

The Phantom Whistler

by  
Aram S. Katz

Inspired by true events

Aram S. Katz  
Zhen Hong Yuan #34-102  
108 Yaohong Road  
Minhang, Shanghai 201103  
+86-15821370481

*THE PHANTOM WHISTLER*

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK FOREST - NIGHT

**Note: This should be Sullivan County, NY.**

The dirt path on the ground has been worn down by hikers, bikers, ATVs, and Quads to the point that only soil remains. Each side has grass and forest debris. There isn't much space on the path as it is just wide enough for one, maybe two people.

Except for the footsteps and breathing of the person on the path, the forest is black, silent, and never ending. A FLASHLIGHT beam from a powerful flashlight shines in front showing the way down the path.

Again, all that can be heard is breathing and footsteps. But the breathing isn't normal. It's labored, almost forced, as if the person is trying hard to overcome some physical problem.

Suddenly, the person turns off the road and turns off the flashlight. The person hides behind a tree in the darkness as two sets of footsteps come up from the other way?

FEMALE (O.S.)

I need Candy Cone after this.

MALE (O.S.)

(annoyed)

You've said that six times. I know.

The person hears an innocent slap and giggles as the female and male run off in the direction in which the person originally came. A few seconds later and the flashlight turns back on. However, the person, instead of walking back to the path, continues into the forest.

The person struggles slowly with rocks and forest debris at their feet for a while, but then sees the light of a house in the distance. The person turns off the flashlight and walks toward the house.

## EXT. TREELINE

From the treeline separating the property from the forest, the person looks at the house. The person knows they are completely hidden by night and shadows.

The person sees an older, yet attractive, light skinned Asian woman in a kitchen doing dishes. She plays with her hair with her wet hand and looks up at if to look at nothing. From behind her, a bear of a man, also middle aged, but looking a little older than the woman and white, wraps his arms around her and kisses her while she does the dishes. The kissing is intimate and restrained.

The two in the kitchen look up toward the ceiling and the woman giggles. But the person watching loses interest in them as lights illuminate on the second floor. The second floor beckons their undivided the attention as the person sees a much younger, but very attractive and slender woman come into view. She has long, wavy black hair and a near perfect hourglass figure but appears much younger than the woman in the kitchen. She comes to the window and looks out, but the person is aware this girl doesn't see her.

The girl then turns and enters another . The figure runs to follow in the forest, trying not to lose sight of this girl.

## EXT. FOREST

The forest at this place is much closer to the house, still well covered and protected. From here, the person sees the girl perfectly. She is in her bed and she is taking off her top to expose her flawless skin and slender body.

The person starts making animalistic grunting at this sight, as this is what this person wants to see.

The girl stands up and walks to the vanity mirror in front of the window and takes off her bra. The grunting and insane sounds from the person watching gets even more passionate and insane, as if this person is getting extreme sexual excitement.

The girl walks into her bath and turns on a light. The person follows and watches her turn on the shower and then watches her strip nude. However, from the angle, the person cannot see the girl from the navel down.

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The girl gets into the shower to bathe. The breathing calms and the grunting stops. The person looks to see the older couple walking into the living holding a bottle of red wine and two wine glasses. However, this is too close to the forest.

The person looks up, sighs, and backs into the forest, always looking up at the girl's bathroom. Safely back in the forest, the person turns around, turns on the - flashlight, and walks away from the house, the animalistic grunting calming down and the breathing going back to normal.

Suddenly, there is perfect silence.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

ESTABLISHING CATSKILL COLLEGE in MONTICELLO, NY, on a very cool mid-June Day.

**Note: This should be Sullivan County Community College in Loch Sheldrake, NY.**

A large sign on the front lawn of the school saying "CATSKILL COLLEGE. HOME OF CHAMPIONS" sits between the only two trees in front of the school.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1: University parking lot filled with cars.

2: Halls empty and clear of students and teachers.

3: Football field: on the field, students dressed in Red and White caps and gowns, red for the men, white for the girls. In the middle are two in light blue, and dark blue. These are the valedictorian and the salutatorian.

4: In the stands are the other students, family members, friends, and loved ones of the graduating students.

5: In front of the stage sit the faculty.

EXT. ON STAGE

On stage sit numerous VIPs with sashes on their body, indicating who is there: The Mayor, the Provost of the College, the Board of Trustees, a few City Council members indicated by the WARD they represent, and a few local celebrities.

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Standing at the lectern is the PRESIDENT, in a pressed suit and tie. He looks over the graduating class and smiles.

PRESIDENT  
Class of 2019. Please rise.

All the students on the field rise.

PRESIDENT  
Congratulations, graduating Class  
of 2019.

The President starts clapping as the VIPs rise to do the same.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The students cheer and throw their caps into the air as Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance plays. They hug each other. Those that are dating kiss each other.

From in the crowd of students, the girl that was watched from the forest throws her cap in the air. This is MONICA AARON, thirty-three years old, and she is all smiles as she turns to get a group hug from her friend, a pretty black girl a bit taller than her, and a black man with the build of a linebacker. These are VERONICA POTTER and COLTON SMITH, Monica's best friends.

While Veronica and Monica jump around, screaming like little girls who just won a date with their crush, Colton stands smiling cool, holding two very pretty women.

Veronica in his arms and looking around, smiling and acting the player. He looks over to a few guys who stare at him envious. Colton flashes the peace sign.

VERONICA  
Damn girl, it's over! We are done  
with this hell hole!

Monica looks at the red folder in her hand and opens it.

MONICA  
And in eight weeks, I'm off to  
Juilliard. We won't be far apart!

VERONICA  
NYU, baby! But you'll love  
Midtown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two women start jumping around. Veronica jumps on Colton's new Jordans. He looks down, upset.

COLTON  
Yo. The shoes, yo! Calm  
yourself!

Veronica looks at Colton and pinches his cheek as though she were his mother.

VERONICA  
(condescending)  
My wittle LT's tootsie hurt?  
Awww.

As she goes in for another pinch, Colton struggles his face away with a grimace.

MONICA  
(laughing)  
He's so shy.

VERONICA  
And traditional.

The two women giggle and try to tickle Colton, who pushes their hands away with ease. While annoyed at this, Colton relishes two hot women paying attention to him.

ALVIN (O.S.)  
Don't move!

Instantly, Monica and Veronica get into poses, hamming it up. They smile stupidly for the camera, while Colton is "too cool" to show that emotion.

Alvin takes the photo on his phone, then taps it quickly. He turns the phone around and just as he is about to hand it to Veronica, Monica smothers in a bear hug.

While Colton is imposing and tall, ALVIN LI is the exact opposite: 5'2", 115 pounds, rail thin, and almost no physique at all.

While this happens, Veronica pulls Colton down by his tie.

VERONICA  
(demanding, but sexy)  
Kiss me, you sexy West Point Black  
Knight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With a sly, slick, playboy like smirk on his face, Colton takes Veronica in his arms and plants one on her that would make toes curl.

ALVIN AND MONICA

Monica looks at Alvin eye to eye, both being about 5'2" but Monica may weigh more than him because Alvin. She wraps her arms around him and, joking, Alvin starts gasping for air.

Alvin is also in a cap and gown, but unlike most people, he didn't really prepare himself for the event. His hair is a mess and he looks exhausted.

MONICA

(excited)

You said you weren't coming?

Alvin looks at the ground.

ALVIN

Yeah, but I know if I didn't, I'd disappoint you.

Monica puts her hand under Alvin's chin and lifts up his head to see an apologetic look on his face.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

(sincere)

I couldn't disappoint you today.

Monica's heart melts and she beams with a huge smile. She hugs Alvin again.

MONICA

I knew you were the right person  
to be friends with in  
kindergarten, Al.

Alvin lightly hugs Monica, not with the force and strength Monica hugged him as physical contact is something Alvin seems to shy away from.

Suddenly, Monica smiles even wider and runs toward a woman in her early thirties, slim, pretty but not beautiful, with long brown hair. This is DR. FELISSA BAKER, one of the adjunct professors at Catskills College. Standing next to Baker is a man in his 60s with a graying beard, a big pot belly, but still looking relatively young. This is DR. DAVID DONALDSON, the Dean of the arts department.

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DONALDSON

(beaming)

Our pride and joy of our belabored  
arts department is leaving us.

Alvin turns to see Monica embracing Baker, who does the  
same with warmth and her eyes closed.

BAKER

(happy)

Make us proud in the arts  
department, Monica. Take  
Juilliard for all it's worth.

DONALDSON

(smiles)

I told you know to worry. As long  
as you have a portfolio and want  
they want, Juilliard will accept  
you, even if you're in your mid  
30s.

Monica releases the embrace and turns to Donaldson. She  
extends her hand to shake his hand.

MONICA

Thank you for everything, Dr.  
Donaldson. You have no idea. . .

Donaldson puts up his hand to silence her, smiling.

DONALDSON

It was all you. I just let them  
know.

He looks at his watch.

DONALDSON

Our fearless leader has asked me  
to go with him for a meeting with  
the department chairs. So this is  
probably the last time I will see  
you, Monica.

He puts his hand on her shoulder and looks into Monica's  
eyes.

DONALDSON

(sincere)

If you ever need anything, you  
know where to find me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Monica nods and looks up at Donaldson. He nods his head, then turn and walks away into the crowd.

Monica watches Donaldson, then sees Colton and Veronica walk up to her, hand in hand.

BAKER

Mr. Smith. Ms. Potter.

She sees Alvin and nods.

BAKER

Mr. Li. It looks like the entire crew is together.

TOM (O.S.)

(shouting)

You forgot me!

Everyone sighs as a blond, surfer looking boy with a tan runs up. This is THOMAS JOHNS, another graduating senior.

Monica closes her eyes and looks at Alvin. Alvin understands and walks to intercept Tom.

ALVIN

Umm, Tom. She still. . .

Tom is surprised. He sees Monica hiding her face behind Colton's massive arm.

TOM

(looking at Monica)

I didn't do anything. Tell them, Mon.

But Monica says nothing, only hiding behind Colton.

ALVIN

Please. Just go away.

Tom looks at Monica, angry now. He points his finger at her.

TOM

(stern)

Your lies almost cost me everything, Monica. But I forgave you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Colton takes a step towards Tom. While Tom is no small person and could easily overpower Alvin, he is nothing compared to Colton. Tom sees this and backs off. He takes a step back and trips over Baker's foot. He looks up to see Baker looking down at.

TOM  
(contrite)  
I'm sorry, Dr. Baker.

BAKER  
(flat)  
Unless you come clean with what you did, you'll never do more than look up at women as they pass you by.

Tom stands up and walks away, disappearing into the crowd. Alvin hands his cell phone to Baker.

ALVIN  
Could you?

Baker nods. Colton picks up Veronica and Monica rests her head on Alvin's head while Alvin holds Monica's arms.

BAKER  
(smiling)  
Don't move!

Baker adjusts her hands and then. . .click. Then she hands the phone to Alvin.

ALVIN  
Thank you, Dr. Baker.

BAKER  
No worries. Oh, Monica.

Monica looks at Baker.

BAKER  
The summer camp. Don't forget to be there Tuesday at 8 AM.

Monica nods and takes the phone from Alvin. She flips around and looks at the photo Baker took.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

The photo on the cell phone.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Two cars sit in a driveway. The porch light is on, as are all the lights in the parlor, but no one is in the parlor.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Under the moonlight, Veronica, Monica, Colton, and Alvin sit on beach chairs next to an in-ground pool. No one swimming, but Veronica's hair is wet.

Veronica and Monica are in two piece bikinis, Colton is in athletic shorts without a shirt, and Alvin has on a speedo. In between them on glass beach tables are a few cans of empty beer, along with an ashtray with a couple of joints that are nearing the end of their lives.

Alvin sits with his hands behind his head and smiles.

ALVIN

(relaxed)

I can't believe I am out of that place too. School of tight asses.

Colton stands up and walks over to the cooler sitting near the stairs into the pool. He pulls out two beers and throws one underhand to Alvin.

COLTON

Kid, you gotta relax some.

Alvin looks up at Colton and pulls out his bag of weed. He begins to roll another joint.

COLTON

Pass it to me after it's lit. But, look at me. Beautiful girlfriend, sitting by her pool.

Colton walks over and opens the top, but Veronica takes it from him with a smile and takes a sip.

VERONICA

(coy)

Drinking her beer. Kissing her lips.

Colton takes the cue and bends over to kiss her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

(sexy quiet)

Fucking the shit out of her  
tonight.

She giggles. He laughs.

COLTON

You know it baby girl.

Colton sits back down and Veronica sits on his lap,  
drinking the beer. Monica stands up and walks into the  
pool, sitting on the steps.

COLTON

(ever the player)

Maybe we can wrangle up a three  
way.

Veronica slaps him playfully. He smiles.

VERONICA

You don't need the snow bunny.  
I'm all you need.

Monica runs her hand over the water and splashes it a  
little. Alvin sees this while rolling his joint. He  
ties off the ends, picks up a lighter, stands up, puts  
the joint behind his ear, and walks over to Monica.

Alvin sits next to her and looks at her looking at the  
water while she runs her fingers over it. In the  
background, Veronica and Colton start kissing again, not  
caring if the two others see or watch.

ALVIN AND MONICA

Alvin takes the joint from behind his ear and puts it in  
his mouth. He pulls the lighter and lights his J. A few  
beginning puffs later, the J is ready for smoking. He  
takes a long drag, then hands it to Monica. She takes it  
and smiles.

MONICA

I'm going to miss you. You've  
always been with me, Al.

She takes a drag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

Since 1st grade, Sunshine. But I  
won't be far. Just in the Bronx.  
Hour on the subway.

Monica nods and hands the joint back. She tries to  
smile, but doesn't.

ALVIN

(after an ex-hale)  
That jerk still bothers you?

Monica nods. She shudders a little thinking about it.

ALVIN

(soothing)  
When you're ready, we'll talk  
about it.

Monica closes her eyes and smiles. She looks up at Alvin  
who offers her the joint. She accepts it.

MONICA

You engineers all potheads, or  
just you?

Alvin beams.

ALVIN

All geeks are potheads if we can  
do it. Among other things, but  
I'll wait on that.

MONICA

You'll make some guy really happy  
someday, Al.

She takes another hit.

ALVIN

(doubting)  
I hope you're right.

Monica stands up and Alvin hugs her.

ALVIN

(sincere)  
Thank you for keeping my secret.

Monica hugs Alvin back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONICA

(quiet)

Thank you for coming out to me.

As the two hug by the pool, Colton has begun massaging Veronica's thighs and kissing her neck. Whether Alvin or Monica care or not, Colton is about thirty seconds away from making love to Veronica, who is completely enraptured in bliss.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Veronica and Colton watch from the porch as Alvin gets into his car and Monica starts walking down the driveway towards the road. Monica is wearing a backpack. Her tassel from her cap hangs out the back.

ALVIN

(calling out)

Are you sure you don't want a ride? We're practically neighbors.

MONICA

(calling back)

I need time to think alone. Thanks, but I'll be fine. It's only a few minutes away.

Alvin shrugs his shoulders and looks at the porch to see Colton practically undressing Veronica again.

ALVIN

(rolling his eyes)

Can't you wait until I leave?

Colton stands behind Veronica, kissing and sucking her neck as she holds his head, closes her eyes, and moans in satisfaction.

COLTON

(through the kiss)

Nope.

ALVIN

(sighing)

See you are the party tomorrow.

VERONICA

(dreaming)

Okay. Whatever. Fuck me until I can't walk, Lieutenant Smith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veronica turns around and kisses Colton square on the lips.

EXT. FOREST LINED SHOULDER - NIGHT

Alvin honks his horn at Monica as he pulls out on to the dirt road and drives away. Monica walks in the opposite direction.

She is completely surrounded by darkness and trees. While there is a slight breeze, only the leaves at the top of the trees sway. On the street, it is calm and motionless.

Monica looks up. While not a full moon, there is enough light to cause shadows in the overwhelming darkness.

Monica continues down the road, the only sound being her own foot steps. Suddenly, she hears a loud cat call, that distinct whistle when a man sees a beautiful woman walk by.

Monica stops and looks around. She sees nothing. She continues walking.

A few more steps, another cat call whistled, this one louder and more deliberate, even slower. Someone wants Monica to know she is being watched and whistled at.

Monica turns in the direction of the whistle, a little frustrated.

MONICA

Guys! It's too late and I'm too stoned for this! Knock it off.

Silence.

Monica looks around for a second or two, then continues walking down the street, albeit a little faster.

Suddenly, she hears a muffled giggle and another loud cat call. She stops again. Something was off about the giggle and she slowly turns her head behind her to look to see if she is being followed. She sees nothing.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(near whisper)

You won't find me, baby.

Monica's eyes dart back toward the voice's direction, but she sees nothing again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then the giggling returns, but it's more manic and terrorizing than before. Another cat call and Monica's gone.

She starts running down the road full speed, stoned and out of it.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(closer)

You can't run. I know you.

Monica's heart can't stop beating. She tries to run faster, but she is running top speed now.

Another cat call that almost seems to come as if the person doing it is next to her.

She stops suddenly and gasps. She lets out a scream of abject terror. She tries to move, but she can't move. She is literally frozen with fear.

Another cat call.

She pulls out her phone and dials 9/11. Just as she puts the phone to her ear, she sees a car coming towards her.

EXT. EMBANKMENT

Monica jumps into the forest off the road and hides behind a large, rotting log at the bottom of the embankment.

Another really loud cat call.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(ominous)

You can't hide.

Monica looks down and sees worms and bugs crawling all over her exposed legs. She covers her mouth and tries not to scream.

EXT. ROAD

The car coming towards her turns on a spotlight and starts shining it into the forest on her side.



EXT. EMBANKMENT

Monica watches this and purses her eyes shut, trying to will the person away.

She hears the car come close and gets low to the ground. She looks up at the road.

EXT. ROAD

A county sheriff's car passes.

EXT. EMBANKMENT

Monica sees the police car and runs up the embankment immediately after recognizing the markings.

EXT. ROAD

Monica starts flagging down the car.

MONICA  
(terrified)  
Hey! Help! Please stop!

The sheriff's car stops. The driver's side door opens. Monica stops jumping and waits to see who the person coming out the car is.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(commanding)  
Are you okay?

Monica has a bright flashlight shone into her eyes, so she cannot make out the face of the man walking towards her.

She rocks back and forth, all ready to run again if needed.

MONICA  
(panic)  
Oh God, please help me!

The man stops walking and lowers the flashlight. Monica's eyes brighten as she recognizes the officer. She runs to him, almost tackling him in her embrace, and starts screaming.

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CONTINUED:

MONICA

(insane)

Bruce! Help me! Someone's following me. Please save me.

The officer, a tall, young, physically fit man, mid-to-late 30s, wraps his arms around her, petting her hair with his empty hand and shining the flashlight into the forest with the other. Monica sobs his in his arms, the weight of being chased escaping from her body and mind. She is safe.

The officer, BRUCE MARSHALL, continues to look into the woods with his flashlight shining in it. He sees, and hears, nothing.

BRUCE

Jesus Christ, Monica! Calm down.

But she doesn't calm down. And all Bruce can do is console and look around.

The two stand on the road, in the dark, with only the headlights, floodlight, rear lights, and flashlight giving out enough light to see. Monica has Bruce in a death grip, refusing to let him go.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

Marshall drives down the road, looking at Monica, who sits uneasy, but relaxed. Marshall looks at her exposed legs and shifts in his driver's seat a little.

BRUCE

What the hell where you doing alone at this hour of the night?

Monica looks out the window.

MONICA

It is only a couple of miles and.  
. .

BRUCE

(insightful)  
Are you stoned?

Monica, shocked, looks at Bruce, then at the ground. Bruce rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Dammit, I told you! I know times are changing, but. . .everything you heard and saw was a hallucination, wasn't it?

Monica turns and looks out the window.

MONICA

(quiet)

It seemed real to me.

Monica wraps her arms around herself as if she is cold. She looks at Bruce driving and smiles.

MONICA

Were you coming to see me?

Bruce nods a little and gives a little smile.

BRUCE

I couldn't make your graduation. I was on call. I'm sorry.

Monica smiles and turns to watch the road. Bruce, again, looks at her bare legs and then puts his eyes back to the road.

EXT. TREE LINED DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Inside the same forest, Bruce's cruiser pulls into a tree lined circular driveway in front of a well maintained rural home.

The car pulls up in front of the stairs to the porch. Monica opens the door and gets out. She stops in front of the first step and watches Bruce get out of the car and walk towards her.

Bruce grabs her arms below the shoulders and smiles

BRUCE

Are Sam and Greg back?

Monica shakes her head.

MONICA

Tomorrow night. Are you coming?

Bruce nods his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

I wouldn't miss it for the world,  
Monica.

Monica takes his hand and looks at the empty house.

MONICA

(seductive)

You know, you could complete the  
rescue by coming inside and making  
sure everything is safe.

Bruce chuckles.

BRUCE

I would love to, but I am still on  
duty and you know how I feel about  
that.

MONICA

(disappointed)

Bible thumping goodie two shoes!  
Going to wait until you're  
married. It must get lonely at  
night all alone, Deputy.

Monica starts making motions of seducing Bruce with  
action as well as words. Bruce doesn't seem to fight it  
and seems to enjoy it until. . .

RADIO

Unit 1347. Do you copy?

Instantly, the mood is broken. Bruce sighs and looks at  
Monica, disappointed. He presses down the mic on his  
chest.

BRUCE

(professional)

1347, copy.

RADIO

Proceed to a 10-16 at 655 Percy  
Road. Subject is intoxicated.

BRUCE

10-4. In transit now.

Bruce looks at Monica and smiles.

BRUCE

I gotta go. You'll be safe  
tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monica smiles and nods. Bruce walks back to the driver's side door, opens it, puts the car in drive and drives out the driveway. Monica watches, smiles, then walks up the steps, unlocks the front door and walks inside, turning on the light as the door closes behind her.

EXT. FOREST TREE LINE

From the distance, someone has watched the entire scene unfold from the safety of forest shadows. They watch Monica disappear from view, then they turn from the house and walk into the forest.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

ESTABLISHING Shopping Mall in late June.

**NOTE: Possible location - Galleria at Crystal Run, Middletown, NY**

Cars come in and out of the mall. Cars parked in a half filled parking lot.

INT. SHOPPING MALL

SERIES OF SHOTS

1: Young girls shopping with their friends

2: People eating at the food court

3: A line for the movie theater

4: Monica and Veronica trying on business dresses. Each time, Colton and Alvin disagree where one approves, and the other disapproves. Alvin loves this, Colton hates it.

5: Alvin, Monica, and Veronica talking and giggling walking through the mall while Colton carries the shopping bags.

INT. FOOD COURT

Colton has reached his breaking point. He looks at watch and sits down at one of the tables. The girls look at him as he glares at them.

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CONTINUED:

COLTON

I did not come with you to be your pack mule. You want your swag, you carry it yourself.

He puts the bags down on the ground and relaxes into his seat. Monica and Veronica start giggling.

ALVIN

I'll get us something to eat. Any suggestions.

Colton pulls out his wallet and pulls out a fifty. He slams it on the table and looks at Alvin.

COLTON

Two extra large pies. Everything but anchovies. Biggest something to drink ever made.

Veronica sees this and gets angry.

VERONICA

Moody little bitch. Come on, Alvin. Let him sit with his PMS.

Alvin and Veronica walk away towards the restaurants. Colton sits up.

COLTON

I want change!

VERONICA

(calling out)  
Go to Bangkok then!

Colton shakes his head, disgusted, as Monica looks at him, concerned.

MONICA

You didn't have to come.

COLTON

(chuckling)  
If I didn't, she'd get pissed and I would have to deal with it.

Monica takes Colton's hand. Colton looks at her.

MONICA

Is being married that hard?

Colton looks up and closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLTON

Hardest shit I've ever done, Mon.

Monica pulls her hand back and looks out into space, almost heartbroken listening to Colton.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING a high end restaurant with a full parking lot.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is packed with university and high school graduates and their families, friends, and parents. Everyone is dressed formally, giving the impression that this is a black tie affair establishment. The place is painted in Earth tones with a colonial motif.

MONICA'S TABLE

Everyone at the table has food in front of them in various stages of completion. There are two bottles of champagne chilled on ice. At the center of the table on a lazy Suzan is the centerpiece; a large carved turkey with all the dressings.

Monica is in a semi formal dress, hair up, looking radiant, as is Veronica, in a white dress that counterbalances her very dark skin.

Alvin is in a regular suit and tie, albeit wrinkled and cheap, while Colton is in a pressed suit looking like he just left for his senior prom.

At the table as well is Baker, as Monica's honored guest, and Bruce in his sheriff's uniform.

Sitting at the head of the table are the two adults from Monica's home, the late 50's white man and the mid 50's Asian woman. These are her parents, GREG AARON and SAMANTHA AARON.

The parents are beaming and looking at the people at the table. Greg stands up and clinks his glass. Everyone at the table stops eating or talking and looks at Greg, who looks at his daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

(quiet)

What can I say? Finished with university and off to graduate school. My wife and I wondered if paying for your little gallivants in Europe and Asia would pay off, but they turned you, Monica, into an independent, grown, mature young woman.

Everyone claps at Sam's words.

GREG

We only required you to stay close for university and you did. Now, it's off to Manhattan! And we couldn't be prouder of you.

Greg lifts his glass. Everyone follows suit.

GREG

To my daughter. My angel. My princess. My greatest investment and my greatest reward. I love you.

EVERYONE

(together)

To Monica!

Everyone drinks. As Greg sits, Bruce rises. He is about to speak, but Sam takes his hand. Bruce sits and Sam stands.

SAM

(heavy Korean accent)

Monica. I know I have been overbearing. My mother was the same way. It is my tradition for me to take care of my daughter until she has a husband.

Sam looks at Monica.

SAM

And you were always sick. All through your 20s. You couldn't even go to school. I just wanted what is best for you. Your father is proud. I have regret. I have shame. I forced you to stay. I took away your voice.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Sam looks at Monica and smiles a forlorn, hurt smile.

SAM

I will understand if you resent me. I was wrong. My heart was in the right place. My actions weren't. I'm sorry.

Monica stands up and hugs her mother tight. Sam reciprocates. Everyone applauds. As the two women separate and sit down, Bruce rises again.

BRUCE

May I, Mr. Aaron?

GREG

(motioning approval)  
You're a grown man.

Bruce turns to face Monica.

BRUCE

I have known the Aarons for what feels like my entire life. When Monica was in first grade, I was in fourth. We were neighbors, friends, and. . .

MONICA

(laughing)  
We weren't always friends. You were a real jerk to me for a long time, Bruce.

VERONICA

(piping up)  
And me!

COLTON

(slick)  
We're always a jerk to you, Ronnie!

Veronica slaps Colton playfully.

VERONICA

You're still a jerk, you jerk.

BRUCE

Well, I guess all boys are jerks to girls sometimes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

We don't mean to be, but it's a phase we have until we realize how wonderful being around you is.

Bruce looks at Sam and Greg.

BRUCE

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron, a few years ago, I asked your daughter to help me learn guitar. She was bubbly and all smiles when she accepted. Thanks to her, I have started a band with some of the other officers in the SO and we perform for charities and organizations all over the county. Because of Monica, I can give back. And I could never thank her enough.

Everyone claps and Monica turns bright red.

BRUCE

(clears his throat)

I am babbling and rambling. Sam. Greg. Over the past years knowing and spending time with Monica, I can say that I have fallen in love with her.

Bruce looks at Monica, who looks up at him with stars in her eyes.

BRUCE

And she with me. I know that every time she sees me. And every time I see her, I fall in love with her again.

Bruce looks over at the WAITER, who smiles, picks up a tray, puts a dish of ice cream on it, and then walks over to Monica. He places the dish in front of her. Monica looks at it.

INSERT - ICE CREAM

In the middle of the ice cream is a gold ring with a nice sized diamond on it.

RETURN TO SCENE

Monica gasps and turns to Bruce, who is on his knee. Veronica bounces up and down, holding Colton's hand tight.

BRUCE

Monica Lee Aaron, I know you are going to Manhattan for your MFA and I would never stop you. I want to be part of your life for the rest of mine. Would you be my wife?

Monica looks at the ice cream, then picks up the engagement ring. She looks at it, shocked, then slowly slides it onto her left ring finger. She wraps her arms around Bruce's neck and kisses him with power and fire.

MONICA

Of course I will!

Everyone cheers and claps at the table again. Colton kisses Veronica and Sam and Greg embrace each other.

As Monica releases her huge, the waiter brings desert to the table.

Baker leans over to Monica and looks at Monica's ring. She looks at both Bruce and Monica and smiles.

BAKER

I wish the two of you the best.

MONICA

Thank you, Dr. Baker. That means a lot coming from you.

BAKER

(to Bruce)

You better treat her perfectly, Deputy.

Bruce nods and kisses Monica again, as Baker watches.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monica sits at in front of her hutch, looking in her mirror and gently brushing her head. She's wearing a white lace nightie and her hair is down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at her left hand and sees the engagement ring. She smiles and puts the brush down. She walks to the window and looks outside.

INSERT - WINDOW

Darkness as far as one can see.

BACK TO SCENE

She sits in front of the open window listens to the wind blow while playing with her hair.

Suddenly, from outside, someone starts whistling the "Funeral Dirge." Monica shoots up and looks out the window.

MONICA

(nervous)

Hello?

The "Funeral Dirge" continues as Monica looks out the window. She sees nothing.

MONICA

(nervous)

This isn't funny.

The "Funeral Dirge" stops. And Monica peers her head out the window. Again, she sees nothing.

MONICA

(calling out)

Daddy!

As soon as she says Dad, she hear a blood curdling moan from a distance away, as if someone is close to dying.

Her bedroom door flies open and Sam comes in wearing his robe.

SAM

What is it?

Monica looks at him concerned.

## EXT. BACKYARD

All the lights are on pointing into the backyard. Sam walks around shining a high powered, police grade flashlight into and around the forest. He sees nothing.

He looks up at Sam, who holds Monica in her arms and shakes her head. Greg turns around and walks back into the house. He turns the lights off to the backyard. Instantly, there is darkness.

SAM

If you hear it again, let us know.

Monica nods her head as Greg walks into the room.

GREG

There's nothing out there, kid.

Monica looks at her father and nods. Sam stands up and walks to Greg.

SAM

We're just down the hall.

Sam turns off the light and both parents leave Monica alone. She looks out the window, then closed it, lowering the blinds.

She crawls into bed and lays on her side, staring at the window.

She heard "The Funeral Dirge" whistle again, and puts the pillow over her head as if to block out the noise.

She closes her eyes, but then hears a thud against the wall. She sits up quickly, terrified. She hears another, this time against the window.

Monica walks to the window and hears another thump against the window. She pulls the blinds back a little and sees nothing.

Instantly, a rock is thrown against her window, causing a spider web break in the window. She jumps back, turns, and runs out of the room.

## EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

There are three police cars in front of the house with their top lights on.

## EXT. BACKYARD

There are lights moving around in the forest while Greg, Sam, and Monica stands with a man that appears to be in his mid 70s, in a standard brown sheriff's uniform. This is SHERIFF RICHARD LEXINGTON. He look at Greg and as a shaky Monica in Sam's arms.

LEXINGTON

If there is anything in those woods, my men will find it.

MONICA

(shaking)

It was Tom. I know it.

LEXINGTON

Who?

GREG

Thomas Johns. Some "person" that she knew at Catskill.

MONICA

He won't ever leave me alone.

Lexington nods and pulls out a small notepad from his shirt pocket. He takes out a pen and clicks it.

LEXINGTON

And what is this man's full name?

Monica looks at him with a blank, empty expression as she sighs.

## EXT. FOREST

The officers continue to search. Three flashlights shine through the forest, as the officer shout at each other to stay in communication.

## EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Lexington has finished taking his notes. He looks at Monica and puts his hand on her shoulder while putting away his notepad.

LEXINGTON

This guy seems like a real winner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

I thought he was.

LEXINGTON

We'll send someone to talk to him  
tomorrow morning.

As Lexington pulls out his hand radio, Bruce walks up from the side of the house.

BRUCE

(quickly)  
We searched the forest, sir.  
Whoever was there isn't now. And  
he left nothing for us to identify  
him.

Bruce looks at Monica and smiles.

BRUCE

We'll find him. We always do.

LEXINGTON

Sergeant, I need you to  
investigate a suspect tomorrow.

BRUCE

Yes sir.

Bruce salutes Lexington as Lexington turns and walks to his cruiser.

Monica, still shaking a little, has calmed down. She looks at Bruce and smiles.

LEXINGTON (O.S.)

(calling out)  
Sergeant Marshall!

Bruce puts his hand on Monica's shoulder. She takes it and kisses his hand quickly.

BRUCE

(whispers)  
I'll find this guy for you. Don't  
worry about anything.

Monica rubs her cheek against Bruce's hand and closes her eyes.

SAM

(direct)  
What can we do to protect her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE

Listen to her. Reinforce the locks and make the locks on her door better. Call me directly if this happens again.

LEXINGTON

(shouting)  
Sergeant Marshall.

BRUCE

(quickly)  
Yes sir. Coming.

Bruce winks at Monica, then trots over to Lexington, who stands in front of his cruiser with the driver's side door open.

FRONT PORCH

As Lexington and Bruce speak, Sam and Greg take Monica to the porch and sit her down on one of the porch chairs. Greg leans back against the railing and looks at his daughter while Sam sits next to her on the arm of the chair.

GREG

(looking at Bruce)  
You have a good man there, kid.

Monica nods and smiles.

SAM

(looking at Greg)  
A good man is hard to come by.

Greg looks at Sam and smiles.

SAM

When you find him, you never let him go. And you don't argue over much, because he always has your best intentions in his heart.

Greg looks at his wife and shakes his head.

GREG

I'm sure Bruce will find the bastard psycho.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Greg watches as the cruisers turn out the driveway. In an instant there is silence and darkness again. Sam sighs.

GREG

Are you ready to go back upstairs?

Monica nods. Sam stands and opens the door. She leads Monica inside. Greg takes the door and lets Sam in. Just before he goes in, he stops and looks behind him and around, inspecting everything before stepping inside.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

ESTABLISHING Catskill College outside the "College of Fine Arts."

INT. HALLWAY

People walk through a cramped, anti-septic hallway. Among them is Monica, dressed in a blue business suit, looking absolutely beautiful and radiating confidence. She has on a form fitting blue blazer, white blouse, high heels, and a tight, form fitting blue skirt that stops mid-thigh. Her hair is down. In her hand is a large artistic portfolio in a brown and black cover.

She stops in front of a closed door and sighs, then adjusts her blazer. She knocks on the door.

DONALDSON (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. OFFICE

Monica walks into the office and sits down as Donaldson motions for her to close the door.

The office is small, but there is enough space for his desk, two other chairs, and bookshelves filled with stage plays, screenplays, manuscripts, and published pieces. On the walls are posters from concerts, playbills, and photographs of Donaldson with important people in the entertainment business.

DONALDSON

A little more privacy. No one needs to know what we're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monica nods in agreement, hands Donaldson the portfolio, then turns to close the door. As she turns around, Donaldson is pouring through.

MONICA

Thank you for seeing me, Dr.  
Donaldson.

Donaldson doesn't look up. He flips pages and keeps looking it over.

DONALDSON

Impressive. You kept yourself  
busy even outside of the  
department.

Donaldson closes the book and looks at a beaming Monica. He stands up, walks to the front of his desk and sits down on the corner, facing Monica.

MONICA

It's what you told us to do.

Donaldson smiles and leers at Monica a little, slowly walking behind her and looking at his wall.

DONALDSON

Part of this business is promoting  
yourself. Talented people need to  
do things to set themselves apart  
from each other. Make a niche for  
themselves in order to climb to  
the top.

Donaldson points to a portrait of Sean Coombs.

DONALDSON

Take this guy here. He worked his  
way up from menial jobs to being a  
titan in music.

Monica looks at the portrait and nods. Donaldson points to his poster of the movie *Ironweed*.

DONALDSON

Meryl Streep was told she wouldn't  
make it by a number of people, but  
that lit a fire in her and she  
worked to become one of the most  
decorated and awarded women in  
motion pictures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONICA

(excited)

You've seen what I can do. You know what I know and what I've done. There's talent in me I know we haven't tapped yet.

Donaldson stands behind Monica and puts his hands on her shoulders gently. He looks up at the ceiling.

DONALDSON

Tapped. Interesting choice of words.

MONICA

Dr. Donaldson, what do you see in store for me?

DONALDSON

Big things, if you play your cards right.

Donaldson slowly begins to massage Monica's shoulder, but not in a relaxing way. He is making a move and a pass at her.

DONALDSON

(sly)

All you have to do is learn how to play ball in this industry.

Monica looks up at Donaldson and instantly begins to squirm. She tries to stand up, but feels Donaldson putting his weight down on her shoulders, making it difficult for her to move.

MONICA

(uneasy)

I think I understand, Dr. Donaldson. But I don't want. . .

Donaldson's face sours. He releases and Monica sighs in relief. She stands up and grabs her portfolio and turns to walk to the door, but before she can reach the door, Donaldson pulls her in for a kiss, a disgusting, vomit inducing kiss that would make any woman's skin crawl.

Monica tries to back away, but Donaldson is now a man possessed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONALDSON

(evil, sick)  
Come here, little girl, and learn  
the last thing you need to know.

Donaldson is now a completely terrifying figure. And Monica knows how much trouble her is in.

MONICA

(desperate)  
I'll scream.

Donaldson points to the walls.

DONALDSON

Soundproofed!

Monica knows there is no way out. She can't scream/ She can't escape. She darts for the door in hope, but Donaldson is all over. He wraps his arms around her. She starts struggling as Donaldson pins her arms to her body.

DONALDSON

(slick)  
I'm going to have you one way or  
another.

Donaldson tries to plant a kiss on Monica's lips but she pulls away. This angers him immediately.

DONALDSON

In this business, the more you  
struggle, the more it hurts.

He puts her on the desk and releases her arms to start fumbling with her blazer. She looks around and sees his desk lamp. She grabs it quickly and hits him with it as hard as she can. It stuns him enough for her to lift her leg at the knee and kick him in the balls.

Donaldson groans and falls on her, holding his unmentionables. Monica pushes an in pain Donaldson off of her. She looks around, sees her portfolio, grabs it, and runs to the door.

Before she can unlock it, Donaldson rolls off the desk and onto the floor, still holding himself.

DONALDSON

(wheezing)  
You'll never be a success with  
that attitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Monica unlocks the door and composes herself. She looks at Donaldson.

MONICA

Then I'll go into soccer.

Monica opens the door and slides out, closing the door behind her as Donaldson begins to whimper.

EXT. ARTS COLLEGE

Monica quickly walks out of the building and sits down on one of the benches in front of the building. Other students pass but do not notice her, nor do they care. They have their own lives to live.

Monica sits and relaxes, regaining her calm and normal breath. She looks back at the door to the building.

No one comes out.

She stands up and brushes the wrinkles out of her blazer and skirt. She picks up her portfolio and begins to walk away.

TOM (O.S.)

Monica!

She looks and sees Tom running towards here. She looks around in terror, but sees no one that can help her. After what happened with Donaldson, she is drained of the ability to run or fight back, so she sits back down as Tom, in a shirt and shorts, runs to her.

Tom comes up to the bench and looks at her. She is rigid and tight, like a coiled up rattlesnake.

Tom looks her over and smiles.

TOM

You look really good today.

MONICA

(cold)

Thank you. What do you want?

Tom sees how Monica is asking and looks at her, confused.

TOM

What did I do that is making you this way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA  
(near tears)  
You know what you did!

Tom begins to sit down next to Monica.

TOM  
No I don't . . .

Seeing an opportunity to escape, Monica stands up quickly and trots away. Tom stands, points at her, and doesn't follow.

TOM  
(calling out)  
You asked me. I didn't ask you!

But Monica has already gotten away. Tom doesn't chase after her. He lets her go.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Monica walks at the quick step to her car. She reaches into her purse and gets her keys. She fumbles with them, but then gets one into the door. She opens the door and sits down.

She closes the door, puts her head on the steering wheel and begins to weep quietly.

The shadows begin to get longer on the ground.

INT. DINER

Tom sits drinking a cup of coffee alone at the bar. There is a newspaper and a pen next to him.

The front door opens to the jingle of a bell and Bruce walks in. The HOSTESS comes out from the kitchen and smiles.

HOSTESS  
Sergeant Marshall. Nice to see  
you.

Bruce nods and salutes the Hostess.

HOSTESS  
Cup of coffee?

Bruce shakes head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Sorry, dear. Still on duty.

Bruce saunters up to Tom and sits next to him. He looks at the newspaper next to Tom's elbow.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

It's the classified section, namely apartments and jobs. A few are circled.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce looks at Tom and smiles.

BRUCE

Are you Mr. Johns?

Tom puts down the coffee and looks at Bruce, almost shocked to hear his name.

TOM

Yes, sir. Tom Johns.

Bruce nods and pulls out his notepad from his front pocket.

BRUCE

(interested)

I'm Sergeant Marshall of the sheriff's office. Could you tell me where you were last night around, say, 10 PM last night?

Tom thinks for a minute.

TOM

I was home playing games on my computer.

Bruce writes.

BRUCE

Can anyone verify this? Anyone see you at all?

TOM

(shaking his head)

I live alone and don't talk to my neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce writes more.

BRUCE

(stern)  
You didn't go out at all last night?

TOM

(suspicious)  
I left around midnight to get snacks and a bottle of soda at the gas station. Could you tell me what this is all about, officer?

Bruce clicks his pen and looks at Tom.

BRUCE

(angry)  
I think you know.

TOM

(slowly shaking his head)  
Actually, I have no idea.

BRUCE

Why did you speak to Monica Aaron today? You know she doesn't want anything to do with you.

Tom looks at the ground and then away from Bruce. He picks up his coffee cup and sips.

TOM

That's my business.

Bruce nods. He takes out his nightstick and puts it under Tom's chin. He turns Tom's face towards him and stares at Tom with murder in his heart.

BRUCE

(slowly, intense)  
Stay away from her. If I hear you are within a mile of her, I'll make you curse the day your mother brought you into this world. Understand me?

Tom nods quickly.

HOSTESS

Sergeant. Please. Not in the dinner.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce chuckles and then puts away his nightstick. He then adjusts Tom's shirt and smiles.

BRUCE

Listen to what I just told you.

Bruce taps the newspaper.

BRUCE

Or do us all a favor and get the hell out of here.

Bruce picks up the coffee cup and spills the coffee on the floor. He puts the cup near the register. Tom sits, does nothing, taking the abuse. Bruce salutes the waitress again, then leaves the dinner.

Hostess takes the cup, brings it back to Tom, and refills it. Tom watches the squad car pull away and then turns back to look over his newspaper.

EXT. FROWN LAWN - NIGHT

Monica's car pulls up into the front of her home. She gets out of her car and walks to the front door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Monica pulls out her keys to unlock the door but stops. She looks at the door then pushes it open with her right hand. It is unlocked and been pried open.

INT. PARLOR

Monica opens the door and the dark room is suddenly flooded with natural light. She pokes her head into the house and looks around.

Everything seems normal.

She uses a rock to keep the door open and then takes two steps inside, stopping to turn on the light.

Monica looks around.

INSERT - PARLOR

Everything is where it should be.

BACK TO SCENE

Monica continues through the house, walking slowly and making sure she is completely aware of her surroundings.

Every noise she hears, she turns to look in that direction immediately. Her sensor is in high alert.

INT. BEHIND OVERSTUFFED SOFA

Someone watches Monica as she goes deeper into the house. Their breathing is heavy, as if they are sexually excited. This person focuses their attention on Monica's legs and ass.

INT. HALLWAY

Monica stops and looks up the stairs to the bedrooms. She looks around, then reaches into a doorway to the kitchen and pulls out a butcher knife.

Monica sighs, then starts walking slowly up the stairs to investigate.

INT. BEHIND OVERSTUFFED SOFA

From this person's POV, they stand up and slowly start walking towards Monica, the breathing quiet, but deep. The person takes three steps, then stops, and starts backing up to the door, always looking in the direction Monica went.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Monica gets to her doorway and stops. She looks at it, confused, then turns the handle, throws the door open and looks in.

INSERT - MONICA'S ROOM

It is perfect, except her panties and thongs have been thrown and scattered in the room.

BACK TO SCENE

Monica is terrified. She looks in and sees her underwear everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the mirror on her hutch, scrawled across it in red lipstick, someone has written "If I can't have you, no one can."

Monica screams and runs towards the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY

She runs down the steps, but in her panic, trips over her feet and falls down the carpeted steps and lands on the ground with a hideous thud, her head bouncing off the floor, facing the door way.

INSERT - DOORWAY

Monica sees the figure of the person in the doorway. It is a figure of average size. Monica cannot make out many features, especially the face, as the sun setting is almost blinding her.

Monica blinks, and the figure is gone.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Again, three police cars with their lights on sit parked in the front of the house.

INT. PARLOR

Again, Lexington sits with Monica with a notepad in his hand. He is calmly writing as Monica sits with a cup of coffee in her hand.

Upstairs, people are walking around and making a commotion.

LEXINGTON

So, the door was jimmied open and you just walked on?

Monica nodded.

LEXINGTON

Then you went upstairs not knowing if you were alone and saw your bedroom, came down and saw this person looking at you in the doorway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again, Monica nods.

LEXINGTON  
(shaking his head)  
Stupid and foolish. You could  
have been attacked.

Monica looks at Lexington.

MONICA  
Sheriff, it's my. . .

LEXINGTON  
Where are you parents?

MONICA  
They are in the Poconos. They'll  
be back on Tuesday.

Lexington looks up and sees Monica still shaking a little. He smiles and puts his pen away.

LEXINGTON  
Next time you see your door busted  
in, call us before going inside.

Immediately after finishing speaking, Bruce walks into the room, taking off surgical gloves. He looks at Monica shaking and at Lexington giving her the fatherly eye of disapproval.

BRUCE  
Are you okay, Monica?

LEXINGTON  
Sergeant, you are on duty. Refer  
to her properly.

BRUCE  
With all do respect, sir, screw  
that. She's going to be my wife  
and someone is . . .

LEXINGTON  
You have a personal relationship  
with the victim, Sergeant?

MONICA  
(slowly)  
Bruce is my fiancée.

Lexington nods and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEXINGTON

I see. Consider yourself relieved, Sergeant. You can leave the crime scene now.

Bruce shoots daggers at Lexington.

BRUCE

(angry)  
You think I'm going to leave her alone, sir?

LEXINGTON

(level headed)  
You have a personal relationship with the victim and I won't let that interfere with this stalking investigation, Sergeant. I have given you an order.

Monica looks at Lexington, terrified.

MONICA

(resolute)  
And this is my home. And he is not to leave. You will leave before I see him go.

Lexington looks at Monica and shakes his head.

BRUCE

I request permission to be allowed to stay here so she is not alone, sir.

LEXINGTON

Request denied. This is still an open investigation.

MONICA

Request approved. You're still my fiancée and I love you.

Lexington looks at Monica as she walks over to Bruce and hugs him. Lexington sighs.

LEXINGTON

Okay, Ms. Aaron. Sergeant, you are off the investigation, but you can stay with her on your off duty hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE

Thank you, sir.

LEXINGTON

If anything happens, you are to radio it in immediately. You are NOT part of this investigation.

BRUCE

Understood, sir.

Lexington looks at his watch and smiles.

LEXINGTON

It is 8:07. Consider yourself off duty at 8:10.

Lexington extends his hand to Bruce. Bruce looks at him oddly.

LEXINGTON

Congratulations, Sergeant.

Bruce smiles and shakes Lexington's hand. Bruce takes off his duty belt and puts it on the coffee table.

Lexington leaves the room, leaving Bruce and Monica alone.

EXT. MONICA'S HOME - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING Monica's home at night. Only the Sheriff's Cruiser and Monica's car are in the front. It is dark, still, and quiet. One light on the second floor is on.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monica lays in bed reading in her nightie with the bed stand lamp on. She is alone. Her hair is down.

Her room is back to the orderly, neat, and clean condition it is always in.

She looks up to hear someone climbing the stairs. She puts her book down and watches Bruce come into the room, dressed in his uniform pants and a white T-shirt. He has his duty flashlight in his hand.

BRUCE

Everything is secure. All doors and windows are locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monica nods.

BRUCE

If that's everything, I'll go to  
the guest room.

Monica puts her book down and sits up.

MONICA

Bruce?

Bruce turns around from walking out and looks at Monica,  
who is now on her knees sitting on the bed.

Her nightie barely goes down to her hips in this  
position, is white and almost see through. She isn't  
wearing anything on under it.

MONICA

(erotic)  
Like what you see?

Bruce turns and nods his head.

MONICA

(coy, sexy)  
Want to see more?

Before Bruce can answer, she takes off her nightie and is  
in her birthday suit.

BRUCE

We agreed to wait until our  
wedding night.

MONICA

(giggling)  
I do!

Bruce puts the flashlight on the ground, climbs over the  
foot of the bed, on top of Monica, who straddles him as  
he mounts her, and kisses Monica deeply in a missionary  
position.

EXT. FOREST TREE LINE

From the forest, someone is looking at Monica's bedroom.  
Their breathing is heavy. However, this time, the  
breathing is as though they are not turned on sexually.  
It is as though they are livid and angry.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Monica lays in bed, asleep. A beam of light crosses her face and stretches, smiles, and slowly opens her eyes to see Bruce, in complete uniform, putting on his duty belt.

MONICA

(lazy)  
Good morning, stud.

Bruce smiles and adjust his duty belt.

BRUCE

One of the other deputies has to transport an inmate up north for his trial. I have to pull a double shift today.

Monica looks at him and frowns. She slowly sits up and is still naked.

BRUCE

You have my number. If something happens and that guy comes back, just text me SOS on my phone.

Monica nods and motions for Bruce to come over to her. Bruce looks in the mirror over the dresser, then turns and looks at Monica, walking over.

Monica outstretches and wraps her arms around him as he bends over and hugs her head. He is now on Sheriff alert and looks around as he hugs her protecting her.

Monica puts her head against his stomach, then looks up at him.

MONICA

(quiet)  
Come back to me safely tonight.

Also automatic, Bruce nods and turns to the door. Monica watches as Bruce leaves the room.

EXT. FRONT LAWN

Bruce opens the front door and steps onto the front porch as a car pulls up into the driveway.

The front passenger swings open and Veronica flies out of the car, looking at the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VERONICA  
Just sit there and wait.

She slams the door and looks at Bruce walking to his squad car. Veronica smiles a cat-ate-the-canary look.

VERONICA  
So you finally got to spend the  
night with her, stud!

Bruce chuckles, shakes his head, and opens the door to his squad car. Veronica walks up to him.

VERONICA  
(concerned)  
How is she?

Bruce looks up at Monica's bedroom out of the corner of his eye.

MONICA  
(quiet)  
She'll survive.

Veronica smiles and saunters up the front stairs, opens the door, walks in completely uninvited and yells out "Bitch, you better be ready."

Bruce shakes his head, gets in his car, turns it on, and drives way.

EXT. LOCAL SHOPPING MALL

**NOTE: If possible, this should be The Galleria at Crystal Run in Middletown, NY.**

ESTABLISHING a packed shopping mall with a full parking lot.

INT. MALL

MONTAGE

- 1: Shoppers looking at clothing.
- 2: People walking in and out of the stores.
- 3: A girl showing off a cute skirt to her friend who eats pretzels.
- 4: People walking into a movie theater.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP

Two female clerks, GERRI, a young blonde in her mid 20s, and MAGGIE, a middle aged brunette, stand near the cash register talking. Their story is empty.

They look up in the direction of noise that is hard to make out and watch Monica, Colton, Alvin, and Veronica walk in. Colton, dressed in military fatigues and a brown army shirt, carries bags and boxes, his dog tag around his neck.

VERONICA

(girlie)

Jesus, did you see how cute I looked in that skirt? Showing off all these legs and ass.

MONICA

(just as girlie)

Baby, you look good in anything.

ALVIN

(just as girlie)

I do have a good eye for fashion.

Veronica kisses Alvin and smiles.

VERONICA

(laughing)

You're more of girl than I'll ever be.

Colton coughs and puts the bags down. Veronica looks at him, smiles, and wraps her arms around him.

VERONICA

(beaming)

And I'm more girl than you can handle, baby.

She kisses him.

MONICA

(to Colton)

Thanks for being a good sport about this.

COLTON

(serious)

Just remember, I get second dance and the biggest piece of wedding cake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gerri walks over with brochures in her hand, smiling.

GERRI

(forced enjoyment)

Good morning. Welcome to Margaret's in the Square. How can I help you today?

ALVIN

We have a reservation for Monica Aaron. I'm Alvin Black.

Gerri looks at Maggie, who looks down at something near the register. Maggie looks up, smiles, and nods.

GERRI

Of course, Mr. Black. And which one of you is Ms. Aaron?

Veronica pushes Monica to the front before Monica and react or respona.

VERONICA

This sexy little bitch is Monica Aaron. Now, let's get to dressing and modelling.

Gerri covers her mouth, releases a dry cough, and smiles.

GERRI

(stunned)

Of course. This way.

Gerri and Monica walk into the fitting area, followed by Alvin and Veronica. Colton sits, pulls out his ear phones, and puts them into his ears.

MONTAGE

1: With a drink in each of their hands, Alvin and Veronica chat for a little. Then the drapes slide open. Monica is in a traditional shoulder-less wedding dress. Alvin beams, Veronica frowns.

2: Alvin and Veronica eat chocolate. Then the drapes slide open and Monica is in a mermaid style wedding dress. She runaway poses. Veronica beams, Alvin frowns.

3: Alvin and Veronica look at fashion magazines. Then the drapes slide open and Monica is in form fitting, flowery wedding dress. Colton walks up and nods. Monica blushes and both Alvin and Veronica push Colton away. They signal pass and the drapes close again.

INT. STORE

A MAN walks into the store. He is handsome and has the aura of a man trying to pick up a girl for some cheap, easy sex. He is intercepted by Maggie. As Maggie starts to talk to him, he turns his eye towards Veronica, who is sitting alone for a moment. He walks passed Maggie, all but ignoring her, walks up to Veronica and smiles.

MAN

Are you here for your wedding day?

VERONICA

(giggling)

Oh, no. My friend is trying on dresses.

MAN

(slick)

So what are you doing tonight?

Veronica looks around and sees Colton isn't in the store. She looks up at the man, who smirks and oozes "playboy." She puts her hand up and rests her head on it, wiggling her ring finger with the wedding band on it.

VERONICA

(cool)

See the ring?

Man looks at it and shakes his head. He senses the force field, shakes his head and walks out the store. As he leaves, Colton and Alvin walk in carrying drinks from one of the restaurants. Colton is laughing and giggling with a really shapely, toned ASIAN GIRL.

Veronica stands up and walks towards Colton with a purpose.

VERONICA

Thanks for the drink, Colton.

COLTON

(smiling)

Any time baby. Have you met. .  
.what's your name?

ASIAN GIRL

(giggling)

Han Miyong.

Colton looks at Veronica staring daggers at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLTON

Han Miyong, this is. . .

Veronica lifts her left hand and shows Asian Girl the wedding ring.

VERONICA

(absolute)

This is his wife. See the ring?

Asian Girl steps back and watches the wedding ring shoved in her face. She looks at Colton and, in an instant, hurries out of the bridal store.

Veronica looks at Colton. Colton tries to speak, but Veronica turns away, putting her hand up.

VERONICA

Don't even try.

Alvin looks at Colton and puts his hand on Colton's shoulder.

ALVIN

(fake soothing)

Women. What can you do with them?  
Why do you think I prefer men?

As Alvin and Veronica walk back to their seats, the drapes open and both stare, eyes wide open.

Monica is in a strapless topped gown with a built up push up bra, form fitting with a slit down the front, exposing her leg. She walks up, spins, and gives a runway model pose.

Colton slowly walks up, just as awe inspired. Monica looks absolutely perfect.

MONICA

(self-conscience)

Well?

None of the three say a word. They just stare. Monica looks at them impatient.

MONICA

(upset)

Say something!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALVIN

(quiet)

You wear that for me, I'll become  
straight for a night.

Monica blushes and looks to the ground. Her dress has been determined. She looks at herself in the mirror and smiles.

EXT. FRONT YARD

The car pulls up and Monica gets out. She pulls out a few bags, a box, and her covered to protect it wedding dress. She turns and looks at the passenger seat.

VERONICA

(shouting)

I'll pick you up for your lessons  
tomorrow around eleven. The  
summer camps expects us there for  
our classes at 1:30.

MONICA

Okay, baby. See you tomorrow. If  
you could, tell Dr. Baker thank  
you for this. I could use a  
little extra money before going to  
Manhattan.

Veronica nods, smiles, and looks at Colton, who puts the car in gear and pulls away.

Monica turns and walks towards the front porch. She looks to see her parents sitting, drinking wine and talking to each other.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Monica walks up the stairs and looks at her parents, smiling.

GREG

(quiet)

And where were you today, dear?

Monica stops at the front door and looks to the ground, beaming.

MONICA

Wedding shopping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

Have you chosen a date yet?

Monica shakes her head no. Greg sighs and looks at Sam.

SAM

Maybe you and Bruce should discuss that soon, since it looks like you already have the gown.

Monica looks at her mother and smiles. She opens the front door and walks in. Greg picks up his wine glass and takes a drink.

GREG

She sure is a flighty little girl.

SAM

(giggling)  
I don't know. She didn't get it from her artist mother.

GREG

(nodding)  
Must have been from her lawyer father then.

SAM

Well, you know lawyers are all unable to keep things together.

GREG

(laughing)  
And artists are just the paragon of being organized.

Both laugh and giggle and resume whatever they were doing before Monica came home as it turns from afternoon to dusk.

The lights on the porch automatically turn on. Sam stand and lowers the bug net on the porch as Greg picks up a remote control and turns on the bug zapper.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM

Monica's swag is all over the bed: A new hat, new shoes, makeup, perfume, thong underwear, a few micro mini shorts, and the wedding dress wrapped in black plastic.

Monica lays on the bed and grabs the body pillow. She hugs it tight and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

Just a few more weeks.

Monica lays on the bed, starting at the ceiling, a peaceful serenity overtaking her.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

ESTABLISHING the entrance to CAMP CATSKILL. The sign leading in says "Camp Catskill: Where summers last a lifetime."

Veronica's car drives passed the sign.

EXT. CAMP PARKING LOT

In a half filled gravel parking lot, Veronica's car pulls in. Monica and Veronica step out of the car, both dressed casually, but tastefully. Monica looks at Veronica.

MONICA

(nervous)

I have never taught children before.

VERONICA

(laughs)

So, be lucky it's my job.

Both Monica and Veronica walk into the first building they see, marked "ADMINISTRATION."

INT. ADMIN BUILDING

As the two walk in, the first thing they notice is they are both over dresses, as everyone is in shorts and a T-shirt. Monica chuckles a little as a frumpy, middle aged woman who has eaten a little more than she should walks up. She smiles at that the to and pulls out a clipboard. This is SECRETARY

SECRETARY

Good morning. How can I help you two ladies?

VERONICA

I'm Veronica Potter. This is Monica Aaron. We're your two professional arts counselors.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Secretary smiles and nods.

SECRETARY

Of course.

Secretary reaches into a drawer in front of her and pulls out two manila envelopes. She looks them over and then at the two ladies.

SECRETARY

Ms. Potter. And Ms. Aaron.

She hands the two envelopes over as she says their names. The women take them and open them to see classroom keys with a number on each keychain.

SECRETARY

Your class is after lunch. You are expected to eat with the campers at noon.

MONICA

Yes ma'am.

VERONICA

Thank you.

The two women start heading to the door. As Monica grabs the door knob, Secretary looks down and remembers something.

SECRETARY

Oh. Ms. Aaron. There was a package left at the front door overnight for you.

Aaron looks at her oddly.

MONICA

A package?

Secretary bends down and picks up a box. She puts it on the counter.

SECRETARY

Yeah. I felt it odd, but since you were coming, I thought it might be for your class.

VERONICA

Bruce? As a surprise for your first day!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monica' face brightens with excitement and she takes the package and smiles. She reaches into her purse and pulls out her house keys, beginning to cut the tape.

VERONICA

(to Secretary)

She's getting married and he's the most wonderful guy.

SECRETARY

(smiling)

Congratulations.

Monica takes off the tape.

MONICA

Bruce is just the. . .

She opens the box and lets out a horrifying scream. She backs away from the box and crumbles into an emotional pile of jelly.

Veronica looks at Monica, and then in the box.

SECRETARY

(concerned)

You are okay?

Veronica looks into the box.

INSERT - BOX CONTENTS

A black, dead rose, a picture of Monica with a bullet hole in the forehead and red ink signifying blood, a dead rat, a sex toy, and an envelope, open with a piece of white paper in it.

BACK TO SCENE

Monica sits in a ball, crying, screaming why can't he leave me alone.

Veronica looks at her and at the box. She looks and sees the envelope. She pulls it out and takes the letter out.

INSERT - LETTER

In dysgraphia style writing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"We will be together forever. You love me. You just don't know how deeply yet. Until death do us part."

BACK TO SCENE

Veronica looks at Monica after reading the letter. She hands the letter to Monica, who reads it. She drops it to the ground and tries to run for the door. Veronica grabs her and stops her.

MONICA

He knows I'm here. I gotta get out of here.

VERONICA

(to Secretary)

911. Now!

Secretary picks up the phone and dials. Monica collapses into jelly in Veronica's arms. She has a panic attack.

Veronica sits on the floor cradling a panicked Monica like a baby.

VERONICA

I won't let anyone hurt you. Not my Moni. Ronnie will protect you.

SECRETARY

(concerned)

Is she okay?

Veronica ignores the question, simply rocking Monica back and forth, trying to calm her down.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The parking lot now has two sheriff's cruisers in them. There are campers and camp counselors milling around outside the administration building, looking around curious about the police cars.

INT. ADMIN BUILDING

Monica sits as Veronica consoles her. One sheriff's deputy, while wearing latex gloves, dusts the box and contents for fingerprints while Lexington sits across from Monica with his pad in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monica isn't crying, but she is shaken and distraught. She is visibly shaken, shivering a little with a cup of coffee in her hand.

The secretary talks in the back with a bald, short man with a huge pot bell, the camp ADMINISTRATOR.

LEXINGTON

So, you just came in today and this box was here?

Monica nods. Lexington looks at the Secretary.

LEXINGTON

Excuse me, ma'am. When did you say this box arrived at the door?

SECRETARY

(thinking)

It was here when I got here. About 7 this morning.

Lexington nods and writes down the secretary's words. As he writes, the front door flies open and Bruce walks in. He looks for Monica, then walks over to her.

BRUCE

(quickly)

I got your text. Are you okay?

Monica stands up and rests her body against Bruce's. Bruce embraces her.

BRUCE

It was that guy again, wasn't it?

Lexington stands up.

LEXINGTON

Sergeant Marshall, a word. Now!

BRUCE

I'll make sure he doesn't do anything anymore.

Lexington puts his pad away and looks at Bruce.

LEXINGTON

(order)

No, you won't. Sergeant Marshall, you are not part of this investigation. You will leave immediately.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

And if I hear you did anything to anyone concerning this, it will not look good on you!

Bruce kisses Monica, ignoring Lexington.

LEXINGTON

(shouting)  
Sergeant Marshall! May I understood?

BRUCE

(saluting Lexington)  
Yes, sir.

LEXINGTON

(order)  
Please leave my crime scene.

Bruce takes Monica's hand and smiles. She looks up at him through the top of her eyes.

BRUCE

I'll take you home after the sheriff is done questioning you.

ADMINISTRATOR

(quickly)  
Yes. That would be a good idea. We can have the campers do something else today and we'll start your activity tomorrow, dear.

DEPUTY

(calling out)  
Sheriff. There are no finger prints on anything inside, and only two sets of fingerprints on the box.

LEXINGTON

(shakes his head)  
The guy is smart. Useless gloves. I'm sure the fingerprints are of the secretary and Ms. Aaron.

Veronica looks at Monica.

VERONICA

(concerned)  
Baby, I gotta go set up my class. Will you be okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Monica looks up at Bruce.

MONICA  
My protector's here.

Veronica hugs Monica, then leaves the administration building.

BRUCE  
Sir, are you done questioning Ms. Aaron?

Lexington nods and walks to his deputy.

BRUCE  
Request permission to. . .

LEXINGTON  
(automatic)  
Granted. Now get out of here.

Monica takes her purse and walks to the door, escorted by Bruce.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Monica steps outside, followed by Bruce. They walk to Bruce's squad car.

As they do, Bruce looks to see all the campers nearby, watching Monica and Bruce. They point and whisper, as most are children under the age of 12, in different color camp shirts, that fail to understand what is happening.

As Bruce opens the passenger side door, Monica collapses into his car and holds Bruce tightly. Bruce returns this and holds Monica in his arms.

MONICA  
(screaming)  
Bruce, make him stop. Get Tom Johns out of my life forever.

Bruce looks back at the administration building to see Lexington watching him. Bruce then escorts Monica into the car and closes the door. He walks to the driver's side, looks back at Lexington, salutes, gets inside, and drives away.

Lexington steps outside and watches Bruce leave, a look of concern on his face.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET WITH PARKING - DAY

From his squad car, Bruce watches as Tom leaves a store with a plastic bag in his hand. Tom turns down the street and walks away from people and Bruce's car.

Tom turns down a side street. Bruce puts his car in gear and follows Tom.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

There is no one on this side street. It is, in fact, an alley way big enough for one car to open it's doors.

Tom walks, listening to music on his phone as Bruce's car turns and starts tailing him. Tom is complete unaware of what Bruce is doing at the moment, with his music up so loud he can't hear anything.

Tom continues walking down the side street, then turns right into a small walk way. Within seconds, Bruce's squad car pulls up to the walkway. He sees Tom reaching into his pocket for his keys.

Bruce sees his opportunity. He gets out of his car, pulls out his night stick, rushes Tom, and, with his nightstick, knocks Tom to the ground. The bag goes flying, landing on the ground and shatter a good bottle of schnapps.

Tom's earphones come out of his ears as he struggles to get his bearings.

TOM

(confused)

What the hell?

But Bruce has picked him up and pushed him again the wall, holding the nightstick against Tom's throat, choking him.

BRUCE

(seething)

I told you to leave her alone. I told you to back off, but you're such a sick fucking freak, you couldn't stop.

Tom wheezes and stops turning blue. He has a strained look of panic and terror as his air has been cut off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

(weak)  
Please.

Bruce raises his eyebrows and puts his ear to Tom's lips.

BRUCE

(fake concern)  
What? What is that?

TOM

(weaker)  
Can't breathe.

Bruce looks shocked.

BRUCE

(fake sympathy)  
Oh, you can't breathe. Let me  
help with that.

Bruce throws Tom head first into a stack of metal garbage cans. Tom lands on his back with a hideous thud. Tom grimaces in pain.

BRUCE

Here, buddy. Let me help you up.

Bruce picks Tom up by his throat and pushes him against the wall again. Being stronger, taller, and powered by testosterone and rage, Bruce has lifted Tom off the ground with one hand.

Tom is now in complete fear of his life. Bruce looks at Tom, disgusted.

BRUCE

You want to terrorize a woman?

Bruce pulls out his service revolver and points it at Tom's forehead. Tom is now too scared to make a sound.

BRUCE

(through his teeth)  
How does it feel to be terrorized?

LEXINGTON (O.S.)

That's enough, Marshall. Stand  
down!

Bruce looks over his shoulder to see Lexington walking towards him, Lexington's gun pointed at Bruce.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce looks back at Tom, then releases him. Tom collapses to the ground in a heap, gasping for air and almost sobbing.

LEXINGTON

Stand down, son. It's over.

Bruce turns and looks at Lexington.

BRUCE

(quiet)

No. It's over when this sick fucker is gone.

Lexington starts walking slowly towards Bruce, his gun still pointed at Bruce.

LEXINGTON

(slowly)

Just put your gun away, Bruce.

Bruce looks at Tom looking up at him. Tom points at Bruce.

TOM

(screaming)

This motherfucker's trying to kill me.

LEXINGTON

(angry)

Shut up, freako.

Bruce looks at Lexington, then re-holsters his revolver. Lexington sighs relief, then does the same. He walks over to Bruce and puts his hand on his shoulder.

BRUCE

(quietly)

This pig needs to be caged, sir.

Lexington looks at Tom, then pulls out his handcuffs.

LEXINGTON

(authority)

Thomas Johns, you're under arrest for suspicion of stalking, menacing, and criminal trespass. On your feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tom looks at Lexington but doesn't move. Lexington then grabs Tom's arm and lifts him up with enough force to cause Tom to wince. Lexington throws a very weak Tom against the hood of the car and bend him over.

Lexington kicks his legs around and searches Tom. He grabs Tom's hand, puts it behind Tom's back and cuffs him. Lexington lifts up Tom to Bruce can see his face.

BRUCE

You know how it goes with your rights and silence and the lying asshole that will say you have some fucked up mental disease.

TOM

(in pain, winded)  
I swear, I don't know what you're talking about.

Bruce punches Tom square in the face. Tom starts dripping blood from a broken nose.

BRUCE

You have your DNA sample, sir.

TOM

(screaming, in pain)  
He punched me.

LEXINGTON

Shut up or I'll do the same thing.  
Get in!

Lexington opens the back seat of his squad car and throws Tom in like old garbage. He looks at Bruce.

LEXINGTON

You know I'm going to have to write you up for this.

Bruce gets into his squad car and looks out the open passenger side window.

BRUCE

Do whatever you damn please.

Bruce puts the car in gear and drives away. Lexington watches, then does the same.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alone, dressed in a short sleeved button down collar men's shirt and nothing else except her undergarments, Monica stands talking on her phone with a glass of lemonade in her hand.

She looks out the window and smiles as she listens. She takes a sip of lemonade.

MONICA

So it's over?

Monica sighs.

MONICA

He's in jail. Has he been arraigned? They gave him bail?

Monica looks down, then looks at the clock on the microwave.

INSERT - CLOCK

3:32

BACK TO SCENE

Monica takes her lemonade and walks to the island in the middle of the kitchen. She smiles.

MONICA

(seductive)

My parents won't be back until late because of an art symposium my mother has to host in Beacon. What time do you get off work?

Monica giggles.

MONICA

Perfect. Why don't you come here tonight after you get off work and I'll have a good dinner waiting for my big, strapping officer?

Monica shows off in her voice that she is mildly enticed and turned on. She drinks the lemonade then walks into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

(sexy)

After you get off work, I'll help  
you get off tonight. You know it,  
baby boy. I love you too.

Monica hangs up the phone and sits in the recliner. She closes her eyes and puts her head on the back of the recliner. She sighs as if a weight has been lifted from her shoulders.

She puts her phone down, wraps a blanket around her, closes her eyes, and slowly slides into a nap.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DUSK

ESTABLISHING a supermarket parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Monica puts the last of her groceries into the back seat. She turns and then pushes the cart back into the cart area. She walks to her car, gets in, puts it into gear, and drives out of the parking.

She gets to the light and stops at the red light.

As she does, another car comes up behind her. As Monica turns right onto the road, the other car does too.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Monica turns on her radio and starts listening to music, humming and singing along with the music. She doesn't notice that each time she turns, the car behind her keeps pace and turns with her.

Monica looks at her phone. She stops at a stop sign. As she turns left, the car behind her turns left.

Monica now looks at in her mirror and sees the car, but thinks nothing of it. It is keeping pace with her. As Monica speeds up, it speeds up to follow. As Monica turns, it turns.

After a few minutes, Monica looks in her rear view again and not the car start coming closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monica looks around and sees nothing but black in a forest. She looks behind her and the car has started tailgating her.

MONICA  
(whispering, annoyed)  
Go around me if you want.

Monica slows down, as does the car behind her. Now the car turns on its high beams. Monica slows down a little more, as does the car behind her.

Monica shifts in her seat and speeds up. So does the car behind her.

MONICA  
What the hell do you want?

Monica picks up her phone. She starts to punch in numbers to dial. As she punches in half the number, the car behind her rams her gently. Monica is jerked forward, dropping her phone which slides under her seat.

MONICA  
(panic)  
Leave me alone!

Monica starts going faster. The car behind her keeps pace and rams her again. Monica starts to lose control of her car. Monica speeds up more and the car behind her is almost attached to her bumper.

Monica doesn't know what to do. She looks around and only sees darkness. The car rams her for the final time and Monica loses control. Her car skids and careens across road. Monica turns the car away from the skid and the car starts to spin out of control.

Monica starts screaming as the car spins off the road and rolls down an embankment.

EXT. FOREST

The car comes to a rolling stop on its tires at the bottom of the embankment. The car is totally destroyed.

On the road, the car that followed Monica stops parallel to Monica's car.

INT. CAR

Monica is bruised and has a cut on her arm and one on her neck from the shatter windshield, but she is overall fine. Dazed, confused, but fine.

She looks out the window and sees the car that rammed her stopped. She cannot make out much, not even the color of the car. Monica takes off her seat belt and start to reach down for her phone under the seat.

Suddenly, playing from the car's audio system as loud as possible is Chopin's Marche Funebre. Monica freezes and looks up at the car. She is so terrified she can't move.

After a few bars, the car starts to pull away. Monica watches it disappear into the darkness and then quickly reaches down to pick up her phone.

She pushes the door open and falls onto the ground with a loud thud. She looks at her phone and dials.

MONICA

(screaming)

Bruce. He's out! He's out! I don't know where I am.

Monica reaches into her car and gets her keys and purse. She stands up, wobbly in the legs and looks around panicked.

EXT. ROAD

Monica climbs up the embankment. She reaches the top of the hill and onto the highway. She looks around.

MONICA

I think I'm on Black Dragon Road. I recognize the sign for the new hotel opening. Yes. Dr. Baker lives on this road. Okay. Okay! I'll see you in a little while.

Monica starts walking in the opposite direction of the other car, dialing another number. She puts her ear to the phone.

MONICA

(desperate)

Dr. Baker. It's Monica Aaron!  
Dr. Baker. . .I had an accident.  
My car is wrecked.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)

Bruce will pick me up. Do you mind if I come to your place and wait for him? Oh. You're not home. Okay. Thank you. I'll stay on the porch. How far are you from the hotel sign? Ten minute walk then. Okay. No. .please. Don't hurry. Thank you again, Dr. Baker.

Monica hangs up the phone and starts to jog, with a slight limp down the road, entirely surrounded by darkness.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Monica runs up to a stereotypical white country cottage with green shutters and a white picket fence. She looks at the mailbox and sees the name BAKER on it. Monica sighs and starts to slowly walk up the driveway.

Monica takes out her phone. She dials as she walks up the steps to the porch.

EXT. PORCH

Monica sees a wicker chair and collapses into it. As she does.

MONICA

Dr. Baker. Thank you. Yes, I'm here. No problems. I'll wait for you here. You don't need. Bruce will. .thank you Dr. Baker.

Monica hangs up and dials again.

MONICA

Bruce. I'm here. Dr. Baker will take me home. Can you meet me there? I'll tell you when we're leaving. Thanks, baby boy.

Monica sits up straight, furious.

MONICA

He dismissed missed the charges. Why? No evidence! We know it's Tom! Fucking bullshit. This is why women don't report rape. No one believes us. Fucking. .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)

.I know. It's not your fault.  
I'm sorry. I'll tell you. I love  
you too.

Monica puts the phone down and looks at her arm. The bleeding stopped, but she has a lot of blood down her arm and on her shirt that is drying quickly.

Monica puts her legs up on the chair and sits in a ball position with her arms wrapped around her legs.

EXT. MONICA'S HOME - NIGHT

A black sedan drives up the driveway. The doors open and Monica and Baker get out. Monica has been cleaned up, but there is still blood on her shirt.

Baker walks over to her and sighs.

BAKER

I'm sorry you have to go through  
this.

MONICA

No. It's okay. You're the one  
that found that psycho's notebook.  
If you didn't, I might have been  
dating him now.

Monica shudders at the thought.

BAKER

I just worried that he would do  
what all other men do to a rising  
talent like you. I didn't want  
you turn into another Dorothy  
Stratten.

Monica smiles. As she does, the motion lights turn on and the front door opens. A cat runs out to Monica, who picks her up and holds the cat in her arms. Greg and Sam, in robes walk out to the front step.

SAM

Monica? Dr. Baker? Is everything  
okay?

Before she can answer, Monica's attention is turned to flashing lights coming up the road as Bruce's squad car comes into view.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

It pulls into the driveway and behind Baker's car. He gets out and runs to Monica, taking her in his arms as they get close.

BRUCE

(relieved)

Are you okay? Thank you, Felissa.  
Thank you so much!

Baker blushes and looks to the ground.

GREG

(concerned)

Excuse me. It's late, I'm in my robe outside and my future son in law looks like he's seen a ghost. Will someone please tell us what the hell is going on?

Bruce kisses Monica and holds her as if to never let her go.

BRUCE

We arrested that fucker Tom Johns, but the judge dismissed all charges at the arraignment. He attacked Monica and ran her off the road.

Sam gasps in fright and runs to Monica, hugging her and checking for damage.

SAM

Dear God. Bruce, this needs to stop. He's going to kill her.

BRUCE

There is an APB out on him. He'll be back in jail when we find him.

Greg looks at Bruce, happy to have him near.

GREG

If you're off duty, will you spend the night here?

BRUCE

(shaking his head)

I'm pulling shift and a half to cover for an officer who needed emergency surgery. I won't be off until around 3 AM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Baker looks at Bruce and sighs.

BAKER

I can stay here with her to keep  
you safe.

GREG

(impressed)

I don't think that's necessary. I  
don't want you involved in this  
much, Dr. Baker. But thank you.

Baker goes back to her car and opens the driver's side  
door.

BAKER

If that's all then, I think I will  
head home.

Baker gets in the car and looks at Monica.

BAKER

If you need anything, Monica, I am  
here for you.

Monica smiles at her, hiding her body in Bruce's for  
protection. Baker turns on her car, pulls out of the  
driveway and drives away.

Greg walks over to Monica and Bruce. He takes his  
daughter by her shoulders and points her to the door.

Monica has calmed down, but is still shaking a little.  
Bruce walks to his car and then looks back at the house.  
Sam still watches him.

BRUCE

(nervous)

Please don't tell Lexington I  
came.

Sam smiles and motions a "my lips are sealed" with her  
fingers. Bruce nods, gets into his car, and drives away.

Sam turns and walks up the porch as the sun sets in the  
distance.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING night at Monica's home.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

In front of a meatloaf dinner, Monica sits picking at her meal as her two parents eat. She sticks a fork in it, then picks up a little, looks at it, then puts it down.

She looks at her parents, then tries to eat, but for some reason, her dinner disgusts her. She puts her fork down a second time.

MONICA

I'm sorry. I can't eat.

Greg looks at Monica and then at her half eaten, half played with dinner. He sighs and continues eating.

GREG

There is no way he'll come here.  
He knows he'd get nabbed.

MONICA

(whining)  
Can't we get something for  
protection?

Sam shakes her head.

SAM

I will not let one of those in  
this house.

Monica looks at her mother, then stands up furious.

MONICA

(angry)  
I'm glad you have your fucking  
principles, Mom. But this is my  
life someone's screwing with.

GREG

(quiet)  
Don't talk to your mother like  
that.

MONICA

(angrier)  
No. I'm not to sit here and  
listen to principles when my life  
is in danger.

Monica looks at his mother, then at her father, then storms away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam begins to stand up to follow, but Greg touches her, closes his eyes, and shakes his head. Sam watches Monica storm away, then slowly sits down and begins to eat again.

GREG

Give her time.

Sam sighs, then start eating again.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM

Monica lays in bed, reading a book. She hasn't calmed down since dinner. She is in her nightie and her hair is up.

Someone knocks on her door. Monica looks up and Sam pokes her head in.

SAM

(quiet)

Sweetie, can I come in?

Monica stops reading and looks at her mother. Sam walks in slowly and looks at her daughter. She sits at the edge of Monica's bed and picks up a stuffed bear and holds it.

SAM

I remember buying this for you after you broke your ankle trying to ride your belt for the first time.

Sam starts playing with the bear. Monica sits up and looks at her mother.

SAM

(choking up)

It is a mother's job to protect her baby until she dies. All animals in the world do it.

Sam hugs the bear.

SAM

And right now, my baby's in trouble and I don't know what to do. I can't help you.

Monica softens immediately and hugs her mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

Momma, that's Bruce's job now.

The two embrace as if they hadn't seen each other in years.

MONICA

(quiet)

I love you, Momma.

SAM

(whispers)

I love you too, baby.

GREG (O.S.)

(serene)

Tomorrow, we'll figure out how to keep you safe until you're married.

The two women look at Greg and smile. He has a peaceful aura around him.

Sam stands up and walks to her husband, kisses him on the cheek, and then leaves the room.

GREG

Get some sleep.

MONICA

Yes, daddy.

Greg leaves the room and closes the door. Monica smiles, picks up her book, and settles back into reading.

EXT. MONICA'S HOME - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING Monica's home late at night.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM

Monica lays asleep in her room. Everything is silent. Suddenly, the sound of a cat in distress fills the air ever so gently.

Monica rolls over and sleeps through it. Then she bursts awake.

From outside, someone again start whistling the "Funeral March." Monica is frozen with fear. Suddenly, a pebble bounces off her window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She darts her eyes to the window, then crawls towards it and looks outside.

She sees nothing. She lifts the window up a little and now she hears it completely. . .someone is whistling the Funeral March again.

MONICA  
(terrified, whisper)  
Go away. Please go away.

Another pebble crashes into her window, this time leaving a spider web about three inches above her head. She has been seen.

When the march stops, the person whistling begins to make a bloodcurdling moan, similar to a death rattle.

Another pebble, this one closer to her head, shatters the window.

Monica stands up, screaming. Now, the moan has turned into psychotic bloodcurdling laughter.

Monica runs out of the room.

MONICA  
(out of it)  
Get away from me. Get away!

INT. HALLWAY

Greg opens the bedroom door and sees Monica run towards him, insane with terror. He grabs her and tackles her to the ground. She fights, claws, scratches, and does anything to escape.

SAM  
(scared)  
What's going on?

GREG  
(authority)  
He's back. Take her. Calm her down.

Greg, dressed only in his boxers, waits for his wife to take his daughter, then runs downstairs, stopping at the foot of the staircase to get his baseball bat.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS AREA

Greg runs through the house and to the back door.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Greg turns on the light and opens the door, only to see Monica's cat, cut stem to stern, hanging dead from a light fixture and dripping blood. Around its neck hangs a note. Greg takes it and looks at it.

INSERT - NOTE

In psychotic, dysgraphia writing: "I'm going to kill your other pussy too, lover."

BACK TO SCENE

Greg takes a step outside, but thinks twice. Something doesn't seem right.

Greg closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE

Sam, Greg, Alvin, Veronica, Monica, and Colton sit in the dark drinking coffee at the kitchen table. No one is saying a word. Every light in the house is off.

Each looks at each other. Their phones keep going off, and they keep responding, meaning they are talking to each other through their phones.

Monica picks up her phone, looks at it, looks at Greg and nods.

Greg stands up, as does Colton. They walk slowly to the front door. Someone gently raps on the front door three times and Greg, with Colton standing behind him with his military issue revolver in his hand, opens the door. They see Bruce in his regular clothes standing.

Bruce quickly enters, and Greg locks the door behind him. When the door closes, Monica runs to him and buries her face in his chest.

**NOTE: All dialogue in this scene is whispered.**

BRUCE

When did this happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

About two hours ago.

BRUCE

Did anyone go out to check?

SAM

Greg wanted to, but didn't feel safe.

Bruce nods. He calls everyone over.

BRUCE

This ends tonight. Hopefully, Tom is still outside and doesn't know all of us are here.

Everyone circles around Bruce.

BRUCE

Monica, we need you to go back upstairs.

Monica starts shaking her head no.

BRUCE

(holding her)

Tom knows when you're in there. If he does it again, all of us will go get his ass.

Monica looks at Bruce's reassuring confident smile, then walks to the table, sighs, picks up her cell phone, and walks back upstairs slowly.

BRUCE

No one leave until the sun rises. We're going to nail this prick tonight.

Bruce looks at Colton as Colton holsters his weapon. Bruce sighs, then goes to the kitchen table and sits down. Everyone else sits in the living room. Bruce takes five small, high power flashlights out of his pocket and puts them on the table.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM

Monica enters her room, shaking. She sees the broken window and sits down. As she does, she gets a text on her phone. She looks at it.



INSERT - PHONE

Marry me, or I'll kill you.

BACK TO SCENE

Immediately after reading, she hears the Funeral March and stares out the window.

MONICA  
(screaming)  
Leave me alone, you freak!

Monica goes the window and slams the window shut.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS AREA

Bruce hears Monica, pulls his gun, and runs to the back door. He is followed by everyone, except Sam.

EXT. BACKYARD

As the five get outside, they spread out wide and start fanning into the forest.

GREG  
(shouting)  
Find that son of a bitch!

The five head into the forest.

EXT. FOREST

Each person goes into the woods, shouting at each other to keep track of each other Flashlight search everywhere.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1: Colton - he walks around in search position with his flashlight and gun.

2: Alvin - he looks around with his flashlight not really knowing what to do.

3: Bruce - he is doing the same thing Colton is doing.

4: Greg - he watches the ground as he looks around.

VERONICA

Veronica walks slowly through the forest, darting her eyes around, looking at everything around her.

COLTON (O.S.)

(shouting)

Anyone find anything yet?

Veronica walks down a trail, but feels the ground slightly give under her feet. She regains her footing and looks down a ravine to her right.

ALVIN (O.S.)

(shouting)

I haven't seen anything.

Veronica stops and looks around. She shines the flashlight all around her.

BRUCE (O.S.)

(shouting)

Veronica, have you found anything?

Veronica continues to look around. She sees nothing and sighs.

VERONICA

(shouting)

Nothing!

GREG (O.S.)

(shouting)

Keep the house in your sights. If you get too far, go back.

BRUCE (O.S.)

(shouting)

Unless you found something now, it's too dark and he's probably gone.

VERONICA

(shouting)

Are we calling it off?

Silence.

Suddenly, whack! Someone pops up from behind Veronica and hits her as hard as they can in the back of the head with a large rock. As Veronica begins to fall, the person throws Veronica down the ravine.

EXT. RAVINE

Veronica falls and hits the bottom of the ravine with a loud thud, dead on impact as she hits head first on a boulder.

EXT. FOREST

The person picks up the bloody rock, then scampers off into the forest, unseen by everyone.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
Okay. . .calling it off. Everyone  
head back to the house.

Everyone sounds off in agreement. The flashlights start heading back to the house.

INT. HOUSE

As everyone walks in, the landline rings. Monica picks it up as everyone sits in the living room. Monica turns white and stands up. She walks into the living room and then turns the speaker on for the phone.

WHISTLER  
(deep voice)  
No one can protect you and if I  
can't have you, no one can. Back  
away from her or you all will  
suffer.

Silence.

WHISTLER  
(deep voice)  
Not even that cuckold cop you  
think you love.

Bruce stares at the phone, then hangs it up. It rings off the hook but no one picks it up.

It rings again.

MONICA  
(resigned)  
He isn't going to stop.

Monica takes the phone and takes the call, putting it on speaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Whistler gives a psychotic giggle, then silence.

WHISTLER

(evil)  
Where's Veronica?

CLICK.

Everyone looks at everyone, then Colton runs out of the living room and out the back door.

COLTON

(terrified)  
Ronnie!

Everyone follows Colton, chasing him out the back door.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Lexington sits in a black suit, looking at the ground, his head in his hand. He had a handkerchief in his left and it appears wet and used. A knock comes to his door and he look up over his cluttered desk to see Bruce in uniform come in with a purpose, a black armband on him forearm.

BRUCE

(forceful)  
Put me back on this case, sir.

LEXINGTON

(shaking his head)  
You're out of uniform, Sergeant.

Bruce looks at his armband, then shakes his head and glares at Lexington.

BRUCE

Permission to speak freely, sir.

Lexington motions for Bruce to close the office door. Bruce closes it with force, then turns back and glares at Lexington.

LEXINGTON

Speak your peace, Bruce.

BRUCE

What the fuck is your problem,  
Richard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXINGTON

Freely is one thing, Bruce. Disrespectfully is a completely different thing. Watch your words, Bruce.

BRUCE

Screw you, sir. I had to bury one of my fiancée's best friends tonight because you won't let me take care of this problem.

Lexington leans back, taking everything in as Bruce speaks.

BRUCE

To you, Monica is just another victim. To me, she's my world. I have the power and authority to protect her. And I will, regardless of your orders, "sir."

Lexington simply nods and remains silent.

BRUCE

I've known that girl since she was five years old. I watched her grow up. No one is going to hurt her, not on my watch. Especially some old coger that should have retired years ago.

Lexington turns his head and considers everything Bruce has said.

LEXINGTON

(calm)  
Are you done, Bruce?

BRUCE

(snide)  
Maybe if you cared about someone more than your political career, you'd understand.

Lexington nods, then opens his side drawer to his desk. He pulls out a framed photograph and hands it to Bruce. Bruce scoffs at it.

LEXINGTON

(calm)  
Take it, son. Look at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce, rolling his eyes, takes the photo and looks at it.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A black and white photo of two young men in their late teens in Korean War US Army uniforms.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce looks at it, then puts it on the desk.

LEXINGTON

The guy on the left is me all those years ago. I was 19 in that photo in 1951. The guy next to me was Old Man Aaron, Greg's father.

Lexington takes the photo and looks at it.

LEXINGTON

We were friends since second grade. He was a strong man and the war got to him. When he came back, he wasn't the same.

Lexington puts the photo on his desk. He puts his hands behind his head.

LEXINGTON

He put a bullet in his head a few years and a man alcoholic nights later. But before he did, I promised I'd watch over his family and the North Korean refugees he worked to bring in.

Lexington puts the photo back in his desk and stands up. He walks over to Bruce, his peaceful look now one of sudden anger.

LEXINGTON

I've known Greg Aaron all his life. I've known Samantha Aaron since before she took an American name. You've known Monica since she was 12. . .

Lexington points out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXINGTON

(anger)

I've known that little girl since she took her first breath. So don't tell me only you care. I care just as much! More even! Because I promised a friend of mine to watch over them until the day I died.

Lexington stares at Bruce, who begins to wilt under the intensity.

LEXINGTON

(flat, anger)

Now are you done insulting me, Sergeant?

Bruce looks at Lexington, then blinks and nods, contrite.

LEXINGTON

Is that all you wanted?

Bruce nods and turns to open the door.

LEXINGTON

You are still off the case, Sergeant.

Bruce nods, then opens the door and leaves.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monica wears a black nightgown and sits in bed. She is a mess physically. Standing in the doorway, Alvin looks at her and then out the window.

ALVIN

Okay, I have my phone. I'll sleep downstairs. Your parents are asleep and ready if needed.

Monica nods her head and looks at the window.

ALVIN

If this guy comes, we'll get him. He isn't going to disappear this time.

Alvin turns and starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA  
(quickly)  
Alvin?

Alvin stops and waits, not looking at Monica.

MONICA  
Thank you for doing this, Al.

Alvin turns around, looks at Monica and smiles. Then he walks out the door and Monica listens to him walk down the stairs.

EXT. MONICA'S HOME - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING Monica's home on a partly cloudy night.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alvin sleeps on the sofa on his side. He rolls over to face the door. He shakes a little, then automatically wakes up. He gets up and stands. He looks up and then walks to the window.

INSERT - MONICA'S FRONTYARD

He looks out over the cut grass and cars in the yard, out towards the road. There is nothing out there.

BACK TO SCENE

Alvin walks into the kitchen, and then to the back door. He looks out the door.

INSERT - MONICA'S BACKYARD

Only a fine trimmed lawn, an in ground pool, and the forest tree line can be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

As Alvin looks outside, he sees movement in the forest. A shadow has moved a little and something's shadow has been thrown onto the lawn.

Alvin looks up, but decides not to go upstairs. He grabs a butcher knife and slowly opens the back door.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(quietly)  
This ends tonight, motherfucker.

EXT. MONICA'S BACK YARD

The motion light comes on and Alvin steps slowly outside. He looks around, then takes a few steps into the lawn. The door closes behind him.

After another few steps, he hears The Funeral Dirge whistled from behind the shed near the pool.

He slowly watches and walks toward the shed, measuring every step. The whistling stops.

As he gets to the back of the shed. . .

EXT. BACK OF THE SHED

No one is there. No evidence of anyone being there. Alvin sighs and stands straight up.

Suddenly, there's a ragged, bloodcurdling giggle again, the one that follows the whistle every time. Phlegmy, deep in the throat, and terrifying.

ALVIN  
(calling out)  
Get your ass out there!

The giggle continues, but slowly starts to turn into a psychotic giggle. Alvin looks around to try to gauge where it is coming from, but he cannot.

Just as quickly as it started, the giggle stops. Silence.

Alvin looks over at the house. The motion light is off now. He sighs and starts walking back to the house. After his second step, he trips and throws the butcher knife.

He hit the ground with a hard thud, face first. He looks around and sees a sprinkler head on the ground.

Alvin stands up and brushes the dirt and loose grass off his boy. He walks a little faster than before. As he approaches the door, the motion light comes on.

## BACK DOOR

Alvin reaches out to grab the door knob, but feels himself surrounded by someone's arms. Instantly, there is pain in his chest.

He looks down and sees the butcher knife in his chest as someone came up from behind and buried the knife in his chest from over his shoulder. His legs give way as he falls forward. As he does, two feet in black worker's boot step up from behind him, watching Alvin bleed.

Alvin tries to call out, but nothing comes out. He fades as he feels a hand grab his hair. He looks up but only sees the bright motion light and a shadow of a person.

## INT. MONICA'S ROOM

Monica sleeps comfortably in her bed. Every once in a while she hears a muffled thug, like the sound of something banging into something else.

She opens her eyes and sees the motion sensor light on over the back door, but chuckles a little and closes her eyes again.

Again, she hears another thud. She sits up and looks at the window. The motion light goes off. She gets out of bed and puts her robe on, then walks to the window. She sees nothing. She turns and walks out the door.

## INT. LIVING ROOM

Monica bounds down the stairs and looks to see Alvin is not sleeping on the sofa. She looks around.

MONICA  
(calling out)  
Alvin?

No answer.

Monica turns and walks toward the kitchen.

## INT. KITCHEN

Monica turns on the light to the kitchen and looks around. Everything is undisturbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monica walks to the sink and turns on the water to splash on her face. As she does, she looks down and closes her eyes. When she opens them and looks out the window, she see two eyes from a shadowy figure looking back at her.

Monica jumps back and the eyes disappear into the darkness. Monica looks over her shoulder to the back door. She walks over to the door.

She opens the door, the motion censored light turns on and Monica falls to the ground, letting out the most terrified ear piercing scream anyone has ever heard.

INSERT - DOORWAY

Nailed by his wrists to the each side of the door is Alvin, dead, knife still in his chest and the words "give up the marriage" written in blood on the door window.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM

The scream jolts Greg and Sam awake. Greg, without putting on his robe, runs to the door, opens it, and runs downstairs.

SAM

(scared)

Monica!

GREG (O.S.)

(angry)

I better not have. . .oh my God!

Sam puts on her night gown as all the outside lights turn on. Monica still screams from the sight of her friend.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Alvin's casket is getting slowly lowered into the ground as people watch. Monica, in black, sits between her parents. Colton stands behind her to her left, while Bruce, in his uniform, is behind her to her right.

There aren't many people. Everyone is in black and wearing sunglasses.

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT.

Monica sits in the front passenger seat of a black sports car, staring at nothing into space. She is despondent and her eyes show little life in them.

Bruce stands with Greg, Sam, and Colton, each looking at Monica.

BRUCE  
That's two he's killed.

GREG  
(upset)  
Have you found anything?

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE  
Sheriff says there is nothing. No fingerprints, footsteps, paper, nothing. It's like Tom swooped in, did it, then flew away.

SAM  
(quiet)  
Her aunt in Ulster County offered to take her until the wedding.

Bruce nods.

BRUCE  
Make sure nobody except us four know where she is.

Colton get his keys out of his pocket.

COLTON  
I'll take her up there. New Paltz isn't far away, so she'll be close to my recruitment center if she need something.

BRUCE  
How are you holding up?

Colton looks at Bruce, his hear broken. Bruce nods and understands as Colton walks to his car.

GREG  
Find that asshole, Bruce. Make sure he pays for everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Colton puts the car in drive and he drives away, as Sam and Greg embrace. Bruce walks to his car, opens the door, and sits in the driver's seat speaking on the PB radio.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Colton sits in his SUV driving on back country roads. He is the only one on the road. He yawns and shows his exhaustion driving.

He picks up his phone and begins to dial, but then stops and sighs. He puts the phone back and looks up at the sky.

COLTON

(mourning)

I miss you, baby.

As he looks forward, he slams on the breaks, but it's too late and he's going too fast as he crashes head first in a huge white tail buck standing in the middle of the road.

The car goes up on the front tires, crashes down, and then lands on all fours, it rolls a little onto the shoulder and then off the embankment.

Colton is damaged, cut, and bruised. He is pinned as the front part of the car is pushed against his legs. His face is bloody and cut. His left arm is also pinned and immobilized.

Colton is slow to move, but when he does it hurts. He undoes his seat belt and then closes his eyes with the pain.

He looks around for his cell phone but every movement hurts. He opens his eyes and he sees a car slowing down on the road, then stop. He sighs and smiles.

COLTON

(weak, calling out)

Down here!

He hears a door open and close. He looks and sees a figure walking towards him. He smiles.

COLTON

Thank God. . .that fucking deer  
came out of no. . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But before he can finish, the person starts beating Colton's head in with a large hammer. Colton is trapped and pinned, so he cannot defend himself.

He yells in terror and agony, but the person doesn't stop hitting him until Colton is still.

Then the person walks away. The door to their car opens and closes, and the person drives away, leaving Colton beaten within an inch of his life, bloody, and bleeding on an empty road in the middle of nowhere.

INT. BRUCE'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Bruce drives down empty country roads when his cell phone goes off. He looks at it at a stop sign.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

TEXT MESSAGE from UNKNOWN

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce stops on the side of the road and opens the text message.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

"Pick up the phone."

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce looks confused, then the phone rings with an unknown number. Bruce presses the button and holds it to his ear.

BRUCE

(slowly)

Sergeant Marshall.

STALKER

(disguised voice)

You need to watch that tramp every night. I will get to her even if she marries you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

(yelling)  
Tom Johns, when I find you, I'm  
going to. . .

STALKER

(calm)  
Careful, officer. You can't break  
the law. But I will because I  
know where she is in Ulster  
County.

Bruce freezes. He says nothing.

STALKER

Do you hear me? Should I visit  
her at her aunt's on Springtown  
Road outside New Paltz? Want the  
street address?

Bruce hangs up the phone and then quickly dials.

BRUCE

Greg. . .it's Bruce. The son of a  
bitch knows where she is. I'm  
going to go up there after shift  
and get her! How the fuck should  
I know?

Bruce hangs up and sees a text message from UNKNOWN.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

TEXT Message: Colton never made it home.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce slams the cruiser into gear and races down the  
road, lights on.

EXT. CATSKILL MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING a hospital.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Bruce and Monica run into a near empty waiting room and  
then to the TRIAGE NURSE station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Sergeant Marshall, sheriff's office. Where have you put Lieutenant Colton Smith?

The NURSE looks at her chart and frowns.

NURSE

He's in the ICU. That accident was serious. He is in a medically induced coma to try to get the swelling around his brain down.

Monica takes two steps back, then falls into a chair. She puts her head in her hands.

BRUCE

(handing a card)  
When he's awake and can answer questions, please call me.

The nurse takes the card and Bruce turns to look at Monica, who sits sighing. She looks at the ground.

MONICA

(quiet)  
It's because of me. It's my fault. Alvin and Ronnie are dead. Colton's on life support. Because of me.

Bruce puts his hand on Monica's shoulder. She looks up at him, exhaustion and hurt in her eyes.

BRUCE

You did nothing. This fucking psycho did it all.

Bruce looks at the ICU this way sign and then sighs.

BRUCE

(resigned)  
But, I will understand if you decide to postpone the wedding.

Monica looks down to the ground, avoiding Bruce's intense gaze. She closes her eyes and, after a few seconds, begins to shake her head.

MONICA

(quiet)  
No. I won't let him do that. I'm done living in fear.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Monica stands up.

MONICA

(resolute)

I won't let Thomas Johns control me anymore. Our wedding is ours, not his.

Monica takes Bruce by the hand and looks him in the eyes.

MONICA

He's taken enough from me. He isn't taking my wedding day.

Monica kisses Bruce on the cheek, playfully.

MONICA

(resolute)

I'm not going to be afraid anymore.

Bruce smiles and looks at the triage station. He sits down in one of the waiting room chairs and puts his head in his hand, rubbing his forehead.

Monica sits next to him, curling up into a ball in the chair and resting her head on his chest, wrapping her arms around him.

EXT. MONICA'S BACKYARD - DAY

MONTAGE

1: Monica and Bruce in their wedding day dress standing in front of a REVEREND. Behind them sit all their friends and family, including Lexington, Baker, and a badly beaten Colton in a wheelchair.

2: Monica and Bruce have their first dance as husband and wife.

3: Cake cutting. Monica and Bruce play the fool.

4: Monica and Bruce raise their glasses and point to the sky. Colton starts weeping a little. He is clearly not the man he was before the attack.

5: Monica and Bruce get into the limo as everyone cheers them on. The limo pulls away as Greg and Sam sigh relief.

EXT. AIRPORT

ESTABLISHING Airport with heavy jet lifting off.

EXT. BEACH LOCATION - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

1: Monica in a bikini, sunning. Bruce running up from swimming, soaking and dripping cold water on her. Monica reacts accordingly, but lovingly. Bruce sits next to her.

2: Beach side dusk dinner.

3: Mixed frozen cocktails in a jacuzzi. They are all over each other like newlyweds.

4: Full body massage.

5: Walking on the beach at sunset. A kiss as the sun dips under the horizon.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Monica lays on Bruce's chest. Bruce holds her in his arms. He kisses her hand, and Monica snuggles her head under his chin.

MONICA

(cooing)

Do we have to go home tomorrow?

BRUCE

(sadly)

Paradise ends for everyone.

Monica looks at Bruce and smiles, rolling onto her stomach.

MONICA

Will my big, tough officer protect me until I die?

BRUCE

(smiles)

He'll take a bullet for you, future celebrity Monica Marshall.

Monica wraps her arms around Bruce, smiles, and closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

I love you.

Bruce puts his arm around Monica's slight figure, smiles and listens to her fall asleep.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING Airport with a heavy jet landing.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING an old country farm house with the porch lights on.

Monica's car pulls into the driveway and stops. He gets out the car, opens the front passenger door, and carries Monica across the threshold, up the steps, and into her married life's house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

In a stereotypical country kitchen, Monica stands at the counter making orange juice in her juicer. In the distance, she looks and sees her packed luggage. She sighs and smiles.

Bruce walks in wearing his uniform without his duty belt. He looks at the table and sees a bowl of clam chowder and a roast beef on rye sandwich. He smiles.

BRUCE

Perfect thing to eat before my shift. You got everything packed for Julliard?

MONICA

(forlorn)  
Yeah, but I'm reconsidering.

Bruce sits and smells the soup, then looks at Monica.

BRUCE

What did we say these last few weeks?

MONICA

(rolling her eyes)  
Don't give up my dream for the marriage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Enjoy that cesspool. I'll come down each time I am off and you come up when you have no classes.

Monica looks out the window. Bruce sees this and nods his head.

BRUCE

We're still looking for him, Monica. But the face he hasn't bothered us since the wedding is good.

Monica pours herself the juice and sits down next to Bruce. She takes a drink.

MONICA

I miss them, Bruce. All of them. Especially Colton.

Bruce nods.

MONICA

He's still here, but that's not Colton.

BRUCE

We'll find that motherfucker. Trust me.

Monica nods and smiles, but the smile is torn and broken. She drinks as she watches Bruce eat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Monica is reading a book on acting while the TV blasts mindlessly in the background. She looks at her watch.

INSERT - WATCH

1:17AM

BACK TO SCENE

She mutes the noise and stretches on the sofa. She puts the book down and curls up in the corner of the sofa. She throws the afghan over her body and nestles into a comfortable position to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she begins to nod off, someone throws a brick through one of the windows a distance away in the living room. Monica jumps in shock and looks over to see the brick.

She stands up and looks around. Then she hears it; the all too familiar sound of the whistling funeral dirge.

Monica reaches into her pocket and pulls out her flip phone. She dials it. As she does, someone starts banging on the front door.

MONICA

(panic)  
Yes, this is Sergeant Marshall's  
wife. . .

Suddenly, a gloved hand with a large butcher knife punches in the window over the lock to the door and then slides the locks open.

Monica screams, drops the phone and runs upstairs.

PHONE

(faint)  
Hello? Hello? Ma'am! Are you  
there?

Someone picks up the phone, then breaks it in half. The person throws it on the floor and follows Monica upstairs.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

Lexington sits drinking a cup of coffee. He takes a sip, but it's too hot and he burns his lips, then spills some of it on his crotch. He hisses in pain.

LEXINGTON

(angry)  
Last time I agree to cover one of  
my lieutenants. . .christ.

PB RADIO

(direct)  
Base to car 101.

Lexington picks up the radio.

LEXINGTON

Lexington here. Go ahead, Pamela.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PB RADIO

Odd 911 call from 702 Lakeshore Drive. Woman called in a panic, then stopped speaking. Then the line went dead.

Lexington thinks.

LEXINGTON

702 Lakeshore. Isn't that the old Carpenter place?

PB RADIO

Yes, sir. It is.

LEXINGTON

Okay. I'll check it out. I'll be there in about five minutes. I'm at the gas station just down the road.

PB RADIO

Is their coffee still hot as fire?

Lexington laughs a little, then puts the radio back, throws the coffee out the window, and starts down the road.

INT. BEDROOM

The person slowly walks into the bedroom. There is a large easy chair in the corner, a walk in closet with the door closed, an dresser with a large mirror on it, and an wardrobe next to a door leading to a second story veranda that surrounds the bedroom. The room has wall to wall carpeting.

The person is absolutely silent in breath, step, and sound. They look around, but still cannot make out their face.

UNDER THE BED

Monica lays under the bed looking at the shoes of the intruder. She is shaking, terrified, and putting her hand over her mouth to avoid screaming.

Instantly, the intruder starts ransacking the room, throwing things around. Monica hears things break and the mirror shatter. Monica sees a large broken piece of mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, silence. Monica sees the feet walk toward the closet. The intruder then opens the closet and begins slashing and stabbing at everything, ransacking the closet.

Monica sees her opportunity. She reaches out, grabs the broken mirror shard, slide out from under the bed as quickly as she can and hides behind the easy chair, poking her head to the side to keep the intruder in sight.

INT. BEDROOM

The intruder stops and looks at the bed. The intruder bends over and looks under the bed, stabbing and they do.

Monica bounds up, stabs the intruder in their back with the mirror shard and runs out the door.

The intruder falls to the floor, groaning at the wound in their back.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Monica runs downstairs and out the door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

As Monica runs down the stairs, she notices a car she has never seen before parked halfway into her open garage door.

MONICA

(whispers)

Fucker drove here!

Monica looks at her car and runs towards it.

INT. DRIVEWAY

Monica runs to her car, but sees all four tires have been slashed. She looks around and sees nothing. Monica runs and hides on the side of the house, next to the garbage cans.

As she gets down, she sees a police car turn up the driveway. She sighs and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts running to the car, but before the car can stop, she hears gunshots. Four of them. She looks up and sees Lexington slumped in his seat, four bullet holes in the windshield.

INTRUDER

(male muffled voice)

You're alone now, bitch.

Monica looks on the porch and sees the intruder put their revolver away. Monica, wide eyed and terrified, runs to the car, opens the door, and watches Lexington's dead body slump out of the car. Monica hears the footsteps coming towards her and runs.

EXT. BACKYARD

Monica runs back into the backyard, but the intruder is there watching her, whistling and giggling, then starts walking towards her. Monica sees nothing to use and no where to hide, so she runs into the garage from the side door.

INT. GARAGE

She runs to the door to lock it from entrance from the house.

INSERT - GARAGE DOOR LOCK

Monica, in her hurry and panic, not only fails to lock the door, but accidentally keeps the keeps in the lock.

BACK TO SCENE

Inside the garage, Monica, in complete panics, turns the garage inside out, looking for anything she can use to defend herself.

TOM (O.S.)

(weak)

Help me. Please.

Monica looks around for the voice, but is more concerned trying to find anything she can use as a weapon. All she finds in a flat-head screw driver and a claw hammer. She picks up both.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Monica turns to find a place to hide, but trips over something, letting out a scream. She looks at her feet and sees Tom in zip ties, blindfolded in duct tape, beaten, starved, emaciated, and near death.

TOM

(weak)  
Help me. Please.

Monica looks at Tom confused, then outside. She runs to Tom.

MONICA

(quickly)  
Christ, Tom. What happened to you? I thought you. . .

TOM

(weak)  
I could never hurt you. I didn't do anything. . .

Monica starts fumbling with the zip ties to free Tom's feet.

MONICA

(confused)  
But I saw your notebook and all those disgusting pictures of what you wanted to do to me.

Tom coughs in pain.

TOM

(sincere)  
What notebook?

MONICA

(wild)  
Dr. Baker's class.

Tom sighs loud.

TOM

Monica. I lost that notebook. It was empty.

Monica stops and looks at Tom, puzzled.

MONICA

But Dr. Baker showed me. . .

Monica looks up.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK

**FLASHBACK**

Monica flipping through pages and pages of perverted, deviant, and BDSM sketches of Tom and Monica having sex.

BACK TO SCENE

**END FLASHBACK**

Monica shakes her head and then really goes to work with more energy to free Tom.

MONICA

(crying)

How did you get here?

TOM

I don't know. Someone kept me in their basement and beat me forever. Then they put me in their car. I just pushed the door open.

Monica bends down and finally removes the zip ties on Tom's legs. She tries to help him up, but Tom is too injured, weak, and starved.

MONICA

We gotta get out of here!

TOM

(absent minded)

Someone paid my bail and then. . .

Before Tom can continue, the intruder, quick as an arrow and agile as a cat, shocks Monica by slitting Tom's throat without Monica hearing the intruder enter the room.

Monica jumps up, listening to Tom gurgle his last blood choked breaths. She watches Tom die then turns her attention to the intruder.

Monica looks at the intruder and sees that the intruder has covered their face to hide identity. Monica starts slashing the claw hammer at the intruder, but the intruder is graceful on their feet and avoids everything. The intruder waits for one more swing, drops their knife and tackles Monica. The intruder gets on top of Monica and punches her four times in the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They wrestle, and Monica kicks the intruder off of her, gets up quickly and kicks the intruder twice, running passed her at the second kick and getting out of the garage.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Monica runs back in the house and passed Lexington's dead body. The intruder has recovered, walks out of the garage and stalks into the house, kicking Lexington's dead back as they pass by.

INT. BRUCE'S CRUISER

Bruce looks at his watch and smiles. He picks up the radio.

BRUCE

(direct)

Car 802 to base.

PB RADIO

Base here. Go ahead Sergeant.

BRUCE

(relieved)

Calling it a night. Shift's over.

PB RADIO

(happy)

Good job, Sergeant.

BRUCE

802 out.

Bruce puts the radio back.

PB RADIO

Base to Car 802.

BRUCE

(sighing)

Too good to be true. Car 802, Base.

PB RADIO

Car 101 has not checked responding to an odd 911 call. Requesting you follow up on that. Location is two miles from your present location.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
(sighing)  
Okay. Give me the address.

PB RADIO  
702 Lakeshore Drive.

Bruce looks at the radio.

BRUCE  
Repeat.

PB RADIO	BRUCE
702 Lakeshore Drive.	Lakeshore Drive? Shit, that's my house!

Bruce doesn't put the radio back. He slams down the gas and races down the road.

INT. KITCHEN

Monica hides in the pantry behind a brown fridge. In the kitchen she hears whistling again. The whistling gets louder and sees shadows on the floor. The intruder stands in front of the pantry door.

The intruder turns the handle, but the door doesn't open. Suddenly the door begins to shake as the intruder pounds on it, trying to break it down.

Monica looks around and panics. She sees a large bottle of extra virgin olive oil and picks it up.

Banging, giggling. . .the noise is relentless. Finally, The door breaks in. The intruder stumbles inside. Monica swings down with the large full bottle, cracking it against the intruder's head.

The intruder drops the knife. Monica picks it up. As soon as the intruder regains balance and stands straight up, Monica plunges the knife into the intruder's stomach, right down to the hilt. The intruder stumbles backward out of the pantry and falls on their back..

Monica looks at the intruder for a few seconds, then slowly stands up and walks towards the door. She steps over the intruder and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

As Monica steps over the intruder, she turns and walks toward the back door to the backyard. She relaxes and falls to her knees in the doorway leading to the outside. In the distance, she hears police sirens, and sighs.

MONICA

(weak)  
He's here, finally.

Monica begins to stand up. She is ripped up to her feet by her hair. She turns, terrified, to see the intruder has removed the knife and is wiping their blood off the knife onto their clothing.

Monica starts screaming as the intruder plunges the knife into Monica's shoulder, near the neck. She screams louder and starts bleeding.

She tries to wriggle but the intruder has a death grip on her hair. Suddenly. . .BAM! The intruder lets go of Monica, who scampers off screaming on hands and knees.

The intruder turns around and sees Bruce point his gun at them.

BRUCE

(screaming)  
On the ground, motherfucker! Now!

The intruder stands up slowly, puts their arms in a position as if they were on the crucifix, and stands still.

BRUCE

Get on the fucking ground now!

The intruder drops the knife, but then starts to pull out the revolver. Bruce cocks and takes aim. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The intruder is hit three times, each bullet throwing the intruder towards the large open window behind the sink. The last shot sends the intruder sailing out the window and into the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD

The intruder falls off the porch and into the backyard with a loud and violent thud.

INT. MUD ROOM CONNECTED TO KITCHEN

Bruce runs to Monica and sees the large gash in her arm. He picks up his PB Radio.

BRUCE

802 to base. Shots fired.  
Officer down. Suspect down. Send  
everything you can.

PB RADIO

Copy that.

Monica starts sobbing and falls into Bruce's arms.

BRUCE

We got the son of a bitch. Tom  
won't bother you any more.

MONICA

(sobbing)  
It wasn't Tom. Tom's dead in the  
garage!

Bruce looks at Monica, then stands up. He cocks his gun and walks slowly towards the backyard in a combat position.

BACKYARD

Bruce enters the backyard, then lowers his gun. He looks down at the spot where the intruder should be, but there is nothing there, just a trampled patch in the grass. He walks to it.

He stares down with a growing fear, then bends down to feel the grass. It's wet. He lifts his hand and sees blood. Bruce looks into the darkness of night.

Bruce sniffs the air and gets a puzzled look on his face. He then sniffs his fingers.

BRUCE

White Diamonds?

He looks over the backyard. It is empty, quiet, and dark. There is only the sound of the wind blowing the leaves on the trees.

It is as if nothing at all happened.

THE END