pouring rain)
Glad you could come out, Dex.

DEXTER
(same)
Always a pleasure.

CARL
(sarcasm)
Yeah, I'm sure you mean that from
the bottom of your heart.

Carl nearly falls, but Dexter catches him.

CARL
Whoa!

DEXTER
Are you cool? Can you drive okay?

CARL
Yeah, I'm straight. (he begins to
walk off) See you later, man.

DEXTER
No, man. (Dexter catches Carl by
the arm) I'll drive your drunk ass
home. Come on. You can pick up
your car before school tomorrow.

CARL
Yeah, whatever. (being a smart ass)
Thank you daddy.

They go over to Dexter's car and get in.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

DEXTER
Don't puke in my car, man.

CARL
Ain't nobody... gonna' puke in your car. Man, it's raining like crazy.

DEXTER
Yeah, I wonder if Eric made it home okay?

CARL
I don't know, but I have some mean munchies right now, bro'. Let's go to White Castle-

Dexter starts the car.

EXT. - DARK STREET

The rain is beating the small car as it passes through town

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

Dexter lights a cigarette, inhales then exhales slowly.

RINGING CELL PHONE!

DEXTER
(into phone)
Dex? Hey mom. (to Carl) Shut up, man.

Carl is cracking up again. He is mocking Dexter.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM (V.O)
(filtered)
Hi sweetie. How's the paper coming along?

DEXTER
(into phone)
Uh? Wonderful... fine, yeah. And how are you and Dad?

MRS. CUNNINGHAM (V.O)
(filtered)
Oh, just wonderful! We just got back from Vegas tonight and we
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CUNNINGHAM (V.O) (cont'd)
wanted to see how our baby was
doing, that's all...

Dexter sees the flashing lights from emergency vehicles down
the dark road ahead.

MRS CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)
(filtered)
... and Henry here is such a sore
loser...

HENRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
You're the sore loser, Marilyn.

DEXTER CAN SEE FLASHING EMERGENCY LIGHTS AHEAD

DEXTER
(into phone)
Mom, let me call you back later or
something. It's pouring and I'm
coming upon police and
ambulances. Looks like something
bad.

MARILYN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Okay sweetie. Be careful, bye.

DEXTER
(into phone)
Bye.

He hangs up.

CARL
I wonder what's going on?

WIDE SHOT:

Dexter's car slowly makes it to the barricaded scene. He
stops. A deputy walks over to the car. Dexter rolls down
the window.

DEPUTY
Where you boys headed?

DEXTER
Home sir. Rolling Hills.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY

This road is closed. You're going to have to take another route.

DEXTER

Okay, sir. I'll turn around and go to County Road 600 West.

DEPUTY

That's your best bet.

DEXTER

What happened sir - if you don't mind my asking?

DEPUTY

Looks like a freak accident. Deader than a door nail. Where you coming from, son?

DEXTER

Blue Flamingo, sir. Only had one cocktail and you can breathalyze me if you'd like?

Carl is trying to keep a straight face and is looking out of the passenger side window.

The Deputy's radio chirps.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

After you are done with the ten-zero, there's an assistance call over at fifty-six eighty, Dawson Boulevard, domestic.

DEPUTY

Second time today. (to Dex) Lucked out, kid. Move along.

The Deputy jogs back toward the paramedics. Dexter backs up accordingly and proceeds in the opposite direction.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

Dex grabs his cell phone and dials a number.

DEXTER

I'm going to call Eric.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Yeah, you tell him not to be
driving crazy, too.

It goes to ERICS voice mail.

DEXTER
(into phone)
Hey, Bud, Dex here. Just calling
to see if everything's okay. Freak
accident or something, not far from
the bar. Lots of cops out so be
careful.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. - UNIVERSITY - DAY

The sun accents the school's beautiful campus court
yard. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a sign: MITCHELL
SPRINGS COMMUNITY COLLEGE, HOME OF THE TORNADOES.

EXT. - SCHOOL COURTYARD

Dexter is walking through the courtyard looking through his
algebra book.

CARL
Yo, Dex! Wait up!

DEXTER
Hey Carl, what's up?

CARL
Chillin' like a villain,
baby. Where's E?

DEXTER
Got me. Probably late like usual.

CARL
Probably. Oh, hold up.

Carl stops, reaches into his back pack and pulls out a few
sheets of paper and hands them to Dex.

CARL
Check it out. Did it for you last
night.

(CONTINUED)

Dexter's eyes nearly jump out of his head.

DEXTER

Are you on crack? You built me a profile on that silly website? What if someone gets some of my pertinent information, or stalks me? I swear I'm gonna' kill you for this!

CARL

(laughing)

It's harmless, man. People only know the info you tell them. It's perfectly safe. Look, here's your profile password and your handle. Check your e-mail at least once a day or more. Oh, and if you're online, I have it set up so women can instant message you and it will pop up on your screen immediately. And your picture will be up in just a bit.

DEXTER

Where the hell did you get a picture of me?

CARL

From when we went to King's Island last year and I have you tagged in it. Don't worry. In about a week, you'll be thanking me.

DEXTER

Great...

INT. - ALGEBRA CLASS

Dex stares at his watch, 9:05 A.M., then looks at the empty desk next to Carl. Carl shrugs his shoulders.

PROFESSOR

... and Y would be by itself because of the process of cancellation...

There's a tap on Dexter's shoulder. He turns to ELISE POTTER, same age, the typical cheerleader type. Blonde, thin, beautiful, same age.

(CONTINUED)

ELISE

I see you, Moe. Larry's over there... where's Curly?

DEXTER

Ha, funny. Probably hung over as piss, praying to the porcelain god. Why?

ELISE

Just wondering. You hear? Some chick got murdered last night and some little girl is missing. You think somebody on campus did it? You know, kind of like those scary movies?

DEXTER

Who knows? Maybe, maybe not. None of my business. Oh yeah, stay away from Blockbuster. I think it's going to your head.

ELISE

Well, it's a job and pays for the parties. (she hands Dex a small piece of paper) Here's my phone number with a little message...

Dexter has confidence in his eyes.

ELISE

... do me a favor and give this to Larry over there and tell him to call me? Thanks.

Shot down. She leans back over in her seat.

PROFESSOR

... and there could be a pop quiz Monday so be sure to go over chapter twelve. Be safe and have a pleasant weekend.

EXT. - SCHOOL COURTYARD

CARL

I saw Elise hitting on you, you big stud, you!

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
Yeah, and while I was almost to
first base...

Dex hands Carl the note.

CARL
Damn, I get chicks without even
trying. Learn from the best. Just
like I tried to tell Eric's
punk-ass, but he wouldn't listen.

DEXTER
Speaking of which, you want to
swing by his house with me?

CARL
Cool with me. Let's roll, baby.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR - SAME

Dexter and Carl are cruising down County Road 600

CARL
Poor guy probably has the shits
bad. I told him not to drink those
pussy-ass white Russians before
drinking beer. That's a stomach
grenade waiting to happen.

DEXTER
This coming from someone who wants
White Castle after drinking beer?

CARL
Hey, look Dex. There's a red light
flashing on your phone, some sort
of message.

Dex picks up his phone.

DEXTER
Yeah, says one new voicemail. Hold
on a sec.

He calls the voicemail

AUTOMATED (V.O.)
(filtered)
You have one new message. Message
from five, five, five, three, one,
eight, four...

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
(to Carl)
Yeah from Eric's house...

A woman's voice is heard struggling to talk through her weeping.

CARLETTA BANKS (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dexter, honey, this is Eric's mother. Eric... he... he's dead! He hung himself! I found him this morning... the police are here and...

EXT. - DEXTER'S CAR

The car comes to a screeching halt!

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

CARL
Holy shit, bro! What the fu...

DEXTER
(in disbelief)
Eric's dead!

CARL
Do what? What the fuck are you talking about?

DEXTER
HE'S FUCKING DEAD! That was his mom... she said he hung himself!

CARL
WHAT!?! Why? Was she serious?

DEXTER
(appalled at Carl's question)
WHY THE FUCK WOULD SHE KID ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT, CARL? We need to get over there now!

CARL
Let's just calm down. Dude was fine last night. I don't understand any of this.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

I'm just gonna' go over there to see if there's anything we can do to help.

CARL

Good idea... good idea. I just can't believe this.

Dexter tears down the county road

EXT. - ERIC'S HOME - SAME

A beautiful ranch style home on the outskirts of town. The weeping willows sway slowly in the wind as dark clouds begin to fill the sky. An unmarked police car sits in the driveway and two men in suits stand next to it talking.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

CARL

(pointing at the policemen)
Check it out.

They pull into the driveway and park next to the unmarked. The two men turn and approach the car as Dex and Carl are getting out.

DETECTIVE #1

I'm Detective Johnson and this is Detective Summerall. Relatives of the family?

DEXTER

Friends of the family, we-

SUMMERALL

I'm sorry, we can't let you-

A woman is running out of the front door, whimpering. CARLETTA BANKS, Eric's mother.

CARLETTA

DEXTER! CARL! OH MY GOD!

DEXTER

Mrs. Banks!

They run to each other and Carletta falls to her knees with her hands folded over her face. She's a bumbling, wet mess. Dex kneels in front of her and grasps her tightly trying to console her.

(CONTINUED)

CARLETTA
WHY MY SON, GOD? PLEASE GOD! NO!

DEXTER
I'm so sorry... I am so, so
sorry. He was my friend...

CARL
(correcting Dex)
Our friend. We're here for you,
whatever we can do to help.

JOHNSON
Well you both can start by
answering a few questions if you
don't mind.

DEXTER
Sure, Detective. Whatever you
need.

JOHNSON
Good. Summerall, if you
will. (nodding toward Carletta)

SUMMERALL
Sure.

Detective Summerall walks to Carletta and gently raises her
to her feet.

SUMMERALL
It'll be okay ma'am, please, let's
go inside. It'll only take a few
minutes. Thank you.

Summerall and Carletta proceed up to the house.

JOHNSON
Okay, first off, how do you both
know Eric?

DEXTER
We all grew up together, went to
the same schools-

JOHNSON
Has Mr. Banks been acting strange
or unusual lately?

CARL
No, not at all.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

Has he ever talked about suicide or attempted suicide before?

DEXTER

Never, sir!

JOHNSON

Has he been seeing anyone, like a girlfriend or anything of that nature?

CARL

Not that we know of. Unless he has been talking to someone on facebook or something, I don't have a clue.

JOHNSON

When was the last time you both saw Eric alive?

DEXTER

Last night. We were all hanging out at the Blue Flamingo.

JOHNSON

Okay. Do you guys know anything about Sarah Bishop?

Dexter and Carl look at each other confused.

JOHNSON

Never mind gentlemen. Thanks for your cooperation. If you have any other information that you might be able to give me later on, here's my card. Email, cell. Now if you'll excuse me.

Johnson walks toward the house.

JOHNSON

Summerall, let's wrap it up!

CARL

(to Dex)

Come on dude, let's go. We can come back and check on her later or something.

The night begins to bare down hard. A storm system starts to roll in, thunder and lightening are in the distance.

WIDE SHOT - LATER

Dexter's car is entering an apartment complex. They proceed past the small guard shack and over a speed bump. It starts to rain.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

CARL
(finally breaking the silence)
So, what are you about to do?

DEXTER
Probably just go home. It's been a long day for me. I'll give you a call tomorrow.

Dexter turns on the windshield wipers

CARL
Cool. Take it easy.

DEXTER
You too.

Carl drapes his jacket over his head and exits into the rain. Dexter watches Carl enter his apartment. It begins to rain harder. He speeds up the windshield wipers and proceeds out of the complex.

EXT. - DEXTER'S CAR

Dexter proceeds down the dark road that only seems to light up when another vehicle is coming head on. The rain drops are falling like bombs onto the windshield now.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

The sounds are like peat gravel on a tin roof with a firing desire to enter the vehicle. Loud thunder is only a few miles away and the lightning is putting on an incredible show. He takes out a cigarette and tries to lite it. It does the opposite. Flick after flick, but no flame. He reaches over to the volume knob on his radio and turns it up a little.

SOUND OF: AEROSMITH'S "DREAM ON" is PLAYING
... IF IT'S JUST FOR TODAY, MAYBE
TOMORROW, THE GOOD LORD WILL TAKE
YOU AWAY.

YEAH, SING WITH ME, SING FOR THE
YEAR, SING FOR THE LAUGHTER, SING
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FOR THE TEAR. SING WITH ME, IF
IT'S JUST FOR TODAY. MAYBE
TOMORROW, THE GOOD LORD WILL TAKE
YOU AWAY...

DEXTER
Shit! Light!

Finally, the lighter creates a flame. Dex looks into the rear-view mirror when suddenly...

ANOTHER ANGLE-SHOCK CUT

Eric's grayish, welt stricken, blood smeared zombie-like face is illuminated in the back seat by a lightning strike! He grabs onto Dexter's jacket and is crying uncontrollably!

ERIC
I'M SORRY, MAN! I DIDN'T MEAN TO
KILL HER! I'M BURNING! FUCK! I'M
BURNING!

DEXTER
HOLY SHIT!!!

Dexter is weaving all over the road. He's scared shit-less, struggling to get Eric's dead hands off his body! Suddenly, Eric's body ignites into a large fire ball!

ERIC
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE
GIRL? SHE WANTS OUR SOULS,
MAN! THE LITTLE GIRL!

DEXTER
OH MY GOD!!! FUCK!!!

Dexter just misses an oncoming semi and almost loses control. A flash of lightening.

SOUND OF: AEROSMITH'S "DREAM ON" continues
...DREAM ON, DREAM ON, DREAM
ON. DREAM UNTIL YOUR DREAMS COME
TRUE. DREAM ON, DREAM ON, DREAM
ON. DREAM UNTIL YOUR DREAMS COME
THROUGH. DREAM ON, DREAM ON, DREAM
ON, DREAM ON, DREAM ON, DREAM ON,
DREAM ON...

Nothing but the sound of the rain pounding the car violently and the song playing. There is nothing in the car with

(CONTINUED)

Dex. A glance at the back seat and a lightening strike REVEALS a BOOK BAG, a FEW EMPTY SODA CANS and a half CARTON of CIGARETTES. There is still the unlit cigarette in his mouth and the lighter lies in the passenger seat. Shaken, he glances into the rear-view mirror, then reaches for the lighter. The song continues to play as if nothing ever happened. He looks up...

Suddenly, his headlights are coming upon a WOMAN dressed in a drenched, blood soaked night gown. She turns toward him as her hideously scarred face, half hidden under her dark, sopping hair, stares evilly into his eyes. The woman disappears with another strike of lightening that REVEALS a LITTLE GIRL holding a soaked, matted teddy bear, where the woman had just been standing. Dexter does a hard cut with the steering wheel and veers off the road.

Crash!

CUT TO:

INT. - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(softly)
Mr. Cunningham? Are you awake yet?

Dexter starts to come to, but slowly. All is quiet except for the soothing voice that's echoing in his head.

UNKNOWN WOMAN'S VOICE- CONT'D(O.S.)
Sir, are you awake yet? Time for
your medicine.

He slowly opens his eyes. The soothing voice is quickly matched to the face that stands over him.

NANCY BEALE, a nurse in her mid to late forties.

NANCY
You are still having psychotic
episodes. Four guards or three
this time?

DEXTER
Four or three? Guards?

NANCY
(sarcasm)
Yeah. You flipped out on one of
the other patients and the guards
had to take you down. Last time it
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (cont'd)
took three, so I just wanted to see
if you would break your record.

Dexter tries to raise up and notices that his arms and legs
are strapped to a hospital bed. He struggles.

DEXTER
Where the hell am I?! What's going
on?!

NANCY
Now Mr. Cunningham, I am not going
to go through this every time you
have one of your psychotic spells.

DEXTER
What the fuck are you talking
about? Get me out of here!

He starts to panic. Kicking and fighting, trying to free
himself.

NANCY
Now Mr. Cunningham... CLYDE! Hold
still you! BRING ME THE
SERUM! QUICK! NOW!

Two GUARDS rush in and struggle with Dex in his delusional
and crazed state. Another NURSE runs in with a SYRINGE and
hands it to Nancy.

NANCY
You just don't get it, do you?

She rams the needle into Dex's right arm. He lets out a
grunt. Slowly succumbing to the serum, he tries to fight a
losing battle between his mind and the drug. His struggling
body is down to a mere uneasiness. The voices become
echoes.

NANCY
Go ahead, you can let him go
now. He'll be docile for awhile...

He goes under.

CUT TO:

INT. - A SMALL CELL - NIGHT

The sound of boot heels tapping in the emptiness can be heard along with the sound of inmates chatting amongst themselves.

A GUARD walks up to the cell, unlocks it and slides the door open.

GUARD #1
Lights out you sons-of-bitches!

Another GUARD is in the picture now.

GUARD #2
Come on, get the poor bastard in his cell. I'm ready to get the hell out of here.

Two more GUARDS are in the picture, dragging the seemingly lifeless body of Dex Cunningham. They drag him inside and drop him to the floor.

GUARD #1
Sleep tight.

The cell door is slammed shut and locked down.

GUARD #1
Come on, let him get his beauty sleep. He's gonna' need it.

Dex squirms uneasily. Eyes fading from open to closed, slowly, over and over again. He is hearing the faint sound of children laughing and playing as though in a playground. The sounds persist as does his uneasiness. The laughter slowly blends to whispers, rambling faster and faster, very unclear.

WHISPER (V.O.)
I killed her, but I didn't mean to do it... I don't think so. I don't remember! Why is this happening to me?. She will have our souls anyway!

MANS VOICE(V.O.)
... can you hear me? Sir...?

ERIC (V.O.)
Why am I burning? Please, someone save me! I CAN'T STOP BURNING! I didn't die... I DIDN'T DIE! Please, I can't die now...

(CONTINUED)

WOMANS VOICE(V.O.)
... He's still not breathing! I
think we have it... he's coming to.

Dex's body hails an incredible jolt! He gasps and opens his eyes wide!

EXT. - COUNTY ROAD 600 - NIGHT

The night falls hard into Dexter's face as he is panting with discontent. The PARAMEDICS move around him as he struggles to make sense of what happened and what is going on.

MALE PARAMEDIC
You are going to be all right sir,
just sit still.

DEXTER
Where am I, what happened?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Looks like you blacked out and had
an accident. We're going to take
you to Methodist Medical Center to
get some more tests to be on the
safe side.

DEXTER
(to PARAMEDIC #1)
But what about the girl? Is she
alright?

MALE PARAMEDIC
Sir, there is no girl. Now calm
down, you just have a couple of
lacerations and lite head
trauma. Everything's going to be
fine.

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Dexter is sitting at the edge of the examining table, dangling his legs. Still puzzled from the past night's events. His mother and DR. PATRICK REMEY are standing on the other side of the examining room door next to each other talking. Dr. Remy and Marilyn enter the room. Slightly balding, glasses and a large bandage on the right side of his neck, Dr. Remy approaches Dex.

(CONTINUED)

REMEY

Hello Mr. Cunningham.

DEXTER

Cut yourself shaving?

Dr. Remey smiles generously.

REMEY

Everything seems normal. You just had a simple anxiety attack. Serotonin levels just went a little haywire and it has been known for people to experience bad dream like scenarios. You had a simple panic attack there Mr. Cunningham. Your body simply reacted like it would in a stressful situation. You blacked out and had an accident. Thank God you're okay.

DEXTER

No, I saw things, strange things... I mean, it all seemed so real.

REMEY

What do you remember, Mr. Cunningham?

DEXTER

I'm not sure. I just know that it was... so real. (to his mother)
Where's Dad?

MARILYN

He... had some things to do at the firm and couldn't make it... I'm sorry, sweetie.

REMEY

I'm going to go ahead and have the nurse give you a Syrical injection, a new drug similar to Xanax. That should, hopefully, level out any mood swings or anxiety that you may be experiencing. I also have some samples you can take home. It's in pill form and when you need more, just come back in a couple of weeks to follow up. Judy will see you both at the front desk with a few psychiatrist referrals after you're done with me.

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN
Thank you, Doctor.

EXT. - CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - LATER

A large Victorian style home with a wrap around porch. The clouds lay like thick gray sod in the sky. The trees sway lightly in the zephyr that blows through the foliage and rain is imminent.

INT. - CUNNINGHAM'S KITCHEN - SAME

DEXTER
Mom, I'm not going to a
shrink. That's just totally out of
the question.

MARILYN
I understand how you feel, honey,
but it's all just to help
you. It's understandable why you
may be having these feelings. It's
only twice a month so give it a
chance. It may do some good.

She stares at her son with love in her eyes.

DEXTER
(giving in)
Okay, fine. I will go the first
time and if I don't agree with it,
I'm not going back. Deal?

MARILYN
Okay... deal.

A man enters the kitchen. Henry Cunningham, Dexter's father. Middle to late fifties, Criminal Trial Lawyer, calm and collected.

HENRY
Hey there, bud. How are you
feeling?

DEXTER
Well, besides the fact that mom
thinks I'm crazy... fine, I guess.

MARILYN
(stunned by his remark)
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Good... I guess. School going okay?

DEXTER

Yeah. Still farting around with this term paper, but I'll get it done in time, no problem.

HENRY

Good. I have to run to the bank.

Henry grabs his tan TRENCH COAT that hangs freely off one of the kitchen CHAIRS then gives Marilyn a lite peck on the lips.

HENRY

(to Dex)

Before I forget, my firm is going to have a seminar on some of our new trial laws and regulations. If you'd like to come, just let me know and I'll get you a seat.

DEXTER

I don't know if I could really focus very well right now. That shot they gave me makes me feel kind of drowsy and weird all at the same time. I need to call Carl and let him know what happened. But thanks anyway, Dad.

HENRY

No problem. Oh, that reminds me, Eric called about an hour ago. Gotta' run-

DEXTER

(perplexed)

What did you just say?

HENRY

What? Eric called?

DEXTER

Is this a joke? Eric's dead. He committed suicide.

HENRY

(sarcastically)

Marilyn, it's got to be your side of the family.

(CONTINUED)

Dex bolts out of the kitchen.

HENRY
(to Dex)
What? What did I say?

INT. - DEN

Dex grabs the telephone and dials frantically!

CARLETTA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hello?

DEXTER
(into phone)
Hello, I know this is weird but is
Eric around?

A brief silence

CARLETTA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dexter, what are you talking
about...?

Pause

CARLETTA (CONT'D)
... Eric doesn't get out of his
last class until 6:15 today... you
know that-

DEXTER
(into phone)
Oh yeah... (confused) that's
right. Sorry, just got my days
mixed up. Talk to you later Mrs.
Banks, gotta' go... bye.

CARLETTA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dexter-?

He hangs up.

INT. - KITCHEN

Dex rushes into the kitchen, grabs Marilyn's car KEYS and heads towards the front door.

MARILYN

Dex, honey, where are you going?

DEXTER

I just need to borrow your car real quick. I'll be right back.

MARILYN

You just had an accident. I don't think...

He is out the door and slams it quickly behind him.

MARILYN

Dexter? Dexter!

EXT. - SCHOOL COURTYARD - SAME

Dexter paces back and forth impatiently in the court yard, then he sees Eric and Carl walking together talking.

DEXTER

I don't fucking believe my eyes.

CARL

Hey what's up, 'Dexterminator'?

ERIC

How come you weren't in algebra today, D? Man, you look like you've just seen a ghost. Boo!

Eric and Carl start to laugh

DEXTER

I really need to talk to you guys. Seriously.

CARL

What's wrong, man? You don't look good at all, dude.

ERIC

(jokingly)

Are your parents finally divorced yet?

Carl nudges Eric

(CONTINUED)

CARL
(genuine)
No, seriously, we're here for you
Dex. Talk to us.

DEXTER
Not here. Carl, can we talk at
your place?

CARL
Sure, you know the way. We'll meet
you there.

INT. - CARL'S APARTMENT - LATER

The three walk in. Carl and Eric sit while Dexter paces
back and forth, but tries to keep calm and collected.

DEXTER
Okay, I'm going to try to explain
this the best way I can.

CARL
Shoot.

DEXTER
Okay, well...

He pauses, trying to figure out where to start.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
... well, okay... I don't know if
I've been dreaming or just tripping
my balls off. But, Eric, I thought
you committed suicide the other
day...

Carl and Eric look at each other puzzled.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
... Carl, I'm sure I know the
answer, but I still have to
ask. When we went to the Blue
Flamingo, did you slip anything in
my drink?

CARL
Did I what? Lace your drink? Hell
no! Why would I waste good drugs
on you?

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Seriously?

CARL

No, man! Maybe if you were a hot chick. (Carl sees Dex is not amused by his attempt at humor) Sorry, just kidding. Come on, lighten up, Dex.

DEXTER

Goddammit! Man, could you listen to me? This strange shit is happening to me and I have no fucking clue as to what is going on. Don't you remember? The cops at Eric's house, something about a missing little girl? I had an accident last night after I dropped you off and ever since, I have been having some weird-ass dreams or visions!

Carl and Eric look at Dexter distraught

CARL

I don't remember seeing you yesterday, but that's okay.

DEXTER

Oh, great. Now you guys think I'm crazy too.

CARL

Listen to what you're saying. Eric is right here, you're right here, just be cool.

DEXTER

I can't be cool! Maybe the doctor's right, I am just suffering from anxiety. That's it. Eric's right here, but what about the funky looking woman that I saw in the middle of the road before I had the accident, huh? The paramedics say that there was no girl, but I saw her with my own eyes and I wrecked to avoid hitting her. I'm fucked. I truly am crazy.

Dex turns to the wall and leans his forehead against it. Eric stares into space disheveled.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Maybe you're not as crazy as you think. I've had some weird ass dreams too, lately.

DEXTER

Yeah, but you're just having your normal dreams I'm sure.

ERIC

Well, actually, there are some things that I have not been so forthcoming about.

DEXTER

What?

CARL

Do what?

ERIC

I'm going to have to show you. It's at my place.

EXT. - ERIC'S HOME - LATER

The dusk is slowly rolling into night.

EXT. - ERIC'S GARAGE

The three walk to the garage door.

ERIC

Now after I show you guys, I will explain the best I can. Just bare with me.

Eric turns toward the key pad on the garage and enters a code. The door rolls up slowly.

ANGLE ON

ERIC'S MUSTANG, the back window is spider-webbed and the rear-end is smashed in on one side. Carl and Dex stare in awe.

CARL

What happened, Eric? This is your pride and joy. Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
My god. Eric, how did this happen?

ERIC
It happened the other night, when
we went to The Blue Flamingo.

DEXTER
The accident.

CARL
I was too fucked up that night, I
don't remember a goddammed thing.

ERIC
... I hit a woman, I think I killed
her, but it was an accident! The
damn CD kept screwing up! I just
glanced down, then...

DEXTER
Have you told anyone else about
this?

ERIC
No, just you guys.

DEXTER
What about your mom?

ERIC
She never comes out here.

CARL
This is major shit, man! What the
hell are we going to do? We can't
tell anyone.

DEXTER
And we're not going to.

ERIC
I can't go to prison! I'm not the
prison type... I-

DEXTER
No one's going to prison, just
chill, man!

CARL
Is there anything of yours that
might still be out there?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Yeah, my fucking class ring. I haven't seen it since that night!

CARL

Shit!

DEXTER

Okay, okay, okay. Let's go back to the site and see if we can find it.

CARL

Fuck that, Dex! If the cops did find it already, they're probably waiting to see if we show up to look for it.

DEXTER

You're being paranoid!

CARL

You're goddammed right I'm being paranoid! There's a woman dead... hit and run... need I say more?

ERIC

Guys, it's my fuck up. I'll go look for it... if I get caught, I get caught-

CARL

No way. Not gonna' go down like that. Does the ring have your name engraved on it?

ERIC

Actually, no it doesn't. It doesn't! I remember, I ordered mine online and had... five-point-o engraved on it. Shit!

DEXTER

That's okay. I mean, there are a lot of Mustangs in the world, right and five-point-o could mean anything.

ERIC

Maybe you're right. So, what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Like I said before, we're not going to do anything. We're just gonna' keep this to ourselves and act like everything's normal... go about our everyday lives and forget this ever happened. Cool?

ERIC

Okay... cool.

CARL

I'm here for you bro'. Whatever it takes.

ERIC

Thanks man, I don't know what to say-

DEXTER

Don't say anything. We'll help you fix it or something. I need to go home and get some Z's though.

CARL

Z's? I need a drink. A nice 'stiff' drink at that!

EXT. - ERIC'S HOME - LATER

Eric is shutting the garage

ERIC

Thanks guys. I still don't know what I'm going to do. I'm scared, man. This is like a crazy, fucked up dream.

CARL

Just relax. I know it's easy for me to say, but just take my word for it. Everything's gonna' be cool.

DEXTER

Remember, just pretend nothing happened and be yourself. No one knows any different. And try not to watch the news, it'll just make you paranoid. Okay guys, I'm outta' here.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Yeah, me too. I'll holler at you
both tomorrow. It'll be cool.

ERIC

Okay. See you guys tomorrow.

Eric, obviously in distress, forces a smile then waves to his two companions as they leave the premises. It begins to sprinkle.

INT. - CARL'S DEN - LATER

SOUND OF: Evanescence Wake Me Up

music is blasting from Carl's STEREO speakers. The laptop LCD accents Carl's face as he types away. The CAMERA REVEALS Carl facebook messaging back and forth with KALA KAY.

CARL'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

KALA KAY

I haven't seen you on for awhile...
what's up?

CARL BLAKE

Just been a little busy with school
and studying.

KALA KAY

It's been pretty quiet on this side
of the net without you facebooking
me every five seconds... LOL ;-)

Pounding on the front door is barely heard over the music.

CARL BLAKE

Ha, ha very funny :). BRB.

KALA KAY

Okay.

BACK ON SCENE

CARL

(to himself)

Shit.

EXT. - CARL'S FRONT DOOR

An old man in a robe, red and white tube socks and a ball cap pounds on the front door.

OLD MAN

Turn that goddamned devil's music down! Some of us are trying to sleep! (to himself) Crazy bastard. Kids these days... no respect.

INT. - CARL'S DEN

He turns the music down a bit.

CARL

Sorry Mr. Murphy! Won't happen again!

Carl fumbles through the papers that are scattered on his desk. He then opens a nearby drawer and pulls out a plastic sandwich bag.

CARL

Sweet baby Jane. Come to poppa'.

Unmistakably marijuana, Carl takes a large whiff of the bag and the look of satisfaction is on his face. He pulls out a pre-rolled joint, lights it and inhales then exhales slowly.

CARL'S POV-COMPUTER SCREEN

KALA KAY

Ya' there? :(

CARL BLAKE

Yeah... I'm back. Just went and heated up a midnight snack.

KALA KAY

Oh. That was quick.

CARL BLAKE

So, how come a sweet heart like yourself doesn't have a man?

KALA KAY

Well... it's a long story. How about we talk on the phone? I'm about ready for bed and my fingers are getting tired.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
(to himself)
Hook, line and sinker...

CARL BLAKE
Kewl! 555-8156, my cell. I told
you where I live, you should just
come over and surprise me.

KALA KAY
You never know. I'll call you in
about a half an hour or if you're
lucky, I'll stop by instead. I'm
gonna' take a quick shower. TTYL
;)

She exits the chat session.

BACK ON SCENE

Carl takes another hit off his joint and leans back in the
chair.

CARL
(to himself)
I'll be waiting right here.

INT. - ERIC'S BEDROOM - SAME

Eric is lying on his back with his fingers inter-laced
behind his head. He glances over at the clock.

INSERT-CLOCK- 10:10 P.M.

BACK ON SCENE

He starts to drift off.

ON

Ringling cell phone!

Eric nearly jumping out of his skin grabs the cell phone.

ERIC
(into phone)
Hello? Hey, what's up Dex?

DEXTER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hey buddy, I had a feeling you'd
still be awake. Just wanted to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
call and remind you that
everything's going to be okay.

ERIC
(into phone)
Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

DEXTER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Alright man, later.

ERIC
(into phone)
Yeah...

Eric hangs up the phone and lies back on his back. Relaxed again. He lets out a yawn and closes his eyes.

INT. - CARL'S DEN - LATER

Carl is snoring violently, head leaned back with his mouth wide open. The loud sound from a facebook message jolts him from his sleep. Struggling to regain consciousness, he looks at the time on his monitor.

CARL'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

2:37 A.M. NEW MESSAGE FROM: KALA KAY

He clicks the tab.

KALA KAY
Hey Carl, are you there?

BACK ON SCENE

Carl looks at his cell phone.

NO CALLS.

CARL'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

CARL BLAKE
Yes. You never called.

KALA KAY
I know... I'm sorry. Things are so
fucking busy where I am.

(CONTINUED)

CARL BLAKE
That's okay. I understand.

KALA KAY
That's the thing... I don't think
you do.

CARL BLAKE
What?

RINGING CELL PHONE

BACK ON SCENE

Carl looks at the phone display... UNKNOWN. He ignores
it. The ringing stops.

CARL
(to himself)
You call private, I don't answer.

CARL'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

KALA KAY
But what if it was a phone call
from hell?

BACK ON SCENE

He looks at the monitor, baffled.

CARL'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

CARL BLAKE
Excuse me?

RINGING CELL PHONE!

KALA KAY
Now answer the phone... it's me!

BACK ON SCENE

The phone display says unknown again. Skeptical, Carl
finally pushes the talk button and slowly raises the phone
to his ear.

CARL
(into phone)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

Silence. Suddenly, there is, unmistakably, the voice of a little girl fading in and out.

GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
My mommy wants to play with me, but
I can't find her. Please help me
find my mommy... please?

CARL
(into phone)
Kala, are you psycho? Kala? Come
on, stop messing around.

GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
If you dance around and round, when
we're up, we all fall down-

CARL
(into phone)
Okay? Be a good little girl and
tell your big sister or your
'mommy' to pick up the phone. (to
himself) She never told me she had
kids.

GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's all your fault! Your soul
will burn in hell forever!

CARL
(into phone)
Okay, that's it! Where's your-

GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
GO TO HELL!

The power goes out.

CARL
(to himself)
What now?

He fumbles around on his desk. He's got his lighter. One flick and it lights. He swivels around.

Suddenly, the zombie like woman from before is upon him, blood-soaked and water drenched. He lets out a horrifying scream and falls out of the chair. Evil engulfs her face as she reaches out for him.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

SEE!

Her arms catch fire. Carl scrambles backward, kicking and screaming as she slowly walks toward him.

WOMAN

SEE!

CARL

What the hell are you? Leave me alone! PLEASE!

The room starts to shake violently as large cracks start to appear in the floor and walls. The ceiling starts to tear away, being sucked away in the distance by some greater force. Blood starts to ooze from the cracks and catch fire. Carl covers his head in the commotion. Beyond the ceiling and walls is a fiery inferno. The sound of agony and anguished people fill the room. He struggles to look around and notices that there is no floor and the woman's flesh has been completely burned away. Her bony fingers still reach for him as the fiery blood starts to take over his slippers and pajamas. He begins to kick and scream, but his efforts do nothing to extinguish the flames that are engulfing his body at an alarming rate!

INT. - MR. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Mr. Murphy and his wife are fast asleep. MRS. MURPHY starts to awaken uneasily. She looks around then nudges her husband.

MRS. MURPHY

George? George, wake up.

GEORGE

Huh? Edith, can't it wait 'til mornin'?

EDITH

George, wake up now. I smell smoke!

GEORGE

Probably just that dope smoking college kid next door.

EDITH

George, go check it out!

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
Alright already!

He throws the covers from himself, puts on a pair of slippers and heads out of the bedroom.

INT. - KALA'S CAR - SAME

Kala is driving and also glancing at directions to Carl's apartment which are written on a sheet of paper. She swerves onto the shoulder, but quickly corrects herself back onto the road.

KALA
... and a left at Nodding Hills
Lane...

In her rear-view mirror, she sees flashing lights quickly approaching.

KALA (CONT'D)
Oh no, please don't pull me over.

Flashing red, blue and white lights are coming upon her fast. She pulls to the side of the road. A COP speeds by, sirens wailing, followed by another COP, a FIRE TRUCK and an AMBULANCE.

Kala takes a deep breath in relief and eases her way back onto the road. She picks up her cell phone and begins to dial.

KALA
(to herself)
Come on Carl, answer.

Still busy. She hangs up.

EXT. - CARL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Police, fire trucks and ambulances fill the parking area as Kala's car pulls to the scene. The smokey blaze is billowing from Carl's apartment and FIREFIGHTERS are trying to control it. TENANTS are standing around gawking at the inferno that has inundated Carl's apartment. A DEPUTY walks over to Kala's car.

DEPUTY
Ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't let
you through. I'm afraid there's
been a freak accident.

(CONTINUED)

KALA

That's my friend's apartment! What happened?

DEPUTY

Not sure yet, ma'am. All the tenants from that unit have been accounted for except for one. That's all we know at this time.

INT. - DEXTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

RINGING PHONE!

Dexter is jarred from his sleep.

DEXTER

(into phone)

Hello?

ERIC (V.O.)

(filtered)

Turn to channel six, NOW!

Dexter turns on the television and flips to channel six.

DEXTER'S POV - TELEVISION SCREEN

An anchorman stands in front of the charred, smoking remains of Carl's apartment.

ANCHORMAN

...Things are still shaky about an early morning fire that killed Carl Blake, a local college student said to be well known and liked on campus...

BACK ON SCENE

Dexter stares in awe over what he is seeing and hearing.

ANCHORMAN

...So far, law officials have said that the cause of the fire looks accidental and is still under investigation...

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
 (into phone)
 Oh, no. That can't be right. What
 the hell is going on? Am I missing
 something?

ERIC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 She was right...

DEXTER
 (into phone)
 What? Who was right? About what?

ERIC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 The little girl in my dreams. Ever
 since that night, I see her in my
 dreams and she tells me that I am
 going to die if I don't help her
 find her mother...

DEXTER
 (into phone)
 Man, you are really freaking me out
 right now. You're talking some off
 the wall shit. You been smoking
 something?

ERIC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Come by, I have to show you
 something-

EXT./INT. - ERIC'S HOME - SAME

Dexter approaches the door and as he is about to knock, the
 door creaks open a bit. Dexter eases it open.

DEXTER
 Knock, knock. Eric, you in here?

Silence. He proceeds in.

INT. - ERIC'S LIVING ROOM

DEXTER
 Hello? Mrs. Banks... Eric?

He scrunches his nose and looks to see the toaster smoking
 in the kitchen. He hurries to it and burnt toast pops up

(CONTINUED)

nearly giving him a heart attack. He unplugs the toaster and heads down the hallway. The sound of what seems to be the shower running becomes more vociferous as he makes his way toward the bathroom. Something just isn't right.

EXT./INT. - BATHROOM

DEXTER

Yo! Eric... I'm here. You want me to wait in the dining room?

No answer. He pushes the door open a bit.

SHOCK CUT

Eric's body lies limp in the bath tub, under the scalding shower. Lacerations in the shape of upside down crosses cover his body from head to toe and his eye lids are wide open with veins hanging out of where his eye balls used to be. Dex, unmistakably horrified by the ordeal, rushes out of the bathroom in a state of sickened fright, hacking and gagging. Something catches his attention in his peripheral.

INT. - HALLWAY

Mrs. Banks, blood soaked, holding a large kitchen knife freely by her side, slowly walks toward him. A large snake begins to slither down her leg from beneath her bloody nightgown. Her eyes, are black with intensified evil and stare into Dexter's fear-stricken face.

MRS. BANKS

(frightfully tranquil)

Eric saw too much. Now he will see forever. Come here, I won't hurt you... I just need your eyes. Death truly is the great awakening.

Dexter is horrified. He scrambles to his feet and bolts down the hallway in a frenzy.

INT. - KITCHEN

Dexter is in a great state of panic and clumsily slips and falls to the floor. He rushes to find his feet, slipping and sliding. Then falls to his hands and knees. He notices that he has slipped and fallen in blood. He stares at his blood covered palms in horror.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (V.O.)

It's okay, man. Come to the other side with us. It's peaceful here. I can see everything so clearly now... because of you.

He looks only to see Eric and Carl in disgust and grave horror. Carl is burned to a crisp still smoking with his eyes torn away and Eric's throat is slashed with blood spilling from the opening. Likewise, with his eyes torn away.

CARL

Give her your eyes!

ERIC

Give her those baby blues. SEE!

Dexter scrambles past them, knocking them down, and bursts through the front door.

EXT. - ERIC'S HOME

Dexter is at his car, fumbling with the keys, trying to get in. He's got it. He gets in, starts the car, throws it in reverse kicking rocks and gravel in a dusty cloud and speeds off the scene.

INT. - POLICE STATION - LATER

JOHNSON

So Mr. Cunningham, let me just make sure that I have everything clear. You say that your friend, Mr. Banks, was murdered? You went to his home because he had to tell you something and he was there with your other deceased friend, Carl Blake, and his mother, who had cut their eyes out and wanted yours as well?

DEXTER

(to Johnson)

I know this sounds crazy, but it's true. You guys really need to get over there and check it out.

SUMMERALL

We'll make that decision. Let us handle it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

We'll go ahead and send a unit over there to check it out. In the meantime, until we figure out what is going on, if anything, don't venture too far from town. We might need you for further questioning.

DEXTER

Can I go now?

INT. - DEXTER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dexter paces back and forth in paranoid discontent.

DEXTER

(to himself)

What is going on?

RINGING LAND LINE PHONE!

DEXTER

(into phone)

Shit! Hello? Hey, what's up, mom?

MARILYN (V.O.)

(filtered)

How's everything going, honey?

DEXTER

(into phone)

Mom, uh... Eric and Carl are dead. There's been some freaky things going on around here... kind of stressful actually.

MARILYN (V.O.)

(filtered)

What? Dear God! What happened?

DEXTER

(into phone)

I don't actually know what happened. Carl died in an apartment fire and Eric committed suicide, something... I really don't want to talk about it.

MARILYN (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'll call the doctor...

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
(into phone)
I don't need-

The lights shut off and the phone goes dead.

DEXTER
(into phone)
Hello... mom? (to himself) Great,
I know damn well I paid the bills
this month.

He slams the receiver down and picks up his cell phone.

RINGING CELL PHONE!

DEXTER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, mom. Power went off, phone
went dead. I'm about to call the
power company...

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Please help me find my mommy.

DEXTER
(into phone)
Do what? Who is this?

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
...You're the bad man they're all
talking about. The one who knows
where my mommy is. Don't you
remember her? Please tell me. I
want to play with her-

DEXTER
(into phone)
They who? What?

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
(giggling)
You know... *them*, silly. Ring
around the rosy a pocketful of
posies...

The distant sound of children laughing begins. Dexter looks
around baffled.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

(into phone)

Okay, I'm done playing your games. I'm hanging up now. I don't have time for this-

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

(filtered)

(pure evil)

You did it you bastard! Your flesh will burn for eternity! You're already here, but you don't realize it... ha! Hell is all about repetition, you stupid fuck!

The phone is filled with the evil laughter from the little girl in a demonic voice. The phone catches fire and he drops it to the floor.

DEXTER

SHIT!!!

He whips around and there is the blood soaked woman from before. Dexter is in a horrified state of panic and is screaming at the top of his lungs. The woman, terrifyingly evil with her jet black eyes, lets out a shrieking screech, grabs at Dexter, then bursts into flames! He jumps back in great fear, stumbles backwards over his computer chair and strikes the back of his head on the corner of the night stand, knocking himself unconscious.

INT. - UNKNOWN

CLYDE (O.S.)

(stern)

Wake up Mr. Cunningham!

Water splashes into Dexter's face. He lets out a gasp and starts choking as he rolls onto the cold concrete floor.

CLYDE (O.S.)

Up on your feet you! Don't make me tell you again or I'll have your ass thrown in the hole again!

Dexter rolls over to see the tall guard, Clyde, red-faced and obviously agitated, tapping his baton in his hand.

CLYDE

He's awake Mrs. Beale. (to Dexter)
And you, you better behave or I'll shove this baton so far up your-

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

That's enough Clyde. I can take it from here. You just do your job and I'll do mine.

Nurse Beale enters Dexter's cell.

INT. - DEXTER'S CELL - MID-DAY

NANCY

How do you feel Mr. Cunningham?

DEXTER

Where the hell am I? What do you want from me?

NANCY

Now, now, Mr. Cunningham. We can't keep going through this every other day. Your counselor needs to speak with you. Clyde, take him where he needs to go.

CLYDE

Alright, on your feet!

Clyde and another passing GUARD enter the cell. They wrestle Dexter to his feet, jabbing him in the stomach before dragging him out of the cell.

INT. - CORRIDOR - SAME

Dexter, dazed and confused, looks around as the guards drag him down the corridor. The sounds of pain, cries and psychotic laughter echo throughout the facility. It's a mad house and Dexter can see the blurry images of other detained mental patients, hooting and hollering. There is an inmate crying uncontrollably in a corner of his cell.

DEXTER'S POV - INMATE #1

INMATE #1

She has already found you. Just give her your eyes.

BACK ON SCENE

Dexter starts to struggle a bit.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Let me go. This isn't real.

The guards act as though they do not hear him. He is now past the view of the inmate. He starts to hear the sound of children laughing and strange whispers that he cannot make out. He jerks to see

DEXTER'S POV - 2 GUARDS TACKLING AND BEATING AN INMATE VIOLENTLY IN HIS CELL AS HE SCREAMS AND YELLS HYSTERICALLY

BACK ON SCENE

Dexter shakes his head as if it would make everything go away.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

(giggling)

You're not safe, but your mind says you are. Just let go...

He jerks back around and sees...

DEXTER'S POV -

The little girl in a cell wearing a dirty white night gown soaked with what appears to be, blood. She grasps her matted little teddy bear and stares into Dex's eyes. He can hear her, but her mouth is not moving. She stares blankly with anguish.

BACK ON SCENE

Dexter can see quite clearly now but is baffled and frightened about what is going on. He is past the cell now and they come upon a large steel door that reads "ROOM 7A" on the front of it.

INT./EXT. - ROOM 7A

CLYDE

On your feet prisoner!

The guard opens the door and Clyde shoves Dexter into the dimly lit room.

CLYDE

10 minutes counselor!

A voice emits from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

MANS VOICE- UNKNOWN

Are you finally ready to talk? I'm here to help you and to find out what exactly happened that night.

Dexter walks over to the empty chair at the end of the table where the voice is coming from and sits down.

DEXTER

Sir, I don't know what I'm doing here. I don't even know where I am. Everything is just so cloudy, I don't understand.

MANS VOICE- UNKNOWN

You're just going to have to do better than that.

The man in the shadows pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a Zippo lighter.

MANS VOICE- UNKNOWN

Smoke?

DEXTER

Please.

The man flips open the box and leans into the light. RICHARD BEALE, mid-forties. Dexter takes a cigarette from the open box. Richard slides him the Zippo.

DEXTER

Who are you?

RICHARD

Doctor Beale. I'm a psychotherapist in this lovely place you call home. And yes, I am slightly related to Nurse Beale. She's my wife... soon to be ex. Divorce in process, but enough about me.

DEXTER

What do you want from me?

RICHARD

I may be the only person you have.

DEXTER

What do you mean?

Dex lights the cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
This is what I mean!

Richard slams down a newspaper reading:

DEXTER'S POV - TRIPLE HOMICIDE, THE DEXTER CUNNINGHAM CASE
BACK ON SCENE

Richard reaches into a large manila envelope and pulls out various photos and scatters them around the table. In them are the grotesque pictures of Eric slashed in the bathtub with the upside down crosses carved all over his body. Various TIGHTS on his eyes gouged out and large pools of blood. Various pictures of Eric's mother with her throat slashed and her tongue pulled through her open wound. Some photos reveal much blood spatter on her night gown and others depict her eyes cut out as well. Graphic pictures of Carl's body, torched to a crisp. Likewise, with CLOSE-UPS depicting his eyes gouged out, lying in a pool of blood.

Dexter jumps from his chair.

RICHARD
Look strangely familiar? Why did you kill them?

DEXTER
What!? I haven't killed anyone. Those are my friends! No! I remember going to Eric's house because he had called me and wanted to tell me something about an accident that he had and-

RICHARD
You see, we can't keep going there. There was no accident you and your friends were trying to cover up. It's all up here (tapping the side of his head with his index finger), in your head, Mr. Cunningham. Where is she?

DEXTER
What? Who?

Richard pulls out a photo and slides it across the table.

RICHARD
Little Sarah Bishop.

CLOSE-UP ON PHOTO

(CONTINUED)

The little girl Dexter has been seeing, but in this photo she appears to be happy. Dressed like a little princess and clutching her favorite teddy bear. She poses for the camera.

BACK ON SCENE

DEXTER

No, no! That's the little girl I have been dreaming about!

RICHARD

You and your friends got drunk, drove past the county line, found Mrs. Bishop and her little eight-year-old, Sarah, strangled her mother and dumped her body in a shallow grave! Now where is Sarah Bishop?

DEXTER

I don't know what you're talking about! I haven't done anything!

RICHARD

The cops found you lying in a pool of blood at the Bank's residence with the murder weapon in your hand. Can you explain that?

DEXTER

I didn't do it!

RICHARD

They also put in their report that you kept saying, "Death is the great awakening, I can see through their eyes..." It's an open and shut case. You'll never get out of here unless you can start giving me some answers! You can start by telling me where Sarah Bishop is!

DEXTER

Sir, I'm sorry, but I don't know what the fuck you're talking about!

RICHARD

Fine! Guard, I'm through in here! Here's my card (tossing his business card across the table to Dex) when you want to talk, but I must warn you, you don't have a lot of time.

INT. - DEXTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The sounds of psychotic laughter, moans and weeping echo throughout the facility. Dexter sits at the foot of the bed with his face planted in his palms, rocking back and forth.

DEXTER
Think, think!

Nothing comes to mind.

DEXTER
Goddammit!!!

A passing GUARD.

GUARD
Hey! Quiet down in there! Lights
out, loony!

The guard proceeds.

Dexter interlaces his fingers behind his head and lies down on his back. He closes his eyes. Suddenly, he is startled by what seems to be the sound of dripping water on concrete. He eases his way up and notices a rat nibbling on his right arm!

DEXTER
JESUS!

He flings the rat off onto the floor and the rat scurries through the bars of the cell. He closes his eyes. A liquid falls to the top of his head. He opens his eyes, feels around and looks at his finger tips, only to notice that it is blood.

DEXTER
What the...?

The cell door slowly creeks open by itself. The sound of children laughing is faint. He jumps from his bunk and notices that he is standing in a small puddle of blood. He looks up at the ceiling. Nothing. Then back to the floor. Nothing. He rubs his forearm where the rat had bitten him.

DEXTER
Dammit!

He walks to the cell door, takes a look around and walks slowly down the corridor.

INT. - CORRIDOR - SAME

Dexter proceeds cautiously. He notices that the cells are empty. The sound of a weeping man is heard faintly somewhere down the dark corridor.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Please God, help me!? Please,
someone help me get out of
here!? Oh, God!

Dexter draws weary and slows up a bit as he gets closer to the sound of the sobbing man.

DEXTER
Hello? Are you alright? Sir?

The man continues to weep, sniffing and moaning to himself. He does not respond to Dexter.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Why, God, why? I don't deserve
this. Please, I don't deserve
this!

Dexter is outside the man's cell. The man has his back toward him and is in a corner, a blubbering wet mess on the floor. The man is very thin and wearing a dirty, ripped up prison uniform. His bony spine and ribs are showing through the back of his dirty wet clothes. Dexter, skeptical about saying anything, tries to ease his way by the cell unnoticed.

MAN
You killed them, but you don't
remember, do you? The bar, the
fast car... you. Just let her see
her mommy.

The man begins to snicker. Dexter sees a steel door just feet from him and jogs toward it.

MAN
You can't run forever! Ha! Give
her your eyes!

Dexter reaches the door, takes a quick peek through the glass and proceeds through it.

INT. - CORRIDOR #2

A sign on the wall reads: MAXIMUM SECURITY, PROCEED WITH CAUTION. AREA CONTAINMENT QUARTERS JUST AHEAD.

The fluorescent bulbs above begin to flutter instantaneously. Strangely, the place seems lifeless.

Wait.

The sound of someone humming is coming from somewhere down the hallway. Dexter proceeds down the hallway, checking around him in a paranoid state. He comes to a corner that has a sign hanging just beneath the ceiling reading:

CELL BLOCK/PATIENT INFIRMARY APPENDIX C LOWER LEVEL

The humming seems to be coming from that direction. He takes a short glimpse around the corner. There is what appears to be a BLACK MAN in his mid to late sixties, mopping a grotesque amount of what appears to be blood that is pooled on the floor. The mop is soaked and the old man doesn't seem to notice that his efforts aren't making the matter any better, but he continues to mop. Dexter slips around the corner cautiously and starts toward the old man. As he is walking down the hallway, he notices that the cells are all empty. The old man is startled and drops his mop into the bloody mess.

DEXTER

It's okay sir. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not sure how to get out of here... please... help me!

Dexter looks down at the blood slicked floor then back at the old man in a puzzled state.

JANITOR

Don't you know better than to go sneakin' up on somebody?

DEXTER

I'm sorry... it's just that-

JANITOR

Oh, I know who YOU are. You're the guy that strangled that little girl and buried her in the woods.

Dexter grabs the old man by his shirt and gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
SIR, TODAY IS NOT THE DAY TO FUCK
WITH ME! NOW HOW THE FUCK DO I GET
OUT OF THIS PLACE?

The old man, shaken up, points over to a large steel door. Dexter lets the man go and starts toward the door. The old man begins to chuckle. Dexter turns only to see that the old man, the blood and the mop are all gone. He turns back around. Dexter is at the door. With one good thrust, the large door comes crashing open. It's too dark to see. He feels along the wall searching for a light switch.

Nothing.

OLD MAN'S VOICE (O.S)
Just give her your eyes you crazy
boy.

Dexter whips around and the janitor is right upon him, bloodied with his eye's torn away. Dexter is horrified and whips back around in an attempt to flee.

ANOTHER ANGLE-SHOCK CUT!

The blood soaked woman from before is upon him with her jet black eyes, matted hair and broken teeth. She lets out a horrifying screech and rams her thumbs into Dexter's eye sockets! He screams!

WOMAN
SEE!

Something seems to come back to him...

FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. - BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

SOUND OF: Snoop Dogg "Drop it Like It's Hot" rap music

And the music fades as Dexter enters the bathroom. He walks to an empty stall and proceeds to relieve himself. He hears someone in the stall next to him snorting violently and then coughing - strangely familiar. He creeps on top of the toilet and peeks over the top of the stall and sees Carl snorting a white, powdery substance.

DEXTER
What the fuck are you doing, dude?

Carl is startled and looks up at Dexter.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Whoa! No privacy at all, man. I mean... shit!

DEXTER

I always knew I would catch you with your pants down. So, how come you're not off chasing one of those waitresses?

CARL

Well, I thought I would stop in to powder my nose and get some quick confidence first. Want a bump?

DEXTER

Yeah right.

CARL

Oh, come on! You act like you never even fucked around before. Don't be such a sissified momma's boy and take a bump, man!

Dexter shakes his head.

DEXTER

I'm not a momma's boy... dick! Give me a bump, man... but just one.

CARL

There you go. Now you're a man again.

Carl slides the powder under the stall wall on a small piece of paper to Dexter. Dexter examines it.

DEXTER

So what the fuck is this, cola?

Carl leaves the stall and goes in front of the mirror checking his nose to make sure there is no white residue.

CARL

Yeah, and a little surprise for the true animal. Just trust me, you'll like it. I'm about to go get this one bitch's number real quick, just do the rest of it, it's not that strong. Hey, it might even grow some hair on those little baby nuts of yours.

Carl exits.

INT. - MAIN BAR - SAME

The music is ambient and conversations fill the atmosphere in the packed scene. Dexter is in the picture, leaving the bathroom and squeezing his way through the crowd. He looks and sees his friends sitting at the back of the bar. Carl is waving him over.

CARL

Hey Dex, over here, man!

Dexter, trying to collect himself, heads in their direction.

CARL

What's up dude? Glad you could make it!

DEXTER

Hangin' in there, man.

ERIC

What's up D? Heard you're doing the internet thing too. Getting any play, playa'?

DEXTER

Not like everyone seems to... wait, do what?

ERIC

D, you okay?

CARL

Dude is fucked up already, man! Hasn't even had a drink yet! Poindexter! Come on, What would you like, buddy? Brewsky?

ERIC

I'm gonna' go take a piss.

CARL

What's wrong Dex? Some good shit or what?

Eric is seen making his way through the crowd toward the men's restroom.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
What the hell did we do, man?

CARL
Huh? I know one thing, Eric needs
to join the party, so to speak!

Carl takes out a small baggy with a powdery substance in it. He grabs Eric's beer, conspicuously shades it under the table and pours the substance in it. He gives the glass a final swirl and then sets it back where Eric had it before.

CARL
I bet this will get the party
started for that motherfucker!

Dexter's vision is blurring in and out.

DEXTER
You just drug his drink?

CARL
Huh? Oh... well... just spiced it
up a bit. You know, get him on our
level.

Eric makes his way back through the crowd and sits down and immediately takes a large gulp of his beer. Dexter springs from his chair and lunges at Carl.

DEXTER
YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH! WHAT THE FUCK
DID YOU GIVE US?!?!

BARTENDER
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Dexter and Carl are now on the floor in a tense struggle. The scene is filled with complete chaos as people are leaving and others are trying to see the ruckus.

CARL
What the hell has gotten into you?

Dexter hurls back and lands a solid punch across Carl's nose. Blood spews from Carl's nostrils. Dexter wraps his hands around Carl's throat and begins to strangle him.

ERIC
Get off him, D!

The bar is in a frenzy with people trying to get out of harm's way and others eager to see the fight. The veins begin to appear on Carl's forehead as he struggles for air.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

SEE!

Dexter squeezes and strains his eyes closed. There is a flash in his mind... then another.

He opens his eyes:

EXT. - SOME WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The rain is beating down hard and the cracking of the thunder is horrifyingly close. He is on top of a young brunette, strangling her. Before he can realize what he's doing, she passes away. He jolts backwards, falling to his side. Her dead eyes stare blankly in anguish and her mouth lay wide open, with her last breath of air slowly wheezing away.

DEXTER

No! This isn't real! This isn't happening!

A crack of thunder!

The screech of a little girl is heard in the distance! Dexter whips around and sees a little girl cutting through the tree line. Sarah Bishop.

DEXTER

No, wait! Sarah? I need your help! Stop!

Dexter scrambles to his feet and starts after the little girl. It's raining like a sieve and not letting up. He tears through the brush chasing after her.

DEXTER

Wait! Sarah Bishop, is that your name?

No response. The girl is out of sight. Dexter has had it! He stops and falls to his knees.

DEXTER

SARAH!

A hand grabs his shoulder! He whips around and it's Sarah, clinching her matted and soaked teddy bear. She slowly takes a few steps back in fear.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

No, I'm not here to hurt you.

He slowly gets up and lends his hand out.

DEXTER

What am I supposed to know, Sarah?

SARAH

You're the bad man in my dreams. Why don't you let me see my mommy? Tell them where to find me.

DEXTER

What do you mean?

She turns and attempts to flee. Dexter sprints after her, stumbling and falling down on top of her. Screaming hysterically, she scratches at the earth and leaves around her.

DEXTER

Take it easy! I'm not trying to hurt you!

She grabs a small jagged stick, flips over as Dexter is trying to get off of her and jabs the stick into the right side of his neck and tears it down his flesh. He yells in agony and clinches his wound falling backwards.

A large crack of thunder!

END FLASHBACK

INT. - DEXTER'S CELL - DAY

Dexter comes out of what seems to have been an illusion and realizes Clyde and another guard are struggling to detain his flagrant kicks and swings.

GUARD #1

What the hell's gotten into him?

CLYDE

He's delusional!

Nurse Beale rushes into the cell.

NANCY

What the hell are you fools doing?

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

We just came in here because the
counselor wants to speak with him.

GUARD #1

We walked in and he just went
berserk!

Nancy reaches into her side pocket and pulls out a syringe
kit.

NANCY

Try to keep him still. I'm going
to give him an injection.

INT. - INFIRMARY - DAY - LATER

Dexter is lying on the white sheets that drape from the
infirmary bed. He comes to. He notices that nylon straps
bind him by the wrists and ankles, then latch to the sides
of the bed. He takes a look around and sees that there are
a few patients in the room with him. They too are strapped
down the same way. He turns his head to the patient next to
him. He looks familiar. The BLACK JANITOR from before! He
seems to be sleeping or in some sort of comatose state.

DEXTER

Hey? Hey, you? Wake up! Hey,
remember me?

No answer.

A trickle of blood begins to run from the small space where
the old man's eye lids meet. Dexter is disgruntled. The
old man's head quickly turns toward him. His milked over
eyes open and blood begins to drizzle from his mouth.

OLD MAN

(Sarah's voice)
Please tell them where I
am. Please, mister?

DEXTER

What? Sarah?

OLD MAN

(demonic)
Tell them what you did,
motherfucker!

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
(gasp)

RICHARD
Mr. Cunningham!

Dexter raises quickly as far as he can and see's Richard Beale standing in the doorway holding a clipboard with a legal pad on it. He whips back to his side and the janitor is no longer there. Instead, a middle-aged man, unshaven and balding, turns and looks at Dexter confused, then smiles.

PATIENT
Boo!

The man begins to laugh uncontrollably

RICHARD
Guards, release this patient,
please. I need to speak with him.

INT. - ROOM 7A - SAME

Dexter and Richard are facing each other at the table.

RICHARD
So, anything new, Mr.
Cunningham? Any recollections of
any kind?

DEXTER
Sir, I think I'm going crazy.

RICHARD
Well, that's a start.

Dexter slams his shackled wrists down on the table.

DEXTER
Listen, goddammit! I keep having
these fucked up dreams about some
little girl that keeps asking me to
help her find her mother and all
types of shit! So don't patronize
me!

GUARD #1 (O.S.)
Everything okay in there counselor?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Yes, everything's fine, thank you. (to Dexter) It's okay, take it easy. Now, tell me what you know.

DEXTER

I'm starting to remember things that I know haven't happened. Strange things. I keep having these strange dreams about this little girl.

RICHARD

Sarah Bishop?

Dexter scrunches his lips tight and gives a slight nod.

DEXTER

I don't know what's real and what's not anymore.

RICHARD

What do you believe is real?

DEXTER

as far as...?

RICHARD

Well, like right now. Do you think this is real, or do you think this is all in your head?

DEXTER

I think it's real. I'm pretty sure it's real.

RICHARD

Pretty sure?

DEXTER

Yeah, but I don't understand how I got here. Shouldn't be real. Who is Sarah Bishop?

RICHARD

As far as these strange dreams or visions you've been having, do you think that maybe they happened and you simply don't remember? Or, maybe your subconscious does, and dreaming it is the way you're remembering what you did?

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

I haven't done anything! I don't know why I'm dreaming about a little girl I've never seen or even heard of before. And, I don't know why I'm dreaming up scenarios that I don't believe have ever happened!

Richard notices a blackish, purple bruise on Dexter's arm.

RICHARD

Heroine? Cocaine?

DEXTER

What?

Richard points to his arm.

DEXTER

(agitated by his remark)

No! A rat bit me while I was laying on that bed in the cell. I think it's infected.

RICHARD

So, Mr. Cunningham-

DEXTER

Dex, just call me Dex.

RICHARD

Okay, Dex... the visions, dreams you've been having, what does Sarah say?

DEXTER

Well, it's strange. She asks me to help her find her mother, she says that I am the bad man they are talking about...

Richard jots it down.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

...She tells me that she just wants to be with her mommy.

RICHARD

When did all this start?

DEXTER

I remember having a car accident because I almost hit this lady that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (cont'd)
was standing in the middle of the road. This was right after I found out my friend Eric had committed suicide.

RICHARD
That can't be. Remember the newspaper I showed you? Eric Banks and Carl Blake were murdered and the police say you did it. (Dexter shakes his head in frustrated disbelief) Look, Dex, I'm just here to help you.

DEXTER
I went to the doctor the next day and he said I had an anxiety attack. He gave me some samples of something for anxiety and ever since, I have been having these strange dreams or visions and I don't know what's real and what's not.

Richard jots it down.

RICHARD
Do you remember what Nurse Beale gave you?

DEXTER
No.

RICHARD
Who was the doctor that treated you?

DEXTER
I think his name was Doctor Remey. Yep, that was it. Why?

Richard is writing something down.

RICHARD
I just want to make sure I cover everything. Well, I need to go over some medical mumbo jumbo with Nurse Beale. You'll be hearing from me soon.

DEXTER

Wait! Can't I speak with my family
or a lawyer or something? My
father's an attorney!

RICHARD

You'll have to take that up with
Nurse Beale. I'm
sorry. Guard! I'm ready. (back
to Dex) My step-daughter...

Dexter looks up at Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sarah is my step-daughter.

INT. - NURSE BEALE'S OFFICE - SAME

Nancy is sitting at her desk typing away on the
computer. She is just finishing up an email to SPARTANS18,
reading:

NANCY'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

...but he is still stabilized. Tonight we will discuss it
further and...

BACK ON SCENE

There is a knock at the door.

NANCY

It's open.

NANCY'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

She minimizes the screen back to desktop.

BACK ON SCENE

Nancy looks up to see Richard peeking his head in.

RICHARD

Got a minute?

NANCY

I have just about that. What do
you need?

He enters and sits in a chair in front of her desk.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Well, as you already know, I have been speaking with Dexter Cunningham on the whereabouts of Sarah Bishop and the double homicide. Nancy, I think-

NANCY

Nurse Beale.

RICHARD

(correcting himself)

...Nurse Beale, I don't think this kid did it.

She eases back in her chair and interlaces her fingers across her stomach.

NANCY

Go on.

RICHARD

Well, I don't have a lot yet, but I have the feeling this kid had nothing to do with the kidnapping of Sarah Bishop or the murders. And I also think-

NANCY

Why don't you just let the police do their job. Oh, come on Richard. Ever since I left you, you've had it in for me, haven't you? I don't know what kind of bullshit you're up to now, but it's for the birds. I respect your efforts, but don't blame me for what happened.

Seems she struck a nerve.

RICHARD

Well, aren't we a little quick on the draw? Let's stay on the subject, okay? What are you guys injecting him with?

NANCY

What are you talking about?

RICHARD

The bruises on his arm? They look like fresh needle marks to me. He

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD (cont'd)
told me a rat bit him, but I know
you recently passed your state
health inspection.

She raises an eyebrow.

NANCY
So what, you're a detective now?

He gives a half smile, gets up and heads for the door. There are a bunch of files scattered on a table nearby. A name catches his eye on one of the folders that's slightly hidden among the others. It reads: ERIC BANKS. He turns back toward Nancy.

RICHARD
No. But I lived with a woman that
turned me into one. And from now
on, it's Counselor Beale, not
Richard. I'll be in touch.

He exits.

NANCY
(to herself)
Asshole.

A small light on her office phone lights up and the intercom comes on. The white noise is muttering Clyde's struggling voice.

CLYDE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Mrs. Beale! We need you down here
in room 2, corridor C, quick! Code
yellow! CODE YELLOW!!!!

The sound of grave commotion is in the background as the intercom goes dead.

NANCY
Shit. What now?

She springs from her chair, bolts out the door and rounds the corner down the hallway. Richard had been hiding behind a pillar in the corridor and peeks his head cautiously around it. Another quick glance around the corridor and he walks into her office. He goes straight to where he saw the file folders.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC BANKS. He's found it. He's about to exit when a chirp comes from the computer. Then another and another. He sits down his legal pad and Eric's folder, then sneaks around to Nancy's computer. The screen reads:

RICHARD'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

YOU HAVE NEW MAIL!

He clicks the icon. The screen pops up and there is an inbox message from SPARTANS18 and it reads:

SPARTANS18
Everything is still going as
planned. See you tonight.

He minimizes the screen back to the way it was.

BACK ON SCENE

He grabs the folder, stuffs it half way in the front of his pants and buttons up his dress coat. He heads for the door and grabs his legal pad when-

NANCY
What in the hell do you think
you're doing?

Nurse Beale and Clyde are right in his face coming in the door. He picks up his legal pad.

RICHARD
(trying to stay calm)
I'm sorry. I forgot my pad with
all my notes on it. My apologies.

He squeezes by them both and heads down the hallway. Clyde eye balls him as he walks down the corridor, but Richard never looks back.

NANCY
That will be all, Clyde.

Clyde gives a nod and heads down the corridor. Baffled, she enters her office and slams the door behind her.

INT. - RICHARD'S CAR - LATER

Richard looks down at the folder marked ERIC BANKS. He begins to slow down as he comes up to some congested traffic that's at a standstill.

EXT. - COUNTY ROAD 600

The sounds of various vehicle horns wailing are heard mixing with the commotion of agitated motorists.

ANGLE ON

A tow truck driver is trying to angle his way across the busy road to hook up to what seems to be, a stalled car near the shoulder.

INT. - RICHARD'S CAR

Richard comes to a complete stop and picks up the folder.

RICHARD

Okay, Mr. Banks, what's really going on?

He opens the folder. There's a couple of small newspaper clippings among a few other documents. There is a photo at the top of the clipping of a deputy talking to reporters, it reads:

RICHARD'S POV - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

A COMMUNITY IN MOURNING

ERIC AND CARLETTA BANKS WERE FOUND DEAD AT THEIR NORTH SIDE HOME YESTERDAY EVENING. LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS SAY THEY HAVE A SUSPECT IN CUSTODY WHO WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, BUT THEY ARE NOT RELEASING ANY DETAILS AT THIS TIME. THIS IS THE SECOND HOMICIDE IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, BUT POLICE SAY THEY DO NOT EXPECT A COPY CAT AND BELIEVE THEY HAVE THEIR MAN-

He grabs the next clipping. It reads:

WHAT HAPPENED TO SARAH BISHOP?

The top of this clipping has a photo of county road 600 and what looks like skid marks on the road. There are police and several onlookers standing in front of a car that is off the road. It reads:

THE MURDER OF JULIE BISHOP AND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER DAUGHTER, 8 YEAR-OLD SARAH BISHOP, HAVE POLICE ON A FRENZY TO EASE A COMMUNITY LOOKING FOR ANSWERS. THE 32 YEAR-OLD MOTHER OF ONE WAS LAST SEEN BY HER FIANCE, RICHARD BEALE, WHO HAS NOT BEEN LABELED A SUSPECT AND POLICE EFFORTS-

He takes out one of the documents labeled:

(CONTINUED)

CORPUS SKAGGS FACILITY FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

TEST RESULTS FOR: DEXTER CUNNINGHAM #97A-4507

BACK ON SCENE

An angry motorist bears down on his horn behind him. Richard nearly jumps out of his skin.

MOTORIST (O.S.)
Hey move it along! Jerk-off!

Richard notices that the traffic in front of him has moved ahead quite a bit. He gives a friendly wave in the rear-view mirror and proceeds on.

EXT. - METHODIST MEDICAL CENTER - LATER

The dusk is slowly rolling into night as the clouds begin to devour the pastel sky. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a sign: METHODIST MEDICAL CENTER. QUALITY IS OUR MIDDLE NAME. Richard's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. - METHODIST MEDICAL CENTER

A very prestigious building. Richard makes his way through an empty lobby and approaches a nurse standing behind a large counter with various computers on it.

NURSE
Can I help you, sir?

RICHARD
I certainly hope so. Is Doctor Remey available?

NURSE
I can check, sir. Do you have an appointment?

RICHARD
No ma'am. I just need to ask him a couple of questions about one of his patients that I counsel at the penitentiary for the criminally insane. Here's my badge.

She checks his identification badge.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

I will let the doctor know he has a visitor.

RICHARD

Thank you very much.

The nurse picks up the phone and pushes a couple of buttons.

NURSE

(into phone)

Yes, Doctor? Sorry to bother you, but you have a visitor in the waiting area. He's a counselor from the mental prison. Richard Beale. Okay, I'll send him right up.

She hangs up.

NURSE

Dr. Remey says it's alright for you to go up to his office. Take the elevator to the second floor and it's room two-two-seven.

RICHARD

Thank you so much.

NURSE

My pleasure sir, and you have a wonderful rest of the day.

Richard sees the elevators across from him and goes to them.

INT. - ELEVATOR

Richard presses the number two on the elevator floor pad and watches the doors close in front of him.

DING!

Second floor. The doors open and Richard steps out. There is a sign on the wall in front of him that reads: ROOMS 200-215 (ARROW LEFT) AND ROOMS 216-230 (ARROW RIGHT). He proceeds right. The heels of Richard's Stacey Adams echo in the hallway as they tap on the glossy tiled floor. Two twenty-seven. He knocks on the pebbled glass door.

REMEY (O.S.)

Come in, it's open.

Richard enters.

INT. - DR. REMEY'S OFFICE - SAME

Dr. Remey is sitting behind his desk typing away. The office consists of a bunch of patient file folders, a couple of chairs and some plaques on the wall next to a book shelf.

REMEY

How can I help you, Mr. ...?

RICHARD

Richard Beale. Just call me Richard.

REMEY

Richard, how can I help you?

RICHARD

I was wanting to ask you a few questions about one of your patients you treated a while back.

REMEY

Who did you say you were with?

Richard pulls out his identification and hands it to Dr. Remey.

REMEY CONT'D

I see. Please, have a seat. I will try to help you the best I can. But, you must understand that patient privacy is the law. HIPAA.

RICHARD

I'm sure Dexter Cunningham won't mind. But yes I do understand.

REMEY

Dexter Cunningham... mid-twenties, about to go to trial for murder or something? It's a sad situation, that's for sure. Didn't he kill some girl?

RICHARD

No one said she was dead, but there is a little girl missing. I am actually a counselor over at the facility and I have been speaking with Mr. Cunningham on a regular basis now. I have to say, the young man is in much distress. Hallucinations of some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD (cont'd)

sort. He said all these strange things started after he was seen by you and your staff... after bumping his head in a car accident.

REMEY

Yes, I remember now. He had a simple panic attack while driving and blacked out... had an accident and... bumped his head. Mr. Beale, I'm not quite sure why you're so concerned but I assure you, whatever this young man is enduring is not because of anything we have done at this facility.

RICHARD

I never said it was.

Richard looks over at one of the many plaques on the wall.

ANGLE ON PLAQUE

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY. CONGRATULATIONS PATRICK REMEY. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

RICHARD

Mr. Cunningham mentioned that one of your nurses gave him an injection of something.

REMEY

We probably gave him a simple shot of Syricol to calm his anxiety.

The intercom on Remey's phone beeps.

REMEY

(to Richard)

Pardon me. (into phone) Yes, Kathleen?

NURSE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Sorry to bother you, Doctor, but you have a visitor in the waiting area. Should I have her wait?

REMEY

(into phone)

Tell her that I will be down in just a minute and you can go home for the day.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Will do. Thank you, Doctor.

REMEY
(to Richard)
I'm sorry, was there anything else?

RICHARD
Well, I would like you to take a
look at a few of these documents on
Mr. Cunningham and tell me what you
think.

Richard holds up the folder marked ERIC BANKS.

REMEY
Make yourself comfortable, Mr.
Beale. I will be right
back. Probably just a patient with
a question. Have some coffee if
you'd like, it's decaf.

Remey gets up from behind his desk, takes the manila folder
from Richard and heads out the door. Richard looks down at
his watch.

ANGLE ON

Watch: 7:00 P.M.

He gets up and takes a closer look at some of the wall
plaques. The sound of thunder is beginning to slowly become
audible and rain is beading up on the office window.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF

AWARDS OF EXCELLENCE, DIFFERENT AWARDS ON MEDICINE AND HIS
MASTER'S DEGREE FROM MICHIGAN.

Impressive.

There is a small photo album on the book shelf. Richard
picks it up and opens it. There are various photos of Remey
accepting awards. He flips to the next. There are photos
of Remey at a water park with family and friends. He flips
to the next. There is a CLOSE-UP of Remey holding a trophy
with a football on top, under that photo is a picture of him
kneeling with a football, posing for the camera. His
football jersey says: SPARTANS 18.

Suddenly!

(CONTINUED)

Remey lunges at Richard from behind and gets him in a choke hold. They begin to struggle, knocking over a lamp and some books. He shoves Richard into a corner tearing down plaques and pictures.

REMEY

You just can't keep out of our damn business!

Richard, discombobulated, struggles to his feet. Remey shoulder charges him, but stumbles and falls on top of Richard. They are in a struggle.

INT. - CORPUS SKAGGS - NIGHT

VARIOUS ANGLES

All is quiet throughout the facility. Only the sound of rain clattering against the roof and thunder rumbling on the outside of the walls is heard.

INT./EXT. - DEXTER'S CELL

Dexter is dozing in and out of consciousness. There is the creaking sound of his cell door opening. He slowly raises up to see what is going on. The cell door is open and there is no one there. He eases his way off the bunk and goes to the opening.

He peeks around the corner. Nothing. Then heads down the corridor.

INT. - CORRIDOR

He looks around and the place seems to be completely empty.

Wait!

SARAH (O.S.)

Please let me be with my mommy,
mister?

Dexter turns to one of the cells and looks down at the little girl. She is holding her matted teddy bear, standing behind the bars. She looks up at him with innocence in her eyes.

DEXTER

I don't know how. I'm sorry.

The little girl begins to giggle.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

My mommy wants to show you. Give
her your eyes.

Dexter begins to step back from the cell.

SARAH #2 (O.S.)

Yeah, give her your eyes.

He whips around and there is another Sarah Bishop in another
cell and another cell and another.

SARAH

My mommy wants to show you. Give
her your eyes!

SARAH #3

Let her show you! Give her your
eyes!

SARAH #2

Yeah, give her your eyes.

SARAH #3

Give her your eyes!

There is a Sarah in every cell. Some are giggling, shouting
and some are singing Ring Around the Roses. Dexter is
freaking out, turning every which way and there they
are! The CAMERA PANS slowly around Dexter and begins to go
faster and faster.

INT. - REMEY'S OFFICE - SAME

Remey runs to the door, closes it and locks it. He turns
back toward Richard. The terror in his eyes depict a more
evil picture of the doctor. Remey opens a nearby drawer and
pulls out a large knife.

INT. - CORPUS SKAGGS

Dexter is seen tearing down the hallway in a terrified
frenzy. He slams into a large steel door, opens it and
hurries through.

INT. - SOME HALLWAY

The door slams behind him. The hallway floor is covered with blood spatter. Disgruntled, he walks down the hallway and notices bloody hand-prints all down the walls, too small to be adult. There is something behind him. He slows up to a stop. It sounds like someone breathing behind him. He slowly turns around.

Nothing.

He whips back around and there is the hideous JULIE BISHOP in her bloodied, zombie-like state! She bursts into flames and lets out a horrifying screech! Dexter is losing it! She rams her thumbs into his eyes, grabbing his head!

JULIE

SEE!

Something jars his memory to...

FLASHBACK

EXT. - BLUE FLAMINGO BAR - NIGHT

Eric stumbles drunkenly to his MUSTANG dropping the keys on the ground. It begins to rain with fury.

ERIC

(frustrated)

Really?

INT. - MUSTANG

SOUND OF: Ludacris rap song "Stand Up"
 [CHORUS: LUDACRIS AND
 (SHAWNA)]WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE (JUST
 LIKE THAT?) WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE
 (JUST LIKE THAT?) WHEN I MOVE YOU
 MOVE (JUST LIKE THAT?) HELL
 YEAH! HEY DJ BRING THAT
 BACK! (WHEN I MOVE YOU MOVE)JUST
 LIKE THAT? WHEN-

Eric is tearing down the street bobbing his head and singing along with the music. The CD starts to skip.

ERIC

Oh hell no. Come on. Damn disk!

WIDE SHOT

The Mustang barrels through town and onto County Road 600

INT. - MUSTANG

Muttering obscenities, Eric frantically pushes the buttons on the CD player. He glances at the CD player then the dark street, the CD player... suddenly, Eric looks up and there is a deer frozen in his headlights! He swerves, barely missing the deer and slides onto the shoulder of the road. He slams on his brakes!

ERIC

Shit!

He throws the car in park and gets out in the pouring rain.

EXT. - MUSTANG

Eric is looking around his car for damage. The deer has run off into the woods. There is a small scratch on the driver's side door.

ERIC

Son of a bitch! Just got this damn thing painted!

Suddenly!

Slam, crash!

Another car slams into the rear of his beautiful Ford Mustang, forcing them both off the road. Eric is thrown backwards. The sound of the horn is blaring. The driver side door of the second car opens and a woman falls to the wet ground. She is crying hysterically.

JULIE

Sarah! SARAH!

The rear driver side door opens and a little girl slides out. Eric struggles to his feet and rushes to them.

ERIC

Ma'am, are you guys alright?

He helps the woman up, JULIE BISHOP, she's hysterical.

JULIE

They're trying to kill us! Please help us!

Sarah is beginning to cry.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

What are you talking about? Who is trying to kill you?

There are headlights coming down the road. You hear the car speed up.

JULIE

Run, Sarah, run! Get out of here!

SARAH

Mommy! I just want to be with you! Please mommy!

JULIE

Go on, Sarah! Get out of here, NOW!

Sarah tears away, crying hysterically. She drops her teddy bear and does a beeline into the woods! Eric is totally confused and doesn't know what to think.

JULIE

Please, we've got to get out of here!

ERIC

What is going on?

The rain is beginning to really beat down on them. The oncoming car slides to a halt in front of them and the headlights are blinding. The driver and passenger doors open and the silhouettes of two people get out and begin to walk toward them. Both people are in front of the headlights now, revealing Nancy Beale and Patrick Remy.

NANCY

Julie, if you would have cooperated the first time, we wouldn't be here right now. Just take the shot and we could all be very rich people.

Nancy pulls out a syringe and walks slowly toward Julie.

Wait. Nancy stops.

NANCY

Where's the girl?

Remy goes to Julie's wrecked car and looks inside.

(CONTINUED)

REMEY
She's not here!

Eric runs over to Julie and, for a moment, it seems he is going to save the day. He steps in front of her.

ERIC
What the HELL is going on?

Remey gives Eric a hard sucker punch to the mid-section. Eric doubles over and falls to the ground. Remey picks up a large stick and raises it above his head.

NANCY
(to Remey)
Watch out!

Julie jumps onto Remey's back and begins to pound furiously onto the back of his head.

JULIE
Leave him alone, you bastard!

Nancy sees the teddy bear lying in the grass.

NANCY
I'm going after the girl!

She takes off and grabs the teddy bear on the way to the woods. Remey shoves himself backwards hard to the base of a tree, smashing poor Julie. She quickly gives up and falls to the ground.

INT. - BLUE FLAMINGO BAR - SAME

CARL
...So she comes up to my place, right. I am so excited. I'm thinking I'm gonna' bang this chick. I open the door and it's a fucking guy in a wig and a dress. I punched that faggot out and slammed the door.

DEXTER
You see, that's a perfect example why I don't go along with the whole internet dating ordeal.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

(in his best Forrest Gump
impression)

Well, just like Forrest said, "Life
is like a box of choc-o-lates. You
never know what you're gonna' get."

Carl is cracking up now.

DEXTER

Yep. You're cut off. Let's go.

EXT. - COUNTY ROAD 600

The rain is an incredible ensemble parading the area. Remy goes to his car and grabs a small box and opens it. There are several syringes inside and he takes one out. He goes over to Eric who is still hacking on the ground.

REMEY

Should have stayed out of this,
kid.

He injects the needle into the side of Eric's buttock. Eric lets out a grunt.

REMEY

Don't worry, son. It's just
something to alter your thoughts
and keep you calm for
awhile. You'll have a few
nightmares, but at least it's
better than killing you.

He gives a hard kick to Eric's ribs.

EXT. - SOME WOODED AREA - SAME

Sarah is running hysterically through the woods, ripping through brush in a flagrant attempt to flee.

ANOTHER SHOT

Nancy is trying her best to catch Sarah but is not quite sure where she is.

NANCY

Come on Sarah. It's useless for
you to run. Your daddy has been a
very naughty boy and now you all
must pay.

(CONTINUED)

She stops and takes a look around. Nothing but the sound of rain exploding through the leaves. Wait. A light sound of twigs breaking to her right. She runs in that direction.

ANGLE ON

Sarah, as she runs toward a large hollowed out log that is nearby. She squeezes in and crawls her way down the shaft of it, then lies still. There is a small quarter sized opening through the log, just large enough for her to see through.

EXT. - BAR - SAME

CARL
(trying to talk over the sound
of the pouring rain)
Glad you could come out, Dex.

DEXTER
(same)
Always a pleasure.

CARL
(sarcasm)
Yeah, I'm sure you mean that from
the bottom of your heart.

Carl nearly falls down but Dexter catches him.

CARL
Whoa!

DEXTER
Are you cool? Can you drive okay?

CARL
Yeah, I'm straight. (he begins to
walk off) See you later, man.

DEXTER
No, man. (Dexter catches Carl by
the arm) I'll drive your drunk ass
home. Come on. You can pick up
your car before class tomorrow.

CARL
Yeah, whatever. (being a smart
ass) Thank you daddy!

INT. - MUSTANG

ANGLE ON

Eric's cell phone ringing

The red light at the top of his phone is flashing and the front of it says: CALL FROM DEX'S CELL

EXT. - COUNTY ROAD 600

Remey is standing over Julie's body

REMEY

You crazy bitch! Who would've thought you'd be driving Richard's car at the wrong time. I can't let you live now.

Julie is in a daze on the ground and Remey straddles her. Lightening commences and the wind picks up.

JULIE

Please, no! I promise I won't say anything!

REMEY

I know.

He grabs her by the throat and begins to choke her violently. She starts to fight for air and now, the rain is overwhelming. She's coughing and gagging as she grasps at his face and tears at his shirt. She lets out a few short gasps of air and her eyes slowly roll back in her head. She's gone. He eases his hands from around her throat. Her mouth drops open and her head lies to the side.

EXT. - SOME WOODED AREA - SAME

Nancy is racing around the woods trying to find little Sarah. It's raining like a sieve and not letting up.

NANCY

You can make this easy on the both of us if you come out! I have a teddy bear here that I believe belongs to you.

INT. - LOG

Sarah is trembling with intense fear and is trying to keep quiet. She sneezes then covers her mouth quickly, hoping that Nancy didn't hear her. She eases her eye to the hole to look around. Suddenly, the teddy bear falls over the hole where it's eye and her eye meet. Sarah screeches!

NANCY (O.S.)
Come out of there!

Sarah is tearing at the ground as she is being dragged out of the log. A large crack of thunder is heard and there is flashes of lightening.

INT. - DEXTER'S CAR

The wipers are slicing through the rain that devours the windshield. They see a car off to the side of the road.

DEXTER
Hey, isn't that Eric's car?

CARL
I think it is. You better pull over.

They see Eric lying in the road.

EXT. - COUNTY ROAD 600

Remey gets up from Julie and rushes over to Dexter's car. Dexter and Carl jump out of the car and into the pouring rain. Remey rushes over to them.

REMEY
Please, help me! It's my wife! I-I think she's hurt!

Carl runs to Eric who is unconscious. Dexter sees Julie lying on the ground.

DEXTER
What the hell happened here?

REMEY
We had an accident! I think she's going into labor. Please help us!

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Eric! Wake up!

Carl checks for a pulse.

CARL
He's still alive! (to Eric) Come
on, man!

Dexter and Remey rush over to Julie. Dexter plops down next to her in the mud and takes a closer look at her. Dexter notices that Julie doesn't appear to be pregnant and slowly turns his head back toward Remey.

DEXTER
Sir, are you sure she is...

Whack!

Remey smashes a large stick over Dexter's head, knocking him out. Blood begins to flow from the wound. Remey looks to see that Carl is still trying to revive his friend.

CARL
Come on, Eric! Wake up! Er...

CLOSE UP:

Carl's face grimaces as he falls to the ground.

BACK ON SCENE

Remey is standing behind him holding a syringe.

NANCY (O.S.)
I've got her!

Remey turns to see Nancy struggling to hold the little girl who is fighting for her life. Remey sees Eric's ring, takes it off and tosses it over in the mud. Sarah heels Nancy in the shin, causing her to free the little girl. Nancy hits the ground grabbing at her shin in agony. Sarah breaks away and runs back toward the woods.

NANCY
Hurry, get her!

Remey charges after Sarah.

EXT. - SOME WOODED AREA

Sarah is ripping through the brush! She trips over a thick root from a large tree. She whips around, sees Remey and tries to flee again. Remey sprints after her, falling down on top of her. Screaming hysterically, she scratches at the earth and leaves around her. She grabs a small, jagged stick, flips over and jams the stick across the flesh of his neck, tearing it away. Blood is at a steady flow from the side of his neck. He grabs her around the throat and snaps it back!

A large crack of thunder!

END FLASHBACK

INT. - DEXTER'S CELL - NIGHT

Dexter's body hails an incredible jolt as he is jarred out of his illusion by a loud crack of thunder. A lightning strike reveals Nurse Beale and Clyde standing over his bunk.

NANCY

Hold him down!

Clyde struggles to hold him down, but Dexter is having the fight of his life!

DEXTER

It was you and Remey!

NANCY

What! Hold him down, Clyde!

She pulls out a syringe. Dexter sees it and now is struggling harder. She walks toward him. He knees Clyde in the groin, lands two hard punches to his nose, spewing blood, and Clyde falls to the floor. Nancy tries to inject him but he blocks it with his forearm. He punches her in the face and she too, falls to the floor. Both of them are out cold. Panting yet reassured that they are out, Dexter runs out of the cell.

INT. - CORRIDOR

Dexter is running frantically through the corridor. Insane INMATES are hooting, laughing and yanking at the bars on their cells. It's a mad house. One INMATE pisses through the bars and onto the floor. A GUARD bursts through the steel door at the end of the corridor just as Dexter is approaching it.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

What the hell is going...

Dexter slams his fist into the guard's face, knocking him out cold and proceeds through the door.

INT. - HALLWAY

Looks familiar.

A sign on the wall reads: MAXIMUM SECURITY, PROCEED WITH CAUTION. AREA CONTAINMENT QUARTERS JUST AHEAD.

The fluorescent bulbs above begin to flutter instantaneously. The sound of someone humming is coming from somewhere down the hallway. Dexter proceeds down the hallway, checking around him in a paranoid state. He comes to a corner that has a sign hanging just beneath the ceiling reading:

CELL BLOCK/PATIENT INFIRMARY APPENDIX C LOWER LEVEL

The humming seems to be coming from that direction. He takes a short glimpse around the corner. Deja vu! It's the janitor from before. There are a couple of buckets on the floor and there is water dripping from the ceiling into them. The old man is mopping up some water in the middle of the hallway. Dexter slips around the corner and starts toward the old man. As he proceeds down the hallway, he notices that the cells are empty. The old man is startled and drops his mop.

DEXTER

Shhh...

The old man looks at Dexter shocked, but doesn't say a word. Dexter eases past the old man and slips into a nearby office.

INT. - NURSE BEALE'S OFFICE

There is a name plate on the desk: NANCY BEALE. He makes his way over to the telephone and dials frantically. He goes behind the desk and crouches down trying to conceal himself.

DEXTER

(into phone)

Mom!

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Oh my God, Dex, is that you, honey?

DEXTER
(into phone)
Yes! Mom, listen! Call the police! I didn't do it! I remember now! It was all a trick, they drugged me, Eric and Carl and it altered our memory somehow!

MARILYN (V.O.)
(filtered)
What? Drugged? Oh my God!

DEXTER
(into phone)
Dr. Remey and Nurse Beale killed that woman and the little girl! Their bodies are off 600! Remey and Beale are working together!
(MARILYN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Oh my God, Dexter! What...

The phone goes dead!

Suddenly, someone wraps the PHONE CORD around Dexter's neck and drags him backward on top of the desk. Dexter is kicking and grabbing at the cord that is slowly cutting off his airway.

Patrick Remey is in the picture now, strangling Dexter with the phone cord.

REMEY
You didn't think it'd be that easy did you? It was supposed to be Richard that night, not the woman and little girl! That way Nancy could get the one point eight million dollar settlement before their divorce was final and we could live happily ever after! But no! Julie fucked it all up!

Dexter jams his heel into Remey's foot then lunges his elbow several times into his ribs. Remey lets go and falls to the floor. A plastic box falls out of Remey's coat, onto the floor and opens. A couple of syringes fall out. Dexter tries to regain himself then heads for the syringes.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON

A knife slashing Dexter's achilles tendon.

He falls to the ground in great pain and Remey jumps on top of him, knife in hand. They are in a violent struggle. Remey attempts to stab Dexter in the face, but Dexter grabs Remey's wrists just stopping the blade inches from his forehead! Remey is baring down hard to make the blade enter Dexter's skull! Dexter knees Remey in the groin and quickly moves his head to the side! Luck! The knife comes crashing down and ricochets off the floor, out of Remey's hands! Dexter head butts him at the bridge of his nose!

Snap!

Blood begins to spew from Remey's nose. He's blinded and covers it in anguish. Dexter scrambles for the open box of syringes and grabs the two! Remey is trying to get up when Dexter rams both syringes into Remey's back and injects him!

REMEY

Aaaarrrrrgggg!

Dexter scrambles backwards.

REMEY

What the hell did you do!?

Remey is struggling to reach behind himself to take out the protruding needles.

REMEY CONT'D

You son-of-a-bitch!

He finally takes each syringe out and drops them to the floor. Empty. He stumbles backwards and slams into the wall. He slides down the wall and hits the floor.

REMEY

They'll never believe you.

Sirens are wailing outside the walls. The slamming of car doors and mumbling voices are heard. It's the COPS!

DEXTER

It's over for you. They will know the truth.

The drug is really starting to affect Remey now. He is starting to drool profusely and he is grinding his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mister?

Remey pauses and slowly looks back to where Dexter was sitting, but Dexter is no longer there. He sees Sarah Bishop standing there in a blood soaked night gown, holding her matted teddy bear. Her dark eyes stare evilly into Remey's eyes. Remey is in a petrified state of shock!

REMEY

No! You stay away from me!

Remey is scooting away. The floors and walls begin to crack and blood begins to ooze from them.

SARAH

Why don't you let me be with my mommy?

REMEY

Get away from me!

Dexter can see that Remey is starting to hallucinate. Remey's eyes are wide open with fear illuminating in them. Remey picks up the knife and gets up.

SARAH

You're the bad man they're talking about. Give them to her, mister.

REMEY

What do you want from me?

Remey picks up the knife that is near him and begins to wave it at her. She begins to giggle.

SARAH

...Your eyes silly. I want your eyes.

His eyes begin to fill with blood then they catch fire.

REMEY

Leave me alone! Aaaahhhh!

He grabs at his eyes in great pain and stumbles backward into the hallway. Dexter gets up and slowly hobbles his way over to the doorway.

INT. - HALLWAY

Three deputies are racing toward them. They draw down on Remy.

DEPUTY #1
DROPP THE KNIFE!

DEPUTY #2
PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON!

Remy is under complete illusion.

REMEY
Stay back!

He begins to back up, waving the knife in a crazed manner! Sarah is slowly walking toward him, holding her matted teddy bear.

SARAH
Why did you put me in the dark
place? It gets lonely here.

REMEY
I didn't mean to kill you
Sarah! It was Nancy, she made me
do it! She's responsible for it
all!

She begins to giggle again.

SARAH
Ring around the roses, pocket full
of posies...

Remy whips around to flee.

NEW ANGLE - SHOCK CUT

There in front of him is the blood soaked Julie Bishop. Wet dreaded hair, gray skin and dark sunken eyes. Remy is freaking out into a crying panic!

She screams, bursts into flames and grabs him. He falls backward onto the floor hard, kicking and screaming.

JULIE
COME TO HELL!!! SEE! SEE!

Remy scrambles to his feet, knife still in hand and runs the opposite way, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY #2
STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

DEPUTY #3
FREEZE!

They unload on him. The bullets rip through him like needles through facial tissue. He drops to his knees, drops the knife and keels over.

CLOSE UP

Remey's face as a bloody tear drop rolls out of his eye, down his cheek and onto the concrete floor.

EXT. - CORPUS SKAGGS - NIGHT

The rain is down to a mere drizzle.

The flashing lights of the emergency vehicles strobe the area. Dexter is sitting at the back end of an ambulance while a paramedic is finishing wrapping his foot. Dexter flinches.

PARAMEDIC
Sorry. It's not as bad as it looks. Just try to stay off of it for awhile.

DEXTER
Okay, thanks.

Dexter's mother and father come running up to him.

MARILYN
Dex, honey! Are you okay?

They grip each other tightly.

DEXTER
Ow, watch the foot, Mom. Hey Dad!

Henry Cunningham wraps his arms around his son and squeezes him tightly, then grasps his shoulders.

HENRY
I'm sorry I didn't listen to you and-

DEXTER
It's okay, Dad. It's fine.

(CONTINUED)

Detective Summerall is approaching the scene. Dexter doesn't seem thrilled to see him.

SUMMERALL

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham. Your son is innocent. Richard Beale phoned in as well... said Dr. Remy tried to kill him too, but he escaped. I guess Remy expected to find Mr. Beale here, but found you instead. You're a lucky man, Mr. Cunningham.

DEXTER

I'm a "free" man, Detective.

The detective extends his hand. Dexter shakes his hand.

HENRY

How did all this start?

SUMMERALL

Mrs. Beale wanted her husband dead, but instead, his fiance and step-daughter were caught up in the middle of the whole thing. Yep, Mrs. Beale and Dr. Remy would have been very rich people if they had succeeded. Mr. Beale is worth over one point eight million. She's beneficiary on his will.

DEXTER

How could they harm an innocent little girl?

SUMMERALL

Greedy people will do anything for money... no matter who it hurts. Nurse Beale will spend the rest of her life behind bars. We also found evidence that they had killed Mr. Banks, his mother and staged the fire at Mr. Blake's apartment. Pros.

DEPUTY

(to Summerall)

Excuse me, sir, but we need you for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

SUMMERALL

Pardon me. Yes, deputy...

Summerall walks towards the DEPUTY

MARILYN

I'm so glad this is all over.

HENRY

We're going to have to get you a cane, old man.

MARILYN

No, I'm going to cook him a nice home cooked meal. How does that sound Dex?

DEXTER

Maybe tomorrow, Mom. I feel like going to my apartment and lying in my own bed.

Dexter slides his way off the back of the ambulance.

HENRY

Whoa, careful, sport. Let me help you there.

Detective Summerall comes back over to them.

SUMMERALL

They just found the little girl's body buried in the woods right off County Road six-hundred do to the information you gave your mother.

Detective Johnson walks up to Dexter.

JOHNSON

I feel like this is something you might want to have since you were the closest person to him...

He hands Dexter Eric's class ring.

JOHNSON

...we found it over off County Road Six-Hundred.

DEXTER

Thank you. I'm so sorry about Sarah.

ANGLE ON

(CONTINUED)

Paramedics as they wheel Remy out of the facility on a stretcher in a body bag.

Summerall walks over to the body, looks down and shakes his head in disgust.

SUMMERALL

Sick bastard...

He zips it up the rest of the way.

SUMMERALL(CONT'D)

...take him away.

JOHNSON

Mr. Cunningham, we need you to go down to the station so we can get a statement from you.

SUMMERALL

He's had a rough time. I'm sure we can get it from him in the morning.

DEXTER

Thank you.

MARILYN

Let's go, Dex. Let's take you back to our house tonight.

INT. - CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - MORNING

The sun is bleeding through the blinds and the birds are chirping from beyond the glass.

ANGLE ON

Dexter as he sleeps on the living room couch.

MARILYN

Dex, honey, are you awake yet?

Dex slowly opens his eyes and his mother is standing over him with a platter of breakfast.

DEXTER

What's this?

MARILYN

Breakfast in bed... or couch in your case.

She sets the food down onto the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Thanks mom.

MARILYN

I'LL tell you what. We got home last night and you were out like a light right here on the couch. Did you sleep okay, sweetie?

DEXTER

Yeah, fine. I feel a little groggy still, but I'm sure I'll perk up a bit after I get some of this wonderful breakfast down.

MARILYN

Oh, you're just flattering me.

Henry Cunningham enters the kitchen with a newspaper in hand.

HENRY

(from the kitchen)

Morning, Dex. How are you feeling, bud?

DEXTER

Fine, thanks.

Marilyn gives Dexter a lite kiss on the top of his head and grasps Henry as she is leaving the living room. She and Henry kiss.

HENRY

I will see you two in a bit. I have a case today I have to prepare for. See you later, Dex.

DEXTER

See ya'.

MARILYN

Good luck, honey.

Henry exits.

MARILYN

Remember to stay off that leg as much as you can. I'm going to hop in the shower so if you need me, you'll just have to wait.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

I'll be okay, mom. Thanks.

She gives a gentle nod and leaves the scene. Dexter attacks the scrambled eggs, bacon and toast and flips on the TELEVISION. There is a Scooby-Doo cartoon on.

INT. - CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - LATER

Dexter is jarred from his catnap by the WHITE NOISE screaming from the television. He grabs the remote and turns the television off. He gets up and hobbles over to the fridge and opens it. Nothing interesting. He closes it and his mother is standing right behind the door. He nearly jumps out of his skin!

DEXTER

Jesus, mom!

MARILYN

I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to...

DEXTER

It's okay. I was just seeing if there was anything to drink other than water and orange juice around here.

MARILYN

Well, I'm going to run to the store and I'll be back in a bit. Your father should be home soon.

Dexter begins to shove his mother toward the door.

DEXTER

Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. I'm not handicapped... really.

MARILYN

Just want to make sure you're going to be alright is all.

DEXTER

Okay, I'm fine. Love you, bye.

Out the door she goes and he shuts it behind her. He lets out a long sigh and hobbles back through the hallway.

INT. - DEN

Dexter goes over to the computer and sits down in front of it. He gets online and goes to his Gmail account.

DEXTER
Junk, junk, junk.

He deletes everything. Something catches his peripheral. He turns quickly and it's just a small lilac swaying slowly in the Spring zephyr outside the window.

INT. - BATHROOM - LATER

Dexter rolls back the shower curtain, snatches a towel off the rack and wraps it around himself. He grabs a small wash cloth and goes over to the mirror and begins to wipe away the condensation.

NEW ANGLE - SHOCK CUT

The mirror reveals Sarah Bishop standing behind him, holding her matted teddy bear. He drops the cloth and turns around quickly.

Nothing is there. He almost panics, but breathes a sigh of relief. He can hear something behind the bathroom door.

HENRY (O.S.)
Dex?

DEXTER
Yeah!

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm home. Where'd mom run off to?

DEXTER
The store... said she'd be right back. That was about an hour ago.

HENRY (O.S.)
Okay. I'll lay out a pair of my pants and a shirt for you. I have some underpants for you too.

DEXTER
Cool Dad, thanks.

INT. - KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Cunningham is sitting at the table looking at the stock market on television. Dexter enters the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. He grabs a bottle of water and sets it down next to the daily newspaper. The headline on the paper reads:

MAYOR STEVENS PROPOSES A NO SMOKING BAN IN ALL LOCAL BARS

Marilyn enters the kitchen from the garage carrying a bundle of groceries. Dexter makes a gesture to help her.

MARILYN

I got it, honey, thanks. Hi Henry. How was your day?

HENRY

Great. I'm going to go shower now.

MARILYN

Okay sweetie, that's fine.

They kiss and Mr. Cunningham heads back toward the bedroom.

MARILYN

How's your foot?

DEXTER

Not bad. Better when I'm not on it obviously, but it's fine.

MARILYN

Good.

He hobbles into the living room and plops down on the couch. He grabs the remote and changes the channel. The news is on. The anchorman is standing next to an old woman as she explains how to make her old-fashioned baked beans.

DEXTER

You'd think they'd have something on about what happened to Sarah Bishop.

MARILYN

Who, honey?

DEXTER

Sarah Bishop. The little girl who's body the detectives told us they found buried in the woods. The little girl that was missing.

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN

I'm sorry, honey, but I have no
idea what you're talking about.

She quickly walks back into the garage. Dexter is sitting on the couch puzzled. He gets up and hobbles through the kitchen toward his bedroom.

INT. - HALLWAY

He hears a couple of thuds coming from his parent's bedroom.

DEXTER

Dad?

He can hear the sound of a man mumbling, but cannot quite make out what he is saying. He goes into their bedroom.

INT. - PARENT'S BEDROOM

Dexter can see the light on in the bathroom from under the door. There are a couple more thuds. Steam is rolling from under the door and the shower sounds like a typhoon.

DEXTER

Dad?

There is more mumbling, then another thud. Dexter opens the door and...

NEW ANGLE - SHOCK CUT

Remey is holding Henry's head under the bloody water as he repeatedly jams a knife into his sternum. The shower is raining down on them both.

ANGLE ON

Mr. Cunningham's foot as the heel bangs the side of the tub for the last time. Dexter is in a grave state of shock and falls backward onto the floor. Remey whips around to Dexter. His eyes have been ripped away and the front of his white cloak is drenched and blood-soaked.

REMEY

I can see so clearly now. Death
truly is the great awakening.

He bursts into flames and lunges at Dexter.

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dexter is lying on the linen that hangs from the hospital bed with his eyes closed. Henry, Marilyn, Carl and Eric are all standing around his bed shaking their heads in pity and disbelief. You can hear the beeping sound, the compression and decompression of the life support machine. A nurse walks in.

NURSE

Have you made your decision? I'm so sorry, but there's nothing else we can do. His head injuries are too severe.

Marilyn breaks down and runs out of the room.

HENRY

I'm sorry. It's just...

NURSE

I understand.

CARL

I shouldn't have let him drive that night-

HENRY

Stop blaming yourself. This is tough enough for all of us. He's been in a coma for over two months now. I can't deal with what he might be going through. (to NURSE) We're ready.

The nurse gives a gentle nod.

Another nurse walks in, but we can't see her face.

NURSE #2

Kelly says you've all paid your last respects.

The VOICE sounds strangely familiar. Henry nods and they all leave the room.

The nurse walks over to the life support machine and grabs the plug. She pauses, turns toward Dexter, it's JULIE BISHOP! She gives a fiendish grin and yanks the cord!

BLACKOUT!

THE END!