

SEE ME

By

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INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Quiet. Gloomy.

Lackluster fluorescent lights hum.

Footsteps echo. High heels on a hard floor.

Yellowing walls, adorned with crime prevention posters, close in on ALICE (24) as she approaches a DESK SERGEANT (50), head down, behind a perspex screen.

Dressed in a leather crop top and vinyl skirt, she chews on a split lip and brushes dark hair away from a black eye.

Alice hesitates. She hugs herself, comforting.

She leans toward the perspex safety screen.

Barely above a whisper...

ALICE

Hi.

The Desk Sergeant is engrossed in a crossword.

ALICE

Hello?

He looks up without lifting his head, twirls his pencil.

ALICE

Hi. I'd like to report a crime.
An assault. Please.

The Desk Sergeant looks her over, beneath heavy lids. Unenthusiastic. He chews on the remains of a sandwich.

DESK SERGEANT

Are you here to make an official
statement?

ALICE

Yes.

DESK SERGEANT

Take a seat and an officer will
be right with you.

The Desk Sergeant returns to his crossword and fills in a few letters.

ALICE

How long?

(CONTINUED)

DESK SERGEANT
Might be a while.

Alice nods, brisk.

The Desk Sergeant raises his brows, an impatient invitation for Alice to speak.

ALICE
... I was... raped.

He looks her over, stone-faced.

DESK SERGEANT
I'll let the officer know. We'll need to do a rape kit. You familiar?

Alice shakes her head.

DESK SERGEANT
Take a seat.

ALICE
Thank you.

Alice steps over to a short row of plastic chairs. One of them is cracked.

She chooses to stand.

An OFFICER joins the Desk Sergeant behind the perspex.

The two men exchange brief words. Judgmental eyes fall on Alice. She's a fish in a bowl.

Both Cops look down at the crossword.

DESK SERGEANT
Seven down. Eleven letter word for obtuse.

Alice overhears...

Lowered voices, a few mumbles. Then -

OFFICER
So, what, she just forget to charge the guy?

The Officer and the Desk Sergeant turn their backs to Alice, attempt to hide their laughter.

The Officer gathers up a report sheet and a pen, steps out into the waiting area.

Alice is gone. Her high heels click loudly on the hard floor, echoing.

EXT. 14TH ST, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Alice drifts past prowling cars, curb-crawlers and Johns, obscured by glass made reflective by the night.

She listens to music, a set of earphones in.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MORNING

Alice, wet hair, freshly showered and wearing gray sweats, hunches over a tiny breakfast bar.

She reads job listings in a paper. The tip of the pen in her hand makes its way down the list;

*'Experience required'... 'Experience necessary'...
'Experience essential'...*

Frustrated, Alice balls up the newspaper and throws it in the trash.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Paint peels from walls, revealing layers of old paint beneath.

Alice carries a trash bag from her apartment.

She shoves the bag into the garbage chute and turns to find herself confronted by MAGGIE (65).

Short and squat, Maggie's choice of floral dress is juxtaposed against her hard, joyless face.

Alice pulls out her earphones.

MAGGIE

Must'a been a slow week, was it?
Or you dryin' up down there?

Maggie sneers humorlessly.

ALICE

I'm sorry, Maggie, I've just
started looking for a new job.

MAGGIE

New job, eh? You on your feet or
your back for this one?

ALICE

I'll get you the rent.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Damn right you will. By tonight.

ALICE

Tonight?

MAGGIE

Midnight. I don't give a shit whether that skinny ass of yours is for sale or not, if you don't got my rent for me, I'm kicking it out on the street.

Maggie shuffles her way toward a neighboring door.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Alice returns to her cramped living quarters and her eyes land on her vinyl skirt and crop top in the closet.

She catches sight of her own reflection in a small window...

Her bruises have softened. Just a little.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice applies makeup, concealing her bruises. Red lips and purple eyes. Beautiful. Fragile.

She reaches for her vinyl skirt, but hesitates.

Alice instead reaches under the bed and slides out a suitcase. Opens it. Inside is a pair of dance shoes, and a neatly folded black dress.

She takes out the modest dress.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice, wearing the dress and heels, appraises her appearance in the mirror. She rehearses her alluring smile. It doesn't quite reach her eyes.

She steps to the toilet, reaches up under her dress, pulls down her panties, and sits on the toilet.

She looks down at a bruise in the shape of a hand print on the inside of her thigh.

Finished, she wipes, and looks into the bowl.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
Shit. Perfect timing.

CUT:

Alice raids the cabinet and fishes a tampon out of box. She takes another, a few condoms, and shoves them in her purse.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Alice strides past the murky red light district and its shadowed inhabitants.

She heads for the promising glare of upmarket bistros, bars, and clubs.

Behind long stretches of glass, she watches suited men drink and dine, arms around women with model figures.

Further down the street, a GRAND HOTEL.

An archway entrance of white stone, chrome, marble, and gold. A vast awning supported by white pillars.

Palatial.

A five star place.

Alice makes a beeline.

HOMELESS GUY (O.C)
Miss, spare a dollar?

Alice looks to the shadows. A HOMELESS MAN (20) huddles in the doorway of a nearby building.

She searches her purse, finds one 5 dollar bill. She hands over the money, which he gratefully accepts.

EXT. HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

A DOORMAN holds the door for Alice.

Alice feigns confidence. Feigns belonging.

She steps through the door and inside the lobby finds several UNIFORMED CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS, hands resting on belts and holsters.

Alice makes her way through the lobby and to the...

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Human voices. Hundreds of them. The constant din of eager conversation is heard from behind a set of double doors, marked 'CONFERENCE HALL'.

Alice walks by the doors decorated with red, white, and blue bunting.

She keeps her eyes on the floor as she passes two more CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS and enters the bar.

INT. HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT

Quiet.

A scattering of solo drinkers keep to themselves.

A TV behind the bar transmits the news to nobody in particular.

MADELAINE (50), elegant and stern, her name on a brass tag above her breast, fires off orders to a WAITRESS, IZZY (21).

MADELAINE

Send up fifteen bottles of the Le Mesnil, fifteen of the Mercier, and ten of the Perrier Jouet. Do it quickly but don't hurry, and look friendly, but don't smile. And Izzy, I understand the need for comfort, believe me, but when you come in tomorrow, be wearing a pair of shoes that don't make you look like Frankenstein's monster, or don't come in at all.

Izzy has the good sense to simply nod, turn on her heels, and disappear.

Madelaine barely catches her breath before the BARMAN, JAMIE (28) is next in the firing line.

MADELAINE

Jamie, don't rest on the bar.

Jamie takes his elbows from the bar top and puts his hands in his pockets.

MADELAINE

Look attentive.

He puts his hands behind his back, as if standing to attention.

(CONTINUED)

MADELAINE

But not creepy.

He shifts position, looking for her sweet spot.

MADELAINE

Just go and collect up the empties, will you.

Jamie does as he's told.

Madelaine's hard stare falls on Alice as she perches herself on a bar stool strategically beside a MALE DRINKER.

Alice twists, granting her male neighbor a view of her legs.

She slides the hem of her dress up her thigh, inadvertently revealing the bruise in the vague shape of a hand print.

Madelaine's expression sours.

Alice's male target takes the bait. But his leering gaze is drawn to his female companion when she returns to the bar, takes his hand, and leads him to the hallway.

Alice turns and finds herself locking stares with Madelaine.

MADELAINE

It's customary for us to take our trash out through the back, but on this occasion I'm going to invite you to use the front door.

ALICE

Excuse me?

MADELAINE

Or I can have the police escort you out.

ALICE

Have I done something wrong?

MADELAINE

Not yet. Not if I can help it.

ALICE

I don't understand.

MADELAINE

We understand each other perfectly. You are not welcome in my hotel.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
Me?

MADELAINE
Your kind.

Alice searches the woman's face for a hint of understanding.

Finds none.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alice stops at the back of a long line for the ladies bathroom.

Not a soul waiting at the men's. A quick double-check and she ducks inside.

INT. HOTEL, MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice pushes open a stall door to find TWO SUITED CONGRESSMEN, snorting lines of white powder off the back of the toilet cistern.

Startled into sobriety, the first man hurries past Alice while the second zips up his fly and follows his companion.

Alice shuts the stall door and finds a small baggie of white powder left behind.

CUT TO:

Alice snorts a line of cocaine.

BATES (O.C)
Yoohoo.

Alice looks up.

ERIC (45), silver-haired. Handsome. He smiles down at Alice from the neighboring stall, flashing perfect teeth.

BATES
I wondered what kind of man wears
Jimmy Choos.
(beat)
People can see you, you know?

ALICE
(forced)
Maybe I want to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Ballsy. There's cops all over the place.

ALICE

I noticed. The pope in town, or something?

ERIC

They're capitol police. It's election night.

Eric disappears below the cubicle wall.

Alice hears a door unlatch and steps out of her own stall to find Eric washing his hands. She joins him, perching her butt on the marble sink.

ALICE

Didn't that just happen? My team lost.

ERIC

Presidential, yes. This one's for Mayor. Bates is favorite to win. I got five hundred on him myself.

(smiles)

And I like a woman who exercises her democratic right. It's a turn on.

ALICE

Yeah? What else turns you on?

ERIC

A woman who is direct.

ALICE

You got another five hundred to spare? It buys you an hour.

ERIC

That's direct. What do I get for a thousand?

Alice curls the corner of her mouth into just the right kind of smile.

INT. HOTEL, TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator doors slide open. Eric and Alice emerge.

Hotel guests step off the elevator and disperse, among them, a DARK-SUITED MAN (30).

He follows Alice and Eric.

(CONTINUED)

Eric leads Alice by the arm, down the hall. She leans into him, flirtatious.

The Dark-Suited Man moves with a singular purpose. Robotic. A coiled serpent. One hand remains close to a holstered sidearm.

ERIC

You see, here in DC, whoever wins the election functions as the mayor, the chief executive, and the governor. So it's kind of a big deal.

Alice smiles up at Eric, feigning enthusiasm.

She spies the Dark Suited Man and his blank expression.

Her smile dies on her lips.

Eric stops at the last door at the end of the hall, where a large window overlooks downtown.

He slides a key card into the last room on the left, room 714.

The Dark-Suited Man closes in.

ALICE

Eric? Eric? I think we're being followed.

ERIC

I should hope so.

Eric opens up the door, revealing an expansive and luxurious suite.

ALICE

What?

ERIC

That's his job.

The Dark-Suited Man positions himself beside the door, back to the wall. Guards it.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Eric steps inside, flicks on several lights. Each moment of illumination reveals the vastness of the suite.

ERIC

That's Reed. He's a U.S Marshall.

Alice follows Eric inside.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
(taking in the room)
Jesus.

The place is essentially one large rectangle, covers a lot of square footage, and consists of three distinctly zoned areas; the bar, the lounge, and the bedroom.

At the far end, to the left, a door to the bathroom.

One wall consists almost entirely of floor to ceiling glass, looking out over downtown DC.

ERIC
First time in the presidential suite?

ALICE
...It's you. You're the mayor?

ERIC
As good as. If the polls are to be believed...

ALICE
Eric Bates. I've heard of you.

ERIC
I hope you cast your vote.

Eric flicks on a spherical bedside lamp. Marble.

ALICE
Aren't you married?

ERIC
Good point.

Eric pops his head back out through the doorway.

Alice circles a coffee table, eyes the newspaper on its surface.

ERIC
Reed?

REED
Sir?

Alice takes in a picture of Eric and VIVIAN BATES, both wearing knitted turtleneck sweaters. An autumnal scene. The headline: "Lawyer. Husband. Mayor?".

ERIC
What time does Vivian's plane land?

(CONTINUED)

REED
Eight-fifteen sir.

ERIC
Thanks. You managed to grab a
bite to eat yet?

REED
Don't worry about me, sir. Not a
problem.

Eric shuts the door. He takes out his cellphone. Dials.

Alice turns the page, reads; "Vivian Bates, wife of
charismatic candidate Eric Bates, herself the Deputy Chief
of Police..."

ERIC
(into phone)
I want reserve a car to be at the
airport, meet my wife.
Eight-forty-five.

ALICE
You're purposefully having your
wife picked up late?

ERIC
(into phone)
And have a bouquet of flowers
too. Thanks. You'll send me the
bill?

Alice watches him hang up the call.

ALICE
Your wife's a cop too?

ERIC
Deputy chief. The voters love it.

ALICE
Ballsy.

He opens a banking app, scans his face, and logs in. Eric
pays his bill and pockets the phone.

LATER.

The newspaper depicting Eric and his wife is dusty with
cocaine.

He snorts a line through a rolled up 20 before encouraging
Alice to follow suit.

She chases it down with a sip of wine.

(CONTINUED)

He vigorously wipes his nose and top lip with the back of his hand.

Alice takes his hand and puts his index finger in her mouth. Her lips meet a CHUNKY GOLD GRADUATION RING. Her mouth releases his finger.

ALICE
Harvard. Impressive.

ERIC
...We should order room service.
For after.

Eric reaches for the phone.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, could I get some wine and
some food sent up to room
seven-fourteen? That's me, yeah.

Alice makes a display of getting up and walking to the bed, her physicality making unspoken, sensual promises.

ERIC
A couple of cheeseburgers. And
fries. Don't forget the ketchup.
Extra ketchup. And the most
expensive wine you've got.

Eric returns the phone back to its cradle and passes by the bed on his way to the bathroom.

ERIC
I'll be right back. Why don't you
get started without me?

Eric disappears inside the bathroom and closes the door.

Alice listens to the sound of running water, zippers, and cabinet doors opening and closing.

She looks across the room to a mirror. She retouches her makeup, attempting to cover her bruises. And her hollow expression.

The sound of running water stops.

Alice, hurriedly, caught off guard, reaches up under her dress and removes a tampon. She drops it in the trash.

The bathroom door lock disengages and Eric appears in the doorway.

He loosens his tie and throws it on the bed. Unzips his fly.

Alice spreads herself on the bed, inviting.

(CONTINUED)

Eric climbs on top of her and slides his hand up her thigh.

Alice catches sight of the hand print-shaped bruise, high up on her inner thigh.

Eric's lips curl into a humorless smile as his own hand fits over the bruise.

ERIC
Looks like I'm the bigger man.

She freezes.

Breath lodges in her throat

Eric, oblivious to her change in demeanor, plants wet, clumsy kisses up and down Alice's neck.

ALICE
Stop. Please.

ERIC
What?

ALICE
I can't.

She climbs off the bed and stands at the window. Her own image, ghost like, appears superimposed over that of the city.

ERIC
What happened, I don't get it?

ALICE
I should probably go.

ERIC
You don't want the money?

ALICE
I need it. But some things I need more.

Eric gets to his feet on the opposite side of the bed.

ALICE
I'm sorry.

He steps to the mini bar.

ERIC
It's alright. Don't apologise, it's not necessary.

Eric refills her half-drunk glass of wine.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Is there somebody you can call,
somebody who can come pick you
up?

ALICE

No.

ERIC

Nobody at all?

Alice, silent, a downward look.

ERIC

I can make the necessary
arrangements.

Alice watches Eric's reflection in the window. He drops
something into Alice's glass.

She turns. He approaches, offers her the drink. Whatever
he deposited finishes dissolving.

ALICE

What was that?

ERIC

...Something to help you relax.
Drink.

Alice takes the glass and immediately puts it aside.

Eric moves on her fast, mouth on hers, hands on her
wrists. Forceful.

She pulls free, steps back. Her calves meet the edge of
the bed.

ALICE

I said no.

Eric pulls a wad of bank notes from a back pocket and
throws them at her.

ERIC

I've given what I owe.
(beat)
Your turn.

She slaps his cheek, whipping his head to the side.

He retaliates. Twice as hard.

His graduation ring catches her cheek bone, splitting the
skin.

Alice doesn't have to time react.

(CONTINUED)

Eric is on her, pinning her to the bed. She does her best to fight him, but her thin frame is no match for his muscular bulk.

Bed springs creak, protest.

The fabric of the pristine white sheets whistle against each other.

He snatches his tie, discarded on the bed, and ties one of her wrists to the bed post.

Alice's expression distorts from one of fear to one of white hot terror.

ALICE

No, please.

Eric wrestles his leather belt from the loops in his pants.

He grips Alice's remaining free wrist and forces it to the bed post overhead.

She resists, strains with everything she's got.

Her eyes, wide, dart to the door.

ALICE

REED!

He abandons her flailing arm and wraps both catcher's mitt-sized hands around her throat.

Squeezes.

Alice's eyes bulge.

Face red.

Lips purple.

He takes one hand from her windpipe, reaches between her legs.

His look of animalistic lust switches to disgust. He lifts his hand to his face. Fingertips red.

ERIC

Filthy whor -

CRACK.

Something solid thumps against Eric's skull.

His rigid grip softens and his fingers slip from around Alice's windpipe.

(CONTINUED)

A thin, steady stream of blood traces a line from his temple down to that enviable jawline.

The flow of blood grows wider. Thicker. It pulsates and spurts, staining the bed sheets white.

The wannabe Mayor bleeds over his strewn dollar bills.

He staggers on unsteady feet from the bed, turning, dazed.

Alice sees a sizable dent in the side of his skull. A fist-sized portion is now concave.

Alice finds a LAMP in her free hand.

Made of marble, it is slick and red and wet with Eric's blood. A few strands of hair stick to it.

Eric bleeds over himself, over the floor.

He delivers Alice one long, lingering gaze, his vacant expression flashing to one of pure rage and hatred before turning slack.

He collapses.

Dead.

Alice's breath races in and out.

The PHONE on the night stand rings. Loud. Obnoxious. The only sound.

It rings. And rings.

Alice breaks out of her inertia.

Frantic, she drops the lamp on the bed and her fingers work at the knotted tie. It loosens and she pulls free.

The phone continues to ring. Deafening. Accusatory.

Alice hurries to the door, grabs the knob. Takes pause.

Her HAND IS BLOODY!

She presses her eye to the peephole, sees a fish-eye version of Reed. Her attention automatically shoots to -

His BADGE.

The HOLSTERED SIDEARM.

The CUFFS on his belt.

Alice backtracks, tiptoes away from the door. She leaves a BLOODY PRINT on the door handle.

(CONTINUED)

She catches sight of her bloody self in a mirror. Her face, hands, and arms are slick with blood.

Her attention is drawn to that ringing phone;
BRRLLLLING... BRRLLLLING... BRRLLLLING...

She dares herself. Readies herself. She snatches the phone up off the cradle.

A man's voice. Warm and even. He speaks with urgency, but is unhurried. Serious, yet calm.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You have about thirty seconds
before somebody walks through that
door and changes your life
forever.

ALICE
...What?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Twenty seven seconds.

ALICE
Who is this?

THE CALLER (OVER THE PHONE)
Hide the body and clean yourself
up. Doesn't need to be spotless,
that comes later.

ALICE
...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Twenty-five, twenty-four,
twenty-three.

Alice hangs up the phone and grabs Eric's lifeless ankles and drags him toward the bathroom.

He leaves a streak of blood across the floor.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric's bulk bumps over the threshold to the bathroom, sending something rattling from a pocket.

Alice pauses dragging. She picks up a pill bottle:
ROHYPNOL.

Disgusted, she tosses the bottle into the toilet.

She pulls Eric fully into the room.

(CONTINUED)

Alice strips off her bloody dress and discards it on the floor.

She turns on the shower, turns the heat up. Steam swirls.

With frantic hands she splashes water on herself and scrubs the blood from her hands and face.

Leaving the water running, she turns away from the shower to face the mirror.

Her hair is slick with Eric's blood.

She has blood up her arms, on her chest.

A KNOCK at the suite door.

Alice grabs a robe from the back of the door, throws it around herself, and wraps a towel around her head.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice hurries back to the suite.

KNOCK KNOCK.

She takes in the sight of the bloody bedsheets and stained dollar bills.

She gathers them in a bundle and shoves it all under the bed.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She replaces the lamp, turns it so the blood faces the wall.

Alice grabs a corner of a white rug and drags it over the blood trail.

She folds over the newspaper dusted with cocaine.

She uses a Kleenex to wipe the blood from the phone.

A key card is heard sliding into the lock...

Alice storms across the suite, racing for the door...

It's opening...

She uses the tissue to grab the door handle, wiping the blood as she does so.

NATHALIE MYERS (35), bookish, stressed, pockets her key card as she enters the suite. She wears a dark red pantsuit. She starts when she finds Alice.

(CONTINUED)

NATHALIE
Jesus, another one?

Nathalie strides past Alice and further into the suite.

Alice balls the tissue and stuffs it in a pocket on her robe.

NATHALIE
Bates?

Water can be heard pelting the tub from behind the bathroom door.

ALICE
He's taking a bath. A shower.

NATHALIE
(checks watch)
Goddammit.

Nathalie makes a beeline for the bathroom.

ALICE
I said he's in the shower.

Nathalie plants a hand on the bathroom doorknob.

NATHALIE
It's nothing I haven't seen before.

ALICE
Not after what we did. Things got messy.

Nathalie comes to a stop on the repositioned rug. Lets go of the doorknob.

ALICE
He paid extra.

Nathalie knocks on the bathroom door.

Alice fights to appear calm.

NATHALIE
Bates? You in there?

Alice looks to the rug beneath Nathalie's shoes. Spots of blood soak into the rug and blossom.

ALICE
I can pass on a message, if you like? After he's recovered.

(CONTINUED)

NATHALIE

(sighs heavily)

You can tell him that his overworked and underpaid campaign manager just quit.

(beat)

No. Don't. Just tell him that the press are arriving, and that his donors, supporters, his staff, and his wife will be expecting to see him on in the conference hall and onstage in no less than ninety minutes. Remind him to come prepared with both speeches; the dignified in victory and the dignified in defeat. If I have to wait as long as ninety one minutes, I'll be back.

Instinctively, Alice's gaze shifts to the clock on the wall: 19:47.

NATHALIE

And naked or not, I'll tell him I quit right to his face.

ALICE

...He'll be there.

Nathalie strides back toward the door. Stops. Faces Alice.

She takes a handkerchief from her pocket and puts it gently against the cut on Alice's cheekbone. Her all-business look takes on a knowing air of sorrow.

Alice puts her own hand to the handkerchief, allowing Nathalie to slip away.

As Nathalie exits Reed glances inside the room before the door closes and cuts off his view.

The phone rings.

Alice picks up the handset and puts it to her ear.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Next time you kill a man, close the drapes.

Alice turns to face the row of windows.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Warm.

Outside, dozens of other buildings; offices, hotels, and apartment buildings.

Hundreds of windows. Maybe thousands.

(CONTINUED)

Alice directs her gaze towards the nearest building.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Warmer.

Alice focuses on a ten-story office block directly across the street.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Getting warmer.

Alice zeros in on the next building in line - an apartment complex, 12 stories.

On the opposite side of the street and across an intersection, it faces the hotel at a diagonal angle, the corners of both buildings pointing at each other, the expanse of the street and intersection between them.

Someone looking out would have a view of the entire suite and the corridor outside the door.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Red hot.

ALICE

Why did you help me?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

It felt right.

ALICE

You're not going to call the police?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Would you like me to?

Alice paces the room, panic brewing.

ALICE

I should call them before it's too late.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I wouldn't advise that. Besides, it's already far too late for the gentleman in the bathroom. Cop's won't be able to do much for him.

ALICE

It was self defense, they'll understand.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Are you familiar with the name
Amadou Diallo?

ALICE
Who?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
NYPD officers shot Amadou Diallo
forty-one times. Forty-one. He
was unarmed at the time.

(beat)
Law enforcement officers are not
exactly well known for their...
understanding. Unless you have
experienced otherwise?

Alice pinches her lips tight, eyes glaze over.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Besides, just how much cocaine do
you have in your system right
now?

ALICE
Fuck.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Coke in the bloodstream, blood on
your hands. Paints a picture,
doesn't it?

ALICE
But... you could tell your side
of the story. You're a witness...
Aren't you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
...Come to the window. Closer.

ALICE
Why?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Look.

ALICE
For what?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Anybody else who might have seen
you.

Alice tentatively approaches the window. She looks to the
building across the street. A hundred windows out there. A
thousand.

She can make out vague shaped in apartments, in hallways.
(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Somebody not quite so forgiving.
Somebody not quite so nice.
(beat)
Somebody who, right now, could be
on the phone to the police.

Alice looks quickly from window to window, apartment to apartment.

Inside, men and women go about their business. They watch TV. Sleep. Eat dinner. Make love. Nobody appears to be paying her any attention.

ALICE
Which one are you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
The one with the lights off.

Alice counts SEVERAL DARK WINDOWS. BLACK. OBSIDIAN.

ALICE
But if they did see, if they saw,
then they'd -

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
They'd have seen you invite him
to bed. If a promising young
swimmer can violate an inebriated
woman behind a dumpster and be
given license to swim again, how
do you suppose a substance
abuser, who voluntarily escorted
a rising politician to his room,
would fare in our judicial
system?
(beat)
I'm sorry. I'll get off the line
so that you can contact the
police.

The line clicks dead and a dial tone buzzes in her ear.

Alice, fearful, stares at the phone before replacing it on the cradle.

She drifts, dazed, crossing the bloody rug, and teases the bathroom door open.

Steam swirls, granting her a view of Eric Bates' bloody-drenched corpse.

Alice snatches up a pen and a couple of pieces of note paper, embossed with the hotel's name in gold lettering.

She writes.

(CONTINUED)

Alice takes two hand-written notes and presses them against the window. On one: "CALL", in large black lettering. The other, "BACK."

The phone rings. Alice picks up.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Change your mind?

ALICE
Why can't I see you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I'm here, trust me.

ALICE
Give me a reason to trust you.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I could have called the police.
Instead I called you.

ALICE
What do you want?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
To help you.

ALICE
What if I just walk out of here?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I won't stop you. But how long
before law enforcement find you?
I can give you the best chance of
avoiding such a scenario.

ALICE
And in return?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Not all relationships need be
transactional.

ALICE
They are. Trust me.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
...Well, in that case, I'd very
much like to spend the night with
you.

(beat)
It's not what you think.

ALICE
(readies herself)
...So what do I need to do?

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You're going to make like nothing
ever happened.

ALICE
That woman will be back up to
this room in less than an hour
and a half.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
And she can either return to find
it empty, or to find a bloodied
corpse. Which would you prefer?

ALICE
When they don't find him at all
they'll call the cops.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Sure, they'll suspect foul play
sooner or later. Later would be
desirable. But you can't have a
murder without a body. And
without a murder, you can't have
a killer.

(beat)
You're going to destroy every
shred of evidence that could
prove you were ever even in that
hotel room.

(beat)
Am I correct in my understanding
that you never checked in as a
guest, gave your name, or paid
with a credit card?

ALICE
How do you know all that?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Observation.

ALICE
Well did you observe that there's
cops all over the place? And
there's an armed U.S Marshall
right outside the door? I can't
even leave this room without
being seen.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
So take him out of the equation.
That lamp appeared to suffice.

ALICE
No. Nobody else gets hurt.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Clock's ticking.

Alice looks to a clock on the wall and the watch on her wrist. Both read: 19:54.

ALICE
I can't.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Evidently you are more than
capable.

ALICE
That was different.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
A matter of self preservation?

ALICE
Yes.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
So what would you call this?
(beat)
Tick tock, tick tock.
Eighty-three minutes and
counting. Eighty-two.

Alice lays down the phone handset and approaches the lamp. Contemplates it.

She picks it up. As she lifts it to her face she is confronted by the blood on the other side of the lamp.

Out of earshot of Alice, The Caller's tinny voice travel's down the line...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
The door. Somebody is coming to
the door.

Alice sizes up the lamp, feels the weight...

A KNOCK at the door.

Alice drops the lamp and the bulb breaks. The room is plunged into semi darkness.

A second KNOCK.

PORTER (O.S)
Room service.

ALICE
...Hold on a second.
(under her breath)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (cont'd)

Shit.

Alice grabs the phone.

ALICE

(into phone)

It's room service.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Don't answer. Don't open the door.

PORTER (O.S)

I have your food, ma'am.

ALICE

Food?

(into phone)

Wait. I have an idea.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Tell him to fuck off.

ALICE

(to porter)

Just a second.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

No.

Alice puts down the phone, doesn't hang up.

She checks the far, darker corner of the suite. The bloody rug is now obscured by shadow.

She opens the door, positions herself in the gap.

A YOUNG PORTER (21) stands at the threshold, hands on a food cart.

Reed, statuesque, remains to the side, penetrating and unflinching stare directed at Alice.

Alice gives the Porter her best smile.

ALICE

Thanks. We're starved.

The Porter attempts to pass by Alice, but she holds firm.

ALICE

I can take it.

Without waiting for a retort, she take the cart and wheels it inside the room.

(CONTINUED)

Alice hides her nervousness behind another smile as she begins to shut the door.

The Porter takes a half step inside the room. Clears his throat.

Alice, puzzled.

The Porter shifts his weight from foot to foot, not leaving, awkward. Waiting.

ALICE
(realisation)
Oh, right, sorry.

The Porter, embarrassed, eyes on his toes.

Alice hurries to the bed. With her back to the porter at the door, she pulls out a portion of the bundled bed sheets.

She frantically searches among the dollar bills. Bloody. Each of them are either spotted or soaked with blood.

Finally, Alice finds a clean bill.

Alice returns to the Porter and slips the bill into his palm. He nods, backs out of the room.

PORTER
Enjoy.

ALICE
We will.

Alice is granted a fleeting view of Reed as the door is closing. She gives him a wink, an attempt to give the impression that all is well.

The door closes.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice shuts off the shower.

She retrieves the bottle Rohypnol from the toilet, shakes the water off.

She removes the cap, shakes a bunch out onto the counter top, and crushes a handful using the bottom of the pill bottle.

INT. ROOM 714, SUITE - NIGHT

Alice lifts the plate cover from one of the dishes.

She takes the bun from a cheeseburger, pours the crushed Rohypnol onto a mountain of ketchup, stirs it in with a finger, and replaces the bun.

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Reed, inhumanly still, patient, stands to the side of the door, back to the wall.

The door opens, prompting him to look back over his shoulder.

Alice presents him with the plate of fries and cheeseburger. She smiles. Friendly.

ALICE

Hungry?

He looks at the food, his expression giving nothing away.

REED

(robotic)

No. Thank you.

ALICE

Hey, I know what it's like.
Giving up part of yourself for
money.

Reed looks past her, unsure, and into the recess of the suite.

ALICE

Don't worry about him, he's not
gonna bother you. He's in no fit
state.

Reed accepts the plate of food, temptation kicking in.

He sniffs, examines, contemplates...

He removes the bun from the burger...

Alice fights a rising panic.

Reed peels away two slices of pickle and places them on the side of the plate.

Alice watches Reed put the burger back together, wink at her, and take a huge bite.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
Knock yourself out.

She closes the door just as Reed takes another chomp.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice paces to the phone, talks into it.

ALICE
How long does Rohypnol take to
kick in?

She checks her watch on her wrist: 19:59.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I'm afraid I don't have any first
hand experience. How much did you
give him?

ALICE
A lot.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Enough?

She scrutinies the building across the street and its many
windows.

ALICE
So what do I call you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
A friend. And how do you wish to
be addressed?

Her eyes move up the face of the building, counting
floors, lips mouthing; *'one, two, three, four'*...

ALICE
Alice. Alice is fine. So, what's
your deal?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
My deal?

ALICE
You don't have other plans
tonight?

Alice stops counting at the seventh floor - the first to
have any dark windows with lights out - and starts
counting along, left to right.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I did. But they're no longer
relevant.

Alice's gaze arrives at the first of the dark windows, its
contents and occupant both a mystery.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
So, Alice, time for the clean up.

Alice turns her attention back to the room. To the bloody
rug.

To the bathroom door.

In the gap, she sees a pair of feet. Still. Prone.

ALICE
I'm not so sure I can do this.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
The body? That comes later. I'm
talking about you.
(beat)
You need to clean yourself up if
you're going to be walking around
that hotel without drawing
attention to yourself.

She unravels the towel from her hair and touches the back
of her head. Her hand comes away a rusty red.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Take a shower. Fast. But be
thorough.

Alice hangs up the phone.

On her way to the bathroom, she snatches up her purse and
takes out her cell phone, keeping it close to her side and
out of view.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice nears the the small, bathroom window of frosted
glass. She opens it an inch. Peers out.

She dials - 9...1...1. But her finger doesn't hit the call
button.

She agonises.

Alice deletes the number and dials another. Waits.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
Hi, I'd like to order a pizza
please... Pineapple. Address?

Alice angles herself to the side of a gap between the blind and the window, peering out while trying to remain hidden.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
Six-sixty-four Massachusetts
Avenue, apartment seven-one-two.
Thanks.

Alice disrobes, turns on the shower, and steps under the spray. The water turns pink at her feet.

She begins to crack, to cry. She allows herself the release.

LATER:

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice, now out of the shower, drops the rug in the tub and throws in the bloody sheets and her blood-soaked dress.

Alice points the spraying shower head at the bloody items.

The blood stains are stubborn.

The PHONE RINGS!

Alice drops the shower head in the tub and heads for the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice emerges from the bathroom in a cloud of steam, with a towel wrapped around herself.

She looks to the multitude of windows across the street as she picks up the phone.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
All done?

ALICE
Yes.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Let me see.

ALICE
What?

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I need to check you got it all.

Alice steps closer to the window. Stands still.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
All of it.

Alice steps closer to the window, takes a deep breath.
She drops the towel.

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Reed is looking a little unsteady. He tries blinking the heaviness from his eyes.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Through the window, in the apartment complex across the street, Alice watches a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY walking the length of a hallway on the seventh floor...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Turn around.

Alice fixates on the Pizza Delivery Guy.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Turn.

Alice shows her exposed back to the window.
She turns her head, watching for the Pizza Delivery Guy.
He stops at a door.
Knocks...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Hold on.

A light comes on in the apartment across the street...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Don't move.

A shadow moves behind the curtain...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
This won't do.

The apartment door opens...

(CONTINUED)

The Delivery Man greets An ELDERLY WOMAN as rubs the sleep from her eyes, disgruntled.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You missed a spot.

Through the window, the Elderly Woman gesticulates wildly at the Pizza Delivery guy.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Your shoulder. Something as small
as that could be enough to put
you away.

Alice touches a finger to her shoulder blade. It comes away bloody.

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Reed, through his developing haze, zeros in on the door he's guarding. He draws his sidearm.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice wipes the dot of blood away from her shoulder blade.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Perfect.
(tone turns serious)
Alice.

The door is opening. Reed enters, his gun barrel leading the way.

Alice drops the phone and covers herself with the towel, and freezes.

Reed walks on unsteady feet, swaying. Levels his gun at Alice.

REED
What did you do to me?

ALICE
I'm sorry.

REED
Where's Bates?

She looks to the bathroom, an involuntary glance.

REED
You're under arrest. Turn
aroun... turn around and... and
put your hand... hands...

(CONTINUED)

He folds to the floor.

ALICE

Reed.

Alice goes to Reed and checks his pulse and his breathing, gently slaps his cheek.

ALICE

Reed? Hey?

Alice returns to the phone, picks it up.

ALICE

It worked.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

He'll wake up eventually.

ALICE

That's the idea.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

(beat)

And in the meantime you now have two bodies to deal with.

ALICE

At least this one will walk out of here by himself.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Not too soon, we hope. For your sake. By my count you have a little over an hour, hour and ten.

Alice lays down the phone.

She unbuttons Reed's shirt, collar to bellybutton. She unbuckles his belt.

For a moment she considers his sidearm, but discards it, sliding it under the bed, along with his badge.

Alice pulls on his pants and shirt, tucking the latter into the former and cinching the belt as tight as possible.

The clothes are huge on her.

From the telephone... *Laughter, tinny.*

Alice picks up.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Very fetching. Find something
else, something more...befitting.

ALICE
It's not like I packed a
suitcase.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Did your gentleman friend?

ALICE
What?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Pack a suitcase? The bigger the
better.

ALICE
Why?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
No better way of getting him out
of there, past all those police
officers, past the press, his
friends and family.

Alice moves quickly, opening closets. She finds a few
suits hanging up and a SMALL, CARRY-ON suitcase, wrapped
in luggage straps.

She deflates, but carries the small suitcase back to the
phone.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
Forget it. Not happening.

She opens the case.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Too small?

ALICE
Like a fucking briefcase.

Inside, expensive suits. Silk boxer shorts. A selection of
silk ties.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
There are ways to make a man fit
a suitcase.

ALICE
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Go to the kitchen, seven floors
down, into the basement, take the
door on the left. You'll find a
selection of knives. Find the
meat cleav -

ALICE
No fucking way.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Not even the head? The finger
tips? He'll be much harder to
identify without them.

ALICE
Just who are you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Me? I'm not the person who caved
in a man's skull, Alice. I'm
merely your accessory to murder.
(beat)
But I don't have to be. Goodnight
and good luck.

ALICE
No. I need your help.
(beat)
But, I'm not... I'm not using any
knives, on anyone or anything.
I'm gonna have to find some other
way to get him out of here.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Give me your number.

ALICE
You already have the number for
the room, the hotel -

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Your number.

ALICE
...My number?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
So I can guide you. So we can
find another way. Together.

Alice searches the remaining DARK WINDOWS.

At street level, the pissed off Pizza Delivery Guy exits
the apartment complex.

CUT TO:

Alice uses Eric's ties to bind Reed's wrists together and to the bed post.

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

The hallway is quiet, save for a YOUNG HIPSTER COUPLE on their way to the elevator, hand in hand.

THE CALLER (O.S)

Ok. Clear.

The door opens a crack, a sliver of Alice's face appearing in the gap.

With one last look back at the unconscious and bound Reed, she steps out into the hall, barefooted.

Alice wears an earphone in her ear, the cable connected to the cell phone in her hand.

She glances to the window at the end of the hall, immediately at her side.

She sees the apartment complex across the street.

The door behind her is less than an inch from closing shut by itself.

A thought hits her.

ALICE

The key card.

She stops the door with her foot.

INT. ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric's dead body.

Alice reaches into his pockets, pulls out a cellphone and a key card. She takes the latter.

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice closes the door and hangs the "do not disturb" sign.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tub continues to fill from the water from the shower head.

The dress, rug, and sheets have blocked the drain. The water level rises towards the lip of the tub.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keeping her phone below her waist, tight to her side, Alice remains on the call while opening a FOOD DELIVERY APP.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Head to the south westerly wall.

ALICE
What?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Go right.

Alice passes a doorway signposted as leading towards the roof.

She taps the phone with her thumb, selecting a Chinese takeout meal to be delivered to APARTMENT 818, 664 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

ALICE
What am I looking for?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Something to help clean the room.
And anything we can use to move
the body.

The PING of the elevator steals her attention.

Distant, the Yuppie Couple board the elevator and a BELLHOP pushes a luggage cart into the hall.

The cart is loaded with suitcases, and The Bellhop is followed by a MOTHER, FATHER, and their DAUGHTER (9).

They all head toward Alice.

She begins to backpedal.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
No. Act natural.

Alice resumes walking ahead.

THE CALLER
Shame you have no interest in
utilizing the suitcase method.

ALICE
No.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
How about the cart?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

And then what? I'd still have to
hide him.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You make a good point.

The Bellhop shows the young family to their room. The Girl
rushes inside, excited.

MOTHER (O.S)

Honey, no jumping on the beds.

The family and the Bellhop are all inside the room as
Alice approaches.

Alice snatches up the nearest available suitcase from the
cart as she passes.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

What are you doing?

ALICE

Clothes.

A few paces behind Alice, the Mother walks back to the
luggage cart.

MOTHER

Hey! Our bag. Where's our bag?

Alice sidesteps, tries the door handle at her back. The
door opens!

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

No. Don't!

Alice slips inside the room.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 739 - CONTINUOUS

Alice has wandered into another suite.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN (60), lies on the bed, snoring.

The door closes and latches behind her.

The TV glows.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Get out.

Alice is drawn to the TV.

ON SCREEN: *a conference room, decorated with red, white,
and blue bunting.*

(CONTINUED)

Suited men. Woman in cocktail dresses.

A lectern on a stage.

COMMENTATOR (TV)

As the votes are collected the
countdown begins. Let me tell
you, the excitement and
anticipation inside the room is
high. But the atmosphere is not
without an air of mystery, as the
man himself, candidate Eric Bates
has yet to make an appearance,
and speculation as to why, is
mounting.

Alice turns, careful. Silent.

Reaches for the door handle.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Stop. Hide.

The handle turns in front of Alice's eyes, before she can
even grab it.

The door rattles in its frame. From the other side of the
door, a disgruntled *huff*.

Alice retreats on tiptoes into the suite, past an armchair
and table, and finds herself looming over the sleeping
man.

She ducks, scrambles, and hides under the bed, moving as
quietly as possible on her bare feet.

The door unlocks, opens, and a pair of feet, wearing
slippers, shuffle inside.

Alice sees her stolen suitcase in plain sight - she left
it behind in her haste to hide.

She snakes her arm out from under the bed and grabs the
case, dragging it under the bed and out of sight.

The owner of the feet, a RAKE-THIN WOMAN (60) makes a
beeline for the bathroom.

RAKE-THIN WOMAN

Thought I told'y to leave the
damn door unlatched, y'good for
nothin'.

The Man on the bed remains unresponsive. She closes the
bathroom door behind her.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Go. Now.

Alice slides herself out from under the bed, head, arms, and shoulders clear.

A toilet flushes.

The Rake-Thin Woman returns.

Alice disappears back under the bed.

The Woman shuffles to the bedside, toes pointing at Alice's nose. She covers her mouth with her hand to stifle her own breathing.

COMMENTATOR (TV)

One wonders if Bates is somewhere behind closed doors, saving face

-

WOMAN

What's this crap? Where's the remote at?

Alice's eyes widen. The remote is under the bed, inches from her head.

A wrinkled hand, wearing a weathered wedding band, feels around, brushing the carpet, narrowly missing Alice.

Alice nudges the TV remote towards the wandering hand...

...But the Woman gives up her search.

From beneath the bed, Alice watches the Woman skirt around it to approach the TV.

The Woman switches channels, from one to the next, her back to the bed.

Alice dares to drag herself out, exposing herself while the woman's back is turned.

She crawls, silent, inching across the floor, suitcase in hand.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathwater reaches the top of the tub and spills over, spreading across the floor in a widening pool.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 739 - NIGHT

The Rake-Thin Woman settles on a home shopping station. Volume loud. She heads for the bed.

Alice is forced to duck behind the armchair, out of sight, but stranded in no man's land.

ALICE
(whispers into phone)
Hey. Hey? You there?

The line goes dead in her ear.

ALICE
(under her breath)
Fuck.

The PHONE in the room **RINGS**.

WOMAN
Son of a bitch.

She answers.

WOMAN
Yes? What? My credit card? I can reassure you, there is absolutely no issue with my credit card.
(beat)
The lobby? Right now?
(beat)
Mary and Joseph.

The Woman angrily hangs up the phone and shuffles for the door.

Alice circles around the armchair, keeping the piece of furniture between herself and the old Woman.

The Woman leaves and the door shuts, firmly.

Alice hurries to the door, waits.

Her phone rings, the sound hitting her ear via the earphone.

The screen lights up - an anonymous number, accompanied by the image of a faceless head and shoulders.

Alice answers.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Clear.

Alice steps out of the room on light feet.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice moves with restrained urgency. Her strides are hurried, but not panicked.

She carries the stolen suitcase.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You're welcome.

ALICE
That was you calling?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You ought to have heard me. I was very convincing.

ALICE
Thanks.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You didn't think I'd just hang up on you, did you?
(beat)
We're in this together.
Inseparable.

Further down the hall, The Bellhop is reprimanded by the two parents for the missing case while the child cries.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Where are you now?

ALICE
You can't see me?

Alice pauses, takes in the hallway. Thinks.

She reaches up to one of the many lights that line the hallway, snakes her hand inside an upturned light shade, and twists the bulb until the light goes out.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Where?

She gets moving again.

ALICE
Coming up on door number seven-five-eight.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Good. End of the hall, left of the stairwell. Take the door.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

You work here or something?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I had certain duties to perform on the premises. Let me know when you're inside.

Alice pulls the door open.

A JANITOR'S CLOSET.

She hides inside, closes the door.

INT. HOTEL, JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Alice wedges herself between a cleaning cart and a single locker.

ALICE

I'm in.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water steadily spills over the tub. The expanding pool on the floor now stretches as far as each wall.

A gentle *trickling* is heard.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Madelaine tries her best to fend off the Rake-Thin Woman and the Mother with the missing case.

WOMAN

Do you know how many years I've been coming to this hotel, and not once have I ever been treated so appallingly?

MADELAININE

I assure you, neither me or any of my staff called your room. I can only apologize.

MOTHER

You can do more than that. You can cover the cost of our missing case and its contents.

The Girl clings to her Mother's leg, weeping.

(CONTINUED)

MADELAINE

I -

The desk phone rings.

MADELAINE

Please excuse me one moment.

Madelaine answers.

MADELAINE

Leak? What floor?

INT. HOTEL, JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Alice props the stolen suitcase on the cleaning cart and opens up.

All the clothes inside are child-sized. A little girl's dresses and toys.

She dumps the case and contents in a large trash can.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You're gonna need bleach,
ammonia, peroxide. Gloves.
Anything you can use to clean up.

Alice gathers the necessary items, as well as a handful of rags and trash bags.

She takes a light bulb from a supply of spares.

She finds a set of DARK BLUE OVERALLS, hanging on the locker door. She checks the label - small.

She strips out of Reed's clothes and pulls on the overalls. Pats down the pockets. Finds something, reaches in and pulls out a UNIVERSAL MAINTENANCE KEY CARD. It goes back in her pocket.

Reed's shirt and pants go in one of the trash bags.

She opens the locker, finds a pair of Converse, also on the small side.

They fit.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alice backs out of the closet, using her rump to bump the door open, and wheels out the cleaning cart, with mop bucket attached.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Alice. Someone is approaching the door.

She looks left and right.

ALICE
I don't see anyone.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Not the janitor's closet. The room. Your room. The room with the body.

Eyes wide.

She runs, pushing the cart. Cleaning products rattle noisily.

Alice races down the hall, past GUESTS, and rounds sharp corners.

Up ahead, outside DOOR 714, a MAINTENANCE WORKER slides a key card into the lock.

Alice rips the earphone out, stuffs it in her pocket.

ALICE
Hey hey hey, what do you think you're doing, buddy?

He looks her over, suspicious

MAINTENANCE WORKER
My job.

ALICE
You're muscling in on my job.

MAINTENANCE WORKER
...You got the call too?

ALICE
Why'd you think I'm here?

MAINTENANCE WORKER
I aint' ever seen you here before.

ALICE
Just started.

MAINTENANCE WORKER
You know how to fix a leak?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

... A leak? ...They're my specialty.

MAINTENANCE WORKER

I don't understand.

ALICE

Look, it's not like we're on commission here, and between you and me, the manager's a real bitch, so I don't want to get on her bad side on my first night on the job. You hear me?

MAINTENANCE WORKER

I guess.

ALICE

Go put your feet up. I got this.

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Don't have to tell me twice.

The Maintenance Worker collects his tools and turns away.

ALICE

Buy me a beer later.

He throws her a wave and disappears into the stairwell.

Alice opens the door to the room, pushes the cleaning cart inside, and shuts the door. Locks it.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Alice pops the earphone back in.

She checks on Reed, laid out on the floor. Still breathing. Still out cold. Still tied up.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I'm not the only one who can be quite convincing when they want to be.

ALICE

I've had to play a lot of roles.

Alice hurries to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice steps into a puddle.

ALICE

Shit.

She tiptoes her way to the tub, making tiny little splashes, and turns off the running water.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice returns to the bedroom. She edges into the darker, shadowed half of the sweet (a result of the broken lamp).

She watches the windows.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice?

Inside the apartment building across the street, through a window at the end of a hallway, Alice watches the tiny figure of a TEEN carry a stack of takeout boxes.

He heads toward a door that neighbors one of the dark windows...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice?

The Teen knocks...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Just what is it that you're doing?

The door is answered by a TEARFUL MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in a negligee...

ALICE

Nothing. Just thinking.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Did you think up a way to dispose of the corpse that's currently decorating the bathroom floor?

ALICE

I'm working on it.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Best that you think fast. We now have less than an hour before his staff - and every law enforcement officer in the building - come looking for him.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I know.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

So he better not be there.

ALICE

I KNOW.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

And nor should you be. And that means every last trace.

QUICK CUTS:

WEARING RUBBER GLOVES and the hotel's complimentary plastic shower cap, Alice mops the bathroom floor.

She replaces the bulb in the lamp.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Clean the entire place. Use ammonia.

She sprays the lamp with ammonia and wipes the blood clean off, returns the lamp to its rightful place.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Every surface.

Alice sprays and vigorously wipes the blood-streaked floors.

She bleach cleans the drinking glasses. Wipes away any trace.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Everything you ate from, drank from, touched or breathed on.

Door handles.

Door frames.

She unties Eric's necktie from the bed post.

She soaks all the bloody bed linen and clothes with a cocktail of peroxide, bathroom bleach, and ammonia; her dress, the towel, bathrobe, rug, Reed's shirt and pants.

Every item is thrown into a trash bag. She bags the bottle of Rohypnol.

She pulls Reed's gun and badge from under the bed, wipes them free of fingerprints, and tosses them in the trash bag with everything else.

She stops at the folded newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

Unfolds it.

Alice stares at the cocaine.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Flush it. You're better than
that.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice pours the drugs into the toilet and pulls the flush.
She throws the newspaper in the trash bag.

Next, she gathers up the bloody money, throwing it too
into the garbage bag, stuffing in handfuls at a time.

ALICE
Fucking shame.

The last couple of bills are almost clean. Almost.

Alice spots a few of pin-sized red dots, rubs at them with
a thumb. The blood remains.

She pockets the bills anyway.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Have you considered who ought to
be your fall guy?

ALICE
What do you mean, fall guy?

Alice takes in the sight of the dead Eric Bates.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Somebody to pin this all on.

She begins to undress him.

ALICE
I thought you said to make like
nothing ever happened?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Think of it as an insurance
policy. If the police come
looking, throw them off the scent
by creating a scent of your own.
Engineer one. Direct them to a
person of your choosing.

ALICE
I can't do that. That's not who I
am.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
And I bet you weren't a killer
before tonight too, either?

ALICE
...I

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Better that they look for someone
else instead of you.

ALICE
No.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Someone you can plant a little
DNA on. A drop of blood. A hair
or two.
(beat)
Someone who deserves it.

As Alice tugs Eric's pants free of his legs his phone
tumbles from a pocket and lands at her feet.

ALICE
No.

She takes the phone, holds it in her hand for a moment,
contemplative.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Surely you can think of an
individual who has wronged you?

She holds the phone in front of Eric's face. It unlocks.
Shakes in her hand.

ALICE
I said no. No.

Frustrated, Alice hangs up the call and drops Eric's
phone.

Taking a moment to breathe, she looks through the gap in
the open window and at the apartment complex opposite.

She looks to the name above the entrance: "INFINITY
APARTMENTS".

Alice uses her phone to search INFINITY APARTMENTS. She
scrolls quickly through the company's website, searching.

She stops at a line of text: "All of our high end modern
apartments are managed by Mellor Maintenance". A phone
number follows.

Alice dials.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Mellor Maintenance, How can I
help you?

ALICE
Hi, I'd like to report a leak in
one of your buildings.
Six-sixty-four Massachusetts
Avenue.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Are you a resident there, ma'am?

ALICE
Just cat-sitting for my sister.
At first I thought the little
critter had been pissing on the
floor, but then I noticed water
dripping from the ceiling.
Thought you guys might want to
check out all the apartments
above this one. I'm on the eighth
floor.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Ma'am -

Alice hangs up.

Her phone rings. The screen displays the FACELESS
SILHOUETTE - The Caller.

Alice cancels the call.

She wraps Eric in trash bags, pulling one over his feet
and legs, and another over his head and torso.

The bag splits.

One glassy eye looks back at her.

She covers him by piling the other trash bags on top.

Her phone lights up, vibrates. The Caller, again. Alice
cancels.

She POCKETS ERIC'S PHONE.

A KNOCK at the door.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice approaches the door with caution.

She does a visual sweep of the room: Reed, unconscious, in
his underwear.

(CONTINUED)

Everything else looks clean. Immaculate.

She looks through the peephole, sees Madelaine, stern, hands behind her back.

ALICE

Mister Bates can't come to the door right now.

MADELAINE (O.S)

I'm not here for Mister Bates. I'm here for his female guest. Please open the door.

ALICE

What do you want?

MADELAINE (O.S)

I was distinctly instructed to keep the reason for my presence a secret, ma'am.

Alice pulls her phone, dials. Puts the earphone in.

She unties Reed's wrists from the bed post and drags his dead weight towards the closet.

The Caller answers.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)

The fucking hotel manager is at the door and she's not taking no for an answer.

Alice piles Reed in the closet, fights to contain his noodle-limp arms and legs, and shuts the door.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Best do what she says.

ALICE

What?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Can't arouse suspicion.

Alice returns to the door, doesn't open it. Watches through the peephole.

ALICE

What instructions?

MADELAINE (O.S)

Saying more will spoil the surprise.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I don't like surprises.

MADELAINE (O.S)

Very well. A gift has been sent for you.

ALICE

For me?

MADELAINE (O.S)

You are a guest of Mister Bates, are you not?

ALICE

Leave it at the door.

MADELAINE (O.S)

I'd do as you ask ma'am, were it not for the fact that the gift in question is a four-thousand dollar dress.

Alice watches Madelaine bring her hands from around her back. In one hand she holds a sparkling black cocktail dress, and a pair of matching heels in the other.

ALICE

You must have the wrong door.

MADELAINE (O.S)

My instructions were to deliver the dress to, and I quote, "the beautiful brunette, currently a guest of Eric Bates in suite seven one four".

With a rubber-gloved hand, Alice removes the earphone. Stays on the line.

She opens the door, her expression poised to ask a hundred questions.

She keeps her gloved hands behind her back.

Madelaine eyes the shower cap and looks Alice over disapprovingly when she recognizes her.

MADELAINE

I see.

ALICE

Who paid for it? Who told you to bring this dress?

(CONTINUED)

MADELAINE

... A man. I'm sure you're acquainted with a great many.

ALICE

Did he leave a name?

MADELAINE

I didn't ask. Do you?

(beat)

He called, he made the request, he paid. It was all very... transactional, you know. If you don't want the dress I'd be more than happy to return it? See that somebody else has the opportunity to appreciate it.

(beat)

Be a shame for it to go to...waste.

Alice removes one glove behind her back, reaches with the un-gloved hand, and takes the dress.

MADELAINE

Anything more I can do for you? Would you like me to send up housekeeping?

ALICE

I'm used to dealing with trash, thanks.

Alice shuts the door.

Puts the earphone back in.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)

Was this you? Did you send this?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I tried calling. I wanted to warn you that somebody would be coming to the room. Do you like it?

ALICE

Why?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You seemed upset earlier. I couldn't bear it. I hope it wasn't me.

ALICE

...It's a beautiful dress.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

The drapes are closed.

Alice, wearing the dress, zips it up.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
You live there? Across the
street, I mean?

She slides her feet into the heels.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
An apartment recently became
available.

ALICE
You move to be close to work?
Family?

Alice opens the drapes.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I came here for the views.

Alice appears reflective, lost in a thought.

ALICE
..You want to know why I did what
I did? To Bates, I mean.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Your motivations were clear.

ALICE
I'm sure it looked that way. But
there's more.
(beat)
It happened before. A man... I
went to the cops.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
They didn't believe you?

ALICE
They didn't care. I was nobody.
It was like they looked right
through me. I was invisible.
(beat)
And that's why I couldn't go to
the cops again.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I see you, Alice.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Thanks.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

How's the dress?

ALICE

...It's a perfect fit. Thank you.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You are very welcome, Alice.
Though my intentions are as
pragmatic as they are generous.

(beat)

If other hotel guests are
questioned regarding their
version of tonight's events,
conflicting accounts can only
work to our advantage. One man
sees a streetwalker enter,
another sees a young lady of
distinction exit. The doorman
recalls a brunette, the bellhop
swears he saw a blond. You see?

INT. ROOM 714, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alice removes the shower cap, grabs the peroxide, and
leans over the sink.

She pours the bleach over her head and massages it into
her hair.

From outside, a loud noise of heavy machinery, at street
level.

She steps to the window. At the building across the
street, at the mouth of an alley, a DUMP TRUCK empties the
contents of a dumpster into its metallic bowels.

ALICE

...Taking out the trash.

THE CALLER

I'm sorry?

ALICE

I think I know how to get the
body out of here.

She looks to the pile of garbage bags, Eric's body at the
bottom of the pile.

LATER:

(CONTINUED)

Alice drops Bates' phone and her own phone into her handbag. She stuffs a handful more latex gloves in her purse, for good measure.

She plugs the earphone into her ear.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alice, still wearing rubber gloves, twists the doorknob.

She steps out of room 714 and briefly pauses at the window at the end of the hall. Her handbag hangs from her shoulder and her hair is now bleached blond.

ALICE
How's the hair?

She wears the earphone in her ear.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
It's...you.

Alice hangs on his words for a second.

She looks out the window and down at the alley below. Further along the alley, she sees a row of dumpsters.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors slide open. Alice waits for a couple of guests to exit.

She steps inside, reaches for the 1st floor button, hits it with a gloved finger.

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors part.

Alice steps out.

She is immediately hit by a wave of sound; *laughter, chatter, shouting, glasses clinking.*

MEN and WOMEN in expensive attire move in around the surrounding hallways.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Sounds like a jolly ol' time?

ALICE
Bates knows how to throw a party.

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS patrol the halls.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
A killer party.

The CROWDS thicken on the approach to the conference hall.

BATES SUPPORTERS wave small flags with his picture on.
They wave tiny stars and stripes.

JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS, identified by the PRESS
PASSES around their necks, snap pictures of passing
attendees.

ALICE
Jesus. There's press everywhere.

She turns her face away from a camera lens as a bulb
flashes.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Tomorrow's headlines are likely
to be far more interesting than
they're expecting.

Alice bypasses the front entrance, instead taking a
corridor off to the side.

INT. HOTEL, CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Alice brushes past COOKS and WAITERS and PORTERS on her
way through the halls.

She finds a set of double doors and pushes them open,
stepping outside.

Evidently she fails to spot the sign that reads; "DOORS
ALARMED".

They fall shut behind her.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Alice looks up and down the alley. Dark. Wet. Grime.

With an eye on the sixth floor window, she walks the
length of the alley.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
What are you doing?

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
Do me a favor, will you? Find me
a laundry cart.

INT. HOTEL, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Madelaine rolls up a sleeve and peels away a nicotine patch. She balls it up and throws it in the trash.

A quiet *BEEP BEEP BEEP* draws her attention to a bay of lights, each one allocated to a section of the hotel.

The light beside "EAST SERVICE ENTRANCE" flashes.

She looks to a bay of CCTV monitors.

One of the many screens depicts the alleyway.

Madelaine's brow creases when she sees -

ON CCTV:

A dumpster seemingly moving by itself.

Madelaine whips her stern expression in the direction of a SECURITY GUARD, biting his nails.

MADELAINE

Jones. Wanna work off some pounds? Someone's tripped the silent alarm.

She slaps another nicotine patch on her arm.

EXT. HOTEL, ALLEY - NIGHT

Alice wheels a dumpster towards a patch of concrete directly below the hallway window seven floors up.

A wheel gets stuck on a vodka bottle and the dumpster rattles to a halt.

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAYS - NIGHT

JONES, the security guard, shuffles his way through the hallways, nodding in greeting to other hotel staff.

A WAITRESS passes, carrying a silver platter of hors d'oeuvres.

Jones perks up, stops the Waitress with his friendly smile and a flourish of waving fingers, and snatches a snack.

Not quite satiated, he plucks another morsel.

EXT. HOTEL, ALLEY - NIGHT

Alice leans on the dumpster with more force.

It clatters. Loud. Doesn't move.

She takes her weight off the dumpster and skirts around it, kicking the vodka bottle away.

Alice gets back behind the dumpster and pushes, muscling it into position below the window. She shifts it another inch. Another.

Satisfied the dumpster is in her intended landing zone, she flips the lid open on the dumpster.

Empty. Alice nods in approval. Even allows herself a rewarding smile: 'this is gonna work!'

She runs back to the side door.

FINDS IT LOCKED...

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Jones slides a flashlight from his belt as he nears the doors.

Clicks it on and off.

He eases down on the bar that unlatches the lock and pushes the door open.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Alice runs for the mouth of the alley, where it meets the street, at the corner of the hotel.

Behind her, the side door opens.

She darts left, onto the street, out of sight of...

Jones.

He steps into the alley. Points the beam of the flashlight up and down the length of the wet, concrete passage.

Finds it empty.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Alice walks with purpose and confidence.

She pulls off the latex cleaning gloves and tosses them in a garbage can.

She heads for the lobby.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)
How's the search for that laundry
cart coming along?

As she nears the hotel entrance, she looks across the street.

A PANEL VAN pulls to the curb, 'MELLOR BUILDING
MAINTENANCE' emblazoned on the side.

A MAN IN COVERALLS climbs out, carrying a tool kit and clipboard.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Working on it.

The DOORMAN holds the door for Alice, nodding in greeting.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Alice enters.

DOORMAN
Evening ma'am.

She scrutinizes his face for any hint of recognition. Sees none.

Alice turns back to face the street in time to see Coveralls enter the apartment complex.

She makes her way through the lobby and down the hallway, in the direction of the CONFERENCE HALL.

As Alice passes by the double doors to the conference hall, the steady murmur of excited chatter swells.

Nathalie storms out of the conference hall, an air of stress in her wake, and turns in Alice's direction.

Alice keeps her eyes forward and instinctively hides the cut on her cheek with her hand.

Nathalie double takes as the two women pass. There's a hint of recognition, but Nathalie's expression suggests she doubts her own recall.

The Caller's voice, in her ear.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I've managed to locate what
you're looking for. Sixth floor.
Take a right out of the elevator.

Alice arrives at the elevator doors, is about to hit the
call button...

ALICE
My gloves. I took them off.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Your prints will be of no value
outside of the room, or any area
specific to where the body was
found. There must be a thousand
people in that building.

Alice presses the button for the elevator when she is
joined by FOUR CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS.

She discretely hangs up the call, drops the earphone in
her handbag.

The doors part. The cops file in the cramped space.

OFFICER 1
Which floor?

ALICE
...erm.

OFFICER 2
We got room for one more.

The OFFICERS collectively part, like the red sea, forming
an Alice-sized recess.

ALICE
...I'll take the stairs, thanks.

OFFICER 3 hits a button and the doors close.

Alice heads for the stairwell.

INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Alice ascends.

Her phone rings. She checks, finds the phone silent.

It's a different phone ringing. Not her own.

She pulls the second phone. BATES' PHONE - 'VIVIAN
CALLING'.

Wide eyes.

Alice cancels the call and quickens her pace up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Alice exits the stairwell, takes a hallway right and, halfway down, sees a LAUNDRY CART against a wall, adjacent to an open door.

She makes her approach.

The HOUSEKEEPER steps out of the open door, carrying a bundle of linen, and drops it in the cart.

The Housekeeper pushes the cart down the hall.

Alice follows, discrete.

The Housekeeper stops a few doors down, and uses a key card to unlock the door to a suite.

Alice moves quickly as she takes the cart and wheels it to the end of the hall and towards a SERVICE ELEVATOR.

She hits the button...

Again. And again...

She looks back over her shoulder...

The Housekeeper is still inside the room...

The door shudders open, revealing Madelaine inside, eyes down, on her clipboard.

Behind Alice, the Housekeeper steps out of the room, her view obscured by the fresh armful of linen she carries.

Alice jumps inside the laundry cart and pulls the linen over herself, pulling it off just in time.

MADELAINE

What have I told you people about leaving the carts blocking the elevators?

The Housekeeper looks from the cart to the spot where she left it, waiting for an explanation to present itself.

HOUSEKEEPER

I -

MADELAINE

Before you get back to splitting the atom, you think you can get all this down to the basement?

The Housekeeper carries the linen to the cart, throws it in, and pushes the cart onto the service elevator as Madelaine steps off.

INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Housekeeper rides the elevator down.

The laundry cart rocks a little on its wheels with the movement of the elevator.

HOUSEKEEPER
What a fucking bitch.

The elevator comes to a stop when it reaches the basement.

INT. HOTEL, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Housekeeper pushes the cart through a network of corridors and to a...

VAST LAUNDRY ROOM.

...where she wheels the cart inside and shuts the door.

Locks it.

INT. HOTEL, LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Alice throws the linen aside and climbs out of the cart.

She finds herself in a windowless room made up of gray cement walls, filled with industrial sized washing machines, dryers, and rails upon rails of immaculate hotel uniforms.

She tries the door...

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - NIGHT

The door handle turns.

Door creaks open.

Reed, shocked, bewildered, and looking like the recipient of a DIY lobotomy, staggers out into the hallway wearing only his underwear.

A necktie hangs from one wrist.

INT. HOTEL, LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Alice finds the door locked. She kicks at it, but it remains closed.

Panic kicks in.

Alice takes her phone from her handbag.

No service - 'fuck'

She looks to the thick, stone walls.

ALICE

Fuck.

She scans the room, searching, thinking.

Inspiration strikes. She hurries to one of the rails which is host to the hotel staff uniforms.

She removes a waitress uniform from the rail, and takes the hanger from the uniform.

Twists it. Bends it.

She takes her makeshift key and approaches the lock in the door.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reed staggers, not of sound mind, down the hall and towards a door.

The one signposted as leading to the roof.

His eyes are almost in the back of his head as he stumbles through the door.

INT. HOTEL, LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Alice tries picking the lock, using a straightened portion of the hanger.

After a few failed attempts...click. The lock disengages.

Alice throws the door wide, grabs the cart, and runs.

She boards the service elevator.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alice steps off the elevator and pushes the cart at a hurried pace.

A PHONE RINGS.

She checks her purse and stares, fixated, at ERIC'S PHONE: 'VIVIAN CALLING'.

Alice cancels the call, quickens her pace.

Alice uses the key card, opens up room 714, and darts inside.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice heads for the bathroom.

As she does, she looks to the bay of floor-to-ceiling windows that look out at the APARTMENT COMPLEX across the street...

*Coveralls carries his toolkit and clipboard, knocking on doors, eight floors up. He's just across the hall from a **DARK WINDOW**.*

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice heaves Eric Bates' corpse into the laundry cart with great effort.

First, his head and shoulders go in.

His body is folded at the waist, over the lip of the cart. Undignified.

She lifts his leg over the edge.

She throws in the trash bags on top of him, then covers everything with the linen.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice wheels the cart into the bedroom.

She freezes when she sees the OPEN CLOSET DOOR AND VACANT SPACE WITHIN.

Alice grabs her phone. Calls The Caller.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

He's gone.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Who?

ALICE

Reed. The U.S Marshall. You weren't watching?

Alice looks to the window...

*Coveralls is one door away from the **dark apartment window**...*

Several stories below, people on the street form a small crowd, look skyward, point up. At Alice.

No, above her head.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

...The roof. He's up on the roof.

Alice does not move.

She watches across the street - *Coveralls approaches the next apartment...*

At street level, the gathering crowd collectively hold their breath.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice? You need to get to him before anybody else does.

Through the earplug connected to the phone...a the faintest of knocks.

ALICE

What was that? I thought I heard something.

*Coveralls steps inside the dark apartment...**No light...**He's swallowed by the dark...*

Below, two BYSTANDERS leave the crowd and run for the hotel entrance.

THE CALLER

ALICE! RUN!

Alice takes the laundry cart and runs out the door.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice bolts down the hall toward access door to the roof. She leaves the cart by the door and dashes up a single flight of stairs.

EXT. HOTEL, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Alice reaches the roof to find -

REED -

He stumbles against the low wall that borders the roof - the only thing between him and a 170 foot swan dive onto concrete.

As he teeters, Alice cross the roof and tackles Reed to the floor.

He struggles and writhes beneath her, confused. Terrified.

His eyes focus...

REED

You...

Alice takes a deep, shuddering breath.

REED

I know you...

Her breath locks in her throat.

REED

Mom?

THE CONCERNED BYSTANDERS burst through the access door and hurry over, enveloping Reed and Alice in a semicircle.

Reed babbles and mumbles incoherently.

CONCERNED GUY 1

Oh my god. You know this guy?

ALICE

Never seen him before.

The Concerned Guy glances over Reed's near-naked form.

CONCERNED GUY 2

No ID.

CONCERNED GUY 1

What's wrong with him?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

He's on something for sure. Best
call an ambulance.

The two concerned bystanders pull their cellphones and
start dialing 911, Alice backs away, toward the stairs.

And back to the...

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...Alice reaches out a hand, ready to take the laundry
cart.

But her fingers find nothing. Only empty air. The cart is
gone.

Alice takes off, racing down halls, taking sharp corners.

She searches.

Talks as she walks.

ALICE (INTO PHONE)

Hey?

(beat)

Hello? You there?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You should have let him fall.

ALICE

Where were you?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I had a minor inconvenience to
address.

ALICE

I thought I heard a knock.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Just some vermin.

(beat)

So you took the Samaritan
approach? Letting nature take its
course would have resulted in one
less witness.

ALICE

I told you. Nobody else gets
hurt.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You wouldn't be to blame.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I couldn't stand by and do nothing.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

That's how I felt when I saw you. Reed was making his own way to that ledge just fine all by himself.

ALICE

But I drugged him.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

He chose a dangerous line of work.

ALICE

So did I. I know how it feels to be the one to get hurt.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Beating your client's brains out of his skull was tantamount to an act of resignation, was it not?

ALICE

I still have one more client.

(beat)

You.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I only want the pleasure of your company.

ALICE

In exchange for your help.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Such a clinical definition of our...relationship.

ALICE

Still, you want me for the night?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

It would be my honor.

ALICE

So help.

(beat)

Bates is gone.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

He get up all by himself too?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

The cart. Help me find it.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You're in my blind spot.
Remember?

Alice side eyes the sole un-illuminated hall light as she passes.

Two connecting halls create a T-junction. At the far end, the Housekeeper pushes the laundry cart, glimpsed only for a second.

Alice runs, simultaneously relieved and further panicked.

She rounds the corner...

And finds A DOZEN LAUNDRY CARTS lined up haphazardly in front of the service elevator.

A HOUSEKEEPER loads the carts onto the elevator, her back to Alice.

Alice frantically pulls linen aside, searching the carts. Chaotic.

HOUSEKEEPER

Help you?

Alice freezes.

Pulls the earplug from her lobe.

Turns.

Faces the Housekeeper.

She bursts into action. Dramatic. Animated. She approaches the Housekeeper, barely pausing for breath.

ALICE

Oh, thank God I found you. You know how to get red wine out of silk? My stepdaughter got a little overzealous and now I fear my favorite scarf is positively ruined. Please come quick.

HOUSEKEEPER

Er -

Alice ushers the Housekeeper to the corner, points to a distant room, the door closed.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

At the end of the hall. Work your magic and there's a big tip in it for you.

The Housekeeper, perplexed, obliges. But not without noting that Alice hangs back.

ALICE

Just knock. My husband will let you in. I can't bare to look at it the way it is now.

(beat)

You're an angel.

With the Housekeeper out of sight, Alice works fast.

She speed-searches the dozen carts. Buries her hands in the linen.

She pauses.

Hands freeze.

Alice pulls aside some sheets, finds one glassy eye peering out through the torn plastic.

A distant KNOCK. The Houskeeper is at the door Alice directed her to, and Alice is about to be outed.

She covers the dead eye back over.

Alice takes the cart, moving as quick as she can without breaking into a run.

She takes corners and connecting hallways to avoid the Housekeeper.

At the far end of a hall, Reed is escorted onto an elevator by the two Samaritans, each of them supporting him with an arm across the back

Alice arrives at...

INT. HOTEL, OUTSIDE ROOM 714 - CONTINUOUS

Alice drags the cart into position, directly in front of the window that overlooks the alley.

She peers out, looks below.

But the dumpster is not there. It is several meters over, beneath a different window.

She shoves the earphone back in.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Alice?

ALICE
Now's not the time.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Eric Bates has just been
announced as the new mayor of
Washington DC.

Alice checks her watch:8:57.

ALICE
What? It's too soon.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
It's a landslide win, by all
accounts.

ALICE
Oh shit.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Popular guy.
(beat)
They'll be coming for him.

ALICE
How far am I from the dumpster?
How many hallways across do I
need to go?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Three.

Alice takes off running with the cart, making a beeline
for the next corner.

She takes a left, bypasses the first two connecting
hallways, and takes a left at the third.

She heads for the window at the end of the hall.

At her back, Nathalie exits the elevator and heads in the
direction of room 714. The two women miss each other.

Alice stops the cart at the window.

She snaps on a pair of latex gloves from her purse.

Alice opens the window and pokes her head out.

The dumpster is directly below.

She throws the trash bags out the window and they land
with a satisfying thud in the dumpster.

(CONTINUED)

All that remains is Eric Bates' body.

His phone rings.

She takes it from her purse.

VIVIAN (TEXT)

Why aren't you answering your
phone?

PING. Another text.

VIVIAN (TEXT)

Where are you?

Alice drops the phone on the windowsill and heaves Bates' head and shoulders out of the cart. She drags him up and out, six inches at a time.

His back is arched over the window ledge, legs inside the building, everything above the waist out the window, arms wide.

A crucifixion.

Alice pauses. Contemplative. Her pensive look turning angry and venomous.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice? Alice, what are you doing?

She tears into the hole in the plastic garbage bag around his eye, widening it until his face is visible.

Alice grabs his phone, scans his face, and unlocks the device.

She selects his banking app, which then asks for proof of I.D.

She again scans his face. It works. She is in his bank account. Reads his balance: \$2,300,000.

She looks as though she's about to pass out. But determination kicks right back in.

Her thumb hovers above the MAKE A TRANSFER button.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

What are you doing?

ALICE

Taking what I'm owed, plus
interest.

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You can't.

Alice looks to the distant window, speaks to it.

ALICE
Why not?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
His accounts will be one of the first places law enforcement will look.

ALICE
Fuck.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
A simple transfer will be as good as a fingerprint.

ALICE
FUCK.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You might as well be signing your name in blood.

ALICE
...Fuck. FUCK. I could buy myself a life.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
A life behind bars.

ALICE
Without that money I'm trapped anyway. Trapped in this life.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Maybe not.

ALICE
Huh?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Think about it. You're not the same person you were this morning, so why think your life would be the same? That body is the last remains of your old life.

(beat)
So let him go. Let it all go, and be free.

(beat)
You trust me?

Alice takes a moment.

(CONTINUED)

She looks to Eric's phone. The banking app asks if she wishes to: REMAIN LOGGED IN?

Her thumb hovers over the YES button...

She hits NO. Let's the phone fall from her grip. It tumbles and lands on the soft garbage bags in the dumpster seven stories below.

Calm, she simply takes her weight off the corpse's midsection and he slips through the window.

Free falls.

Silent.

Alice, relieved.

But the body smacks the lip of the dumpster.

Lands half in, half out.

For all the world to see.

ALICE

You gotta be fucking kiddin'

She turns on her heels, glances up. Finds herself staring down the LENS OF A CCTV CAMERA.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Nathalie stands in the empty room.

Clean. Spotless. Pristine. The bed stripped.

Equal parts agitated and curious, she takes her phone from her pocket... taps away... opens an app; 'FIND-A-PHONE-TRACKER'...

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Alice's strides are long. Her expression ripe with purpose.

The Caller speaks into her ear.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Find the security office. Destroy all the CCTV footage by wiping the hard drives.

ALICE

Where's the security office?

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
 South-east wall - the back. Head
 for the back of the building.
 Staff quarters.

ALICE
 Seriously, how do you know all
 this?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
 Like I said before, I had duties
 inside the building. The better I
 knew the hotel, the better I
 could carry out my work.

ALICE
 And yet you forgot to mention the
 camera?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
 I regret that I am not entirely
 infallible.

ALICE
 What work?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
 ...Pest control.

Alice passes people in the hallways.

Hotel guests. Porters. Waiters and Waitresses. Inebriated
 Politicians and Supporters of Eric Bates wearing pins and
 waving tiny flags.

Members of the Press.

Capitol Police Officers.

DRUNK SUPPORTER
 Come on out Bates, you
 son-of-a-bitch. Zip it up and
 give us a speech.

ALICE
 There's a hundred fucking people
 here. They've all seen my face.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
 People can be fooled, make
 mistakes. Memories are
 unreliable, witness statements
 conflicting. Not to mention, the
 accounts of most of these people
 would be entirely inadmissible
 given their inebriated state.
 (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE) (cont'd)
But the camera doesn't lie,
Alice.

Alice rounds a few more corners and arrives at the...

INT. HOTEL, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

She steps in front of a window to the office but immediately backtracks when she sees Jones, filing his nails.

ALICE
Shit.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Elaborate.

ALICE
That security guard is in the
office. I need a diversion.

Back to the wall, she is face to face with the FIRE ALARM.

ALICE
Fire alarm?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
No, don't do that.

ALICE
Why not?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
That alleyway is the fire
assembly point. You sound the
alarm and half the people in that
hotel will soon see that their
new mayor isn't quite fit for
office.

ALICE
Shit.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Quite. And you're all out of
Rohypnol?

ALICE
And time.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
What do security guards respond
to?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Trouble. I'm in enough of that
already.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Can't hurt to cause any more, in
that case.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - NIGHT

Alice brandishes the last remaining 20 dollar bill,
faintly spotted with Eric's blood.

The Young Homeless Guy wraps his fingers around it.

HOMELESS GUY

What'd you say I got to do?

ALICE

Can you count to a hundred?

INT. HOTEL, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice approaches the security office.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Even if the cops ever trace that
bill, it will have changed hands
so many times it'll contain more
DNA than a sperm bank. Good work,
Alice.

She checks her watch...

ALICE

Any second -

GLASS BREAKS.

WINDOWS SHATTER.

Each window at the rear of the building, in sequence,
smashes.

EXT. HOTEL, REAR - NIGHT

The Homeless Guy throws an empty beer bottle.

A rock.

A piece of piping.

INT. HOTEL, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Jones jumps out of his seat, throws the door open, and takes off running.

He bolts past Alice.

Alice ducks inside the office and hunches over the bay of CCTV monitors.

She takes in the computer screen and its request for a password, the keyboard and other controls. It's all too overwhelming.

ALICE

Fuck it.

She grabs the desktop computer and pulls it all off the desk. She grabs a fire extinguisher and uses the thick end to denting the housing inward and creating a loose flap.

She kicks at the flap, revealing the computer innards.

Alice grabs the hard drive and pulls. Wires rip free.

She drops the hard drive in her purse and keeps the purse clutched tight in a fist.

Before leaving, she flips the switch on the ALARM that corresponds to the 'EAST SERVICE ENTRANCE', deactivating it.

She runs from the office and back out into the hallways.

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

She follows the signs for the 'STAFF FIRE ASSEMBLY POINT'.

ALICE

It's done.

Alice approaches the same double doors for the side alley.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Almost there, Alice. You just need to hide that body and it's over.

(beat)

And finally we can meet in person.

VIVIAN (O.C)

(bitter)

I see you.

Alice turns, meets Vivian. There's a flash of recognition from seeing her picture in the news.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (45). Elegant. Graying hair that was once blond. She wears an evening gown. Approaches Alice, calm. A hint of sadness.

She holds a bouquet of flowers by her side. In her other hand, her phone. She gestures with it.

VIVIAN
My husband is just on the other
side of that door, isn't he?

Alice grows more anxious.

VIVIAN
I hope he's paying you well, at
least.

ALICE
...I'm sorry.

VIVIAN
(bitter smile)
Funny, I would have expected a
brunette.

ALICE
...You deserve better than him.

VIVIAN
It was after the third time that
I began tracking his phone. I'm
not sure why I bothered?
(beat)
You're welcome to him. But I
think you and I both deserve
better.

Vivian touches the cut on Alice's cheek, drawing attention to an identical scar on her own face.

VIVIAN
I always hated that fucking
graduation ring.

Alice watches Vivian turn and walk away.

She takes a few moments for herself... to think... to breathe.

She backs out of the door.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Alice hurries to the dumpster and, on her approach, sees that Eric Bates' corpse is no longer draped over the side of it and the top lid is fully closed.

ALICE
What the hell?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Something wrong?

ALICE
I don't know.

Gingerly, she circles the dumpster.

She approaches. Cautious.

With the ball of her fist, she pushes back the dumpster lid and points the light from her phone inside.

ALICE
FUCK. OH FUCK. WHAT?!

Her chest heaves.

Hands tremble.

She stares, dumbfounded, into the dumpster.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Alice, don't worry me like this.

ALICE
There's another fucking body in there.

Beside Eric Bates, is the dead body of Madelaine. Crumpled. Folded. Pathetic.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You're very welcome.

Alice lets the lid slam shut, backs away.

ALICE
What?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
I heard the way she spoke to you. So unkind.

Alice, a little dazed, wanders the alley, drifting towards the apartment complex...

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

It was you? You killed her?

She looks up at the tall building, eyes poring over every window...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

At first I thought she'd make for a perfect fall guy. Or fall girl, as the case may be. Add in the fact that she'd be a key witness and, well.

(beat)

I just wanted to protect you.

ALICE

Who are you?

She looks from one window to the next...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I told you, I'm your friend.

ALICE

I don't even know you.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

What more perfect reason could there then be for us to now finally be face to face?

A lone figure. A silhouette. On the 8th floor. Phone to his ear.

ALICE

You're a killer.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

That makes two of us. Perfectly suited.

He puts a hand to the glass.

Alice's expression solidifies. Cold fear.

ALICE

I don't think so.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

But... our arrangement?

ALICE

Fuck the arrangement.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Alice, you're hurting my feelings.

(CONTINUED)

Alice walks. She backpedals up the alley, away from the street, away from the apartment complex.

ALICE
And fuck you too.

Alice quickens her pace.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Wait. You can't go. Not yet.
(beat)
You left a key piece of evidence
back upstairs.

Alice stops in her tracks.

ALICE
I cleaned every inch of that
room.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Did you?

ALICE
You watched me.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Precisely. Right before you
spread your legs for cash you
took a moment to, er... address a
feminine matter.

Alice inhales. Short and sharp.

FLASHBACK TO:

Alice, inside room 714, reaching up under her dress and removing her tampon.

RIGHT BACK TO:

Alice, horrified.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
That's right. And you neglected
to dispose of the offending item,
instead leaving it in the trash
for crime scene investigators to
examine. And the DNA they find
won't belong to Mrs Bates, will
it, Alice?
(beat)
Best hurry along now.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Alice races through the lobby, dodging people left and right.

The celebratory noises from the conference hall throb.

Alice hits the call button for the elevator. Paces while she waits.

INT. HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT

Vivian sits alone at the bar, twirling a cocktail glass between two elegant, ringed fingers.

The floral bouquet lies on the bar top a foot away.

INT. HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Nathalie uses her own phone to track the whereabouts of Eric Bates' phone.

With her phone held out in front of her, she follows the directions offered up on screen, and stalks the network of hallways.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice charges into the room, side eyes the bay of windows that look out at the apartment complex.

She runs to the trash can, drags it out.

The can is empty. The plastic bag gone.

Alice pops the earphone in, approaches the window.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You really think I'd let the cops find it? I'm trying to show you what a nice guy I am.

ALICE

...So show me.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You're right. There's an imbalance in our relationship. You don't even know what I look like. And yet, I've seen you at your most vulnerable.

One of the DARK WINDOWS turns BRIGHT. A light comes on.

A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE WITH A MOUNTED SCOPE is aimed into the hotel room.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Nathalie gingerly teases the service entrance door open to the alley, puzzled.

She continues to follow the directions on her phone... towards the dumpster.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 714 - NIGHT

Alice stares at the muzzle of the rifle.

ALICE
(shaky)
Jesus Christ.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
At least... I tried to be nice.

Behind the rifle, THE CALLER, his face obscured.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
Even when you had that man sent to the apartment, I didn't get mad.

ALICE
What did you do to him?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
He's with the guy that used to live here.
(beat)
I'm beginning to have my concerns that you might be one of those ungrateful types.

ALICE
What am I supposed to be grateful for? That you tried to buy me for the night?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)
You make it sound like I bargained for your flesh. What's a little human connection when we've already spent the night together? We've already been intimate. The most intimate you've ever truly been with a man, I wager.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

You played the good guy 'cause you wanted to fuck me. You didn't come to the rescue while I was being attacked.

(beat)

And now you expect me to be grateful while you have a gun pointed at me.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

The gun was never for you. It was for Bates. Why'd you think I was watching the room in the first place?

ALICE

...Not a fan of his politics?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I care not. I don't even know of his affiliations. I just know he's somebody.

(beat)

You want to know who I am, Alice? I'm nobody.

ALICE

So what? You want to be famous?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I want to be seen. Like you.

(beat)

You see me now, don't you Alice?

ALICE

You're insane.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

...I thought I could save you. It saddens me to see that you cannot be saved.

Through the phone, the metallic sound of a gun being cocked...

A sharp intake of breath...

From outside, the sound of rapidly approaching sirens, overlapping...

Alice drops to the floor.

A bullet-sized hole appears in the glass, accompanied by the gentle *tinkle* of shards hitting the floor.

The round punches a hole in the wall behind Alice. A puff of dusted plaster.

(CONTINUED)

Sirens wail, grow near.

Another bullet tears through the window and into the wall.

TINKLE-THWACK

TINKLE-THWACK

TINKLE-THWACK.

Two more shots follow.

Alice crawls quickly on her elbows and knees for the door and rolls out of the room.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

More webbed holes appear sequentially in the glass window at the end of the hall.

Tufts of carpet fly as the bullets thud into the floor, inches behind Alice's scrambling feet.

She gets her legs under her, and runs.

She fixates on the opposite end of the hall, sees the single dark hall light. The blind spot!

Alice sprints for it...

She crosses the line beyond the darkened lamp and the gunfire abruptly stops.

She presses the call button for the nearest elevator. Wait.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A convoy of POLICE PATROL VEHICLES race up to the sidewalk in front of the hotel.

One mounts the curb, rocking on its suspension.

Another skids to a halt, turning as it does, and blocking the street to traffic.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS file from their cruisers, storm the hotel.

INT. HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT

Vivian finishes her cocktail and puts down her glass before taking notice of the heightened activity.

Behind the bar, a TV broadcasts a college football game.

CAPITOL POLICE move in waves through the lobby while an influx of UNIFORMED COPS flood the hotel from the front entrance.

A POLICE CAPTAIN yells...

CAPTAIN

Lock down the building. Seal all entrances and exits. Confine and contain. Nobody gets in or out and nobody moves within the building.

Armed with their service pistols and fresh orders, the dozens of officers take off in all directions.

Vivian climbs from her bar stool, bewildered.

The Police Captain meets her halfway across the length of the bar.

CAPTAIN

Deputy Chief, maybe it's best one of our officers escorts you home.

VIVIAN

What is going on?

CAPTAIN

...You don't know?

The Captain's unease is evident.

The momentary silence between the two of them is occupied by the sound of the TV behind the bar...

REPORTER

We interrupt this programming to report that Eric Bates, the newly elected mayor of Washington DC has been found murdered. Our Cable Seven News Team is on the scene now.

Vivian struggles to comprehend.

Past the Captain's shoulder, she finds Nathalie, hugging herself, tears and mascara down her cheeks.

Vivian approaches Nathalie while the Captain joins his officers.

(CONTINUED)

NATHALIE

...There was a woman.

VIVIAN

Blond?

NATHALIE

Dark-haired.

(beat)

But she had one of these.

Nathalie gestures to the scar on Vivian's cheek.

Gears turn behind Vivian's eyes.

INT. HOTEL, CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

A NEWS ANCHOR, mic in hand, addresses the camera directly.

Behind her, the conference hall is in chaos. Bates's supporters fight and trample each other to escape.

NEWS ANCHOR

Well Shelley, as you can see behind me, Bates' supporters are shocked and devastated. Some we've had the chance to speak to have even speculated that the killer, or killers, could very well still be here in the hotel. This appears to be a concern shared by both the capitol police and DC's very own police force.

The shaky news camera points down from an elevated position, an interior balcony that overlooks the hall with its high ceiling.

There's a crush as the well-dressed members of DC's high society flood out through the doors.

The COP at the door to the CONFERENCE HALL is no match for the waves of bodies forcing their way out and flooding the halls.

INT. HOTEL, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hotel Guests, frightened, curious, fearful, poke their heads out of the rooms.

The elevator arrives and the doors part and Alice steps inside.

As the doors slide shut on her anxious expression -

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICERS burst through the stairwell doors and fan out in the hallways, in formation, weapons drawn.

OFFICER
Remain inside your rooms. The
building is in lockdown.

The elevator begins its decent.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Alice watches the changing lights signal the elevator's descent.

Level five.

Four.

Three.

Two.

The elevator comes to a stop.

Alice's anxiety grows.

The doors part to reveal a COP (30). Clean-shaven and bright eyed. Blond. Sharp blue eyes. He starts a little when he sees Alice.

He draws his sidearm and levels it at her.

Alice throws up her hands and takes a step back. Her purse remains clutched in her fist, the hard drives inside.

ALICE
Wha -

COP
FREEZE!

ALICE
I don -

COP
TURN AROUND! FACE THE WALL!

Alice turns. She keeps her eyes fixed dead ahead on the rear of the elevator.

The doors begin to close. The Cop takes a step forward, blocking the doors.

He talks into the radio on his lapel.

(CONTINUED)

COP

Suspect apprehended. Matches the description given. Elevator, second floor, East wing.

With his gun in one hand, the Cop takes the handcuffs from his belt with the other.

The elevator doors slide shut.

The Cop closes in on Alice. Cuffs one wrist.

COP

You're under arrest for the suspected murder of Eric Bates. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

He cuffs both wrists behind Alice's back.

COP

What we got here?

He takes the purse from her, rummages through it, fingers the hard drives.

COP

Just your typical lip gloss, Kleenex, and computer hard drives. I'm guessing they don't contain your favorite episodes of the Gilmore Girls?

The Cop hits a button and the elevator begins its descent.

He grabs Alice by the arm, turning her around and driving his fingers into her bicep.

Alice looks to the panel of buttons.

Her gaze continues a gradual downward trajectory to the Cop's feet...

He wears black trainers.

Her gaze curves upwards...

...To his uniform.

A small hole, with frayed threads of dark blue cotton on his breast.

ALICE

Let me see your badge again, Officer?

(CONTINUED)

COP

Faust.

ALICE

Officer Faust?

(beat)

Your badge? Can I see it?

COP

(tone drops)

...You're even more beautiful up
close, Alice.

His voice is instantly recognizable. He is The Caller.

ALICE

That radio even work?

THE CALLER

Sure, it works. But it helps if
you're switched in to the right
channel.

(beat)

You ought to be relieved. The
cops aren't looking for you. We
can stroll right by them and they
won't even bat an eye. You're
invisible.

The elevator doors slide open.

The lobby is a hive of activity. Alice and The Caller are
evidently invisible. Nobody pays them any attention.

ALICE

You see me, don't you?

He turns to face her.

And she cracks his nose with her forehead.

He staggers back, hits the wall with his head.

Alice, hands cuffed at her back, hits the button to close
the doors. She hits the 'B' button: BASEMENT.

The Caller gathers himself. Charges her. He slams into her
midriff with his shoulder.

She doubles over. Stamps on his foot. Kicks his knee with
her heel.

The Caller drops to one knee.

He bites her on the calf, drawing blood.

Alice knees him in the jaw, slamming his teeth together.

(CONTINUED)

The doors slide open and Alice runs from the elevator and into the basement, grabbing the purse and hard drive on her way.

The Caller spits a few teeth.

INT. HOTEL, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Alice runs clumsily through a labyrinth-style network of hallways, dripping blood from the bite mark on her calf.

NOT FAR BEHIND

The Caller follows.

He bleeds from his smashed nose and ruined mouth.

He follows the trail of blood drops.

FURTHER UP AHEAD

Alice rounds a corner.

She props herself against the wall while she slides her cuffed hands down over her rump and threads her legs over the cuffs until her hands are at her front.

She runs.

Alice slams into a door, which opens up onto a flight of stairs, leading up.

GETTING CLOSER

The Caller tracks the blood drops into the stairwell.

Ascends.

He follows the dots of red to a connecting hallway, through a set of doors, and into the...

INT. HOTEL, CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

The place looks ransacked.

Chairs have been toppled over, wine glasses spilled. Ice buckets have melted their contents onto tablecloths.

Red, white, and blue bunting hangs pitifully from archways and windows, and from the grand chandeliers that sparkle high above the floor.

(CONTINUED)

It's the aftermath of a party hijacked by tragedy and chaos.

Blood drops, like breadcrumbs, lead to the shelter offered by a large table, draped with a white tablecloth.

The Caller looks under the table.

Empty.

A pair of fast-moving legs scurry under the neighboring table and out of sight.

The Caller flips the table and moves to the next. He flips it, just in time to see Alice crawl under the nearest table.

He tosses Alice's makeshift shelter, exposing her.

The Caller levels his gun at her face, grimaces, and readjusts his aim at her leg.

Alice wields a champagne bottle. She swings. Hits The Caller's gun hand.

The gun slides away, disappearing under a table.

Alice smashes the champagne bottle on the floor, then drives the bottleneck - shard end first - into The Caller's foot.

He screams.

Alice breaks into a run, away from The Caller.

But he grabs a tablecloth and brings it down over her face, tightening it until the contours of her terrified expression can be seen through the fabric.

He pulls tighter.

Alice takes the bottleneck and stabs the jagged end into the fabric that's taugth across her mouth.

She takes in a lungful of air and drops the bottleneck.

She digs her fingers under the torn edge of the table cloth and pulls, ripping.

The hole widens until she is free.

Alice bolts for the far end of the conference hall and takes a passageway that leads up into the interior balcony.

She jolts. Falls.

(CONTINUED)

Alice looks to her feet and finds the red, blue, and white bunting entangled around one ankle.

She fights to free herself while The Caller ascends the steps...comes into view.

He pulls the length of bunting, dragging her towards him.

One more pull on the bunting and he'll get his hands on her.

Alice untangles the bunting.

Too late.

He grabs her by the throat. Squeezes.

Strangles.

THE CALLER
(through broken teeth)
I only wanted to be your
friend...

Alice finds that she still holds one end of the bunting.

She quickly wraps it around his neck, looping it a few times for good measure.

Realization dawns in his eyes.

Alice shoves hard against his chest and pushes him over the edge of the balcony.

As he teeters, Rachael reaches out a hand, an attempt to course correct and save him. But she's left clutching only a few hairs from his head.

He falls.

The bunting cord pulls taught and he swings back and forth, like a pendulum on its last momentum.

Alice watches The Caller grow still.

MOMENTS LATER:

On her way out of the conference hall, Alice takes an abandoned jacket from a coat hook beside the door.

She drapes the garment over her handcuffed wrists.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Alice, beaten and exhausted, wanders through the lobby and towards the front entrance.

The crowds have paired off or teamed up into gatherings of a few or more, already talking among themselves in hushed tones.

Alice finds ARMED CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS GUARDING the front doors.

Vivian approaches, calm, sorrowful.

VIVIAN
(warm, apologetic)
I see you.

Alice searches the woman's expression.

Vivian nods reassuringly.

INT. HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT

Vivian and Alice sit across from each other in the otherwise empty bar.

Half-consumed drinks sit abandoned around the place.

On the table between the two women, a melting bucket of ice holds a bottle of champagne.

VIVIAN
I appreciate that you were
truthful with me earlier.

Alice, guarded, cautious, remains silent.

VIVIAN
You were honest.

ALICE
I said you deserve better.

VIVIAN
So where's the lie?

ALICE
I didn't tell you everything.

VIVIAN
You told me what I needed to
know. Even when you didn't.
(beat)
So I want you to be truthful with
me now.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Did you kill him?

ALICE
Yes.

Vivian nods.

VIVIAN
Did he deserve it?

ALICE
...

VIVIAN
The truth, right?

ALICE
Yes. He deserved it.

Vivian is silent for a while before she speaks again.

VIVIAN
Give me your hands.

Alice takes her hands out from under the table and offers them to Vivian.

Vivian unlocks the handcuffs.

ALICE
What's happening here?

VIVIAN
It wasn't the first time he hurt someone. But you made sure it was the last.

Vivian eyes the purse Alice keeps close to her side. See the hard drives poking out the top.

VIVIAN
Give me those.

Again, Alice is guarded. She instinctively pulls the purse closer.

VIVIAN
I can help.

ALICE
I've heard that before.

VIVIAN
I couldn't help myself. Let me help you.

(CONTINUED)

Alice slides the hard drives across the table. She watches Vivian remove the champagne bottle from the ice bucket and drop the hard drives in the water.

ALICE

Hm.

VIVIAN

What?

ALICE

Just yesterday I'd have given anything to have a cop take notice of me. It wasn't until I tried to be invisible that you finally did.

VIVIAN

...I'll see that these are destroyed. Is there anything else, anything you might have missed?

Alice shakes her head.

VIVIAN

You need to be sure. The better prepared I am, the better chance I have of covering your tracks.

ALICE

There's trash bags, in the dumpster. It's everything from the room. Bedsheets. Clothes. Everything.

Vivian, concerned, thinking...

ALICE

I soaked it all in bleach.

VIVIAN

...How'd you know?

ALICE

...The fall guy.

VIVIAN

Fall guy?

Alice removes a few strands of hair from between her fingernails, offers them to Vivian.

She takes them, folds the hairs into a napkin.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Across the street, eighth floor
apartment...

VIVIAN

(puzzled)

Yeah?

ALICE

I can't promise what you'll find.
But whatever you do, you'll find
the guy who did it hanging around
in the conference hall.

(beat)

The other body in the dumpster,
the woman, that's his too. So it
wouldn't a stretch to connect
this guy to the death of your
husband.

Vivian takes it all in, contemplative. Equal parts
impressed by, proud of, and wary of the woman sat across
from her.

VIVIAN

Ok. I'll check it out. And I'll
do my best to deal with anything
else, if and when it comes up.

(beat)

You need anything else? Money?

ALICE

...No. Thanks.

VIVIAN

How about a job? I figured you
might be considering a career
change. Not to mention the fact
that you seem to be able to
handle yourself and you've...seen
some shit.

ALICE

You want me to become a cop?

VIVIAN

Not a cop. A consultant. We have
agencies we reach out to when it
comes to certain cases. So
sometimes you'd be working with
cops. But mostly you'd be working
with women. Women just like you.
Women with a past they don't
deserve, and a future that they
do.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Sure.

Vivian extends her hand.

VIVIAN

Vivian.

Alice shakes the proffered hand.

ALICE

Alice.

VIVIAN

Call me Viv.

ALICE

Well ok, Viv.

VIVIAN

Go home. Get that leg seen to.
I'll make sure my men let you
out.

Vivian looks past Alice and to the mob in the lobby -
cops, guests, staff, and press.

VIVIAN

The press want a statement. Do I
look like the grieving widow?

ALICE

Why pretend? Not if you don't
have to anymore?
(beat)
The truth, right?

Vivian nods, appreciative. A smile threatens. She removes
the hard drives from the ice bucket, wraps them in a
napkin, and hides them in her purse.

Alice and Vivian slide out from behind the table, both
stand.

Vivian waves to a UNIFORMED CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER on
guard duty at the door to the outside.

VIVIAN

Officer, see that she gets out.

OFFICER

Ma'am.

Vivian heads to the lobby, where she is greeted by a wave
of raised voices and desperate questions.

The Capitol Police Officer opens and holds the door for
Alice, smiling politely at her as she steps outside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Alice walks. But she moves differently. With a new ease. Defiant. Ready.

INT. HOTEL, CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Two COPS, with sidearms drawn and flashlights converge on the conference hall floor.

They point their weapons down the length of the bunting that extends from an overhead balcony.

The end of the bunting has been cut clean.

The surrounding floor is empty. Unremarkable.

COP 1

You sure this is it?

COP 2

The Deputy Chief said he'd be right here.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Alice leaves her door open as she carries a small box of belongings out of the apartment and down the hall.

Maggie, her plump landlady, wearing a different floral dress and smug expression, waits with her hand out, palm up.

Alice hangs her vinyl skirt and crop top from the older woman's hand without pausing a beat.

She greets the landlady's offended look with a raised middle finger.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Vivian strides past the freezers and steel slabs, shoes clicking loudly on the tiled floor.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, pulls on one latex glove, looks up from Eric Bates' corpse, and starts when he recognizes Vivian.

He hurriedly covers the body with a pristine white sheet and skirts the slab to meet Vivian.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Mrs Bates -

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
Deputy Chief.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Deputy Chief, I don't think you
should be here right now.

VIVIAN
Have you begun the examination on
my husband's body?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
No. I was just about to -

VIVIAN
In that case I'd like to see him
before you do.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I don't think that's such a good
idea.

VIVIAN
When your spouse is lying on the
slab, remember to solicit my
opinion regarding when to say
your final goodbyes.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
...Come this way.

VIVIAN
I'd like to be left alone.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Very well.

The Medical Examiner sheepishly departs.

Vivian stands over Eric's body. She looks down at him,
cold and unforgiving.

VIVIAN
The department were asking who on
earth would want to harm you. The
press too, of course. I told them
to start looking at every
husband, boyfriend, father, pimp,
and vengeful woman in DC.
(beat)
I'm done covering for you, Eric.
You'll be seen as exactly the
kind of man you were, not the man
you wanted to be seen as. And
then quickly forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls a small, clear plastic baggie from her jacket pocket. Inside are several hairs. They match those from The Caller's head.

She removes a single hair from the bag and plants it underneath one of Eric's fingernails.

As she makes her way out, the Medical Examiner returns.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Oh, I thought you'd want to have this.

He places Eric's GRADUATION RING in her palm and smiles sympathetically at her before returning to his work.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

Vivian pulls the door open and throws the ring in a nearby trash can on her way out.

EXT. ALICE'S NEW APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN DC - DAY

Alice puts down the last box in a nicely furnished, spotlessly clean lounge, and takes in the view.

Several floors up, she looks out a floor-to-ceiling window at the vast expanse of city.

She wears a flattering pantsuit. Business attire.

Alice looks out at dozens of high rise buildings. Thousands and thousands of windows.

A PHONE RINGING cuts through the quiet.

Alice searches for her phone among the sofa cushions. She finds it; VIV CALLING.

ALICE

Hey.

VIVIAN (OVER PHONE)

Ready for your first day at work?

Alice breaks out in a smile.

EXT. ALICE'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Alice breezes out through the front doors, held open by a gracious DOORMAN.

She naturally filters into the flow of human traffic on the street.

(CONTINUED)

Her phone rings. She answers.

ALICE

Viv.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

You look well.

Alice looks to her phone, sees the faceless silhouette, representative of the anonymous number.

She looks around, searching the crowds, scanning faces, still on the move...

ALICE

How'd you find me?

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Just a simple app. Everybody's using it these days. I'm surprised you haven't yet.

With shaky, fumbling fingers she downloads the 'FIND-A-PHONE-TRACKER' software...

She glances up, eyes on the passing faces...

The wait for the app to install is agonising...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I tried to change things. Tried to alter the nature of our relationship. But I see now that it was as it always should be...

Alice looks up at the hundreds of windows that overlook the street...

The app prompts her to enter the number she wishes to locate...

Alice copies and pastes the last number on her phone...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I see you. While I remain unseen.

The software gets to work. An HOURGLASS TIMER ICON rotates every couple of seconds...

Her phone screen turns green, shows a TICK icon, and states "PHONE LOCATED"...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

Because You never could see. You could never see that I was only here to help you.

(CONTINUED)

Alice looks, her expression full of dread, to the street ahead. All she finds are hundreds of rushing commuters...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I'm your friend, Alice. And the best friends help others to help themselves. I tried to help you erase the consequences of your actions. But in reality, these things never truly go away. You just learn to live with them. Like trauma. Like me.

Alice stops in her tracks.

The moving crowds, oblivious to her fear, continue to swarm around her, cross-crossing and zig-zagging...

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

I'm here to see that you never let your guard down. To ensure you stay vigilant, to always look over your shoulder and sleep with one eye open.

Faces blur. The crowds thicken, growing dense, closing in...

Alice, among them, seemingly turning invisible. Surrounded, but never more alone.

THE CALLER (OVER PHONE)

(beat)

I'll always be close by to keep my promise that you will never go unseen again.

The Caller's voice, no longer heard through the phone, comes as a whisper in her ear...

THE CALLER

I see you, Alice. Always. Forever. And I'll never look away.

Amidst the rushing, faces and chaotic human traffic, ONE SINGLE FACE, ONE PAIR OF EYES, glanced for a fleeting moment, stares back at Alice.

THE END.