

— TRUE LUST —

Night Voyeur

EXT. CITY OF ANGELS - DUSK

Drifting through the night sky, the camera lethargically sinks lower and lower into the glow of the city.

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Steam pours out of manholes as the alley gives way to reveal an open window on the bottom floor of a small apartment building. Rose colored shades flutter and dance in the wind as the lighting of a makeup vanity shines above a mirror.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MAKE UP

A brush carefully selects a square of color from an eyeshadow palette.

Lipstick slowly pushes up from it's chrome cover.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the reflection of a vanity mirror, OLIVIA LINSKOTT, a brash, alluring woman of 28, expertly applies her makeup ritual to her sharp eyes and pursed lips. Hairspray clouds the room as she brings the ceremony to a close. She pauses to stare back at the fruits of her labor before lighting a cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Across town, a police station glistens in the night as its neon sign floods a surprisingly busy parking lot.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Beyond a poorly closed office door, RON BOWMAN slumps over a disheveled desk, buried in a sea of paperwork. His dark, graying hair is slicked back as much as his sweat will hold it in place. Sipping from a flask, several drops run down his shaded jaw, having clearly neglected the use of a razor this week.

(CONTINUED)

Leaning forward, he grimly inspects a framed photograph amongst the clutter on his desk.

CLOSEUP - OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Smiling are two detectives holding up what is left of their shooting range targets. The man on the right is Ron's younger, more confident self.

BACK TO SCENE.

RON
Time flies, Cliff.

He takes another pull of whiskey.

RON (CONT'D)
If only it had been me.

Slamming the photograph face down on his desk, he collects himself for a minute, ignoring the commotion of the station.

Rising from his chair, Ron makes his way through the annoyance of eager cops and detained hookers crowding the waiting room.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Barging through the doors, Ron clutches his flask as he fumbles the keys into a dented Lincoln Mark VI Continental. Finally succeeding to find his way behind the steering wheel, he pulls out of the parking lot, nearly grazing a pedestrian.

BACK TO:

EXT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peering through the windows of Olivia's apartment, the camera follows her shadow slip around the well-lit bedroom as she collects the final touches to her outfit.

Emerging from the front doors in a silk dress, Olivia cuts across the courtyard towards the boulevard.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HAND

With each finger fully erect, a well decorated hand reaches out for the manic rush of cars.

BACK TO SCENE.

Swerving to the curb, a taxi pauses briefly as Olivia steps into the backseat.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Stopped at a red light just down the block, the driver carefully observes Olivia in the rear view mirror as her eyes comfortably smirk back.

TAXI DRIVER

Where are we heading tonight?

OLIVIA

You know the wax museum right on Sycamore? It's the new club just across the street.

The driver nods as the taxi plummets down the city streets.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ron routinely begins preparing a microwave dinner in his dimly lit apartment. As the Salisbury steak hisses, he cracks a tall can of beer. Attempting to clean his immediate vicinity, Ron begins tossing bills, empty cans, and papers into the waste bin.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MICROWAVE CLOCK

3

2

1

DING!

The microwave timer pierces the kitchen over the sound of Ron's clamoring.

BACK TO SCENE.

Setting down the newspaper in his hand, Ron abandons any plans to finish cleaning as he makes his way to the microwave.

On the counter, the newspaper headline comes into focus:

THE NIGHT VOYEUER SLAYS ANOTHER

BACK TO:

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Blowing a kiss, Olivia splits off from her pack of friends as they emerge from a nightclub with a few suitors in tow. A green neon sign reading, 'THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT', vibrates above.

SCOTTY, a handsome cruiser from the club, watches her cross the street as he gnaws at a toothpick.

SCOTTY

Need anyone to walk you home?

Olivia's only response is the click of her heels as she disappears.

SCOTTY

Suit yourself!

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Swaying from side to side, Olivia playfully makes her way down the deserted alleyway towards her apartment complex. With each step gaining more speed, euphoria slowly slips into the hysteric notion that someone is following her.

Her eyes dart between the buildings as she stops to look behind her. The alleyway is barren with nothing in sight but overflowing dumpsters. Spinning back around, the sound of her heartbeat accelerates as she runs as faster and faster.

EXT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Reaching her apartment building with enough urgency to nearly knock down the front door, she frantically looks around, revealing a switchblade from her clutch. After finally realizing that she is alone, she rolls her eyes with embarrassment as a smile forms through gasps for air.

BACK TO:

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Clutching another drink, Ron has found the comfort of an excessively upholstered chair in front of the late night news. Disengaged, he sinks further into his chair as the news anchors revel in the misfortune of a recent lottery winner's need to file for bankruptcy. Resting the glass of tequila on the edge of the arm rest, Ron's eyelids sag.

(CONTINUED)

The glass dives onto the carpet, but Ron is already out cold.

BACK TO:

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Olivia emits a sigh of relief as she catches her breath on the leather couch in the living room. Despite being abnormal, she makes no acknowledgment of the RED LIGHTING and SWELLING FOG filling the apartment with an otherworldly presence.

From the window, we watch Olivia get ready for bed while simultaneously pouring herself a quick nightcap before getting undressed. Fog continues pressing up against the window pane.

As the camera moves around the corner of the building, a pair of tan leather driving gloves slowly enter the frame to pick at the lock on the back door. It silently swings open to reveal a tidy kitchen, now thick with fog. Instead of grabbing a knife, the gloved hands find a small, decorative statue of a stallion on display. Creeping towards the living room, Olivia is taking off her heels while sitting on the couch as the intruder approaches at a dragging pace.

CLOSEUP - GLOVED FIST

Gripping the elaborate paper weight, the gloved hand is raised ever so gradually, shaking briefly before striking down ruthlessly. Blood sprays with little contrast to the red lighting as the fog finally takes over, cloaking the frenzy of violence.

As the fog settles, the room comes back into focus, revealing Olivia's final resting place. Her lifeless eyes and blood spattered body show no sign of a pulse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Disturbed, Ron awakens from a NIGHTMARE. Sun pierces through dusty blinds across the living room. Realizing his surroundings, he resurrects from his chair in the same crumpled jacket as last night. His boots unexpectedly crush shards of glass amongst the pool of tequila sticking to the floor. Bulging his blood shot eyes, Ron rubs his temples as he exhales in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

The phone loudly RINGS without remorse from the kitchen wall.

Ron eventually makes his way into the kitchen and stares at the phone, waiting for the caller to make a second attempt. Sure enough, they do.

RON

Yes?

He paces around the kitchen with occasional nodding.

RON (CONT'D)

OK, I'll be there in a few hours.

He snatches a half eaten chocolate bar from the counter, intent on finishing the job.

RON (CONT'D)

Relax, I'll be just fine.

Ron slams the phone on the hook before slithering into the bathroom. Moments later, the shower echos behind the partially shut door.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. VALENTINE'S BAR - DAY

Slouching in the hot sun, a dark bar with boarded windows smolders amid a moat of parked patrol cars.

INT. VALENTINE'S BAR - DAY

Tucked at the back of the smoke filled bar behind the officers and badge chasers, Ron aims his pool cue before taking the shot.

CRACK!

As the ball rolls forward, missing it's intended target, Ron hands the cue to PATRICK OROSCO, a smarmy detective with a grin cutting across his sun burnt face.

RON

Yeah, maybe I have gotten soft.
Anyway, what made you drag me down here?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Couldn't take a chance with the phones at the field office. You never know when the chief might be listening.

Ron leans forward into the glow of the pool table lamp, resting his hands on the green felt.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

From what I hear, you have your evaluation coming up today with the shrink.

I wanted to let you know that they are heavily considering the possibility of you working in the field again if all goes smoothly. Sounds like you haven't had an episode in a while and we could sure use your experience.

RON

An episode, huh? Is that what the chief told ya?

PATRICK

I didn't need anyone to tell me, but he sure had some things to say.

The point is, there's been a new development in the Night Voyer case and I wanted to bring you on board. With the media now breathing down our necks to find a suspect, we need someone who has handled high profile cases like this. That is if you feel up to it.

Patrick neatly arranges several Polaroids of a crime scene on the table. Ron scans the photos before picking them up in disbelief to inspect them further.

Observing the stack of photos capturing the gruesome state of a small apartment, Ron wipes the building sweat from his forehead as he reluctantly locates Olivia's heel amongst a sea of shattered glass. Waking from a trance-like concentration, he nervously skips over several Polaroids until finding one of a leather couch. Unlike the one in his dream, there is a surprisingly low amount of blood and no body.

(CONTINUED)

RON

What makes you suspect it's the Night Voyeur?

PATRICK

These are from the scene of an attempted homicide at 1829 Grace Avenue around 1am this morning. It could be a copycat, but everything fits his ritual to a T. The victim even confirms that she was presented a painted portrait two days ago, which we are still trying to locate.

RON

So she's alive?

PATRICK

And one tough cookie if you ask me. We have her at the Guardian Medical Center receiving treatment. I figured you could keep an eye on her. Best part is, you don't need a partner when it comes to protective custody. That's why you're the man for the job.

RON

What's her name?

Patrick draws a photo from his pocket and unfolds it on the table. His finger taps one of the girls from the group of friends posing together at the beach.

PATRICK

Olivia Linscott.

RON

You think she can identify the attacker?

PATRICK

She can't recall anything at the moment, except for a black ski mask.

Ron organizes all of the photos for a while, taking it in.

PATRICK

Better be high tailing it to that shrink for a passing evaluation, Bowman. Remember, just play it cool and try to not to look so hungover.

(CONTINUED)

Nodding, Ron slips out the side door as the bartender dodges pickup lines from the patrons.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Heavy breathing cuts through the night sky as the shiny horizon of chrome flatbed trucks come into focus. A young Ron Bowman slips through the parked vehicles toward the busy steakhouse, not far ahead.

BANG! A gunshot shatters the front window of the restaurant.

Three shadows dart from the building, one with a large bag in tow. Ron immediately pulls his firearm from his holster before pursuing. Suddenly, the sound of dragging gravel whips him in a 180 degree turn.

Standing about 20 feet in front of him in between two long trailers is a frantic figure holding a gun to the head of CLIFF BURNS, a strained policeman with a calm complexion.

GUNMAN

Got your partner right here, man. I also got this Beretta that will blow his head clean off unless you throw me that gun, get on the ground, and call off any reinforcements.

RON

I'll call them right now, but you need to let my partner go first, alright? I'm looking for all of us to walk away from this just as much as you are.

GUNMAN

Just kiss the dirt and throw me the fucking gun!

Ron slowly touches his right knee to the ground, never breaking eye contact with the captor. Raising his left hand up in an assuring manner, he carefully rests his Glock in the dirt underneath the palm of his right hand.

GUNMAN

Good. Good... Now throw --

(CONTINUED)

A getaway car lurches into sight behind Cliff and his captor. As the passenger door swings open, the driver sounds the horn, causing the armed man to divert his attention for only a second.

CLIFF

Take the shot, Ron!

Ron's right hand snaps up to carefully aim at the dimly lit target, behind his partner.

Chains of blinding muzzle flashes conceal the carnage as bullets rip through the narrow alley between the parked cargo trucks. Despite the slew of gunshots tearing through flesh, all that can be heard is a dull ringing.

As the last shots fire from Ron's 22, he immediately crawls towards the two fallen bodies in front of him. In disbelief, his hands press on Cliff's head wound, unable to stop the bleeding. Holding Cliff in his arms as he sputters blood onto his uniform, Ron is screaming his name in one final attempt to wake him from an inevitable death. A new voice begins to fade in, replacing Ron's.

WOMAN[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{ÃŽ}INTOPREAMBLE]S VOICE
Ron. Ron! Ron, are you still with
us?

INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Returning from his flashback, Ron finds himself in the dimly lit office of DR. HARRIET RAMOS, who's thinning patience is beginning to crack her tranquil appearance as she thumbs through the remaining appointments for the day. Leaning forward, Ron's shirt sticks to the polyester chaise lounge, his back drenched in sweat. Dr. Ramos quickly grabs her notes and clears her throat, managing a smile.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

So Ron, where were we...

Last time we met you brought up feelings of guilt regarding the last case you worked. How have you been feeling lately?

RON

It comes and goes...

Despite following protocol, I can't help but think I made the wrong

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (cont'd)
call. Hell, I guess Cliff made the
wrong call too...

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
According to the report, it says
that there were three armed
suspects. You're lucky to be alive.

RON
Most days I'd agree.

Dr. Ramos looks up with empathetic eyes, despite her
frowning brow. As if detached from herself, her hand
frantically jumps to add to her page of notes.

RON (CONT'D)
... I mean yes, I am lucky. I only
wish I could have saved my partner.

Things have... well, they have been
getting better.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Have you had any more moments of
memory loss since we last talked?

RON
Not a thing.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Interesting. That's a good sign.

And your dreams - have you
experienced any further instances
of déjà vu or something of a
similar nature?

Beads of sweat run down Ron's temples, his skin flushed and
clammy. Scratching his eyebrow, he attempts to discretely
dab his forehead in the process.

RON
No.

Nodding into her notes, Dr. Ramos feverishly scrapes her pen
into the pad until giving up and throwing it into the
wastebasket and grabbing another one from her desk.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Fair enough. Well I think that
concludes our time here today,
unless you have anything else you
want to discuss.

Ron pushes himself out of his chair, rotating towards the door while maintaining eye contact with Dr. Ramos.

RON

Thanks, Doc. So I'll see you next month?

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

We shall see. In the meantime, try a little harder to dry out just a bit, alright?

Pausing in the doorway, She watches Ron retreat down the hall.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS (CONT'D)

I'll have your evaluation on the chief's desk by end of day, Bowman. I would get some rest in the meantime, if I were you.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. GUARDIAN MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Tucked between the towering skyscrapers and construction sites, an aging building stands with the letters "Guardian Medical Center" looming above it's bustling doors.

INT. GUARDIAN MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Bathing in fluorescent light, Olivia's hospital bed sits in the corner room with the blinds open. DING - the elevator doors slide open and Ron steps off, making a detour to the instant coffee machine.

Propped up in her bed, Olivia watches Ron, too drained to portray her annoyance. Despite the smeared lipstick and mascara, she looks put together in her perfectly feathered hair. Her heart monitor pulses at a notably calm pace as Ron quietly lets himself in.

RON

Don't worry, I'm not here with any questions. I'm sure you've been through enough.

OLIVIA

You could say that.

She raises her arm, exposing an IV.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'll be fine as long as I can still
teach my aerobics class tomorrow.

Ron continues emptying an obscene amount of sugar packets
into his coffee.

RON
Doubtful, from the looks of it.

Extending his hand, Ron approaches the bed.

RON (CONT'D)
Detective Ron Bowman.

OLIVIA
Detective, huh? So if you're not
wanting to pester me, then why are
you here?

Pausing, Ron slowly sips his steaming coffee before smacking
his lips in satisfaction.

RON
Consider me your watchman for the
next few days.

OLIVIA
Wait, they are putting me in
protective custody? Don't you think
that's a little overkill?

RON
Let's hope so. Until we catch the
man who attacked you last night,
I'm afraid we can't take any risks.

OLIVIA
It's him isn't it? The one
responsible for all of those
killings this summer?

Ron breaks eye contact - avoiding the question.

OLIVIA
Well I guess I won't be holding my
breath.

They share a brief moment in silence as a nurse interrupts
to check the bandages on Olivia's shoulder. Ron slides a
cigarette to his lips as he searches his jacket for a light.
Olivia suddenly leans forward with unexpected charm.

OLIVIA

I don't suppose you have another one, do you?

RON

Afraid not.

Walking over, Ron relinquishes the cigarette into Olivia's hand while fumbling to find his brass lighter. As Olivia exhales a cloud of smoke, the nurse glares at Ron's silhouette as he peers through half drawn blinds at the sun-baked metropolis.

DISSOLVE:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Leaving work late, a business woman enters a lavish elevator. Her manicured finger firmly presses the button engraved with the letter 'G'. The elevator begins to descend as she removes a hair from her otherwise spotless off-white suit.

DING

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING GARAGE - NIGHT

Moving briskly, she makes her way from the elevator through the poorly lit parking garage. Amongst the concrete pillars and empty assigned parking spaces, she finally approaches her car. Seconds after entering the front seat, she frantically climbs out in alarm.

INT. CAR INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, a drying oil painting glimmers on the leather passenger seat. The subject is an unmistakable portrait of the woman, barely draped in silk while posing in a bed surrounded by tropical plants on either side.

Holding the gift in her shaking hands, her eyes scan the surroundings as panic grips her situation. Thin shadows stretch from the pillars, but no one is in sight.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The canvas is violently flung from the car window as the engine revs into action. Tires SCREECH as the vehicle peels out towards the exit.

CLOSEUP - PAINTING

Face down, the painting is disheveled on the pavement. Carefully handwritten on the back of the canvas is a message reading:

All eyes on you, Kimberly

Suddenly, a pair of hands dressed in tan leather driving gloves reach down to retrieve the painting.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - AQUARIUM

Slowly dancing downward through the water, an earring comes into focus before resting amongst the plastic seaweed decorating an aquarium. Beside the aquarium is a spilled container of fish food amongst a purse and car keys.

PULL BACK to reveal:

INT. KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Illuminated only by the blue glow of the aquarium and a light from the hall, a well decorated studio apartment is frozen in disarray. A pair of legs lead through the doorway and into an off-white suit. Kimberly's arm rests in a gradually building pool of blood, motionless.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GUARDIAN MEDICAL CENTER CAFETERIA - DAY

Towards the end of the deserted buffet spread, Ron, Patrick, and another suit by the name of DAN grab an early lunch. Patrick is shoveling a roll into his mouth while the other detective continues adding to the mountain of Jello on his tray.

PATRICK

It's our guy alright. He's already
returning to his pattern after

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
botching the previous attempt. I'd
bet my second wedding ring the
Night Voyeur has moved on and
forgotten all about Amelia.

RON
Olivia.

PATRICK
That's what I said.

The fuck are you doing, Dan?

Dan sheepishly looks over, in the middle of adding whipped
cream to his desert.

DAN
Save it! Bonnie has been starving
me on this Scarsdale Diet for two
weeks now. I'm withering away over
here.

Shaking his head, Patrick returns to his conversation with
Ron.

PATRICK
As I was saying, with the Voyeur
moving on to new victims, it looks
like your field trip from the
office just got a lot shorter,
Bowman.

Handing the cashier a \$20, Patrick signals to include the
total for all three meals.

PATRICK
You mind if I get a receipt?

CASHIER
Sure thing.

PATRICK
Nothing like a lunch meeting
courtesy of the tax payers, eh
boys?

The three find a table amongst the ghost town of empty
seating.

RON
The thing I can't put my finger on
is that his cycle is always right
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (cont'd)
around three weeks. Why would he
attack again so quickly?

DAN
Look who's been catching up on the
case.

You think he wanted a quick win to
regain confidence? He's never
missed his mark before.

Under the table, Ron pours a generous amount of his flask
into his coke can. Patrick winks at him, having seen his
attempt to be somewhat discrete.

PATRICK
I'd say we keep an eye on Olivia
over the next few days while we
make sense of his latest move. You
know, just to be safe.

RON
Agreed.

Half way through his Jello, Dan begins to make his way
towards the buffet for seconds.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Sorry, Dan. I gotta cut you off
there. Ron's already been away from
his watch for too long. How about
we swing by that tiki bar on the
way back to the station? Drinks on
me.

Dan reluctantly rests his tray in the bin with the other
dirty dishes.

DAN
They better have bar nuts.

The three of them make their way to the elevator and squeeze
between a group of sleep deprived resident doctors before
the doors close.

INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM, GUARDIAN MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Ron ascends down the hall at a sluggish pace as the two
suits pass him on either side, taking little notice. He
nonchalantly knocks down a quick swig of his flask before
scraping the sweat from his brow. Patrick and Dan approach
Olivia's bed as Ron finds a seat by the window.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Well if it isn't Miss Linscott! How are you holding up?

OLIVIA

Alive and well. Shocked?

PATRICK

Well, no. Not in the least.

Glimpsing towards Ron, Patrick adjusts his clip-on tie while he clears his throat.

PATRICK

So I have some good news. The doctor has confirmed that you can safely return home today.

OLIVIA

That's great to hear! Is there any chance I can teach my aerobics class this afternoon? I never miss it.

PATRICK

Don't push it...

Olivia glances over at Ron.

OLIVIA

He can come and make sure my secret admirer doesn't show up for seconds.

PATRICK

Funny you say that, actually. Due to some recent activity related to the case involving your attacker, I've already assigned Detective Bowman with protecting you for the remainder of the week.

OLIVIA

Oh...

PATRICK

No need to worry. This is just standard procedure. It'll be like he's not even there.

Ron avoids eye contact while beginning to collect Olivia's things.

EXT. GUARDIAN MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Olivia, Ron, Patrick and Dan discretely make their way towards Ron's poorly parked Lincoln outside of the hospital. As the others pause, Ron pops the trunk before tossing Olivia's overnight bag inside.

PATRICK

I assume you're good to drive?

RON

You know I have your number in a high speed chase, with or without racking up a bar tab beforehand.

PATRICK

No need for any Evel Knievel shit, Ron. Just chauffeur this little lady around town.

OLIVIA

Well boys, I only have an hour to get my things and head across town to the studio so unless there's some divine intervention with the traffic, we may need to get creative.

PATRICK

I'm almost done, I swear.

Patrick hands Olivia a dented business card.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Here's my number. Feel free to use it whenever the hair stands up on the back of your neck.

Popping her clutch open, Olivia unzips an interior pocket to store the card. Before closing it, she delicately deploys her switchblade.

OLIVIA

Sounds good. I'll keep it right here next to my backup plan.

Suddenly, a camera flash blinds them as a newspaper cameraman alerts the horde of news reporters and photographers waiting in front of the hospital.

REPORTER

Miss Linscott! Do you have a minute?

(CONTINUED)

Escorting Olivia to the passenger door, Ron holds it open as she gingerly makes her way into the seat amongst the collection of beer cans and TV Guides. Slamming the door, Ron is now surrounded by the frantic roar of questions and microphones as he tries to make his way to the other side of the vehicle.

A reporter begins tapping on Olivia's window, signaling her to roll it down for the cameras.

REPORTER

Olivia, are you feeling better? Do you think it was the Night Voyeur who attacked you?

Wha.. What the hell do you think you're doing?

Spitting on the shattered video camera, Ron cracks the door enough to slide behind the wheel, starting the engine.

Patrick and Dan salute them as the vehicle lurches through the reporters and into the squall of mid-day traffic. Reluctantly, the surrounding cars let them in; their tempers exacerbated by the heat.

DISSOLVE:

INT. RON'S CAR - DAY

Pulling up in front of the dance studio, Ron watches from the car as Olivia, now dressed in a leotard and sweatshirt, joins the flock of woman funneling into the building.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Inside, spandex-clad patrons eagerly prepare for their workout as they stretch in front of the gigantic mirrors lining the walls. Olivia makes her way to the front of the room to address the crowd.

OLIVIA

Alright ladies! Sorry I'm a bit late today. Let's start things off with last Monday's routine and finish with some high impact aerobics.

The women quietly groan over the announced workout while managing to remain peppy. Olivia cues the music before strutting back to the front.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Ready? Remember, no challenge no
change!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY (LATER)

As the sweat is flying inside, Ron leans up against the brick wall to keep watch. Despite being muffled, Olivia's voice can be heard instructing over the energetic mixtape. Finishing his cigarette, Ron drops the remains before grinding it into the sidewalk with his boot. The front door swings open, revealing a winded Olivia.

RON
How's it going in there?

OLIVIA
I'm not feeling too hot. I have
someone leading the cool down since
my head's a bit dizzy.

RON
Want any?

Ron shakes his almost empty flask.

OLIVIA
I'm good. You should lay off that.

Slowly nodding, Ron polishes off the last of the whiskey as women begin exiting the studio. Several of the students nervously look towards Ron, picking up their pace on the way to their cars. Olivia waves back at them as GABBY, a lively dancer in her early twenties, skips over.

GABBY
Glad to have you back today,
Olivia!

OLIVIA
Me to! Thanks again for leading the
cool down. Guess I'm not as
recovered as I thought I was.

GABBY
Anytime. Say, what's with that sexy
portrait inside by the bulletin
board?

Ron tenses up, making his way inside.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
What portrait?

Gabby pauses, alarmed by the fear in Olivia's voice.

GABBY
It's of you... I thought someone
you were seeing must have just
dropped it off.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Rushing inside, Olivia and Gabby join Ron in the hallway.

Resting below the bulletin board lies an oil painting.

Ron looks down at it with stern, emotionless eyes, despite the alcohol beginning to tightening around his serenity like a boa constrictor.

CLOSEUP - PAINTING

Carefully painted is a nearly perfect portrait of Olivia barely wrapped in a wet tapestry, lounging on the leather sofa in her apartment.

Suddenly, the canvas is destroyed with the puncturing strike of Olivia's high-tops.

BACK TO SCENE.

Removing her leg from the canvas, Olivia rigidly makes her way into the empty studio as Gabby chases after her. Inside, Olivia is pressing her hands and face into the mirrored wall in distress.

OLIVIA
I destroyed that painting. I burned
it right in the fucking street. How
did he...

Reflected in the mirror, Gabby slowly approaches, her face distorted with fear and confusion.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Are you watching now!? I bet you're
enjoy this aren't you? Well if you
show up again, you know what's
coming! You know what's...

Olivia b-lines to Ron, sluggishly making his way down the hall with the painting's remains tucked under his arm. Snatching the canvas, Olivia bursts through front doors.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GABBY
Olivia, wait!

RON
Take it easy there...

OLIVIA
Oh ya, Ron? How am I supposed to
take it easy with a killer
breathing down my neck. So much for
protecting me.

RON
Let me call the station. I'll get
ahold of Patrick.

As his word's fall on deaf ears, Ron watches the painting
soar into the sting of oncoming traffic. CRUNCH. Without
blinking, Olivia returns with her palm stretched outward.

OLIVIA
Keys.

RON
Now wait just a minute. I uh...

OLIVIA
Happy hour is over, Ron. We need to
leave. Now!

Sheepishly relinquishing his car keys, Ron droops into the
passenger seat as Olivia assumes the helm. Before they can
break away, Gabby catches them, smashing her palms on the
driver seat window.

GABBY
Olivia! Are you going to be safe?

Stonewalled in her attempt to flee the scene, Olivia rolls
down the window in a frenzy.

OLIVIA
I'll call as soon as I can. Do you
mind leading my classes in the
meantime?

Gabby blankly nods as the car cuts across the parking lot
and through the intersection.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. OCEANSIDE HIGHWAY - DUSK

As the sun melts into the beckoning ocean, the Lincoln barrels down the highway as the city dissolves into the horizon.

DISSOLVE:

INT. RON'S CAR - NIGHT

Waking up with a growing realization of being well beyond city limits, Ron rids his stubble of saliva while he gets his bearings.

OLIVIA

Well look who's up.

RON

Sorry for earlier... I...

OLIVIA

You're fine. I'm the one that panicked and... well...

Sitting up, Ron looks out the window at the handful of stars dimly bleeding into the night sky.

RON

Fleeing into the desert, huh? Not bad, kid.

OLIVIA

Growing up, my parents took us to this motel on the way to a family vacation in Vegas. I'm pretty sure the pool was larger than the entire building.

Laughing to herself, Olivia shakes her head at the fleeting childhood memory.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I doubt it's still there, but I figured we could disappear until they catch... until they catch him.

RON

You mind stopping up here? I gotta take a leak.

(CONTINUED)

A bit surprised by the brash request, Olivia escorts the car onto the shoulder as the tires crawl over the gravel. Before coming to a complete stop, Ron is already relieving himself amongst the desert grass.

RON

I'll do what I can to smooth this over with the brass back at the field office. While it has some risks, you might have made the right call.

Ron gives himself a shake before zipping up and returning with a new found clarity.

RON (CONT'D)

Again, I'm sorry for earlier. I must have...

OLIVIA

It's fine. Just don't be under the table the next time I could actually use your help.

Both hands on the hood of the car, Ron leans forward.

RON

Mind if I drive?

Ron rounds the vehicle towards the wheel as Olivia maneuvers her way over the armrest into the comfort of the passenger seat.

RON

How far is the next town?

OLIVIA

The last sign said twelve miles, but that was about five minutes ago so we'll need to stop for gas.

The car reunites with the highway as they drive into the pit of the desert.

Lifting her bare feet onto the dashboard, Olivia breaks the building silence.

OLIVIA

Didn't James Dean die near here?

RON

Not quite. You're thinking of Highway 46 up north.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

What a babe.

RON

The damn kid had a death wish. Who mangles their car on the way to race it? Only had the damn thing for a week.

OLIVIA

A friend of mine said he was going the speed limit. Guess some people are marked for death.

The high beams wash over the road as the occasional bug splatters on the windshield over the purr of the motor.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Leaning against the parked car, Olivia is blowing bubblegum as the tank fills up. Crickets serenade them as Ron approaches with two cups coffee.

RON

This should do the trick.

Olivia spits her gum towards the vicinity of the garbage can before gladly accepting the steaming paper cup.

OLIVIA

Now we're cooking with gas. You ready to get outta here?

Placing his coffee in the cup holder, Ron scours the glove compartment for change.

RON

Give me a few minutes to get in touch with the station.

OLIVIA

Good luck.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

On the edge of the fluorescent lights from the gas station, Ron dials Patrick from a defiled pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

This better be good. Where the fuck are you, Ron?

RON

Guess who decided to come through for a surprise visit as soon as we let Olivia leave the hospital? I had to get her to safety as soon as possible.

PATRICK

And where exactly is that?

RON

Right now we are half way to Nevada.

The plan is to hole up in a motel until you and your team can finally get your shit together and catch this creep.

PATRICK

Listen up, Bowman. If this blows up in your face I can't protect you anymore. Got it?

RON

You said this man takes the time to watch these woman until he can paint them by heart. My guess is that the only way he can complete the piece is to end their life - externalizing the victims through his work, his vision. That's why he is still coming after her.

PATRICK

Hell, you might be right, but I gotta find a way to smooth this over with the chief.

Ron glances towards the car as Olivia grabs the receipt after returning the gas nozzle to the station.

RON

I'll call you when we finally get situated. In the meantime, look for a loft with a view of the art museum. Something on the 5th or 6th floor. Call it a hunch.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

What's that supposed to mean? Is there a development you're withholding from me?

RON

I know how it sounds. I can't explain how I know this, but you will have to trust me on this one. The window drapes will be a mustard yellow.

That's all I know for now.

PATRICK

So you want to send me on a wild goose cha...

RON

Sorry, Pat. Gotta run.

Slamming the phone on it's hook, Ron makes his way to the front seat as Olivia enters the passenger side. Once again, they continue towards Nevada.

EXT. THE DESERT ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Shining like a beacon of light beside the barren highway, the glaring words "The Desert Rose Motel" twist in cursive tubes above a flickering "vacancy" sign. The dirt covered Lincoln interrupts the small hours of the night, nudging it's way into a cactus before finding it's resting place in a cloud of dust and gravel. Before the dust settles, the driver-side door swings open, pausing briefly before Ron's boot finds it's way to the desert floor.

INT. RON'S CAR - NIGHT

In the middle of swapping out her old gum for a brand new stick, Olivia watches Ron approach the building from her car seat.

OLIVIA

I didn't roll up my window yet.

Interrupting his advance, Ron looks back.

RON

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

You turned off the car before I had
a chance to roll up my window.

RON

I don't think we have to worry
about anyone stealing out here.

Rolling her eyes, Olivia lazily exits the car.

INT. THE DESERT ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Inside the small front office, ANNA, a sun-baked woman
beyond her prime, smokes complacently behind a cluttered
nest of a desk. A small TV buzzes with static, occasionally
picking up a late night adult program. On the wall, a small
sign reads: ASK ABOUT OUR MATINEE PRICES.

ANNA

Need a room, hun?

Ron nods.

ANNA

We have something with...

Pausing to eye Olivia as she enters.

ANNA (CONT'D)

... two beds on the lower level.
How long are you two staying with
us?

RON

Here is for the first couple of
days. We can take it from there.

Anna stares at the crumpled pile of twenties with
acceptance, but leaves them on the counter.

ANNA

Well here is your ke--

OLIVIA

Do you have any swimsuits in your
lost and found?

ANNA

As a matter of fact, we sure do.

Stepping into the back corner of her office, Anna rummages
through a small box located amongst piles of romance novels
before emerging with a black one-piece swimsuit.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA (CONT'D)
Hopefully it fits.

OLIVIA
I'll make that work.

ANNA
Don't worry sweetie, it ain't mine.

While Anna lets out a raspy cackle, Ron's remaining patience dwindles. Realizing that Ron has already grabbed the key on his way out the door, Anna's smile fades.

OLIVIA
Thanks for the suit!

ANNA
Anytime, child. Watch out for Dino out by the pool. He's not used to... well let's just say he doesn't get out much.

Shining an apologetic smile at Anna before leaving, Olivia chases after Ron.

EXT. THE DESERT ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Having made his way around the fenced in pool towards their room, Olivia finds Ron checking the room key.

RON
Here we are.

With their backs illuminated by the vibrant blue glow of the pool, the two make their way into their unlit room, closing the door behind them. The number sixteen hangs above a no smoking sign.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

Entombed between two pillows and waves of hair, Olivia's eyes begin to flutter at the sound of a running shower. Daylight leaks into the quaint room as Olivia sits up in bed. The surrounding decor and furnishing holds to a strict palette of pink. Across from her, she notices that Ron's twin bed is already made. An open bottle of baby Asprin sits beside an empty tumbler on the nightstand. Making her way out of bed, Olivia holds up her newly obtained bathing suit for inspection. The sound of the shower stops.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
Mind if I get changed out here
really quick?

Behind the bathroom door we hear an audible sound that could be a yes.

OLIVIA
Thanks! I'll be down by the pool.
This base tan isn't going to
maintain itself ya know.

EXT. MOTEL POOL - DAY

Olivia rests her towel down before gingerly laying on her chosen pool chair. She lights a cigarette and acknowledges the older man with leather for skin perfecting his deeply tanned carcass across the pool. He nods before taking a swig of his gallon jug of water, clearly in it for the long haul. In a fickle notion, Olivia tosses her half finished cigarette onto the tile as she approaches the edge of the pool.

SPLASH!

EXT. ROOM SIXTEEN - CONTINUOUS

Finally leaving the room, Ron slowly makes his way over to the pool. Still dressed in his only suit, the limited change of clothes leaves him looking nearly homeless. As he reaches the pool, Olivia is expertly cutting through the water, clearly executing a routine.

OLIVIA
Look who made it outside.

Olivia rests her arms on the side of the pool.

RON
Any interest in lunch?

OLIVIA
Sure thing. Let me get out of here
and change.

Ron inspects his attire with displeasure.

RON
While we're at it, how about we
grab a change of clothes as well.

(CONTINUED)

Climbing out of the pool, Olivia returns to the room. Ron glares over his shades at DINO, the baking man, who takes no notice as he applies more tanning oil.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Inside of a bustling diner, Ron is sipping his coffee while Olivia plucks the cherry off of the mountain of whipped cream atop her strawberry milkshake. They are both apathetically dressed in their newly purchased shirts, looking tacky, yet not out of place amongst the patrons.

OLIVIA

Isn't it a little late in the day
for coffee?

RON

Not today, I'm afraid.

OLIVIA

What's that supposed to mean? Did
Patrick let you know of a break in
the case?

RON

They are still tracking down the
Night Voyeur's location. Even after
I gave them the damn...

Realizing that he has said too much, Ron suddenly goes silent. The sucking sound from the straw in Olivia's milkshake stops. They both wait as RACHEL, the cigarette stained waitress, places french toast and an omelet in front of them.

RACHEL

Careful now. Both plates are hot.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

RACHEL

You want me to top off that coffee?
Leaded, right?

Ron quickly gives a somber nod, accompanied with a grunt.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Well hopefully this cup will do the
trick. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

After the waitress moves on to another table, they switch their plates before eating their orders.

OLIVIA
You know where he is?

RON
Not exactly, but... I have seen his apartment in a dream.

OLIVIA
Are your dreams ever right?

Ron seems caught off guard with Olivia's response.

RON
Only partially.

OLIVIA
So there have been other dreams I take it?

RON
Yes. In fact, I had one the night before we met.

Pausing, Ron takes time to smother his french toast with the remaining maple syrup.

RON (CONT'D)
I saw him enter your house. He... he broke in through the back door by the alley.

Olivia stops chewing, frozen by Ron's story.

RON (CONT'D)
The strangest part is, you are still alive. I couldn't believe it when I saw photos of the very same crime scene I had dreamt, let alone finding out it was only half right.

OLIVIA
Does Patrick know about this? About your... visions?

RON
I couldn't tell him everything. They already think I'm unstable. The point is that I saw inside his apartment. I saw enough that might lead them to it.

(CONTINUED)

Still shocked, Olivia nervously plays with the stem of the cherry she is chewing.

RACHEL
You two need anything else?

RON
A cold beer and a slice of pie for me.

RACHEL
Lemon meringue or cherry?

RON
You have any of the key lime left?

RACHEL
I'll see if we have any. Sorry, I just remembered the coffee. Should I bring that out as well?

RON
Beer will do just fine, thanks.

RACHEL
Fair enough. What about you, sweetheart?

Olivia looks up from busily picking at her barely eaten omelet.

OLIVIA
No thanks. That milkshake did the trick for me.

Rachel nods before heading to the kitchen.

OLIVIA
So are we safe here? Have you had any more visions?

RON
What I do know is that I won't let him touch you. You can count on that.

OLIVIA
Well I'm not exactly a sitting duck, Ron.

RON
Why do you think they assigned me?

Chuckling to himself, Ron is interrupted by the waitress again, placing a beer and a slim slice of key lime pie in front of him.

RON
You mind if I take the pie to go?

Making quick work of the beer, Ron and Olivia sit in silence until the waitress returns with the check and a to-go box.

RACHEL
Have a good evening now.

RON
Planning on it.

Paying promptly, Ron and Olivia make their way for the door.

Two truckers begin arguing loudly at the end of the counter regarding the song beginning to play on the jukebox.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE DESERT ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Ron is hunkered over a pay phone, illuminated by the surging motel sign. He clutches a note from the front desk as he waits for the other end to pick up.

RON
Just got your message. Did you finally get a warrant?

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Inside a spacious loft, Patrick is on the phone while Dan and two other detectives are investigating the muggy studio for any signs of life. With fingers on the trigger, their flashlights uncover defaced canvases hanging from a forest of easels. Newspapers and cigarette butts cover the floor. The door has been kicked in and hangs from one hinge.

PATRICK
I was able to call in a favor, but that's not what's important. We found the damn apartment. Even if we can't find so much as a shadow here, I'd bet the whole nest egg that this is his place. I'm surrounded by half finished paintings if you need anything for your office.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Any of Olivia?

PATRICK
Hard to tell with the state of them, but he made sure to only present his best work. I'll make sure to have one waiting for ya in evidence when this is all over.

Patrick runs his thumb down the side of an oil painting with a frustrated slash of paint crossing out the promising attempt of a portrait.

RON
Is there any chance he has left the city?

PATRICK
Given the state of things here, I think it's safe to assume he's split in a hurry. There are newspapers staking up outside and I can't find a single damn paintbrush in the whole apartment. Wherever he is, it looks like he brought his.. tools with him.

Kneeling down to observe a newspaper on the floor, Patrick finds several personal ads and escort service hotlines circled in red ink.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Well I'll be...

One of the other detectives presses a cola from the fridge against his forehead while Dan slips on a watch he has just discovered.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You two going to start paying rent?
Put that shit away!

The other detective shakes his head as the pair relinquish their souvenirs. Dan flips the bird in response as the other makes sure to thoroughly shake the can before returning it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Sorry, Ron. I gotta babysit these imbeciles. I'll call you when we can make more sense of all this and get more intel. for you.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

(CONTINUED)

RON

Thanks. I think I'm starting to let the desert get the better of me. Something doesn't feel right.

PATRICK

You wouldn't feel safe in a bunker 100 feet below ground, muchacho. Just continue to keep a close watch for anything. Once this blows over, I'll see what I can do about finally getting you another partner.

RON

I appreciate it, but like I said, I'm not ready.

PATRICK

You can't keep blaming yourself for what happened, Bowman. You plan on hiding behind a desk forever? You and I both know you are a damn good detective.

RON

Used to be, anyway.

Just let me know when you have something for me. I'll do the same.

PATRICK

You got it, cowboy.

After resting the phone back on its hook, Ron shakes his head as he vanishes towards the front office.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON - DAY

Half shaded by the mountain range behind it, San Quentin's rust colored roof looms high above a disorderly parking lot. Leaning on the hood of his parked patrol car, Patrick drags the last of his cigarette before checking his jacket pocket for more. Disappointed with finding it empty, he runs his thumb along the slightly dented hood before squinting at the elaborate arches and turrets above. Eventually, he ascends the stairs towards the entrance, briefcase in hand.

INT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON - DAY

Inside the well lit visitation room, an inmate is led to a plastic seat positioned behind the glass wall of booth number ten. FRANK JOHNSON, a scrappy burn-out in his mid 40's looks through the glass with charming blue eyes. A graying ponytail flows across the fading tattoos decorating his neck. Furrowing his brow, he picks up the phone.

FRANK

When they said George Chance was coming for a visitation, I half expected his rotting corpse to walk in, maggots and all. That being said, who the fuck are you?

PATRICK

Sorry, had to rush things a bit after driving six hours up the highway. Turns out immediate family can avoid a majority of the paperwork involved with visitations.

My name is Patrick Orosco, I'm a detective with the Los Angeles Police Department.

FRANK

Sounds about right. If you're looking for an informant you picked the wr...

PATRICK

I don't need an informant. I do want some information though on your apartment off of MacCullouch.

FRANK

What about it?

PATRICK

Does anyone else have access to it other than you?

FRANK

I'm not so sure you need to know about that. You trying to have a house party while I'm away?

PATRICK

Look, if you help me out with this I'll do what I can to write you a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
letter for your next hearing with
the board. They allow conjugal
visits here, right?

FRANK
Sure do.

PATRICK
So there ya go.

Remembering anything about that
apartment yet?

FRANK
We had a few keys made for the
inner circle of the operation. We
mostly used it for drop offs and
affairs. They all went down with
the bust though. So much for
getting my sentence dropped after
informing your guys for over two
fuckin' years.

PATRICK
You're telling me you were a
turncoat? We don't have any records
of that.

FRANK
Hey man, you don't have to call me
a rat! I just gave out a few tips
here and there to a... to Cliff.
That lying sack of shit.

PATRICK
Wait, Detective Burns had you
working for him under the radar?

Did he have a key to the apartment?

FRANK
No, but he met us there a few
times.

PATRICK
Was he ever there with his partner?

FRANK
Cliff always showed up solo. Maybe
he had someone waiting for him
downstairs though. Why are you so
curious about my pad?

PATRICK

Would anyone you know be squatting there?

FRANK

Fuckin' hell. You're telling me that someone is living there while I'm stuck in this shit hole for another six years? That creep's got another thing coming once I'm free...

PATRICK

Who's this creep? I could kick him out of there for you. Just need a name.

FRANK

My bet is on Neal Ward. Goes by Boomer. Kid's always been a leech with a disdain for reality. Always tripping on someone else's stash.

PATRICK

Gotta say, I love a good bet. I'll see what I can wager you if you're right on this one.

FRANK

Heard that one before.

The guard walks over, motioning to Frank that their time is up.

PATRICK

Appreciate the help, Frank!

The phone has already been hung up, but Frank nods, having read his lips.

INT. ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

Inside the motel room, Olivia is applying the final touches of red nail polish to her toes. She looks up from the bed, smirking at Ron as he nearly wakes from his nap.

OLIVIA

Mind if I turn on the TV?

A muffled response sounds through Ron's pillow.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Go right ahead.

With a graceful reach, Olivia snatches the remote from the night stand before flipping on the television set. She winces, urgently punching down the roaring volume of daytime soaps before changing the channel. Finally finding a show with decent reception, Olivia blows onto her shiny toes as a talk show host wraps up interviewing a parent about the growing influence of occult groups on today's youth. As the credits roll, the afternoon news interrupts.

NEWS ANCHOR:
Next up on the 12 o'clock news, we cover the latest information on Southern California's serial killer, known to most as the Night Voyeur. According to the latest reports, his only survivor, Olivia Linscott, has recently gone into hiding and may have already left the city of Los Angeles. Will this draw the Night Voyeur up north? More when we return!

Olivia is frozen, fixated on the screen. Her drivers license photo from last year is shown next to a picture of her winning the state championships for swimming when she was fifteen. Having finally gotten up from his nap, Ron shuts off the television. Startled, Olivia's hand sends the nail polish rolling over the edge of the sheets and onto the carpet, leaving a generous trail of red pigment in it's wake.

OLIVIA
Dammit!

RON
Don't worry, I'll grab a wet towel to clean it up.

As Ron disappears into the bathroom, Olivia talks loudly over the sound of running water.

OLIVIA
Thanks. I was talking about the news though. What do you think tipped them off about us leaving the city?

RON
My guess is your friend, back at the dance studio.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Gabby?

Emerging with a wet hand towel, Ron begins to scrub the nail polish out of the dusty carpet.

RON

If she called 911 after we drove off, the media would have showed up with the police.

OLIVIA

I'm sure they are having a field day with the... that painting.

I'm going to step out for a beer run. Want anything?

RON

I'm alright for now.

Olivia looks up in surprise from tying her shoes.

OLIVIA

Drying out, Ronnie?

RON

Something like that.

OLIVIA

Suit yourself! See you in fifteen.

Occupied with wringing out the towel, Ron fails to respond before Olivia heads out the door.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Patrol cars funnel into the parking lot as the day shift comes to a close. Having just met their quota during rush hour traffic, officers brag while comparing the number of citations or fatal car crashes in their sectors.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Dusk glimmers through blinds as Dr. Harriet Ramos approaches the nearly closed door of Patrick's muggy office.

(CONTINUED)

Her knuckles gently knock twice, nudging the door enough to expose the captivated detective at his desk. The room is decorated in a sloppy arrangement of newspaper clippings, mug shots, maps, and crime scene photos caught in a web of pins and orange string.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Working late again?

Fixated on the computer screen, Patrick continues to type.

PATRICK
I might have something but I'm
still grabbing at stars here.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
You mean "grasping at straws".

PATRICK
That's what I said.

What's up?

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Just heard from the chief that Ron
and Olivia are hiding out in the
desert. Are they just supposed to
lay low out there until this all
blows over? That could take another
three months, Pat.

PATRICK
Yeah, it's a risk we are having to
take at the moment. Why do you ask?
Don't tell me you have concerns
with Ron's health.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
No, not really. Being forced to
work closely with someone again
might actually help him. Not to
mention his recent lack of
precognitive drea--

PATRICK
You gotta be shitting me!

Patrick's nose is nearly pressed on the computer screen as he scans the databases of criminal records.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Neal Ward has been in Utah's county jail for the last eight months for smuggling. And here I thought my luck was finally climbing out of the mud.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

What does tha--

PATRICK

Sorry, I didn't mean to cut you off there.

He was on the rise to being my lead suspect, having ties to the loft and all.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

Who's loft?

PATRICK

Found the Night Voyer's nest yesterday, or at least where it used to be. Got a tip from the owner, which lead me to this dead end.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

Wait, so you know who's place it is?

PATRICK

Yeah, get this - it turns out the owner was apparently an informant for Burns back in the day. Paid him a little visit in San Quentin where he has spent the last seven years, so that rules him out.

DR. HARRIET RAMOS

Wait, Cliff Burns? That was Ron's partner.

A wave of officers and detectives pass through the hall, interrupting the fading productivity in the back of the station. Bringing up the rear, Dan pops his flushed face into the doorway.

DAN

You two coming to Valentine's with us? Buck fifty boilermakers until seven.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Yeah we will be right there.
Driving all day today has really
run me ragged.

DAN

Atta boy! Guess who has a furlough
tomorrow?

Shuffling his shoulders with both thumbs up, Dan dances on his way to join the others by the front door. Dr. Ramos slams the door behind him.

DISSOLVE:

INT. VALENTINE'S - NIGHT

Taking salvation in the final minutes of happy hour, several officers are humoring a few police academy dropouts after being presented with shots of whiskey. Sliding through the eager patrons trying to order, Patrick grabs the bartender's attention.

PATRICK

Mind if I use your phone?

BARTENDER

Sure thing.

Taking a second to point towards the register, he goes back to pouring pints as Patrick locates the phone on the wall.

PATRICK

Hello, is this the Desert Rose
Motel?

Splendid. I was wondering if you
could deliver a message to room
sixteen.

Great... Great. Yeah let them know
that now is the time for the next
phase of the plan. They will know
what that means.

Yes, ma'am. Thanks a ton.

Right, the name is detective
Orosco. Thanks again.

Resting the phone back on its hook, Patrick salutes the bartender before joining Harriet at one of the secluded booths in the corner of the bar.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DESERT ROSE - DAWN

Frozen in the rigid purgatory between midnight and sunrise, the Desert Rose Motel stands alone amongst the cacti. Darkness gives little contrast as the only window of room sixteen comes into focus. Its blinds are shut tightly above the air conditioning unit tucked neatly below.

INT. ROOM SIXTEEN - DAWN

Inside of room sixteen, the landscape of Olivia's thin blanket and pillow slowly rise and sink to the sound of her breathing.

CLOSEUP - NIGHTSTAND

Next to a nearly finished pack of gum, the alarm clock on the nightstand transitions the far right flip-card as 3:18 becomes 3:19. Suddenly, the twisting click of a doorknob is followed by a creaking hinge.

BACK TO SCENE.

Olivia stirs in her bed as the front door is gradually nudged open, revealing a tall shadow in the doorway. As the dark figure enters the room, Olivia sits up, clearing her sleepy eyes.

OLIVIA

Ron?

No answer.

Emerging from under her pillow, Olivia's hand now brandishes her switchblade. With the push of a button, the narrow blade ejects from it's handle - ready.

OLIVIA

Ron? Is that you?

With her other hand, Olivia fumbles with the bedside lamp as the intruder stands at the foot of her bed. A blanket of smoke begins to enter the room. Finally, the lamp turns on, startling a sleepwalking Ron Bowman.

OLIVIA

Ron, what the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

RON

What?

OLIVIA

Jesus Christ. You scared me half to death!

RON

Oh.. I, uh, I must have been sleep walking again. Sorry, it's been a while.

OLIVIA

Is something burning? You smell that, right?

RON

Yeah, it must be --

Splitting the room is the sound of the fire alarm ringing as smoke continues to rapidly enter. Water begins raining down from the sprinklers, forcing Olivia out of bed. Ron tosses her a bathrobe from the closet before they urgently shuttle outside.

EXT. DESERT ROSE - DAWN

Joining the small gathering of groggy motel guests in the parking lot, Ron and Olivia notice the dark tower of smoke rising over the red glow coming from the laundry room on the far right end of the building. Anna, from the front office, is desperately calling out room numbers, marking off guests on her clipboard when there is a response. Announced by the gradually building siren, a retired U.S. Army vehicle covered in red paint skids across the parking lot. Anna begins to head over to the four volunteer firefighters gearing up, but stops after realizing that they have already located the source of the fire. Ron walks up to her with Olivia not far behind.

RON

Any idea what caused the fire?

ANNA

Looks like it's coming from the laundry room. My guess is that Marissa forgot to clean out the damn dryer.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry to hear that.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Yeah, me too. I'm just glad our fire department was actually around for the call.

They just had a fundraiser this April for rescue supplies and water to fill the truck up. I thought it was just an excuse to drink beer and eat pancakes, but what do ya know, it just might save our motel. It would have taken forty minutes to have them send help from the next town over.

RON

Are all the guests outside?

ANNA

I have everyone accounted for except Dino, but he could be anywhere.

Flipping up the paper on her clipboard, Anna catches a glimpse of the sticky notes spreading like scales underneath her list.

ANNA

Oh, I almost forgot! Detective Orosco called last night. Wanted me to tell you two that it's time for the next part of your plan. He said you would know what that means.

OLIVIA

Thank you!

ANNA

I was going to tell you in the morning, but it looks like God had other plans.

Well look who finally decided to show up!

Running up to Dino as he steps down from the passenger seat of a flatbed truck, Anna leaves Ron and Olivia to discuss their next steps.

RON

Looks like we have to take action sooner than I thought. Let me call Patrick real quick.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Are we leaving first thing in the morning? I guess technically that's now only a couple hours away.

RON

Given the notice from Patrick, odds are that the Night Voyeur is zeroing in on us. Our backup plan was to lure him out by making it appear like you and I are both returning to the city.

OLIVIA

So were not leaving?

RON

We are hoping to have you stay hidden in town until we eliminate the threat. Patrick and the others will drive up here to escort you back.

As Ron begins gradually walking towards the phone booth, Olivia darts after him.

OLIVIA

Are you serious? That is your plan? Leaving me out here with the vultures?

RON

I know it breaks protective custody conventions, but were not exactly playing it by the book out here. This might be our only chance.

OLIVIA

Let me talk to Patrick first.

The last of the quarters roll into the slot. Ron glances back as he punches in the number.

RON

Here.

Olivia takes the phone from Ron and eyes him until he leaves the vicinity.

Plucking a cigarette from his shirt pocket, Ron observes the continued attempts of the firemen to contain the fire as a motel guest is loaded into an ambulance. As he exhales into the air, the wispy cloud joins the blanket of smoke forming above.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
Alright, I'm in.

Ron turns as Olivia joins him to observe the remains of the motel. After watching together for a brief period, Olivia holds up her hand, requesting for a drag of Ron's cigarette. He abides, relinquishing what remains of it.

RON
So Patrick didn't need to talk to me after all?

OLIVIA
Nope. He also said he already contacted the local police to pick me up within the hour, so we will need to make it seem like we have left before then. We are meeting behind that little store down the way.

RON
Sounds good. That might be tricky without our clothes, but I'll see if Anna has anything we can use in a pinch.

Ron walks towards the motel's front office.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY (LATER)

Parked alongside several dumpsters behind a rundown department store, the hood of Ron's car rattles the dust into the air as the engine awakens. Olivia is leaning into the passenger seat window.

INT. CAR INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Buckled into the front seat is an inflatable doll, heavily clad in a jacket and a few towels from the motel. Olivia adds the final touches, nodding with rising confidence.

OLIVIA
Somehow this reminds me of when I would make fishing lures with my step dad in Tahoe.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Let's hope the bait is good enough to get a nibble. That's all we need.

OLIVIA

What will you do if he follows you?

RON

Well if all goes to plan, I'll lead him straight to Patrick somewhere on the city limits. There's no telling how he will strike, but we should have the ambush in position by then.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

A blue sedan rolls up as Olivia and Ron turn to see a man in dark shades and an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt behind the wheel.

RON

Here's our guy. What a great disguise.

OLIVIA

Must be. With that buzz cut it looks like he just graduated the academy.

Olivia waves towards the driver, who gestures with an OK signal in response before swinging open the passenger door. Olivia flashes a smile at Ron.

OLIVIA

Good luck, Ron. Thanks for everything.

Looking up with a narrow smile, Ron casually salutes her with two-fingers.

RON

Better get going. Maybe I'll see you back in the city.

Watching Olivia get into the other car, Ron grabs for his flask, shaking it to make sure there is still enough to add to his morning coffee.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. OCEANSIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

Ron's car chases its shadow along the highway as the sun beats down from above. Three beers remain snug in the plastic rings of the six pack tucked next to the cloaked doll. The other half lie crushed and empty in the backseat.

The vehicle gradually drifts into the left lane as a turn approaches. As he takes the corner, the horn of an oncoming car breaks the silence, causing him to violently swerve back to the right. Having over corrected his steering, the vehicle grazes the guardrail. Ron slams his palm into the top of the steering wheel.

RON

Fuck!

Looking for a place to park, he finds refuge in a gravel parking lot on the right hand median intended for sight seeing. Ignoring a couple of honeymooners asking him to take a photo of them, Ron inspects the fresh wounds in the steel where his mirror used to be.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Unmarked police cars begin to assemble in the parking lot as Patrick wraps up a discussion with the chief in front of the field office. Joining Dan at their car, Patrick buckles into the front seat, sliding his aviators on before taking a deep breath.

DAN

Let's hope this works.

PATRICK

We don't have any other choice. If we fuck this up, I'm walking away. No way I'm getting demoted to training cadets.

Patrick gradually pulls his car forward with the fleet closely behind him. Emerging from the parking lot, traffic pulls over to make room as they accelerate towards the highway. Several news vans parked outside the station attempt to pursuit them, but the stop-and-go traffic has already returned.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DINER - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Across the street from the small town's diner, binoculars peer through a smudged windshield as the same unmarked, blue sedan that picked up Olivia pulls out from behind the building.

As the binoculars are set down, the car slowly follows behind them through the rural streets. After running a stop sign to catch up, the pursuit continues over the course of a few turns until the blue car parks next to a trailer.

Through the pair of binoculars, a man in an orange and red Hawaiian shirt comes into focus. Stepping out of the vehicle, he is carrying a plastic bag and two to-go cups.

Once the man has unlocked and entered the trailer, the camera follows whoever has been watching as they quietly exit their vehicle and approach the trailer on foot.

As the camera finally reaches the trailer, a gloved hand emerges, loudly knocking on the metal siding of the mobile home. The man in the Hawaiian shirt swings the door open, looking for whatever caused the disturbance.

Carefully leaving the front door of the trailer, he begins rounding the corner - reaching for his holster. Before he can react, a gloved hand brings a damp rag to his face, cradling his head with the other. His eyes immediately begin to sag as his body slumps to the ground.

Stepping over the unconscious body, the camera follows as the intruder enters the trailer. It's wooden interior and quaint kitchenette is CLOUDED WITH FOG under the RED LIGHTING. The sound of the toilet flushing brings focus to the closed hideaway door between the kitchenette and the bedroom. Inside, Olivia's voice calls out.

OLIVIA

Thanks for picking up lunch! I'll
be right out.

Moving into the opening of the bedroom, the camera follows the intruder as they wait for Olivia to finish washing her hands. Moments after the faucet stops, the door slides open.

The gloved hands slowly rise, resting upon the back of Olivia's neck. In a struggle of hair, skin, and leather, the violence escalates instantly as the red light and fog builds. Muffled screams echo through Olivia's strangled throat as her nails pry at the tightening grip around her neck. A piercing ringing begins to drown out the chorus of her gurgling.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RON'S CAR - DAY (LATER)

Lurching forward, Ron awakens behind the wheel of his Lincoln, drenched in sweat from his dream. Realizing his surroundings, his trembling hands run through his greasy hair. He reaches for a can of beer, only to find them empty and shoved under the seat.

EXT. OCEANSIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slumping out of the vehicle's cracked door, Ron crawls like a wounded animal to a rock overlooking the ocean as the waves lick at the bleach white sand. Emitting a slow and deep howl, Ron's body heaves as he breaks down, sobbing.

RON

I.. I should have never... of
left...

Staggering to his car, he frantically searches for his flask in vain as lottery tickets, receipts, and beer cans spill onto the ground. Ron's momentary fixation washes away into despair as he takes a deep breath, looking out at the low tide.

Noticing a small path leading to the beach, he follows it downward, dragging his shoes through the dirt and sand. Making it to the beach, Ron pauses to nearly smile at the reflected light dancing off of the waves.

Step after step, he slowly trudges into the breaking waves as they drench his pants. Struggling in the beckoning sea, he removes his jacket - now up to his shoulders. Emptying his lungs with a deep and long exhale, Ron lowers himself into the callous crest of the ocean as it's relentless waves crash above.

EXT. OCEANSIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sitting above on the shoulder of the highway, Ron's gray Lincoln comes into focus. With both doors ajar, wind bellows through the car towards the ocean, taking the littered contents with it. Police sirens can be heard approaching from a distance. Next to the disheveled passenger seat, two tan leather gloves protrude from the glove compartment.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TRAILER - DUSK

Blue and red lights strobe atop a fleet of patrol cars as silhouettes approach a trailer. Knocking on the door, a man answers, shaking hands with the two detectives. Moments later, a woman emerges. After greeting them in the form of a long hug, she follows them in joining the officers surrounding the mobile home. As the silhouettes approach, the shadows fade to reveal Patrick and Dan accompanying Olivia, who is alive and well.

FADE TO BLACK