

The Inside
"The Perfect Couple"
by
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Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

[THE INSIDE]

"The Perfect Couple"

TEASER

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

1

End of a day at the VCU. In fact it's well after dark and most people are gone except for our team. TRACKING ACROSS we find DANNY slipping his jacket off the back of his chair and putting it on... then MEL standing at her desk, grabbing her bag... All the while we're hearing:

PAUL (O.S.)

I'm leaving the office now... I don't know, Kar... We'll talk about it when I get home...

The CAMERA finally ends up on REBECCA, immersed in work at her desk, perusing report folders, jotting down notes. She tosses a look over at PAUL talking into his phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah, alright, go back to sleep. We'll talk in the morning... Love you, too.

He hangs up. The moment he notices Rebecca's eyes on him, she turns back to her work. Mel appears, joins DANNY.

MEL

These late Friday nights have killed my social life.

DANNY

C'mon. I'll give you a ride. You can pretend we're on a date.

MEL

How pathetic am I for thinking that's a sweet offer.

She follows him out as Paul steps up to Rebecca.

PAUL

Hey. It's late.

REBECCA

(not looking up)
I'm leaving soon.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

PAUL

I can stick around if you --

REBECCA

That's okay. I'm fine.

(looking up at him)

And you've got somewhere to be.

Paul continues to eye her for a moment.

PAUL

Right. Okay, then. See ya.

Paul turns and goes. Rebecca, alone now. After a beat, she takes a breath, closes the file she's been working on, then reaches under her desk and produces a garment bag. She looks at the bag a moment before rising with it --

2 OMITTED

2

3 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT

3

A sprawling club scene. PUSHING through the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE on the dance floor, we find a DOORMAN by the shadowy entrance, as he stamps the hands of a young couple.

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S HAND as the Doorman stamps the back of it. The ink mark it leaves is a Mayan symbol -- a circle, containing six curved spokes meeting at the middle.

THE DOORMAN gives the unseen woman an appreciative eye as she enters into the club proper. SWING AROUND to see REBECCA, transformed, like we've never seen before. A sex magnet, moving with confidence and sensual awareness. A predator. On the hunt. Heads turn as she strides toward the bar...

ON A BARTENDER (COREY), good-looking, popping the caps off a couple of beer bottles when he spots... Rebecca approaching the other end of the bar and perching herself on a bar stool.

(CONTINUED)

Corey delivers the beers to a couple, taking the cash lying on the bar, and crosses over to her. Before he can ask:

REBECCA
Vodka, rocks.

COREY
Any special kind?

REBECCA
(eyes search the crowd)
Don't know yet.

He smiles. PAN OVER to see RICK, a slick and aging guy standing nearby, eyeing Rebecca.

RICK
(with a nod)
Hiya.

Rebecca coolly offers him a polite smile, then swings around in the stool to observe the crowd. Rick crosses in to her...

RICK (CONT'D)
Who would you like to be?

REBECCA
What?

Corey returns with her drink and sets it down before her. Rick pays for it before she can.

RICK
Rick Byers. Personal manager.
Rick Byers Entertainment.
(patting himself down)
Got a card here somewhere.

RICK (CONT'D)
Used to be an agent at CAA, but,
y'know... politics. Anyway,
seriously, I think I can do things
with you. For you.

He chuckles at his faux pas. She studies him, may be
considering him, dismisses him.

REBECCA
I'm... flattered. Really. But...
I'm just not interested. And I'm
not in the mood for company.

4 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - TIME CUT 4

ON MARCO, a smarmy clubber who's had a few too many, now
leaning against the bar next to Rebecca. Rick's gone.

MARCO
Your mouth says that, but your eyes
say something different.

REBECCA
No. They're pretty much in
agreement.

ANGLE ON COREY, chatting with a girl at the bar, sneaking
peeks over Rebecca's way. Watching.

MARCO
Eyes always tell the truth... And
yours... They're amazing. Are
those contacts?

5 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - TIME CUT 5

ON DEAN, a young frat guy-type, speaking conspiratorially.

DEAN
My buddies over there bet me a
hundred bucks I couldn't get a kiss
out of you.

Rebecca looks past him to see HIS TWO BUDDIES, sniggering, as
they look away.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(leaning in)
So how'd you like to make an easy
fifty?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Rebecca exhales, wearily. This is getting tiresome.

6 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - TIME CUT

6

CLOSE ON Rebecca's untouched drink as it's swapped out for another. TILT UP to Rebecca as she looks over at it.

REBECCA

What's this?

ON COREY, tossing away her old drink.

COREY

You let the ice melt. No way to treat a premium vodka.

(then)

So what are you looking for?

REBECCA

(taken aback)

What am I--

COREY

You've been sitting in the same spot all night... and I just get the feeling this isn't...

(stopping himself)

Forget it.

REBECCA

No. What feeling?

COREY

Just... that you're not what you seem... That this is some kinda... persona you adopt. As a way to protect yourself. You're looking for something... someone, maybe... but you won't know what it is 'til you find it.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca studies him for a long beat, then smiles.

REBECCA
That's... impressive.

COREY
(with a sly grin)
Hey -- Behind a bar, you become a
keen observer of the human animal.

Rebecca leans into him, clearly interested.

REBECCA
Bet you see a lot. From back here.

COREY
(staring into her eyes)
Only everything.

OFF REBECCA, matching his gaze...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PYRAMID CLUB - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

ON REBECCA and COREY sucking face. Hot grappling. They bump into a dumpster, oblivious...

REBECCA
(breathless)
Where's your car?

Corey looks around as Rebecca kisses and licks his neck, pulling at his shirt, a real dirty girl.

COREY
There.

He locks lips with her again as they stumble in a lusty craze on their way to his car. As they move, Corey slips his key remote out of his pocket, unlocking the doors of his Mustang with an audible CHIRP. But Rebecca pushes him against the driver's side door, then spins him on top of the car hood, not letting up on the passionate lip action.

Corey's expression says it all. He's died and gone to heaven. Rebecca rips his shirt open... Buttons flying...

COREY (CONT'D)
Okay... But just so you know that
was my lucky shirt...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I think it's working for you.

As they kiss again, he suddenly rolls over, flipping her beneath him. As he grinds into her, slipping off her dress strap... Rebecca pulls away and hesitates for just an instant, when -- KER-CHUNK! -- Flood lights suddenly slam on around them.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No --

COREY

(blinking into the light)

What-- What the hell's--

Suddenly, Paul and Danny are there. Guns drawn.

DANNY

FBI. Hands off the agent.

Corey raises his hands, understandably freaked. He looks over at Rebecca, who's all business now. Agent? And miffed. The passionate dirty girl completely gone.

COREY

What is thi--?

Before he can get another sound out, Danny's already turned him and pushes him down against the hood of his car, kicking his legs apart. As Mel joins Paul, Rebecca approaches...

REBECCA

(to Paul)

What are you doing? I didn't give the word.

MEL

Didn't think you could with the suspect's tongue jammed down your throat.

PAUL

What's the problem?

REBECCA

I screwed up. He's not our guy.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
(overhearing)
What?! --

REBECCA
He doesn't fit the profile. Our
Unsub's impotent.

She throws a passing glance at Corey's below frame crotch.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
This one doesn't have any trouble
in that department.

Everyone follows her gaze, Corey registers embarrassment.

COREY
Yeah. Thanks.

He looks back at Rebecca. She meets his eyes for a moment,
and a wave of regret crosses her face before she turns and
crosses away with Mel.

MEL
So what went wrong?

REBECCA
I don't know. Everything says he
should've been here tonight.
But... I couldn't spot him.

MEL
Maybe he's breaking pattern. Took
the night off.

Off Rebecca, sharing an uncertain look with Mel...

8 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - WOODED AREA - NIGHT

8

ON A WOODED AREA HIGH ABOVE THE SHIMMERING CITY in the background. We hear:

WOMAN (O.S.)
(slurred, whimpering)
Yes... yes I loved it. It was...

TILT DOWN to find the WOMAN (JESSICA) on the ground, holding as still as she can, looking up at an OFF SCREEN assailant. She's woozy, clearly drugged, and disoriented by the harsh glare of a flashlight in her face.

JESSICA
It was good--

She brings up her hand to fend off the light in her eyes and we see... THE MAYAN SYMBOL stamped on the back of her hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
-- great... I'm sorry... Best
I... Best I ever--

A SHOT GUN BARREL appears over her -- though we don't see who's holding it -- and points at her belly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Wait... please... I won't--

Then the GUN dips below frame. CLOSE ON THE TERRIFIED WOMAN, as she GRUNTS, her eyes widening as her drugged, addled brain sobers for an instant. She GASPS...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
-- G-god...

...and starts to SCREAM. And on the THUNDEROUS KA-BLAM of the SHOT GUN BLAST...

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

9 INT. V.C.U. - MORGUE - DAY

9

Paul and the MEDICAL EXAMINER going over the body of the victim - her body is mostly under a sheet.

Rebecca stands off to the side, watching. A dark cloud.

PAUL

Hand stamp?

M.E. shows him the hand with the Mayan symbol in ink.

M.E.

Right hand, symbol is consistent.

PAUL

Toxicology?

M.E.

Same cocktail. One part vodka, two parts Rohyphnol. Effect had probably begun to wear off near the time of death.

PAUL

And cause of death is...

M.E. nods. Cause of death is the same, as well.

M.E.

Close-range gunshot wound. Extent of destruction to the genitalia and lower abdomen indicates a high velocity firearm, most likely a 12 gauge shotgun.

Rebecca, frustrated, begins to pull off her gloves...

M.E. (CONT'D)

Similar effects of powder stippling and, uh, extensive cavitation...

Distracted as Rebecca walks out, tossing her gloves in the trash as she goes. Paul turns back to the M.E.

PAUL

List her in your summary as victim four.

M.E. nods, Paul heads after Rebecca.

10 INT. V.C.U. - HALLWAY OUTSIDE MORGUE - CONTINUOUS 10

Rebecca is leaning against the wall, breathing in non-morgue air, trying to exhale her guilt away. She looks at the faded hand stamp on the back of her hand, tries to rub it out with her thumb. Paul steps out into the hall.

PAUL

You okay?
(she nods)
This wasn't your fault.

REBECCA

The killer was at the Pyramid last night, and I missed him.

PAUL

Carter's reviewing the security camera footage. Maybe he'll...

REBECCA

See something we haven't been able to for the last three victims? This guy avoids the cameras, and he doesn't leave with the girls. Last night, I thought I found him.
(beat)
She's dead because I picked the wrong man.

Paul is now leaning against the opposite wall. Careful how he approaches the next question.

PAUL

Why did you pick him?

REBECCA

He was the bartender, which would make it easy for him to spike their drinks. Plus, he would know where all the cameras were.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And then he said something about being able to "see everything" that suggested an aggressive ego.

Paul nods. Okay.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I wasn't *attracted* to him.

PAUL

Okay. Though that wouldn't be unheard of. Or necessarily wrong... I mean... it's okay to, once in a while, let yourself feel...

She's staring at him. He stops.

REBECCA

Feel what?

Anything. His CELL PHONE RINGS, as he answers it:

PAUL

Never mind.
(into phone)
Ryan.

He listens a beat, then:

PAUL (CONT'D)

(into phone)
We'll be right there.
(to Rebecca)
Mel's got the vic's ex upstairs.

REBECCA

Husband or boyfriend?

Off the question, and Paul's enigmatic look --

11

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

11

Close on DEBBIE HOBBS, 23. Cute as a button, passive, obviously shaken by the news she's just received, but keeping it together for now. She seems unsure with her answers at first, but we should soon realize that this is how she has answered every question in her whole life. Mel is sitting opposite her, sympathetic.

DEBBIE

Can I see her? I mean... I'd like to see her.

(CONTINUED)

MEL

I'm sorry. I don't think that's a
good idea right now.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Right. God.

(then, very timid)

Am I a person of interest?

MEL

A person of--? Oh. No. You're not a suspect. But we thought maybe you could help us. Tell us what was going on in Jessie's life?

DEBBIE

Oh. Well. What wasn't?

MEL

By that you mean...

DEBBIE

Jessie's life was... complicated.

MEL

Went to clubs a lot? Dated a lot?

DEBBIE

I guess you could call it dating. There were... people in her life. I don't know a lot of names. She probably didn't either.

MEL

Men and women?

DEBBIE

Women. Men were around, but they were just there to be... eyes.

MEL

Eyes?

DEBBIE

She'd take me to straight clubs. She liked it when the men watched. Knowing it turned them on.

MEL

But you didn't?

DEBBIE

It was creepy. Like we were putting on a show. The lesbian show. Sometimes four or five men would line up, watching.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Put two women together with a hint
that at least one of them is gay,
and men'll stand there and stare
like stimulated cattle. You know?

12 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME 12

Web, Paul, Danny, Carter and some ND OFFICE GUY stare (Mel
and Debbie are visible through the glass). They react,
BUSTED. Look uncomfortably to... Rebecca, at the end of the
line, who looks back, eyebrow arched. Off that --

13 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - EVENING 13

Late day, really. Happy hour. The dance floor isn't open
yet, and there are only a handful of happy hour-ers here.
Still, some heads turn as VICKIE enters. She's confident,
controlled, hot. She moves to the bar. A different
BARTENDER is working this early shift.

VICKIE

Mineral water.

As he pours her the drink, she looks down the bar, eyes
falling on...

...ALLISON, sitting on the other end. Shy, pretty, and
alone, nursing a drink. Allison feels the eyes on her,
glances over at Vickie, then looks away, a little embarrassed
for looking too long...

DANNY (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

They weren't all gay --

14 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - EVENING 14

Where the Death Board with all four victims is displayed.
Paul, Danny, Web and Carter listen to Rebecca and Mel who
have note pads. Have done some more digging.

DANNY

-- we talked to boyfriends.

MEL

Seems like our latest victim,
Jessica Dobrennin, was the only
exclusively gay woman.

REBECCA

But we didn't look closely enough
at the others.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hadley Marston sometimes identified herself as bisexual. And the other two had histories which could suggest they were open to experimentation.

DANNY

Omnivores. Interesting.

PAUL

So our working suspect profile of an impotent male...

REBECCA

Was... close...

WEB

But no cigar.

MEL

Not in the Freudian sense, anyway.

WEB

Carter, re-examine every frame of security camera footage from the nights our victims went missing. And this time --

CARTER

(already heading off)

-- I'm looking for a woman.

WEB

Danny, Paul, you're with him.

(to Rebecca and Mel)

You two. Talk to Rebecca's bartender. Maybe he sees more than the cameras.

Web moves off --

REBECCA

He's not my bartender...

15

INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT

15

More people. The evening moving on. Not yet full capacity, a few couples on the dance floor now. Allison is near the dance floor, but not joining in. Instead, she's just vibing to the music, eyes closed.

VICKIE

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

Suddenly, Vickie is there. Allison takes her in.

VICKIE (CONT'D)
You dancing alone?

Allison smiles. Shakes her head.

ALLISON
I'm dancing with myself.

VICKIE
Mind if I cut in?

Allison blushes, charmed.

VICKIE (CONT'D)
I'm Vickie.

ALLISON
Allison.

A meeting...

16

EXT. COREY'S PLACE - NIGHT

16

The door is pulled open, Corey's standing there, hair wet, shirtless, just in a towel, fresh from the shower.

COREY
Hi.

Reveal Rebecca and Mel standing there. Rebecca a little surprised. Mel enjoying it.

REBECCA
Hi.

MEL
Hi. Remember us?

COREY
(to Rebecca)
You're the one with the SWAT team,
right? It's hard to keep track...

REBECCA
Said I was sorry, didn't I?

COREY
Not really. But come on in...

A17 INT. COREY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

A17

He leads them in, reveal more of his bachelor pad, as he begins picking up mail, clothes, DVDs off the floor.

COREY

(speaks fast)

I'm sorry the place is a mess, I'm just getting ready to head out to work. Not that one has anything to do with the other...

Corey goes around a corner, out of view. Mel mouths "hot!" to Rebecca who tries to stay professional.

REBECCA

Mr. Hall, we need to ask you...

COREY (O.S.)

Corey. Please. And you're Rebecca, right? Or is it not even legal to call you that now?

REBECCA

Rebecca is fine.

Corey reappears, this time with pants, buttoning a shirt.

MEL

(to Corey)

Which is what got you into trouble.

(off Rebecca's look)

Sorry.

(ahem; quick to Corey)

We're hoping you can tell us about some of the regulars who frequent the Pyramid club.

REBECCA

We're looking for lesbians.

Said plainly. He just stares at her. Then:

COREY

You may be the most interesting person I've ever met.

17 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT

17

Vickie and Allison dancing in the middle of the club.

(CONTINUED)

GUYS ogling them (among them, but at the moment just one of several, is RODDY. A bit darker vibe than the rest.)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Vickie notes Allison clocking the guys clocking them. Allison seems a little uncomfortable with the attention. Vickie moves to her ear, over the THROBBING MUSIC:

VICKIE

Hey, you wanna get out of here?

Off Allison, hopeful...

18 INT. COREY'S PLACE - NIGHT

18

Corey's writing a list of names. Mel and Rebecca standing by.

COREY

It's not like we get a lot of gay women at Pyramid. But this is L.A.

He hands Rebecca the list. Mel glances over at it.

MEL

Lot of last names there.

COREY

Well, I do see their IDs. So, is this like a serial killer case? Doesn't it have to get to that level or whatever before the FBI gets involved?

REBECCA

Afraid we can't tell you anymore than we already have.

COREY

Yeah, that's cool. It's just that your world's so different from mine. It kind of fascinates me.

Double meaning. Rebecca responds in kind.

REBECCA

It's probably not a world you want to know.

MEL

Oh, I don't know about tha-

REBECCA

(cutting Mel off)

Thanks for your time. I hope we didn't make you late for work.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

No, not yet.

(they start to go)

Hey. If I think of any other
names, how would I... contact you?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

Corey holds Rebecca's look. She his. Mel clocks the chemistry. Mel hands him a card.

MEL

You can reach her here. Anytime.

Corey glances at the card, then to Mel, smiles. Off Rebecca, reacting to yenta Mel...

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. PYRAMID CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

20

Allison and Vickie crossing the dark lot, Vickie's arm around Allison's shoulder. Vickie starts to nuzzle Allison's neck.

ALLISON
(pulling away)
Not here.

Vickie spins her around to face her, a crooked smile on her face. She slurs a bit as she speaks...

VICKIE
Aw, shy girl. You are so adorable.

She brushes her hand across Allison's cheek, moving closer.

VICKIE (CONT'D)
I just can't wait to... to...

Suddenly, Vickie's smile drops. She looks at Allison with half-closed eyes, breathing in shallow breaths.

She suddenly leans against Allison, unsteady on her feet.

ALLISON
Are-- Are you okay?

VICKIE
I dunno. Something's... I feel...
weird... Like sick... or...

ON ALLISON as we hear the SQUEAL of tires and she turns to see headlights heading right for them. Allison stands her ground as the car suddenly veers off them at the last second and screeches to a halt.

ALLISON
(to Vickie)
Shhh. I'll take care of you.

The passenger door is pushed open from inside. Allison guides Vickie into the front bench seat. And slides in beside her.

(CONTINUED)

PAN OVER to see RODDY, the creepy guy from inside the bar, at the wheel. Vickie barely registers his presence, her eyes rolled up into her head.

VICKIE

Wha-- What's... happening...

Roddy puts his arm around VICKIE and KISSES HER HARD ON THE MOUTH. Then he peers over at Allison.

RODDY

Got me a good one this time,
piggie.

ALLISON

Thanks, baby.

Allison beams and they both lean across Vickie and KISS each other in front of her face. Roddy steps on the gas and we watch the car peel away into the night...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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

21

Paul, Danny and Carter going through video security camera footage. Web enters, has been called here.

WEB

What have we got?

DANNY

Four nights. Four victims.

ANGLE - MONITORS - All four women, on four different monitors, all frozen at about the same place, at the exit. We recognize Jessica, from the Teaser, as one of them.

PAUL

The last images of any of these women alive...

CARTER

First time we went through these, we not only established they left the club by themselves, but that no man followed them out.

PAUL

Now that our profile's shifted...

He nods to Carter, who clicks play.

THE MONITORS

as the victims, almost like a group of four, exit the club. The images continue to roll... people coming and going. Web watches closely.

Rebecca and Mel enter the now hushed-with-silence room, back from seeing Corey. Danny puts a finger to his lips, points to the monitor. They look to see the video roll by, and then...

(CONTINUED)

CHUNK. CHUNK. CHUNK, CHUNK. All four monitors kick into FREEZE FRAME MODE. A WOMAN (Allison) is exiting in each frame, different nights. And in each frame she's avoiding the security camera, so while it is clear that it is the same woman, WE CAN'T CLEARLY SEE HER FACE in any of the four frames. She is captured in mid-step, four times.

Carter points to each image:

CARTER

12 seconds. 14 seconds. 19
seconds. 11 seconds.

DANNY

She waits for them to clear the door -- and the camera -- then she follows.

Web moves closer to the monitors, studies the images.

WEB

Who is she?

PAUL

Still working on it.

REBECCA

She didn't want her picture taken.

WEB

There are six security cameras in that club. She didn't avoid all of them. Find her.

Paul nods. Web exits. Danny looks to Rebecca and Mel.

DANNY

Any luck with Mister Happy Pants?

MEL

Got a list of possibles. I'll start running it down, and...
(squints at monitors)
See if any of them are about 5-6,
dirty blonde, with... blurry face.

Rebecca has drifted up to the monitors, studying the grainy pixilated freeze frames. She looks from one to the next. In each one, Allison's HEAD is turned to the side.

REBECCA

Who's she looking at?

22 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

22

Modern, chic sterility, expansive entry hall, amazing views of LA sparkle through floor to ceiling windows. Door opens, Roddy and Allison support/drag Vickie into the house. Roddy treats Allison almost literally like a dog. He leaves Allison under the unconscious woman's full weight, heads back for the door.

RODDY

Hold her for a sec.

ALLISON

Roddy-- She's heavy--

RODDY

Did I ask? No. I did not ask.

Locks the door.

RODDY (CONT'D)

Come on.

He heads back to his wife. They carry Vickie into--

23 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

He hits the lights as they enter, and they bring Vickie to a strange area--

One corner of the Spartan room has been lined with PLASTIC SHEETING; the floor, the two walls, enough area to contain a WEIGHT LIFTING BENCH, also obsessively wrapped IN PLASTIC, and a large, wrapped OTTOMAN.

Roddy lowers Vickie, belly down, onto the ottoman. He stands, turns to Allison. Lust is beginning to fire.

RODDY

Give me your lipstick. I want to draw on her.

Allison dutifully looks in her handbag. Roddy goes to the entertainment center, pulls something from a case.

ALLISON

Baby... tonight... Can you do stuff to me too? I'll lie real still. Just like her.

(CONTINUED)

Roddy returns, takes the LIPSTICK, thrusts a DV CAMERA into her chest. She clutches it.

RODDY

Right. And who's gonna hold the camera?

Looks like she might cry. A flare of impatience, then Roddy goes oddly tender, cupping a hand to her cheek.

RODDY (CONT'D)

Allison. It's important, OK?

Tinseltown Svengali. She looks into his eyes, nods slowly. He leans in, kisses her mouth. Then he bites her lower lip, hard, pulling her toward him with it -- She WHIMPERS with the pain. He releases, smiling.

She smiles back, a trace of BLOOD ON HER TEETH.

RODDY (CONT'D)

Don't let the picture shake this time. Do it right.

He exits frame, toward the OS plasticized corner. Allison turns on the camera, raises it to her eye...

RODDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Vickie? We got to get those clothes off now.

An OS SLAP. Vickie MOANS groggily from OFF SCREEN.

RODDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(maniacal)

Come on, Vickie! We're making a TV show!

Allison's crying silently, but still shooting--

CLOSE ON BLURRY B/W VIDEO IMAGE -- Allison, at the bar.

WEB

So now we have a face...

PAUL

Actually, we think we have two faces...

Rebecca, Web, Paul and Carter. (Mel and Danny not here now.)

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

The clearest example is in last
Friday's footage...

ON SCREEN - Allison stands at the edge of the dance floor,
talking to Jessica Dobrennin, the victim from the Teaser.

PAUL

Our female UNSUB with Jessica
Dobrennin. Magnify.

Carter zooms into the image.

REBECCA

Now watch her eyes.

CARTER

And follow that loving look--

Carter freezes the image, then scrolls, panning across the
frozen crowd to Roddy, at the bar.

WEB

UNSUB number two.

REBECCA

Number one. He's dominant. She's
trying to please him. She's doing
all of it to please him...

FLASH TO:

25 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

25

Allison stands by the victim from the teaser, at the fringe
of the dancers on the floor. She glances at Roddy at the
bar. He studies the victim.

REBECCA (V.O.)

He tells her with his eyes.
Whether the catch is any good.

The slightest of nods. Allison turns back to Jessica, slides
a hand down her back; she's warm, inviting --

26 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - PRESENT

26

PAUL

Plenty of chances to slip a tranq
into her drink...

27 INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 27

Allison comes from the bar holding two drinks. She finds the victim, hands her one. She leans in, whispering.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Promises of a wild night. She can do whatever she wants. Our girl likes to be told what to do... She makes an excuse -- the bathroom? She says to meet in the parking lot. Outside.

She says a few things to the victim. The victim nods, and Allison heads off. The victim gathers up her things.

28 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - PRESENT 28

ON THE FOOTAGE - The victim passes the BOUNCER, exiting.

REBECCA

First the vic.

Carter FAST FORWARDS the footage. High speed crowd milling. In, out, in out, then NORMAL SPEED. Allison exits the club.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

A few seconds later, she leaves.

FAST FORWARD again, then NORMAL SPEED. Roddy leaves.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Minutes later, he leaves.

Four screens, what we saw before, victims exit, then Allison... then, four times, Roddy exits.

WEB

We need to find these people.

REBECCA

I think I know where to start.

WEB

Then start.

COREY
(to Rebecca)
Boy, you just can't stay away from
me, can you?

Rebecca doesn't respond as Paul appears next to her and produces several VIDEO PRINTS of the surveillance footage from a folder and starts to spread them out on the bar.

PAUL
We need you to i.d. this man and
woman for us.

COREY
(to Rebecca)
Thought you were looking for
lesbians.
(beat)
I mean, after you realized you
weren't looking for impotent men.

REBECCA
(a little embarrassed)
It's... couples now.

COREY offers her a flirtacious grin.

COREY
Sure this isn't just some elaborate
ruse to keep visiting me?

Impatient, Paul taps the printouts on the bar.

PAUL
Could you look at the pictures,
please?

Corey studies the pix for a moment, then his eyes narrow.

COREY
That's Allison.

REBECCA
Allison?

COREY
Davis. And her husband, Roddy.

REBECCA
You know them.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

I know *her*. Or did.

PAUL

"Roddy Davis." Name's familiar...

COREY

'Don't Miss the Bus.'

(off Paul's blank look)

The sitcom. Early 90's. He played the fat kid.

PAUL

That Roddy Davis?!

Suddenly a little embarrassed by his own outburst.

COREY

Yeah. Roddy the hard body now. Allison was obsessed with him as a kid. Came out here to find him. When she did, they just took over each other's lives. She got him to lose weight on some Zen diet...

REBECCA

How do you know so much about them?

An eye-lock between them, just a moment where he considers and then opts for full disclosure.

COREY

Okay... Ally tried to leave him about six months ago. Ended up on my couch for a couple of nights.

Rebecca eyes him.

REBECCA

You slept with her.

Corey looks at her, not needing to answer, feeling oddly ashamed.

COREY

Look, I was just trying to be a good guy and... yeah, she came onto me. Her whole life, she'd only ever been with Roddy. And that guy is scary. She told me he forces her into threesomes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

COREY (CONT'D)

Has her, like, hypnotized or something. Like he owns her. It's an ugly situation, man. Really twisted.

Paul's already got his cell phone out.

PAUL

(into phone)

Carter, I'm gonna need an address for a Rodney and Allison Davis -- and tell Web we'll need back-up at the residence...

As Corey looks at Rebecca, almost apologetically...

32

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Vickie, now hastily dressed, hugs a door frame or wall for support; so drugged she can barely walk.

Awash in the blue flicker of the OS TV, Roddy is still passed out, breath slow and heavy. But from the TV, he speaks:

RODDY (ON TV; O.S.)

Look at that! Are you getting that?

(obscene cackle)

The bitch is making spit bubbles!

Vickie blearily watches her brutalization on the OS screen. It's too fucked-up for her to process. She edges the room, woozy, gets to a door and rolls into--

33

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

33

WOZZY STEADICAM LEADS Vickie as she staggers forward. She moves along a sideboard, hand over hand -- a wave of vertigo takes her. She GROANS, falling to the floor.

LOW ANGLE - She crawls forward, straining to stay conscious. Behind her, the massive TV IMAGE looms, just in/out of focus enough for the basic thrust, as it were.

RODDY (ON TV)

Vick-ie--

(a hard slap; then a cackle)

Oh she is gone, gone, gone...

Her last effort -- she's about to pass out -- she pulls herself closer to the door. LEGS step into the FG, barring her way.

(CONTINUED)

Allison stares down at her, backlit, expression unreadable. Vickie cranes, pleading:

VICKIE

Please-- don't hurt me--

Allison crouches by Vickie, nervously eyeing the living room. She helps her to her feet.

ALLISON

Shhhh.

(brushes hair from her eyes)

If you wake him up, he'll kill you.

A loud MOAN from Roddy as he SHIFTS in the background. Vickie swallows a gasp. Allison looks to her, having made a choice. Starts to help her toward the door. Vickie meets her eyes, equal parts terror and new hope --

Allison steadies the woozy Vickie as they stumble towards Allison's car. There is another car parked in the drive, presumably Roddy's. She fumbles with her keys. CHIRP as she unlocks it. Vickie looks back at the house with fear from the sound of the car door unlocking. Will that wake him? She MOANS in spite of herself.

ALLISON

Quiet. Quiet.

34

CONTINUED:

34

She gets the car door open, pours Vickie in.

35

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

35

Allison gets behind the driver's wheel. Key in ignition. She looks to the house. Winces as she starts the car. The engine ROARS to life.

ALLISON

It's gonna to be OK. I'm gonna get you out of here...

She throws it into reverse. Vickie's head lolls over back toward the house -- and she GASPS. A LIGHT IS ON.

VICKIE

Oh God. Hurry.

ALLISON

Roddy! Oh God-- He's awake! Oh God Oh God--!

She hits the gas, POV LURCHES INTO A CUT --

36

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

36

The car SCREECHES out of the driveway.

37

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

37

Allison's car careens down a winding hill road.

38

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

38

Vickie swoons with fright as they tear off. Vickie looks back, at the tight turn receding in the headlights behind them. Then HEADLIGHTS roll around, gaining on them -- Vickie CRIES OUT!

Allison shakes her head, her foot is off the gas.

ALLISON

Too late. Too late.

Then it's that anxiety dream -- you scream but *no one listens*:

VICKIE

NO! Ple-ase! God! Don't! Don't stop!

(CONTINUED)

Helpless, she devolves into TERRIFIED SOBS as the car pulls to a stop. Lit by the headlights behind them, Vickie scrabbles at the door, pure terror --

A FIGURE marches forward in the headlights' glare, raising one hand -- Vickie throws the door open. The figure catches her as she tries to bail from the car.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

No!

It's Danny, in his operations windbreaker.

DANNY

You're OK-- Hey--!

On the other side, Allison squints in Mel's flashlight beam. Mel pulls the keys.

MEL

Step out of the car, please.

She does, as --

Vickie struggles against Danny, hysterical. For too long. Danny barks out, intentionally LOUD AND HARSH:

DANNY

HEY!

(she stops, blinks)

FBI. It's all right. You're safe.

Vickie, overwhelmed by this drugged nightmare, collapses, sagging into Danny's arms...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

39 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

39

A nervous Allison sits alone. Danny enters. Looks at a file folder. Doesn't speak for a moment as he takes a seat.

ALLISON

How is she? She okay?

DANNY

She's at the hospital. And she's a long way from "okay."

ALLISON

I don't know what she was doing out on the road. But I thought she might get hit, that's why I --

DANNY

You didn't pick her up on the road, you picked her up in a bar.

ALLISON

I don't know what she told you, but I'm not a dyke or anything.

DANNY

No. You're not a man, either. And she says it was a man who raped her. Repeatedly.

ALLISON

What? That's crazy.

DANNY

She told us everything. How she met you in the club, and Roddy in the parking lot. How she was assaulted for hours, then scrubbed clean of evidence --

ALLISON

She's high. Did you see her eyes?

DANNY

-- and how you helped her get away. She thinks you saved her life.

ALLISON

(after a beat)
She does?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

She says if you hadn't taken her
out of there she'd be dead.

(then)

She's right, isn't she, Allison?

Allison just stares. Looks uncomfortable. Danny clocks it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Because when he's finished with
them, they don't survive. Do they?

Danny's been laying out the crime scene photos of the
previous victims. Allison stares at them, almost hypnotized.
Though there is something that might be grief there, too --

ALLISON

(distant)

They didn't know how to survive...

DANNY

Not like you.

Allison stares at the death photos, as --

40 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

40

Rebecca, Paul, Mel and Web.

REBECCA

(to Danny; he can't hear)

Not too gentle. Lose the kid
gloves. She responds to brutes.
That's why you're in there, Danny.

PAUL

Yeah. Maybe if he slapped her
around a little.

REBECCA

She'll give him to us. She wants
to give him to us.

PAUL

We don't need her to give him to
us. We should be arresting Roddy
for aggravated rape right now.

REBECCA

And that's all we'd get him for.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You don't think we'd find enough evidence in that house to get him for all four murders?

MEL

Maybe if we find the shotgun he used to cover up the rapes. Or we just charge him, make him famous again, and watch the jury ask for his autograph after letting him walk. We've all seen that one. And the five sequels.

WEB

(to Rebecca)

You feel confident about this?

Rebecca looks at Paul, then nods to Web.

REBECCA

She may be an accomplice, but she's an accomplice who wants out. I say we play on that, and play to win.

Web is looking into the interrogation room where Allison has broken down over the photos. He decides.

WEB

Have Danny make the offer.

Mel presses the button that triggers the red light inside the interrogation room...

41 OMITTED

41

A42 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

A42

Down the block from the house. Rebecca, Mel, Paul and Danny inside the surveillance van, side door open. Allison sits inside, wired, ready to go in. Nervous, she steps out with them. Mel helps Allison get her jacket back on --

ALLISON

I don't know if I can do this.

MEL

It's OK to be scared, Allison.

REBECCA

It works with your cover story.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Oh. I guess.

REBECCA

Vickie got away. You're afraid
he'll get caught. That's what you
open with.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

He's smart. He's going to know...

PAUL

We'll be right here. Listening.
Second he acknowledges the murders,
we're on him.

ALLISON

Oh God, this is... I don't know...

DANNY

(cuts her off, firm)

You need to stop thinking and start
walking. We're wasting time.

Allison's fear evaporates. She's been told what to do. She
exits the van. Danny pulls the doors shut again.

Danny turns back with a "that the right idea?" look. Rebecca
nods. Nice work. Paul looks uncomfortable with all this.

42 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - STREET - MORNING

42

Allison walks toward the house. Looks back at the van.
Nothing to reassure her.

43 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

43

The front door swings open and Allison enters. She hears
GRUNTING and so do we... she comes around a corner to see...
Roddy, on the weight bench, doing presses. He hears her,
finishes his rep, sits up. Looks rested and refreshed.

RODDY

Hey, piggie.

ALLISON

Hi. Did... you just wake up?

RODDY

I'm hungry. You get food?

ALLISON

Roddy, we have to talk. Vickie got
away.

44 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MEANWHILE

44

RODDY (V.O.)

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (V.O.)
I'm afraid she'll talk.

Rebecca's cell phone RINGS. All eyes go to her.

RODDY (O.S.)
None of them talk. They serve
their purpose, then return to their
place in the universe. They don't
affect us, baby. They're *for* us.

She fumbles it out, quickly answers it.

REBECCA
Hello.

A45 INT. COREY'S PLACE - DAY A45

Sunny. Relaxed. A weekend morning with little to do. Corey lounges in the kitchen, cup of coffee.

COREY
Special Agent Rebecca.

B45 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY (INTERCUT PHONE CALL) B45

REBECCA
Corey?

Team exchanges glances, continue to monitor surveillance.

COREY
Yeah, look, I hope I'm not
interrupting anything, I was
just thinking about last
night, when you stopped by,
and I just wanted to clarify
something...

ALLISON (O.S.)
Roddy, I'm scared we're gonna
get in trouble...
(beat)
We have to talk about what we
did.

Rebecca glances to the monitor. Does he have new info?

COREY
I don't sleep around a lot.

REBECCA
What?

COREY
I'm not a club hound, alright? I
just work there. Allison Davis was
a special circumstance.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Rebecca.

REBECCA

Can you call back later? Thanks.

She hangs up on him, shoots a glance at Mel who fails to hide her smirk. Paul nods to her.

PAUL

Went quiet. Listen.

She slides her headphones back on.

RODDY (V.O.)

(tenderly)

Are you ready for this, piggie?

ALLISON (V.O.)

Uh-huh.

RODDY (V.O.)

'Cause it's a really, really big deal...

ALLISON (V.O.)

I know. I'm ready.

CLOSE ON REBECCA - as she starts to shake her head --

REBECCA

What the...

RODDY (V.O.)

'Cause you look beautiful.

ALLISON (V.O.)

You look beautiful. You are beautiful.

REBECCA

Go in. Now.

Danny slides the door open, and they all RUSH OUT.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Danny runs in the front door and Paul follows him in, guns drawn. Mel and Rebecca right behind them, also armed.

We can hear Roddy and Allison's VOICES from another room.

(CONTINUED)

RODDY (V.O.)
All right then. Go ahead...

ALLISON (O.S.)
I, Allison Davis, hereby do declare
my physical body and permanent soul-

They follow the VOICES into the living room. VACANT. A DV CAMERA hooked up to the TV, playing a HOME VIDEO. Allison's shirt is on the floor. Her WIRE is taped to the TV speaker. Danny and Mel peel away to search the rest of the house.

ALLISON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
-- are the sole property and -
What's this word?

Rebecca stares at the VIDEO - Allison sits at their dining room table. Different hair style. This is several years old. She reads from a HAND-WRITTEN CONTRACT (by Roddy).

RODDY (ON TV)
Chattel. It means slave. Read.

ALLISON (ON TV)
Property and 'chattel' of Roddy
Anton Davis, to do with whatever he
pleases.

PAUL
She played us.

Danny and Mel re-appear, urgent, Danny on cell phone.

MEL
House is clear. They must've
climbed down the hill, into the
scrub.

DANNY
I'm puttin' out an A.P.B. They
won't get far.

ALLISON (ON TV)
(picking up a steak knife)
And I do hereby bind this contract--

Rebecca approaches the TV, angry, as Allison starts to run the blade along the side of her thumb--

ALLISON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
--with my own blood.

(CONTINUED)

She yanks ALLISON'S WIRE from the TV.

RODDY (ON TV)

Yeah, baby. Bleed for me...

46 INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

46

Allison and Roddy, both adrenalized, bugged-out, on the edge, driving through Griffith Park. Allison blathers nervously --

ALLISON

It's OK, sweetie, it's OK-- the Handelmans are gone, they won't miss their car--

RODDY

OK?! What's OK!? You're telling me that was the FBI? And they know about us?

ALLISON

They caught me.

RODDY

Doing what?!

Allison snuffles, cowed, feeling his eyes hot on her.

ALLISON

Promise you won't get mad...

47 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY

47

A crime scene. FORENSICS GUYS and GALS going through stuff. Mel clicks off her cell phone, moves to Rebecca, Paul, Danny and Web who are all gathered around Carter who is going through videos.

*
*
*

MEL

(as she approaches)

Roddy Davis. Two firearms registered in his name, a .45 and a shotgun -- nothing in the house.

*
*

(she notes the video screen)

Oh, god...

*
*
*
*

ON THE MONITOR WE SEE pieces of an assault. *

DANNY

They filmed the rapes...

PAUL

She must be running the camera.

REBECCA *

That's Jessica Dobrennin. The one who liked it when the guys watched.

WEB

She isn't liking this. Scan forward. See if they gave us the murder.

Carter scans: Roddy passed out on the floor. Jessica curled in a naked ball, whimpering. The camera must be on its tripod, because Allison steps into frame. Covers Jessie with a robe, tries to pull her to her feet. They whisper:

ALLISON (ON TV)

Come on. We can get you out of here.

JESSICA (ON TV)

But you're with him--

ALLISON (ON TV)

We can go, but we have to go now.

Jessica lets herself be pulled to her feet and out of frame. The image flickers and dies as Allison turns the camera off on her way past it.

REBECCA

She thought Allison was rescuing her...

MEL

Just like we thought she was
rescuing Vickie Armstrong.

DANNY

She takes 'em into the hills.
Probably has the shotgun stashed up
there... which is why we didn't
find it on her last night.

PAUL

Roddy didn't kill them.

DANNY

Probably didn't even know about it.

WEB

He does now...

48 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CADILLAC - DAY

48

The CADILLAC SCREECHES to a stop in a secluded hilly area.
Roddy flies out of the driver's seat, paces.

RODDY (O.S.)

Oh God-- Oh my GOD!

Allison emerges from the car, tries to go to him.

ALLISON

(blurts; crying)

I wanted to tell you, so many
times... But after the first few--
I thought maybe you knew-- Maybe
that you liked it--

RODDY

You told me you were dropping them
off!

ALLISON

Well, I was. In a way...

Head down; now Roddy's fear hardens into anger. He's
cooling, detaching:

RODDY

My god. Allison. What did you do?

Allison lets out a LOUD SOB. It's over. He hates her--

(CONTINUED)

RODDY (CONT'D)

You sank our battleship. There
goes the house. Oh God, there goes
my career...

Crying, but Allison balls up her courage. She has to:

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

I didn't start all this. I
didn't... want it. You wanted it.

RODDY

Are you trying to hang your Manson
act on me? Huh? Little Miss
Trailer Park Pap Smear!

ALLISON

Those girls-- I couldn't let
them... be. Not after you touched
them. Not after they had you.

Roddy is maybe listening, but from a remote, dark place --

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I love you. Roddy. I love you so
much sometimes I think I go a
little crazy with it--

(gaining steam)

And it's OK if you need other
women... I want you to be happy.
But I need room to-- to express my
feelings too...

RODDY

(seemingly grim)

My wifey, under the Hollywood sign,
with a shotgun shoved up a whore's--

(EXPLOSIVE CACKLE)

Expressing her feelings!

Roddy rocks with HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER. Crazy, man. Allison
weathers it, a storm of humiliation. Then:

ALLISON

Don't. Please don't laugh at me.
You can do anything you want.
Anything. Just don't laugh.

He finally turns to her, his expression unreadable. He takes
her face in his hands, he kisses her tenderly, whispers:

RODDY

Little pig, little pig, let me
in...

A cloud lifts from her heart, the sun now shines again.

ALLISON

You don't hate me?

(CONTINUED)

More kissing, passionate, Roddy apologizing in-between.

RODDY

I've been mean. I'm sorry, baby.
What you did-- Everything I've
asked of you, I didn't know you
felt that way-- All of it-- It's
just not Zen, you know?

(looks to her)

It started last year. When you
left. When you cheated. You hurt
us, in a karmically profound way.

Allison resumes WEEPING, tears of heartsick remorse.

ALLISON

I'm so sorry...

RODDY

But it led us to the TV show.

(soulful)

I dunno... I guess I wanted to hurt
you back.

She's beside herself. Waterworks. Roddy puts an arm around
her, chummy, inspiring.

RODDY (CONT'D)

But our show... Baby, our TV show
is us. It's more us than we've
ever been. It's important, like I
said.

She really believes him, even if it hurts.

ALLISON

I know.

RODDY

We're just a little out of balance.
That's all...

ALLISON

(teen melodrama)

How are we ever gonna get Zen
again?

Roddy, nodding, determined, rhythmic. Smart as Kato Kaelin
on a good day...

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (4)

48

RODDY

We've got to get new Mantras.
We've got to cleanse. Restore
balance.

ALLISON

How?

He smiles.

49

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY TO NIGHT

49

A transition takes us to sundown and night and WE ARE:

50

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Forensics packing up stuff, carrying it out. Rebecca
watching. Paul approaches her.

PAUL

We've got APBs out citywide. The
airports, bus stations are covered.
This can only end one way.

REBECCA

I don't know. I'm afraid maybe we
lit a fuse.

PAUL

Rebecca, that fuse was lit a long
time ago.

REBECCA

We may have driven them closer
together. Started a spree.

She looks at him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And maybe I should stop trying to
profile relationships, since I
clearly know nothing about them.

Her cell phone RINGS. She grabs it, looks at the display.
Registers recognition. Paul clocks that, knows who it is.

PAUL

You gonna tell him that?

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

Self conscious, she clicks "end", sending the call to voice mail, then moves off. Off Paul --

51

INT. PYRAMID CLUB - NIGHT

51

Corey at a side corner. On a pay phone, free ear plugged. We hear the end of REBECCA'S VOICE MAIL MESSAGE.

COREY

Rebecca... or G-Woman or whatever.
Not calling for a date, I promise.
Even I get the message.
Eventually.

He turns back over his shoulder, looking into the crowd where HE SEES ALLISON and RODDY, dancing together. He turns away again...

COREY (CONT'D)

But you were here last night
looking for Roddy and Allison...
well... they're here. Now.
Thought you might wanna know.
Okay. See ya.

He hangs up. Turns again -- and now Roddy is standing RIGHT IN HIS FACE. A maniacal grin. Corey looks down to see Roddy poking a GUN into his belly.

RODDY

Last call.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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

52

TWO PHOTOS on the board - one is the driver's license of Allison Davis, the other is a HEADSHOT of Roddy Davis.

Rebecca is studying the photos. Danny and Mel are standing in front of a map of L.A. Paul, at his desk, hangs up phone.

PAUL

Just posted two agents outside Vickie Armstrong's room. We might wanna head down there ourselves.

MEL

You think Psycho and Clyde are gonna try for her?

REBECCA

(looks at Allison's photo)
Saving Vickie broke Allison's pattern. We prevented her from expressing her rage at seeing Roddy with another girl.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Can't this fruitcake take out her
anger like a normal wife? Cut off
her husband's wrinklebeast and
chuck it in a field...

(off their looks)

Or... sleep with another guy?

Rebecca reacts to that. Gets an uncomfortable thought.

MEL

The revenge screw. Always
dependable.

DANNY

Yep. Been on the right side of a
coupla those.

MEL

Ew.

Rebecca flips out her cell phone, brings up the last incoming
call. Corey. She hits the voicemail button...

DANNY (O.C.)

Just doin' my part to keep our city
rage-free.

MEL (O.C.)

Okay, but... wrinklebeast?

As Rebecca brings the phone to her ear...

LADY OF THE PHONE (V.O.)

You have one new voicemail...

COREY (V.O.)

Rebecca... or G-Woman or whatever.
Not calling for a date, I
promise...

SMASH CUT TO:

54 INT. COREY'S PLACE - NIGHT

54

Corey is bound to a kitchen chair with excessive amounts of duct tape. There is also duct tape over his mouth. His eyes dart around the room, panicked. Then shut tight as WHISKEY is poured in his face.

Roddy stands over him with a fifth of Jack (Corey's).

RODDY

There you go, man.

(pours some more)

Can I get you anything else? No?

Sure you don't want a double shot?

He pours some more. Corey twists his head, snorts to breathe. Roddy laughs.

RODDY (CONT'D)

This is awesome. I wish we coulda brought the camera.

(CONTINUED)

Allison is watching from a few feet away, holding the .45 they took from the house on their way out.

ALLISON

Maybe he has one.

RODDY

Got a video camera, bartender boy?

Corey shakes his head.

RODDY (CONT'D)

Too bad.

(turns to Allison)

We'll just have to remember it.

ALLISON

Are you sure this is what you want?

He crosses to her, touches her arms, tender.

RODDY

Of course I'm sure. Baby, I told you, I'd been selfish for too long. I wanna do this for you. For us.

ALLISON

For us?

RODDY

For us.

They make out. Corey is bleary eyed. Allison is thrilled.

ALLISON

Let's do it in front of him.

(better)

Let's kill him and do it on him.

He cups her face.

RODDY

First, I wanna watch you have fun, like you watched me.

His thumb now in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

You want to watch me?

RODDY

I want to watch you.

Some kind of repeat-y mantra, I guess. We hate 'em both now.

ALLISON

Then we kill him?

RODDY

Together. Like we should do everything.

ALLISON

(hallmark tears)

I love you.

RODDY

I love you, too. Now go have fun.

Allison crosses to Corey. Terror in his eyes. She straddles him, begins to undo his belt. Roddy sits on the couch.

ALLISON

What's wrong, Corey? You remember this, don't you? When you tried to take me away from Roddy? We did it right over there.

She nods to the couch. Roddy looks down at it with disdain. Allison pulls off Corey's belt.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You were such a "nice guy," weren't you? Such a nice, nice guy.

She WHIPS him across the face with the belt, whiskey sprays like sweat from a "Rocky" punch. Roddy cackles.

RODDY

Yes.

ALLISON

But you made a mistake. I'm Roddy's girl. We're *soul mates*.

She RIPS Corey's shirt off, buttons fly.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And we're not nice.

She licks the whiskey off his cheek, kisses her way down his neck. Roddy watches, his grin twisting to a frown. Doesn't like seeing her kissing another man. Can dish it out, but can't take it. He jumps off, KNOCKS her off of Corey.

RODDY

Alright, enough fun. My turn.

He points the gun at Corey.

ALLISON

Roddy...

RODDY

Shut up.

ALLISON

Roddy!

RODDY

What?

He looks to her, she's looking out the window - where we can see TWO BU-CARS pulling up near their stolen car.

ALLISON

(panicked)

That's them. The FBI...

Rebecca and Paul get out of their car, Mel and Danny out of theirs as Web's car pulls up from the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

Mel and Danny take either side of the Cadillac, guns aimed, making sure no one's inside.

MEL

Clear.

WEB

They're inside.

BOOM. BOOM. They all duck as gunshots speak from inside the house. Take cover behind cars.

The door swings open a bit. Roddy's voice, bellowing...

RODDY (O.S.)

We have a hostage! Come any closer
and we kill!

DANNY

We need to get around their backs.

WEB

Do it. But hold for my signal.

Danny and Mel sneak out to head around the house. Rebecca takes out her cell, dials Corey's house.

Roddy pacing. Allison and Corey watching.

RODDY

Okay. Okay. Think. I have the
power. I am the power.

ALLISON

You are.

RODDY

Shut up.

PHONE RINGS. Roddy and Allison lock eyes. He gestures for her to pick it up. She does.

ALLISON

Hello?

REBECCA

Allison, this is Special Agent Locke, from the FBI. I'm calling from right outside the house.

ALLISON

Get out of here or we'll kill Corey.

REBECCA

Okay, Allison, but how do we know you haven't already? We heard shots...

ALLISON

(cups receiver, to Roddy)
They think we shot him.

Roddy rips the tape off Corey's mouth. He YELLS. Allison holds the phone up so they can hear. Rebecca tenses as she hears his voice. Roddy snatches the phone, barks into it.

RODDY

The next time you doubt my word, someone will die. We are heavily armed, and we will take this fight to you. I am in charge here. Do you understand?

REBECCA

Yes.

RODDY

Say it!

REBECCA

I understand.

RODDY

Good. Now, I have a list of basic truths. They are not demands. Demands are negotiable. These truths simply are.

REBECCA

(cups receiver)
He's terrified. At the edge.

PAUL

This is gonna end bad.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I have an idea. Hostage trade. Me
for Corey.

PAUL

No way.

WEB

No way.

They both look at each other.

WEB

Give me the phone.

She does. Roddy is still spouting off from within.

RODDY (V.O.)

...fully fueled, with ten million
dollars in unmarked, non-sequential
bills in a silver attache case...

WEB

We'll agree to all your demands, if
you accept just one of ours.

RODDY

They're not demands... what?

CUT TO:

The door opens. Web standing there, hands in the air. Alli
holding the door, out of the way. Roddy behind cover.

RODDY

Step in, keep your hands up.

Web does. Allison kicks the door closed behind him. Roddy
approaches to frisk him, stops, intimidated by his Zen calm.

RODDY (CONT'D)

Here. If he moves, shoot him.

Hands the gun to Allison. She covers him while Roddy frisks,
first time, trying to keep him at arms length. Roddy grins.

RODDY (CONT'D)

You're really stupid, you know
that? Now we have two hostages.

WEB

No. Now it's over.

(CONTINUED)

RODDY

What?

WEB

Ever read the Dr. Seuss book, "Oh the Places You'll Go?"

Roddy and Alli exchange worried looks, a little freaked.

WEB (CONT'D)

Because here are the places you'll go. Pelican Bay, and Valley State. Kidnapping Corey will earn you ten years each. If you kill him now, it will be 1st degree murder for the shooter, 2nd for the other. 25 to life. And another hundred or so for the four rapes.

RODDY

What do I get if I kill you?

WEB

If you kill me, you die tonight. A man outside will see to it. But no one needs to die. Not you, your wife, Corey, or myself. We can all walk home.

ALLISON

No...

WEB

If you release Corey to my custody, it will show the court you are capable of mercy, and it will go a long way toward softening the sentence you'll receive for the four other murders. You'll spend the rest of your lives in one place, but you'll be able to write each other...

ALLISON

No. Roddy, we'll never see each other...

RODDY

(quietly)

I didn't kill those girls...

Allison looks at him, confused. Web goes for it.

(CONTINUED)

WEB

Come on, Roddy. We know you did. We found your shotgun, Ithaca 37, stashed near the kill site, in a plastic bag.

RODDY

Because she took it. Allison took it, she did the killings.

ALLISON

Roddy?

RODDY

Did you check the fingerprints?
(off Web's dubious look)
Listen, man, I didn't kill anyone. I didn't even know she did it!

ALLISON

Roddy?

RODDY

Shut up, Allison. I'm done being controlled by you. He's right. It's over.

She is stunned. So are we. He's a really bad actor.

RODDY (CONT'D)

It was her, I swear. I just had sex with them, I thought she was dropping them back home.

Allison, shaking, chokes out a sob.

RODDY (CONT'D)

She's obsessed with me. And I can't... when she moved out here, I felt bad for her. I cared for her, but I only married her because she threatened to *kill* herself!

ALLISON

(crying)
Not... true...

RODDY

(fake crying)
It was abuse, can't you see? Emotional abuse. I was scared...

(CONTINUED)

WEB

It's gonna be okay.

He nods, sniffs. Allison in real pain. Can't speak.

RODDY

She just needs help. It's a sickness. I won't judge it.

ALLISON

I love you...

RODDY

I'll testify.

BLAM! BLAM! Roddy is blown out of frame.

ALLISON, gun smoking, shaking. Staring at her dead everything. She turns the gun on herself...

And Web's hand clamps down on it. Stops her.

WEB

You finally shot the right person.
Let's stop there.

She stands, numb, looking at him. He takes the gun away.

Door BURSTS OPEN. Team flies in from both sides. Freeze, surprised at the scene. Dead Roddy crumpled in front of TV.

MEL

What happened?

WEB

Mrs. Davis shot her husband, then
surrendered to me.

He hands the gun to Danny, walks out.

PAUL

What did you say to them?

WEB

He did most of the talking.

Web exits. Done here.

Rebecca watches as Mel and Danny take away a cuffed Allison and hand her off to LAPD officers.

(CONTINUED)

She looks to Corey's stoop, where he sits, covered by a blanket. Paul sits next to him, more calming him down than getting his statement. She approaches.

REBECCA
Everything okay?

COREY
No.

Paul nods.

REBECCA
Paul, could you...

He realizes she wants to talk to Corey alone. Approves.

PAUL
Sure.

He leaves them. Rebecca sits down next to Corey.

REBECCA
You were very brave.

COREY
How's that?

REBECCA
You stayed alive. And you kept it together. Not all kidnap victims are smart about it. They panic, cause their abductors to do the same.

Corey looks at her, she smiles at him. Not just warm, *into him now*. Attracted. She sees he's disturbed, doesn't get that she is now the one disturbing him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
We don't have to talk about this here. Maybe sometime later, over a drink or something. Or coffee.
(beat)
I'm... free this weekend.

COREY

Um, Agent Locke...

REBECCA

Rebecca. It's legal to call me that, now.

COREY

Rebecca... think I'd like to be alone.

She nods. Sympathetic. She's been where he is now, only a million times worse.

REBECCA

You may think that but, trust me, if you don't move past it soon, you'll start to live it. There's no shame in-

COREY

(cutting her off)

Remember when you said I wouldn't want to know your world?

(beat)

You were right.

Rebecca feels it. She's just been rejected.

COREY (CONT'D)

Please.

She nods, tries to resume a professional tone.

REBECCA

Of course.

He turns away from her. She gets up and begins to walk down the stairs, hurt, Corey behind her. She looks up to see...

REBECCA'S POV - ALLISON

In the back of an LAPD cruiser. She looks bereft, bewildered. Makes eye contact with Rebecca, who sees her own hurt in Allison's eyes, only a million times worse. The car drives off. Rebecca continues down the steps, back toward her world... FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE