

A Murderer Amongst Friends

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY - continuous P.O.V.

Robin Mills' right hand raises, waving goodbye to a car which is pulling away from the curb. Her small gold watch catches a ray of the sun.

It's the end of a beautiful day. A few clouds are scattered throughout the sky. It will be getting dark within the hour. For now, the sky is a deep blue with the edges cast in orange and yellow.

As ROBIN, we turn towards the house and walk up the driveway to the front door of the house.

ROBIN OS
Hello. Nick?

The door is open. She enters the house tentatively.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is unlit. Light streams through all the windows of the living room, forcing the shadows into a rich blackness.

ROBIN OS
I got your page.
(a beat)
You home?

ROBIN walks to the darkened hallway.

Out of the blackness jumps a FIGURE of a man. HE raises a black plastic bag in the air and drops it down over ROBIN'S head.

For a moment SCREAMS, but now her YELL is muffled by the plastic. Blackness engulfs her almost entirely. Through the plastic bag a shadow is barely visible, silhouetted by the light of the living room door.

ROBIN GASPS for air. She claws hopelessly at the figure.

HER head bangs against a nearby wall. Again, and again the filtered visible light through the plastic bag shakes with impact.

Something CRASHES from a table. The man's heavy breathing and the sound of STRETCHING plastic grow stronger as the woman fights for freedom.

The MAN wraps her neck with a thin chord. ROBIN reaches for her face. The MAN knocks her to the ground and continues wrapping.

An open door emitting a white light slants at an extreme angle. The floor fades into the open door's light like a calm sea through the diffusion of the plastic bag.

The MAN binds her hands and feet.

COUGHING, GASPING, CHOKING. There's little competition left in this struggle. It's too late. The woman's lifeless arm FLOPS to the floor. It lays stretched out before us, reaching to the door, almost as if to wave goodbye. A thin gold watch clings to her right wrist is all we can make out through the artificial blackness of the plastic bag.

Softly, we LIFT away from the floor and PAN around, removing ourselves from the body of the woman. Robin Mills is now dead. We are now viewing the world from the point of view of a disembodied soul.

Closed venetian blinds keep much of the room in shadows. A large screen television sits opposite a futon and coffee table.

At the center of the room stands the dark FIGURE. Only parts of HIM visible as he lifts the WOMAN'S arm from the floor. The MAN then drags her to the far end of the room, silhouetted in the white cracks of the blinds.

The WOMAN'S red high heel shoes are pulled off as they SCRAPE against the living room floor.

CHRIS steps into the entryway carrying a box. He is a small framed, pale, young man in his early twenties, and certainly not an athlete.

CHRIS

Can someone help me with this stuff?

CHRIS attempts to flip the light switch with a spare finger. Giving up, leaving the room dark, he carries the box into the living room. HE turns the corner, into a large hallway.

INT. HALLWAY / CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS enters his bedroom and sets down the cardboard box. HE then walks through the hallway and back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walking to the front window, HE opens the venetian blinds. Outside, the sun low in the sky behind a tree. CHRIS leans over an open large next to the kitchen. Looking inside, it's only half full. He turns around and notices the red shoes on the floor.

The woman's body is gone.

CHRIS

(loudly)

Nick, Eric, Shane?

CHRIS picks up the shoes, crosses into the hallway and tosses them into Nicks bedroom. He walks out the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Hopping off the porch, CHRIS walks over to his car parked in the driveway. Taking a few small boxes out of the open trunk, HE carries them back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS walks through the living room and passes the, now closed, large box. HE heads back through the hallway to his bedroom with a box.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM / HALLWAY - DAY

With his hands on his hips, CHRIS studies his cluttered room.

A mattress is propped up against a wall by a dresser. Dresser drawers, boxes, and clothing clutter the floor. CHRIS stands in the middle of the mess and puts the box down onto some others.

A DOOR SLAMS at the back of the house. CHRIS jumps.

CHRIS OS

Hello?

CHRIS exits the bedroom as the camera PUSHES past him, into the hallway, THROUGH the opposite wall, to:

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY

It's very dark. A hint of light reflects off a nightstand. The camera PASSES by it all and travels THROUGH the far wall.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A narrow kitchen leads to a back door. The unlatched screen bounces against its frame in the WIND. The camera moves closer and PASSES though the mesh.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

The yard is empty. A gate leads from the backyard to the driveway. It's closed.

The camera PANS around back to the closed screen door. A silhouetted figure stands behind the screen

It is CHRIS. Looking into the backyard, he closes the inner wooden door. He peers through the small window.

NICK OS

Chris, move your car!

CHRIS spins around and moves away into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CHRIS
I'll be done in a few minutes.

CHRIS strolls into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

NICK is leafing through some mail. Nick is impeccably dressed, six feet tall with jet black hair. He is in his early thirties.

NICK
(he sits on the futon)
You're blocking the garage.

He finds a few letters and drops them onto the coffee table. NICK sniffs, and then opens what is obviously a credit card bill.

CHRIS
Can you give me a hand with my things?

NICK
Fuck, I just got home...

CHRIS
I've got my microwave in the back seat.
It's pretty heavy.

NICK picks up the cordless telephone next to the futon and dials.

CHRIS
Just whenever you can... uh...

NICK
Sandy?
(a beat)
How ya' doin'?

CHRIS
...Thanks.

CHRIS makes his way out the front door.

NICK

(a beat)

Yeah, I can't go anywhere tonight. I have to help Chris unpack. Maybe we'll hook up later.

(a beat)

Nah, tomorrow. Maybe a movie or somethin'. Ya' know, I'm sorry, I've gotta' get going, he's being a pussy.

(a beat)

Probably tomorrow... I'll talk to you then, ok?

(a beat)

Ok. Later.

NICK hangs up the phone as CHRIS enters, carrying in another box. HE sets the box down on top of the large box by the kitchen.

NICK

I'll help in a few minuets.

CHRIS

I brought the last of my kitchen stuff over.

(re: boxes near the kitchen)

I'm just going to leave them here until I unpack.

NICK

Whatever.

CHRIS

Mind if I play some tunes?

NICK

Go ahead.

From under the coffee table, CHRIS produces a cordless keyboard and mouse. HE places them on the table. NICK turns on the entertainment center with a remote. As the television warms up, we can see the familiar Windows98 desktop. CHRIS Starts Real Jukebox and sets it on random play. MUSIC instantly fills the room. NICK adjusts the volume with the remote and stands to leave.

CHRIS, still standing, turns and walks outside.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS walks to his car at the side of the house.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Lazy bastard.

Looking at the ground, CHRIS walks up to his car. HE notices some wet FOOTPRINTS that lead from a small puddle. The prints make their way under his car to the street, fading to nothing.

HE grabs a box from the trunk of his car and heads back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS takes the box to the kitchen and sets it down. HE then strolls back through the hallway to his bedroom.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM / HALLWAY - DAY

As CHRIS passes Nick's bedroom door, we notice a Motel 6 "Do not disturb" sign on the doorknob.

CHRIS flips on the overhead light. The light brightens up the slowly rising shadows.

CHRIS walks over to one of the drawers on the floor. HE picks the drawer off the floor and slides it into the dresser.

CHRIS takes a picture from the drawer and places the picture on top of the dresser. The PHOTOGRAPH is of CHRIS, SHANE, ERIC, NICK, as well as a few other people at the beach.

Turning around, CHRIS takes a deep breath and looks around at his new room.

CHRIS
This will be good... This will be fun.

CHRIS steps to the window. Outside, CHRIS' CAR sits with its trunk open.

CHRIS closes the blinds and exits the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS passes through the living room, and out through the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

He walks to his car and reaches into his trunk for another box.

The wet footprints that travel under him from the grass are evaporating. CHRIS looks toward their source. The property is empty.

HE closes the trunk and walks back into the house with his box.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS carries the box into his bedroom, turns off the light, and re-enters the living room.

CHRIS sits down on the futon, exhausted.

Within the music is a BEEPING sound. An electronic noise being muffled by something. It's in-sync with the music. CHRIS looks over his shoulder to the boxes near the kitchen.

The BEEPING stops.

CHRIS stands and flips the light switch on the wall next to him. A floor lamp illuminates the darkened spaces which are deepening with the setting sun.

HE opens a box. There are only dishes. HE opens another one. It too contains only dishes wrapped in newspaper. He unwraps a glass and carefully sets it back in the box.

Dropping the crumpled paper onto the floor, CHRIS walks back to the futon and sits down.

The camera PANS then PUSHES in to the largest box. We enter its black space. The green glow of a pocket PAGER'S

illuminated display envelops our view. The light then goes out. The camera PANS around and exits the box.

CHRIS is nearly laying down on the futon. HE turns his head and gazes directly at the camera.

The CAMERA, a character in itself, communicates a subtle, subconscious message to CHRIS.

CHRIS stands and walks toward the large box. Putting both boxes on the floor, CHRIS then opens the top.

Inside the box lay woman's rumpled clothing. Confused, CHRIS reaches into the cardboard box, but is stopped short when a WOMAN'S arm flops to the side.

CHRIS jumps back from the coffin, his heels tripping on the floor.

CHRIS

Shit!

HE looks back at the hallway to Nick's room, and then back to the large box.

CHRIS

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. Shit.

Slowly, CHRIS approaches the large box again. With his hand held out, CHRIS moves some of the woman's clothing away revealing her head, wrapped in a plastic garbage bag.

CHRIS

Are you OK?

Of course the woman does not answer. CHRIS feels for a pulse. He moves her watch higher on her arm to get a better feel of her wrist.

CHRIS lifts the body partially from the box when he notices a length of video tape rapped around her throat. It holds the plastic bag firmly in place. HE immediately drops the body back into the box.

CHRIS

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

CHRIS bolts for the door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Direction-less, CHRIS heads for his car. HE opens the door and closes it again. HE paces several steps, back and forth.

Staring at the ground, CHRIS finds the footprints which are next to his car. HE follows the drying footprints to the street. Standing in the middle of the street, CHRIS looks one way, spins, then the other.

HE faces the house. The driveway passes the right side of the house to a small garage. Nick's immaculate red Lotus Esprit patiently waits on the street.

CHRIS begins to creep back to the house slowly at first. HE passes Nick's car. Speeding up his pace, HE runs up the stairs and into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS

Nick, I've got to talk to you! Did you see anyone leave the house?

CHRIS makes his way through the hallway to Nick's bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS stands in front of Nick's closed door and tries to catch his breath. After a moment, CHRIS gives a small KNOCK.

Nick doesn't answer.

Having regained some composure CHRIS KNOCKS again, this time; louder.

Clothing hanging on the back of the door swings into Nick as he flings the door open.

NICK

What do you want? I'm getting changed.
Can't it wait a few Goddamn minutes?

CHRIS
Uh, Actually... no.

NICK
I'll move your stupid boxes in a
minute! Ok?

NICK SLAMS his door.

CHRIS slowly turns and somberly walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS walks to the telephone by the futon. He lifts the receiver and quickly hangs up. CHRIS begins to dial again, but stops before he presses the third digit.

CHRIS
(rehearsing)
Hi, I'd like to report a murder.

CHRIS raises his head and looks to Nick's room. He presses the last digit.

CHRIS
Yes. I found a woman. She's hurt, or
dead. Fuck... I'm not sure what to do.
(a beat)
No. Well, I don't know.
(a beat)
Well, I checked. I'm pretty sure. I
don't know.
(a beat)
Ok, yes. Yeah, yeah, I'll wait here.
Ok.

CHRIS hangs up and takes a deep breath, turning to look at the large box. The boxes are ominously lit by the floor lamp at their side.

CHRIS sets the phone down and walks over to the box. HE opens it and looks in. The WOMAN lays there in a ball, motionless.

CHRIS opens the flaps all the way and reaches into the box. He pushes the woman's hair from her face. Sitting down beside the box, he leans on its edge.

Looking at the WOMAN'S face, tears begin to well in CHRIS' eyes.

HE begins to reach into the box. HE stops short then picks up the piece of newspaper lying on the floor. Using the newspaper, CHRIS reaches into the box and lifts the woman's purse with the newspaper.

CHRIS takes the woman's wallet from her purse using the newspaper and opens it, displaying her driver's license.

The woman's license shows that she's Robin Mills, age twenty-seven. The tear finally rolls down CHRIS' face. CHRIS sits by the woman and suppresses sobbing.

HE takes a deep cleansing breath.

CHRIS

Jesus.

CHRIS stands and gently tucks the woman's purse under her head. Quietly, he closes the box. HE walks to the futon and sits down, staring at the box.

Just as he is settled, SHANE, near forty, walks into the room. HE closes the front door behind himself.

CHRIS realizes that he is still holding Robin's wallet. HE quickly conceals it in his lap.

SHANE

Hey Chris, how's it going?

CHRIS

Fine.

SHANE begins leafing through the mail sitting on the coffee table.

SHANE

Where's Nick?

CHRIS

In his room.

SHANE

Man, today was hell.

(a beat)

You almost finished moving boxes? Need any help with the Microwave?

CHRIS

I think I'm done for today.

SHANE

Hey, why don't I order pizza - my treat? It'll be kinda' a `house warming' party.

CHRIS

Thanks, I'm not hungry.

Walking over to the kitchen, SHANE refers to the boxes.

SHANE

These yours?

CHRIS

No... yeah - dishes. I'll put them away as soon as I get the rest of my stuff in.

SHANE sits on the large box. HE pulls out the unwrapped glass. HE notices CHRIS' stress.

SHANE

I'm sorry, these your good dishes?

CHRIS

No... Oh Shit.

SHANE stands and goes into the kitchen, holding the glass. HE turns on the light.

SHANE OS

(loudly - to living room)

Fucking women. Nick apologized to Courtney and she came bouncing right back!

CHRIS

That's fucked up. I was sure that we'd seen the last of her.

(re: driver's license)

Hey, you know Robin Mills?

SHANE

I don't know how Nick keeps track.

SHANE comes out of the kitchen holding a drink.

SHANE

Robin? Yeah her too. Whatcha' want on your pizza?

CHRIS

Anything's fine.

SHANE dials the telephone number, knowing it by heart.

CHRIS

Thanks.

CHRIS, keeping the wallet from Shane's view, ducks into his bedroom.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM / HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS closes the door. HE locks the door.

CHRIS opens the wallet and removes the driver's license from behind the plastic. HE sets the license on top of his dresser. HE finds a receipt for a restaurant, and tosses it on the dresser too. The rest of the wallet contains credit cards, photographs, some identification cards, and cash.

HE puts everything back into the wallet and puts it in his top dresser drawer. HE unlocks the bedroom door and exits the room, closing it behind himself.

The camera PUSHES through the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS is walking into the living room.

SHANE sits on the futon, nursing a drink. Eric, mid twenties, is standing in front of Shane.

ERIC
Hey Chris, How you doin'?

CHRIS
How YOU doin'?

ERIC
How you doin'?

CHRIS
How you doin'?

ERIC
How you doin'?

CHRIS
Shitty.

ERIC
OK.

ERIC walks past Chris, down the hallway, to his own room.

SHANE
Want a beer?

CHRIS
No... yeah. Thanks.
(a beat)
Ya' know there's a...
(a beat)
So, what did you do at work today?

SHANE walks into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator.

CHRIS sits down on the futon.

SHANE
(loudly - to living room)
Same old crap. They're moving the
project release date up. They decided
to remove client compression and screw
(more)

SHANE (cont'd)
throughput. Now, the Gant-chart is all
screwed up. So, I've been working on
that all day.

(a beat)

I suppose I should object, but knowing
when to kiss ass is why I make the big
bucks.

A BEEP comes from the large box. CHRIS jumps to his feet.

SHANE
There should be a collage course in
Kissing Ass.

CHRIS moves to the box.

SHANE
Now, that would be a degree worth
getting.

CHRIS begins to lift the boxes lid, but hears ERIC close
his bedroom door. CHRIS lets the lid close, and walks to
the kitchen.

SHANE has two beers ready.

SHANE
And that's the sad truth: You can be
the best at what you do, but if you
don't pucker up you'll never get
anywhere.

ERIC brings a book in from his room and sits down on the
large box by the kitchen.

SHANE is finished making his drink and comes back into the
living room; CHRIS nearly chugs his beer.

ERIC
You don't have to kiss ass.

SHANE
You kiss ass.

ERIC
You bite ass.

SHANE

That is not what I meant.

ERIC

Ass biter.

SHANE

Fuck you.

ERIC

Monkey fucker.

A KNOCK comes from the front door.

SHANE

Point being... It's the people that kiss
ass that excel. It doesn't matter how
much you know.

COURTNEY stands outside. SHANE answers it.

SHANE

Hey Courtney. Nick's in his room.

SHANE

(to Chris)

You have to dazzle your employer, and
you CAN'T do that without *some* amount
of ass kissing.

SHANE closes the door for Courtney. COURTNEY heads down
the hallway to the bathroom.

SHANE

(pointing to himself)

Big bucks.

ERIC

(closing his book)

Hey, do you have any liquor?

SHANE

Some Jack, Bourbon, Kailua. I think.

ERIC gets up and heads toward SHANE'S room.

ERIC

You guys want to get hammered?

CHRIS

Oh, I don't know...

SHANE

Come on. Celebrate.

ERIC

Hammered... Hammered... it's been weeks
since we got you drunk, you homo.

SHANE follows ERIC.

SHANE

Hey don't be rooting around in my room.
I'll get it.

SHANE and ERIC disappear into SHANE'S room at the end of
the hall.

CHRIS watches them leave, then sits on the futon. As soon
as he sits, a BEEP comes from the large box. CHRIS jumps
up, spinning around. CHRIS is alone in the room.

CHRIS opens the cardboard box and shuffles through the
woman's rumpled clothing.

CHRIS

Purse.

CHRIS, realizing that he moved her purse, raises the
woman's head and grabs it. HE opens it and finds the
pager; he looks at the digital number. It is the same
number that was displayed earlier.

The bathroom toilet FLUSHES.

CHRIS shoves the pager into his pocket and tosses the purse
into the box. HE then closes the box and dives onto the
futon.

On the futon, CHRIS notices that the strap to the purse is
hanging out of the top of the box.

HE runs to the box and pushes the strap in. CHRIS then places one of his other kitchenware boxes on top of the large box.

COURTNEY enters.

COURTNEY

I'm sorry I didn't... Where'd everyone go?

CHRIS casually lifts another box and places it on top of the growing stack of boxes.

CHRIS

Shane's room.

COURTNEY

Oh. You guys are really going to go through with it? You know your going to ruin your friendship.

COURTNEY leans on the towering stack of boxes near the kitchen.

COURTNEY

(re: boxes)

Need any help?

CHRIS

No, these go in the kitchen. I'm just getting them out of the way.

COURTNEY

I'll help you put them away. It's no problem.

CHRIS

No. I think I'll wait 'till tomorrow... but I might not do much unpacking tomorrow either. You know how it is moving in? Lot's of phone calls, and other stuff to take care of.

COURTNEY

Yeah.

NICK appears from the hallway in different clothes.

NICK
Hey babe, when you get here?

COURTNEY
Just.

SHANE and ERIC come from behind NICK and into the living room. Both carrying liquor into the room, they set it on the coffee table.

CHRIS
This is crazy.

ERIC
How you doin'?

NICK
How YOU doin'?

ERIC
How you doin'?

NICK
How you doin'?

ERIC
OK.

NICK
Want help carrying your shit in?

CHRIS
No. I'm good. I could use another beer though.

SHANE and ERIC have made their way into the kitchen.

SHANE
Sure.

NICK
(to Courtney)
You want to get something to eat? We can watch the submarine races afterward.

SHANE grabs a beer from the fridge and tosses it to CHRIS.

CHRIS
Pizza's coming.

CHRIS opens and begins to down his beer.

SHANE
That's right. You guys are welcome to
have all you want. We got three
larges.

NICK
Cool. Then I guess it's just the
submarine races. She'll be callin' me
daddy after the spanking I've got
planned.

COURTNEY
Oh, you think?

NICK
Come on, let's get out of here and give
these guys an audio show.

COURTNEY
Remind me, why am I here?

NICK carries COURTNEY off to his bedroom and out of the
living room.

NICK
Have you gained weight?

COURTNEY
Nick!

NICK slams the door dramatically.

SHANE
(looking in refrigerator)
There's not a whole lot of Coke left.

Suddenly, COURTNEY bursts into the room, followed by NICK.

NICK

So what you gonna' do, leave?

COURTNEY

That's the plan.

NICK

Fine then, Leave! Get out!

NICK holds the front door open for Courtney. HE then grabs her by the arm and tries to drag HER out the door.

COURTNEY

Don't touch me! I can find my way out, myself.

NICK

(releasing her)

Fine, go!

COURTNEY

Do you always have to have the last word? Can't I leave without being embarrassed?

NICK

Apparently not.

COURTNEY

Fuck you!

NICK

I thought you were leaving.

COURTNEY

I am... I just don't want these people thinking I'm a bitch.

SHANE and ERIC come into the living room with drinks in hand.

SHANE

Courtney, stay. Chill.

COURTNEY
(a beat, then to Nick)
Fine, I'm staying, but not in your
room.

SHANE sits on the futon and COURTNEY sits next to him.

NICK
No. Get out. This is my house and I
don't want you here.

SHANE
Courtney, do a favor for me. We need
soda and beer. Maybe by the time you
get back Nick will be more rational.

COURTNEY holds out her hand as Shane reaches for his
wallet.

SHANE (cont'd)
Here, get a twelve pack of Alaskan and
two; two liter bottles of Coke.

SHANE gives COURTNEY some cash. SHE jumps up and quickly
exits out the front door.

NICK slams the front door.

NICK
Bitch!

NICK storms out of the room, back to his bedroom.

ERIC
Well... I'm going to my room. Tell me
when the pizza gets here.

ERIC goes to his bedroom.

SHANE
I'll be back.

SHANE gets up and goes to his own bedroom.

CHRIS stands in the middle of the living room, alone. HE
turns and looks at the large box.

CHRIS

When the fuck are they going to get here?

Walking to the box, CHRIS looks into the kitchen.

CHRIS

Who put you in there?

The camera PANS to the hallway and back to Chris.

CHRIS walks through the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

As CHRIS walks to the back door, he tosses his empty beer bottle in the trash. Looking out the small window he opens the door and exits the house to the back yard.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

Walking down some small wooden stairs, CHRIS creeps forward. HE looks at the base of the stairs. Not seeing anything out of the ordinary, HE continues onto the grass.

The small yard is getting darker in the setting sun. CHRIS steps through the tall uncut grass and onto a trampled path that makes its way around to the driveway side of the house.

CHRIS follows the trodden path to Shane's bedroom window.

Standing on his toes, CHRIS stops and looks into the window. The curtains are drawn, but behind them the room is lit. Suddenly, THE LIGHT turns off.

Startled, CHRIS jumps backward.

He shrugs it off and walks past Shane's window to the driveway side of the house.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

Walking past Shane's darkened corner window, CHRIS comes to a window that does not have any curtains in it. There is a TV flickering against a wall.

CHRIS

If Eric turns off his TV, I'm not jumping.

Coming to an iron gate, CHRIS tries to open it. The metal is frozen shut. HE gives the gate a hard push but it doesn't budge. Looking through the gate, HE can see his car sitting in the driveway. Nick's car sits in the street under a street lamp.

CHRIS giving in to his search, jumps the gate. Catching his shirt on a splinter, CHRIS rips his shirt.

CHRIS

Damn.

CHRIS examines his shirt. It's not badly torn, but enough that it is noticeable. HE walks past his car and to the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Still examining the tear in his shirt, CHRIS walks to the porch and enters the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS, on a mission, passes by the open large box. HE almost makes it all the way to his bedroom when HE stops dead in his tracks.

HE turns to face the open box. His other boxes filled with kitchen supplies sit on the floor next to it.

CHRIS creeps up to the open box and looks in, careful not to make a sound. It is empty. The woman's body is gone.

HE turns his head toward the hallway and then back to the large box. HE is alone.

Suddenly, the kitchens screen door SLAMS shut.

CHRIS ducks behind the cardboard box.

Peering from behind the box CHRIS makes a dash for the back door.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS stands at the top of the stairs, surveying the yard. As the camera PANS around we can see that there is no one here.

CHRIS
Shit. Shit. Shit.

CHRIS closes the door and locks it, still looking through its window. HE steps back from the window and makes his way back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS stands in front of the large box, gazing into it. Once again, he turns and faces the hallway. HE creeps into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS makes his way first to his room. He opens the door slightly. It is empty.

Turning around, he approaches Nick's door. Seeing that there is a light on, CHRIS puts his ear to the door. He does not hear anything.

CHRIS makes his way past the closed bathroom door to Eric's room.

Looking below the door, CHRIS can see the flickering of the television from inside Eric's room. The TELEVISION IS LOUD enough to hear. CHRIS puts his ear up to the door and listens, none-the-less.

CHRIS passes the bathroom and comes to the last door, Shane's. Quietly, CHRIS puts his ear to the door. Crack under the door is dark.

Chris listens intently, beginning to make out a slight BREATHING sound. Finally, CHRIS bends to the floor and looks under the door.

NICK OS
Whatcha' doing?

CHRIS almost jumps out of his skin. HE spins around on the floor and faces NICK, who had just come from the bathroom.

Not able to talk, CHRIS holds a hand up to Nick. Quickly, CHRIS gets to his feet and approaches Nick.

NICK flosses his teeth.

CHRIS
I thought I heard something.

NICK
Like what?

CHRIS
Must have been nothing. My imagination
or something.

NICK
Don't be looking under my door. I'll
kick your ass.

NICK turns and goes into his room.

CHRIS breathes a sigh of relief and dashes into his own room.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

The camera PASSES THROUGH the door as CHRIS shuts it.

Opening the dresser drawer, CHRIS removes the woman's wallet. HE places it on the dresser. Remembering the pocket pager, CHRIS places that on the dresser too. Just before he drops the pager on the pile, CHRIS stops. HE presses the recall button on the pager. It displays a number.

CHRIS immediately puts the pager down and begins rummaging through boxes. After opening a few boxes, he removes a telephone. With the telephone in hand, CHRIS searches the walls of the room. Quickly, he finds a phone jack and plugs the phone chord into it.

He tests the telephone and it works.

Grabbing the pager, CHRIS dials the number it displays.

HE shuffles through the wallet. After a moment, he finds a business card. Looking at it CHRIS can see the words "BEC Entertainment" written at the bottom.

CHRIS
Robin Mills please.

A LONG BEAT

NICK suddenly opens the door to CHRIS' room. CHRIS hides the wallet behind his back.

CHRIS
(to phone)
No, thank you.

NICK
(re: listening under door)
I don't hear anything.

CHRIS
(to phone)
Can you tell me when she'll be in?
(a beat)
Thank you.

CHRIS hangs up the telephone.

CHRIS
Nick, you can't just barge into my room!

NICK
I'm sorry dude, mellow out. I'm just not used to anyone living in this room. Sorry.

CHRIS
It's OK, I'm on the phone. I'll be out in a few minutes.

CHRIS closes the door behind NICK as he leaves.

CHRIS
Geez...

Suddenly, CHRIS stops to examine the room. Boxes line most of the walls, and many more are stacked on top of each other.

CHRIS slowly looks over some of the boxes, and makes his way to the closet. At the closet, the door easily opens. CHRIS reaches into the closet and pulls a light string. A stack of boxes and some clothing hangs on the clothes pole.

CHRIS lets out his breath, turns off the closet light, and walks back to the dresser.

Removing the driver's license from the woman's wallet, CHRIS sits down on a box and examines the picture.

The camera PANS from CHRIS and the driver's license to the bedroom door.

Slowly, the camera PUSHES THROUGH the closed door and enters the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nick's bedroom door is open and NICK is sitting on his bed working out with a hand weight. The room is tidy. Rock and movie Posters line the walls. The room is lit by several 'colored' light bulbs.

The red shoes are nowhere to be seen.

There is KNOCK at the front door.

NICK

Door!

No one answers Nick. NICK puts down the hand weight and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

NICK gets to the front door and answers it.

NICK

Oh, I thought it was Dominos.

At the front door stands SANDY. She is a very young, barely an adult.

SANDY

Don't you guys eat real food?

NICK

I thought you weren't coming over tonight, Sandy.

They hug. NICK closes the door behind SANDY as she steps into the living room.

SANDY

I wasn't. Melissa and I are meeting at the movies. I got a few minutes before the movie starts. I thought I'd drop by. See what you're up to.

NICK walks SANDY to his room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

ERIC pokes his head out of his room and looks at SANDY.

ERIC

Nick.

NICK

(to Sandy)

Hold on one sec.

NICK scoots SANDY into his room and HE approaches ERIC.

ERIC

Courtney will be back soon.

NICK

Run interference.

NICK turns and follows Sandy into his room. ERIC puts his head back into his room and closes his door.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY

NICK closes his door behind himself and sits on the bed.

NICK

Sit down.

SANDY sits on the bed next to NICK.

NICK
What movie are you seeing?

SANDY
A chick flick. You wanna' go?

NICK
What do you think?

SANDY
Chris moved in yet?

NICK
Yeah.

NICK leans back and lies down on the bed, grabs SANDY and pulls her down to the bed too. NICK rolls on top of SANDY, pinning her on the bed. NICK bends over and bites Sandy's neck.

SANDY
You are so nasty.

NICK
You know it.

Kissing Sandy's neck, NICK makes his way up to her ear. SHE tilts her head back, and raises her arms above her head, seductively.

NICK moves to her side. SANDY turns, facing NICK.

NICK kisses her forehead, nose, and then mouth. THEY embrace and kiss deeply. Tongues interlock then stretch, touching lightly. NICK moves his head away for a moment.

SHE lowers her hand from the back of Nick's neck and touches his back. Continuing to kiss, SANDY lightly caresses his back.

Slowly, NICK moves his hand up Sandy's side, then around to her back.

SANDY pulls away from Nick, sucking his lip as she retreats. NICK dives back at her and pulls her body closer to his. THEY roll and SANDY finds herself on top.

With his foot, NICK pulls Sandy's shoe off.

The camera PANS away to the shoe on the floor. Gently LOWERING to the floor, we see some rolled up posters are stored under the bed.

The camera MOVES toward a closet door and PUSHES through it.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Two red high-heel shoes sit on the shelf above. It is dark, shadows of clothing hanging inches away. A myriad of sneakers and boots lay on the floor.

Out of the darkness we see the face of ROBIN MILLS. She lays motionless on the floor, in a heap in the corner. The plastic bag is no longer on her head.

A moment later, a quick PAN to:

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY

SANDY still on the top, NICK slides his hand under Sandy's shirt.

SANDY grabs his other arm and pins it above his head. SHE moves, kissing his chin, then his neck, then softly kisses NICK'S jaw. SANDY'S body twists like a snake.

NICK works Sandy's shirt off his free hand, pulling it over her head. SHE reaches down for the bottom of Nick's shirt.

SHE grabs Nick's shirt and pulls it over his head. NICK'S arms trapped in the sleeves, HE bites playfully at the air.

SANDY smiles.

SANDY, resuming kissing, works her way down NICK'S stomach to his belly. SHE kisses it gently and rises back up to NICK'S face.

NICK sucks her lip. HE then tosses the shirt off his arms to the floor.

The camera PANS to the floor. Sandy's other shoe drops.

Back on the bed, NICK grabs Sandy's arms and pulls her in tight to him, turning his head to get a deeper kiss. SANDY balances herself, tilting her head to get a better angle.

Running his fingers along SANDY'S torso, he finds his way down to her waistband.

NICK tucks his thumb under the seam of her pants and runs it around to her back. HE then reaches down and softly touches her bottom. Tracing his finger around to her thigh, NICK squeezes and runs his hand up to her neck.

Tickling Nick's face, SANDY runs her hand down his jaw, past his chest and to his stomach. SHE then unbuttons Nick's top button on his pants.

The camera PUSHES in.

Sliding her hand into the front of NICK'S pants, SANDY'S hand disappears and grabs his crotch. NICK turns, allowing her to get a better feel.

The camera RISES to SANDY'S closed eyes. It communicates an unspoken message to SANDY. SANDY reacts:

SANDY
(suddenly)
I've got to go.

NICK
What?

SANDY removes her hand from NICK'S pants and his from hers.

SANDY
I said, I only had a few minutes.

NICK
(sitting up)
You tease!

SANDY starts putting her clothes back on.

SANDY
You started it
(a beat)
If you want, I'll come back after the
movie.

NICK puts on his shirt.

SANDY opens the door and begins to leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY TO DUSK

SANDY walks through the living room. SHANE is sitting on
the futon as she passes.

SANDY
Hi Shane.

SHANE
Hey.

NICK enters the living room, tucking in his shirt.

SANDY
You want me to come by later.
(a beat)
I'll take that as a "no." OK, I'll
talk to you later.

NICK
See ya'.

SANDY heads out the front door then enters again, leaning
into the house.

SANDY
Pizza's here.

SANDY exits, leaving the door open.

SHANE takes his wallet out of his pocket and walks to Nick.

SHANE
Pizza's here!
(to Nick)
Here, I'll get some paper plates out of
the kitchen.

SHANE hands NICK money and heads into the kitchen.

A KNOCK comes from the door just as NICK faces it.

NICK
I'm right here.

NICK looks up to see a DOMINO'S PIZZA MAN standing in the doorway.

NICK
Hey, what's up?

DOMINO'S PIZZA MAN
You got two pepperoni, extra cheese,
and uh, one plain. Total's twenty-
three fifty.

NICK
Here. Thanks.

NICK takes the pizzas and pays the money.

NICK
Aaaaa! What's a guy have to do to get
laid around here?!!!

HE sits on the futon, putting the pies on the coffee table.

SHANE comes out of the kitchen with paper plates and four beers. ERIC exits his room and makes his way over to the pizza and beer.

SHANE
Chris! Pizza!

ERIC walks over to Chris' room and bangs on the door.

ERIC
Pizza!

They all grab slices of pizza and beer. CHRIS comes out of his room.

NICK sets himself down on the arm of the couch. CHRIS grabs a slice of pizza, and beer, and sits on the floor.

For a moment, all we can hear is MUSIC from the stereo and CHEWING.

NICK
Give me the mouse.

In the distance, a SIREN approaches.

ERIC finds the mouse under a pizza box and hands it to NICK. Watching the Real Audio player scroll through the list of music, artists, and their songs, NICK begins looking for music to play.

ERIC
Where'd uh, what's her name go?

NICK
Chick flick.

ERIC
Oh.

The SIREN is very close. ERIC gets up to investigate. After taking a quick peek, he sits back down.

SHANE
(to Nick)
Put some blues or jazz on.

NICK
Nooo. Kick it up a bit.

Red and white FLASHING LIGHTS enter through the windows, illuminating the room. The SIREN is right outside.

SHANE
(getting up)
A house on fire?
(a beat)
Shit, they're stopping here.

Soon, EVERYONE is looking at the fire truck outside. Two PARAMEDICS exit their truck, grab a medical box, and head for the house.

SHANE

Are we on fire?

NICK and ERIC look back into the house, ERIC sniffing the air.

PARAMEDIC ONE

We received a call that someone needs medical help.

NICK

I think you've got the wrong house.

PARAMEDIC ONE

Did any of you make a call to 911?

SHANE, ERIC, and CHRIS all agree, "no."

PARAMEDIC ONE

Is anyone else here?

NICK

Just us.

PARAMEDIC ONE

Do you mind if we come in and look around?

ERIC

No problem.

The REST agree as well. The first PARAMEDIC enters the house and begins to search, room to room.

NICK

Think it could have been a different house?

PARAMEDIC TWO

I've never heard of that happening, but anything is possible.

CHRIS is very interested in the activities of paramedic one, casually searching the rooms.

SHANE follows a few feet behind paramedic one.

NICK
This is fucked up.

The camera quickly PUSHES to an inside wall and passes through the wall, a closet, and into Nick's room.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY TO DUSK

As the PARAMEDIC passes Nick's open door he glances into the room. The camera FOLLOWS him into:

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

The PARAMEDIC opens Eric's door, then Shane's at the end of the hallway.

SHANE
Whatcha' looking for?

PARAMEDIC ONE
Just making sure no one else is here.

SHANE
Oh. Well, we're the only ones here, unless Nick's hiding a girl.

PARAMEDIC ONE
Which one is Nick?

SHANE
I'm just kidding. He's just got allot of girlfriends.

PARAMEDIC ONE
I see.

They're heading back down the hallway as the camera BACKS into Nick's room. The CLOSET DOOR comes into frame.

PARAMEDIC ONE stops in his tracks and looks at the camera. The camera attempts to communicate with the paramedic. But, he forces his eyes to the floor and continues into the living room.

The camera PUSHES through the wall to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

CHRIS and ERIC are sitting on the futon; NICK is standing next to PARAMEDIC TWO.

PARAMEDIC ONE
You guys have a mother-in-law
apartment?

SHANE
Nope.

PARAMEDIC ONE
Attic, basement?

SHANE
This is it.

PARAMEDIC ONE
You have a back door?

NICK
Through the kitchen.

PARAMEDIC ONE walks through the kitchen and looks out the back door.

NICK
This is creepy.

CHRIS
Yeah.

ERIC
No kidding.

PARAMEDIC TWO
We'll call dispatch and find out what's
going on.

PARAMEDIC TWO comes out of the kitchen.

PARAMEDIC ONE
Yeah, sorry to bother you guys. Enjoy
your pizza.

NICK
Hey, no problem.

PARAMEDIC TWO

'Night.

The PARAMEDICS make their way out the front door.

NICK closes the door.

NICK

It's like motherfuckin' Grand Central Station.

SHANE

Where's Courtney with the beer?

NICK

Don't remind me.

SHANE

She puts up with a lot of your shit. You have to give her that.

NICK

She probably called the Fire department! That's just like her to fuck with me like that.

ERIC

No.

SHANE

No.

ERIC

Maybe.

CHRIS

No.

ERIC picks up his plate, some slices of pizza, and heads to his room. SHANE sits on the futon.

NICK

I never promised her that I wouldn't date other chicks.

SHANE

You tell her that you do?

NICK
You don't get it.

CHRIS walks into his room, shutting the door.

SHANE
I get that you're a slime.

NICK
Fuck you.

NICK starts to leave the room, then changes his mind.

NICK
Any woman I've gone out with will tell
you that she's had a good fucking time.
And don't be pulling that high morals
crap. You're not Mr. Clean.

SHANE
Yeah, well...

NICK
"Yeah, well, yeah well." You and
Courtney can go fuck yourselves.

NICK heads into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

NICK walks into his bedroom and gets a towel. HE exits and
enters the bathroom, closing the door.

The camera PANS to Chris' door and then PUSHES through.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DUSK

There is now a television set and a VCR sitting on some
boxes at the side of the room.

CHRIS leans against the wall, sitting on a box in front of
the television. He stares at the screen, remote control in
hand. HE presses play on the remote.

The television screen comes to life with the movie, "Rear
Window." CHRIS presses rewind. The film plays backwards
rapidly.

Then at normal speed, CHRIS watches the action on the screen. YELLING can be heard from the television.

A soft KNOCK comes from the door. CHRIS jumps up and opens it.

CHRIS
Hey, what's up?

COURTNEY steps into view, holding a plate of pizza and a beer.

COURTNEY
Just wanted to know if you needed any help.

CHRIS
No. I'm just taking a break.

COURTNEY
Want some company?

CHRIS
Um, Ok.

CHRIS opens the door for COURTNEY as she enters. CHRIS sits down on a box. COURTNEY closes the door.

COURTNEY
What's on?

CHRIS
Just an old movie.
(a beat)
I'm not unpacking.
(a beat)
So, how are you and Nick doing?

COURTNEY
Ok, I guess. He's Nick.
(a beat)
I know what you're thinking. I'm not stupid. I know what he's like.

CHRIS
Yeah.

COURTNEY

Let's just say I've got a plan in the works.

CHRIS

A plan? Sounds... suspicious.

COURTNEY walks to the dresser and leans on it.

COURTNEY

Naaa... It's nothing fancy.

CHRIS

What is it?

(a beat)

A secret, then? Fine. There's a lot of that going around lately.

COURTNEY

Yeah?

CHRIS

(thinks for a moment)

My parents would always hide the Christmas presents weeks before December 25th. It was a big secret where they were, but I always found them. I even opened them and wrapped them back up. The surprise of Christmas was kinda' ruined after that. Some secrets are just better not known.

COURTNEY slides down the dresser to the ground and sits on the floor.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I wonder if my parents knew. I mean... If you really want to hide a package, you don't put it where the kids can find it. Right?

COURTNEY

Didn't you tear the paper?

CHRIS

You can peel the tape off pretty
(more)

CHRIS (cont'd)
cleanly. Then line it back up so that
any torn wrapping paper lines up. The
glossy paper doesn't tear too badly.

COURTNEY
Oh.

CHRIS AND COURTNEY both bite into their pizzas. Drinking a
beer, CHRIS washes down his pizza.

CHRIS
So, what are you and Nick doing
tonight?

COURTNEY
I don't know. I don't want to do
anything. I was thinking of not even
coming back. I don't know. I think
I'll leave before Nick gets out of the
shower.

CHRIS stands and COURTNEY joins him.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Let me help you unpack.

CHRIS
No, that's OK. I don't think I'm
staying either.

COURTNEY opens a box and shuffles through its contents.

COURTNEY
Why? You barely moved in. Getting
back together...

CHRIS
No, no, no. Nothing like that. I'm
just trying to work something out.

COURTNEY
What?

CHRIS
Don't you have anything else to do?

COURTNEY
Nope.

CHRIS
(a beat)
You'll find out later.

COURTNEY steps over to CHRIS and looks into his eyes. She leans closer and gives him a kiss on the lips. CHRIS closes his eyes and kisses her back.

Slowly, COURTNEY pulls away.

COURTNEY
We'll talk later then.

CHRIS nods as COURTNEY exits, grabbing her pizza and beer on the way out.

COURTNEY sticks her head back into the room.

COURTNEY
Sorry, I picked this up from your floor.

COURTNEY places the pink piece of paper on the dresser then exits.

CHRIS walks to the dresser.

CHRIS
Christ.

HE unfolds the paper and sees that it's a message reminder. On the paper is written, "Nick called."

CHRIS
It must have fallen out of her wallet.

CHRIS checks the floor for more dropped pieces of paper. HE then puts the pink piece of paper in his dresser drawer and exits his room.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

Nick's door is open. NICK is wearing a towel and is standing in the middle of the room, dripping wet. COURTNEY is sitting on the bed.

CHRIS makes his way into the living room.

NICK
Chris, wait up.

CHRIS
What?

NICK
(whispering)
So what were you guys doing?

CHRIS
Nothing.

NICK
I mean, I don't care. I just want to know what's up.

CHRIS
If something comes up, I'll tell you.

NICK turns back and goes into his room.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DUSK

CHRIS steps into the doorway behind NICK.

NICK
Chris told me everything.

CHRIS shakes his head, "no" at Courtney. Then, CHRIS turns and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

SHANE is on the futon, eating pizza and nursing a drink. CHRIS walks over to him.

SHANE
Is Nick's door open?

CHRIS nods his head, "yes."

SHANE, signaling for Chris to follow, stands and walks to the kitchen. CHRIS follows him.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

SHANE
Need a drink?

CHRIS holds up his beer.

SHANE
Someday that bastard's going to make a mistake and I don't want to be around when he does.

ERIC comes into the kitchen, tosses an empty beer in the trash, and grabs another from the refrigerator.

SHANE
Courtney got Coke and orange juice too.

ERIC
Cool.

ERIC exchanges the beer for something a little harder.

SHANE
He would sell out any one of us.

ERIC
Who? Nick?

CHRIS
Yeah.

SHANE
All he cares about is himself.

ERIC
And his fucking car.

CHRIS
Yeah... I'm blocking the garage.

ERIC

I'm surprised he didn't have you
skinned.

CHRIS

Well, I *am* the new guy.

(a beat)

So, what's up with Courtney?

ERIC

What'd you mean?

CHRIS

She just planted one on me in my room.

SHANE

No shit?

ERIC

You mean she kissed your cheek or gave
you a hug. Right?

CHRIS

No, it was a full on, "I want you"
kiss.

ERIC

Maybe she's trying to get even and
going for the grudge fuck...

CHRIS

Hey Courtney.

COURTNEY enters the kitchen.

SHANE

Maybe it's not what you think.

CHRIS

Yeah.

COURTNEY

Mind if I get a drink?

SHANE

By all means.

COURTNEY gets the mixings for a drink.

COURTNEY
So, what are you people talking about?

ERIC
You.

CHRIS
No. We were just BSing. How'd your conversation, or should I say, your confrontation with Nick go?

COURTNEY
You don't want to know.

CHRIS
Nick freaked when Courtney came out of my room.

ERIC
Was the door closed?

COURTNEY
Yeah.

ERIC
Well, there ya' go.

SHANE
Why don't you just tell him that you two have been doing it for as long as he's known her.

COURTNEY
That would really steam him.

SHANE
It would serve him right. What the hell does he expect?

ERIC
Then Courtney could tell him how much better in bed you are than he is. Oooh Baby, Oooh baby!

CHRIS

Then he'd know it was a lie.
(a beat)
No thanks. I think I'll pass.

COURTNEY

I'm going to do it.

CHRIS

Hey! I don't think...

SHANE exits the kitchen, retrieving the empty pizza boxes from the living room.

ERIC

I wonder how long that'll last.

CHRIS

What?

SHANE returns to the kitchen with the pizza boxes.

CHRIS

Having a personal slave.

SHANE dumps the left over pizza into one box and folds the other two boxes into the plastic trash receptacle.

ERIC

So, what were you and Chris doing in his room?

COURTNEY

Nothing...

CHRIS

Don't you two start. Hey Shane, let me take it out.

SHANE pulls the black plastic lining from the receptacle and ties it into a knot.

SHANE

All right, you're all set.

CHRIS

I'll be back, Courtney my love.

CHRIS reaches for the bag, pauses, then lifts the black plastic bag onto his back and opens the back door. WIND blows his hair as he exits.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DUSK

CHRIS closes the door. HE makes his way down the small set of stairs.

CHRIS looks at the swaying trees. The WIND moans around him as HE examines the clear night sky. Several stars twinkle in the clear sky.

CHRIS follows the path around the house. Fixing his eyes down, HE steadies himself against the changing wind.

He passes Shane's bedroom window. The light is off and the windows are closed.

HE turns the corner to the side of the house.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - DUSK

Eric's bedroom light is off, but his TV is still on, and flickering against his curtains.

CHRIS approaches the trashcans by the gate. One of them has fallen on its side.

CHRIS sets the garbage bag on the ground and picks up the metal trash can. HE finds the lid by some bushes.

As CHRIS bends down for the trash can lid a dark FIGURE approaches behind him. The FIGURE is silhouetted by Eric's flickering window.

CHRIS stands. HE takes the trash bag and places it into the can. HE looks into the trashcan and places the lid on the can. Suddenly, CHRIS is struck in the back of the head. HE topples over, landing onto the trash can.

The FIGURE lifts CHRIS' feet and puts him headfirst into the trashcan. CHRIS is barely struggling.

The trashcan falls onto its side, causing CHRIS to fall out of the can.

CHRIS
What the hell...

The FIGURE kicks the trashcan so that it lands on top of CHRIS.

CHRIS manages to block the trashcan. It rolls out of his way.

Again, CHRIS is struck in the head with a shovel. CHRIS falls to the ground completely.

Trying to call for help, CHRIS' voice is drowned out by sound of the WIND.

CHRIS
Help... someone...

CHRIS lies on the ground, bracing himself for the next blow. HE closes his eyes and grits his teeth.

The trashcan passes in the wind, revealing the feet of the FIGURE standing a few feet away from CHRIS. The FIGURE holds the shovel at his side.

Slowly, the FIGURE raises the shovel.

CHRIS does not move.

The camera slowly CIRCLES around to a close shot of Chris. CHRIS' face beads with sweat.

The Shovel hits the concrete in front of CHRIS, and the handle gently lands on his forehead.

CHRIS flinches. The WIND continues to blow CHRIS' hair, gently touching the shovel handle that rests across his face.

CHRIS opens his eyes and pushes the shovel off his face. The FIGURE is gone. CHRIS surveys the area as he gets to his feet. Swaying trees and the trash can blow in the wind.

Head in hand, CHRIS stumbles back to the house. Eric's television flashes its light onto the driveway.

CHRIS reaches the corner of the house and enters the backyard.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DUSK

HE lumbers up the path to the back stairs, then sits.

CHRIS rubs the bump on the back of his head for a moment. The skin is not broken. HE smells something the air. Putting his nose to his shoulder, he winces at the odor.

CHRIS

Ah, jeez.

Turning around, CHRIS climbs the stairs. HE opens the back door and enters the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

CHRIS enters the kitchen and closes the door. The kitchen is empty.

HE leans over the sink and gets a drink from the faucet. He washes his hands and brushes off some of the driveway from his clothes.

HE lumbers out of the kitchen and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

SHANE is sitting on the futon talking to ERIC, who is standing in front of the TV.

CHRIS

Where were you guys since I left?

ERIC

Here.

SHANE

Are you ok? What happened?

CHRIS

Time to talk with Nick.

SHANE

What he do?

CHRIS

Tell you later.

CHRIS walks into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

CHRIS is walking down the hallway when he stops. Wet footprints lead from Eric's room to Chris' room.

CHRIS opens his own door. Inside, we can see the water spots in the room too.

CHRIS slams his bedroom door closed. He spins around and opens Nick's door.

CHRIS

Nick, what the he...

Courtney is sitting on the bed, reading an album cover.

CHRIS

Where's Nick?

COURTNEY

I think he's in the bathroom.

CHRIS closes Nick's door and heads to the bathroom.

HE turns the bathroom doorknob, but it's locked. HE then bangs on the door.

CHRIS

Nick, get your butt out here!

Nick opens the door. NICK is almost fully dressed.

NICK

Mellow out dude. What's your problem?

CHRIS

I just took out the trash.

NICK

Uh. OK.

NICK turns back into the bathroom and combs his hair.

CHRIS

Where have you been the last few minutes?

NICK

Spit it out. What's jammed up your ass?

CHRIS

Why is there water in my room?

NICK

What are you on about?

CHRIS

You went into my room! Why?

NICK

None of your business.

CHRIS

It's *my* room!

NICK

I was looking for Courtney! Satisfied?

CHRIS

That's it? Is that all you've got to tell me?

NICK exits the bathroom and heads to his room.

NICK

What's your problem?

CHRIS

I want all this shit to stop.

NICK stops by his door, without opening it.

NICK

I don't want to ruin our friendship
because of some chick.

CHRIS

This isn't about Courtney! Someone
tried to kill me a minute ago by the
trash.

NICK

Yeah, right.

CHRIS

And you are the only one here that was
even remotely mad at me.

NICK opens his door and enters his room.

NICK

Dude, you're crazy.

CHRIS

You're not the one that got a shovel
slammed into your head.

CHRIS follows NICK into his room.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DUSK

COURTNEY is still sitting on Nick's bed.

NICK

Are you done? 'Cause we're taking off.

CHRIS

No. Wait. Stay here.

NICK

What?

CHRIS

Just... stay.

NICK

What?

CHRIS

...so if...

(a beat)

You got off work early, didn't you?

NICK

Yeah.

CHRIS

Why?

NICK

My client didn't show.

CHRIS

Your client didn't show?

NICK

Yeah. It happens.

CHRIS

Just hang out. For now don't say anything to Eric or Shane.

COURTNEY

Say what? What's going on?

NICK

Nothing, Chris has flipped.

NICK leaves his room.

CHRIS

Oh, my head.

COURTNEY

You want some aspirin?

COURTNEY takes a bottle of aspirin out of her purse and hands it to CHRIS.

COURTNEY

Here. You need some water with that?

CHRIS shakes his head "no."

COURTNEY

Why you acting so weird?

CHRIS

I've been preoccupied.

COURTNEY

I mean I know you're arguing with Nick
and all...

CHRIS

More than you know.

(a beat)

Thanks.

COURTNEY

Is there anything I can do?

CHRIS

No.

(a beat)

Yes, you can. Someone... Something...
Someone really screwed up.

COURTNEY

What happened?

CHRIS takes a deep breath.

CHRIS

I can't tell you... not yet.

(thinking)

Um... I need to figure out who hit me.

COURTNEY

You got hit? When?

CHRIS

Didn't I mention that? Yeah...

COURTNEY

Call the police.

CHRIS

I did. Well, I called 911

(whispering)

and they sent the paramedics.

COURTNEY
(whispering, cont'd)
That's why the fire truck.

CHRIS
Yeah. No.
(a beat)
Not really... I found a... body. A woman.

COURTNEY
What?

CHRIS
I have no idea where she is now. She
was in a box. Someone moved her.
Shit.

COURTNEY
Oh my God!

CHRIS
I don't want to go to jail for
something I had nothing to do with.
This sucks ass.

COURTNEY
You fucking with me?

CHRIS
No. I couldn't... fuckin'... no.

COURTNEY
You think Nick killed her?

CHRIS
This is so fucked.

COURTNEY heads out of Nick's room.

CHRIS
Wait! What are you doing?

COURTNEY
I'll find out...

CHRIS
No. Don't.

COURTNEY enters the living room.

COURTNEY OS

Nick!

CHRIS darts out of Nick's room.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK TO NIGHT

COURTNEY is intercepting NICK in the living room.

CHRIS closes Nick's door and turns off the light. He starts to head to the bathroom as COURTNEY moves Nick out of the line of sight.

CHRIS knocks on ERIC'S door.

No answer. HE enters Eric's room.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

The television set is on, illuminating the whole room. The room has a single bed, a nightstand, and a dresser. There is a silhouette poster of Alfred Hitchcock hanging on one of the walls. The television sits on the dresser. It is fairly LOUD.

CHRIS closes the door and steps to the end table. HE turns on a small lamp.

The window is partially open. The curtains gently blow in the wind.

Eric's bed is unmade. A comforter is the only blanket.

CHRIS opens the drawer in the nightstand. There are several paperback books and a set of playing cards.

CHRIS shuffles in the drawer for a moment more, then closes it.

HE turns and walks to the dresser. Opening it, CHRIS looks through the top drawer.

Inside is an address book. Chris holds it up to the television light. It is jammed with lot's of phone

numbers, writing in the margins, and a few slips of paper folded within the pages as well.

ERIC OS

So, what are you doing tonight?

CHRIS closes the book.

COURTNEY OS

Nothing.

CHRIS throws the address box back into the drawer.

CHRIS

(quietly)

Damn it Courtney.

CHRIS closes the drawer and dives into Eric's closet. HE turns around and trips over Eric's laundry basket.

CHRIS falls into the basket and partially closes the closet door.

ERIC enters the room. COURTNEY follows him to the door.

COURTNEY peeks into the room.

ERIC

Come in?

COURTNEY

No. Just looking.

COURTNEY turns and walks down the hallway.

ERIC closes the door and walks to the nightstand. HE places his drink on the little table and sits down on the bed.

Grabbing a remote control, ERIC turns the SOUND down on the television.

CHRIS is sitting in the dirty clothes, peeking through the crack in the door. Suddenly, Robin's pocket pager goes off and starts BEEPING. CHRIS pulls back and fumbles for his pockets, trying to turn it off.

ERIC looks at the closet. Slowly HE gets off the bed and inches to the closet.

There is a KNOCK at his door. ERIC turns to the door. HE opens it.

COURTNEY stands in the doorway.

COURTNEY

Um... I changed my mind.

ERIC

Well, sit down. I was just watching TV.

ERIC walks to the end table. COURTNEY follows him in, scanning the room.

ERIC (cont'd)

So what's up?

CHRIS motions to COURTNEY as she passes the closet. COURTNEY recognizes that Chris needs help.

ERIC

You looking for a little revenge? A little do unto others?

COURTNEY purposely blocks ERIC'S view of the closet.

COURTNEY

What do you mean?

CHRIS opens the closet door and begins to leave. As HE does a shirt from the laundry catches on his finger.

ERIC

You just going to take Nick's crap?

CHRIS' finger has poked through a rip in the center of the shirt. CHRIS tosses the shirt into the closet and darts out of the room.

COURTNEY

No. But, what I am I supposed to do?

ERIC

Well, if you want to give him some of his own medicine, I'm always free.

COURTNEY

Hmmm. Yeah, well. I don't know.

ERIC

I'm just throwing it out there.

COURTNEY

How sweet.

COURTNEY leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

COURTNEY closes the door and turns to find CHRIS in the hallway.

CHRIS

Thanks. How'd you know?

COURTNEY

I didn't. So, where did you find the woman?

CHRIS

In the big box by the kitchen.

COURTNEY

And she's not there now?

CHRIS

No.

COURTNEY

So, where is she?

CHRIS

I told you, "I don't know." Someone moved it and when the paramedics got here I didn't know what to do. I couldn't say, "Hey, sorry guys, there was a body now there isn't." They'd throw me in the loony bin.

COURTNEY

If she is still here we need to find her.

CHRIS

We?

COURTNEY

You're the one snooping around Eric's room.

CHRIS

That's different.

COURTNEY grabs Chris' arm and pulls him to his room.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

COURTNEY closes the door.

COURTNEY

So, what do you have?

CHRIS

I don't think this is such a good idea.

COURTNEY

What do you have?

CHRIS pulls out the pocket pager from his pocket.

CHRIS

This is hers.

HE then pulls her wallet out of the dresser.

CHRIS

As well as her wallet.

COURTNEY

Great! Nice job not incriminating yourself.

COURTNEY grabs the wallet and looks inside.

COURTNEY (cont'd)

Oh.

CHRIS

What?

COURTNEY

This is one of Nick's side chicks.

(a beat)

Are you sure she's dead?

CHRIS

Pretty sure.

COURTNEY

Crap. I don't care, but shit.

CHRIS

You know her?

COURTNEY

Just her name.

(a beat)

We've got to find out what's going on
before we're both screwed.

(a beat)

If this is some kind of sick joke..

CHRIS

No, no joke.

COURTNEY grabs the pager from Chris picks up the telephone.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

COURTNEY looks at the pager and dials the number on the
screen.

COURTNEY

(in a hoarse voice)

Hi, this is Robin. I was just paged.

(she's on hold for a moment)

This is Robin... Hi, I'm sorry I didn't
call...

(a beat)

Just a cold.

(a beat)

Yeah.

CHRIS
What are you doing?

COURTNEY
Are there any messages for me?

COURTNEY (cont'd)
(to phone)
Shane?

CHRIS
When?

COURTNEY
What time?
(a beat)
Thanks. I should get some rest now.

COURTNEY hangs up the telephone.

A loud KNOCK comes from Chris' door.5

NICK OS
Hey Chris, Courtney in there with you?

CHRIS
Yes. Uh, one second while I get my...
uh, pants back on!
(to Courtney)
Ok, fine. I'll check out Shane's room.
You keep them in the living room.

CHRIS begins to leave, opening the door.

COURTNEY
Roger.
CHRIS glares at COURTNEY and NICK glares at CHRIS as they
exit the room. CHRIS turns off the light.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHRIS begins to walk toward the bathroom while COURTNEY
steers NICK to the living room.

NICK
Remember what I said, dude.

CHRIS walks to the bathroom door, reaches for the handle, then ducks into Shane's bedroom.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is immaculate and filled with very luxurious things. He has a king-size bed with matching furniture.

CHRIS bangs into one of Shane's end tables. HE then turns on the light sitting on it. Examining the end table, HE steps over to dresser drawers.

CHRIS opens the dresser. All the clothes inside are stacked perfectly.

CHRIS

Christ, Shane is anal.

HE closes the drawer and faces the room. HE surveys the room seeing that everything has a place.

CHRIS walks to the trash basket. It is empty.

CHRIS then walks to the telephone sitting on the far end table. Noticing the reminder message pad sitting next to the phone, CHRIS searches through his pockets. Finally, he pulls out the pink crumpled up message, "Nick Called." He places the piece of message on top of the pad. It matches the size. He examines the pad more closely and there is indented "Nick Called" on the next paper.

CHRIS

Why get a message when she was already here?

CHRIS puts the message back into his pocket and leaves the room. HE turns off the light and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHRIS passes through the hallway and enters the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK, COURTNEY, AND SHANE are sitting in the living room. COURTNEY is struggling with the conversation.

COURTNEY

It's getting windy isn't it?

Outside, the WIND blows against the windows. The bushes in front of the living room window brush against the windowpane.

SHANE

I guess so.

COURTNEY looks at SHANE, SHANE at NICK, and NICK at COURTNEY.

There is a long BEAT.

Confident that he knows how to ruffle some feathers, CHRIS starts:

CHRIS

You know... Freud was right; people do everything based on sex.

NICK

Your point?

SHANE

Oh God, not everyone who wants to succeed does - so they can screw! There are plenty of people who are happy without sex. I'm sick of everyone pushing the idea that you have to have sex to be happy.

NICK

Yeah, right.

CHRIS mouths that he's going to "Nick's room" to COURTNEY.

SHANE

So, you're the happiest person in the world?

CHRIS sneaks out of the room.

THE TWO ROOMMATES continue their argument as Chris works his way into Nick's room.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS quietly closes the door. Looking around the room, he walks to the bed.

CHRIS looks under the bed, rolling the hand weights out of the way.

HE opens the dresser drawers one at a time.

The second drawer holds Nick's shirts. CHRIS looks through it briefly.

CHRIS does not find anything in the other drawers either.

Turning around, CHRIS begins looking for clues on the walls of Nick's room.

The walls are covered with posters of various concerts and musical bands.

CHRIS approaches Nick's bookcase. There are few books on it, mostly records and trinkets. A video camera sits on the top shelf.

CHRIS turns and faces the closet.

Nick's towel is hanging on the knob. Without removing the towel, CHRIS opens the closet door.

HE looks to the top of the closet. The red shoes sit on the shelf. Next the shoes sit some videos. Looking at Nick's clothes, CHRIS can see that Nick has some expensive clothing.

HE then looks to the floor. There is a shoe rack and some rumpled clothing in the corner. CHRIS goes to move some of the clothes away.

An arm flops to the floor.

CHRIS jumps backward.

Catching his breath, CHRIS moves the clothes off the WOMAN. It's ROBIN MILLS. HE tosses her arm back into place and closes the closet door.

CHRIS exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHRIS walks through the hallway into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK and SHANE are still arguing. COURTNEY is silently listening to them.

CHRIS

Can I talk to you for a second
Courtney?

NICK glares at CHRIS.

COURTNEY

I'll be right back.

COURTNEY walks into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

COURTNEY follows CHRIS into his room.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS closes the door behind COURTNEY.

CHRIS

I need your help.

COURTNEY

I am helping.

CHRIS

You are... I mean...

COURTNEY

What?

CHRIS

They all fucking did it. The body is
in Nick's closet.

COURTNEY

Holy shit.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Case closed - we call the police.

COURTNEY

No, It's not that simple. I've got a motive. Nick has a motive.

CHRIS

I found Nick's phone book in Eric's room, and Shane has a pad that matches this note.

CHRIS holds up the pink sticky note.

COURTNEY

The cops are going to think I did it. Me or Nick.

CHRIS

Did you?

COURTNEY

No. No, I didn't. I can't believe you think I...

CHRIS

I can't believe there's a dead woman in this house. Look, The cops can sort all this shit out.

COURTNEY

What are a few minutes going to hurt?
(a beat)
I'll tell you what. I'll get Nick to look in his closet so I can see his reaction.

CHRIS

What then?

COURTNEY

If he sees what's in there - he'll freak, right? If he doesn't freak - we know it's him, and we've got each other to back our stories up.

CHRIS

Ok... OK. Alright. I guess.

COURTNEY leaves the bedroom, CHRIS spies at COURTNEY through the crack in the door.

Through the crack, we can see COURTNEY and NICK in the living room. COURTNEY asks NICK a question. NICK looks perturbed, but reluctantly gets off the futon and heads to his bedroom. COURTNEY follows him.

As COURTNEY reaches Nick's room, CHRIS reaches out of the door and motions for Courtney to stop.

COURTNEY stops at Nick's door and waits in the hall.

COURTNEY

I think it's in the closet.

CHRIS steps out of his room into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHRIS rushes up to Courtney, shushing her.

CHRIS peeks into Nick's room. NICK is walking up to the closet.

CHRIS grabs Courtney and pulls her further into the hallway, out of Nick's view.

Both COURTNEY AND CHRIS hug the hallway wall. THEY wait for Nick to appear.

NICK OS

Holly fucking shit!

CHRIS

Damn!

CHRIS dashes into Nick's room, followed by COURTNEY.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS jumps to NICK and holds him, covering Nick's mouth.

CHRIS
Nick, Nick, Nick...
(to Courtney)
Close the door.

NICK
Let me go!

CHRIS
We're trying to figure out who did it.
You have to give me a few minutes so it
doesn't look as if you did.

COURTNEY
Like we did.

NICK breaks free from CHRIS.

NICK
I did?

CHRIS
We don't know who did it.

NICK
Call the fucking cops then!

CHRIS
Shhhh. We can't. I called 911, but
they sent the paramedics. We've got to
take care of ourselves right now.

NICK
Call them again. She needs to get the
hell out of my room.

CHRIS
Yeah. No.

NICK
(to Courtney)
You know about this?

COURTNEY

I just found out.

They ALL look to Nick's closet. ROBIN is lying among the shoes.

NICK

Goddamn. I never thought...

CHRIS

And whoever did it hit me with a shovel. That's why I was...

NICK

Yeah, yeah. Shut up.

(a beat)

Let's get her out of here. This is fucking pathetic.

CHRIS

No, leave her.

COURTNEY

Then we're all guilty. All of us.

CHRIS

Yeah.

NICK

I don't want some chick I was fucking, dead in my closet. How do you think that makes me look?

COURTNEY

How do you think it makes me look?

NICK

I'm moving her.

COURTNEY

Don't touch her.

CHRIS

Don't Nick.

COURTNEY leaves the room, closing the door behind her.

NICK
This is so fucked up.

CHRIS
Yeah.

NICK
(a beat)
Fuck you.

CHRIS
(a beat)
I feel like I'm in a damn Bernie movie.

NICK
(a beat)
That movie was fucked up.

CHRIS
(agreeing)
They made two.

The camera PUSHES through the wall to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT

COURTNEY slowly enters the living room and walks over to SHANE, who is on the futon. HE is drinking, relaxing on the futon.

COURTNEY
Listening to music?

SHANE
Just kickin'.

COURTNEY
Nick's being a moron...

SHANE
Say no more. That guy's got it coming to him. I can feel it.

COURTNEY
What do you...

NICK walks into the hallway.

NICK OS
Courtney, let's go!

COURTNEY
What?

NICK
Let's go.

COURTNEY
Go... where? What about Chris?

NICK
He's staying here.

COURTNEY
Then I'm staying.

NICK
What? You like Chris or something?

COURTNEY
No.
(a beat)
Yeah, so?

NICK
Well, I hope you're happy together.

NICK turns away from COURTNEY and heads into his room.

SHANE
He'll get his. Don't worry.

SHANE stands and walks into the kitchen.

NICK comes out of his room, putting on a jacket. HE is patting his pockets. CHRIS follows.

NICK
Where's my...?

HE passes by the living room and exits the house.

NICK
Have fun you two.

NICK lets the door slam.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Why don't you go with him?

COURTNEY
He's an ass.

CHRIS
I'm going to talk to Shane.

COURTNEY
Uh.

COURTNEY slowly walks into the hallway as CHRIS approaches SHANE in the kitchen.

The CAMERA follows COURTNEY through the hallway to Nick's room.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

COURTNEY enters and opens the closet. She grabs some clothing, pats the pockets and throws them onto the bed.

SHE looks up at the upper shelf of the closet and notices videotapes lying on their sides.

Moving into the closet, COURTNEY grabs the stack of tapes and drops them on Nick's bed as well. Examining them, she notices many aren't labeled. One is missing the tape from the cassette. It falls apart in her hands.

She looks down at the body. It is still wrapped in video tape.

She bends down and begins unwrapping the body, dropping the pieces of cassette onto the floor.

The camera PUSHES through the wall into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHANE is leaving the kitchen, carrying out another drink. Chris follows him.

SHANE

... for much more than a month. So,
where they going?

CHRIS

Oh, Nick's going to out for a drink.
Courtney's still here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHANE

My alcohol not good enough?

CHRIS

I think it's the company. I mean, me.

SHANE

Eh, he's like that.

SHANE continues walking to his room. CHRIS continues to follow him.

SHANE (cont'd)

I knew you two would end up together.

CHRIS

What?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SHANE

She likes you.

CHRIS

Ain't I supposed to wait a few months
before I start dating again? Besides,
I think she's looking to get some
revenge on Nick.

SHANE

Yeah, so. Maybe.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHANE (cont'd)

He's got it coming to him. How long
have you known him?

SHANE sits on his bed.

CHRIS
You really think Courtney would do
something to mess with Nick?

SHANE
Sure.

CHRIS
What about Eric?

SHANE
I don't think she likes Eric.

CHRIS
No, you think would Eric screw with
Nick?

SHANE
How?

CHRIS
Oh, like kill an ex girlfriend of his?

SHANE
No, but I would.

An awkward beat.

CHRIS
Seriously?

Behind CHRIS, in the hallway, we see Courtney move from
Nick's room to Chris' Room. The camera FOLLOWS COURTNEY.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SHANE OS
Lighten up. Have a drink. My God
you're wound up tighter than a Jew at
Nordstroms.

The camera quickly moves through the wall into CHRIS'
BEDROOM.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

COURTNEY enters the room and closes the door. Finding the remote control, SHE places a tape into Chris' VCR.

COURTNEY examines the controls. The television pops to life, displaying static.

The static changes to a black screen.

COURTNEY looks at the door one last time.

The camera ZOOMS in on the television set.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY

The word, "play" is displayed on the screen for a moment as Nick's room FLICKERS on the screen. The tape is badly damaged.

ROBIN (alive) and NICK are under the sheets. The camera angle looking down from the bookcase.

The video is put into FAST FORWARD. NICK has put his pants on and ROBIN has put on a long shirt. SHE is getting her pants on.

The video is put to normal speed. NICK and ROBIN are in various stages of getting dressed.

NICK

What do you want to eat?

ROBIN

I'm going back to work.

NICK

Just screw and leave?

ROBIN

You know me.

NICK

I am so used.

ROBIN
Give me a break.

NICK
Bitch!

ROBIN
Fuck you, asshole.

NICK reaches back and backhands ROBIN across her face.

SHE is stunned for a moment. ROBIN pushes NICK back. HE falls back onto the bed.

NICK kicks ROBIN in the stomach causing ROBIN to fall to the ground. ROBIN curls into a ball on the floor, clutching her stomach.

NICK
Happy now?

ROBIN just lays on the floor and whimpers to herself, now scared.

NICK turns and stomps out of the room. ROBIN lies on the floor, clutching her stomach.

The tape runs out and the screen turns BLUE from the lack of signal.

PAN TO:

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

The camera PANS from the television set to COURTNEY. SHE is staring at the television.

CHRIS is standing at the door behind COURTNEY.

COURTNEY jumps up.

COURTNEY
How long have you been here?

CHRIS
What's that?

COURTNEY

I found it in Nick's room

COURTNEY turns off the TV and VCR.

CHRIS

This doesn't prove anything.

COURTNEY

I don't know, Chris.

CHRIS

Nick's an ass, but he's not a killer.

COURTNEY

Maybe it was an accident.

CHRIS

And maybe Eric, or Shane, or you did it. I don't know.

COURTNEY

Chris...

CHRIS

All I know is that there is a dead body and the only people who could have moved it into Nick's room is one of you.

COURTNEY

Chris...

CHRIS

And... and... the body was placed in Nick's room because:

A) Nick killed her and was hiding her,
or B) Someone is trying to frame him.
Or c) In a fit of anger or jealousy.
That's what I'm trying to figure out.

COURTNEY

But why hide the body in you box to begin with?

CHRIS

Maybe I interrupted. Maybe I was supposed to find the body.

COURTNEY

Was anyone here when you got home?

CHRIS

Nick was the first one home. But that doesn't prove anything. Regardless, his car wasn't here until later.

CHRIS pats his pockets for the note.

COURTNEY

That doesn't prove anything.

CHRIS

Shit, Nick. I gave the note to Nick.
(a beat)
Why did she have that note? It must have been planted on her, right?

COURTNEY

I didn't do it.

CHRIS

I believe you.

Suddenly, we see lights drive by the window and the sound of NICK'S CAR.

CHRIS rushes to the window, moving the curtains aside.

CHRIS

Damn, what's he still doing here?

COURTNEY

Nick?

CHRIS

Yeah. He's driving into the garage... I'll be right back. He said he was going to call the police from down the block.

COURTNEY
Shit, Chris.

CHRIS runs to the door and out of the room, COURTNEY follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT

THEY BOTH dash through the living room and into the kitchen.

CHRIS takes the lead as he reaches the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CHRIS is just about through the rear door as COURTNEY enters the kitchen. A fierce WIND blows through the kitchen when CHRIS opens the door. CHRIS exits and COURTNEY shortly follows.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

COURTNEY closes the door and makes her way down the stairs. The WIND blows her hair as she follows the path along the back of the house to the garage.

SHANE'S light is on as she passes his room. COURTNEY continues to the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

COURTNEY closes the door behind herself as she looks around the dark and dirty surroundings.

The garage door is closed and Nick's car is inside. Its engine is running. CHRIS is at Nick's car, peering in the window.

The WIND SLAMS the door closed.

COURTNEY
Where's Nick?

CHRIS
He must have gone around the front.

CHRIS quickly walks to the door next to COURTNEY and tries to open it. It is locked from the outside.

CHRIS

Oh no.

COURTNEY

What?

CHRIS

It's locked. Check the door.

COURTNEY goes to the front of the garage and attempts to open the large door.

CHRIS moves to Nick's car and tries to open the doors.

COURTNEY

Holy shit.

CHRIS

Great... Gassed. I should have known better than to trust Nick!

COURTNEY

We can get out of here, right?

(a beat)

Chris?

CHRIS

What?

COURTNEY

Let's get out of here?

CHRIS notices that the garage is beginning to fill with FUMES from the car. HE finds a hoe and raises it like a baseball bat.

CHRIS

Stand back.

CHRIS swings with all his might at the window of the Lotus. The hoe bounces off the glass.

CHRIS

...safety glass.

CHRIS swings at the window again. HE swings again, and again. CHRIS cannot get a full swing in the limited space of the garage.

The fumes in the room is beginning to get thick.

COURTNEY is circling the room, examining the wooden walls. CHRIS is ignoring her, still swinging furiously.

CHRIS

I hate you! You're a stupid car!

The WIND blows outside. There is POUNDING at the side of the garage.

CHRIS walks over to COURTNEY, who is sitting on the floor of the garage, kicking out the wall. Both CHRIS AND COURTNEY are having difficulty breathing.

The wall gives in and some paneling flies outside. COURTNEY kicks the hole bigger and looks up at CHRIS before crawling through it.

The camera PUSHES through the wall meeting her outside

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

COURTNEY finishes crawling through the hole and CHRIS follows her out.

CHRIS

That's it, I'm calling the police myself.

COURTNEY

Good idea.

CHRIS AND COURTNEY walk back to the house. The WIND blows through their hair as they climb the stairs at the back of the house.

CHRIS opens the door for COURTNEY to enter.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

THEY enter the kitchen. CHRIS leads COURTNEY to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reaching over the futon, CHRIS grabs the telephone, listens for a DIAL TONE, then dials "411".

Hanging up, he dials "911".

CHRIS

Hello... fuck! The line is dead! You have a cell?

COURTNEY

No.

Grabbing the phone and its wire, CHRIS jumps up then runs back through the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CHRIS runs into the kitchen and looks through a few drawers. COURTNEY follows.

COURTNEY

What are you doing?

CHRIS

Making a phone call.

After finding some electrical tape and snipers, he runs out into the backyard.

CHRIS

It will only take a minute.

COURTNEY follows him out the backdoor.

COURTNEY

We can use a telephone down the street.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS examines the telephone box then climbs a drainpipe nearby. Following the telephone wires, HE makes his way up to the roof.

COURTNEY walks to the panel. The WIND blows through her hair as she looks up into the night sky.

COURTNEY

You going to fix it?

CHRIS ignores her, concentrating on the climb. HE finally reaches the rooftop and swings his leg over the top.

CHRIS

He had to snip the wires up here!

COURTNEY

Maybe the wind knocked it out.

CHRIS

I don't think...

In the darkness, A FIGURE appears behind CHRIS.

COURTNEY OS

Chris!

HE quickly turns around.

The figure reaches out and pushes Chris toward the edge of the building. CHRIS swings around as he begins to fall. HE grabs a stack pipe to keep from falling.

The figure disappears.

COURTNEY tries to follow the FIGURE around the building, catching glimpses of him as she circles the house.

The FIGURE disappears behind the roof's gable as he ducks down behind it.

COURTNEY heads back to CHRIS who is now standing looking around the rooftop for his attacker.

CHRIS

Where'd he go?

COURTNEY

That way!

CHRIS follows her directions and heads over the top of the roof.

COURTNEY begins running around the house. SHE passes Shane's room as she rounds the corner.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

COURTNEY flies around the corner, tripping over the rolling trash cans.

SHE gets to the gate and opening it without a problem. Looking up, she catches a glimpse of THE FIGURE stalking CHRIS.

COURTNEY

Chris!

SHE circles around to the front of the house getting a better view of the action.

CHRIS is grappling his attacker, rolling on the rooftop. THEY are moving toward the front of the house.

COURTNEY slowly makes her way along to the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

COURTNEY'S hair blows in her face making it difficult for her to see.

CHRIS and THE FIGURE separate as THEY both save themselves from falling off the edge.

CHRIS recovers before the FIGURE and dives at him again. THE FIGURE falls backward and rolls with CHRIS to the side.

CHRIS grabs hold of the television antenna and swings his feet away from his attacker.

THE FIGURE stumbles up the roof and over the top of the gable.

COURTNEY runs back around the house.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

COURTNEY runs through the gate, past Chris', Eric's, and Shane's windows, past the garage, and into the backyard.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Looking up at the roofline, COURTNEY does not see the figure anywhere.

CHRIS appears atop the roof and starts walking down toward COURTNEY, who is still scanning the roofline.

Slowly, CHRIS makes it to the edge of the roof and starts hooking the telephone wires together.

HE braces himself against the protruding metal pipe which holds the wires up from the roof.

CHRIS

Eric. Eric. It was Eric.

COURTNEY

I can't believe...

NICK OS

(panting)

Believe what?

COURTNEY SCREAMS. NICK is standing beside her. He ducks, as if something was thrown at him.

NICK

Alright already!

CHRIS

Eric's inside. He's flipped!

NICK walks to the back steps.

NICK

I saw.

COURTNEY

We saw the video. You beat her.

NICK

What?

COURTNEY

There's a video of you hitting... what's her name.

NICK get to the back door and tries to open it. It's locked. We follow Nick.

NICK
I never. Oh, that video. It was a show. She... What the hell were you doing... Oh never mind.

NICK SMASHES the window with his elbow, reaches into the house and unlocks the door.

We enter the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

NICK walks through the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK
Eric! Come out here you rap music lovin' motherfucker.

COURTNEY OS
Where is he?

NICK
I don't know.

COURTNEY enters the living room and picks up the telephone.

COURTNEY
Chris isn't done.

NICK
I called from the neighbors.

COURTNEY
When will they get here?

NICK
Thirty minutes or less. What is it, a pizza?

NICK walks into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

NICK quickly moves to Eric's room and rips open his door, breaking the latch.

NICK

Eric!

Eric is not in his room. The window is open more than earlier. NICK turns to COURTNEY, who has run up behind him.

NICK

Where's Shane?

COURTNEY goes down the hallway to Shane's room.

NICK turns, heading to the front of the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK approaches the front door, and opens it.

ERIC is standing outside the door, peering at NICK.

ERIC

Chris fights like a girl.

NICK

I've called the police, Eric. It's over.

ERIC steps into the house and passes NICK.

NICK

Did you kill Robin?

NICK closes the door.

ERIC

What's it matter? You've called the police, right?

ERIC walks into the kitchen.

NICK follows him, but doesn't enter the kitchen.

NICK
So, did you do it?

ERIC
No.

NICK
What?

ERIC
You did.

ERIC pours himself a drink. He is nervous, but trying to maintain composure.

NICK
I don't think so, Tim.

ERIC
It's not for us to decide, is it?

ERIC comes back into the living room.

NICK
I'll tell them the truth.

ERIC
Truth? You? When's the last time you told the truth?

NICK
What have I ever done to you?

ERIC
The police are going to see what they want to see. When they walk into this house we're all guilty.

COURTNEY and SHANE enter the living room.

SHANE drops onto the futon.

ERIC (cont'd)
He's plastered. Chris is weak, You're a jackass. Then there's that video. I have no motive. I'm the innocent one here. I've done nothing.

SHANE

What?

COURTNEY

This isn't good.

NICK

How long have you planned this?

ERIC

I have no idea what you're talking about.

NICK

You're not getting away with this.

ERIC

She's no ling in my closet!

SHANE

Who?

Suddenly, ERIC jumps at SHANE and begins to choke him.

ERIC

You stupid shit!

COURTNEY AND NICK jump for ERIC and try to pull him off SHANE.

ERIC kicks COURTNEY and she falls backward.

ERIC

(to Shane)

Go ahead and hit me you idiot. I did what you don't have the guts to do.

NICK

Don't do it, Shane.

NICK gets ERIC into a Full Nelson, pulling him off SHANE. As he pulls ERIC back, SHANE balls his fist and lets one fly at ERIC. He hits ERIC square in the nose.

ERIC

Ow, that's what I was lookin' for.

NICK

Eric, stop.

SHANE

I'll kick his scrawny ass.

COURTNEY, getting up off the floor, grabs ERIC'S wrists. After a hard stare, COURTNEY releases ERIC'S wrists. ERIC gets up off the floor.

SHANE slowly gets off the floor as well.

NICK

Leave. We won't stop you. Just go.

ERIC

Why would I do that?

SHANE

What's wrong with you?

ERIC walks down the hallway to his room. NICK follows ERIC.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

ERIC makes it into SHANE'S bedroom. NICK approaches the door slowly.

ERIC exits SHANE'S room, lifting a balled up black plastic bag into the air.

ERIC

Here, catch.

ERIC tosses the bag at NICK. NICK catches the bag.

NICK lunges at Eric. THEY fall into SHANE'S room.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The TWO MEN lay on the ground as they grab for each other's throats. Slowly, Nick fights his way on top of Eric, smothering him with the plastic bag.

COURTNEY and CHRIS step into the room. SHE lifts her foot into the air and kicks ERIC in the head.

CHRIS
Courtney, no!

ERIC flies across the floor and lands next to Shane's dresser.

CHRIS
He's making us look as guilty as he is.

NICK lies on the floor, but slowly rises.

COURTNEY
I don't give a rat's ass.

ERIC stands and grabs a bottle of after-shave off the dresser and throws it at CHRIS.

ERIC
You all ganging up on me?

Suddenly, ERIC rushes CHRIS. HE tackles CHRIS, slamming him against the window.

Glass shatters and the wood surrounding the pane splinters. CHRIS moans in pain.

ERIC, letting CHRIS fall to the floor turns to COURTNEY and NICK.

COURTNEY
Eric, haven't you had enough?

COURTNEY backs into the hallway, pulling NICK with her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

NICK
Let me go.

ERIC
Nick wants more.

COURTNEY
No he doesn't. We just want this to end.

ERIC

End?

ERIC lunges his body at NICK. NICK grabs his stomach and drops like a rock. COURTNEY tries to hold him up, but he is dead weight.

ERIC approaches COURTNEY. He is carrying a bloody knife.

ERIC lunges at but she easily dodges him. SHE spins around and throws a kick to ERIC'S face.

SHE misses.

ERIC charges her, throwing her off balance. HE pushes her to the wall, grabbing her shoulders.

SHE slams the back of her head against the wall, making an indentation in the drywall. ERIC slams her head against the wall again.

COURTNEY

Stop, Eric.

ERIC lets go and COURTNEY falls to the floor.

As ERIC turns, CHRIS is standing in Shane's doorway.

CHRIS pushes ERIC. ERIC stumbles backward into his own room. CHRIS follows him.

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The television is still flickering, giving a strobe light look to the room.

ERIC takes a step forward, but CHRIS pushes him hard again with both hands.

CHRIS

Aaaaaa!

CHRIS lunges forward, tackling ERIC. ERIC flies backward, falling through the window completely. Glass SHATTERS.

HE looks out the window. ERIC lies outside face down.

CHRIS turns to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

COURTNEY is lying on the floor. CHRIS bends down and props her head up.

COURTNEY

I'm Ok.

CHRIS stands and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The WIND blows through the broken kitchen door.

CHRIS turns on the water, throwing a dishtowel in.

HE opens the freezer and grabs some ice cubes. HE makes himself an icepack with the towel. Popping an ice cube into his mouth, CHRIS leaves the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of SIRENS comes from the distance as CHRIS makes his way into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHRIS

Here Courtney..

He hands her the icepack.

COURTNEY

We are going to jail.

CHRIS

It'll work out.

COURTNEY

I'm going to jail.

BLUE AND RED FLASHING LIGHTS are coming down the street.

CHRIS
It will work out.

CHRIS walks to the front of the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE LIGHTS are outside the door. The SIRENS stop.

Chris sits on the futon and waits.

ERIC OS
They're inside. This way officer.

ERIC busts into the front door, followed by SEVERAL POLICE, guns in hand.

CHRIS
The body's in the closet.

OFFICER ONE moves to Nick's room.

OFFICER ONE OS
Yep, we got a body.

OFFICER TWO approaches CHRIS.

OFFICER TWO
Get on the ground!

OFFICER ONE OS
Paramedic! We got a stabbing!

OFFICER TWO
Both of you, now!

ERIC
They killed her!

OFFICER TWO
You too! On the ground!

ERIC
They killed her!

CHRIS
He killed her.

COURTNEY
He stabbed Nick.

OFFICER TWO
We'll get your statements in a second.

The camera PUSHES in on OFFICER ONE. HIS face grows large in the frame. For the last time, the camera communicates with this world...

OFFICER ONE
(as if answering someone)
Eric?

ERIC
Yeah.

OFFICER ONE
Why?

ERIC stands motionless and the police officer looks at him in the eyes. ERIC knows he's caught, though he doesn't know how.

ERIC jumps off the floor and runs for the door. His hands behind his back, handcuffed.

TWO police enter the room and grab ERIC as he runs toward them. Eric's rites are read to him...

ERIC
What? What'd I do?

The TWO PARAMEDICS rush by the officers into the hallway.

OFFICER ONE
You two stay for questioning?

CHRIS and COURTNEY are face down on the floor, hands shackled behind their backs.

CHRIS
No problem.

ERIC OS

They set me up! Nick killed her. Nick ruins everything. Nick is guilty, not me.

COURTNEY comes from the hallway as the camera begins to RISE to the ceiling.

OFFICER ONE

Let's start from the beginning. What's your name?

CHRIS

Chris Anderton.

OFFICER ONE

And what is your involvement?

OFFICER ONE begins to help CHRIS and COURTNEY to their feet.

CHRIS

Well, I got home today...

OFFICER TWO OS

What time?

CHRIS OS

Two hours ago... something was strange.

RISE UP TO:

EXT. ABOVE HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera makes its way through the attic to the roof. Police cars line the street with their LIGHTS flashing. ERIC is being helped into the back seat of one of them.

CHRIS OS (cont'd)

I felt like someone was watching me.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE.