

[THE INSIDE]

"Gem"

TEASER

1 INT. DUGAN'S - LATE DAY

1

TRACKING WITH A WAITRESS as she delivers a plate of food -- grilled sandwich, fries -- and crosses away, revealing

REBECCA, sitting alone at the table in the corner, as she picks up her sandwich and takes a bite, flipping through something (a magazine?). No...

HER POV - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS in a case file folder. We may catch a glimpse of a body lying in a pool of blood on a disheveled bed, a gore encrusted butcher's knife lying on the floor...

Suddenly, she hears LAUGHTER coming from a nearby table. An incongruous sound considering the images she's studying. She throws a look over at the table. RACK ACROSS HER TO see a group of about five or six young men and women, all around Rebecca's age, sharing a laugh over some private joke. A rowdy group, they swig beers, one of the guys has his arm around a girl.

RACK BACK to REBECCA as she turns back, registering some kind of regret and returns to her work.

ANGLE BEHIND another guy at the nearby table, he turns his head and sneaks a look back at Rebecca. Canny viewers of the previous episode will recognize him as COREY.

ON REBECCA again, as she peruses a case report attached to one of the photos. After a moment...

VOICE (O.S.)

Can I get you something from the bar?

REBECCA

No thanks, I'm--

She glances up to see Corey standing over her.

COREY

Of course, it's not my bar. But I could tell their bartender what you'd like...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's surprised, but finds herself smiling.

REBECCA

Corey... What are you--

COREY

Small world, huh? Eensy.
(beat, then coming clean)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COREY (CONT'D)

Okay. I heard you hung out here...
And I was hoping to run into you.

REBECCA

Why?

COREY

Well, y'know... last time I saw
you... Wasn't the best of...
circumstances. I wasn't really
myself... what with being kidnapped
and brutalized by a deranged former
child star and his homicidal
girlfriend.

Rebecca smiles, nods at his self deprecation.

REBECCA

Right.

COREY

(beat, re: chair)

So... are you waiting for someone?

REBECCA

No.

COREY

(smiling)

Close enough to an invitation for
me.

She has to smile again as he sits down across from her. He
glances at the (closed) files. A photo is sticking out of
one of them, just partially visible.

COREY (CONT'D)

I'm assuming these are not vacation
snapshots. Because if they are,
you had a crappy vacation.

Rebecca tucks the photo back in.

REBECCA

It's work.

COREY

It doesn't bother you? Looking at
stuff like that while you eat?
Because me, I get queasy if the
table wobbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBECCA

It used to get to me. But I worked at it. It was... like a project.

COREY

When I want a project? I paint.

REBECCA

(dry)

I'm not artistic.

Corey laughs.

COREY

Hey, that was something like a joke. There's a human girl in there after all.

REBECCA

Yeah... look...

COREY

Uh-oh. Here it comes.

REBECCA

You were right. Before. What you said. My life... it's not a world you should venture into.

COREY

Yeah. I got that.

(then)

So... why don't you venture into mine?

Rebecca squints at him, uncertainly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COREY (CONT'D)

I'm with some friends over there.
Just hanging. Having a few drinks.
Real casual. Come join us.

Rebecca throws a glance over at the group for a moment.
They're still having a great time, seemingly oblivious to
Corey and her.

REBECCA

I don't think so.

COREY

Why not?

REBECCA

Sorry. I'm not-- I don't know how
to just... hang.

COREY

(with a charming grin)
It's not as difficult as it looks.
(then)
Hey, I know it's none of my
business. But you shouldn't wait
to live your life. Hell,
especially in your line of work.

Rebecca just unconsciously shakes her head, tempted though
she is.

COREY (CONT'D)

C'mon. You were a kid once, right?

She fixes a look at him on that. If he only knew...

COREY (CONT'D)

Don't you remember how to have fun?

2 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FAMILY ROOM - MEANWHILE

2

CLOSE ON an eight-year old boy (ASHTON) running amok, wearing
a balloon helmet and swinging a balloon sword, making light
saber noises. WIDEN to see the room is full of shouting kids
(8 to 10), all full of too much cake and candy, as it's a
birthday party. A MOM is trying to keep order while GRANDMA
sits in her wheelchair, wearing a party hat, her fingers
plugging her ears.

MOM

Okay, guys, let's settle down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDMA

Shhhh...

MOM

Who wants to watch "Microzoids"?

Many of the kids cheer and shout "me!" and "I do!"

MOM (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Ted! Ted, where's the movie?

DAD enters, camcorder in hand, breaking the seal and ripping the wrapping off a brand new DVD.

DAD

Right here. Hang on.

He hands off the camcorder to his wife as he moves to the TV.

MOM

(to kids)

Okay, I need everybody sitting down on the floor before we start.

The kids gradually settle and obey.

GRANDMA

And no talking.

ASHTON hops on the couch.

ASHTON

I get to sit on the couch 'cause I'm the birthday boy.

MOM

(no energy to argue)

Whatever, honey.

(to others)

And afterwards we'll open the presents. Okay? Okay.

DAD's finally got the DVD open and inserts it in the player. He picks up the remote to turn on the tv. As the DVD starts up, he hands the remote off to his wife and takes the camera.

DAD

I'm gonna go upstairs and watch the game. Lemme know when it's--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sounds start emanating from the tv. Ugly, grunting sounds. They turn to look at the screen.

ON TV: A TEENAGE GIRL (ANGELICA, Hispanic, 18 with a sad, vacant expression) is pushed down on the edge of a iron bed set up in an abstract, theatrical space. A FIGURE appears, the one who pushed her there. He turns and looks at the CAMERA -- a hideous figure. A decomposing CORPSE. It's a rubber ZOMBIE MASK, but it's horrifying. He grunts and bobs like an ape.

Note: the entire thing is very cinema verite, zooms and focus going in and out a bit, hand held.

Zombie Guy turns to the girl, pushes her prone onto the bed. Now he climbs on top of her. And just as he rips her blouse off we're off the screen onto:

GRANDMA

Oh my God!

ZOMBIE GUY (O.S./ON MONITOR)

Oh, yeah... You like that, you whore?

GRANDMA

It's porn!

A couple of kids scream, some yell: "ewww", others: "What's porn?"

DAD

(to MOM)

Turn it off, Susan --

MOM

(fumbling with the remote)

I'm trying.

GRANDMA

Ashton, don't look. Cover your eyes.

ON TV AGAIN - The image is scanning forward in fast motion.

DAD

No. Off. Gimme the--
(grabbing remote; re:
kids)
Get them out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOM

(herding the children)

C'mon, everybody. Don't look...

We'll fix it.

Grandma wheels herself out. As she ushers them out, Dad gets the DVD off scan, he glances up and sees...

ON TV - A KNIFE held by the ZOMBIE GUY as he wrenches the young woman up INTO FRAME. She just stares straight ahead blankly as he slides the blade across her throat.

DAD

(staring dumbfounded)

What's he--

The MOM hesitates as the kids exit and turns back to look at the screen. She clasps her hand to her mouth in horror as she sees...

MOM

Oh my God... Ted! Shut it off!

But neither can take their eyes off the screen as we hear a new sound coming from the TV. THE ROAR OF A CHAINSAW firing up... MOM turns to her husband, frantic.

MOM (CONT'D)

SHUT IT OFF!!!

ON TV as we see the chainsaw is about to go to work on the girl's corpse. As their TV goes to black, so do we.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

3 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

3

A private screening. The blinds to the outer bullpen are closed. REBECCA, DANNY, MEL, PAUL and WEB watch the SNUFF FILM play out on the larger wall monitor. Some GRUNTING off screen. Danny looks bored.

DANNY

Oh, come on, baby. Show a little life.

(over his shoulder at Web)

He kill her already and I just miss it?

Mel smirks, also bored/amused.

MEL

It is kind of the "Gigli" of snuff films, isn't it?

PAUL

(re: what's on screen)

Except those two have more chemistry than Ben and J-Lo.

Rebecca glances over at them, a little horrified. Paul looks back at her. Oh. Don't you know?

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's not real.

Rebecca looks from him back to the screen. Web, behind them, taking in all their reactions.

WEB

You're sure about that, are you?

DANNY

Come on, boss. These things never are.

ON THE MONITOR: We're at the part now where the blade is brought to the young woman's throat. We see a tiny bit of the action. Even Mel reacts/recoils a bit.

MEL

Okay. But decent effects.

Now the CHAINSAW REVVING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

So they're always fake?

MEL

Even those famous Japanese ones that everyone got so worked up about turned out to be.

WEB

Seen the latest be-heading from Baghdad? Any idea how many hits those things get -- worldwide?

DANNY

That's different.

WEB

Why?

DANNY

Those aren't whack material.

WEB

But they're real.

REBECCA

So is she.

Rebecca has picked up the remote, scanned the image backward, before the murder, just before, paused the image on a shot of the Young Woman with the knife blade dimpling her throat. Her eyes vacant, staring. Rebecca gazes at those dead eyes, trying to penetrate.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

She's real...

PAUL

She's an actress.

Web watches Rebecca watching the Victim.

WEB

That's what we're going to find out...

(then)

Danny, Mel -- I want to know how this thing ended up at an eight year old's birthday party. Trace it back to the factory if you have to. Rebecca, Paul -- let's find out who she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARTER

I can tell you that --

CARTER has appeared at the door with a print out.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I put her face on the wire. Got a
hit back almost right away.
Angelica Sandavol. She's 18.

(then)

She was reported missing three
months ago.

Missing. Dead? Is it real? Web looks to Paul and Rebecca:

WEB

Start with whoever filed the
report.

Pre-lap with:

REBECCA (V.O.)

Arlen Dallas...

4 EXT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - FRONT GATES/INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY 4

A brick country estate smack dab on acres of prime SoCal real
estate. Paul's Bu-Car pulls up to the iron gates. Rebecca
is in the passenger seat, reading from her PDA.

REBECCA

Developer. Listed in Forbes,
Fortune 500. He's got interest in
half the San Fernando Valley.
Widower. Three grown children.
None of them named Angelica.

The Bu-car idles in front of the big gates. A beat. Now
they swing open and we go to:

5 EXT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - POOL HOUSE AREA - DAY

5

Paul and Rebecca watch as in the distance a BODYGUARD (really an assistant of some kind, but we'll assume armed and beefy) speaks to ARLEN DALLAS, 50's, that American combination of rough edges tempered by money. Lots of money. He's more John Huston than Thurston Howell.

Arlen is overseeing some remodeling on a pool house. As the Bodyguard speaks to him, announcing the feds' arrival, he looks over, sees Paul and Rebecca, his look becomes grim. He gives some last instruction to a CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN then crosses toward us.

ARLEN DALLAS

Arlen Dallas.

PAUL

Special Agent Paul Ryan, Special Agent Rebecca Locke. Mr. Dallas, we've got... what might be... bad news.

ARLEN DALLAS

I didn't expect it was good news.

REBECCA

You filed a missing persons report on an Angelica Sandavol?

He exhales. Nods. Was half expecting this.

ARLEN DALLAS

She's dead isn't she?

Paul and Rebecca exchange a look. How to do this?

PAUL

We're not prepared to say that.

ARLEN DALLAS

I don't understand...

REBECCA

Mr. Dallas, what was your relationship to Angelica?

ARLEN DALLAS

Her mother. Maria Sandavol, she works for me. Here, at my home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

She's a maid?

ARLEN DALLAS

Housekeeper. Yes.

REBECCA

But you're the one who filed the missing persons report --

ARLEN DALLAS

My name sometimes encourages results.

(a beat)

And Maria was afraid to go to the authorities. She and her daughter are... undocumented. I trust you're not here to do the INS's work for them?

PAUL

No. Doesn't interest us. Sir, I'm going to show you a photograph. Is this Angelica?

Paul hands him a print out of a still from the snuff film. Dallas looks back to the photo. Caught in the freeze frame -- a blurry image of Zombie Guy and a glint on the knife in his hand. Dallas looks back to the agents, growing pale.

ARLEN DALLAS

Yes. My god. What is this? What happened to her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

That's what we're trying to find out.

Dallas hands back the photo.

ARLEN DALLAS

You'll get my full cooperation. Whatever you need.

REBECCA

Can you tell us, was Angelica involved at all in pornography?

Dallas reacts to that, shocked at the suggestion. Off that --

6 INT. DVD PRESSING PLANT - DAY

6

CLOSE ON DVD DISKS as they're inserted into plastic casings by machinery. COME UP to find ED, the plant manager, weaves through the equipment with Danny and Mel on his heels. A few workers mill about, moving boxes.

ED

(shouting above the din)

Porn? Hell, no. I mean, we do "R" rated titles. All the big studio releases. And sometimes the odd disk'll get mixed into a run... Somebody all set to watch "A Beautiful Mind" winds up looking at "Freddy Got Fingered" or some crap... but not porn.

MEL

We traced the lot number on this particular disk to this factory. It was shipped out of here.

ED

You sure? Porn?

MEL

Yeah. And not a big studio release so much as a felony.

Ed suddenly flushes with anger, shaking his head.

ED

(muttering)

Damn him... Damn him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Who?

ED just turns toward the pressing floor.

ED

(shouting)

Gus!!! HEY, GUS!!!

GUS suddenly peeks his head up from behind another machine. Kind of hapless, mid-twenties, piercings.

ED (CONT'D)

Get your crack over here! Now!

(to Danny and Mel)

Gus Federman. He's the one you wanna talk to.

Gus comes over. He eyes Danny and Mel, apprehensively.

GUS

What's going on?

ED

I'll let these agents from the F.B.I. tell you. Dumbass.

As he crosses off, grumbling.

MEL

(flashing her badge)

Mr. Federman... I'm Special Agent Sim, this is Special Agent Love.

GUS

"Special Agent Love?" That's awesome. Sounds like...

(off their stares)

I didn't do anything.

DANNY

Wanna explain how an underground porno film was packaged at this plant?

GUS

Oh, man. You're kidding.

DANNY

I look like I'm kidding?

Mel shows him some screen grabs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEL

You know this girl?

GUS

No... Jeez -- Is that real?

DANNY

You tell us.

GUS

I dunno.

(off their looks)

I swear to God... I don't watch these things. I got relationships with some underground producers, run dubs after hours. That's all.

MEL

These producers. You have names? Contacts?

GUS

Yeah. There's a bunch of 'em.

Mel pushes her pad and pen onto him.

MEL

How 'bout you make us a list?

7 INT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - MAID'S QUARTERS - DAY

7

Tiny guest quarters. Two single beds. A few framed photos, a Bible, not much else. Rebecca moves through it. Dallas is speaking in hushed tones to MARIA SANDAVOL, late forties, a working woman with the mileage to prove it, but gentle, a weathered beauty. She's been crying, though maybe the tears are more infrequent now. Dallas has done what he can to calm her. He moves to Paul. He's got the screen grab.

ARLEN DALLAS

She doesn't recognize it, either. Agent Ryan, she says she wants to see the film.

PAUL

What?

Paul glances to the stricken woman who looks back at him.

ARLEN DALLAS

She misses her daughter. She's hungry for anything of Angelica.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Not for this. It's out of the
question.

(softening)

And a really bad idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLEN DALLAS

Of course. I understand.

Dallas moves back to Maria. Paul moves to Rebecca, who is taking in the girl's room, troubled.

REBECCA

Are we sure this is her room?

PAUL

She lived here with the mother.
Why? What is it?

She shakes her head, unsure. Paul looks at her. Sees her discomfort, her real uneasiness in this room. Something....
As we PUSH in on Rebecca taking in the space:

REBECCA (V.O.)

No posters on the walls, no
magazines on the bed. No family
photos. A few items of clothing in
the closet. A hotel Bible. A
toothbrush...

8 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Rebecca continues, reporting to Web. Paul is here, too.

REBECCA

The mother insists Angelica didn't
run away, that she didn't take her
stuff. But there wasn't any stuff,
really. It's like, whatever
personality she had didn't imprint
itself. Nothing stayed behind.

WEB

And Dallas says she's lived there
her whole life?

PAUL

Since she was a baby.

WEB

Some people step lightly, tend not
to leave footprints.

REBECCA

It's more than that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

We need to know who this girl was.
How we die often says more about us
than how we live. We have what may
be the last moments of this young
woman's life. Start there.

Off Rebecca, not relishing that --

9 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY

9

Paul and Rebecca enter the tech room where Carter is
shuttling the video back and forth, making notes. He's
paused on a shot of ZOMBIE GUY.

CARTER

Hey. Okay, 'cause I gotta ask --
that zombie look familiar to anyone
else?

(off their looks)

Could be I've just been staring at
it for five hours. I checked with
costume shops, novelty houses, it's
not a commercial mask. So the
killer didn't walk in some place
and buy it.

PAUL

Killer? So we think it's legit?

CARTER

Too soon to tell. Either the
camera work is really bad... or
really good. Check this out.

He shuttles the image two frames before the knife comes out.
Runs it at half speed -- we see what he describes:

CARTER (CONT'D)

So watch this... killer brings up
the knife... then the cameraman
zooms in for the money shot...
image goes out of focus for 18
frames... then finds its focus
once the shot lands and...

The blade slices, blood blooms...

PAUL

Auto-focus home video cameras do
that in low light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

True. Or, even though it looks like continuous action, a cut could be hidden in the out-of-focus part.

PAUL

So it's a fake?

CARTER

Didn't say that, either. I'm still digging. Did find this, though --

He brings up another piece of the movie -- Zombie Boy leaning over the corpse with the chainsaw. Carter magnifies... Zombie Boy's shirt is riding up a bit, and the top of a DISTINCTIVE TATTOO is visible on his lower back.

PAUL

Tattoo?

CARTER

Starts at the lower back. Don't much feature finding out where it goes from there.

Rebecca is staring at the frozen image. Not keyed on the killer's tattoo, but on Angelica.

REBECCA

Run it back. Before the murder.

He does. Plays it at half speed. Intercutting Rebecca being drawn into the sad, vacant gaze of Angelica Sandavol.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

She's not fighting.

PAUL

Maybe because she knows it isn't real.

Rebecca continues to gaze...

PAUL (CONT'D)

You see something else?

REBECCA

That's just it. I don't see anything. Not a thing...

10 EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

10

Danny and Mel pull up to a rundown house in a seedy neighborhood. As they climb out of their car, Mel refers to her note pad:

DANNY

How many more after this?

MEL

Four more. At least they're all in eight-one-eight.

(off her notes)

Robert "Buster" Woods. DVD boy says he's done at least three bootleg runs for him. Most recently about six weeks ago. Which would fall into our time line.

DANNY

Yeah. Looks like a real mogul lives here.

They walk up to the front door. Danny KNOCKS.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Robert Woods? FBI.

MEL

You think he got a call, told to expect us?

DANNY

He did and someone'll be sorry.

Mel looks down at the door jamb, notices splintered wood or some such.

MEL

Danny? Door's been jimmed.

Danny glances at her, pulls a handkerchief, tries the knob. The door CREAKS open.

DANNY

I'd hate to think Mr. Woods' property was at risk from intruders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

We should probably intrude.
Civically.

They pull their guns, enter, as --

11 EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - STALKER POV - SAME 11

An OLDER MODEL SEDAN rolls INTO FRAME across the street.

REVEAL - a GREASY BRUTE (later we'll learn he's LAWRENCE KEYS) watching Danny and Mel enter the house. He takes out a small camera, clicks off some photos of them, as --

12 INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 12

Danny and Mel enter the house.

It's a wreck. And filled with weird paraphernalia -- mostly alien heads and shit collected from bad b-movies.

DANNY AND MEL

react as they're hit with a bad odor.

DANNY

Smell that?

MEL

I don't think Mr. Woods has been taking out his garbage --

DANNY

Robert Woods? FBI. Buster?

They come around a corner, where:

THE ROTTING CORPSE

Of ROBERT "BUSTER" WOODS lays on the linoleum. Crawling with flies and maggots. His throat cut like Angelica's. A pool of dried blood nearby.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wonder if this one's on film?

Danny uses the handkerchief he used on the doorknob to cover his nose. Hands another one to Mel.

MEL

I don't even care if you used it.

She covers her face.

DANNY

I'll call it in.

He pulls his cell phone. As he does Mel's cell phone RINGS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

(into phone)

This is Mel.

(listens a beat)

Yeah. Uh-huh. We might have something, too.

(listens again)

Really? Can you hang on a second?

(to Danny)

Check his ass.

Danny looks at her. What the -- ?

MEL (CONT'D)

His ass.

(impatient)

Just lift his shirt.

Danny looks around, finds a spatula on the kitchen counter, kneels, keeps his face back as he raises the back of the dead man's shirt, exposing the familiar top of the tattoo.

MEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Your zombie's dead.

Off that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

13 INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

13

Now a crime scene. FORENSICS and CORONERS working the scene. Web is here now, along with Paul. Rebecca is conspicuously absent. Mel and Danny still here. Web's got a printout of the blow up of the tattoo from the snuff film, comparing it to the one on the corpse: from a smell-safe distance.

PAUL

We got ourselves a movie star.

WEB

So -- why would someone commit a real murder to cover up a fake one?

DANNY

Could be the first one's not so fake after all.

WEB

Could be.
(to coroner's assistants)
Take him.

MEL

Man, he stinks.

Paul looks around at the room. Even with all the activity you can tell the resident was a slob: dirty clothes piled up, dishes scattered around...

PAUL

Don't think he was too minty when he was alive.

MEL

But he didn't have bugs reproducing in his gaping neck wound. That we know of.

WEB

The truth is we don't know anything about this man. By the end of the day I want to know everything.

MEL

(because it still smells nasty)
So that means we're going to be spending more time here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

As long as it takes.

MEL

We can't just "Google" him?

Web moves off, noticing something at a window.

WEB

Danny? A moment, please.

Danny moves off to join Web. We stay with Paul and Mel.

MEL

Rebecca sure knows which crime scenes to miss, doesn't she?

PAUL

Even with the smell, my bet is she'd rather be here.

MEL

Well. If she were, she'd probably just be doing that freaky thing where she starts talking like the victim and solving the whole case. What's the fun in that for us?

CUT TO:

14 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY

14

CLOSE - REBECCA

Studying the last moments of Angelica's life. She shuttles the image back and forth.

We're INTERCUTTING between closer and closer pieces of Rebecca being drawn into the scene and --

CLOSE - MONITOR SCREEN

Ever closer, ever more grainy shots of the snuff video. It's a continuous loop, backward and forward, of Angelica in her last moments before the camera zooms, blurs, and lands on the knife slicing across her throat.

Rebecca shuttles it back, forward, back, forward... concentrating on a shorter and shorter piece, Angelica's sad eyes meeting the lens, looking into the camera, but unreadable, no fear, no struggle, no fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It all builds stylistically until Rebecca freezes the image, sits back, understanding now:

REBECCA

She's dead.

Carter, working nearby, turns to her.

CARTER

You seeing something I'm not?
'Cause I still can't promise you
this isn't a fake.

REBECCA

No. I don't mean the murder.
Maybe it's real, maybe it isn't.
But before that. She's already
dead.

Carter looks at her, unsure what she means by that. Rebecca stares into the girl's dark eyes...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What happened to you? What did
they do to you? It didn't happen
all at once...

(then)

Carter? The Braunstein case. He
was in hiding for how long?

CARTER

Seventeen years --

REBECCA

And you took the last known photo
of him and aged it. The result was
a near perfect match to what he
looked like when they found him.

CARTER

No... perfect match, actually.

REBECCA

Can you do it for me?

CARTER

Don't recommend it. I did it for
Mel. She wanted to see what she'd
look like in ten years. She was
depressed for a month after.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA

Not on me. For me.
(off frozen Angelica)
I want you to use it on her.

CARTER

You want to look into Angelica's
future?

REBECCA

The girl in this video doesn't have
a future. I want to see into her
past...

On that cryptic note --

15 EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

15

We're in someone's POV from inside a car, looking toward the front door of Buster's house. We can see the activity as boxed evidence is carried out by TECHS as Mel supervises. They're putting stuff in the trunk of her car, as --

REVERSE - The shady looking LAWRENCE KEYS watches her from behind the wheel of his car. Takes notes. Stubs out a cigarette as Mel gets into her car, starts it.

He reaches for the ignition of his car, gets ready to follow when suddenly:

RAP RAP. DANNY is at his driver's side door, gun out.

SCREECH! Mel's car burns rubber in reverse, backing up in front of Keys' car, blocking him in.

DANNY

Out of the vehicle.

Keys complies, hands up.

LAWRENCE KEYS

Easy.

THUNK. Not so easy. Danny shoves him face first onto the hood of his car, frisks him. Finds a GUN. Mel approaches.

LAWRENCE KEYS (CONT'D)

I got a permit for that!

Now Danny pulls out the guy's ID:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Lawrence Keys. P.I. license. He's
a private dick.

LAWRENCE KEYS

That's what I'm sayin'. I'm
workin' here. On a job.

MEL

Working for who?

LAWRENCE KEYS

I'd tell you, but I'm afraid
professional ethics keep me from --

SLAM! Face squashed on the hood. Ethics gone.

LAWRENCE KEYS (CONT'D)

Arlen Dallas! I work for Arlen
Dallas!

Danny pulls him to a standing position. Danny looks to --

DANNY'S POV

The front porch of Buster's house, where Web stands with
Paul, watching. Clearly Web was the one who spotted the guy
and put this in play. Off that --

16 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY

16

A TECH MONTAGE

Licensed HIP POP/ROCK SONG OVER: Carter using his computer
skills to alter captured stills of Angelica. Rebecca at his
side, then up and pacing. WE SEE the young adult images of
Angelica starting to get younger...

...a 14 year old...

...an 11 year old...

Rebecca studying the changes, shaking her head, not quite
right, suggesting alterations, Carter following her
instructions...

Throughout this, all the computer-generated younger versions
of Angelica all have the same BLANK, SAD EXPRESSION as the
original piece from the snuff film that they're using for a
template.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally WE END on the image of a sad eyed EIGHT YEAR OLD ANGELICA.

MUSIC OUT and Rebecca leans over Carter's shoulder...

REBECCA

That's good. That's good. Now just one more thing... Can you make her smile?

Off Carter, glancing over at Rebecca, whose eyes are focused on the screen.

17 EXT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - DAY

17

Arlen Dallas, Web and Paul. Some of the genteel civility is gone. This encounter is all business.

The CONSTRUCTION GUYS continue on the pool house in the background during the following. **SERVANTS and SOME OF THEIR CHILDREN** move around... running errands or playing on the grounds.

*
*
*

ARLEN DALLAS

Yes. I hired a private investigator. Is that a crime?

PAUL

We're just curious why you failed to mention it before.

ARLEN DALLAS

Frankly, it didn't occur to me. I hired Mr. Keys once I realized the police wouldn't be making a missing brown skinned girl a priority.

WEB

Mr. Keys was hired two weeks before you reported the girl missing.

Arlen realizes Web's done his homework. Stays un-rattled.

ARLEN DALLAS

Yes. Understand: a man in my position always tries to handle these things without involving the authorities -- if he can.

WEB

Particularly if he feels threatened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB (CONT'D)

(then)

When were you first contacted?

ARLEN DALLAS

I'm sorry?

WEB

When my agents came to you -- that wasn't the first you'd seen of this so-called snuff film, was it, Mr. Dallas?

Dallas realizes there's no point in lying to Web.

ARLEN DALLAS

No. It wasn't.

WEB

That's why your first reaction was to assume Angelica was dead.

ARLEN DALLAS

When Angelica first went missing, I assumed she was taken. Her mother was right when she said Angelica would never have run away. I kept waiting for the follow up, the shake down. It never came.

WEB

So you believed Angelica had been taken in order to blackmail you.

ARLEN DALLAS

Yes. Until someone e-mailed me a clip from the film. We tried tracing the sender. It lead to a dead end.

WEB

Mr. Dallas -- you have three grown children of your own. Why would anyone target a daughter of one of your maids and not them?

Web already suspects the answer. Waits for it. Silence.

WEB (CONT'D)

Unless they were targeting one of your own children by taking Angelica...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Paul reacts, wasn't expecting that. Web, of course, was.

ARLEN DALLAS

I'm sorry, I should have told you. I didn't want to humiliate Maria. When she first came to work here, my wife was still living. Our affair was brief. A child was the result. I've taken care of them both ever since.

PAUL

By sticking them in the servants quarters? I'll bet your other three kids didn't grow up back there.

ARLEN DALLAS

I loved Angelica. She wasn't a servant here. She played with my other children, I helped raise her. I set aside money for her college education. She's in my will. I'd show you the paperwork, but everything's in storage while I move my office out here.

He gestures to the re-modeling going on behind them at the pool house.

WEB

That won't be necessary. But we're going to need the names of anyone who may have been privy to your secret, Mr. Dallas.

ARLEN DALLAS

Of course. Anything.

18 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 18

Tremendous Zoic-enhanced city montage which brings us back to:

19 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT 19

To re-establish, as --

A20 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT A20

Paul and Web entering. Web heading to his office, Paul peeling off toward this desk:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

So the siblings knew. That might be a good place to start.

WEB

Particularly if they knew she was named alongside them in the will.

PAUL

Dallas claims they don't.

WEB

Dallas claims a lot of things.

CARTER

Guys --

Before Web can reach his office or Paul his desk, Carter has appeared from the tech room.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Better come see this.

Off that --

20 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

20

Rebecca is sitting very still in here.

PAUL

What's going on?

REBECCA

There's a reason she didn't leave behind any trace of who she was... she wasn't anybody.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

REBECCA

I believe Angelica Sandavol never had a chance to develop a personality. Because she's been treated as an object her entire life.

Rebecca looks to Web.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I did what you asked. Went back to her last moments.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

She didn't struggle. Didn't fight.
And this...

Rebecca pauses it on the moment when Angelica looks into the camera lens.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The fact that she was being
photographed. It meant nothing to
her. Because she was used to it.
To the cameras.

(then)

I had Carter take her image and age
her down. To see what she would
have looked like at 14... Then we
fed it into the system.

WEB

You got a hit -- ?

CARTER

We got hundreds.

PAUL

Hundreds?

Rebecca looks to Carter, nods. Carter brings up an IMAGE.

ON THE MONITOR: Angelica, about 14 years old. All the joy
drained out of her face. Sitting on the floor of a
disturbingly cheerful PLAYROOM. Very distinctive KIDDIE
WALLPAPER PATTERN is dominant.

REBECCA

This still image is from a film
seized by the FBI in a child
pornography raid. The girl here
has never been identified. We
believe it's Angelica Sandavol at
about age 14.

She looks to Carter, nods again. Now another image: this
one, taken in the same playroom. Angelica, now about 11
years old, the same weird too-precious playroom. The BLURRY
FIGURE with a hand back to slap her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

At age 11...

ON THE MONITOR: Eight year old Angelica sitting on the edge
of the bed playing with a DOLL. The BLURRY FIGURE on the
other side of the bed (walking the floor, not on the bed with
her), looms menacingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

At eight...

CLOSE - WEB AND PAUL

As another UNSEEN IMAGE comes up on the screen.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

At six years old.

PAUL

My god...

REBECCA

I think Angelica knew exactly what was going to happen to her in the last film. I think she knew her throat was going to be cut... and I think she didn't care.

Off that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

21 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN HALLWAY - DAY

21

Arlen Dallas enters through the glass doors, flanked by two ATTORNEYS - AMY SANET, 55, Partner, and MARSHALL GREEN, 40, Junior Partner. All three wear FBI visitor passes.

At the end of the hallway, Web's door opens and he steps out to intercept them.

WEB

Mr. Dallas, thanks for coming by.

Dallas is cold and formal.

ARLEN DALLAS

This is Amy Sanet, and Marshall Green, of Sanet, Shyer, and Stern. They represent me.

WEB

I'm sorry, did I give the impression over the phone that you were being charged with a crime?

ARLEN DALLAS

Let's just say I've found it usually saves time to bring a couple lawyers with me whenever I visit a government building. Especially when I'm not told why I should be paying the visit.

(deep breath)

The only thing I can guess is that you've found Angelica.

WEB

Not yet.

ARLEN DALLAS

Then why are you wasting time talking to me? Why aren't you out looking for her right now?

An FBI AGENT, one we've never seen before, steps out of Web's office, stands behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Web steps aside to introduce the man behind him...

WEB

This is Special Agent Randall Day.
He's been looking for your daughter
for the last seven years.

The Lawyers look confused. So does Dallas.

CUT TO:

22 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

22

CLOSE ON A PORTABLE DVD PLAYER

Showing a slightly degraded video image of THE PLAYHOUSE BEDROOM from the stills we saw at the end of act two. Sky blue wallpaper patterned with big fluffy clouds. A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL sits on a bed filled with stuffed animals. She is wearing a pink frilly dress, and is holding cotton candy. A "rockin'" version of some Sesame Street type song plays. Another figure enters frame. A man, no, a BOY, 16 years old, wearing a Zorro mask and hat, and cape. Screen PAUSES.

WIDEN TO SCENE

Silence in the war room. The DVD player in front of Dallas, who sits on one side of the table with his Lawyers. Web, Rebecca and Randall Day sit on the other side.

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

We first came across this material
as a result of a raid on the
"Wonderland Club", a worldwide
child pornography ring based in San
Jose. These videos were part of a
series set in this room. They even
had a title, "Little Gem."

BACK TO THE DVD PLAYER

Same basic scene, same room, except now Angelica is 10 years old, and the video quality has improved, gone digital. The same boy, now 20, with the Zorro mask (but different clothes) enters the frame. SCREEN PAUSES. Reveal that Web has a remote. He skips ahead as Randall recounts his investigation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY (CONT'D)

At first, we thought we were looking at different girls. Then we realized it was the same girl, maturing over two year periods. This is her at ten.

(beat)

In the child pornography world, Little Gem is something of a star.

WEB

Their Shirley Temple, if you will.

Web, observing Arlen's face, presses play on the remote. Arlen's face is a solemn mask, transfixed by the screen.

JASON (O.S. FROM TV)

Let's take that off, Little Gem... wheeeeeee!

Amy Sanet watching the screen along with her client, turns away, can't look anymore.

AMY SANET

How long have you had this?

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

We have a program called Innocent Images... it's a nationwide initiative and we selected still frames of the girl at various ages and fed them into our database in Maryland. Law enforcement everywhere has access to it. For seven years, we heard nothing...

REBECCA

Until they received a call from us. Yesterday.

A tear begins to run down Dallas' stone face.

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

Her assailant in the videos is the same every time. Young Caucasian male we've never been able to identify, on account of the...

Dallas cuts him off by slamming the DVD player lid down, ending the video. With quiet defeat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLEN DALLAS

His name is Jason. He's my son.

Stunned looks. Especially from Arlen's own people.

AMY SANET

Arlen...

ARLEN DALLAS

Shut up, Amy.

WEB

You knew about this?

AMY SANET

You don't have to answer th-

ARLEN DALLAS

(to Web)

Of course not. Not this. Though when Angelica went missing, I assumed Jason was somehow involved. Which is why I hired the private investigator. Jason is.. troubled, he... after his mother died, we grew apart, and he began to run with a group of friends I didn't approve of. When he found out about Angelica, that she was my...

(trails off)

He was upset. But with me, not with her. He was always *kind* to Angelica. More than kind, he treated her like his little...

(losing it)

Oh My God...

REBECCA

Where is your son now, Mr. Dallas?

ARLEN DALLAS

I kicked him out of the house six months ago. I haven't heard from him since March. I don't know where he's staying...

Randall Day flips the DVD player back up.

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

Do you know where this room is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARLEN DALLAS

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WEB

It's not in your house?

ARLEN DALLAS

(shakes his head no)

I've never seen it before. You're welcome to come search the grounds.

REBECCA

We might. Would we find Jason there?

ARLEN DALLAS

No. I swear it. And any way I can help you find him... I will.

Anything you need.

(beat, darkens)

I'm done protecting him.

CUT TO:

23 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

23

CLOSE ON MEL'S COMPUTER - JUVIE MUG SHOT OF JASON DALLAS (17).

Danny, Rebecca, Paul surround Mel, looking at their suspect.

MEL

Jason Dallas, attempted rape in '95, assault and battery in '96, vandalism, disturbing the peace... every charge either buried or turned into a slap on the wrist thanks to daddy's influence.

REBECCA

Wonder what else he owes to daddy?

PAUL

You didn't buy his story?

Rebecca shrugs. It's just a feeling.

ANGLE ON A COLOR PRINTER - Jason's face printed out. Randall Day grabs it off the tray, turns to Mel.

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

Thanks. Just forward the digital to Maryland. If he matches any other kiddie crime they'll let you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Sure thing, babe.

PAUL

Thanks, Randall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPECIAL AGENT RANDALL DAY

(heading out)

Thank you.

(turning back)

And thanks for Gus Federman. He'd turned that DVD pressing plant into a major distribution point for this kind of stuff. If anything good can come from this... it's shutting him down.

He continues on his way out.

PAUL

So... we start digging on Jason Dallas.

Danny has been thinking to himself. Smiles.

DANNY

Think I know where we can get some dirt for free...

24 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION - DAY

24

LAWRENCE KEYS, the greasy P.I., across from Danny.

LAWRENCE KEYS

Hell with that. It's gonna cost you. My work was contracted to Arlen Dallas, not Uncle Sam.

DANNY

How 'bout you be a nice guy, and tell me anyway.

LAWRENCE KEYS

I can be nice. For a hundred fifty bucks an hour.

DANNY

I can be not so nice for a lot less.

LAWRENCE KEYS

And your size does intimidate. But I'm not some quivering witness doesn't know his rights. My information is my livelihood, and I sell to guys like you all the time. You want me to talk you either show me a court order or Ben Franklin.

A25 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

A25

Paul, Mel, Carter and Rebecca.

PAUL

Guy thinks he's in a movie.

MEL

These guys always do.

LAWRENCE KEYS (FROM ROOM)

I know the government's cheap, so maybe all you can pay is your informant rate. We can work something out...

B25 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION - SAME

B25

Danny leans forward.

DANNY

Work this out. You weren't paid to find Angelica Sandoval. You were paid to find Jason Dallas. Because the second the old man heard his daughter was slaughtered he knew his son was behind it. You found Robert Wood before we did and instead of calling the cops you called Dallas to see how he wanted to handle it. My guess is he said quietly. You work out a bonus to bump Jason when you found him?

LAWRENCE KEYS

Hey. I don't do that...

DANNY

Really? 'Cause my friends behind the glass got a bet you're the one offered Woods -- on Dallas's order.

LAWRENCE KEYS

Hell no! The corpse was already rotting when I found it. You ask me, it was Jason Dallas did it.

DANNY

You ask me, you just admitted you discovered a murder and failed to report it. So what do we got? Failure to report.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Obstruction of justice. Lying to
me. You're wrong, Keys. This is
gonna cost you.

In observation room, Carter and Mel subtly applaud.

LAWRENCE KEYS

Alright, fine. Fine. What do you
want to know? I was tracking down
the kid's circle of friends. He's
a freak. Hung out with freaks, did
freak activities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

Like?

C25 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

C25

LAWRENCE KEYS

For one, he was into horror films.
And by into I mean four hundred
plus DVD collection. All real B
and Z-grade gore stuff, zombie
films, slasher films, gross out
films...

Carter reacts to something in that statement.

CARTER

(to himself)

Oh, now now now... wait a minute...

Carter leaves the room. The team watches him.

LAWRENCE KEYS

There's a whole subculture
dedicated to that stuff. I started
there. These people listen to the
same music, go to the same chat
rooms, the same clubs, same
conventions...

DANNY

I want your notes. Everything you
got on Jason's friends, places he
liked to go.

LAWRENCE KEYS

You're welcome to all of it. But I
couldn't find him.

DANNY

Well let's hope you got close.

25-26 OMITTED

25-26

A27 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

A27 *

Web, Danny, Mel, Paul and Rebecca. Danny's got stacks of reports and disorganized notes. Waves them, starts handing them out, saying, mostly to Web:

DANNY

Every thing Keys had on Jason Dallas. He's been looking for him for at least a month and a half.

WEB

About the time Dallas received his mysterious e-mails.

MEL

Nothing here about Angelica.

REBECCA

No one was ever looking for her.

PAUL

Dallas did report her missing.

WEB

Probably only after he knew she was dead. Covering his tracks.

MEL

Or his son's.

DANNY

Wow. Where to start? Freak's got a lot of friends.

REBECCA

Just the opposite of Angelica. Her abuser has a full life and a secret one. She has nothing.

Rebecca's phone RINGS. As she answers it:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

This is Rebecca.

WEB

(re: Key's notes)

See what sense you can make of it. Hopefully Lawrence Keys' footwork gets us a step closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COREY (V.O.)
Hey, it's me. Corey.

REBECCA
(under her breath)
Corey?

B27 INT. COREY'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

B27

COREY
I know, it's a bad time. I'll make
this quick. I just wanted to see
if we could schedule a good time
for the near future.

REBECCA
A good time?

Web's clocking Rebecca's call while the others start going
over Keys' notes. He's the only who caught that.

COREY
I kind of did a sneak attack on you
the other day, showing up with my
friends like that. Sorry.
(beat)
This is what I should've done.
Just called you and asked you out
directly.

Rebecca glances at Web. Beat.

COREY (FROM PHONE) (CONT'D)
You don't have to answer right now.
I know you're busy. I'll be at
Dugan's, same night, same time.
And it'll just be me. If I see you
there, cool. If not...

REBECCA
(to Corey, quiet)
Okay.

There's a desk calendar next to her keyboard. She flips a
page or two, finds Thursday, circles it quickly. She glances
up, notes Web looking at her. She hangs up. Now Carter
appears.

CARTER
Guys? Got something you might
wanna see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off that --

27 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY

27 *

Everyone crowded around Carter's computer station.

CARTER

Everyone comfortable? I believe
this will speak for itself.

Carter unfreezes an image on a monitor and a MOVIE CLIP PLAYS -- it's ALL SOUL'S DAY. A low budget HORROR FILM. Zombie things are happening.

PAUL

What is this?

CARTER

"Dia de los Muertos." "All Soul's
Day." Low budget zombie flick.
Actually a pretty good one.
Something Keys said. Jason Dallas
dug gore-fest flicks. As who
doesn't? So I went online,
downloaded this from a bit torrent.

DANNY

What are we looking for?

CARTER

That.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He freezes the image so that it captures a nice close shot of the Zombie mask/make up known as "Choppers."

MEL

Oh my god.

REBECCA

That's the face.

CARTER

Zombie Five. That's what it says in the credits. I knew I'd seen it before.

MEL

Who is he?

WEB

That's the wrong question.

REBECCA

(anticipating Web)

You could make anyone look like that...

WEB

Who did the make-up --

28 EXT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - DAY

28 *

CLOSE ON a sign mounted next to the front door: "ALMOST HUMAN F/X." SWING OFF it to see

Paul, Rebecca, Danny and Mel getting out of the Bu-Cars. Danny's looking at Keys' notes.

DANNY

"Almost Human." Make up fx. Shop's run by a Rob Hall. Went to art school with Jason Dallas. Keys talked to him three weeks ago. Hall's in Amsterdam doing a movie.

PAUL

Think he got back early?

Paul nods to a LIGHT on in a window. They approach the door, when suddenly it swings open and we see

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (we recognize him from the photos) in the doorway, stunned by their presence. Everyone reacts with a start and freezes for a moment. Until --

REBECCA

Jason --!

Jason slams the door shut and attempts to bolt it. Paul and Mel lunge at the door, struggling to force it open. No good. The door closes and locks.

PAUL

Dammit --

DANNY

(on the move)

Covering the back.

Rebecca hesitates for an instant before following him.

PAUL

(yelled, LOUD)

JASON! WE JUST WANT TO TALK!

He throws his shoulder into the door. It buckles a bit. Mel gets out her gun. Paul slams into the door again and this time it flies open. He produces his weapon as he and Mel enter, cautiously...

29

INT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - MEL AND PAUL - DAY

29 *

make their way into the dark interior of the warehouse and stumble upon...

All manner of gore. Torsos hanging on hooks, severed limbs, heads, piles of intestines.... Big jars of "blood"... They react for an instant until they realize... oh. Yeah... effects house.

The place is packed with stuff, stacked on shelves and piled on the floor. The shelving and material create a labyrinth of narrow corridors and tight corners.

Mel looks at a jar full of eyeballs on a shelf next to her.

MEL

(under her breath)

What are you looking at?

PAUL

(calls out)

Jason Dallas! Federal Agents!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They move farther in, listening. Paul nudges Mel, draws her attention to something:

THE IRON BED, from the snuff film, shoved into a corner.

MEL

The bed from the snuff film.

PAUL

This must be where they filmed it.

A SOUND, MOVEMENT.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(calling)

We're armed, Jason! You're going to want to come out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He listens. No response. On Paul's gesture, Paul and Mel split up, taking separate corridors.

ON MEL as she passes THE ZOMBIE HEAD propped up on a shelf.

ON PAUL as he rounds another corner. Someone's there -- He swings round to aim his gun at

ANGELICA -- alive, standing in the middle of a walkway. She looks pale and weary, dark circles under her eyes... as if she's been trapped in here a long time.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Angelica...?

He starts to lower his gun, taking a step toward her, putting out his other hand for her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's okay... You're safe--

BLAM! A shot rings out. Paul's knocked back and goes down.

Mel suddenly appears, clocks PAUL writhing on the ground, holding his bleeding shoulder.

She looks back up, tries to take aim on the shooter, who steps out from behind Angelica.

JASON -- He shields himself behind his sister, presses her against him with his left arm. Mel can't shoot.

JASON
She's mine.

30-31 OMITTED

30-31

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

32 INT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - DAY

32 *

As we left them. Mel and Jason in a stand-off.

MEL
(eyes on Jason)
Paul -- ?

ON PAUL, on the ground, taking stock of his injury.

PAUL
I'm okay.

MEL
(to Jason)
Let her go!

Jason shakes his head.

JASON
Can't do that -- Just leave us
alone!

He pulls Angelica with him disappearing into the shadows. Before Mel can pursue... Danny and Rebecca appear, guns drawn. They see Paul. Before they can ask...

PAUL
He's got the girl. She's alive.
Go.

MEL
(gesturing)
There --

REBECCA
(to Mel, re: Paul)
Call for EMTs. Stay with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mel kneels down to tend to Paul. Rebecca and Danny take off after Jason and Angelica. *

They twist through tight passages, tense, guns up. *

Around one turn, they glimpse Jason, back against a wall. Angelica still held in front of him. *

Danny and Rebecca split up, taking different flanks. *

ON REBECCA slowly making her way around a shelf. *

HER POV - As she clears the shelf, we see JASON, gun still in his hand, speaking to Angelica, though we can't hear what he's saying. *

ON REBECCA, she steps out into clear view. *

REBECCA (CONT'D) *

Jason...

Jason suddenly sees her, grabs Angelica to him and raises his weapon, aiming it at Rebecca.

JASON

She's not going back! You're not taking her --

REBECCA

You don't want to point that gun at me.

JASON

No? Who then?

REBECCA

How about the one who abused her in all those movies? Violated her for years... The brother who raped her.

Jason squints at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

I took care of her -- I was protecting her.

REBECCA

Look at her, Jason. Is she a person who was taken care of?

Jason peers at Angelica. Is it sinking in?

JASON

Don't **say that!** I love her.

*

REBECCA

(stepping toward him)

You shot an FBI agent. And you killed Robert Woods.

JASON

I-- I had to... He was gonna talk... He wanted money. He was gonna tell dad. I couldn't let--
(seeing her approach)
Stay back!

Unnoticed by Jason, we see DANNY coming around, taking position.

REBECCA

It's over, Jason. There's no place to run.

JASON

(knowing it's true)

I promised her. I'd never leave her alone. Never again...

And then, chillingly, Jason TURNS HIS GUN TO POINT AT ANGELICA'S HEAD.

JASON (CONT'D)

(to Angelica)

I'm sorry, little girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Angelica looks at him with those unafraid eyes. Ready for whatever.

REBECCA

No--!

Jason's about to squeeze the trigger, when --

DANNY fires -- BLAM! BLAM!

Jason's head snaps back. He's shot. He careens back, toppling the shelf behind him. He goes down in a tangle of artificial body parts. A large container labelled "Stage Blood" teeters, falls, SPLASHES HIM with more fake blood than we would normally get away with. *

Rebecca grabs Angelica, turns her head away. *

Danny looks -- it looks like a massacre happened here. *

ON REBECCA, her arm around Angelica, who is looking at the body despite Rebecca's efforts. Her expression's as empty as ever... Except for tears running down her cheeks. *

33-38 OMITTED

33-38

39 EXT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER (DAY) 39 *

An ambulance is in evidence. *

ON ANGELICA, in shock, sits, back against the warehouse wall, staring off at nothing, as a blanket is draped over her shoulders by Danny. *

REBECCA stands nearby studying the girl. *

ANGLE ON PAUL, getting bandaged by an EMT. Mel stands nearby, holding his jacket, gear.

PAUL

(to EMT)

I'm telling you -- I'm okay.
Bullet went through clean.

MEL

Still gonna get checked out at the hospital, tough guy.

PAUL

It can wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB (O.S.)

No, it can't.

They look up to see WEB arriving on the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WEB (CONT'D)

You're done here.

He moves past them, heading toward Rebecca and Angelica. Stay with Paul and Mel looking after him.

MEL

(sotto, as Web)

"Thanks for taking a bullet, Paul. Nice work. I'm proud of you all."

(to Paul)

C'mon. If you're a good boy at the doctor's, I'll buy you an Icee.

They cross out. The EMT following.

A40 INT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A40 *

ON REBECCA crossing with Web to a nearby door, half ajar. She opens it to reveal a closet -- smocks, overalls and other clothing hanging on hangers.

REBECCA

He was obsessed with his sister. Pretty much all their lives.

REVERSE as she pushes aside the hanging clothes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

When his father cut him off, he staged the girl's death in order to make her disappear...

Allowing Web to enter

40 INT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

40

Web pulls the chain on a lone light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Its sickly light reveals -- a massively tiny space with a small, bare, filthy mattress in the corner. Fast food wrappers and cups strewn about. And a bucket for... y'know.

REBECCA

She's been hidden away in here for months. He wanted to keep her all to himself.

Web's gaze falls to... in the midst of this grim cage: a few plucked flowers, arranged in a vase. A touch of beauty. After surveying the environment for another moment, Web shares look with Rebecca.

41 INT. ALMOST HUMAN WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

41

Web and Rebecca emerge from the closet. Web crosses in to Angelica, who doesn't acknowledge his presence. He pulls over a nearby stool and sits before her. Then...

WEB

Angelica...

No response. After a beat...

WEB (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

*I'm very sorry about your brother.
He took good care of you.*

Angelica slowly looks up at him. And, after a moment, in a quivering voice...

ANGELICA

(in Spanish)

He saved me.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - POOL HOUSE AREA - DAY

42 *

ON DALLAS, exiting his under construction office, as he hears from inside the house:

MARIA

(tearfully, in Spanish)

Oh, my baby... My angel.

ARLEN DALLAS

(moving to the house,
calling out)

Maria -- What is it?

He suddenly stops in his tracks, as Maria enters the pool house area, Angelica in her arms.

ARLEN DALLAS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

My God --

Then he spots Rebecca, Web and Danny appearing behind them.

ARLEN DALLAS (CONT'D)

(stunned)

She-- She's alive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He recovers and moves to put his arms around his daughter.

ARLEN DALLAS (CONT'D)
Angelica... Sweetheart--

Suddenly, Danny steps in Dallas' path, blocking his way.

ARLEN DALLAS (CONT'D)
(squinting uncertainly at
Danny)
What--

Web gives Rebecca a subtle nod and she escorts Angelica and her mother back into the house.

WEB
Mr. Dallas... I'm afraid we have
some tragic news. Your son Jason
was killed.

Dallas takes a moment to register that, with convincing grief masked with stoicism.

ARLEN DALLAS
I see. I assume it was
unavoidable.

WEB
It was. But the real tragedy is...
I haven't yet figured out a way to
charge you with his death.

Dallas looks at him.

ARLEN DALLAS
I beg your pardon?

Web eyes him for a moment.

WEB
Why don't we talk in your new
office?

He crosses to the pool house.

ARLEN DALLAS
My office? It's still being
renovated.

WEB
I don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dallas looks warily at Danny, standing just behind him, then follows after Web.

43 INT. ARLEN DALLAS ESTATE - OFFICE/POOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 43

Web enters, Dallas on his heels.

ARLEN DALLAS

Look, I don't know what this is all about...

WEB

Yes, Mr. Dallas. You do. Angelica told me everything. How you sexually abused your son at an early age... then forced him to be with her. His half-sister...

Dallas shakes his head, playing up the outrage. He looks to see Danny standing at the entrance to the room, essentially blocking it off.

ARLEN DALLAS

She's lying. She's lying to cover for her brother.

Web suddenly produces something from his pocket -- A switchblade. It snaps open, revealing a lethal-looking blade. Dallas eyes the knife warily...

WEB

(ignoring him)

How you were the one that made her the star of the kiddie porn world. You took the pictures...

He moves to one of the walls. Suddenly, Dallas realizes what he's doing. He lunges for Web.

ARLEN DALLAS

Stop! This is my property! You can't--

CLICK! Dallas halts, then slowly turns around to find Danny with a cocked pistol pointed at his head.

DANNY

I got enough reasons already, Ped. Don't give me another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

If you'll recall you invited us to search the grounds. I'm doing that now.

ARLEN DALLAS

I changed my mind!

DANNY

Thought you might.

Danny unfurls a WARRANT with his free hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Warrant. Now don't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON WEB, running the knife across the still wet wallpaper then tearing it away, revealing the disturbingly cheerful playhouse patterns from the photos. Web tosses a glaring look back at Dallas...

Dallas can only stare at the wallpaper, mouth agape. He's busted and he knows it.

Web crosses in to Dallas as he snaps his knife closed.

WEB

You're under arrest.

And he crosses out...

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED

44

A45 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

A45

Office in evening mode. Rebecca enters, goes to her desk. She pockets the keys to her personal vehicle, ready to head out. Her eyes fall on the desk calendar, open to Thursday. The day is circled -- her kinda-date with Corey.

She hears something, looks toward Web's door. He's standing there, in the doorway.

WEB

Long day.

REBECCA

They all feel long.

WEB

(dryly)

It's the depravity.

REBECCA

I guess.

(then)

There were nine children living on the grounds of that estate. I wonder how many of them he would've got to.

WEB

We can't know that. Some, I'm sure.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

(musing)

He really loved her.

(off Web's look)

Jason, I mean. In his twisted way.

Faked her death to save her.

Web considers that for a moment, then...

WEB

There's no saving here. He took her out of one cage only to lock her in a another.

REBECCA

Maybe now she has a chance.

WEB

Maybe. But I suspect what happened to that little girl will stay with her for the rest of her life. She'll always be in the dark room. And anybody who cares enough to try and rescue her from it... may find themselves trapped in there with her.

He turns back into his office.

REBECCA

I think you're wrong. She can survive this. I know. I got out of that room.

WEB

(casually)

I wasn't talking about you. Was I?

Web closes his office door, leaving Rebecca standing there for a moment, lost in thought...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO:

45 INT. DUGAN'S - NIGHT

45

A WAITRESS CLEARS and we see

COREY, sitting alone at a table by the window. Nursing a beer. Waiting.

CUT OUT TO A POV OF COREY - Outside the window near the entrance. RACK OFF IT to see

REBECCA's reflection in the glass.

ON REBECCA as she slowly turns away, her conflicted emotions barely registering on her face. She hesitates for one more moment before moving off, as we rack back to

COREY, who'll continue to wait a very long time.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW