

FADE IN:

EXT. OF A SMALL TOWN COURTHOUSE - DAY

FOUR MEN, in their twenties, idle about on the stairs.

FREDERICK WEBER, tugs angrily at a large gauze bandage that covers the left side of his cheek and mouth.

A Sheriff's car rolls up to the curb. SHERIFF ANTHONY COLE rolls down the passenger window and gestures to the courthouse. Weber saunters down the steps.

WEBER

The sluts are still inside, Cole.

COLE

Wait for them. I'll be at the station flipping burgers for the good little girls and boys.

The driver, MELVIN BRACE, physically 19 mentally 8 leans across the seat to Weber, lays his hands on the back of his head and wiggles his fingers like extra ears.

MELVIN

But dem rabbits are out of our hairs.  
 (slaps his thighs)  
 Get it Weber?  
 (to Cole)  
 Get it Sheriff? The rabbits. Hares are rabbits and --

Cole WHACKS Melvin's cheek.

MELVIN

Didn't hafta do that. Didn't hafta.

Cole turns to Weber and points to the

COURTHOUSE STEPS

BENJAMIN 'Skinner' RITTER and DENNIS MORAN lean against a poor imitation of a doric column.

COLE

Skinner and Dennis are in the fold.

He nods to ROBERT ANDERS, impeccably dressed, who paces anxiously apart from the others.

COLE

Robert makes me nervous. Watch him, bro.  
 (motions to Melvin to drive off)  
 Give my regards to our little sweeties.

## INT. COURTHOUSE

In front of an empty jury box sit LYDIA AND LINDSEY FOREST, nine year old identical twins. Lindsey sobs openly. Lydia pats her sisters hand for comfort. They are dressed alike in long sleeved, ankle length dresses. Two small gold, heart shaped lockets dangle from their necks.

TWO COUPLES stand in front of the Judge's bench. The Judge shuffles through some papers, then addresses the adults quietly.

## JUDGE

In most instances, this court does not approve of separating siblings. But the bizarre circumstances of this case warrants a unique solution.

Therefore,

(to one couple)

Mr. and Mrs. Halverson I am granting you custody of Ms. Lydia Forest.

(to the other couple)

And Mr. and Mrs. Resser I am granting you the physical custody of Ms. Lindsey Forest.

## EXT. COURTHOUSE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The Couples exit with Lindsey clinging to Lydia. Lydia spies Robert Anders and spits at him.

## LYDIA

Cruel man, rich man, fool,  
Wait 'til I get my hands on you.

Robert hides his face and darts down the steps to a waiting limousine.

Weber, Skinner and Moran purposely plant themselves in the path of nine year olds. Lindsey screams. Lydia glares.

The Couples break through the human barrier and hurry the children down the steps to waiting cars. Lindsey grabs for her sister's hand.

## LINDSEY

Lydia, please don't leave me.

Lydia makes a futile attempt to escape, but is ushered into a sedan. Lindsey into a station wagon. They drive away in opposite directions.

On the curb, Weber palms a silver dollar. It appears, then disappears as he waves to Lydia.

WEBER

Bye, bye, sweetheart.  
(pats the bandage)  
Thanks for the kiss.

EXT. POLICE STATION

A banner read: BURGERS AND DOGS - Sheriff Cole and Your Police Force Relish BETTER SCHOOLS.

A mixed group of adults and children stand on the lawn before a huge, smoking bar-b-que.

Sheriff Cole and Deputy Melvin Brace, in aprons, flip burgers at a grill near the street.

EXT. LYDIA'S SEDAN

It stops at a traffic light in front of the Police Station. In the rear seat, Lydia spots Cole and Melvin. She beats her fists against the glass then goes for the handle.

LYDIA

Asshole Cole is a murdering sheriff.

In the front of the sedan the Halverson's go into shock.

LYDIA

You and the rest will pay my tariff.

On the lawn, Cole and Brace turn to the voice.

The light turns green. The sedan pulls away. In the rear window, Lydia gives both men the finger.

Cole cups his hand and flips the bird right back.

COLE

That, Melvin is a Feisty little bitch.

MELVIN

(waves a spatula and grins)  
Your bro Weber like her. Gave her  
a kiss. She took a bite.

Melvin starts to slap his thighs, sees Cole's glare and freezes.

COLE

What's the best part of this job?

MELVIN

You get to drive fast as you want.  
Break all the rules.

COLE

Close enough... Go find Robert. Tell him  
his rent is due.

INT. LYDIA'S SEDAN

Lydia glares out the window as the car speeds past the town  
sign. NEMESIS - pop. 7,106

She wipes the hair from her face with her right hand, touches  
her heart shaped locket and leans toward the couple in front.

LYDIA

Mr. and Mrs. Halverson, when will  
Lindsey and I be free?

The Halverson's exchange a grave look of concern.

INT. CHAMBER OF A CAVE

Dark except for one wall which glows eerily from fluorescent  
lichen. Stalactites hang from the ceiling. Stalagmites pierce  
the floor. A GROAN.

Amid the rocks lies Robert Anders, (the man on the courthouse  
steps) twelve years older, but still dressed impeccably. He  
is NOT dressed for spelunking.

From a corner of the cavern a soft, metallic female voice taunts.

METALLIC FEMALE VOICE

Robert Anders? Time to get up.

Robert stirs. From another direction comes a second tape  
recorded message.

SECOND M. F. V.

Claustrophobia must be awful.

Robert pushes the walls away with his eyes. From behind him,  
a third metallic voice.

THIRD M. F. V.

We left you a light.

He rises. Staggered. His foot strikes something metal.

FIRST M. F. V.

This must be horrible for you.  
It was horrible for us, Robert.

He picks up a miner's cap, CLICKS on the light and shines it  
around the cave.

THIRD M. F. V.

Such a tiny. Cramped. Space.

Much like a prison cell.

ROBERT

Prison? I've never been in prison.

Another voice, from an another direction, but this one is real.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE

But certainly you would agree that  
murders should be jail.

Robert whips the beam of light to a dark open jaw of stalactites  
and stalagmites.

ROBERT

Listen to me, Bitch. I don't---

From a narrow cleft in the rock behind him, another voice, also  
real, also female. Similar to the first, but wrathful.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

Bitch, bitch please don't twitch.  
Can Robert the murderer get out  
of this?

ROBERT'S POV

The walls appear to close in.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE

You gave us a choice, Robert.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

Jump off the cliff, or jump  
in hole.  
That's what you said, and so  
did Sheriff Cole.

ROBERT

How do you know Anthony Cole?

FIRST FEMALE VOICE

We know all your little playmates.  
Don't we, Lydia?

LYDIA

There's Frederick Weber, the child  
molester.  
Melvin Brace, who dumps your toxic  
waste.  
And Dennis Moran, the pornography  
man.

Robert whirls the light trying to locate the voice, but from  
behind him.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE  
Sis. You've forgotten two.

LYDIA  
Lindsey, a poet always saves the  
worst for last.

From the jaw of rock comes a HISS. Robert spins again.

LYDIA  
There's Benjamin Ritter, better  
known as the Skinner, because he  
loves using his knife.  
And Anthony Cole, the murdering  
soul,  
    (a beat)  
but you're the first who may lose  
his life.

ROBERT  
Who are you? Mother Fucking Goose?

SILENCE

ROBERT  
Okay. Okay. What do you want?

LINDSEY  
Justice. Simple, justice.

LYDIA  
No, damn it! Revenge. At least an  
eye for my thigh. And the rest for  
my breast.

LINDSEY  
Lydia, we agreed. This is not a vendeatta.  
Robert gets an opportunity to confess.

ROBERT  
Confess to what?

LYDIA  
He flunked the test.  
He's not going to confess.

LINDSEY  
He's going to get the chance.

Robert curses unintelligibly and moves toward the voice.

M. F. V.  
You don't have much time.

He peeks into the cleft. The light dims. He recoils.

LINDSEY

The batteries in the helmet are old.  
Make a choice. Choose justice and I  
will lead you back to the surface.

Robert stares at the cleft, when from another direction

M. F. V.

Are the walls getting closer?

ROBERT'S POV

The wall appear to close. He gasps for air.

ROBERT

I give. What's going on?

LYDIA

Did you enjoy our drink last night?

Robert's eyes close. He tries to remember.

ROBERT'S FLASHBACK

INT. A POSH POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Robert sits on a stool, back to the bar, watching a pool game  
between:

Anthony Cole, the sheriff in the patrol car, and Benjamin Ritter,  
the 'Skinner,' one of the men on the courthouse steps. Both  
men are twelve years older.

Skinner re-racks the balls. Cole chalks the end of a cue stick.

SKINNER

You owe me five hundred, Cole.

Cole sneers and slashes the cue toward Skinner's skull.  
Skinner's played this game before. He waits until the last  
instant to duck. The stick whooshes past.

COLE

One no brainer, Skinner? Double  
or nothing.

Skinner rolls the cue ball to Cole, moves the rack of balls  
and lays his head, face down on the felt, in their place.

SKINNER

Knock me out and we're even.  
Don't, and you owe me a grand.

Cole takes aim and lets fly.

A THUNK, as the cue ball smacks Skinner on the head. He doesn't

move for a beat, then turns his head, grins, and holds up one finger.

THE BAR

Robert laughs. A woman approaches.

WOMAN

Hello, Mr. Anders.

Puzzled, Robert gives her a long lecherous look, then pulls out a wad of bills and fondles the money.

ROBERT

What's your pleasure?

INT. CAVE

Robert rubs his temple trying to recall more.

LINDSEY

Remember the rabbits, Robert?

Robert's eyes go wide. He takes a step backward.

LINDSEY

See Lydia, it's all coming back.  
He's rich and important. He'll do  
what's right.

ROBERT

Lydia, Lindsey Forest? The Rabbits.

LYDIA

You killed the white-tailed deer,  
and let out a cheer, then chased  
us down the hole.  
You thought we were dead, but it  
was all in your head, and now it's  
your turn to play mole.

He bobbles the miner's cap.

ROBERT

That was twelve years ago.

LINDSEY

Eleven years, eight months and  
three days.

A THUNK, as something lands on the ground beside his foot. He turns the light on a clipboard with paper and a pen.

LINDSEY

Confess, Robert. Write the truth.  
Please end it. Here. Now.

Robert punts the clipboard across the cave.

ROBERT

Cole and Skinner would cut off my balls --  
I've got money. A hundred grand each for  
leading me out of here...And a hundred  
grand each for the rest of your lives.  
Exactly what the rest are getting. Deal?

SILENCE

M. F. V.

Not much time.

He points the beam of light toward a small passage.

M. F. V.

Make a choice.

He drops to his knees and creeps toward the opening.

LYDIA

That's it Robert, crawl like a rat.  
But don't look up and disturb the bats.

He turns the miner's cap upward.

In the beam of light, thousands of bats cling to the ceiling.  
Their eyes open.

He winces. The beam of light dims.

LINDSEY

The truth.

Robert forces himself into the crack in the rock, gropes in  
the darkness and pulls out a small tape recorder.

M. F. V.

(from the tape recorder)

Make a choice---

Robert spins and throws the machine against the far wall. It  
CLANKS against the rock.

ROBERT

You had your day in court. You lost.

SILENCE

Then a WHIRLING SOUND as TINNY, metallic voices fill the cavern.  
From everywhere come tape recorded messages, interspersed with

real voices, but the messages are out of sync.

Robert shields his ears from a bombardment of voices.

Robert, it's time to get up.

Is the air getting bad?

Claustrophobia must be awful.

Don't look up and disturb the bats.

This must be horrible for you.

Robert flashes the miner's cap to the roof of the cave.

In the huddled masses of bats, one, ten, a hundred eyes blink, then open.

It was horrible for us, Robert.

LYDIA

Robert Anders the cowardly knave.  
All bottled up in the rabbits cave.

LINDSEY

End it, please.

ROBERT

Fuck both of you.

He grabs a handful of rocks and heaves them into the group of mammals.

M. F. V.

You killed the white tailed deer,  
and then you came after the rabbits.

A single bat drops from its roost. Followed by another then a hundred. Robert heaves more rocks. The cave comes alive with SQUEALING, kiting bats. Robert dives.

LYDIA

Robert, Robert what will you do,  
now the rabbits are hunting you?

Robert's light follows the last of the bats through a narrow seam in the rock.

M. F. V.

Claustrophobia must be awful.

Robert stares at the seam in the stone for a beat.

LINDSEY

Damn you. Let justice be served.

Robert gives the chamber the finger, then sets the miner's cap on his head, squirms between the rocks and disappears.

The metallic voices fade, as he continues through the labyrinth. The light on the miner's cap dims.

INT. OF A HIGH CAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

He crawls out of a cleft in the rock, starts to stand, and pulls loose a chunk of rock. It hits the ground and rolls over the edge of a cliff.

Robert waits for the sound of impact. It never comes.

He recoils and clings to the wall. The light on the helmet flickers and dies.

But rather than utter darkness a beam of sunlight shines on the wall across the abyss. Robert leans out.

Forty feet above daylight pours through a two foot crack.

He peers down at the abyss, then up to the hole and freedom.

Robert grabs a handhold and climbs for the opening. The rocks crumble and fall into nothing.

He tries again; the results are the same. Longingly, he looks up at the hole, then back to the entry passage. Deciding, he crawls headfirst back the way he came.

From inside the passage a muffled RUMBLE, then a cloud of dust spurts out of his exit.

LYDIA

You made your choice, you piece  
of shit.  
Now we'll see if you can live  
with it.

Robert back peddles almost slipping into the chasm.

ROBERT

Should have killed you right away.

He climbs. Bits of stone break off and drop into the void.

ROBERT

I told Skinner and Cole. Get  
rid of them I ---

Robert slips, jams his shoe into a seam in the cliff and ascends toward the sunlight.

ROBERT

You aren't getting them this time.  
You two had your chance.

ROBERT'S POV - SUNLIT HOLE - CLOSER

ROBERT

When I get out of here I'm going  
to have rabbit stew.

(a beat)

You hear me, bitches? I'm gon---

The seam of rock crumbles. Robert presses his face to the wall  
of the cliff.

ROBERT

Have rabbit stew.

He stretches out his fingers, grabs a knob of stone and slowly  
lifts himself upward. He grins and draws his tongue across his  
lips.

ROBERT

Rabbit stew.

KNOB OF STONE

A small crack appears. It widens. Shatters.

Robert tries to find something to grasp. He can't. He starts  
to slip, inch by inch, down the face of the cliff.

DARKNESS

INT. ORIGINAL CAVERN

A wobbling beam of light comes through a crack in the wall.  
A FEMALE figure slips easily through the crevice into the  
chamber.

LYDIA

Lindsey?

A beam of light from another part of the cave catches Lydia's  
face. She is twenty now and gorgeous. Around her neck dangles  
a gold, heart shaped locket.

LINDSEY (OS)

Did he get out?

As Lydia shrugs, there is distant, SHRILL SCREAM. The light  
from the miner's caps shine on each face.

LINDSEY

Why didn't he confess?

Lydia shrugs and brushes the hair from her eyes with her right hand.

LYDIA  
He made his choice.

Lydia bends and disappears through a crevice. Lindsey, a bit shaken touches her gold, heart shaped locket and follows her twin into the crevice.

EXT. TWENTY FOUR HOUR BOWLING ALLEY - 5:00 AM

The lot is half full. Most of the vehicles are Black and White Police Cars.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

The majority of blowers are police officers in uniform.

Projected on the ceiling are the various team names: Porkers, Blue Steel, Piglettes, an all female team.

ON ONE MATCH - EIGHT MEN

Four men wear bowling shirts with "Make my day" on the back. The second teams shirts simply say "Homicide."

At the line for the Homicide team stands LIEUTENANT PHILIP GRITTS, thirties, a beef jerky freak and a sharp dresser despite the fact that he always wears bowling shoes. He throws the ball.

A CRACK as it hits the pins, leaving Gritts with a seven-ten split. No one on his team bats an eye.

An OBNOXIOUS DRUNK COP staggers over from the opposing team, offers Gritts a beer and slurs.

DRUNK COP  
Tough break, Gritts. This will  
steady your nerves.

Gritts gives him a look. The ball rolls down the return lane. DOUGLAS MOODY, twenties, Afro-American, moves Drunk Cop aside.

MOODY  
(to Gritts)  
Stick it, partner and we're going  
to the quarter finals.

Drunk Cop downs the beer and slaps one of his teammates.

DRUNK COP  
Damn straight you're going.

Drunk Cop points to the empty lane on his right and then to Gritts.

DRUNK COP

Lew - ten - ant Gritts keeps arresting  
all the competition.

Gritts leaves his mark, turns and jerks Drunk Cop off the ground.

GRITTS

You're the consummate dip-shit.

Gritts lifts an elbow toward the empty lane.

GRITTS

Stevens and Broderick were my friends,  
asshole. Good friends. Men I respected.  
We bowled on the same team for five and  
a half years. They were good. Damn good.  
But they were cops. They broke the law.  
I put 'em away. Give me a reason and I'd  
enjoy doing the same to you.

Gritts returns to his mark. Behind his back, Drunk Cop makes a 'the-man-is-crazy' sign to his teammates. Gritts catches it. Ignores the gesture and points down the alley.

GRITTS

Each game has rules. We're the referees.  
The umps. If cops ignore the rules,  
there is no game. Only anarchy.

Gritts bowls. A CRACK.

Gritts' ball hits the ten pin and makes the split. Moody and the other two men give Gritts a high-five.

A FISHING PIER - HUNTINGTON BEACH - DAY

Morning strollers and fishermen dot the pier.

ONE FISHERMAN - AGAINST A PILING

A fishing rod lies across his lap and a broad brimmed hat covers his eyes. He appears to be sound asleep.

THE PIER

Melvin Brace, (the deputy sheriff first scene) runs up the pier to the fisherman, then comes to an abrupt stop. He tip-toes around and tries to peek under the brim of the hat.

OS a SNAP. Without moving a twenty dollar bill dangles from the fisherman's fingers. Melvin laughs and slaps his thighs.

MELVIN

You somethin' Weber. Magic.  
Man, you got the magic.

He reaches for the money. A SNAP. The bill disappears.

WEBER

How are you going to pay me back?

MELVIN

(insulted)  
I've got learnin'. I got skills.  
I got things I can do.

WEBER

Yeah, like dumping toxic waste into  
the forest.

Melvin slaps his thighs in agreement.

MELVIN

Uh huh. Uh huh, but that's just one of 'em.

Frederick Weber, (from the court house scene) flips back the brim of his hat. Twelve years older and the left side of his cheek and mouth are still disfigured. Weber points to the ocean and feigns anger.

WEBER

Melvin, you haven't been dumping any of  
that shit around here, have you?

Scared, Melvin backs away and shakes his head no. Weber rises and begins to reel in the line.

WEBER

I haven't had a fucking bite all morning.  
Melvin holds up his hands in Scouts Honor. Weber snaps him the twenty. It takes Melvin a moment to get the jibe, but when he does he slaps his thigh.

MELVIN

That's a good one. A real good  
one all right.

Melvin fondles the bill and starts back down the pier. As an after thought he turns back to Weber.

MELVIN

Your brother and Skinner want to  
talk to you.

WEBER

Tell them to go fuck themselves.

Melvin nods, but when he turns away, his lips quiver in terror.

He mutters as he walks down the pier.

MELVIN

That wouldn't be no good. Cole  
and the Skinner wouldn't like  
that. Nope, wouldn't like that  
at all.

Weber reels in his line.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN and TWO VERY YOUNG GIRLS walk by.

Weber ignores the woman and stares at the young girls. One of them catches his eye.

Weber shows the girl his empty hands, rubs them together and three balls appear. He rubs his hands again and they disappear.

The young girl steps closer for a better view, but when she makes eye contact with Weber, she shivers noticeably and hurries back to her mother.

INT. OF A LARGE AUDITORIUM - NOON

A CREW OF PEOPLE set up for a circus. Erecting high wire towers and fastening trapeze bars to the ceiling mounts. OS a lion ROARS.

CENTER RING

Three men pass around a smoke. A CLOWN with a stove pipe hat and a bulbous nose; a LION TAMER, holding a short whip; and a TATTOOED MAN covered from head to toe, wearing nothing but sequined briefs.

GUS, forties, obviously in charge yells to the three men.

GUS

Vinny, Tony, Lew get off your butts  
and give a hand with the safety net.

Begrudgingly, they grumble across the floor to a roll of netting and put their shoulders to the rope. The Lion Tamer looks up into the stadium and nudges the Tattooed Man.

AN AISLE IN THE DARKENED STANDS

Lydia and Lindsey watch the tightrope wire being strung between two towers.

LINDSEY

Dennis Moran is a good acrobat.  
All we're going to do is scare  
him. I want a written confession.

Lydia shrugs. Behind them a whip CRACKS the air.

LION TAMER

Have to have tickets, ladies.  
No free peeks.

The Tattooed man pulls the waist band of his sequined briefs away from his stomach and points to his genitalia.

TATTOOED MAN

Unless you wantta see some art work.

All three men break into fits of laughter.

Lindsey looks at her sister and extends an arm like an usher seating patrons at the opera.

LINDSEY

You're the oldest.

Lydia steps toward the three men, then in a blur she leaps into the air and lands two perfect Karate kicks. One crumbles the Clown's stove-pipe hat and the second takes off his bulbous nose. Stunned, the Clown grabs his real nose.

LYDIA

(to Lindsey)

Next!

Lindsey leaps and kicks the whip from the Lion Tamers hand. It flies into the air. Lindsey catches it and gives it a CRACK.

The Lion Tamer bolts over the seats and across the rail to the safety of the arena. The clown follows suit. The Tattooed Man stands transfixed.

LYDIA

Sis, we need some sandpaper and soap for this painted dope.

Lindsey CRACKS the whip.

LINDSEY

Mistress Fifi will train you and make you a good little boy.

The Tattooed Man takes off down the aisle, jumps over the rail and keeps running across the center ring. Lydia roars with laughter and turns to her sister.

LYDIA

You're kinky.

Lindsey gives her sister a shy look.

LYDIA

What's the matter?

LINDSEY

When you and I were separated...  
In the foster homes...did you?  
Have you...?

Lydia laughs loudly.

LYDIA

No sis, I've never been with a  
man. Hell, who would want me?

Lydia laughs again. Lindsey turns away. Her eyes glaze over.  
Lydia turns her around. And with a tissue already poised, she  
wipes away her sister's tear.

LYDIA

How about you? And I want every  
sordid detail.

EXT. MOUTH OF A CAVE - DAY

Above a rustic ticket booth a sign reads: WHISTLING CAVERNS

A group of tourist listen to a FEMALE GUIDE expound on the  
mysteries of the Whistling Caverns. Parked in the background  
is an ambulance and a black and white police car.

FEMALE GUIDE

Whistling Caverns was discovered in  
the winter of 1836 by a starving  
Jesuit Priest....

EXT. TICKET BOOTH - WHISTLING CAVERNS

Lt. Gritts gnaws on a strip of jerky as an ELDERLY MAN reaches  
through the window of the booth and takes out an, oval, brass  
plate and hands it to Gritts.

ELDERLY MAN

Tunnel brass, Lieutenant. Goin' in each  
person gets one. That's how we keep  
track of the people inside.

(points to the cave  
entrance)

There are at least twenty miles  
of passages in that hill.

Gritts inspects the tunnel brass and returns it.

ELDERLY MAN

I don't know how he got down there,  
Lieutenant. But I know he wasn't on  
one of our tours.

Gritts nods. OS several tourist cry out.

MOUTH OF THE CAVE

Two paramedics and Douglas Moody (from the bowling scene) carry a body wrapped in a plastic bag. They pass the group of tourists and head for the ambulance.

LITTLE KID

Did he faint?

An older, wiser kid pulls him aside.

WISER KID

Yeah, like forever.

The ambulance pulls out of the lot without flashing lights and a silent siren. Moody joins Gritts and the Elderly Man.

MOODY

No I.D., Lieutenant. But he has expensive taste in clothes.

He looks down at Gritts' bowling shoes.

MOODY

Shoes alone, five bills.

Gritts nods and turns to the Elderly man.

GRITTS

Who found the body?

ELDERLY MAN

Couldn't miss him.  
(grabs his nose)  
Smell was somethin' awful.

GRITTS

(to Moody)

Call Karen Bridges in forensics. Ask her to take a look at our Cave Man.

INT. CIRCUS ARENA - EMPTY - NIGHT

A CLEANING CREW sweeps up the debris from the night's show. A garbage truck chugs around the arena. The crew tosses plastic bags into the back.

VOICE (OS)

Steve?

STEVE

Yoo.

VOICE (OS)  
Everything secured?

STEVE  
Yoo, buddy. We're out of here.  
Hit the breakers.

CLICKS as the lights blink out until only three remain: two wash over the three rings of the circus. The third lights the main exit. The garbage truck rumbles up the ramp and disappears.

INT. LIEUTENANT GRITTS OFFICE - NIGHT

Bowling trophies litter every nook and cranny. Gritts fingers through a pile of papers on his desk. A soft RAP and the door opens. Gritts smiles a warm welcome.

KAREN BRIDGES, late twenties, horn rimmed glasses, dressed in a white doctors smock. She returns the smile, then gets serious.

KAREN  
Professionally, speaking I think your Cave Man was a suicide. There were no signs of foul play. Though he'd recently ingested a good amount of alcohol and sodium secobarbital.

GRITTS  
Anything else?

KAREN  
Yep. He liked cats and he had a blond girl friend.

She walks toward his desk.

KAREN  
And speaking of girl friends, Lieutenant.

INT. CIRCUS ARENA - NIGHT

Under the center ring light an empty wheelbarrow rests near the lowered safety net.

THE TIGHTROPE TOWER

Lindsey sits on the edge of the platform holding a clipboard. She looks out over the tightrope.

DENNIS MORAN ( a man on the courthouse steps first scene) lies spread eagled over the rope, twenty feet from the platform.

LINDSEY  
Dennis, time to get up.

Groggy, he stretches his hands and touches nothing, then looks down to the

middle of the arena floor.

DENNIS

Shit!

LINDSEY

Cut it, Dennis. You could have gone to the Olympics if you hadn't started hanging around Cole and Skinner.

Dennis lifts his chin and see who's talking. OS Lydia hums the opening bars of the BLUE DANUBE WALTZ. Dennis looks to his right.

Lydia swings back and forth on a trapeze bar with a dark object in her hand.

LYDIA

Dennis Moran the Macho man,  
has the mind of a garbage can.

Lydia hums the Blue Danube Waltz. Dennis tries to follow her momentum. He can't.

LINDSEY

You killed the white tailed deer  
and then you chased the rabbits  
and shoved us down the hole.

Dennis looks from face to face and pleads.

DENNIS

Cole and Skinner shot her. They  
told us all to shoot. We'd all  
be in it together.  
I didn't chase the rabbits ---you.  
Swear to God. I ran for help!

LYDIA

Liar, liar always the liar.  
Your soul belongs in the brimstone fire.

A muffled REPORT, then a three inch concrete nail flies past Dennis' face.

LINDSEY

(taps the clipboard)  
And of course you'd be willing  
to put all that in writing.

Lydia, at the top of the arc, almost parallel with Dennis, calmly reloads a nail gun. Dennis starts to inch worm his way toward Lindsey.

DENNIS

Yeah. Sure. It's been haunting  
me for years. I can't sleep.  
I have horrible dreams. Everytime -

LYDIA

Bullshit.

LINDSEY

Damn it, Lydia! Leave him alone.

LYDIA

Stand up, Dennis. You told the  
white tailed deer to stand.  
But the deer couldn't stand,  
Could she, Dennis?

LINDSEY

Give him a chance.

LYDIA

Stand up, Dennis.

Dennis pulls himself quicker, then a muffled EXPLOSION.

DENNIS

Fuckin' A.

LINDSEY

(to Lydia)

Stop it!

Dennis grabs his leg and stares at a concrete nail imbedded  
in his thigh. He looks up at Lindsey and pleads innocently.

DENNIS

I'll write what ever you want.  
I've nothing to be guilty about.  
Just give me a chance.

LYDIA

Pretend you're a man, Dennis Moran.

Dennis snarls at the taunt, sits up, straddles the rope, pulls  
the nail from his leg and stands. He's done this before.

Arms held out for balance he takes one step forward, then  
another, all the time pleading innocently with Lindsey.

DENNIS

I swear to God, I ran for help.

Dennis extends his hand in a silent request for help. Lindsey  
doesn't budge. Dennis pretends to totter. Lindsey steps on the  
railing bar to make room on the platform.

Dennis bolts forward arms extended to shove her off the rear of the platform.

DENNIS

We all shot that fucking Deer!

Lindsey dives over the railing. Dennis screams as he misses her. His momentum carries him over the far side of the platform.

Seconds later he lands with a THUD on the rail guarding the first row of seats.

On the trapze swing, Lindsey and Lydia both look down.

LYDIA

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

INT. CIRCUS ARENA - DAY

Circus personnel mill around in small groups, smoking, drinking coffee etc. Gus, the man in charge, watches as Lt. Gritts inspects the body of Dennis Moran, draped grotesquely over the railing.

GUS

Lieutenant, it was a suicide, simple as that. This delay is costing money. My people have jobs to do.

Gritts pokes a finger through a hole Moran's pant leg, pulls it out and looks at a dark smudge. Gritts stands and looks to the ceiling of the auditorium.

GRITTS

Which way would you jump?

GUS

Huh?

GRITTS

If you were going to commit suicide which way would you jump?

Gus thinks for a beat.

GUS

Into the center ring?

Gritts toss an imaginary bowling ball.

GRITTS

Strike.

He yells to Officer Moody taking statements from a dwarf.

GRITTS

Moody, call Karen and get her team  
out here.

INDOOR PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Shrieks of laughter and giggles echo through the enclosure. A group of kids play volleyball in the shallow end. WANDA WILLIS, twenties, a tall, Afro-American Life Guard gives swimming lessons along one side.

TEN METER DIVING BOARD

Lindsey executes a perfect one-and-a-half gainer, then swims expertly to the side of the pool. Lydia, wearing a sweat suit, hands her a towel and gestures to the high-vaulted ceiling and an iron beam that cross the width of the pool.

LYDIA

The beam will work fine. But I'm  
not too thrilled about the swimming  
pool.

Lindsey dries herself off with a towel.

LYDIA

Frederick Weber, the child molester  
likes to play with fire. I wish  
there was an active volcano in  
the neighborhood.

LINDSEY

The ice will toast him just as  
well.

(a beat)

But this time we're getting a  
confession. Right?

Lydia nods.

LINDSEY

Going to take a swim?

Lydia looks at the crowd of people.

LYDIA

No. I hate the stares.

INT. LIEUTENANT GRITTS OFFICE - MORNING

Gritts studies a sheet of paper in his left hand.

GRITTS

We have a heavily drugged, well dressed, John Doe who went for a stroll in a cave.

He lifts a second paper and rubs it against the first.

GRITTS

And here we have a second John Doe, not so well dressed, who did a swan dive off a tightrope tower.

(a beat)

There's an epidemic of exotic suicides. What happened to the old hose in the exhaust pipe?

Karen Bridges enters and hands Gritts a manila folder.

KAREN

Philip, you never cease to amaze me.

He peels the folder open.

KAREN

Both men were heavily sedated with the same drug. But you knew that, didn't you.

GRITTS

Suspected. Anything else?

Karen points to the folder.

KAREN

Most of it's in there...But the Cave Man and the fellow from the circus were close friends.

Karen moves to his desk and sprinkles out the contents of two envelopes.

KAREN

There were minute cat hairs on the clothes of both men. The follicles are from the same cat.

LAGUNA BEACH - DAY

People enjoy a day in the sun and surf.

ONE HOUSE

Built on the edge of the cliffs with a deck and bay window that provide a panoramic view of the Pacific.

## INT. OF HOUSE

It is decorated in a bizarre hunting motif. On the walls hang: gun racks, knife displays, two dozen animal pelts and the heads of several animals. In the center of it all is a a spoked chrome wheel.

On a glass coffee table lies lines of cocaine, two glasses, a half-empty bottle of vodka and loaded ashtrays.

## POOL TABLE

Cole and Skinner shoot an intense game of pool. Hundred dollar bills are stacked behind two corner pockets. A CRACK as Skinner takes a shot.

## SKINNER

How the fuck could I miss that?

Cole laughs and lines up a shot. In the b.g., the front door flies open and BANGS against the wall. Cole and Skinner whirl. Cole has a gun in his hand. Skinner has a knife.

Melvin scurries into the room uninvited. He holds a cardboard box at arms length and wheezes and sneezes.

## MELVIN

Either you seen Robert or Dennis?

Cole and Skinner exchange glances and stash their weapons.

## COLE

Fuck Robert. He owes me eight grand.  
He missed his monthly payment.

## MELVIN

Eight? How come I be only gettin' two?

## SKINNER

Cole, quit jawing. Take a fucking shot!

Cole slams his fist on the table. Skinner takes a step backward. Cole dares him to make another comment. Skinner's not stupid. Cole bends over the coffee table, sticks a gold tube in his nose and snorts a line of coke.

Melvin sets the cardboard box on the pool table, lifts out a white Manx cat and immediate goes into a wheezing coughing fit.

Cole whacks him on the arm with the thin end of the cue. Melvin WHELPS.

## COLE

Never fuck with a game!

Terrified, Melvin grabs the box off the pool table, rubs his arm, then meekly, holds out the Manx.

MELVIN

I found their pussy. Howlin' awful.  
Must be starved.

COLE

Give it to me.

Melvin looks at Skinner, then to the animal pelts on the trophy wall, then back to Cole.

MELVIN

You won't give it to Skinner?

Cole hisses. Melvin obeys. Cole takes the cat by the nape of the neck, scratches it under the chin and tilts its head toward the trophy wall.

COLE

You don't want to be up there,  
do you kitty?

Cole backs to the open bay window, twirls it once and flings it out over the deck to the beach two hundred feet below.

SKINNER

Waste of good fur.

MELVIN

(slaps his thighs)  
Jesus H. Christ! You somethin'.  
Robert and Dennis gonna be sooo pissed.

Cole returns to the pool table and lines up a shot.

COLE

What could I do? House rules.  
No live pets.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Wisps of steam rise from the surface. A butcher knife and a fishing pole lie beside a coil of triple strand rope near the chrome ladder.

The lead end of the rope inches upward through the hands of Lindsey and Lydia over an I-beam and down to

Frederick Weber dangles, in a harness, at the end of the rope above the water.

WEBER

You know I can't swim.

LINDSEY

We know.

Above, the rope pinches the beam. It SQUEAKS and drops several feet. Weber's bare feet sink beneath the water. Frantically, he tries to pull himself back up the line.

LYDIA

You're the prick who does magic tricks.  
And plays with little kids to get his kicks.

The rope drops another foot. Weber doesn't. He stares down at the water.

LINDSEY

You're standing on a platform of ice.

WEBER

What hell did I do? If either of you are pregnant it wasn't me. I've been fixed. Got a doctor's certification.

LINDSEY

Pregnant, Weber? Have you ever touched a woman with pubic hair?

Weber glares and subtly moves his feet along the ice.

LYDIA

Frederick Weber the child molester,  
the man with the innocent face.  
It shouldn't come as a blow, that  
we both know, we're much too old for  
your perverted taste.

Lydia knots one end of the rope around the chrome ladder, pulls the line taut and draws the blade of a butcher knife through the first strand of rope. It SNAPS and unravels.

WEBER

What the hell is going on?

Lydia saws through the second strand of rope. A SNAP. The second strand unravels.

LINDSEY

We're the rabbits. You shoved us in the warren. You lit the fire.

Weber's eyes go wide in disbelief. Lydia hacks at the last strand of rope. Lindsey watches.

LINDSEY

Lift your arms and release the clasp

or you'll go head first into the water.

WEBER

The twins! Jesus! That was a hundred years ago. You. This isn't real.

LINDSEY

Release the damn clasp!

Lydia brings down the blade. A CLOP as the rope shreds apart and flies over the beam.

Weber hits the harness clasp. It flies off. Weber struggles for balance.

Lydia grabs the fishing pole and reels in the harness which is attached to an nylon line.

Weber points to the skin grafts on his mouth.

WEBER

Which one of you sluts gave me the kiss?

LYDIA

(licks her lips)  
Can still taste your blood.

WEBER

(enraged)  
I told Cole and Skinner. We should've killed you both.

Weber teeters and regains his balance.

LYDIA

We all make mistakes.

Lindsey walks to an open breaker panel and hits the switches. The lights in the pool go off in pairs.

LINDSEY

The pool reopens in thirty hours.  
The ice won't melt...completely...  
for a day. We'll look in on you  
tomorrow night.

Lindsey walks toward the exit doors, then turns.

LINDSEY

In the mean time, think about what you'd like to tell the police. Tell them about Cole and Skinner. And what you did to the White Tailed Deer and the Rabbits.

Lindsey shoves the door open and exits. Weber struggles for balance. Lydia grins.

LYDIA

Rub-a-dub-dub, don't fall in the tub.

WEBER

My brother and Skinner will---

The exit door THUNKS shut. The sound echoes across the tiles of the pool. Weber screams.

WEBER

You're dead. Both of you are dead.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Ankle deep, Weber stands exhausted in the middle of the deep end. A CLUNK. Weber's head turns.

EXIT/ENTRANCE

The door opens slowly. Wanda Willis, the black life guard, enters singing Heard It Through the Grape Vine. She wears a towel over her shoulders and nothing else.

Weber tries to speak through blue, quivering lips. Nothing.

Still singing, Wanda drops the towel, sets up for a private dip in the pool, then sensing a presences, looks up.

Webber holds out his arms and beckons.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - LATER

Gritts looks down at Weber, unconscious, strapped to a gurney. Behind blue lips, his teeth CHATTER. Two attendents in white uniforms push the unit toward the exit door.

GRITTS

As soon as he regains consciousness  
call my office.

One of the men nods over his shoulder and edges the gurney through the exit.

Gritts kneels near the chrome ladder. With tweezers, he deposits several threads of rope into an evidence bag.

Moody escorts Wanda Willis, the black lifeguard into the pool area. Dazed, Wanda twirls a large ring of keys around hypnotically.

WANDA

Why'd he pick the one morning I was

alone? No one's going to believe me.

MOODY

Lieutenant, let me introduce Miss Wanda Willis. She found the John Doe.

WANDA

Find him! He was standing in the middle of the pool.  
(crosses her heart)  
On the water. On top of the water.

Gritts and Moody exchange glances.

WANDA

It was a test.

She looks to the men for confirmation. Gritts says nothing. Moody encourages her to go on.

WANDA

I watched him for several minutes. When he saw me, he held out his arms, took a step and disappeared into the water... So I waited.  
(looks from face to face)  
If he could walk on water, he could swim. Right? That's logical.  
Isn't it?

Gritts shrugs. Wanda gives up on Gritts and addresses her comments to Moody.

WANDA

But he just stayed under. On the bottom. I waited for the miracle... Then I dove in and brought him out.

Wanda looks at Moody and Gritts.

WANDA

It was a test, wasn't it?

GRITTS

All the doors were locked when you came in this morning?

WANDA

Someone who walks on water? You think he needs a key to get in this place?

GRITTS

Have you ever seen him before?

WANDA

Jesus Christ? Every Sunday. But usually he's up on the cross, not swimming in my pool.

GRITTS

Take Miss Willis' name and phone number.

MOODY

Yes, sir.

Moody flirts with Wanda. Gritts hands him the evidence bag of rope threads..

GRITTS

Take his clothes and these to Karen.  
And before Jesus dries off, have  
someone take his prints.

WANDA

You're trifling, Lieutenant. Trifling  
with the Lord.

GRITTS

Ms. Willis, Satan's the one with  
the aversion to water.

INT. LAGUNA BEACH CLIFF HOUSE - DAY

The room's smoky and cluttered with bottles of liquor and dirty glasses.

Cole and Skinner stand facing the trophy wall. Both men hold Bowie knives.

Skinner runs a honing strop across his blade. Cole takes aim and throws.

The knife THUDS into the wall above a beaver pelt.

SKINNER

You ain't worth shit.

Cole drags on a cigarette, walks to the wall and retrieves the knife.

COLE

I like a gun.

Skinner aims and throws.

The knife THUDS into the center of the beaver pelt.

SKINNER

Guns don't take skill. And make noise.

Skinner walks to the wall, grabs the hilt of the knife, but the blade is embedded deeply. He struggles.

Cole stares at Skinner's back.

SKINNER

That's five hundred. Double or --

Skinner turns with the knife and freezes.

Cole's eyes are glazed over. He's ready to throw. Skinner grins sheepishly.

SKINNER

You can owe me the money.

Cole stares blankly.

OS a loud KNOCK on the door. Cole cocks the knife. Another KNOCK. Cole blinks and grins at Skinner. Skinner SIGHS. Cole laughs, then flips the knife past Skinner's face. It THUDS into the wall.

Cole grabs a glass of vodka and opens the door.

Melvin bursts into the house dressed in an ugly aloha shirt and unmatching Bermuda shorts. He heads for the booze.

MELVIN

Give me a drink! Got me a date  
with a fine lookin' bitch.

He pours vodka into a filthy glass, turns to Cole and Skinner, and runs his hand down the side of his shirt.

MELVIN

Am I good lookin', or what?

Silence. Melvin glance from Skinner to Cole.

Skinner's ready to throw at Cole.

Cole leans against the door jamb and dares Skinner with his eyes.

Skinner heaves.

The knife THUDS into the jamb an inch from Cole's cheek.

MELVIN

Holy shit!

Cole sucks a drag from his cigarette and grins at Melvin.

COLE

What's she look like?

SKINNER

Two hundred she's ugly.

Melvin's head bobs back and forth from Cole to Skinner.

COLE

She ugly?

Melvin's nostrils flair.

MELVIN

Don't fun me, Cole.

COLE

She ugly, or not?

Melvin downs his drink.

MELVIN

Tammy fine.

SKINNER

(pours a drink)

Another two hundred, Tammy ain't got tits.

COLE

Tammy got tits?

MELVIN

Yeah, and while you two... here playing games, I'm gonna get to see most of 'em. 'Cause we goin' nite picnicin' on the beach.

COLE

You got all dressed up to go nite picnickin'?

Melvin squeezes the glass in his hand.

SKINNER

Who cares. Any woman who would give him a roll has to be ug -leee.

The glass shatters. Melvin's hand bleeds.

COLE

Give it a rest, Skinner. Five hundred, Tammy's a looker.

SKINNER

You already owe me --

Cole glares. Skinner backs off.

COLE

(to Melvin)

You bring her back here so

I can win my money.

MELVIN

(looks from man to man)

'Pose she don't wantta come. First  
time out and all. Maybe she don't---

Cole ushers Melvin to the door.

COLE

Bring her back. Hear?

(whispers in his ear)

And you and Ie will split the  
Skinner's money.

Melvin grins and wipes his bloodied hand on his aloha shirt.

MELVIN

Yeah. Okay. And you see she's fine.

Cole shuts the door and draws Skinner's knife out of the jamb.

COLE

Where were we?

Skinner has a knife in his hand and is ready to throw. Cole  
pulls a gun from behind his back and aims it. Both men laugh.

COLE

We're going to have one of our special  
parties tonight.

INT. OF A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Weber lies in a bed in pale green hospital gown. Lt. Gritts  
points to the tubes in his arm, then looks at a note pad in  
his lap.

GRITTS

Doctor said he had a hard time  
finding a vein, Mr. Fellows.  
Most of them are pretty used up.

Weber gives Gritts a look of disgust.

GRITTS

The name is Fellows?  
(off Weber's shrug)  
Are you training for the drug  
addicts Olympics?

Weber palms a silver dollar, it disappears and reappears.

GRITTS

Tell me why you decided to take  
an early morning swim?

WEBER

Don't remember.

GRITTS

Just woke up and found yourself at  
the bottom of the pool?

(off Weber's shrug)

Nothing to do with the needle  
marks in your arms?

WEBER

Nope!

Gritts looks up from the note pad.

GRITTS

That was rather emphatic.

Weber shoots him a look.

GRITTS

This has nothing to do with drugs?

WEBER

Nope.

GRITTS

And you don't know how you got  
into that building?

WEBER

Nope.

GRITTS

And you don't know why you went  
swimming?

Weber almost smiles, then catches himself, but not before Gritts  
sees the look.

GRITTS

No point in having you come down  
and look through mug shots?

WEBER

Nope.

GRITTS

(heads for the door)

You've been most cooperative,  
Mr. Fields.

Gritts looks to Weber for a reaction to the misnomer, and gets  
no response.

GRITTS  
Keep treading water. But it won't help.  
(off Weber's puzzlement)  
You're heading for the deep end,  
Mr. Freelow.

Gritts opens the door.

WEBER  
Lieutenant?

Gritts turns. Weber points to his bowling shoes.

WEBER  
I've had three perfect games.

Gritts looks at his shoes.

GRITTS  
I'm taking up golf.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - VICTORIAN - NIGHT

The usual array of exotic people walk the streets.

INT. VICTORIAN KITCHEN

Lydia packs a wicker basket, with chicken, napkins etc... She opens a thermos and pours in half the contents of a small yellow vial. She shakes the thermos vigorously then almost drops it when a door SLAMS.

LINDSEY (OS)  
Lydia?

Lydia stuffs the thermos in picnic basket and yells out the door.

LYDIA  
I'm packing dinner for Melvin.

Lindsey enters the kitchen looks at the basket dubiously.

LINDSEY  
You don't want me to go with you?

LYDIA  
He kicked my head down that damn  
hole, not yours.

Lindsey draws in a deep breath.

LINDSEY  
Sis, Robert is dead. And Dennis Moran  
is dead.

LYDIA

And Weber's standing on thin ice.

Lydia laughs at her own pun. Lindsey doesn't.

LYDIA

Robert was given a choice. All he had to do was tell the truth. We can't reopen the case with out a confession.

(hugs her sister)

Dennis would have thrown you off that platform if he could have. It could've been you lying across the railing.

LINDSEY

That's not the point.

LYDIA

I know, I know. We're after a confession.

Lydia lifts up the picnic basket and checks her watch.

LYDIA

Weber's waiting for you at the pool.

Lindsey hesitates. Lydia reaches into the picnic basket and takes out a minature tape recorder.

LYDIA

Maybe I can get Melvin to make a little speech at the beach?

Lindsey gives her sister a hug. Lydia has trouble with the contact.

LYDIA

Sis, I don't even know if a tape recording is admissable in court.

LINDSEY

I'll work on Weber, you work on Melvin. It's a start.

INT. GRITTS OFFICE - NIGHT

Gritts thumbs through a file. Moody stomps into the room with a stack of papers in his hand.

He shoves a set of finger prints under Gritts' nose.

MOODY

The swimmer's name is Frederick

Weber. Honkey son-of-a-bitch.

GRITTS

Watch it, racist.

MOODY

No offense, Lieutenant. But this bastard's been tried for child porn, rape, murder two...And he's never served time. Not one lousy second. To quote a famous homicide lieutenant friend of mine. We're the referrees. But if this scum is walking around there's something wrong with the game.

Moody hands Gritts a photo.

MOODY

Look at this.

INSERT: PICTURE OF ANTHONY COLE

Ten years younger and dressed in his sheriff's uniform.

MOODY

He's Weber's half brother. Anthony Cole. Cole used to be Sheriff up in Summit County.

He hands several more sheets of paper to Gritts.

MOODY

Cole pulled strings. Weber's a turd. Lower than whale shit. The man should be serving time. Lots of time. And his brother's no better. Seems Cole and a couple of his pals were dumping Precto-Chemical waste products all over Summit. No one's caught a fish fish up there in ten years. Want to know the cancer count? Incidences of Leukemia? Especially babies?

Moody flashes Gritts an angry look.

GRITTS

Out with it.

MOODY

Either one of those dudes was black, Lieutenant. They'd be behind bars. I don't know about polluters, but in jail they don't like child molesters. Weber would be chicken meat to---

Karen Bridges bursts into the office with two envelopes in her hand.

KAREN

Strange trio. A spelunker, acrobat  
and a man who walks on water.

She opens both envelopes and sprinkles white hairs into one pile and three long blond hairs into another.

KAREN

Jesus and the other two knew  
each other.  
(points to the white hairs)  
Same cat. Same drug.  
(points to the blond hairs)  
And the same blond female.

Gritts lifts the phone and dials. As he waits for the connection, he uses Moody and Karen as a sounding board.

GRITTS

Weber's the key. We stay with  
him and we've got --  
(listen to the phone)  
This is Lieutenant Gritts give  
me Hospital Security.  
(listens)  
I don't give a damn! Who's ever in  
charge.  
(listens)  
Fine, get Blake.

Gritts cups the receiver, gives his watch a look of disgust, then back to Moody.

GRITTS

Tomorrow morning go back to the  
cave, then to that circus.  
We're starting at the top.  
First ball. New frame.  
(points to the report)  
We're looking for at least two  
people.

Moody misses the last and gives Karen a confused look.

KAREN

Awfully difficult for one person  
to haul around a drugged body.  
This entire---

GRITTS

Blake? Lieutenant Gritts, homicide.  
(listens)  
Yeah, same to you.

(listens)  
 Blake will you cut the pleasentries?  
 I want a cover on room five-zero-two.

Gritts listens, then SLAMS down the phone.

GRITTS  
 Weber's gone.

VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

A COUPLE strolls pass Lydia and Melvin sitting on a checkered blanket beside a small fire. Melvin shoves chicken into his mouth with his bandaged hand and forks potato salad in with the other. Lydia watches with disgust. Melvin tosses the carcass over his shoulder.

MELVIN  
 Nice. Real nice chow, Tammy.

LYDIA  
 Chow? Melvin were you a solider?

Melvin lifts the thermos bottle and sucks it dry. He wipes the food from his mouth with the bottom of his alhoa shirt.

MELVIN  
 Solider? Ha. Vietnam, Korea, World War II severed in them all.

LYDIA  
 You're a hero. This would make a teriffic story.

MELVIN  
 (slaps his thighs)  
 You'd better believe it.

Lydia reaches into the picnic basket and takes out the tape recorder. She CLICKS it on and like a T.V. reporter.

LYDIA  
 This is Tammy Forest talking to Mister Melvin Brace.  
 (smiles at Melvin)  
 A war hero. Tell me Mr. Brace, what was your expertise in service?

She pushes the tape recorder toward his mouth. He flinches.

LYDIA  
 Mr. Brace is very shy ladies and gentlemen, but I have it on good authority that Mr. Brace is a expert in the disposition of toxic waste. And served as a law enforcement officer in the small town of Nemesis.

Isn't that correct, Mr. Brace?

Melvin nods in amazement.

LYDIA

I understand that's white tale  
deer country.

Melvin gives her a look and grabs the tape recorder.

MELVIN

Everyone knows there ain't no  
white tails west of Nevada.

The light from the fire joins the rage in Lydia's. She takes  
back the recorder.

MELVIN

You funnin' with me, Tammy?

LYDIA

With a war hero? And a member of  
law enforcement. Never.

She CLICKS off the tape recorder and smiles seductively.

LYDIA

Let's go for a swim.

MELVIN

Ain't got no suit.

Lydia reaches for the zipper and drags it down.

LYDIA

Me either.

Melvin leers as she steps out of the fire light, strips off  
her clothes and runs to the ocean.

He hesitates for a beat, then stands strips off his clothes  
and reaches for his groin.

MELVIN

This what you want. Melvin give  
it to you.

Lydia wades into the surf and beckons Melvin.

LYDIA

Sally sells sea shells by the  
sea shore.  
And when she kills Melvin, there're  
only three more.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - SOMEPLACE DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

From OS come shouts and the wail of a SIREN.

An elderly HOMELESS WOMAN, wrapped in a shaggy fur boa and an ill-fitting overcoat, kneels beside a cardboard box. She inspects a half eaten ham sandwich, gums a bite and SIGHS, savoring the morsel.

A long shadow falls across her lap. She squints into the darkness and gums a toothless comment.

HOMELESS WOMAN

James? ... That you?

OS a SNARL. The woman tries to back away but there is nowhere to go. She offers the sandwich.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Mister, you hungry?

The shadow closes quickly. OS a THUD. The woman reels from the blow, covers her face and falls. A two-by-four CLUNKS to the pavement next to the woman's head.

Weber, dressed in the green hospital gown, strips off the overcoat and dons it. He glares down at the semi-naked woman and kicks her in the ribs. A CRACK. She groans.

WEBER

Useless piece of shit.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Steam rises off the placid surface. The exit door opens. Lindsey stares.

She circuits the pool glancing into the depths of water; finds nothing and hurries to the door.

INT. GRITTS' OFFICE - DAY

Gritts and Karen work at a table covered with papers and files. Karen points to a single, aged newspaper clipping.

INSERT: GROUP PHOTO

Dennis Moran, Frederick Weber, Melvin Brace, Benjamin 'Skinner' Ritter and Anthony Cole. All are years younger and dressed in hunting gear. Robert Anders is NOT in the photo.

A headline reads:

SHERIFF COLE AND FRIEND'S ACQUITTED IN WRONGFUL DEATH

On the same page is another headline and photograph.

HEADLINE: IDENTICAL TWINS ORPHANED

PHOTOGRAPH: NINE YEAR OLD TWINS - LINDSEY AND LYDIA FOREST  
- COURT DECIDES TO SEPARATE TWINS

KAREN

Separating a family's always traumatic.  
But twins? That's despicable.

Gritts nods and circles the pictures of Frederick Weber and Dennis Moran with a black marking pen.

GRITTS

The Cave Man's missing.

He studies both photos for a beat, then draws a blank circle near the photo of the hunting group and puts a (?) beside the picture of the twins. Karen fingers the notation.

KAREN

Two little girls? Vigilantes?

GRITTS

They're not little anymore. And they've got a motive.

Gritts turns and hits the police radio.

GRITTS

Moody?

MOODY (VO)

Yes, sir.

GRITTS

Where are you?

MOODY (VO)

Just leaving the cave site, Lieutenant.  
No changes in their story.

GRITTS

Go back. See if anyone remembers seeing twins. Early twenties. Female.

MOODY (VO)

Females?

GRITTS

Do it.

Gritts FLICKS the switch, turns to Karen, and points to the photo of the two little girls and the six men in hunting gear.

GRITTS

You tell me. Cause I'm having a problem. Who are the bad guys?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLIFF SIDE HOME - DAY

Liquor bottles and cigarette butts litter the front room. An open envelope full of cocaine rests on the edge of the glass coffee table.

Out cold, Skinner lies on a sofa below the trophy wall. OS a CLICK. Skinner rubs his eyes. Another CLICK. Skinner turns, then bolts up right.

SKINNER  
Jesus Christ!

Cole sits with his feet propped on the glass coffee table. A cigarette dangles from his lip. He whirls a thirty-two caliber revolver and aims it directly at Skinner's forehead. He squeezes the trigger - CLICK.

COLE  
It's not loaded.

SKINNER  
You know how many people are killed every day by someone who says --

A CLICK.

SKINNER  
Quit fuckin' around, Cole.

COLE  
Got bored. You passed out, and Melvin never came back with his girl friend.

SKINNER  
Yeah. Well point that damn thing somewhere else or swear to Christ---

The gun FIRES. A ram's head drops from the wall and drops on Skinner's groin. Cole laughs, then stops when the

FRONT DOOR

Explodes open. In the Homless Woman's overcoat, Weber flies into the room shoulder first.

WEBER  
What the fuck -- ?

Weber looks from Skinner to Cole.

Cole laughs. High. Shrill.

COLE  
Half-brother, you still dress like shit.

WEBER

Got it from some old bitch in an alley.

Cole affectionately rubs his knuckles through Weber's scalp.

COLE

You beat up an old woman? Praise the lord! Are you finally going to stop chasing after little girls?

Weber pushes Cole away.

WEBER

Do either of you assholes know what's going down?

Cole grabs Weber's lip.

COLE

Rude. Damn right rude. You calling me an asshole, little brother? If I had a bar of soap I'd shove it up your ass and wait till you farted bubbles.

He pulls Weber closer. Eye to eye.

COLE

You hear me, boy?

Weber nods. Cole releases his hold and WHACKS him on his scared cheek. Weber's eyes water. He walks to the trophy wall and spins the chrome wheel.

WEBER

Remember the white tailed deer?

Cole and Skinner remember.

WEBER

We've got the cops and the Doublemint twins after our ass.

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN

Lydia climbs on a stool and shoves the picnic basket into the back of the top shelf. OS a persistent KNOCK. Lydia yells over her shoulder.

LYDIA

Lindsey, see who's huffing and puffing at the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lindsey opens the door. Lieutenant Gritts smiles and flashes a badge.

Lindsey brushes a hair from her eyes with her left hand. Gritts makes a mental note.

GRITTS

Lieutenant Philip Gritts. Are you  
Lydia or Lindsey Forest?

Lindsey twitches and brushes her hair again. Lydia strolls out of the kitchen and spots the badge.

LYDIA

(to Gritts)

Hi, handsome.

(to Lindsey)

I told you not to park by that  
fire hydrant.

(to Gritts)

I'll get my checkbook.

GRITTS

Miss Forest, this isn't about a traffic  
violation. This is about murder.

Lydia brushes away a strand of hair with her right hand and rubs her hands enthusiastically.

LYDIA

Sounds interesting. Cup of coffee,  
Lieutenant?

Gritts nods. Lydia takes his arm and motions to Lindsey.

LYDIA

Come on, sis. Murder is exciting.

VENICE BEACH - CROWDED - DAY

An Irish Setter, on a leash, tugs a young couple along the sand.  
The dog stops, sniffs, then pulls the leash from the man's  
hand and bounds into the surf.

Moments late he nudges an object back to shore. The couple  
approaches.

MALE

What did you find, Rusty?

MELVIN BRACE - NUDE

He lies on his stomach. His bloated face tilted upward, eyes  
wide open. Rusty SNIFFS.

FEMALE

Dear God.

She blesses herself. A Little Girl approaches, sees the body,

her SHRIEKS roll down the beach - then fade into Cole's SHRILL LAUGHTER.

INT. CLIFF HOME

Cole, Skinner and Weber hunch around the coffee table.

SKINNER

Cole, you're out of your fucking mind.

Cole slams his fist on the glass. It shatters. Cole shoves a gold tube in his nose, snorts cocaine out of the envelope, then hands the tube to his brother.

WEBER

They're smart. They had me by the balls and they --

COLE

(grins at Skinner)

Five hundred Melvin's dead. Probably got an arsenic sandwich at his picnic.

Skinner picks up the gold tube and reaches for the envelope. Cole grabs his hand.

COLE

You've got a serious drug problem.  
(slaps the tube away)  
Did that for your own good. You need help. Consultation. Rehabilitation---

Cole picks up the tube and laughs shrilly. Weber looks back and forth between the two men.

WEBER

Bro. this isn't a fucking joke. They're going to knock us off one by one, damn it. We've got to find them!

Cole takes another snort, speaks to Skinner and points to his brother.

COLE

The twins think my brother's dead. Don't they?

Skinner eyes the cocaine and nods.

WEBER

So what!

Cole whacks his brother on the forehead, stands and begins to pace around the pool table.

COLE  
The Juicy Fruit twins---

WEBER  
Doublemint.

COLE  
Whatever. They think you're dead.

Weber shrugs behind his brothers back.

COLE  
We don't have to find them. Sure  
as shit, they'll find us.

INT. FLAT VENICE BEACH - DAY

KITCHEN - ENCLAVE - BOOTH

Gritts ploish off a cup of coffee, gathers the newspaper clippings and keeps a wary eye on Lydia and Lindsey as he returns the clippings to a manila folder and stands.

The women accompany him to the door. Lydia brushes the hair away from her eyes with her right hand. Gritts takes note.

LYDIA  
I'm sorry we couldn't have been  
more help, Lieutenant. Though  
frankly, I'm glad they're dead.

Gritts looks from Lydia to Lindsey, then turns and opens the door.

GRITTS  
Maybe Frederick Weber can throw  
some light on this?

There is a short look of amazement in Lindsey's demeanor, none in Lydia's.

GRITTS  
He's out cold down at L.A. General.

Gritts looks at his watch - 11:50, turns and walks down the hall mumbling.

GRITTS  
Maybe he's conscious now.

Gritts disappears around a corner. Lindsey closes the door and leans against wall. Lydia paces.

LYDIA  
Weber's alive.

Lindsey slaps the door.

LINDSEY  
 Damn it. We don't want him dead.  
 We want him in jail.

LYDIA  
 That's what I meant.

EXT. LOS ANGELES GENERAL HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DUSK

A grey Honda pulls into an empty space. The engine goes off.

INT. HONDA

Lindsey turns to Lydia disguised in a black wig, blood red lipstick etc. Lindsey grabs her sister by the arm as the door CLICKS open.

LINDSEY  
 Why do you always take the risks?  
 You approached Robert and Dennis.  
 All I ever do is wait.

Lydia gets out of the car, turns and laughs.

LYDIA  
 A fact of nature. I'm the oldest.  
 (points to her outfit)  
 I like disguises. And besides,  
 (makes a wicked face)  
 I'm the evil twin.

ADMITTING DESK

Lydia stands in front of the counter. Behind it, an Asian nurse leafs through the admitting log. A name tag identifies her as Ms. Lau.

MS. LAU  
 I'm sorry, but no one by the name of  
 Weber has been admitted into this  
 hospital. You might try Saint Mary's.

LYDIA  
 He might not have had any  
 identification. He was found  
 at a swimming pool and---

MS. LAU  
 Are you looking for Mr. Fellows?

LYDIA  
 Yes, Mr. Fellows.

Immediately, Ms. Lau lifts a microphone with one hand and fumbles with the intercom buttons with the other. She turns her back and whispers into the microphone

MS. LAU

Blake in security...I'll wait.

She turns around and starts to explain, but Lydia is almost out the door.

MS. LAU

Miss, please wait. You could be of assistance. The police --

A hand appears on her shoulder. She turns and smiles at Lieutenant Gritts. He takes the microphone and sets it back in its cradle.

GRITTS

Everything's fine.

INT. OF A HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

Lindsey and Lydia work out on adjoining stair-masters. Lindsey wears a brief spandex outfit. Lydia, jogging suit, sweats with anger.

LYDIA

Gritts wanted us to go fishing and we took the bait.

LINDSEY

But you didn't see him.

LYDIA

He was there.

Lydia walks off the stair-master and steps to the Olympic free weights.

LYDIA

He's suspicious, but not sure.  
(lies on the bench)  
I'll bet he doesn't know what side he's on.

LINDSEY

Weber's alerted Cole and Parks by now.

Lydia begins doing bench presses.

LYDIA

We've definitely lost an edge.

Lindsey steps off the treadmill, wipes herself off with a towel and grins.

LINDSEY  
What if one of us were dead?

LYDIA  
I'm the oldest.

LINDSEY  
Five minutes doesn't give you  
the right to die.

Lydia squeezes out from under the weights..

LYDIA  
The one with the best idea gets  
to die. Agreed?

LINDSEY  
Agreed.

Lindsey hops on a stationary bicycle. Lydia follows suit.

LINDSEY  
But it has to be spectacular. Crazy  
enough to make the 6:00 news if we  
want Cole, Skinner and Weber to drop  
their guard.

Lindsey begins to peddle --- fast. Lydia gets up to the same  
pace. Their minds churn for several beats.

LYDIA  
Okay, how would you die?

INT. OF THE LAGUNA BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Cole holds the front door open a crack as he speaks with  
Lieutenant Gritts. Weber and Skinner stay close to the wall  
out of sight.

COLE  
I'd let you in but the place is  
a mess.

GRITTS  
(inches forward)  
I don't mind.

COLE  
(stops his progress)  
I do.

GRITTS  
I'm looking for your brother.

COLE

Me too. He owes me money.  
Gritts nods and looks at his note pad.

GRITTS  
Nice place you have here. Rent  
must be steep.

COLE  
I own it.

GRITTS  
What do they pay Sheriff's up in  
Summit County?

COLE  
I'm a consultant for a very---

Gritts holds out his hand in a stop motion.

GRITTS  
Let me guess. Precto-Chemicals.

COLE  
You know a lot about my business.

GRITTS  
And I'm going to learn more.

Gritts shouts over Cole's shoulder into the room.

GRITTS  
You tell your brother to come and  
see me.

Cole pushes Gritts backward.

COLE  
You calling me a liar?

GRITTS  
Among other things. Ex-sheriff Cole.

COAST OF CATALINA ISLAND - DAY

A small boat bobs at anchor in the calm water.

DECK OF A SCUBA BOAT

The dive flag goes up.

Seven people are on board. Five of them don scuba gear.

Lydia and Lindsey sit separate from the rest. Lindsey checks  
her regulator. Lydia zips up her wet suit and adjusts her  
weights.

LYDIA  
Two weeks and not a word from  
Lieutenant Gritts and nothing  
from Cole or the other murderers.

Lindsey tilts her head toward Catalina Island.

LINDSEY  
I'll see you at the cottage.

Lydia nods. Both women stick in their regulators, bring down their masks and back toward the railing. JIM TARR, the divemaster shouts

TARR  
Where do you think you're going?

LYDIA  
(pulls out the regulator)  
Mountain climbing.

TARR  
Cute.

Tarr points to a man and a very obese woman.

TARR  
We're all diving together.

LYDIA  
We paid for a dive, not a chaperon.

TARR  
We planned our dive and we are  
diving our plan. You can go with  
me or stay on board and I'll give  
you a refund.

Lydia and Lindsey agree. Tarr looks at his air gauge. It reads 3,500 p.s.i. There is a red warning line at 500 p.s.i. Tarr addresses his dive team.

TARR  
We all come up at seven hundred  
and fifty pounds. Any questions?

UNDER WATER - MOMENTS LATER

Five divers swim over the rocks and vegetation of the ocean floor. Tarr turns to his charges and gives the 'okay sign.' (Thumb and forefinger make a circle and the other three fingers extended.) Everyone returns the sign. Tarr leads the way into a thick bed of kelp.

Lydia and Lindsey lag behind, then veer quickly to their right as the obese woman disappears into the vegetation.

They swim along the channel floor.

Lindsey points to her left. Both women kick to an out-cropping of rock. A small orange buoy is tethered to the stone. Lydia slices the line. The buoy ascends to surface.

Lindsey takes the lead and dives downward. Lydia follows.

AN UNDERWATER GROTTTO

Lindsey positions herself beneath the rock. Beside her lie five scuba tanks. She gives Lydia the 'okay sign.' Lydia hugs her sister, then swims away.

Lindsey checks her air gauge: 2,800 LBS. and leans back into the enclosure.

EDGE OF THE KELP BED - MOMENTS LATER

Jim Tarr and Lydia are mask to mask. In the background, the obese woman and her male companion tread water.

Tarr flails his arms and points to the depths. The question is obvious. WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR SISTER?

Through her mask, Lydia feigns a worried look. Tarr checks his air gauge, and motions everyone to the surface.

DECK OF SCUBA BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

The obese woman and her companion take off their gear. Tarr puts on a new tank of air as

LYDIA

We got separated in the kelp.  
I thought she was with you.

Tarr, nervous, attempts to keep the situation under control.

TARR

She has plenty of air. She's probably  
looking for us. Get out of that wet  
suit and dry off.

Lydia reaches for a second tank of air.

LYDIA

I'm going with you.

TARR

I need you here.

Tarr lifts a bench cover and passes out binoculars.

TARR

All of you keep your eyes on  
the surface.

Lydia and the rest follow orders.

Tarr moves to the rail and whispers to the captain of the boat.

TARR

Carlos, call the Coast Guard.

Carlos nods. Tarr places his regulator in his mouth and falls  
backward over the rail.

UNDERWATER GROTTO

Lindsey checks her AIR GAUGE - 500 p.s.i. She switches to the  
second tank.

OFF CATALINA ISLAND - SUNSET

A Coast Guard Cutter is lashed to the scuba boat.

DECK OF THE SCUBA BOAT

Jim Tarr stands next to railing talking to TWO COAST GUARD MEN.  
Lydia sits on a bench feigning shock. DOUGLAS WELTY, thirties,  
the Captain of the Coast Guard vessel pulls a SAILOR aside and  
whispers

WELTY

Escort Miss Forest and the others  
back to the mainland.

LYDIA

I'm not leaving till you find  
my sister.

Welty is obviously smitten with Lydia. He points to Catalina.

WELTY

If you stayed on the island, I  
could keep you informed of---

Lydia nods thank you and allows herself to be escorted across  
the deck by the sailor. Welty gives Lydia a longing look as  
the sailor helps her aboard the Coast Guard ship.

The obese woman hurries up to Welty, flirts and points at the  
ocean.

OBESE WOMAN

You know, Captain? I think I  
saw a shark.

Welty pays no attention, he's still looking at Lydia. Pissed the obese woman yells.

OBESE WOMAN

I know it was a shark. A great white.

LYDIA

(screams)

A SHARK!

CATALINA ISLAND - NIGHT

Lydia hurries up a dark road. She looks around to make certain she isn't being followed, then walks down a path to an unlit cottage. She RAPS quietly on the door and muses.

LYDIA

A Great White Shark. We should have thought of that.

She RAPS again. No response. She takes out a key, unlocks the door, enters and clicks on the light.

LYDIA

Sis, we could have---

She streaks through the empty room, stops, grabs her throat and GASPS for air.

LYDIA

Dear God! No!

INT. OF A CROWDED BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Gritts, Karen Bridges, Wanda Willis (the lifeguard) and Moody stare as Gritts uses a bowling ball to punctuate his remarks.

GRITTS

Three against one, I don't believe it.

WANDA

Cole and the rest of those animals weren't hunting, they were out for anything that moved.

Gritts gives Moody an angry look.

GRITTS

The facts of this case are supposed to be confidential.

MOODY

Wanda's just offering her opinion, Lieutenant.

GRITTS

Unsolicited opinions are like---

KAREN

Philip, I agree with Wanda.

GRITTS

Cole and the rest were found innocent, in a court of law.

KAREN

There were no forensic experts in Summit County. And Anthony Cole was the sheriff. Tell me. Who was left to investigate.... The investigating officer?

WANDA

(to Karen)

You tell him!

(to Gritts and Moody)

Who's going to go arrest the police?

Gritts looks from face to face.

GRITTS

Let me see if I have this right. Six men were found innocent.

(raises the bowling ball)

Under the law.

The trio nods in agreement.

GRITTS

But since Justice may not have been served...

The trio exchange 'he's-getting-it' looks.

GRITTS

Then we're back to Hammurabi.

WANDA

There you are, Lieutenant! That's it! The Code of Hammurabi. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth.

MOODY

Not a bad law when you really think about it.

GRITTS

(to Moody)

That's not law. That's vengeance. There are different circumstances in each situation.

KAREN  
Aren't there situations the law  
does not cover?

Gritts turns and flings his ball down the lane. A CRASH.

CATALINA ISLAND - COAST - NIGHT

Waves CRASH against the rocks. Lydia climbs down a rugged slope to a beach.

Off shore, beams of light splay on the ocean from the deck of the Coast Guard Cutter.

On the sand, Lydia closes her eyes and tightens her fists into balls.

LYDIA  
Sis! Where are you?

She scales a boulder and is caught in a beam of light from the Coast Guard Cutter.

LYDIA  
Lindsey, don't you leave me alone.

She slips and falls into the edge of the surf. Her sweat pants tear. She wipes her hand across her leg and inspects the blood, then flings the liquid off her hand.

LYDIA  
Lindsey? Lindsey?

Lydia stands and limps across the beach flailing her fist toward heaven.

LYDIA  
Anthony Cole, Benjamin Ritter and  
Frederick Weber, I swear on my  
mothers...and my sisters name...  
(a beat)  
Vengeance is mine god damn you.

A beam of light from the Coast Guard Cutter pans across the beach. Lydia falls to her knees.

LINDSEY (OS)  
We are not God, Lydia.

Lindsey crawls up the beach. Lydia gathers her in her arms and cradles her head in her lap.

LINDSEY  
I didn't mean to...  
Worry you...  
The last tank wasn't...full.

LYDIA

I'll kill that son-of-a-bitch too!

With great effort, Lindsey lifts her hand and caresses her sister's cheek.

LINDSEY

We can't keep killing.

LYDIA

Bastard rented us a rotten tank of air.

LINDSEY

(weakly)

It's over. We are not God. No  
more killing...Promise me...No  
more killing. We are...

Lindsey's eyes close. She slips into unconsciousness.

Lydia towels her sister's hair with her sleeve.

The beam of light from the Coast Guard Cutter pans across the beach and catches the two women in the ray.

LYDIA

Sorry Sis, I have a previous commitment.

INT. OF A PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A half dozen bouquets brighten the room. Lindsey lies under the covers of a hospital bed with her eyes closed. Intravenous tubes run into her arms.

Lydia, disguised as an old woman, slips into the room, walks to the bed and looks down at Lindsey with deep concern.

Lindsey senses a presences her eyes open. She looks at the woman with a puzzled expression, tugs the sheet close to her chin, does a double-take and tries to smile. She can't.

LINDSEY

Lydia?

Lydia looks to the door, places a finger across her lips and whispers

LYDIA

You're Lydia.

LYDIA

Sis, this is important.  
(she leans close)  
Lindsey is dead. She died in a scuba  
diving accident. You are Lydia.

Lindsey tries to respond. Lydia touches her gently.

LYDIA

You were on the beach. You  
thought you saw your sister in  
the ocean and dove in. Okay?

Lindsey struggles to make sense of things.

LYDIA

You have hypothermia. But  
Lindsey is dead.

Now Lindsey understands. She fights against the pain to speak.

LINDSEY

No it's over. No more killing.

Lydia gently presses a finger over her sister lips.

LYDIA

I respect your decision. Please  
honor mine.

Lindsey starts to protest, but Lydia continues calmly

LYDIA

You've never felt the same rage.  
(touches her chest)  
In here...And in  
(touches her head)  
here. I don't know why, but it's  
different for you.

LINDSEY

That's not true.

LYDIA

Yes it is. In the orphanage...in  
all the different foster homes.  
You made friends. I couldn't.  
I've watched you with animals and  
children. You can still love. I  
can't. Cole, Skinner, Weber and the  
rest of those bastards stole that  
gift from me.

(a beat)

That's the truth. You know it.

Lindsey's eyes glaze over.

LYDIA

Remember my poems?

LINDSEY  
They were beautiful.

LYDIA  
Were is the definitive word.  
(a beat)  
I don't know if I'll ever write again.  
There is so much hate inside of me.  
And it won't go away until Cole,  
Skinner and Weber are gone.

Lydia looks at the door again and takes Lindsey's hands.

LYDIA  
It's not final. Wait until you're  
stronger, then we'll talk some more.  
But just for now...Please. Please be me.

The women stare at each other for a long beat. Finally Lindsey nods consent. Lydia sighs and hugs her sister.

LINDSEY  
Lydia---

LYDIA  
Sis, you have to remember. You  
are Lydia.

Resigned Lindsey nods again. Lydia stands and picks up two vases of flowers and shows them to Lindsey.

LINDSEY  
Thanks for all the flowers.

LYDIA  
They aren't from me. They're  
from a fabulous looking Coast  
Guard Captain who has been  
smitten by the charms of Miss  
(she points to her sister)  
Lydia Forest.

Lindsey eyes droop. Tears run down her cheek. Lydia sits on the edge of her sister's bed. Lindsey fights to stay awake.

LINDSEY  
Sis, I almost died. No more killing.  
No more confessions. It's over.

Lydia massages her scalp. Lindsey's eyes close.

LINDSEY  
There is too much death. It's  
time to live.

Lydia continues to rub her scalp.

LYDIA

I understand. I understand.

Lydia looks at the floral arays and then to Lindsey. She fingers her gold, heart shaped locket and continues to talk although her twin cannot hear.

LYDIA

Captain Douglas Welty sent you all these flowers. And Sis, he's a hunk. Grey eyes, six feet plus, with a terrific laugh... If my soul wasn't so full of hate, I could've gone for him myself.

INT. OF THE HOUSE IN LAGUNA BEACH - NIGHT

Cole, Skinner and Weber sit on chairs around the pool table. Cole wears a blindfolded. His left hand splayed on top of a teak chopping board.

He waves his hand across the pool table. On the felt lies an assortment of sharp implements: knives, syringes, scissors etc. Cole drops his hand and seizes the object directly below. A sharp, brass letter opener. He holds the hilt firmly, then nods.

Skinner looks at his watch. Waits until the second hand reaches twelve, then

SKINNER

Go.

In a series of rapid movements, Cole thrusts the opener up and down between his fingers and thumb. A staccato of CLICKS as the tip of the blade strikes the piece of teak.

Skinner keeps his eye on the watch.

Weber glares as the knife flash between his brother's fingers until

COLE

SHIT!

Blood from Cole's finger spills onto the chopping board.

Skinner looks at his watch and sneers.

SKINNER

In the movie, the robot was a hell of a lot faster. You owe me five hundred more.

Cole adjust the blindfold.

COLE  
Double or nothing.

SKINNER  
Done.

Skinner takes the letter opener, lays it on the table and shifts the implements into new positions.

Cole's hand wavers above the table, then drops on a hypodermic needle.

Skinner watches the second hand TICK toward twelve.

Weber SLAMS his hand down on the pool table.

WEBER  
Two weeks of bullshit! Those bitches  
got Robert, Dennis, Melvin and you  
two play bloody finger.

Weber scatters the knives etc. and accidentally spills his drink on the table.

Cole whips off the blindfold, seizes his brother's hand and lays it on the teak board, palm up. Cole pushes the needle into his brother's hand.

WEBER  
Please.

COLE  
Little brother you know better.  
Don't you ever fuck with a game.

Cole pulls out the needle. Weber SIGHS and rubs his hand. Cole grabs his hair and shoves his nose into the wet spot on the felt.

COLE  
Vacuum that shit off my lawn.

Weber snorts at the moisture.

COLE  
Bro, how do you think we keep our  
sanity? We got a little girl  
trying to kill us.

Weber tries to turn his head.

WEBER  
Girl?

COLE  
I should have let Skinner kill them.

Skinner downs a glass of vodka. Cole shoves his brother away from the table.

COLE

But hell, I was Sheriff.

Cole laughs shrilly. Skinner joins in. Cole jabs his finger in Weber's chest.

COLE

And it was a good thing too. How many time did I have to save your young ass, boy?

(with disapproval)

You and the little girls. It was downright embarrassing. You were always hanging around playgrounds. Lookin' up skirts.

WEBER

You said girl.

COLE

You ever read a paper? Watch the news?

Cole finds a newspaper under the coffee table and flips it to Weber. He scans the front page, then smiles.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: GREAT WHITE - LURKING OFF OF CATALINA ISLAND?

Below the headline is a picture of Lindsey Forest, with a small caption: MISSING AFTER GREAT WHITE ATTACK

COLE

One of them's dead for sure. The other one doesn't know it, but she's getting ready to join her.

INT. OF A TERRIBLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gritts sips from a highball glass stuffed with olives. Karen purposely avoids a tall glass filled to the brim with red wine. On the table beside them lies the same newspaper.

GRITTS

You're still siding with vigilantes.

Karen gestures around the rotten restaurant.

KAREN

And you're ruining the ambience of this fine establishment.

GRITTS

I told you to order a Martini.

Karen delicately slips the tip of her finger into the wine, sucks off the liquid and gags.

KAREN

And miss a fine vintage like this?

(touches the newspaper)

Besides, the funeral will put an end to all --

(goes into deep thought)

Unless?

Gritts waits.

KAREN

Cole, Skinner and Weber couldn't have had anything to do with the Scuba accident, could they?

Gritts shakes his head no.

GRITTS

I put a stakeout on their place in Laguna when Weber skipped out of the hospital. They've only gone out for food and booze.

(gulps an olive)

This thing better be over. I've got budget problems and ten other cases that need attention.

(sighs)

Sometimes I want to vomit. Everyday there's something else. Another creep---

Karen gives the glass of wine a repugnant shove.

KAREN

Order me a Martini.

GRITTS

I thought you don't drink hard liquor?

KAREN

I thought you were trying to break down my resistance.

GRITTS

I was.

KAREN

Order me a martini.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It has a well lived-in look, relatively feminine. Flowers stand

in vases in every nook and cranny.

Against one wall stands a trophy case filled with karate trophies and pictures of the twins: rock climbing, in karate poses, at an archery range, skeet shooting etc. And right in the middle sits the Lion Tamer's whip.

Lindsey, dressed in black, looks out a window. She leans to one side and braces herself with a cane.

Lydia enters the room quietly. Her hair is still grey.

LYDIA

Ready for your funeral, Sis?

Lindsey turns in pain.

LINDSEY

(trys to laugh)

It won't be the same without you.

LYDIA

I'll be there in spirit. And Douglas Welty will be there in the flesh.

Wait until you see him!

(points to the flowers)

Sis, he's in love.

LINDSEY

I don't even know what he looks like.

LYDIA

Look for someone gorgeous.

(glances at her watch)

You'd better get going.

Lindsey nods and limps to the door. She pulls her sister near and looks at her closely.

LINDSEY

Tomorrow we talk. You promised.

LYDIA

Tomorrow. My new place.

(crosses her heart)

I promise. Now hurry up or you'll be late for your own funeral.

LINDSEY

That's terrible.

LYDIA

I couldn't resist.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

The few people in attendance look down an open hole in the ground.

The passengers and crew from the scuba boat look on as the obese woman sobs openly and peeking through her fingers, gives Captain Douglas Welty a lusty leer.

Welty inches close to Lindsey and gently takes her hand.

OS a PREACHER murmurs the end of the funeral litany.

Off to one side, Gritts, Karen, Moody and Wanda fold their hands and bend their heads. Wanda whispers to Moody.

WANDA

What do they put in an empty coffin?

Moody shrugs.

PREACHER

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Lindsey lifts the veil and looks down at the pit.

A shovel blade glides through the air with a load of soil. The dirt splatters onto the coffin.

LINDSEY

(whispers)

It's over.

Lindsey sighs looks up at Gritts and the scuba boat group and nods 'thank-you-for-being-here.' She shifts her weight on the cane and turns toward Douglas Welty, then freezes.

Her eyes lock on Cole and Skinner twenty feet away.

Gritts follows her gaze and saunters to Cole and Skinner.

Cole sees him coming, extends his hand and motions to Skinner.

COLE

Lieutenant, I would to introduce  
my associate Mr. ---

Gritts shoves his hand aside and nods toward Skinner.

GRITTS

Benjamin Ritter. What scalp did  
you two jump off of?

COLE

What ever happened to professional  
courtesy?

Gritts spits on Cole's shoe.

GRITTS

Either of you lice, come within ten miles of Lydia Forest and I'm reopening that hunting accident up in...

Gritts can't remember the location. Skinner does.

SKINNER

That was up in Nemesis.

GRITTS

That's a strike.

COLE

That tragic incident was decided in a court of law. You do know about statues of limitations.

(shrugs to Skinner)

He must know something about law.

Skinner comes to attention and salutes.

SKINNER

The law's always done right by me.

Cole starts to laugh. Gritts grabs his adam's apple and squeezes.

GRITTS

Listen to me leech, I'm cutting off your blood supply.

Cole takes Gritts wrist and twist it away.

COLE

If I touched a man up in Summit county it would constitute harassment. I guess things are different down here in the big city.

Cole walks away. Skinner tags after him.

COLE

Find another case, Lieutenant. Don't fuck with me.

Cole laughs shrilly.

Lindsey shudders from the laugh and gazes back at the pit.

LINDSEY'S POV

The hole grows smaller and smaller.

LINDSEY'S FLASHBACK

A HOLE---IN A RUGGED MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

NINE YEAR OLD Lydia, wearing a gold, heart shaped locket, is being pushed into the tiny opening by Frederick Weber. Suddenly, he stops and lifts her high in the air.

WEBER

If you give me a kiss, I won't shove you in the hole.

Lindsey's head pops out of the ground.

YOUNG LINDSEY

Kiss him. Please kiss him, sis.

Robert Anders and Dennis Moran stagger up to Weber and smack their lips. From O.S. come more drunken hoots and hollers.

Teriffied, Lydia looks from her sister to Weber, purses her lips and aims a kiss at Weber's cheek.

But, Weber goes for her mouth. Lydia gags and bites down hard. Weber SCREAMS. Blood pours from his mouth and a huge flap of skin dangles from his cheek. He flings Lydia.

She tries to run, but Robert and Dennis gather her up and stuff her, feet first, into the hole. Lydia fights.

Above her, Melvin Brace, sips a beer and crams down her head with a muddy combat boot.

Weber holds his face. Blood seeps though his fingers.

MELVIN

Weber you something. You really something.

A tiny hand appears from behind Lydia.

O.S. the CRACKLE of fire. A wisp of smoke waifs past. Young Lydia shields her face and screams.

YOUNG LYDIA

Lindsey, go down! Go down!

Cole rolls up in a wheelchair. He sucks from a liter of Vodka and directs events like a drunken despot.

COLE

Ready?

Weber holds his cheek together with one hand and lighs a make-shift torch with the other. Skinner approaches with a load of twigs and frowns at Cole.

SKINNER

Hell of a waste of skin.

Cole rolls closer to the now vacant hole. Skinner stuffs in the twigs and branches.

Pitiful cries come from within the mountain.

COLE

Roast the rabbits. Roast the  
goddamn rabbits.

Weber drops the torch. The twigs ignite with a CRACKLE. The men hoot and holler. But above it all is Cole's shrill laughter.

CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

The grave is almost filled with dirt.

Lindsey weeps softly, then lets out a terrible wail. Her knees buckle. Douglas Welty stops her fall. She looks up gratefully and whispers.

LINDSEY

It's over. Promise me it's over.

WELTY

It's over.

Gritts approaches.

WELTY

Everything's fine, Lieutenant.

Welty returns his attentions to Lindsey.

WELTY

It's over. I promise. Now it is  
time to begin again.

Welty helps Lindsey across the lawn.

LINDSEY

Begin again. Thank you for all  
the flowers.

Lindsey brushes her hair away from her face with her left hand. Gritts sees the gesture and knows something is wrong, but can't put his finger on it. He reflects for a beat, then rejoins Karen.

GRITTS

Somethings ---

Karen plants a wet one on his cheek.

KAREN

It's over. I'm sure of it.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH CLIFF SIDE HOME - DUSK

A shadowy figure stands at the bay window.

INT. CLIFF SIDE HOME

In a black turtle neck sweater and black sweat pants, Lydia stares out at the sunset. A fire CRACKLES in the background.

LYDIA

Red sky at night, sailors delight.  
Red sky in the morning, sailor take  
warning.

She walks across the filthy room and kicks a can of beer toward the roaring fire.

LYDIA

Give the cleaning lady the year off?

From O.S. comes a muffled response. She continues to the wall with the pelts, ignores them, lifts the chrome wheel off the wall and spins it.

LYDIA

I want you to know I was against  
the swimming pool in the first  
place.

Lydia gives the wheel another spin, then turns.

Wearing only a bathing suit, Weber is bound to a chair an eight ball is stuffed in his mouth. His eyes dart from Lydia, to a can of charcoal lighter fluid on the shattered glass coffee table, to a pile of wood and newspaper surrounding the chair.

LYDIA

Water wasn't fitting. You're more  
the fire type. Aren't you?

Lydia picks up the hypodermic syringe from the coffee table and plunges the needle into Weber's bare thigh.

Weber's eyes go wide.

LYDIA

Good. Good. Those big muscles are  
nice and numb.

She purposely SNAPS the needle in half and aims the splintered shaft at his groin.

Weber sweats with terror. Lydia, drops the hypodermic, stands and spins the chrome wheel absently, then suddenly shoves it

against Weber's nose. The spokes THUNK. His nose starts to bleed.

LYDIA

What kind of person kills cripples?

Lydia lays the wheel aside, takes a knife from the coffee table and slices through Weber's bonds.

LYDIA

You may want to scream.

She WHACKS his cheek. The eight ball THUDS to the floor.

LYDIA

But your tongue won't work.

Weber does try to scream, but only GRUNTS and MARPHS.

Lydia slides the table closer, sets his bare feet on the top and tickles his toes.

LYDIA

This little piggy went to market...

She grabs the lighter fluid and squirts it on his feet.

LYDIA

Your skin will redden. Tiny blisters will form, then come together. The skin will peel away from your body until the bone is exposed.

Weber struggles to make his body move. He can't. He opens his mouth. A pitiful GRUNT comes out.

LYDIA

The pain is excruciating.

Lydia stands and pulls the black turtle neck sweater over her head. Her breasts, shoulders and left arm are hideously scarred. She leans toward Weber.

LYDIA

I know.

She peels her sweat pants down to her ankles. Her left leg, stomach and pelvic area are horribly disfigured.

LYDIA

This is what you did to me.

She opens the book of matches.

LYDIA

I can't make love. I'll never have children.

She strikes a match and throws it at Weber's feet. A WHOOSH. The fluid ignites.

EXT. BAY WINDOW CLIFF SIDE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A fire rages inside.

FRONT DOOR

Lydia exits. The fire CRACKLES. She slams the door and walks down a stone pathway carrying the chrome wheel in her hand. She stops and looks back at the house. Red flames leap in the windows. Lydia sings.

LYDIA

You're the one, your mother forgot  
to drown. You're the one, your mother  
forgot to drown.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey tosses and turns. She MOANS. Suddenly, she sits up in bed half asleep and SCREAMS.

INT. APPARTMENT KITCHEN - MORNING

Lindsey pops two frozen waffles in a toaster, then lifts the phone and dials. A beat, then Lydia's voice on an answering machine.

LYDIA (OS)

Hi, I'm out right now, but I'll be  
back.  
Leave a message and we can chat.

A BEEP.

LINDSEY

Hey! Weren't we supposed to talk?  
Remember you promised...Had one of  
my bad dreams last night.

(shivers)

Anyway, just wanted to say my funeral  
went well. The bad news, Cole and  
Skinner made an appearance, but even  
they seemed to know it's over. The good  
news, Douglas Welty...In a word, WOW!  
Don't be jealous, but we have a  
dinner date tonight. Bettcha he  
brings flowers.

(a beat)

LINDSEY (CONT)

I know we can't see each other

for a while, sis. But I have to  
tell you. For the first in years  
I feel at peace. Love ya.

She craddles the phone and turns to a persistent KNOCK at the door. She crosses through a beam of sunlight and exits the kitchen. The waffles POP up in the toaster.

INT. OF A MORGUE - DAY

WALL CLOCK 9:45

Karen Bridges sits at her desk going through some papers

TWO MEN pushes a gurney through a double door. A sealed, plastic body bag lies on top.

FIRST MAN

This is the worst.

SECOND MAN

I'm taking two weeks off.

The Second man pulls down the zipper as Karen comes up to the gurney.

SECOND MAN

I know you're seasoned, Doctor  
Bridges, but this one's --

Karen gestures for him to open the bag. He hesitates then pull the plastic apart. There all GASP. On the gurney lies a barely recognizable female form. Someone has played tic-tac-toe over the entire torso.

The first and second layers of skin have been removed from the face and skull. Karen gags.

KAREN

Get Gritts down here.

INT. OF THE MORGUE - LATER

At an operating table, Karen works on the lump of flesh. She looks up from the body as Gritts enters.

GRITTS

You wanted to see me?

Karen looks at the wall clock: 1:20, and sighs.

KAREN

We have a couple of wackos out there.

Gritts approaches the table, looks at the body, then backs away.

GRITTS

Jesus!

INT. OF THE MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Gritts and Karen sit at her desk. Gritts refers to a note pad as he questions.

GRITTS

No finger prints.

KAREN

They cut off her fingers.

GRITTS

How about a dental chart?

KAREN

They pulled out her teeth.

GRITTS

(holds up two fingers)

They?

KAREN

She was sodomized. There was semen in her virgina and her anal cavity. The sperm from two different men.

GRITTS

Bastards!

KAREN

Bastards is an understatement. Any ideas?

GRITTS

It's hard to start an investigation when you can't identify the victim. Maybe --

KAREN

Hold it!

She fingers through a Rolodex, finds a card and dials her phone.

KAREN

I know a great sculptor.

GRITTS

Wonderful!

KAREN

(as if explains everything)  
He's an anthropologist.

INT. OF THE MORGUE - LATER

WALL CLOCK 3:30

Gritts and Karen stand at one side of the autopsy table.

KEN GOLDE, early twenties, stands beside a medical tray laden with knives of various designs, and strips of clay and plastic.

Ken explains procedures as he CRACKS his knuckles and begins to lay thin strips of plastic over the raw flesh of the woman's face.

KEN

Anthropological sculpture is a relatively new field. I usually work with skeletal remains.

(places another strip)

Neanderthal and Australopithecus mostly.

Gritts and Karen exchange puzzled looks. Ken picks up on the exchange.

KEN

Our ancient cousins. According to one theory our ancestors killed them.

(looks down at the body)

Might explain our predisposition to violence.

Ken waits for Gritts or Karen to comment. When they don't

KEN

This is going to take some time. Why don't you go for a cup of coffee?

Gritts and Karen don't move. Ken CRACKS his knuckles.

KEN

Fine, I enjoy the company.

(he goes back to work)

What I'm doing here is attempting to reconstruct---

INT. OF THE MORGUE - LATER

WALL CLOCK 6:55

Gritts and Karen lean against the wall sipping coffee. --

Ken stands, CRACKS his knuckles, wipes his hands with a towel and turns

KEN

Except for the hair...

(shakes his arms and legs)  
This is about all I can do.

Gritts and Karen hurry to the table and look down at the  
RECONSTRUCTED FACE

KAREN  
Dear God.

Except for the absence of hair it's one of the twins..

KEN  
Someone you know?

INT. OF GRITTS OFFICE - NIGHT

Gritts SLAMS down the phone as Karen enters.

KAREN  
I thought it was over.

She brings a tissue to her nose and blows.

GRITTS  
I sent Moody and Fisher to pick  
up Cole and his lice, but I  
can't find Lydia. She moved out  
of her place in Venice Beach.

KAREN  
Same thing I would have done.  
(off Gritts' puzzlement)  
Lydia had to get away from the memories.

Gritts nods.

KAREN  
(close to tears)  
How did they get Lindsey when she  
was scuba diving? They must have  
had her for two weeks. Torturing...  
How could I be so wrong?

GRITTS  
How could I be so stupid?

KAREN  
Someone has to warn Lydia.

GRITTS

How the hell can I warn her?  
If I can't find her?

KAREN

Call the Coast Guard.

GRITTS

What?

KAREN

She left with the Coast Guard Captain.  
He knows where she's living.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gritts and Karen hurry out the exit.

KAREN

When we get there, please let me talk.  
It will be easier coming from a woman.

Gritts nods as they approach an unmarked police car. O.S. a SCREECH of brakes.

A black and white patrol car comes to a stop inches from Gritts. Officer Moody leaps from the car.

GRITTS

I told you to bring in---

MOODY

The house is gone! Torched sometime  
last night. They found Weber inside.  
Scumbag, won't be bothering little  
girls any more.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lindsey, dressed for a night on the town, sits on the couch sobbing. Karen Bridges holds her close and whispers condolences.

KAREN

I'm so sorry.

Gritts moves quietly about the room puzzling over the trophy case memorabilia and the well appointed apartment. O.S. a RAP on the door. Karen gives him a nod. Gritts opens the door to

Douglas Welty, with flowers in one hand and waving two tickets in the other. His smile turns to puzzlement, then anger when he sees Gritts and hears Lindsey's crying.

WELTY

What's going on? You asked me where she lived, Lieutenant. You didn't say you were going pay a visit.

Welty pushes past Gritts, walks to the couch, eases Karen aside and gently takes Lindsey's hand.

WELTY

How are you doing?

Lindsey takes both of Welty's hands in hers.

LINDSEY

You're the first man...

She drops his hands. Lifts her cane and hobbles to the trophy case. From all the pictures she selects one and holds it to her chest.

Silent tears fall. She fingers the gold, heart shaped locket and closes her eyes.

LINDSEY'S FLASHBACK

A WOODED PATH - DAY

Rays of sunlight beam through the trees. Birds CHIRP.

Young Lydia sits against a tree trunk writing furiously on a pad of white paper.

Across the path, Young Lindsey adds the last blossom to a bouquet of wild flowers, then skips up the trail and presents them to

MADELINA FOREST, her mother, early thirties. Madelina wears a large white hat. Her head tilts awkwardly against the neck rest on the back of her wheelchair.

YOUNG LINDSEY

(curtsies)

For the Queen.

MADELINA

(takes the flowers)

The Queen is delighted.

Madelina lifts a small bowed present from beneath her shawl and presents it to Lindsey. Lindsey squeals with delight, but refrains from opening the gift.

Lydia approaches with the pad of paper.

## MADELINA

And does Lydia, the Princess of Versus,  
have a poem for the Queen?

Lydia curtsies and reads.

## YOUNG LYDIA

There is so much to love about life,  
flowers, sky mountains and snow.

(gestures to the forest)

But I especially love our walks  
in the woods, never knowing...quite  
which way we'll go.

Madelina and Lindsey applaud. Madelina hands Lydia an identical  
box to the one she handed Lindsey.

## MADELINA

The Queen bids you open her tokens  
of appreciation.

The girls tear into the boxes and take out gold, heart shaped  
loquets, put them around their necks, look at each other and  
spin in a dance of celebration.

## LYDIA &amp; LINDSEY

Mom they're beaut---

SHOT. Madelina lurches forward. Blood appears on the front of  
her blouse and trickles off her lips.

## LYDIA &amp; LINDSEY

MAMA! MAMA!

Skinner and Cole, dressed in hunting garb, armed with telescopic  
rifles, sharing a bottle of vodka, weave their way out of the  
trees onto the path. They stroll up to the SCREAMING girls.

Behind them, Robert, Dennis, Weber and Melvin stagger out of  
the woods. Good ol' boys out on drunken spree.

Cole points at Madelina and laughs shrilly.

## COLE

Robert thought it was a White Tail.  
Fucking white hat would fool anybody.

Lydia and Lindsey, lost in the shadows of the men, look up to  
the sea of unshaven faces and find Cole's.

## YOUNG LYDIA

Mister, please help my mama.

Cole pokes Madelina and laughs shrilly.

## COLE

Does this look like a White Tail,  
or not?

MELVIN

(bends close to woman)  
She living?

COLE

Not for long.  
(he looks at the other men)  
Got to have something for the  
trophy wall.

The men shout. Lindsey and Lydia grab the handles of the  
wheelchair. Cole and Skinner shove them to the ground.

Madelina's eyes open. She whispers.

MADELINA

The Queen says run. Run like  
rabbits. Run.

Lindsey hesitates, but Lydia grabs her arm and they run.

Dodging between legs and groping hands, they run and disappear  
in the woods.

COLE

(laughs shrilly)  
This is inhumane. We have a wounded  
beast here. Let's take care of the  
deer and then we'll go after rabbits.

Hand-in-hand Lydia and Lindsey run through the forest.  
Low branches rip their clothes and faces. They run. Behind them  
six SHOTS echo through the woods.

INT. OF LINDSEY'S APARTMENT

Lindsey's eyes open. She grabs her coat and turns to Gritts.

LINDSEY

I will see my sister now.

WELTY

(takes her arm)  
I'll go with you.

LINDSEY

(eases loose)  
Sorry, this is a family matter.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Karen holds Lindsey tight.  
Gritts slowly pulls the handle on a body locker.

Lindsey looks into the drawer. She starts to crumble.

Gritts pulls her into his arms for comfort.

GRITTS

Don't worry we'll get them.

Lindsey's peers over Gritts' shoulder. Her eyes are demonic.

INT. OF GLASS OFFICE - MORNING

Gritts angrily adjusts a 49er's cap as he stands at attention in front of the desk of THOMAS VLAUTIN, forties, slim and trim. A plaque on his desk reads: Captain of Homicide.

GRITTS

If you retired right now, could you afford a house on Laguna Beach?

Vlautin shakes his head no.

GRITTS

Then how the hell can some turd sheriff from Summit County?

VLAUTIN

Drugs?

GRITTS

But not what you're thinking. Precto-Chemical has a factory up there. They make paint and solvents.

VLAUTIN

So?

GRITTS

Cole got kicked out of office by the environmentalist.

VLAUTIN

Phil, will you get on with it?

GRITTS

Cole lives in -- well, used to live in Laguna Beach.

Vlautin gestures go on, go on.

GRITTS

Precto-Chemical pays Cole ninety grand a year as a fuckin' consultant.

Vlautin rises from behind his desk and paces for a beat.

VLAUTIN

You've still got nothing. Even if you bring him in what the hell are we going to book him on? Failure to win an election?

Gritts takes off his 49er cap and twist the bill. The anger isn't lost on Vlautin.

GRITTS

They killed the girls' mother.

VLAUTIN

And were found not guilty by a jury of their peers.

GRITTS

Sometimes the law is wrong.

VLAUTIN

No shit! Tell me about it. But what've you got? Nothing!

GRITTS

They had Lindsey for two weeks. Took their time. Raped her and...  
(makes a knife motion)  
carved the skin from her face.

VLAUTIN

Phil, find the skin. The knife. A goddamn witness. Something. And when you do I'll personally help you their nuts off.

Gritts goes for the door.

VLAUTIN

Phil, find something. Anything. But in the meantime...  
Will you get rid of that damn cap.

Gritts turns, smiles and tips the bill.

VLAUTIN

With the Ram's going. This is Raider country.

EXT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wrapped in a black exercise outfit, Lindsey steps out the door. She drops her cane on the knob and hobbles down the stairs to the sidewalk.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

done under music.

- A) BEACH - DAY Lindsey limps across the sand, gasping for breath.
- B) KARATE CLASS - Her hair is cropped short almost to the scalp. She fights the pain as well as her male instructor. He motions her to slow down. She won't.
- C) THE COUNTRY -AFTERNOON - Lindsey stares up at an isolated, two story house. Trees surrounded the structure on three sides. A for rent/furnished sign is planted in the front lawn. She rips it out of the ground.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lindsey sits at a table with a black felt marker studying a map of Los Angeles. Intersecting circles surround various sections of the city. Most of the circles have been 'X'ed out. A CLICK.

From a police monitoring device.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

We have a two-eleven in progress at  
the corner of Fairfax and Melrose.

Lindsey runs the marker down a police code sheet and stops.

211 - ARMED ROBBERY

She returns to the map and puts an 'X' in the Santa Monica sector. She stands and opens a closet.

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS

Done under music.

- A) SLEAZY POOL HALL - NIGHT - Lindsey, dressed to blend in with the crowd, looks it over and leaves.
- B) EXT. BEACH - MORNING - Lindsey runs.
- C) SHEAR WALL OF ROCK - DAY - Lindsey and a group of rock climbers adjust their gear then repell down the face of the rock. Lindsey lands first, then hand over hand goes back up the cliff.
- D) TWO STORY HOUSE COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT - Lindsey carries several boxes through the front door.
- E) LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY - Lindsey puts an X in the Hollywood circle. There aren't many left.

- F) POOL TABLE - AT THE BACK OF A BAR - NIGHT - Lindsey gets a few admiring glances as she searches through the crowd.
- G) BEACH - DAY - Lindsey runs effortlessly.
- H) KARATE CLASS - Lindsey and her instructor go at it no-holds-barred. He can't believe her intensity. He motions to rest. Lindsey motions to continue.
- M) PISTOL RANGE - Patron's admire her expertise.
- N) THE MEADOW BESIDE THE TWO STORY HOUSE - DAY
- A DIESEL engine roars. In the cab of a backhoe, Lindsey shoves the gears back and forth. The bucket drops into a ten foot deep - two foot wide trench.
- O) LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - Only two circles on the map are empty. Lindsey slashes an X in the Long Beach circle, and walks to the closet.

INT. OF A FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gritts and Karen dig through the main course.

GRITTS

...Three weeks and not a clue.  
Even if we found them I couldn't  
do a damn thing.

KAREN

How's Lydia holding up?

Gritts looks away and twirls his fork in the pasta.

Karen leaves her knife in a steak

KAREN

She is protected? You have her  
apartment staked-out?

GRITTS

There have been a lot of cut-backs.  
I couldn't --

His BEEPER goes off. Gritts snaps off the beeper, stands and grins sheepishly.

GRITTS

Got to call the office. Be a second.

Karen points to an engagement ring on her finger.

KAREN

I'll be waiting.

WALL PHONE - REAR OF RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATTER

Gritts listens intently.

MOODY (OS)  
Found the bad guys, Lieutenant.

GRITTS  
Where?

MOODY (OS)  
Smitties, a pool hall in Long Beach.  
I'm sittin' outside watching the  
front door.

GRITTS  
Did you call for a back-up?

MOODY (OS)  
No...Sir.

GRITTS  
Good. Thirty minutes.

Gritts disconnects, glances around and drops in another quarter.

RESTAURANT TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Gritts lays a fifty on the table and pecks Karen on the cheek.

KAREN  
I can't eat all this food.

GRITTS  
Get a doggie bag.

KAREN  
I don't own a dog.

Gritts holds his hands on his chest like two paws.

GRITTS  
Arf.

INT. SMITTIES' - NIGHT

Profanity collides with the smoke in the disreputable bar and pool hall.

POOL TABLE - NEAR THE BACK

Several spectators watch Cole shoot Eight Ball with a VERY YOUNG MAN. Only the cue and eight ball remain on the table.

Cole lines up the shot, lifts his head and SNEERS at the Kid.

It's not a tough shot, but Cole has to show off, he kills it.  
A SMACK.

The two balls collide. The EIGHT BALL drops in the pocket, but the CUE BALL careens around the table and DROPS in a CORNER POCKET.

KID  
Eight hundred.

COLE  
Double or nothing.

The Kid postures with his palms out.

KID  
Third game you lost. Let's see  
the green.

Cole pulls out a wad of hundred dollar bills and drops eight on the rail.

The Kid grabs the money,

KID  
Rack `em, Mister. I gotta squeeze my  
lizard.

Kid grins and counts the bills on his way to the John.

Angrily Cole racks the balls. A febel old Man approaches.  
In the shadows behind the Old Man, Skinner watches.

OLD MAN  
(snickers)  
You ain't gonna to beat him.

Cole raises his fist. The Old Man flinches.

OLD MAN  
Mister, the Kid's a pro. He's been  
on T.V. Save your money.

Cole nods over the Old Man's shoulder to Skinner.

INT. SMITTES' BATHROOM

Graffiti covers the walls and a shattered mirror.

The Kid leans over the urinal. He turns as the door opens behind him and points to the single stall.

KID  
Shitters broken.

He ZIPS up, turns and points to the urinal.

KID  
All yours.

SKINNER  
My friend's a bad loser.

The Kid washes his hands in a dribble of rusty water and wipes his them on the side of his jeans.

KID  
And a shitty pool player.

Skinner holds out his left hand. In his right rests the Bowie knife.

KID  
You'd stick me for a lousy  
eight hundred?

Skinner nods. The Kid pretends to reach for the money; a CLICK instead he whips out an open switch blade.

SKINNER  
Sonny, you're out of your league.

Before the Kid can respond, Skinner moves.

A THUD. The Kid buckles against the tiled wall. His switch blade CLANKS to the floor.

Skinner holds the Kid erect with his knife and takes the money from his pocket.

SKINNER  
Stick to pool. You're a damn good  
player.

INT. SMITTIES - MOMENTS LATER

Cole watches Skinner exit the men's room. Skinner give him the thumbs up.

Cole lifts the rack and scatters the balls across the table. Skinner whispers in his ear. Cole laughs.

EXT. MEN'S ROOM DOOR - SAME MOMENT

WOMAN'S LEG - HIGH HEEL SHOES, BLACK NET STOCKINGS

The door glides open. The KID lies on the floor in a pool of blood.

Cole and Skinner walk toward the front door. Cole stops, looks back to the Men's Room and laughs. His laughter stops abruptly when he comes face to face with

Lieutenant Gritts. Gritts flashes a badge. Moody, in UNIFORM, follows suit.

GRITTS  
Sheriff Cole, we'll do this by the  
book or --

O.S. a female SCREAM.

All hell breaks loose. Skinner goes for Moody with his knife and gets him in the chest. Moody gasps and falls.

Gritts reaches for his gun. Cole connects with a left to the stomach. Gritts folds in half.

Cole kicks him in the throat. Gritts gags, keels over. Cole kicks him in the head. Gritts crumbles.

Skinner kicks him in the ribs. A CRACK. Skinner raises his knife to stab him in the back. SIRENS WAIL.

Cole and Skinner run to the rear and kick open a door lettered EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY.

EXT. SMITTIES ALLEY - NIGHT

They duck to the left avoiding the street, and the growing sound of SIRENS. They dodge through a maze of garbage cans and debris for twenty yards, then come to a halt in front of a

TWELVE FOOT BRICK WALL crowned with a cirleque of barbed-wired.

Cole and Skinner retreat back down the alley.

Gritts flies out of the rear exit of Smitties gun in hand and blocks their escape.

GRITTS  
Do something you Fuc---

Skinner tosses his knife.

Gritts takes it in the arm. The gun spins from his hand. Gritts dives for his weapon.

Cole and Skinner close in for the kill.

GRITTS POV - A SHADOW APPEARS IN THE REAR EXIT OF SMITTIES

Gritts rises on a knee and lifts his hand for help.

A POOL CUE smashes Gritts over the skull. A CRACK.

The cue shatters into pieces. Gritts falls face down into the pavement.ent.

Out of the shadows, staggers a sultry women, in stilleto heels and black net stockings. She walks up to Gritts, then braces herself against a garbage can and slurs drunkenly

LINDSEY

Pigs.

(she spits on Gritts)

I hate `em.

O.S. SIRENS and advancing voices.

VOICE (OS)

Bathroom stabbing. That's a ten-four.

SKINNER

Let's get out of here.

Cole cocks his gun and aims it at Gritts.

VOICE (OS)

Yes sir, we are entering the premises.

Skinner grabs Coles hand.

LINDSEY

(slurs)

I've got a car.

EXT. HONDA

The vehicle speeds away from the curb.

INT. OF CAR

Cole darts through heavy taffic. In the front seat, Lindsey rubs one lust knee against Cole and the other against Skinner. O.S. the SIRENS fade as the car speeds away.

SKINNER

(to Cole)

Where're we going?

Lindsey raises her skirt and slurs lustily.

LINDSEY

Killed that son-of-a-bitch.

Whacked that cop...

right on the head.

Lindsey pulls a full pint of vodka from the belt of her skirt, takes a swig, GIGGLES, and passes it to Skinner. Unconsciously, Skinner takes the bottle.

SKINNER

Heavy shit, Cole. A cop's...

(takes a swig)  
Heavy shit. Gotta move out---

LINDSEY  
I have a place.

Skinner eyes her wantonly.

SKINNER  
She has a place.

Skinner passes the bottle to Cole. Lindsey reaches for it, Skinner pulls it away.

LINDSEY  
Give it back.

Skinner taunts, dangling the BOTTLE back and forth. Lindsey grabs, and misses.

SKINNER  
(to Cole)  
She's got a place.

Out of the corner of his eye, Cole watches the antics between Skinner and Lindsey, until Lindsey grabs for the bottle, misses and falls into the dash board. She folds her hands in prayer and pleads with SKINNER.

LINDSEY  
Come on...It's my bottle...  
(almost crying)  
Give me a drink.

COLE  
What'll you do for a drink?

Lindsey pouts and looks back and forth between the two men.

LINDSEY  
For a drink?

Cole takes the bottle from Skinner's hand, takes a big swig, wipes his lips and holds the bottle away from Lindsey.

COLE  
For a drink.

Lindsey gropes for the bottle. Cole moves it up and down, back and forth. Lindsey turns to Skinner for help, but he sneers.

SKINNER  
What'll you do for a drink?

Lindsey grins then lifts her legs up onto the dash board, kicks off her high heels and lifts her skirt. Her shrill laughter

fills the car.

LINDSEY  
Let's party!

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

This is the house that Lindsey rented earlier. Lights glow in the windows. Loud, sultry MUSIC comes from inside.

INT. TWO STORY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole and Skinner lounge in a sofa. The basic food groups of liquor, drugs and cigarettes are spread out on a coffee table in front of them.

Skinner claps his hands in time with the MUSIC. Cole finishes off a bottle of Vodka and reaches for another.

SKINNER  
Take it off. Take it all off.

In panties and bra, Lindsey dances drunkenly to the music.

LINDSEY  
Come on, give me a drink.

Cole and Skinner laugh. Cole takes a big swig and passes the bottle to Skinner, who downs a gulp, staggers to his feet and begins to unbutton his shirt.

SKINNER  
Dance, Baby...Let's---

Skinner's knees buckle his eyes close, he falls back onto the sofa unconscious.

Cole's shrill laughter fills the room. He stands and staggers toward Lindsey.

COLE  
Let's party, Bitch. Time you and  
I got---

Cole struggles with the stupor. Wobbles.

COLE  
You remind me of ---

Lindsey slips on her gold, heart shaped locket.

Cole tries to attack, but teeters into a wall, over a chair, crumbles to his knees and claws his way across the carpet to Lindsey's feet.

COLE

Fucking cunt.

INT. OF A CELLAR

A single bulb dangles from a beam. Above a workbench hang an assortment of bladed weapons.

Skinner lies on a metal grate in the middle of the concrete floor. He moans. Above a door CREAKS open, then shut. A BOLT is thrown.

CELLAR STAIRS

Built against one wall. Lindsey, dressed in black, descends carefully avoiding the banister - where glints of light reflect off the railing.

Skinner groans. Lindsey sits down, Yoga style, several feet from his head. Behind the SCURRY of little feet and the SQUEAL of rodents. Lindsey grins in the direction of the sound. Skinner MOANS and tries to rise.

SKINNER

Jesus, my head.

LINDSEY

You have other concerns.

For the first time Skinner sees Lindsey watching his every move. Skinner collects himself. They both stand and face each other.

SKINNER

Where's Cole?

Lindsey ignores the question and points to the weapons above the work bench.

LINDSEY

Pick one.

SKINNER

(still confused)

Didn't we show you a good time last night?

LINDSEY

Pick one.

SKINNER

Listen Bitch. I don't know---

LINDSEY

BITCH! You shot a crippled woman, shoved two children into a hole and

LINDSEY (CONT)  
skinned a woman alive...  
And I'M a Bitch.

Lindsey pulls a barong (short knife, used in the Philippines as a weapon and tool) from a sheath.

LINDSEY  
Pick a weapon.

Skinner turns to the work bench. His body covers his movements. He fingers a hatchet with his left hand and fingers the blade of a Bowie knife with his right. He whirls and throws.

Lindsey is gone. The knife flies through the air and CLANKS against the wall on the far side of the cellar.

Skinner grabs the hatchet and a second knife. A WHOOSH and the SPLATTER of glass. Darkness. The single light bulb is shattered. Defused light peeks around the edges of a piece of sheet metal bolted to a tiny cellar window.

Skinner stalks through the chamber. The SQUEAL and SCAMPERING feet of rodents. Skinner turns to the sound.

Lindsey appears right in front of him and kicks the knife from his hand. It CLANKS on the concrete. Skinner lunges. Lindsey is gone.

LINDSEY  
One weapon, Skinner.

Wielding the hatchet, Skinner attacks the voice.

LINDSEY  
(behind Skinner)  
Cheaters never prosper.

Skinner spins, races to the attack, stumbles and falls against a chicken wire cage.

His grabs the cage and tries pull himself erect. A flurry of SQUEALS as a hundred ravenous rats attack his fingers and nip through the wire at his nose and cheeks. Skinner SCREAMS.

LINDSEY  
There were thousands more in the hole.  
But those aren't for you.

Skinner stands and stalks. Behind him a CLICK.

He races to the work bench. All of the weapons are gone. His foot strikes a tool chest. He bends and fingers a combination lock.

SKINNER

Bitch.

Lindsey appears. Skinner wields the hatchet. Lindsey feigns to the right and left. Skinner moves in slashing. CLOTH SHREDS. Lindsey GASPS. Skinner grins and closes.

Lindsey falls to a knee. Skinner raises the hatchet for the fatal blow. Lindsey rolls toward Skinner and pulls the Barong across his hamstring muscle. HE SCREAMS and stumbles on the useless leg. The hatchet flies out of his hand.

Lindsey rises. Skinner hobbles toward the staircase.

LINDSEY

Don't go up the stairs. Confess and  
it's over.

Skinner drags his leg up the stairs.

SKINNER

FUCK YOU!

Near the top, he loses his footing, grabs the banister and recoils SCREAMING.

BANISTER RAILING

Ebbed in the the wood wait a hundred double edged razor blades.

Skinner stares at his hand; a raw piece of meat.

Crazed he starts back down the staircase. His leg gives way, he tumbles toward the banister, but pulls back his hands. Too late he realizes his mistake. He falls forward, his NECK lands on the banister.

He slides several feet down the railing and lands on the floor. He GURGLES and COUGHS on his own blood.

Lindsey grabs her left arm. Blood seeps through her fingers as she looks down at

Skinner, wide-eyed - holding his neck with his hands.

He tries to say something. He can't.

LINDSEY

Don't move or it might fall off.

Skinner grunts.

Lindsey turns and starts up the stairs.

LINDSEY

Birds of a feather flock together,  
and so do pigs and swine; rats and  
spiders will have their choice,  
and so will I have mine.

INT. CELLAR - LATER

Cole regains consciousness on top of the floor grate.

The light bulb has been replaced by a large flood light.

Except for Skinner in a pool of blood, the room is clean, no  
razor blades, weapons or glass.

Cole moves to Skinner nudges him with the toe of his shoe.

Skinner's eyes open and, pleading silently, points to his neck  
and leg. Cole gives him a look of disgust.

COLE

Skinner, you're leaking all over  
the place.

Skinner tries to talk, he gurgles out blood. Cole surveys the  
cellar. Three ominous THUDS come from above.

COLE

I should have killed them.

He kicks the lock on the tool chest. It doesn't budge.

Three more THUDS.

Cole peels back the canvas tarp from the chicken wire cage and  
stares down into the eyes of hundreds of rats. They SQUEAL.

He SQUEALS back and drops the tarp.

Three more THUDS.

A metallic voice echoes through the cellar.

METALLIC VOICE

We're preparing a little surprise  
upstairs, Mr. Cole.

UPSTAIRS KITCHEN - DAY

Lindsey releases the button on a house inter-com system, and  
finishes cleaning the wound on her arm. She lifts a plastic  
device and glances at an amber glass bubble near the top.

LINDSEY

Take your time. Take your time.

INT. CELLAR

At the cellar window, Cole tries to lift the metal plate.

Three more THUDS, but this time they keep time with her words.

METALLIC VOICE

One for Lydia the Princess of Rhyme. (THUD)

And one for the Queen and me. (THUD)

So do not ask for whom the bell

tolls. Death is coming to thee. (THUD)

Cole snarls. He spies the

WOODEN BANISTER

Cole leaps over Skinner. Half way up the staircase, he braces his back against the wall and kicks the banister from its mounting.

He butts the pole against the staircase and breaks it in half leaving one end sharp and pointed. He hefts the weapon. Three more THUDS.

METALLIC VOICE

Almost ready, MURDERERS.

Cole descends the stairs. Skinner reaches out. Cole kicks his hand away and jams the pointed end of the pole between the slats of floor grate. It moves slightly. He grins.

INT. KITCHEN

Lindsey watches the amber bubble. A red light blinks on and off. She pounds a rubber hammer methodically on the floor. The red light goes on and stays on.

LINDSEY

Hickory, dickory mole, the  
mouse went down my hole.

INT. CELLAR DOORWAY

A bolt CLICKS. The door opens. Lindsey appears Barong in hand and slowly descends the banisterless stairway.

LINDSEY'S POV - THE HOLE IN CELLAR FLOOR

The grate is off. Cole is gone.

LINDSEY

So predictable.

Cat like, she steps over Skinner and quickly checks the rest of the cellar.

Satisfied, she drags the grate back over the hole and drops it with a CLUNK.

LINDSEY

Crawl Cole. There's a way out.

She opens the lock on the tool chest and takes out a basket of wooden shims, a gallon can of heating oil and the comic section of the Sunday Edition of L.A. Times.

HOLE CELLAR FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The grate lies to one side. Lindsey drops the shims into the hole. Behind her the rats SQUEAL in their cage.

LINDSEY

Not yet. Everything in order.

She drops in strips of paper, pours the oil into the hole and takes a book of matches from her pocket. She cups her hand to her mouth and shouts into the darkness.

LINDSEY

I dug it for you. It's as close  
as I could come to the one you stuck  
us in. Hold your breath, murderer.  
The fire sucks out most of the oxygen.

Behind her the rats SQUEAL. Lindsey strikes the match.

A shadow looms. A shrill laugh. The banister pole descends and SMACKS Lindsey below her knees. She falls.

The banister pole rises, then CRACKS in half over Lindsey's spine.

Lindsey crawls head first into the hole and disappears.

COLE

Just like old times.

Cole's face and hands have been ravaged by the rats.

RAT CAGE

Several rats try to climb over the wire. Cole swings the stub of the bannister at the lead rodents, they fall backward. Cole drops the tarp.

COLE

Dinner's not over yet.

Cole returns to the hole, jams the grate back into place, then notices the makings of the fire.

COLE

All ready for a rabbit roast.

He searches his pockets for matches. Nothing. He muscles the tool chest over the grate, turns, jumps over Skinner and races up stairs.

INT. HOLE - DARK

Lindsey doubles over and returns to the pile of shims, paper and oil. She hears Cole race up stairs, looks at the book of matches in her hand. She knows what he's after.

LINDSEY

Good.

She smears her face and exposed skin with as much heating oil as she can, then crawls backward several feet, poises a match near the striker and waits.

INT. CELLAR

Cole stomps down the stairs, knees the tool chest away and kneels next to the open grate.

A WHOOSH. Black smoke and flames leap upward through the grate.

Cole recoils. Screaming in pain.

INT. TUNNEL

Dragging her injured legs behind her, Lindsey uses her hands and elbows to navigate through the tunnel.

LINDSEY

I'm Baer Rabbit and this is my  
laughing place, Cole.

She crawls toward a nest of spiders. She stops, looks at the climbing, spinning arachnids and

LINDSEY'S FLASHBACK

INT. OF ANOTHER TUNNEL - ANOTHER TIME

Young Lindsey and Lydia cry as they tear their way through a nest of spiders.

INT. TUNNEL

Lindsey presses her face through a web and picks a spider off her neck. A welt appears.

LINDSEY

You would have liked this part, Cole.

Lindsey flicks the spider away, a half dozen more drop onto her body, as she continues through the tunnel.

INT. CELLAR

His face covered with blisters, Cole drags the chicken wire cage to the hole.

COLE

Smart ass bitch.

He tips the cage, twists one end of the tarp into a funnel and pushes it into the hole. The rats SQUEAL.

COLE

Fire's out you chicken shits!  
You had me for the entree...  
Go find dessert.

Cole kicks the cage and rants. One rat drops from the end of the funnel into the hole, then another and another.

INT. TUNNEL

Lindsey glances back over her shoulder. From the dark comes Cole's shrill laugh. Growing louder, the SQUEALS of advancing rats.

She claws earth from the walls of the tunnel and adds it to the heating oil on her face and hands.

She her body against the side of the tunnel. Her eyes glaze over. She remembers.

LINDSEY'S FLASHBACK

INT. OF ANOTHER TUNNEL - ANOTHER TIME

Young Lindsey and Lydia cuddle together. Young Lydia's arm is severely burned, both are bleeding and sobbing.

YOUNG LYDIA

(pulls her sister close)  
We're just like Alice through  
the looking glass. We're on ---

A SMALL LEDGE - ACROSS FROM THE TWO GIRLS

Two yellow eyes, then more and more and more. The rats leap from the ledge. Animal's SHRIEK join the screams of the two girls.

INT. TUNNEL

A tide of rats move through the warren toward

Lindsey pressed against the wall. The vermin close. Lindsey bites her tongue, fighting for silence. A rat paws at her hair. She screams.

INT. OF THE CELLAR

Ecstatic, Cole grins into the hole, listening to Lindsey's wail.

COLE

Eat everything on your plate  
you furry bastards.

Cole starts to put back the grate, then looks at  
Skinner, ashen, terrified.

COLE

Except for you,  
there isn't not a clue.

(laughs)

Do you hear that, Skinner? Now I'm  
making poems.

Skinner tries to move. He can't.

COLE

And who told you to the kill the pool  
player? I told you to get my money.

Cole looks into the open tool chest.

COLE

And you did... most of the skinning.  
Didn't you.

Cole reaches in and takes out the hatchet and a monkey wrench,  
then walks slowly toward Skinner.

COLE

This won't hurt a bit.

INT. CELLAR - LATTER

Covered with blood, Cole smiles to the ground at a job well  
done.

Nude, Skinner lies on his stomach. His hands and feet have been  
severed. The monkey wrench rests by his wide open mouth. All  
his teeth are gone. His clothes are folded neatly in a pile.

Cole drags Skinner by his stumps across the floor.

COLE

Have to burn your clothes.

He aims Skinner head first into the hole.

COLE

Then cover you up with some  
concrete...Might even---

From everywhere comes THUDS.

Crazed, Cole drops the body, grabs the bloody hatchet and monkey wrench and heads for the stairway. A bolt CLICKS.

A metallic voices echoes through the cellar. Done to the rhyme of OLD KING COLE. The WORDS keep time with the resounding THUD of a hammer.

METALLIC VOICE

Anthony Cole was a murdering soul, (THUD)  
A killer of cripples was he. (THUD)

Cole spins.

METALLIC VOICE

He called for a friend.....(THUD)  
But he was burying him then. (THUD)  
And the only one left...was me. (THUD)

SILENCE

THE FLOOD LIGHT - FLICKERS AND DIES

CHEWING sounds coming from the hole.

Cole drops to his knees, strikes a match and sees

Rats gnawing on Skinner's stumps and face.

Cole recoils, drops the match and turns. He knows he's not alone.  
From the darkness.

LINDSEY

Don't have a fit you pile of shit.  
Look what you've done to me.

Lindsey runs the beam of a flashlight up and down her body.  
She is a hideous mess of blood and welts. In one hand she holds  
Cole's Smith and Wesson .38. She pulls back the hammer  
BARREL AND CYLINDER - STRAIGHT ON

The cylinder turns. A CLICK.

LINDSEY

Down the hole Fucker.

Cole attacks. Lindsey FIRES. Cole falls holding his knee cap.

COLE

Bitch.

COLE'S HAND - SPLAYED ON THE CONCRETE

He tries to push himself up. Lindsey pulls back the hammer.

BARREL AND CYLINDER - STRAIGHT ON

The cylinder turns. A CLICK. Lindsey FIRES.  
Several of Cole's fingers disappear.

LINDSEY

Down the hole!

Cole needs no further prodding. He dives over Skinner's body and disappears into the black.

INT. OF HOLE

Cole shoves away the rats nipping at his bleeding knee and hands. He looks back over his shoulder

COLE

The Rabbit got out. So will---

A THUNK.

INT. CELLAR

Lindsey shoves the tool chest over the grate and stumbles up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Red welts cover Lindsey's face and arms. She moves awkwardly as she grabs a shovel and hurries out the rear door.

INT. TUNNEL

Cole crawls toward the nest of spiders. One lands on his cheek and bites. Cole yelps.

A DIGGING SOUND

A beam of light shines on Cole's face. He looks up into a thick sheet of plexi-glass.

Lindsey's puffed face peers downward.

LINDSEY

California Browns, nasty little devils. Make you sick to your

stomach... even kill if the  
bites aren't treated.

Cole scratches at the make-shift window. Lindsey shovels back  
the dirt. The light goes out.

LINDSEY  
See you down the way.

Cole curses.

EXT. OF A BEAUTIFUL MEADOW

Lindsey shuffles clumsily through the flowers until she arrives  
at a four inch wide shaft sticking out of the ground. SQUEALS  
come from within. Lindsey peers into the pipe and sees

LINDSEY'S POV - RATS CLIMBING OVER EACH OTHER

Lindsey CLANKS the pipe with the blade of the shovel. The SQUEALS  
fade as the rats scamper away.

Lindsey starts up an incline toward four circular objects,  
stops, dry heaves and continues.

INT. TUNNEL - WIDER

Now Cole's face is puffed. Beads of perspiration drip past the  
blister on his forehead.

He climbs down a ledge to an opening where four large pipes  
join the tunnel.

Two rats drop off the pipes on top of him. He rolls to dislodge  
them, then gags and retches. The rats abandon his body and dive  
into the vomit.

Cole laughs. From above comes DIGGING.

More and more light filters into the chamber. Cole rounds a  
small bend and sees an

EXIT --- SUNLIGHT - A HUNDRED FEET AWAY

EXT. FIELD - A GRASSY MOUND

Lindsey stumbles between four oil drums. Each a different color  
denoting a different chemical. On the side of each is stenciled:  
PECTRO-CHEMICALS - TOXIC MATERIAL and a SKULL AND CROSS BONES.

At the bottom of each drum is a hose bib. Each bib is connected to a pipe which disappears into the ground.

Lindsey twists open the valves on the bibs.

INT. OF CHAMBER

Cole staggers toward the sunlight.

THE MOUTHS OF THE PIPES

A trickle of green liquid drips from each conduit. The trickle becomes a torrent spewing onto the floor of the chamber cutting off Cole's only avenue of escape.

Two Rats approach a rivulet, sniff, SQUEAL, and run for their lives.

A bluish vapor rises in the chamber. As the streams of liquid join, all the rats disappear.

Cole coughs and covers his nose with the sleeve of his jacket.

A THUD on the glass above.

EXT. MEADOW

Lindsey, ashen, perspiring heavily, clutches a large metal loop connected to a rope and pulley. She leans over the glass and shouts.

LINDSEY

How does a sheriff get a beach house  
in Laguna? You knew they were dumping  
this crap... You and Skinner and the  
rest weren't hunting.  
You were guarding this shit.

INT. CHAMBER

Cole stands at the edge of the stream of liquid looking at the sunlit hole. He pushes the toe of his shoe into the muck. The leather HISSES.

COLE

Fuck!

EXT. MEADOW

Lindsey holds the metal loop. She teeters.

LINDSEY

We were only nine years old and we devised a way out. Shouldn't be any problem for a murderer. And besides...Now --

With both hands and all her weight, Lindsey pulls down the loop.

INT. CHAMBER

A thunderous ROAR of falling dirt and rock. An EXPLOSION of dust and stone as the entire tunnel collapses behind Cole.

LINDSEY

There's only one way out.

WINDOW ON THE CEILING

Dirt splatters on the glass. Except for the light from the exit, the chamber goes dark.

Cole scratches the welts on his face, looks at the ooze in his path and finally to the

SUNLIT HOLE - COLE'S POV

Cole steps back from the liquid and begins to strip

EXT. MEADOW

Lindsey stumbles through the grass, then stops at the edge of a ragged bluff.

Twenty feet away is a six foot opening in the rock.

Lindsey sighs, sits down, braces her back against a boulder, takes out the .38 Smith and Wesson and aims it at the

LINDSEY'S POV - A BLURRY - GAP IN THE BLUFF

INT. CHAMBER

A bluish haze lingers. O.S. a mad giggle of delight, then a hacking cough.

Nude from the shins up, Cole dances crazily with a boulder on his shoulder.

He looks to the sunlit hole and shouts.

COLE

Hey. Bitch! Your Mother was a whore!

He lifts the boulder and heaves it into the ooze.

He jumps back from the SPLASH and grins proudly at a

## BRIDGE OF ROCKS ALMOST ACROSS THE LIQUID

Cole does a pirouette, dragging his wounded leg around in a circle, avoiding the liquid and tosses another rock. It SPLASHES. He dances, stops, coughs and studies the muck.

## COLE'S FEET

He has torn his clothing into STRIPS: shirt, pants, jacket, and jockey shorts to make wading boots. From one boot dangles a weighted black sock.

Cole looks at the bridge of rocks, steps on one, drags his wounded leg through the ooze and shouts at the

## SUNLIT HOLE - COLE'S POV

COLE (OS)

Your sister loved me and Skinner!  
Fucked us. Fucked us good!

A shadow breaks the light. Lindsey enters.

Cole stops on the bridge.

COLE

She said she wanted --

Lindsey moves closer and aims the gun.

LINDSEY

What did my sister want, Pig?

Cole feigns a coughing fit. He bends. His hand moves down his leg toward the make-shift boot.

LINDSEY

A Childhood? You deprived us of  
that. A mother? You killed her.

Cole's fingers tighten around the weighted, black sock.

LINDSEY

I know what my sister wanted. She  
wanted you dead!

A CLICK as she cocks the weapon.

Cole spins the sock around and lets it fly.

LINDSEY

And I --

The sock hits Lindsey in the temple.  
She falls tossing the gun high in the air.

GUN

It lands with a CLANK against a rock. The cylinder bends.

On the attack, Cole slashes through the muck.

Lindsey wipes blood from her eyes and grabs a single stone.

Cole recovers his gun and takes aim.

COLE  
Bye bye, Bitch.

COLE AND LINDSEY - THREE FEET APART

Lindsey stares at the cylinder of the revolver.

The bullets are out of sync.

Cole pulls back the hammer. The cylinder DOES NOT rotate.

Cole squeezes the trigger. Nothing. Cocks, squeezes, nothing.

Lindsey dives and pounds Cole on the skull and drags the stone across his cheek. Blood erupts. Teeth are exposed.

LINDSEY  
Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle  
Cole's got a lousy gun....

Lindsey jerks the stone upward, crunching Cole on the chin, lips and nose.

LINDSEY  
The white tailed deer laughed,

He staggers. Lindsey strikes downward.

LINDSEY  
And so did her twin, just to see  
Lindsey have so much fun.

Cole spins. She kicks. He falls face down in the slime. Three bubbles of air come to the surface. POP. Then nothing.

Lindsey glares down at Cole's bare ass.

LINDSEY  
Mistress Lindsey, quite contrary,  
how does your garden grow?

She teeters toward the exit.

LINDSEY  
Now that you're a murdered too;

Where shall you go?

FADE OUT: