

MANTIS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY - DAY

Graffiti covers the tall concrete walls and wide red brick columns that spanned the nearly empty space.

Sunlight filters in from large uncovered windows and the unobstructed entrance into the building.

Glass, trash and gravel litters the concrete floor, except for a twenty by twenty space, located in the middle of the factory. This area is roped off into a makeshift fighting ring.

In opposite corners, two opponents sit. The smaller of the two, features and sex indistinguishable due to dark clothing and a large hoodie, SHAYLA PATTERSON, (30s) African-American woman, slight but muscular build keeps her covered head bowed as she flexes her wrapped gauze-taped fists.

JAX, (24) African-American man, at least seven inches taller and one hundred pounds heavier, sits chest exposed, clothed in only red boxing shorts and black striped boxing shoes, his dark eyes fixed on Shayla. His large hands, unwrapped, lay unmoving on his large thighs.

Looks over his shoulder.

JAX

Ye, are we going to get started or what? I've got things to do.

YE, Jax's best friend/manager and not much bigger than Shayla himself stands next to Shayla's wheelchair-bound father, JOHN PATTERSON, (60s), ex-military, multiple sclerosis patient.

Ye waves a dismissive hand at Jax

YE

Yeah, gimme a second. We still discussing business over here.

(to John)

You sure about this old man?

JOHN

Yeah, we here aren't we?

John brings a shaky hand up to his mouth to cover a cough.

Ye points a thumb back at Jax.

YE
But I don't think you do
understand. My boy Jax is known for
putting men in the hospital, broken
bones, jaws, ribs-

JOHN
(annoyed)
Does he want the money or not?

YE
Hell yeah! By the way, where is the
money you promised?

Ye rubs his hands together in anticipation.

John reaches a shaky right hand into his coat jacket and
pulls out a manila envelope filled with money and hands it to
Ye, who snatches it out the old man's hand. Ye opens the
envelope and quickly counts it.

Ye sucks his teeth and peers at John suspiciously.

YE (CONT'D)
This envelope seems pretty light to
me.

JOHN
What you have in your hands is 10k.
You'll get the rest once the fight
is over. No matter who wins.

JAX
(impatiently)
Ye, we good?

Ye eyes John for a second before turning toward the ring.

YE
Yeah, we're all good. Hurry up and
get this done. I'm starving.

JAX
You want to go to Big Mama's house
after this and get some of her
gumbo?

Ye rubs his belly as he walks over to the fight bell
stationed on a old desk.

YE
Damn, that sounds good. Let's do
that.

(MORE)

YE (CONT'D)

{beat}

Ya'll ready?

JAX

I am.

Shayla stands up and removes her hoodie, showing her lean stature and pretty face. Her eyes are devoid of any emotion. She raises her fist in a boxing pose.

Jax mimics her.

Ye strikes the fight bell and loud RING fills the space.

Jax and Shayla move toward each other in the makeshift ring.

Jax throws the first punch, hitting air as Shayla quickly ducks, feints to the right, circling to his back and landing a couple hit's to his kidneys.

Jax grunts but quickly recovers and turns again, swinging for Shayla's head. Shayla leans out of his reach, his wide right fist passes her face by a few inches.

Shayla bounces away, putting a little more space between her and the large man.

Pursuing her, with his fists up, Jax grins at her.

JAX (CONT'D)

Why you running little cat? Thought
you wanted this. Stop running and
take this beating like a pussy.

Shayla stops moving, her hands drop at her sides.

Jax lets out a little laugh as he takes a another punch at her face, missing her again.

Dodging his punch by crouching down, Shayla swings her arm up in a uppercut, landing a solid punch to his unprotected groin.

Jax lets out a little squeal and drops to his knees in pain, both hands covering his private parts.

Between clenched teeth-

JAX (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Shayla tries to move past him but Jax grabs the back of her pants. He yanks her down, quickly climbs between her legs. He wraps his large hands around her neck.

JAX (CONT'D)
I'mma kill you for that bitch! I
was only going to mess up that
pretty little face but now, I'mma
kill you.

Shayla causes him to lose his hold on her neck. She catches both of his wrist in her hands.

Shayla holds him captive as she brings both feet up to kick him, in the solar plexus and lands a hard kick to his chin.

The back of his head hit's the concrete floor with a loud CRACK.

Shayla scrambles to her feet and moves a few feet away from a unconscious Jax, her body still tense and ready to fight.

Ye paces outside of the ring.

YE
GET UP MAN!!! GET UP! Don't let
this bitch beat you!! Come on man.

Jax's eyes flicker open. He comes to his knees and tries to shake the haze away. Jax eyes land on Shayla but his vision is blurry. Blood oozes out of his nose.

YE (CONT'D)
Get up man! You letting this bitch
beat you!

Jax shakes his head again. Rage fills him as he gets to his feet.

He races toward Shayla like a wild bull. Shayla tries to step back but comes up against the makeshift rope. Jax picks her up by her shirt, bringing her up to face level.

Shayla pushes both of her thumbs into his eyes. Jax drops her and howls in agony.

JAX
My eyes! I can't see! I can't see!

YE
Man! What the hell is going on?

JOHN
Shayla now!

Shayla leans her upper body back and lands a kick right above his knee. A loud CRACK is heard through the space.

Jax screams again. His leg buckles underneath him as he falls to the floor. He continues to scream until Shayla turns, bringing an elbow to the side of his face, knocking him out once more.

YE

SHIT!

Shayla calmly returns to her chair and pulls on her hoodie sweatshirt. She exits the ring and grabs the handles on her father's wheelchair. She pushes him forward toward Ye who stares in disbelief at his friend's prone body.

John pulls out another manila envelope filled with money. He taps Ye on the arm with it to gain the young man's attention.

JOHN

A deal's a deal. Here's the other
10k.

Ye absently takes the envelope.

Shayla turns her father's wheelchair and begins to wheel him toward the exit.

Ye looks down at the envelope then up at their retreating bodies before he angrily heads toward them.

Ye grabs Shayla's arm.

YE

Naw, I can't let you just do my boy
like that.

Shayla releases her father's wheelchair, turns and throws three punches. Two land in Ye's lower stomach, the third lands at his throat.

Ye drops, unable to breathe.

Shayla turns and takes her father's wheelchair handles back in her hands and pushes him toward the exit.

EXT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY - SAME

A mechanical ramp pulls her father into their black customized van.

INT. PATTERSON VAN - SAME

John coughs heavily into his hand, until he is fully centered into the van. Shayla rushes in and helps him pull on his oxygen mask. Concern fills her face.

SHAYLA

Dad, I told you, we should've
waited until you were stronger to
do this.

John takes a couple of deep breaths before removing the oxygen mask.

JOHN

(voice husky from coughing)
Then we would be waiting forever.

(BEAT)

Because we both know we don't have
that long. Time's running out for
me.

He clasps her hand in his.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's why we have to complete
this. We have to finish it so when
I meet your sister and mother on
the other side, I can tell them we
got justice. Then St. Peter, or
whomever the Catholics call him can
send me to hell.

SHAYLA

You don't think God will forgive
you for what we're about to do?

John coughs and takes a deep breath from the mask.

JOHN

I don't intend to ask God for
forgiveness.

FADE TO:

INT. KASICK HOME- GARAGE - DAY

A white family van and black sports Audi fill the two parking spaces.

INT. AUDI SPORTS CAR - SAME

BRUCE KASICK (30s), white male, well dressed, sprays on cologne. Reaches into his glove compartment, pulling out his wedding band and places it back onto his ring finger.

He checks his face in rearview mirror and runs a hand through his hair.

Grabbing his satchel, he exits his vehicle and heads for the interior door to his house.

INT. KASICK HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Bruce enters the kitchen to find chaos. His son JOSH, (5) runs in circles around their kitchen's large center island.

Josh makes loud engine noises, while pretending to fly his toy plane.

His wife ANDREA, blonde, (30s), does her best to calm Josh's twin sister JANE down.

Jane is crying just as loud if not louder than her brother's engine noises.

Bruce places his satchel down on the floor and catches his son in mid run.

JOSH

Daddy! You're home!

Jane immediately stops crying, scrambles out of her mother's arms and runs to her father. She wraps her arms around his legs.

JANE

Daddy!

Bruce bends down and pulls Jane up with his other arm. Both kids wrap their arms around his neck in greeting. Bruce drops a kiss on both of their heads.

Andrea cleans up spilled juice from the top of the island's counter top.

ANDREA

If only you guys behaved this well
for me.

Bruce bends to give his wife a kiss which she returns.

JOSH
I do behave.

JANE
No you don't!

ANDREA
Tell your father what you did to
your sister Josh.

Josh looks down at his plane.

JOSH
I knocked over Jane's juice.

Bruce sets both kids down on the edge of the island.

BRUCE
Josh, you are the oldest, you're
supposed to look out for her.
Remember?

Josh nods.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
So, apologize for knocking over her
juice.

JOSH
(mumbles)
I'm sorry.

Bruce takes the toy plane away. When Josh looks up at him.
Bruce points to Jane.

BRUCE
Tell her you're sorry and mean it.

Josh turns to his sister.

JOSH
I'm sorry.

Jane leans in and gives her brother a hug.

JANE
That's okay. I forgive you.

BRUCE
That's settled. Now what do you
guys want to do for family night?

JOSH
Watch a movie!

JANE

Eat pizza!

Bruce laughs as he picks them up and sets them both on the kitchen floor.

BRUCE

Go find a movie to watch while I go
take a shower. I'll be there in a
second.

Both kids run to the family room. Bruce saddles up behind his wife and places a kiss on her neck.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You good?

Andrea turns around in his arms.

ANDREA

Yeah, glad you're home.

They share a kiss. Andrea pulls back, her face scrunched up in a frown.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What is that cologne you're
wearing?

Bruce pretends to sniff the air.

BRUCE

It's bad?

ANDREA

Yeah? What is that? That's not a
scent you usually wear.

BRUCE

Well, I went by the mall today to
pick up a little anniversary gift.

He pushes a strand of Andrea's hair back from her face

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Since I have to travel out town to
host the Patriots and Ravens game
on our anniversary, I thought I
better grab your gift. While I was
at the mall a salesgirl got a
little to happy with the sample.

ANDREA

Gift huh?

BRUCE
Did you just gloss over the fact
that I was attacked by a salesgirl?

ANDREA
You survived. Where's my gift?

JOSH (O.S.)
DAD! You coming?

Bruce steps out of Andrea's arms.

BRUCE
Give me five minutes!

Points at Andrea.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You'll get your present, just
later.

INT. KASICK HOME MASTER BATHROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Bruce exit's the shower with a white towel wrapped around his waist.

He opens the medicine cabinet and grabs some deodorant, opens the cap, he attempts to spray under his arms but the can is empty.

He throws the empty canister into the trash bin and walks into-

INT. KASICK HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Bruce heads to the dresser and pulls out a pair of grey jogging pants and pulls them on.

He heads to the king-sized bed where his satchel is placed, opens it, he pulls out a small black leather bag.

Unzipping it, he pulls out another can of deodorant, but attached to the canister is a pair of lace panties.

FLASHBACK

INT. SPORTS CENTER CORPORATE OFFICE - BRUCE'S OFFICE - THREE HOURS EARLIER

Bruce has KAREN, (24), red haired intern, pinned against his trophy case, her hands drag through his hair as they kiss passionately, he pulls away and turns her around, so her back is to him, he lifts her skirt, and pulls her panties off of her, and puts them in his pocket before he resumes kissing her.

PRESENT

INT. KASICK HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

ANDREA
What's that?

Bruce freezes, the panties hang in his hand. Andrea stands at the entrance of their bedroom door, a laundry basket in her hands.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Bruce, what's that you're holding?

Bruce drops the panties back into the leather case and pulls out a black jewelry box.

Turning to her he keeps the jewelry box behind his back.

BRUCE
Now we know where the kids get their impatience from?

Andrea moves into the room.

ANDREA
I'm a little worse than them.

Bruce shakes his head at her antics, but holds out the jewelry box to her.

Andrea, excited, drops the laundry basket and takes the box out of Bruce's hand and opens the case.

She lets out a gasp of surprise at the sight of the three carat diamond earrings.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
They're beautiful!

BRUCE

Try them on.

Andrea races to their dresser with the mirror and puts on both earrings. Bruce stands behind her and smiles at her happy reflection.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You like?

Andrea turns and pulls him into a hug.

ANDREA

I love them.

They kiss which turns into a heavy make out session until-

JOSH (O.S.)

DADDY!! YOU PROMISED!

Bruce and Andrea stop kissing, and rest their foreheads against each other.

BRUCE

Rain check?

ANDREA

Definitely!

BRUCE

On my way son!

Andrea goes and picks up the laundry basket.

ANDREA

At least put a shirt on.

Gestures to Bruce's naked torso.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Not sure I'll be able to be a good girl with all that staring me in the face.

Andrea exit's the room. Bruce opens another drawer and pulls out a T-shirt, donning it.

He quickly goes back to his satchel he pulls open his traveler's case and stuffs the panties inside, he then sprays his under arms with deodorant.

He drops the deodorant into the satchel before stuffing the traveler's case, deep into his satchel. He closes the satchel and leaves it beside the night stand.

Taking a deep breath he exits the master bedroom.

FADE TO:

INT. BOOGIE VAN - UPTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT, MARTIN'S STREET CORNER - ESTABLISHING MORNING, SKY IS PINK AS THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE.

The van is filled with prosthetics, makeup, and wigs crowding the shelves. A open closet is stuffed with different clothes and outfit's.

Shayla sits at a make-up table. She's wearing a dark pin-striped pantsuit, with a pink blouse. Her cornrowed hair, covered by a hair net. She brushes out a semi gray wig.

The van's door opens behind her, CHASE, (20s), gay white male, slim, dark haired, approaches her holding two cups of coffee.

He hands her one as he takes a deep drag off of his cup.

Shayla looks down at the cup of coffee and up at him in confusion.

CHASE

I'm calling a staff meeting.
Thought we would make it more of a
professional meeting if we both
held a cup of coffee.

Shayla places her cup of coffee on the table in front of her and continues to brush the wig's hair.

Chase takes a nervous breath.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I saw it in some movie, something
about corporate espionage, when
ever the leads took a meeting, they
both drank coffee. So I thought if
we did that-

SHAYLA

Spit it out Chase. What do you
want? More money? My father and I
already pay you a lot but we're
willing to pay you more to keep
your services and your silence.

CHASE

No! I don't need anymore money-
what am I saying? I would love more
money.

Shayla let out a impatient sigh. Chase nervously licks his
lips.

CHASE (CONT'D)

But no, you guys have treated me
well. I just wanted to know do you
have a time frame for when this
will be all over? For...for when
you won't need my services anymore?

SHAYLA

Why?

CHASE

I got a shot to get into this
internship at this big studio,
using my skills and it begins in
three months. I just
wanted...wanted to know if you will
have everything wrapped up by then?

SHAYLA

A shot? Or do you have the
internship?

CHASE

I have it.

Shayla nods. She turns in the chair and begins placing the
wig over her hair. Chase sets his coffee down and helps her
secure the wig in place.

SHAYLA

Things are moving along as planned.

Chase face drops in disappointment.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

But we should see the light at the
end of the tunnel in a few months
time.

Chase brightly smiles at her as he finishes securing her wig
in place.

His face grows serious.

CHASE

If it's not done by the time the internship starts, I won't leave. I'll stay to the end because I believe in what you're doing. If I had the chance to stop my great aunt from coming into my bed every night, believe me I would've, if I had the chance to stop her period, I would.

Shayla's eyes connects with his as he angrily wipes away tears.

SHAYLA

I didn't know. I'm sorry.

CHASE

Why would you know? The things we went through, the things that happened to us, we don't go around telling everyone we meet.

SHAYLA

(voice small)

No. We don't.

CHASE

(clears his throat)

Meeting adjourned.

He picks up a makeup tray and brush.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Now let me get started on your wrinkles.

FADE TO:

INT. ZOBAIR TECHNOLOGIES OFFICE - CLAIRE/SHAYLA'S DESK -
MORNING SAME

Fake pictures of Claire/Shayla grand kids, crowd her desk behind the placard that reads Claire Owens Executive Assistant. Claire/Shayla types furiously away at her desktop.

TINA, (30s) African American, executive assistant, dark trousers and blue blouse, approaches Claire/Shayla.

TINA

Who made you mad this morning?

Claire/Shayla doesn't look up from her keyboard.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Huh?

TINA

Are you typing your resignation letter or something?

Claire/Shayla finally looks up at Tina and cracks a wide smile.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

No, just replying to the agency who thoroughly messed up Mr. Wagnor's travel plans he had with his wife.

TINA

Oh, well do you have time for lunch today?

Claire/Shayla shakes her head no.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

No, sorry. Mr. Wagnor requested my presence at the board meeting.

Claire/Shayla looks down at her watch.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Which starts in about twenty minutes and will go through lunch.

TINA

Well, are you free for drinks tonight? I have news I want to share and I want you to be the first to know.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

You're pregnant?

TINA

HELL NO!

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

What is it then?

TINA

Drinks after work?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

I can't.

Points at the pictures on her desk.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
I promised my daughter I would baby-sit. Leaving right after work. How about breakfast first thing in the morning?

TINA
That'll work.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Great! Now let me check and make sure that the caterer is all set for the in-house lunch with the board.

TINA
All right. See you in the morning.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
See you then.

INT. ZOB AIR TECHNOLOGIES OFFICE - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM -
EARLY AFTERNOON FOUR HOURS LATER

Clock on the wall says one thirty-five P.M.

Twelve men and three women sit at a rectangular white conference table. On the projected screen, shows five more members who had joined the conference via video.

CARL WAGNOR, the company's CEO, (30s), white male, in a tailored black suit, sit's at the head of the table.

Claire/Shayla sit's in the corner of the room to his far right.

CARL
Are there any additional questions?

When silence greets him-

CARL (CONT'D)
Then it's settled. We go live with the new interface next month. With that, we will conclude this meeting. Thanks everyone for coming.

Many of the board members exit the room and head for the elevators. Except for one, SHELLY PARSONS (50s) white female board member, ears and wrist dripping with diamonds.

SHELLY

Carl, I wanted to ask you something.

CARL

What is it Shelly?

SHELLY

I understand you are putting a lot of your personal money into charitable organizations, and I wanted to make sure you understand you'll have my support for any reputable charitable contributions from this company, if you bring it to a vote.

CARL

That's not it Shelly. Although it's good to know.

SHELLY

Then what is it?

CARL

I've done something in my past I know no apology would ever suffice for. This is my way of doing penance.

Claire/Shayla stops typing. She's in shock.

FLASHBACK

INT.ABANDONED HOUSE ON MASEY STREET-AFTERNOON (WHITMORE CITY, SC 1998)

Teenaged Carl, pants unbuttoned, boxer shorts showing, stood over Shayla's younger sister, eight-year-old MICHAELA PATTERSON, she's on her knees as he holds her hands above her head, tears stream down her face.

TEENAGED CARL

(To off-screen teenaged Bruce)
You done over there yet? It's my turn.

PRESENT

INT. ZOB AIR TECHNOLOGIES OFFICE - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM -
EARLY AFTERNOON SAME

CARL
Claire? Claire?

Claire/Shayla realizes she has zoned out and has missed everything Carl has said to her in the past few minutes. Her hands are shaking. She clasps them both together.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
I'm sorry. What did you say?

They are now alone in the large conference room. Carl sits at the head of the table, turns slightly toward her.

CARL
I said, we're done here for the day. If you still wanted to head out early, so you can meet your daughter, you can. I'm sure I can take care of myself for the next few hours.

Claire/Shayla stands up, her entire body is shaking but she tries to hold it together.

CARL (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
What?

CARL
You look ill. Are you okay?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Oh, yes.

Places a hand on her stomach.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
I think it was the sandwich I had.
Don't think it's agreeing with me.

CARL
I hope you feel better and it doesn't ruin your plans you have with your granddaughter.

Claire/Shayla takes a wide berth around the table in an attempt to not walk near him.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Thank you.

Carl went back to reading the report in front of him. Claire/Shayla pauses before exiting the conference room. Her hand tightening on the conference room door handle.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
(quietly to herself)

Soon.

Claire/Shayla exit's the room.

FADE TO:

INT. MOBEEN HIGH-RISE APARTMENT HALLWAY- DAYTIME

The fifth floor elevators open and two uniformed police officers exit.

They head down the wide hallway as their radio crackles toward the sound of loud ARGUING.

Stopping outside of apartment door 503 the FIRST OFFICER bangs on the door-

FIRST OFFICER
Calverton County Police! Open Up!

The sound of arguing immediately stops.

The door opens and KAREN, Bruce's red-haired intern, opens to the door, her face blotchy and eyes red from crying-

KAREN
Yes, can I help you officer?

FIRST OFFICER
We've been notified of a disturbance? Is everything okay?

The door opens further as DETECTIVE COLLINS (30s) slim, tall appears behind Karen. He hands over his badge to the First Officer.

DETECTIVE COLLINS
Sorry about that officer. Me and my ex-fiance were having an disagreement. But everything is settled now. Actually I'm just leaving for work.

Detective Collins moves past Karen and out into the hallway.

The First Officer hands Detective Collins back his badge.

FIRST OFFICER

So you work out of the Fairfield precinct?

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Yeah, been there for a couple years now.

SECOND OFFICER

Do you know Dylan Smith, he's my cousin.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Yeah, I know him! A rookie right?

KAREN

PATRICK! Are you seriously thinking of going to work right now? We need to talk. I need to explain...

Detective Collins closes his eyes in frustration. He opens them and smiles at the two officers.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Fella's can you give us a few minutes?

Both officers nod and head back to the elevator.

Detective Collins turns back to Karen.

DETECTIVE COLLINS (CONT'D)

(angrily)

What Karen? You explained it all to me earlier. Is there another guy you need to tell me you slept with besides Bruce Kasick?

KAREN

No...I just want you to see it from my perspective. You're always at work and when you're home, you're not really here.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

So you're blaming me for you sleeping with a married man?

KAREN

NO! I just...I just want you to know I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Please forgive me for being so stupid.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Just be out of my place by the time I get off from work. Leave my key and the engagement ring on my night stand.

Karen rears back as if struck.

KAREN

Patrick you can't be serious.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Why the hell not?

KAREN

Because you cheated on me a few years ago and I forgave you and now that I-

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Yeah I did but I didn't bring a baby into it.

Karen hands goes to her stomach.

KAREN

What do you want me to do? Do you want me to get rid of it?

Detective Collins turns away from her and heads toward the elevator but throws over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

I want you out of my apartment and out of my life. The rest you can figure out with your baby daddy.

INT. PATTERSON HOME-SHAYLA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Small flat screen television plays an episode of the 1990's sitcom, *Girlfriend's* in the background.

Shayla sit's alone in the middle of her bed, her natural large curls hang freely on her shoulders. She holds up a large hand held mirror as she practiced imitating the emotion of the characters on her television.

Joan: Lynn just relax. We love you and we are going to love your sisters.

SHAYLA
 (to the mirror)
 Just relax. We love you and we are
 going to love your sisters.

In Shayla's reflection, over her shoulder, her eight-year-old deceased sister MICHAELA appears.

MICHAELA
 You didn't smile when you said it.
 You have to remember to smile.

Shayla forces a smile.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
 Is that your smile?
 (giggles)
 You look silly.
 (more seriously)
 You look like you don't know how to
 smile.

Shayla smile drops as she stares wistfully back at her sister in the mirror's reflection.

She continues to speak to Michaela through her reflection in the mirror.

SHAYLA
 I miss you.

MICHAELA
 Why?

SHAYLA
 Because you're not here anymore.
 Because you left us.

Michaela waves Shayla's comment away.

MICHAELA
 Why do you have to pretend to
 smile? Are you not happy?

SHAYLA
 I haven't been happy in a long
 time.

Michaela's face brightens with a smile.

MICHAELA

Do you remember when we used to
spend every Saturday morning in
front of the television watching
cartoons?

SHAYLA

And Daddy would shoo us out of the
house so he could watch his
baseball game?

Michaela nods happily.

MICHAELA

We would get on our bikes and ride
across town to get to the park. We
would try to sneak and take a
shortcut through cranky Mr.
Winston's backyard because it was
the quickest way to the park?

SHAYLA

Yeah, mean ol' Mr. Winston. I don't
think I ever remember seeing that
man smile. Even at church.

MICHAELA

(smile gone, sadness fills her
voice)
You remind me of him.

SHAYLA

(stoically)
I'm nothing like Mr. Winston. I'm
worse.

MICHAELA

You don't have to be!
(BEAT)
You can stop this at any time. You
don't have to be a-

SHAYLA

What? A monster?

Michaela voice shakes as tears stream down her face. She
whispers-

MICHAELA

Yes. Sometimes I don't recognise
you.

SHAYLA

(sadly)

Why would you when I don't even
recognise myself? Don't you think I
want to be normal? To feel
something other than empty?

(BEAT)

And lonely? I miss you Michaela. If
you were still here maybe Daddy
wouldn't be spending the last
remaining months of his life
seeking revenge and using me as the
tool to do it.

Michaela uses the sleeve of her shirt to wipe away her tears.

MICHAELA

You don't have to do it. You can
stop.

Shayla rolls her eyes.

SHAYLA

I can't stop.

MICHAELA

(loudly, upset)
Why not?

SHAYLA

(coldly)

Cause they have to pay for what
they did.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Shayla lays down the mirror. She is once again alone in her
room. She picks up her television remote and mutes the T.V.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Yes?

Her bedroom door opens and NURSE JOYCE JENKINS a middle aged
black woman, opens Shayla's bedroom door.

NURSE JENKINS

Your father is asking for you. He
said you promised him a game of
chess.

SHAYLA

Thank you. I'll be right there.

Nurse Jenkins nods and exits Shayla's room, closing the door behind her.

Shayla picks up the remote and turns off the television. She stands and wipes an arm across her bedsheet to remove the wrinkles.

She pulls her thick hair back into a tight bun behind her head.

Once done, she exits her bedroom.

INT. JOHN PATTERSON'S BEDROOM - COUPLE HOURS LATER

John sits in his wheelchair at a small round table, playing a game of chess with his daughter Shayla.

John makes a move with a chess piece.

JOHN

Check mate

Shayla relaxes her back in her seat. Her eyes briefly close.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's going on Shayla? You been quiet this evening. More quiet than usual even for you?

SHAYLA

Nothings wrong.

JOHN

We are almost to the finish line. After all these years, of planning, spending thousands of dollars. We are almost there. You should be happy.

Shayla doesn't respond but just stares down at the board game.

John lets out a heavy sigh.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know this has been hard on you. I know I've been hard on you. If I could take the reins and do it myself I would.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

BEAT

After those boys raped you, it has been my ever waking thought on how I was going to kill them. I would have done it right then but I was all you girls had left in the world and I had promised your mama on her death bed, I would do everything in my power to see that you and your sister had a good life... them boys...them boys made me a liar. A liar to the only woman, I ever loved.

BEAT

I had no choice but to carry on, cuz I couldn't kill them boys right away, I had to see about you and your sister, get you both grown. I thought if I just waited until you both were grown... I would do it then. But then-

John looks down at his hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But then my body betrayed me. This disease came on hot and strong. I thought that God was done punishing me but no, your sister had to go and commit suicide. Them boys did that to her. They took away her will to live. They took her away from us.

Shayla quickly wiped away tears, still refusing to look at her father.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I refused to let them take you away from me. So I poured everything I had into you. And you know what? It worked. You don't walk around scared anymore. You had a mission. And now that we are near the finish line, you sit before me, acting as though I kicked your dog or something.

Shayla swallowed and took a deep breath.

SHAYLA

Dad, Wagnor said something strange today.

JOHN
What did he say?

John begins moving the chess pieces.

Shayla stares at her father's hands as he places the chess pieces back in order for a new game.

SHAYLA
He said all the philanthropic work he was doing lately with his own money, all the charities he's now supporting is because he's trying to make up for doing something horrible in his past.

John doesn't bother to look up from the chess board.

JOHN
And that means what exactly?

Shayla takes another deep breath.

SHAYLA
I think he is trying to make up for what he did to me and Michalea.

She doesn't jump when the chess pieces go flying everywhere.

John's chest heaving up and down, his hands balled into fist.

JOHN
Tell me how many charities would he have to invest in to bring your sister back to us whole, happy the way she was before they took you both to that abandoned house? YOU TELL ME! HOW MUCH MONEY WOULD THAT TAKE?!

KNOCK, KNOCK

Nurse Jenkins, opens the door and pokes her head into the room. She looks alarmed at the sight of the chess pieces littered across the floor.

NURSE JENKINS
Is everything okay? Do you need any assistance?

Shayla smiles brightly, as she stands up and starts to pick up the chess pieces.

SHAYLA

No. My fault. I stood up too quickly and hit the board by accident. My bad. But I got it. Thanks for asking.

Nurse Jenkins nods and exits the room, closing the door behind her.

Still in squatted position, Shayla pauses as she gathers all the chess pieces in her lap.

JOHN

What's going on? Are you getting cold feet? I know it can't be that. You took down one the best street fighters with only a few moves. Do you know why I made you fight that man?

SHAYLA

To show you that I can fight and take care of myself.

JOHN

You need to know you will never be anyone's victim again. Don't be fooled by the pretty picture Wagner has created for himself. He still played his part and for that he must pay.

Shayla looks down at the chess pieces that sit in her lap and wipes away tears.

SHAYLA

Dad I-

JOHN

This conversation is over. We will not discuss it further. He'll get what's coming to him and so will the other two. Now is everything ready for tomorrow night?

Shayla stands, using the bottom of her shirt to hold all the pieces. She places each piece one by one on the table.

SHAYLA

Yes, everything is in place.

John begins to place the chess piece on the correct place on the board.

JOHN

Good. Now lets get one more game in.

INT. PATTERSON HOME BASEMENT GYM - NIGHTTIME

Sounds of PUNCHING a hard bag resonates around the room. A black mat filled the small space. Large mirrors covers one wall.

The mirror reflects Shayla, dressed in dark yoga pants and red T-shirt, as she pounds on a heavy punching bag.

She only looks up when she hears someone coming down the stairs.

Chase and BENJAMIN TATE, handsome, (40s), fit, ex-military black man, come to a stop at the base of the stairs.

CHASE

You told me to come get you if you run over your time.

Shayla looks down at her watch.

SHAYLA

Yeah. Thanks.

She pulls off the gauze covering her hands.

BEN

Need any help tonight?

Shayla shakes her head.

SHAYLA

No, just another night of recon in the cheap suit.

CHASE

I take offense to that! Leon is not a cheap suit! He is one of my best creations. You try making a thirty something black woman look like a sixty something white male hippie and see how well you do.

Shayla walks past Chase and heads up the stairs.

Ben comes to stand next to Chase.

BEN

Keep and eye on her tonight. I'm a
call away.

CHASE

Always.

They fist bump before Chase follows Shayla up the stairs.

FADE TO:

EXT. TEAKWOOD SUBDIVISION - WATSON'S RANCH STYLE HOME -
NIGHTTIME

The gray house remaining shutters hang on by a wish and
prayer. The yard patchy grass is filled with old car parts.

A old 1980's two door beat up Cutless Supreme sit next to a
brand new four door silver truck.

INT. WATSON HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

J.B. WATSON JR (JUNIOR), (12), sit's in front of television,
on the living room floor, engrossed in the video game he's
playing.

While his mother LIBBY WATSON (30s), heavy set, blond stringy
hair, pink T-shirt, yoga pants, stands over a kitchen sink,
arms deep in hot water as she wash's the dishes.

LIBBY

Junior, come take out the trash!

Junior ignores her, continues to play.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Junior, did you hear me? Come take
out the trash!

JUNIOR

You do it!

Libby shoulders and head droop at his reply.

J.B. WATSON, (30s) enters the living room from the hallway,
plaid shirt, dark jeans, protruding beer belly, takes a heavy
seat in the nearest arm chair.

Picking up a television remote, he throws it at his son,
hitting Junior in the back of the head.

Junior grabs the back of his head and turns to his father.
J.B. slides on his shoes and ties the shoestrings.

J.B.
Go do what your mama told you to
do.

Junior quickly jumps up and goes to grab the trash from the kitchen, as J.B. watches him from the living room.

Junior exit's out of the back door with the trash bag in his hands.

J.B. stands up and walks over to his wife. He grinds against her backside. Libby stiffens.

J.B. (CONT'D)
You going to be up when I get home?

LIBBY
(sarcastically)
If I'm not, I'm sure you'll wake
me.

J.B. roughly grabs a handful of Libby's hair and yanks her head back.

Libby gasps in pain, her eyes fill with fear as she stares up at him, her right eye has a dark shiner.

J.B.
What you say?

LIBBY
(quickly)
Nothing babe. Nothing.

J.B.
So I'm not going to have to wake
you up tonight am I? You're going
to be up waiting for me?

LIBBY
(on the verge of tears)
Yes.

J.B. slams his lips down on to hers before releasing her hair but not before slapping her on her behind.

J.B.
Good girl.

J.B. grabs his car keys from the kitchen table and walks toward the back door as his son Junior enters.

J.B. (CONT'D)
Listen to your mom. No more of that
back talk. You hear me?

Junior nervously looks from his mother to his father.

JUNIOR
Yes sir.

J.B. reaches out to ruffle his son's hair and Junior flinches away in fear but relaxes when he realizes what his father is doing.

J.B. chuckles and exits out the back door.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF SYLVIA'S BAR - NIGHT SAME

J.B. truck roars into the parking lot of Sylvia's. He parks in front of the red brick building, one large window, shows an flickering open sign, a black sign with white lettering "Sylvia's" hangs over the door.

J.B. exits his truck and enters-

INT. SYLVIA'S BAR - SAME

The bar is dark. Overhead pendant lights light up the bar top.

The one pool table in the back of the space, is occupied by a biker guy and his girl.

A seventy inch flat panel television set, sits behind the bar, illuminates the rest of the bar.

The television is on a sports channel talk show call "The Heat".

The bar is filled with it's regular patrons.

J.B. takes a seat at the bar and slaps down a twenty on the wood surface.

J.B.
Give me my regular and keep them
coming.

LEON/SHAYLA (60s) white male, balding with mullet in the back, white T-shirt, leather vest, and dark jeans, hands J.B. a beer.

Picks up the twenty dollar bill.

LEON/SHAYLA
Whoa! Big night tonight?

J.B.
Yep. Got my promotion this morning.

Couple of the other patrons congratulate J.B. He smiles proudly and takes a sip of his beer.

LEON/SHAYLA
Well in that case. The first beer is on me. What do you plan on doing with that raise?

J.B.
Bought a new truck! My wife wants me to get her a new living room set. But I set her straight.

LEON/SHAYLA
I tell you wives don't understand the important things in life. That's why I divorced mine and moved a hundred miles away and I still don't think that's far enough to get away from her brand of crazy.

J.B. slams his beer bottle down on the bar.

J.B.
Exactly! She's crazy if she thinks I'm going to spend my hard earned money on something we don't need. There's nothing wrong with the set we have. Now a new truck with all the bells and whistles! That's an investment.

LEON/SHAYLA
I'm sure you got her straight.

J.B.
Sure did. She won't be asking for another damn thing from me for a while.

He SWALLOWS the rest of the beer and sit's the empty bottle down.

Leon/Shayla uncaps another beer bottle and sit's it in front of J.B. and removes the empty bottle.

J.B. points at the television set.

J.B. (CONT'D)
I grew up with that guy.

Leon/Shayla turns to look up at the large television. Bruce Kasick was at "The Heat" host desk delivering a blistering commentary on the New York Giant's last game performance.

LEON/SHAYLA
You know that guy?

J.B.
Yep.

Takes a sip of his beer.

J.B. (CONT'D)
We used to be best friend's.

LEON/SHAYLA
Used to be? So no chance of getting a complimentary set of super bowl tickets?

J.B.
Nope. Haven't talked to him in years.

LEON/SHAYLA
That's a damn shame.

J.B. hands over his empty bottle and Leon/Shayla hands him a fresh bottle, before heading down the bar to serve the other patrons.

J.B.
(mumbles to himself)
Yep, a damn shame.

The television set sound is turned down. The patrons curse and yell in protest.

Leon/Shayla puts down the remote and stands back from the bar, fist on hips he yells over the grumbling-

LEON/SHAYLA
Shut the hell up! I got an announcement! Next Wednesday is the one-year anniversary of Sylvia's opening, and I plan on having a party to celebrate. So I want ya'll to come in a celebrate with me. The first two drinks are on me!

There were cheers all around and Leon/Shayla turns the sound back up and heads back over to J.B.

J.B.
I see I'm not the only one with
good news.

Leon/Shayla grins.

LEON/SHAYLA
We can make it a double
celebration. Your promotion and
Sylvia's one year anniversary.

J.B.
Sounds good. I'll be here. Wait!
Does that mean I get the same
treatment as the rest of these
losers?

The patron next to him looks at him.

J.B. (CONT'D)
(to the patron next to him)
No offense.

LEON/SHAYLA
What do you want?

J.B.
I mean, it's a celebration for me,
right? Shouldn't I drink for free?

Leon/Shayla pretends to think on it.

LEON/SHAYLA
Only for the first couple of hours
then after that you go back on the
tab.

J.B. holds out his hand to shake Leon/Shayla's

J.B.
Deal.

FLASHBACK

INT.ABANDONED HOUSE ON MASEY STREET-AFTERNOON (WHITMORE CITY,
SC 1998)

Sixteen-year-old J.B. slaps fourteen-year-old Shayla across
her face.

J.B.
Shut up all that screaming. You think someone is going to come for you? Ain't nobody coming.

CHRIS (O.C.)
Hey! Don't mess up the merchandise.

J.B. looks over his shoulder, smiling slyly.

J.B.
You let me take the first shot, I'll take your late night shift at McDonald's next weekend so you can take Carol out.

CHRIS (O.C.)
We already discussed this! Bruce goes first. I go second and you go last!

BRUCE (O.C.)
You take my next two late night shifts and it's a deal.

PRESENT

Leon/Shayla shakes J.B.'s hand.

J.B. (O.S)
Deal.

LEON/SHAYLA
Deal.

FADE TO:

INT. ZOB AIR TECHNOLOGIES OFFICE - CAFETERIA-ESTABLISHING MORNING

Tina and Claire/Shayla wait as the cashier takes their payment for their food. Once the cashier hands Tina back her credit card, they both take seats at a table near a large window which overlooks their office parking lot.

Picking up her fork, Claire takes a bite of her eggs before asking-

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Okay, I'm waiting. What's this important news you couldn't tell me yesterday?

Tina leans in close to Claire/Shayla.

TINA

Barry asked me to marry him.

Claire/Shayla's eyes widens in surprise.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

He did?

TINA

Yeah, we're getting married.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Congratulations!

So have you two decided on the wedding date?

TINA

Yeah, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

Claire/Shayla nervously straightens in her seat.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Me?

TINA

Yeah, you. I wanted to ask you if you wanted to be my maid of honor?

Claire/Shayla is a lost for words.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

I'm... I ... uh

TINA

I know it's a lot to ask. But Barry and I decided to have a courthouse wedding. A small party, his mom and my dad. His best friend and you. If you agree?

Claire/Shayla clears her throat and wets her lips.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

You don't want to ask any of your other friend's?

Tina shook her head.

TINA

I don't think I would want anyone else by my side on that day. So what do you think?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

When is the wedding?

TINA

Next Saturday.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

That soon?

TINA

Barry doesn't want to wait. Said we wasted enough time as it is. So...you in or not?

Claire/Shayla hesitates and then forces a smile to her face.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Sure.

(beat)

I'll be happy to.

TINA

Great! You can help me choose what dress I'm going to wear. I've paired it down to ten dresses.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Ten?

TINA

It was sixty.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

Oh okay.

TINA

Do you have any pictures of your wedding dress?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA

My wedding dress?

TINA

Yeah, you know when you got married to your late husband.

Claire/Shayla scrambles for an answer.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
OH! No, I lost a majority of my
family albums in a house fire
several years ago.

TINA
Awww that's a shame.

Starts pointing out dresses on her phone.

TINA (CONT'D)
What do you think about this one?

Claire/Shayla nervously rubs her sweaty palms against her
pants legs.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Ummm it's pretty.

TINA
How do you think it would look on
me?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Uh...I

Claire/Shayla cell phone begins to ring. Looking down at the
caller ID, Claire/Shayla stands up-

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Excuse me a second. It's my
daughter.

Claire/Shayla walks over to the other side of the room to
answer the call.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Hello?

BEN (O.S.)
Hello Shayla. Is this a good time
to talk?

Claire/Shayla lets out a sigh of relief.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Perfect timing actually.

BEN (O.S.)
Everything okay?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Yeah. What do you have for me?

BEN (O.S.)
Just calling to confirm Subject A
has checked into the Arrow Hotel.
And I've e-mailed you the itinerary
for tonight and left you a key in
your go bag. Chase will meet you in
your reserved room.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Is everything ready?

BEN(O.S.)
Only a few more things to wrap up
and it will be.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Good.

Claire/Shayla nervously bites her lip. She hesitates.

BEN (O.S.)
You sure you're okay?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Not really.

BEN(O.S.)
What's wrong?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
How much do you know about
weddings?

BEN (O.S.)
Weddings?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Yeah, I've just agreed to be a maid
of honor for my co-worker. And I
have no idea on what to say or how
to act. I know I'm supposed to be
supportive but how much support am
I supposed to give?

BEAT.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Hello?

Ben's loud laugh has Claire/Shayla pulling the receiver away
from her ear.

His laughter finally calms down, Claire/Shayla presses her cell phone back to her ear again.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Really? All you can do is laugh?

BEN (O.S.)
What did you expect from me? I'm your tech and weapons guy. I know nothing about weddings.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
You've never been to a wedding?

BEN (O.S.)
Oh I've been to plenty of weddings. But my knowledge is limited to trying to get the hottest bridesmaid to come back to my hotel room with me and drinking as much free booze as I can.

A worried Claire/Shayla stares out the window as people move about her, taking seats, eating and laughing.

Ben sighs.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shayla, if it concerns you this much, why did you agree?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Because she would suspect something if I didn't.

BEN (O.S.)
Is that the only reason why you agreed?

Claire/Shayla forehead wrinkles in confusion

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Yeah, what other reason would it be?

BEN (O.S.)
Maybe because you actually made a friend. And that's what friends do for one another, we show up.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
We are not friends. This is a means to an end. I'm using her for cover.
(MORE)

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Doing the exact thing you and my
father taught me to do.

Ben sighs again.

BEN (O.S.)
We seem to have taught you too
well. Back to the reason for this
call. I'll see you tonight?

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
(distracted)
Yes, tonight. I'll see you tonight.

BEN (O.S.)
Head in the game, Shayla.

Claire/Shayla blinks as if woken up from a trance.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA
Always.

Claire/Shayla hangs up her cell phone.

Claire/Shayla takes a deep breath and plasters a smile on her
face before heading back to her table to Tina, who is still
scrolling through pictures of wedding dresses.

CLAIRE/SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. Now let me see
these dresses.

FADE TO:

INT. ARROY HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Shayla strolls through the lobby pulling a small suitcase,
wearing a dark wig and large sunglasses. She takes the
elevator up to the seventh floor. Heading to room 705, she
uses a key card to let herself in.

INT. ROOM 705 ARROY HOTEL, SHAYLA'S ROOM - SAME

Bedroom suite that features a king-size bed, desk and large
bathroom, which Chase exits once he hears the hotel door
open.

CHASE
Any issues?

SHAYLA
No.

Shayla leaves her go bag by the side of the bed.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
What about you?

CHASE
No.

Chase steps aside so Shayla can see the bathroom.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Everything is set up for you in
there. No prosthetics tonight.

He pulls a paperback book out of his back pocket and gets comfortable on the bed as he begins reading.

Shayla enters the bathroom and as she closes it. She stops, and pulls the three dresses off of the back of the bathroom door. Holding them out to Chase she-

SHAYLA
Really? These are my choices for
tonight?

Holds out the blue dress

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Slutty...

Holds out the green dress.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
...Hoe...

Holds out the black dress.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
...And high class prostitute.

Chase points to each dress.

CHASE
I prefer-bottom hoe, side hoe and
top hoe.

SHAYLA
Please tell me that's not an
IceBurg Slim novel your reading?

CHASE
How did you know?

SHAYLA
Just a guess.

Shayla closes the bathroom door.

INT. ROOM 705 ARROY HOTEL, SHAYLA'S ROOM - HOUR LATER

There is a knock on the hotel room's door. Chase checks the peep hole and a wide smile fills his face. He opens the door to let Ben in. They greet each other.

Ben looks down at his watch.

BEN
Is she ready?

The bathroom door opens and Shayla steps out in the green dress. It clings to every curve of her body, not leaving much to the imagination. Her natural hair, now pressed straight hung past her shoulders.

CHASE
I see you went with side hoe.

SHAYLA
It seemed appropriate.
(to Ben)
Has Bruce made it downstairs yet?

Ben appears to be a lost for words as he eyes Shayla.

Confused, Shayla looks down at herself oblivious to how beautiful she looks.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
What is it? Is something wrong?

CHASE
No. Nothing's wrong. You look fabulous.
(to Ben)
Say something nice.

Ben clears his throat.

BEN
Yes, Bruce is now at the bar with a couple of his cronies.

Shayla checks herself out in the mirror and turns to Chase.

SHAYLA
What do you think?

Gestures to herself.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Do you want to make any adjustments
or is this fine?

CHASE
No, you look perfect.

BEN
Do you have everything you need?

SHAYLA
Yes, I do.

Ben opens the hotel room door. And he and Chase follow Shayla out.

FADE TO:

INT. ARROY HOTEL BAR - SAME

Mandy/Shayla approaches the bar.

Chase and Ben enter behind her and take position at the end of the bar.

The hotel bar is crowded with an eclectic crowd, some sports fans in their fan gear and businessmen crowd the space.

Mandy/Shayla situates herself a few feet away from Bruce who is involved in a serious conversation with a twenty-something blonde bombshell in a tight red dress.

BRUCE
(slurring)
So Heidi, how long are you in town?

HELEN
My names Helen.

BRUCE
So Helen, how long are you in town?

HELEN
Why do you need to know that?

Bruce leans in.

BRUCE
(whispers)
Because I want to know how long I
can have you.

Helen laughs and runs her hand down Bruce's broad chest.
Bruce watches her as he takes a sip out of his glass.

A MALE PATRON, in a football jersey, walks by and slaps Bruce on the back.

MALE PATRON
Great game tonight!

Bruce returns the gesture.

Mandy/Shayla is busy texting on her cell phone.

At the end of the bar, Chase checks his phone. He holds his phone up so Ben could see the message. Ben nods at Chase and heads toward Helen and Bruce.

BRUCE
(To the male patron)
Sure was.

Ben bumps into Bruce. The Male Patron turns to talk to his other friend's.

Bruce turns to face Ben.

BEN
Awww man, I'm sorry this bar is
kinda of packed.

BRUCE
No worries.

BEN
Wait! You're Bruce Kasick that
sports journalist?

BRUCE
(smiling)
Yes, that's me.

HELEN
Bruce?

Bruce and Ben turn to Helen.

Ben in mock surprise-

BEN
Helen?!!

Helen confused-

HELEN
Yes, that's my name.

BEN
You don't remember me? We met last week in Miami.

He leans in conspiratorially.

BEN (CONT'D)
You left before I had a chance to thank you for the great night. It was one the best nights of my life.

BRUCE
You two know each other?

HELEN
(really confused)
I have no idea who this man is.

BEN
(offended)
Really? That's how you want to play this? You don't know a brother now?

HELEN
I don't know what you're-

Chase squeezes into Ben's side.

CHASE
Derrick, there you are! I've been looking all over for you.

Chase pauses as he looks at Helen.

CHASE (CONT'D)
(dramatically)
Please don't tell me this is the same bitch you cheated on me with while you were in Miami last week?

Chase moves in between Bruce and Helen, effectively pushing Bruce away from the confused woman and closer to Mandy/Shayla.

HELEN
I have no idea what you're talking about.

Helen looks to Bruce in desperation.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I don't know who this man is.

BEN
You know who I am. We spent the
entire weekend together.

Bruce face shows skepticism. A small crowd began to gather
around to watch the drama unfold.

CHASE
So now you finally admit you slept
with her?!

Ben turns to Chase, keeping up the pretense.

BEN
I told you I slept with her!

CHASE
No, you said you spent the night
making out but nothing happened
beyond that.

Helen, whose face was now as red as her dress, balls her
hands into fists, yells as loud as she could-

HELEN
I NEVER SLEPT WITH THIS MAN!!! I
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS!!

Chase turns to her and points a finger in her face.

CHASE
STOP LYING! You slept with him all
right! You want to know how I know,
cuz I showed up to his hotel room
and found your blond strands all
over the duvet. You had him for the
weekend-

Chase grabs Ben's arm and pulls him close.

CHASE (CONT'D)
But I tell you this, you ain't
getting my man. Now take your fake
extensions, and fake boobs home and
thank the Gods I didn't beat your
ass tonight.

Helen bursts into tears. She looks to Bruce but he turns his
back to her to face the bar.

Humiliated, Helen covers her face and runs out of the bar.

Chase and Ben take position on the other side of Bruce, still pretending to be a gay couple.

Bruce raises his hand to gain the bartenders attention. Pointing to his nearly empty glass.

BRUCE
Can I get another one?

The bartender nods and begins making another drink for Bruce.

MANDY/SHAYLA
I know you're happy you missed that train wreck.

Bruce, for the first time notices Mandy/Shayla and lustfully looks up and down her body.

The bartender hands Bruce his new drink. Bruce doesn't take his eyes off of Mandy/Shayla as he picks up the drink and takes a sip. Bruce turns his body to face Mandy/Shayla.

Bruce points over his shoulder.

BRUCE
You mean that? That darling was just God moving things out the way so I can see the true prize.

Mandy/Shayla giggles.

MANDY/SHAYLA
And let me guess, I'm the prize?

Bruce winks at her.

BRUCE
You surely are.

Leans in close.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Can I unwrap you?

MANDY/SHAYLA
Hmmm, I think we should properly introduce ourselves first? Don't you?

Bruce sets his drink down on the bar, and shakes Mandy/Shayla's hand.

BRUCE
Bruce Kasick, ma'am.

Behind him, Chase drops the drug into Bruce's drink. Swirls it with the straw.

MANDY/SHAYLA

Mandy. Mandy Johnson.

Bruce brings Mandy/Shayla's hand to his mouth and places a gentle kiss on the back of it.

BRUCE

Pleasure to meet you, Ms. Johnson.

Mandy/Shayla winks up at him.

MANDY/SHAYLA

Sounds like the pleasure is going to be all mine.

Bruce moves even closer to Mandy/Shayla. His tall frame hovers over hers as he leans down to whisper in her ear.

BRUCE

I love it when a woman knows what she wants.

MANDY/SHAYLA

Good. So I guess we're going to use my room tonight?

Bruce smiles down at her.

BRUCE

Yes, sounds like a plan.

Bruce turns to pick up his drink.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

MANDY/SHAYLA

Let me finish my drink before we head up.

Mandy/Shayla picks up her drink from the bar and takes a deep gulp.

Bruce following her lead, downs the liqueur from his glass. Mandy/Shayla smiles up at him as she takes one more sip before setting the glass aside. She takes Bruce's hand and leads him out of the bar and toward the hotel elevator banks.

INT. HOTEL ARROY LOBBY - SAME

Ben and Chase follow a few feet behind them.

Bruce wraps his arms around Mandy/Shayla's waist and is trailing kisses down the side of her neck.

Mandy/Shayla keeps a smile on her face as she presses the up button.

Bruce looks around before pushing Mandy/Shayla behind a tall artificial tree placed near the elevator banks.

Ben and Chase turn away from the elevator banks and act as though they are looking at the hotel directory.

Bruce and Mandy/Shayla make out until they hear the door of the elevator ping open. A small crowd of people exit's the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ARROY ELEVATOR - SAME

Bruce and Mandy/Shayla continue to make out as they move blindly into the elevator.

The elevator doors close and Bruce and Mandy/Shayla continue to make out.

Mandy/Shayla pulls away.

MANDY/SHAYLA

Hold on baby- we have to push the button.

She turns in his arms and pushes the button for the seventh floor.

Shayla freezes because in the mirrors reflection is Michaela, appearing to stand right next to Shayla and Bruce.

MICHAELA

You don't have to do this.

Mandy/Shayla shakes her head and closes her eyes.

Bruce kisses her neck but once the elevator starts to move, he grabs his head.

BRUCE

Whoa!

Mandy/Shayla turns toward him in concern.

MANDY/SHAYLA
You okay baby?

Bruce shakes his head to clear it and pulls Mandy/Shayla back into his arms.

BRUCE
All good.

He stares down at her for a beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You know, you remind me of someone.

MANDY/SHAYLA
I do? Who?

Bruce's red shot eyes searched Mandy/Shayla's face as she smiles up at him.

BRUCE
I don't know. Maybe you just have one of those faces.

MANDY/SHAYLA
Maybe I do.

Mandy/Shayla steps up on her tiptoes to kiss him again.

FLASHBACK

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE ON MASEY STREET (WHITMORE CITY, SC - 1998) - AFTERNOON

Fourteen-year-old Shayla screams before her mouth is covered by a white hand. Her arms are tied above her head to the old headboard with rope.

Her eyes are wild as she tries to fight to break free. Her skirt is pull up above her legs.

Sixteen-year-old Bruce runs a finger down her left thigh.

BRUCE
I'm going to make it good for you.
If you only just relax. But if you want it rough, I can make it rough.

He begins to unbutton his pants.

PRESENT

The elevator doors open and they exit to-

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR OF THE ARROY HOTEL - SAME

Bruce stumbles behind Mandy/Shayla but catches himself just in time.

BRUCE
(vision blurry)
Shit!

MANDY/SHAYLA
We're almost there.

BRUCE
(slurring)
I'm not feeling so good.

MANDY/SHAYLA
But I got something for you. In my
hotel room.

Bruce perks up and he tries to focus on Mandy/Shayla's figure.

BRUCE
You got something for me?

Mandy/Shayla nods and smiles as she takes his hand and leads him toward her hotel room door.

MANDY/SHAYLA
Yeah, I got something for you.

Mandy/Shayla pulls out her hotel key card and they enter-

INT. ARROY HOTEL, SHAYLA'S ROOM 705 - SAME

Shayla pulls Bruce toward the kings size bed and pushes him down.

He lands on his back, dazed. He tries to sit up but the room spins.

He tries to focus on Mandy/Shayla but that proves to be to difficult. He begins to panic.

BRUCE
Help me. Something's wrong.

He reaches out to Mandy/Shayla blurred image.

SHAYLA

Did you have too much to drink?

Bruce tries to get up but his spinning head won't let him. He falls back onto the bed. His breathing becomes heavy as a slight panic falls over him.

BRUCE

(slurring)

No. I've drank way more than that
in the past and never felt this
bad. I think...

I think someone put something in my
drink.

MANDY/SHAYLA

And you would be correct.

Bruce gives up trying to sit up and lays back down on his back.

BRUCE

What?

MANDY/SHAYLA

I said you were correct. Someone
did put something in your drink.

Bruce lifts up his head and see's there are now three forms standing above him. Two of them look like the gay couple from the bar. He raises his hand to point at them.

BRUCE

You... you

Bruce passes out.

SHAYLA

Well that was anti-climatic.

(to Ben)

And I didn't have to use any of the
fighting techniques you taught me.

BEN

Yeah, tonight is a good night.
Don't expect the others to go as
well.

Ben turns to Chase.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where did you hide my suitcase?

CHASE
Under the bed.

Chase leans over the unconscious Bruce and checks his pulse.

Ben gets on his knees and pulls out a silver suitcase. Opening it, he pulls out a laptop. He takes a seat at the room's desk. He starts his laptop and logs into the hotel security cameras.

Shayla enters the bathroom-

INT. ARROY HOTEL ROOM 705 BATHROOM - SAME

Shayla pauses and takes a deep breath. The cool facade drops. Tears spring to her eyes. She takes a couple of steps to the mirror. Looking at her reflection she notices her lipstick is smeared. She turns on the sink's water and she frantically washes her face.

FLASHBACK

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE ON MASEY STREET-AFTERNOON (WHITMORE CITY, SC 1998)

MONTAGE

Sound of the bed creaking and muffled screaming.

Shayla's point of view

-Naked male torso moves up and down above her.

-(Off-Camera) 8-year-old Michaela screams.

-Peers over her assailant's shoulder. See's J.B. throw 8 year old Michaela on the other twin bed and climb on top of her.

Reverse shot

Shayla screams against her gag, hair mussed, tears stream down her face. Her assailant continues to move on top of her.

PRESENT

INT. ARROY HOTEL ROOM 705 BATHROOM - SAME

Shayla turns to the toilet and throws up. Once she finishes heaving, she begins to frantically take off all of her clothes and turns on the shower.

INT. HOTEL ROOM SHOWER - SAME

Shayla steps under the water spray and lets the water wash over her. She picks up the packaged bar of soap and rips the plastic off of it and begins vigorously washing her body.

INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Collins sits at his desk, most of his colleagues are gone and the office is mainly empty except for a few uniformed officers.

He stares at his computer screen in quiet contemplation.

Screen view: Bruce Kasick's name and address.

As if making a decision he pulls out his notebook and scribbles down a note to himself.

He turns off his computer, stands up and grabs his coat and car keys.

INT. ARROY HOTEL ROOM 705 BATHROOM - SAME

A much calmer Shayla steps out of the shower and grabs a towel and dries off.

Shayla wraps the towel around her body. Grabbing another towel, she wraps her now wet hair. Stepping to the mirror Shayla wipes the steam off of the mirror.

She peers stoically at her reflection.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Shayla opens the door to find Chase, holding out a maid's uniform to her.

CHASE

Here you go.

Chase hands her the maid's uniform and peers closely at her face.

CHASE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Ben turns from the laptop and looks over in concern at Shayla.

Bruce is still knocked out on the bed but his hands and feet are now bound and a gag covers his mouth.

Shayla takes the uniform and nods.

SHAYLA
I'm fine.

Gives Chase a small smile.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Be out in a second.

Shayla closes the bathroom door.

INT. ARROY HOTEL ROOM 705 - TEN MINUTES LATER

Shayla exit's the bathroom. Donned now in the maid's uniform, natural hair pulled back into two braids.

Bruce's gagged and bound body is missing from the bed. Chase and Ben stand near a hotel maid's cart, which takes up a majority of the rooms space.

Ben asks Shayla-

BEN
All good to go?

Shayla avoids eye contact and busies herself by securing the apron around her waist.

SHAYLA
Yes, all good. Everything ready?

CHASE
Yeah, Ben has wiped all footage of us from the hotel security system.

Taps the side of the cart.

CHASE (CONT'D)
And our package is ready to be moved. I have the van ready at the basement exit.

Ben hands Shayla a key card.

BEN
This will get you in and out of all doors.

Shayla pins the card to her apron.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'll leave first and head back to
the bar.

He pulls out Bruce's cellphone from his pocket.

BEN (CONT'D)
And find a convenient spot to lose
Bruce's phone. The hotel security
entrance is across the hall from
the bar. I'll keep an eye out for
any activity. I've already set the
hotel's camera's on a twenty minute
loop.

Looks down at his watch.

BEN (CONT'D)
You have that long to remove your
package from the premises.

Heads to the rooms door and opens it.

BEN (CONT'D)
Once you're safely away, I will
return to this room and clean it of
any evidence. Let me know if you
run into any problems.

CHASE
It should be smooth sailing from
here on out.

BEN
Shayla?

Shayla gingerly pushes at the cart testing it heaviness.

SHAYLA
Yeah, smooth sailing.

Ben exits the room. Chase turns to her.

CHASE
You sure you're okay?

Shayla avoids Chase's eyes.

SHAYLA
Yeah. You should go. We don't have
much time left.

Chase heads toward the door. But as he opens it.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Oh! Claire is going to need and outfit to wear to a courthouse wedding. And since I'm horrible at that sort of thing, I'm definitely going to need your help.

Shayla gives Chase a small smile.

Chase smiles back.

CHASE

No problem. You know I love dressing Claire.

He checks out the hallway.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Meet you in a few minutes.

Chase exit's and the door closes behind him.

Shayla lifts up the fake compartment top which held small bottles of soap and shampoo and stares coldly down at Bruce's unconscious body.

Shayla closes the compartment and exit's the hotel room.

INT. ARROY HOTEL 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME

The door closes behind her and she pushes the cart down the hall toward the elevator banks.

An elderly white woman exit's a hotel room behind Shayla. Seeing Shayla, she calls out-

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST

Excuse me. Maid?

Shayla keeps going, ignoring the woman. The woman picks up the pace to try to catch up to Shayla.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST (CONT'D)

Excuse me! MAID!!!

Shayla stops the cart and closes her eyes in frustration. When she opens them she turns with a smile for the woman.

SHAYLA

Yes?

The elderly woman, breathes as if she is out of breath.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST
I'm sorry but I was going to call
down and ask for more towels. But I
see that you have plenty.

She grabs five towels from the top of Shayla's cart.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I take a few of
these?

SHAYLA
(hiding her irritation)
Sure.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST
Oh! You have those little shampoos
I like!

The elderly woman reaches for the fake shampoo bottles which
are glued to the top of the fake compartment.

Shayla grabs the elderly woman's hand before she could touch
the shampoo bottles.

The elderly woman gasps in shock.

SHAYLA
Sorry but these bottles are all
empty.

Leans in conspiratorially.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
The hotel likes us to gather the
empty bottles so they can refill
them.

Releases the woman's hand.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Cheap huh?

The elderly woman looks a bit confused but then she shakes
her head.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST
I guess everyone is trying to save
a buck.

Shayla shrugs.

SHAYLA
Guess so.

The elderly woman backs up.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST
Well thank goodness for clean
towels.

Shayla keeps the fake smile on her face.

SHAYLA
Yes, thank goodness.

Shayla watches until the woman enters her room, the smile dropping. Once the door closes, Shayla rushes down the hall and hit's the button on the hallway elevator.

She taps her foot impatiently waiting for the elevator to come.

The elevator door opens and a drunk couple spills out. Shayla dips her head and pretends to search for something on her cart.

The man bumps into her cart and mumbles a slurred "Excuse me."

Shayla ignores him and pushes the cart into the elevator as soon as the couple clears out of her way.

INT. ARROY HOTEL ELEVATOR - SAME

Shayla presses her badge to the card reader and pushes the button for the basement.

She impatiently watches as the floors tick by. Her phone beeps and she pulls it out, the cell phone alarm gives her a 5-minute warning.

She exit's to a long hallway, with gray brick walls and a shiny tiled floor.

INT. ARROY HOTEL BASEMENT - SAME

Shayla cell phone beeps. She pulls it out of her apron pocket. The alarm gives her a 3-minute warning.

She moves a little faster down the long hallway.

Shayla stops at two double wide gray doors that has a card sensor. She swipes her card but the sensor stays on red. She swipes the card again but the sensor doesn't turn green.

Her phone beeps again, she looks at it. She's received a 1-minute warning.

She tries to call Ben but her cell phone CHIRPS at her that she has no cell service.

Suddenly one of the gray doors open and a SECURITY GUARD exit's it.

He looks at her in surprise.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't tell me you've been standing
here all this time trying to use
your card to get in?

Shayla tries the card again and gives him a little smile.

SHAYLA
Yeah, and for some reason it's not
working.

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, that's because it's broken.

He holds open one of the gray doors for her.

Shayla smiles brightly at him.

SHAYLA
Oh! Thank you!

He smiles back.

SECURITY GUARD
No problem pretty lady. Anytime

Shayla pushes the cart into the storage room. Sparing one more smile at the guard before he lets the door close between them.

Shayla's smile drops as she tucks her chin to her chest keeping her head adverted from the camera's overhead.

She moves the cart across the room to the door for the loading dock.

Using her key card, she opens the loading docks door.

EXT. ARROYS HOTEL LOADING DOCK - SAME

A few empty trucks are parked at the loading dock and Shayla pushed the cart pass them toward the Boogie Van, which is backed into the loading dock.

As Shayla moves the cart closer, Chase opens the vans rear back doors.

Shayla pushes the entire cart inside of the now empty van.

INT. BOOGIE VAN-ARROYS HOTEL LOADING DOCK - SAME

Chase closes the van's doors behind Shayla.

CHASE

You're cutting it real close. I was just about to call Ben.

He moves to the driver's seat with Shayla following close behind, taking her place in the passenger seat.

SHAYLA

Yeah, ran into a couple of issues.

Chase gives her a sharp look before driving away from the dock.

Shayla pulls out her cell phone and quickly sends a text.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's not anything Ben and his laptop can't handle.

Chase's shoulders relax as he settles in for the long drive.

INT. ROOM 705 ARROY HOTEL SHAYLA'S ROOM- 25 MINUTES LATER

Ben's jacket is off, with yellow gloves on both hands, he scrubs the bottom of the shower. A bottle of bleach sits near his feet.

His cellphone rings, pausing he pulls it out of his shirt pocket and answers.

BEN

Hello Sgt. Patterson

JOHN

How did it go?

Ben looks down at his watch.

BEN

The package should be ten miles out
to it's final destination.

JOHN

Where are we with our preparation
for the take down on the other two?

Ben sits back on his hunches.

BEN

As of now, all systems are a go.

Silence greets him.

JOHN

How is she? How did she... is she
okay?

BEN

She handled it better than
expected, sir.

JOHN

We're going to take down these
three bastards. They're going to
pay.

BEN

Yes sir. They are.

INT. BOOGIE VAN- NIGHT - TWO HOURS LATER

Shayla sit's up and peers out the window. It is pitch black
outside.

EXT. ABANDONED WOODED AREA- ONE STATE AWAY- NIGHT

The van headlights show a road as they travel through a
wooded area.

They pass a "Baylor Crematorium 1956" sign, obscurely hidden
behind some foliage.

A few moments later they come upon a nondescript brick
building, the only distinguishable feature is its tall
chimney stack.

The van comes to a stop in front of the building's door. Both
Chase and Shayla exit the dark van.

EXT. BAYLOR'S CREMATORIUM - SAME

They remove the cart from the van and push it to the door of the crematorium.

Chase opens the door with a key.

Shayla pushes the cart inside-

INT. BAYLOR'S CREMATORIUM - SAME

The front room is large. It holds a office and a small kitchenette. A small sofa and a couple of office chairs decorate the room.

To the right of the front office is a set of double doors.

Shayla, with Chase's help, pushes the cart through those doors.

INT. BAYLOR'S CREMATORIUM - FURNACE ROOM - SAME

Once inside, Chase turns on the light, using the light switch next to the double doors.

The room is large and holds three coroner style steel tables. In the far right corner is the furnace. There is one small window but the glass has been spray painted black, allowing for no light. There is no furniture besides a tall steel filing cabinet that sits near the doors.

They both lift Bruce's unconscious body out of the cart and onto one of the steel tables.

They work silently together.

Chase unties Bruce's hands.

Shayla opens a steel file cabinet's doors and pulls out a pair of handcuffs. She throws one pair to Chase and uses the other to cuff Bruce's left hand to the left side of the steel table. Chase does the same to Bruce's right hand.

They leave his feet tied together and his mouth gagged.

Chase goes to the closet and pulls out an I.V. stand. The stand already has two saline bags attached to it. He hands it over to Shayla.

Shayla pulls up the sleeve on Bruce's right arm. She roughly inserts a needle into his right arm.

Bruce lets out a slight moan of pain as Shayla attaches the saline tube to the needle.

Chase lets out a deep breath.

CHASE
We did it. You did it.

Shayla doesn't answer. She only stares at their captive.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Well, I think I'll give you a
moment. I'll wait for you in the
van.

Chase moves around the gurney and exits out the double doors.

To the still unconscious Bruce-

SHAYLA
I'm sorry I won't be here when you
wake up. I'm sure your shock and
confusion would've been well worth
it. You need to stay alive just
long enough until I can reunite you
with your friends.

Shayla fiddles with the gage on the saline drip, dropping it to the lowest setting.

Shayla walks to the double doors and stops at the light switch.

Before turning off the light she-

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
One down. Two more to go.

She turns the light off.

EXT. KASICK HOME- FRONT DOOR- NEXT DAY- DAYTIME

DING DONG

Detective Collins stands outside of Bruce Kasick's home as he waits for someone to open the door.

Andrea opens the door, she looks dishevelled, her eyes are swollen from crying, in her ears are her new diamond earrings.

Detective Collins holds out his badge for her to view. Seeing his badge Andrea backs away from the door, her back hitting their entry way table, knocking over a vase, which turns on its side spilling the water and fresh flowers onto the floor.

ANDREA

Is this about my husband? Is he okay? Please tell me he's okay? Oh my God, you guys don't usually come to the door to tell us that their okay, the hospital calls for that. Is that it? Is my husband dead? Is that why you're here?

Detective Collins holds out his hands to her.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Ma'am, I just need to talk to your husband. My name is Detective Patrick Collins. I'm just here to talk to him about a mutual friend of ours. Is he here?

Andrea straightens up and looks at him in confusion.

ANDREA

You mean you're not here to...no he's not here. We can't find him. He's been missing for the past twelve hours.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

(confused)

Missing?

ANDREA

Yes, he went out of town for a football game. The last time I spoke to him was around four p.m. and that was before the game. I sent him a text to wish him a good night around ten. I know how busy he gets with his show, but he always responds, even if its late, but nothing, no response.

Andrea pulls her cellphone out of her back pocket and looks down at it.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

And this morning when I tried to call him to face time with the kids, he didn't answer.

(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

At first I thought he overslept or his cellphone battery must've died but then one of his co-workers at his job called me... and said...and said that he went to Bruce's hotel room and Bruce was not there.

Andrea begins openly crying now.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

And then Bruce didn't show up for his eight a.m. flight back home. The people at his office are worried and so am I. We had them check his room, his stuff is still there but there is no sign of him.

Andrea looks up at Detective Collins, with a worried expression.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

This is not like Bruce. My husband wouldn't just disappear into thin air. That's why I thought you were here Detective. I don't know where my husband is.

THE END OF PILOT EPISODE

FADE TO BLACK.