

BRIGHTON

"Surgery for the Soul"

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

ON ASTON MARTIN CONVERTIBLE barreling down a tree-lined two-lane country road. Farmhouses sit amidst acres of green lush farmland. A road sign reads, "ENTERING BRIGHTON VILLAGE - POPULATION 22,345".

INT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - SIMULTANEOUS

LIAM VAN MATER, late 20s, wearing sunglasses, jeans and a Hugo Boss jacket, removes a joint from a silver cigarette case, engraved with the initials L.V.M., then lights it.

He confidently drives the car towards the main street of Brighton village while talking on his built-in car speaker phone. The car G.P.S. maps his route.

LIAM

I can't believe you're making me live here.

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

(on speaker phone)

Liam, it's for the best. You can't spend the rest of your life going to events and parties in Los Angeles.

G.P.S. (V.O.)

Turn right in 0.2 miles on Crestview Boulevard.

Smoking the joint, Liam inhales and exhales.

LIAM

Mother, this place is horrible. Don't you understand? You've banished me to a living hell...You're fucking cruel!

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

(on speaker phone)

I am not cruel, and watch your language!

LIAM

I'm sorry, Mother. But, you're missing the point here!...I don't want to be a doctor. Never have and never will. Why can't I be what I want to be?

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

(on speaker phone)

And what is that? A rock star!

LIAM

What's wrong with being a musician?
And, what's wrong with wanting to
live my dream?

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

(on speaker phone)

Your dream? It's more like a
delusion, Liam. We've tolerated
your escapades long enough. Your
father and I have made our decision.
Either you attend school or you're
cut off.

LIAM

You can't do that.

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

(on speaker phone)

We can do it, and we will.

LIAM

(speaker phone)

It's not fair.

MATRIARCHAL VOICE

Life isn't fair sometimes, that's
part of growing up. You're just
going to have to live with it. We'll
talk later. I love you.

Phone disengages. PHONE STATIC.

LIAM

Bitch! Phone off.

Liam chucks the joint out the car window. He aggressively shifts gears and hits the gas pedal. The car accelerates and swerves onto Crestview Boulevard.

EXT. CRESTVIEW BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

VILLAGERS, men and women of mixed ages, stop and turn to watch the Aston Martin convertible barrel down Crestview Boulevard. Awe-struck, we hear comments of "God-damn" and "Son-of-a-bitch".

Quaint storefronts align both sides of the boulevard comprised of the General Store, Feed Store, Post Office, Coffee shop, and local bar.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

MR. DONALD PARTON, 60s, wearing a clerk apron, exits the General store. He watches the convertible speed by. He shakes his head, turns and re-enters the store.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

TOM CASEY, late 20s, loads seed and fertilizer bags onto the back of a 1992 black Chevy pick-up truck. HOLD on Tom watching convertible.

EXT. CRESTVIEW BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

BRANDON HAWKINS, early 30s, wearing jeans and T-Shirt, exits the feed store and crosses to Tom. He carries two fifty pound bags of feed.

BRANDON

Boy, these bags are 'dang heavy.

Off Tom's distraction, Brandon turns to watch the convertible drive past.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Nice car.

Brandon slams the two bags onto the ground. Tom loads them into the bed of the truck.

TOM

How much does something like that cost?

BRANDON

I'm thinking somewhere around a hundred and thirty thousand. That'd pay for almost half my med school.

TOM

I'm going to own one of those one day. You watch.

BRANDON

Right? And with what?

TOM

I got some deals brewing. You just don't know about them.

BRANDON

Quick money goes as fast as it comes, Tom. Maybe you should start earning an honest living?

TOM

You need to wise up, Brandon. Money is money. As long as you get your take, it doesn't matter how you earn it.

Tom heaves a heavy seed bag into the back of the pick-up truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON MEDICAL SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

ON ASTON MARTIN CONVERTIBLE entering the school compound.

ON HOSPITAL SIGN providing access directions to hospital departments.

ON MODERN HOSPITAL structure.

ON STUDENTS AND MEDICAL PERSONNEL milling around the campus.

ON ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, a plaque reads, "BRIGHTON HALL". STUDENTS walk in-out of the structure. Green ivy crawls up its red brick walls to the second story window. ON DR. KENNETH SEIGEL, 50s, peering out.

The convertible parks in front of the administration building next to a "junkie-type" car. SHEILA FOSTER, a very attractive student in her early 30s, exits the "junkie". Liam steps outside of his car, leans against it.

LIAM

(to himself)

What a dump. She must be out of her fucking mind if she thinks I'm going to stay here!

Swaying her hips, Sheila walks past Liam, giving him a flirtatious smile. Seeing her, Liam lowers his sunglasses.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Maybe it won't be that bad after all.

Liam quickly closes the car door, and locks it. CAR BEEPS.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hey, wait up!

Sheila turns and smiles, seductively. Liam catches up. Together, they walk to the administration building.

INT. DR. SEIGEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Seigel, wearing an expensive business suit, turns away from the window. Multiple framed awards and achievements hang on the walls.

DR. SEIGEL

The neophytes are arriving.

DR. KAYIN ADEBAYO, 40s Nigerian, wearing a business suit, reads and flips through student profiles. He lifts his gaze.

DR. ADEBAYO

An interesting group of students this year...Liam Van Mater, isn't he-

DR. SEIGEL

(interrupting)

The son of our largest benefactor, Katherine Van Mater. Yes.

DR. ADEBAYO

Are his academic and MCAT scores good enough?

DR. SEIGEL

He's brilliant...a genius, unfortunately.

Dr. Seigel turns and watches Liam and Sheila walking up the steps to the building. He frowns.

FADE OUT:

INT. STRIPTEASE BAR - AFTERNOON

CASSANDRA DONNELLY, late 20s, twirls and dances seductively in front of a drunken MALE PATRON, 40s. She bends over, and rotates her buttocks in facial view.

MALE PATRON

Yeah, baby...that's it. Give it to me.

Cassandra turns to face the patron. She spreads her legs and straddles him. Teasingly, she pulls on the ties of her bikini top.

CASSANDRA

Do you want to see more?

He nods.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Show me how much.

Digging through his pockets, he removes multiple dollar bills and stuffs them into Cassandra's G-string. Cassandra removes the bikini top, to reveal her well-developed breasts. The client fondles them. Cassandra pushes his hands away.

MALE PATRON

Come on, sweetheart.

CASSANDRA

Hey! Don't touch me.

Drunk, the patron grabs her again. Cassandra pushes him. The table turns over and drinks tumble to the floor. She walks away.

MALE PATRON

Come back here you fucking bitch!

He grips her arm.

CASSANDRA

Let go!

Cassandra knees the patron in the groin. He bends over GASPING. She strikes him twice on the back with both elbows. He falls to the floor.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Like I told you. Don't touch the fucking goods, asshole.

A muscular African American BOUNCER, mid 30s, grabs the patron's shoulders. He lifts off the floor.

BOUNCER

Nice, Cassie...Real nice.
(to patron)
Show's over buddy.

Angrily, the patron pushes the bouncer.

MALE PATRON

Get your fucking hands off of me, nigger. That fucking bitch took my money.

BOUNCER

What did you just say? My fucking hands?

The bouncer grabs the patron's hair. ON FACE raised and smashed repeatedly into the table. The patron collapses.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Time to go, jerk-off.

Cassandra grabs her top.

CASSANDRA
Thanks, Keenan.

She turns, and walks to the dressing room. The bouncer drags the patron to the door marked "Exit".

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra hurriedly enters the dressing room. Sitting at the dressing table mirror applying her makeup is GINA, late 30s, wearing pasties and G-string.

GINA
How's the crowd?

CASSANDRA
What do you think? Horny, slimy, sexually deprived and fucking annoying...Damn it, Gina.

Cassandra removes her wig and throws it on the counter. To reveal long curly red hair.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
I am so over this. All I want is a normal life and some respect. I hate this life.

GINA
At least you're working on getting out. Soon you'll be Dr. Cassandra Donnelly, Pediatrician. Some of us aren't that lucky.

CASSANDRA
It has nothing to do with luck and the reality is nobody's ever stuck. You can control your own destiny.

GINA
Sure, Cassie. Tell that to my daughter and the bill collectors. This, is what I do best.

Cassandra hurriedly starts to re-apply her make-up.

GINA (CONT'D)
So, what's your hurry?

CASSANDRA
Registration's today. I want to make a good impression.

GINA
Cassie, stop right there.

Gina grabs the eye shadow from her hand.

GINA (CONT'D)
For starters, no make-up...and you
may want to consider tying your hair
back.

(off Cassandra's look)
You don't want to take any chance of
being recognized.

Cassandra nods. She ties back her hair. Quickly, she
disrobes and re-dresses in a very conservative pantsuit under
Gina's constant scrutiny.

CASSANDRA
How do I look?

GINA
Like a real lady.

Cassandra looks at the clock that reads, 12:45 p.m.

CASSANDRA
Shit! I'm late.

Cassandra shoves her make-up and brushes into her purse.

GINA
Hey, Cassie...Good luck!

CASSANDRA
Thanks.

Cassandra grabs her purse and duffel bag, and crosses to the
door. Gina watches her exit.

GINA
(to herself)
You're going to need it.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Seigel walks down the immense mahogany staircase to the
first floor landing. Seeing Sheila and Liam standing in
front of the Registration office, he crosses to them.

DR. SEIGEL
Ms. Foster, I see you've finally
arrived.

Sheila turns, surprised. She distances herself from Liam.

SHEILA

Dr. Seigel.

DR. SEIGEL

All second year students were expected to be here prior to or by ten a.m.

SHEILA

I'm sorry, sir, I realize that. I was stuck in traffic and-

DR. SEIGEL

(interrupting)

Miss Foster...Do you understand the meaning of professionalism? Your tardiness clearly demonstrates a lack of commitment. Your behavior is not acceptable.

SHEILA

Yes, sir. I understand, it won't happen again.

Dr. Seigel turns to Liam.

DR. SEIGEL

And who might you be?

LIAM

It depends on who wants to know.

DR. SEIGEL

(irritated)

Dr. Kenneth Seigel...Dean of Brighton Medical School.

LIAM

Dr. Seigel, a pleasure.

(extending his hand)

I've heard so much about you. I'm Liam...Liam Van Mater.

Dr. Seigel's interest peaks. The men shake.

DR. SEIGEL

Liam Van Mater...Your mother's Katherine Van Mater? Correct?

LIAM

Yes.

DR. SEIGEL
 She called only a few minutes ago
 and told me to expect your arrival.

LIAM
 (mildly perturbed)
 She did?

DR. SEIGEL
 Yes, she requested that I keep an
 eye out for you.

Dr. Seigel's pager BEEPS. He reads the message.

DR. SEIGEL (CONT'D)
 You must excuse me. It was a pleasure
 to meet you, Mr. Van Mater.
 (to Sheila)
 Ms. Foster.

Dr. Seigel crosses to the stair case and ascends. Liam
 eyeballs him.

LIAM
 Fuck me! Why does she have to be
 such a controlling bitch?

SHEILA
 What's wrong?

LIAM
 Nothing and everything...Come on,
 let's get the hell out of here.

Liam grabs hold of Sheila's waist. Sheila retracts.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 Hey, what's the matter?

SHEILA
 Liam, you're really dope and
 everything. But, I got to go. I'm
 already late as it is.

LIAM
 Better late than never. Tell you
 what...How about we get registered
 and then afterwards you and I can
 have a bit of fun?

Sheila ponders.

SHEILA
 What do you have in mind?

LIAM
 (in Sheila's ear)
 I'll think of something? Come on.
 What do you have to lose?

A pause. Sheila grins.

SHEILA
 Sure, why not.

Liam and Sheila walk towards the door marked, "Registration office."

CUT TO:

INT. FORD PICK-UP - MOVING - AFTERNOON

CHRISTIAN PIPER, late 20s, wearing jeans, cowboy belt buckle white T-shirt, steers his pick-up white 1995 FORD truck down Crestview Boulevard. Happy with the atmosphere, he smiles and turns up ERIC CHURCH singing, "Drink in my hand". His cowboy hat sits next to him on the seat.

CHRISTIAN
 (singing boisterously)
 Fill it up or throw it down, I got a
 forty hour week with trouble to down.

VILLAGERS' heads turn towards the pick-up truck. Christian nods his head, in greeting. The villagers watch, turn, and resume their previous activities.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 No need to complicate it, I'm a simple
 man. All you got to do is put a
 drink in my hand.

ON HELP WANTED posted in the window of the General Store. Spotting the help wanted sign, Christian slows the truck, stops, reverses, and parks. He grabs his Stetson and exits the truck.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

ON COWBOY BOOTS swaggering into the General Store. Christian removes the "Help Wanted" sign in the window and walks towards the counter. He passes a STORE CUSTOMER, 80s, and tips his hat.

CHRISTIAN
 Howdy, ma'am.

She smiles. Christian watches Mr. Parton assisting another STORE CUSTOMER.

MR. PARTON
That'll be forty-two dollars and
ninety-five cents.

Mr. Parton collects the money as Christian walks up. He
turns to Christian.

MR. PARTON (CONT'D)
(to Christian)
I'll be with you in a minute.

CHRISTIAN
No problem.

Mr. Parton finishes the transaction and gives the customer
change.

MR. PARTON
That's seven dollars and five cents
change. Have a nice day now.
(to Christian)
How can I help you?

Christian hands him the help wanted sign.

CHRISTIAN
I noticed your sign in the window
saying that you needed help, and I
need a part-time job.

MR. PARTON
You're new to town.

CHRISTIAN
Yes, sir. Christian Piper from
Bastrop, Texas.

MR. PARTON
I heard that's a pretty nice town.

CHRISTIAN
The best.

MR. PARTON
What are you doing here?

CHRISTIAN
I'm here because I need a job, and
I'm in town because I'm going to be
a doctor.

MR. PARTON
Brighton?

CHRISTIAN
 Yes, sir, first year. I'm following
 in my forefather's footsteps.

MR. PARTON
 Your father?

CHRISTIAN
 Yes, sir...My pa, his daddy, and my
 great granddaddy before him.

MR. PARTON
 Then, why would you need a job?

CHRISTIAN
 My pa isn't rich, sir. He owns a
 small clinic in town and tries to
 help out as much as possible. Most
 folks don't have insurance so they
 give whatever they can.

MR. PARTON
 I see. Are you sure you're going to
 be able to manage a part-time job
 and school?

CHRISTIAN
 I'll make the time, sir. I'm a real
 hard worker and I need the money.
 You won't be disappointed in me.

Mr. Parton contemplates the situation.

MR. PARTON
 Be here Saturday, nine o'clock sharp.

CHRISTIAN
 Are you serious?

Mr. Parton nods.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 (surprised)
 Thank you, sir...Thank you! You
 won't regret this.

Exuberantly, Christian shakes Mr. Parton's hand. Christian
 turns, and walks towards the store front exit.

MR. PARTON
 Hey, Doc!

Christian turns.

MR. PARTON (CONT'D)

See you Saturday.

Christian waves and exits. Enter Tom and Brandon, they turn and watch Christian. They cross to Mr. Parton.

TOM

Who's that?

MR. PARTON

My new clerk...What's it to you?

Tom and Brandon shrug. They turn and watch Christian reverse the truck and drive off.

TOM

Nothing...for now.

Mr. Parton frowns. Brandon brow furrows.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #605- AFTERNOON

The door swings open, to reveal an immaculate room with Swedish design furniture. Into the room walks Liam and Sheila, in a passionate embrace. Liam holds a bottle of champagne and kicks the door closed behind them.

LIAM

Have another sip.

Sheila grabs the bottle and takes a gulp. Champagne dribbles down her chin and neck.

SHEILA

Oh, shit.

LIAM

I like.

Liam licks the Champagne off Sheila's neck then rips open her shirt, to reveal a gold St. Luke's pendant necklace.

SHEILA

My shirt-

LIAM

I'll buy you a new one.

He releases the clasp of her bra and pours champagne onto her bare breasts. Sheila moans as he explores them, and bites her nipples.

LIAM (CONT'D)
God, you're beautiful.

Liam fondles and kisses Sheila. He removes his jacket and throws it onto the bed. ON SILVER CIGARETTE CASE falling underneath it.

SHEILA
You feel so good.

Sheila undoes Liam's pant buckle, and unzips his pants. She kisses Liam's chest, and lowers herself to his groin. ON PANTS falling to the floor. Liam kicks them off.

LIAM
You're such a naughty little girl,
aren't you.

ON HANDS grabbing Sheila's hair and holding her head down. Liam MOANS in ecstasy.

SHEILA
You like?

LIAM
Oh yeah, that's it.

He lifts Sheila to her feet and undoes her skirt. ON SKIRT AND PANTIES falling to the floor.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Come here.

Liam kicks off his pants. He boosts Sheila up. She straddles her legs around his waist. Liam pulls off her nylon stockings. Kissing her carnally, he lowers Sheila onto the bed.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Spread your legs and touch yourself.

Sheila's hands roam over her body as Liam lifts his shirt over his head. Sheila grabs her breasts.

SHEILA
Do you like these?

LIAM
Yes, baby.

Liam watches her play with herself.

SHEILA
(impatiently)
Are you coming, or what?

LIAM

Not yet...I'm waiting to do that
with you.

Liam lies on top of Sheila. They entwine in a heat of
passion.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. IMMIGRATION AIRPORT DIVISION - AFTERNOON

RANJIT DESAI, mid 20s, removes his Galaxy Notepad superphone
from his carry-on bag. Ranjit, wearing jeans and a T-shirt,
Skypes his parents and puts them on speaker phone.

ON DANVIR DESAI, 50s, wearing a sherwani, viewed on the
notepad screen.

DANVIR

(on notepad screen)

Hello, son...Hello! What a nice
surprise. Mother, come here! Ranjit
is on-line.

ANIKA DESAI, late 40s, wearing a sari, walks into view on
the notepad screen.

ANIKA

(on notepad screen)

Oh my goodness! You've lost weight.

Ranjit impatiently talks into the phone.

RANJIT

Mother, I have only been gone from
India for one day.

DANVIR

(on notepad screen)

And, how is the school?

RANJIT

Dad that is the problem. I am not
at school. I have not been able to
obtain my visa. Immigration will
not let me enter America without my
letter of acceptance.

ANIKA

(on notepad screen)

Oh my God, this cannot be happening!
I told you not to go to America.
There are plenty of good schools in
England. But no, you had to go there.

DANVIR
(on notepad screen)
Mother, hush! Son, where is the
letter?

RANJIT
It is on my desk. If you can please
fax to me. Immigration is waiting.

ON IMMIGRATION OFFICER, coldly watching Ranjit.

DANVIR
(on notepad screen)
What is the fax number?

INT. U.S. IMMIGRATION AIRPORT DIVISION - MOMENTS LATER

ON PASSPORT that reads "Republic of India". The IMMIGRATION
OFFICER, mid 30s, sits at the guard stand scrutinizing
Ranjit's passport and school documents.

ON PASSPORT being stamped by immigration officer.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Your F1 Visa has been issued for the
duration of your student status. If
your status should change, you have
sixty days to depart the U.S. Do
you have any questions?

RANJIT
I do not think so.

The immigration officer hands the passport and documents
back to Ranjit.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Welcome to America.

RANJIT
(exuberant)
Thank you! Thank you so very much.

VISITORS AND PATRIOTS Line up behind a red line. A FEMALE
PATRIOT turns to speak to another PATRIOT waiting behind
her.

FEMALE PATRIOT
And, whose American job is he going
to take?

Both patriots watch Ranjit excitedly exit immigration.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - AFTERNOON

SHINOBU YAMAGUCHI, 30s, a handsome muscular bodyguard, exits a black ExecuCar. He wears conservative clothes, dark sunglasses and a Japanese Yakuza pin in his lapel.

Behind him exits, MASAKO YAMASHIRO, early 30s female, wearing a designer dress. The DRIVER walks to the rear trunk and removes five large suitcases.

MASAKO
 (to bodyguard in
 Japanese)
 Get my bags.

Shinobu fully bows at the waist. Excitedly, Dr. Seigel walks towards Masako.

DR. SEIGEL
 Masako Yamashiro?

MASAKO
 Yes.

DR. SEIGEL
 (in Japanese)
 Good Afternoon. It is a pleasure to
 meet you.

Dr. Seigel bows.

MASAKO
 You speak Japanese?

DR. SEIGEL
 Very minimally, that was pretty much
 my whole vocabulary. I'm Dr. Seigel,
 Dean of Brighton.

Masako bows slightly.

DR. SEIGEL (CONT'D)
 I'm here to escort you to your
 accommodations.

Masako turns to the Shinobu.

MASAKO
 (in Japanese)
 Shinobu, my bags.

Shinobu places the bags behind Masako. His coat accidentally opens to reveal a Walther P5 pistol. Seeing the pistol, Dr. Seigel winces.

DR. SEIGEL
Excuse me, but firearms are not
permitted on campus.

Shinobu stands upright, cold and menacing.

MASAKO
(interjecting)
My apologies, but since the earthquake
many of us have grown accustomed to
carrying arms.

Masako recognizes Dr. Seigel's dismay. She turns to Shinobu.

MASAKO (CONT'D)
(in Japanese)
Leave the gun in the car.

BODYGUARD
(in Japanese)
This is not safe!

MASAKO
(in Japanese)
Look at this idiot and this place!
There is no one to harm me here.

A beat.

BODYGUARD
(in Japanese)
As you wish.

Shinobu walks to the Execucar, and secures the gun in the trunk.

DR. SEIGEL
Uh...please, come with me.

Dr. Seigel escorts Masako to the dormitory. Walking with a wide stance behind them, Shinobu follows carrying the heavy suitcases.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #605 - LATER

Liam sits on the edge of the bed. Lying on her side, Sheila curls into the pillow. He leans over, and kisses her.

LIAM
That was fantastic.

Liam grabs his pants off the floor, and puts them on. Accidentally he kicks over the empty bottle of champagne, then rights it.

SHEILA
(sleepily)
Do you have to leave so soon?

LIAM
Sorry, baby. I have to go.

Liam picks up the nylon stockings and neatly folds them over the back of a chair. He puts on his shirt. Sheila reaches for Liam. ON HANDS roaming Liam's chest to his groin.

SHEILA
Can't I do anything to change your mind?

LIAM
Sheila...I could think of a few things but-

Grabbing her hands, Liam stops Sheila's probe.

LIAM (CONT'D)
But...not right now.

SHEILA
Later?

LIAM
I can't make any promises.

Liam puts on his jacket. He leans over and kisses Sheila.

LIAM (CONT'D)
God, you're gorgeous.

He removes his I-Phone from his jacket. He sets it to camera.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Look pretty for me.

SHEILA
Liam, come on-

Sheila hides her face.

LIAM
Please, for me.

Sheila poses seductively. ON IPOD PHOTOGRAPH. Liam looks at the photograph and smiles.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Nice...I'll call you.

Liam walks out the door. Sheila grabs the pillow, tucks it under her head. She falls into a light sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Cassandra kicks the side of her red "junker-type" car, parked on the shoulder of a gravel country road. Lying on the ground near the rear flat tire, are a tire iron, jack and spare tire.

Cassandra turns on her cellular phone and dials. ON PHONE reading no reception.

CASSANDRA

I don't believe it!

ON 1995 WHITE FORD PICK-UP truck parking next to junker car. HOLD on Christian watching Cassandra. He exits the truck.

CHRISTIAN

Looks like you need a bit of help.

Startled, Cassandra turns to see Christian walking towards the car.

CASSANDRA

I'm fine, thank you.

Christian inspects the flat tire and casually picks up the tire iron.

CHRISTIAN

Pardon me for saying, ma'am. But it doesn't look like you're doing fine to me.

CASSANDRA

I think I can handle it.

CHRISTIAN

You sure? Two hands are better than one.

Cassandra laughs. ON MUSCLES bulging as Christian pumps the car jack. The car slowly lifts off the ground.

CASSANDRA

I'm sure it is.

A pause.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

And, I see you did manage to get it up.

Cassandra smirks. Christian blushes.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #602- AFTERNOON

Masako enters the dormitory room. The room is decorated in Japanese motif. Dr. Seigel and Shinobu enter behind her.

Dr. Seigel hands Masako the room key. Shinobu places her luggage on the floor.

DR. SEIGEL

Your father took the liberty to decorate prior to your arrival. I hope it is satisfactory.

Masako looks around at the simple clean design.

MASAKO

Thank you, it is suitable. I appreciate your assistance. Please, if you can go.

DR. SEIGEL

Yes, of course. Oh, one last thing. Your assistant should be by later today. His name is Brandon.

MASAKO

(surprised)
I don't understand.

DR. SEIGEL

Your father insisted you have someone assist you for the first few weeks.

MASAKO

That is very appreciated, but not necessary. Shinobu can help me.

DR. SEIGEL

Miss Yamashiro, your father was very explicit. He has asked me to assign you a new assistant.

MASAKO

I see. Thank you.

DR. SEIGEL

I don't think there's anything else.
So, I will leave you to get settled
in. Good-day.

Dr. Seigel exits. Shinobu locks the door. Masako crosses
to him and slaps his face hard.

MASAKO

(in Japanese)

I hate you! You knew didn't you!

She slaps him again, and again. He grabs her wrist.

SHINOBU

(in Japanese)

Yes. I was prohibited from telling
you.

MASAKO

(in Japanese)

I 'll never see you again. My father
has made sure of it.

SHINOBU

(in Japanese)

That's not true.

MASAKO

(in Japanese)

We need to leave here and start a
new life.

SHINOBU

(in Japanese)

You know we can't do that. I must
follow the noble path, 'ninkyodo'.
And, you must do as he wishes.

Masako fights back tears.

SHINOBU (CONT'D)

(in Japanese)

Don't you understand, my sad little
butterfly. You must become a doctor.

MASAKO

Why? What difference will it make?

SHINOBU

You will gain your independence and
when you do, you will be free.

MASAKO
 (in Japanese)
 I will never be free.

SHINOBU
 (in Japanese)
 You are so wrong. Freedom is within
 reach. It is only a few years away.
 Do it for you and for me...For us.

Masako nods.

MASAKO
 (in Japanese)
 What if you find another?

SHINOBU
 (in Japanese)
 I won't. I love you and only you.
 I will wait.

Shinobu kisses Masako, lifts her off the ground and pins her against the wall. Her feet dangle. He hoists up her dress. ON PANTIES falling to the ground. Masako GASPS as he thrusts inside her.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

ON RAISED TIRE JACK being released. Kneeling next to the rear tire, Christian stands up and wipes his hands onto his jeans. The rear tire of the red junker-type car is fully inflated.

CHRISTIAN
 Good as new.

Christian picks up the flat, tire iron and jack, and places them into the trunk of the car.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 Where'd you say you're going to,
 again?

CASSANDRA
 I didn't...But, if you must know.
 I'm going to Brighton...I'm in-

CHRISTIAN
 (finishing her sentence)
 Medical School. No shit! What year?

CASSANDRA
 First.

CHRISTIAN
I'll be damned, me too!

CASSANDRA
Shut the front door!

CHRISTIAN
I guess we'll be seeing a lot more
of each other.

CASSANDRA
I suppose we will.

CHRISTIAN
Well, I guess I should be getting
along. It was great meeting you.

CASSANDRA
You too.

Cassandra opens the car door, while Christian walks to his car. He stops and turns around.

CHRISTIAN
Hey, Cassandra? Do you think maybe
we can hang out sometime?

A beat.

CASSANDRA
Sure...I'd like that.

Christian smiles. Cassandra sits in the driver's seat.

INT. JUNKER CAR - CONTINUOUS

ON EYES IN REAR VIEW MIRROR, Cassandra watches Christian walking back to his Ford pick-up truck, she smiles. She places her keys in the car ignition, shifts gears and puts the car into drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOM #1199 - AFTERNOON

HARLEY CARTER, obese nerd in his late 20s, fumbles with the room key. The door placard reads, "1199". His suitcases are stacked in the hallway next to him.

INT. ROOM # 1199 - CONTINUOUS

ON Liam sitting on the edge of his bed. He tunes his acoustic guitar. An electric guitar with amp sit in the corner.

The door swings open, clumsily Harley enters. He holds his suitcases and pet cage. Liam looks up, annoyed as a suitcase and the pet cage tumble to the floor.

HARLEY
Oh my god! Medusa!

Seeing the boa snake slithering out of the pet cage, Liam's annoyance turns to fear.

LIAM
What the hell, dude?

Liam jumps up, alarmed. Harley picks up the snake, lovingly. The snake hisses at Liam.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Get that thing out of here!

HARLEY
She is not a thing. She is a red tailed boa so just...Stop it! You're scaring her.

LIAM
I'm scaring her? That fucking snake is scaring the hell out of me.

HARLEY
I highly doubt that. You're pupils are barely dilated and you didn't even urinate on yourself.
(to snake)
It's okay, baby. Daddy's here.

LIAM
(mockingly)
It's okay, baby? Daddy's here?...Get rid of that red fucking boa, or so help me.

The snakes curls around Harley's shoulders. Harley pets it. Liam and Harley's eyes lock. HOLD on Harley feeling protective.

HARLEY
So help me what? She is completely harmless.

LIAM
Harmless my ass.

HARLEY

She has never hurt another living thing. I feed her dead rats. So, whether you like it or not, Medusa is staying.

LIAM

We'll just see about that!

Liam crosses to the open door. Harley grabs his arm.

HARLEY

Stop! Can't we come to a reasonable solution.

LIAM

Sure. How about we turn her into a pair of boots?

HARLEY

That's not funny!..You don't get it, do you! You don't understand the importance. This snake...Medusa. She's all I have.

LIAM

Don't bullshit me! She's all you have.

(off Harley's silence)

Well? What's wrong with you? Why aren't you saying anything?

A pause.

HARLEY

They died this year.

LIAM

Excuse me?

HARLEY

My parents. They died this year.

LIAM

You're serious.

(off Harley's vulnerability)

Shit, dude! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to-

HARLEY

(interrupting)

I'm using my inheritance to pay for my medical school.

(MORE)

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I've dreamt of this day for such a long time. I only wish they were here to see me live it.

LIAM

Jeez...Okay, okay...It's fine. Medusa can stay. Just promise me she won't eat me?

HARLEY

(smiling)

Sure.

Harley notices the electric and acoustic guitars.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You play?

LIAM

Yeah. Why?

HARLEY

Medusa's into metal.

CUT TO:

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - LATER

Brandon sits in the desk across from SUSAN KAPLAN, 50s, an executive assistant. She smiles, pleasantly, at the handsome young man. Dr. Seigel enters, and crosses to Ms. Kaplan.

DR. SEIGEL

Can I pull you away long enough from this riveting young man so you can give me an update?

Recognizing Dr. Seigel's mild annoyance, she placates him.

MS. KAPLAN

Yes, sir. I've scheduled the meeting between Dr. Adebayo, Dr. Lee, and the new applicant for this afternoon.

(to Brandon)

Brandon, I believe Brandon you're one of his references.

BRANDON

I'm a reference? For whom?

MS. KAPLAN

Tom...Tom Casey.

Brandon is surprised.

BRANDON

Excuse me?

DR. SEIGEL

Excellent. I'm glad it's someone
you can recommend.

Brandon looks at Ms. Kaplan questioningly. She ignores his
stare.

DR. SEIGEL (CONT'D)

Brandon, come with me. I have a
special assignment for you. Thank
you, Ms. Kaplan. You did a great
job.

MS. KAPLAN

You're welcome, sir.

Dr. Seigel exits. Brandon rises from his chair.

DR. SEIGEL

Are you coming, Brandon? I don't
have all day.

BRANDON

We need to talk, Susan.

Ms. Kaplan watches the two men exit. Waiting until the door
closes, she picks up the telephone receiver, then dials.

MS. KAPLAN

Hello...It's me...No, I'm
alone...Yes, everything's set...Of
course I understand the risks.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #1182- AFTERNOON

Ranjit walks through the large apartment decorated in Swedish
design furniture. Holding his Galaxy notepad super phone,
Ranjit poses and smiles, then takes a photograph of himself.

ON NOTEPAD, Ranjit doodles "I'm here" on a smiling photograph
of himself in the middle of the apartment. The phone RINGS.

ON DANVIR, wearing pajamas, viewed on Ranjit's computer
screen. He yawns. Sitting next to him is Anika, in pajamas.

ANIKA

(from notepad)

Son...you finally arrived!

Ranjit speaks into the phone.

RANJIT

Yes, mother.

DANVIR

(from notepad)

It's about time. Your Mother has been pacing the floor. Back and forth, and back and forth.

ANIKA

(from notepad)

Like any good mother should do.

DANVIR

(from notepad)

She has not been able to sleep, and of course, neither can I.

ANIKA

(from notepad)

Oh hush, Danvir. Let me talk to my son. Ranjit, I am so relieved that you are safe.

RANJIT

Yes, Mother. I have made it.

DANVIR

(from notepad)

Have the boxes arrived?

ON BOXES in corner of room.

RANJIT

Yes, I have everything I need, Father. Thank you.

DANVIR

(from notepad)

We are very proud of you, son. You have chosen a very noble profession.

Ranjit is choked up.

RANJIT

Thank you. 'Accha namaste'.

PARENTS TOGETHER

(from notepad)

'Phir milenge'.

Ranjit writes "I love you" on the notepad. Anika grabs her chest. Danvir wraps his arms around his wife.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Ms. Kaplan and Dr. Adebayo, dressed in a lab coat, wait outside the front hospital entrance. A sign reads, "Brighton Medical Center". He looks at his watch.

DR. ADEBAYO

I thought you told him to be here by two.

MS. KAPLAN

I did. Let me check to see-

Ms. Kaplan removes her I-Phone, and dials. Tom Casey, wearing jeans and t-shirt, walks towards them.

DR. ADEBAYO

Is that him?

Ms. Kaplan clicks off her phone.

MS. KAPLAN

Why are you late?

TOM

I got hung up in town helping Brandon. What's the big deal?

DR. ADEBAYO

(to Ms. Kaplan)

Where'd you get this cretin from? Craigslist? I don't like this Susan. I don't like this at all!

Tom grabs the lapels of Dr. Adebayo's lab coat.

TOM

Hey...don't talk like I'm not here. I'm not some fucking moron that you can push around.

A PASSERBY looks questioningly at the exchange. Tom releases the coat, then straightens it.

TOM (CONT'D)

I had to take care of some business.

MS. KAPLAN

He knows exactly what to do. We can trust him to keep his mouth shut.

DR. ADEBAYO

He'd better, or it's your neck on the chopping block, not mine. Let's go.

Dr. Adebayo walks ahead. Ms. Kaplan gives Tom a dirty look. He smirks.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW DR. ADEBAYO, MS. KAPLAN, AND TOM as they transverse through the hospital, walking past the busy emergency room and down hospital corridors.

INT. PHARMACY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DR. STANLEY LEE, 40s, wearing a lab coat and name tag, sits at his desk. He reviews the application in his hand. Sitting across from him are Ms. Kaplan, Dr. Adebayo, and Tom Casey.

DR. LEE

So, Tom...Why should I choose you over another candidate?

Tom glances at Ms. Kaplan, who nods.

TOM

I'm willing to go the extra mile and I'm the best at what I do.

Dr. Lee flips through the file, one last time, before talking directly to Dr. Adebayo and Ms. Kaplan.

DR. LEE

Well, everything seems to be in order...He'll have to do a drug screening.

DR. ADEBAYO

I've already ordered all routine blood tests. Everything's tested negative.

Dr. Adebayo hands the test results to Dr. Lee for review.

MS. KAPLAN

(interjecting)

And, I called his references.

DR. LEE

I guess that's it, then. Mr. Casey, do you have any questions for me?

TOM

Only one, Dr. Lee. When can I start?

Pressured, Dr. Lee, glances at Ms. Kaplan and Dr. Adebayo.

DR. LEE

We can begin your orientation next week.

TOM

(exuberant)

Thank you, sir. You won't regret this.

Tom extends his hand. The men shake. Dr. Adebayo and Ms. Kaplan smile.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

ON Dr. Adebayo, Ms. Kaplan, and Tom exiting the pharmacy. The doors close and the lock engages.

TOM

Fucking loser. This is going to be easier than I thought.

Dr. Adebayo's patience wears thin.

DR. ADEBAYO

Listen, dai cuiter...You fucking cunt! Just do exactly what I say. You be better than sharp. Do you hear me?

TOM

Yes, sir.
(he salutes)
Is it okay if I go now?

DR. ADEBAYO

(irritated)
Fine...Just get the hell out of here.

Tom walks out the door SINGING "Lit Up", by Buck Cherry. Dr. Adebayo transfers his anger to Ms. Kaplan.

DR. ADEBAYO (CONT'D)

He's your responsibility! Do you hear me?

MS. KAPLAN

I'm not deaf. He'll do the job and he'll do it right. You saw him in the interview...charming and polite.

DR. ADEBAYO

We're talking millions of dollars, Ms. Kaplan. Our associates are not so forgiving.

MS. KAPLAN

He won't fuck up, and if he does...No one will ever notice him missing and no one will care. Everything's under control.

DR. ADEBAYO

It better be.

ON Dr. Adebayo walking away. Ms. Kaplan watches, uneasy.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ROOM #1182- AFTERNOON

Christian enters the room, holding a bag of groceries and two duffel bags. He drops the duffel bags into a corner.

He sees Ranjit bent over in the living room corner setting up a state of the art in-home entertainment center to the same programs as his Galaxy Notepad.

CHRISTIAN

What're you doing there punjabi? I don't recall ordering any cable or internet.

Christian hangs his cowboy hat on a hook then crosses to Ranjit.

RANJIT

Excuse me. I am not punjabi. I am from Gujarit.

CHRISTIAN

That's good and all, but I think there's been a mistake here. If you can give me the name of the company you work for, I can give them a quick call and clear this whole mess up?

Surprised, Ranjit stammers.

RANJIT

I believe it is you that is mistaken. This is my room. I am your roommate, Ranjit.

Ranjit hands a piece of paper to Christian, who reads.

CHRISTIAN

Eleven eighty-two. I'll be goddamned, you're my roommate? Well, I guess, it's a pleasure to meet you then, Ranjeet.

Christian extends his hand, and the men shake.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Christian...Christian Piper.

Christian places the grocery bag on a coffee table and removes a six-pack.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, you want a beer?

Ranjit smiles.

RANJIT
Yes, thank you. That would be very kind.

Christian cracks open two beers, handing one to Ranjit. Christian takes a large gulp.

CHRISTIAN
So Ranjit, since we're going to be sharing this joint. Why don't you explain to me what you're doing over there?

Christian points to the Flat Screen and Electronics.

RANJIT
I would be very happy to.

Ranjit turns on the 65 inch flat screen T.V. and writes on a electronic pad. "Welcome" illuminates on the T.V. screen. In the b.g. an East Indian woman, wearing a sari, dances.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #605 - AFTERNOON

ON DOOR opening. ON HAND closing and locking door. Clothing is strewn across the bedroom floor. Nylon stockings hang loosely on a chair. Lying in bed, Sheila rests contentedly on her chest. She pulls the bed sheet around her naked body.

FOOTSTEPS. ON HAND turning on IPOD to Albinoni Adagio in G minor. The ASSAILANT, dressed in sweat pants and hoodie, puts on latex gloves. He grabs Sheila's nylon stocking and caresses it.

The bed sheets are pulled down. ON HAND caressing Sheila's thigh and moving upwards. Sexually aroused, Sheila awakens and smiles.

SHEILA
Oh...You're back for seconds.

Sheila's hands are pulled behind her back and gently twined in the nylon stocking.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Kinky.

The nylon stockings are pulled taut, Sheila grimaces. We hear her cries of "Ouch" and "Ow".

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Hey! Baby, that's too tight...What are you doing? I told you that it's too-

Sheila turns over in bed. Her eyes fill with terror. ON WHITE CLOTH covering Sheila's nose and mouth. Her eyes bulge.

ASSAILANT

Hi precious.

A knee is placed across her chest and throat. She struggles and her body goes limp. Her hair is pulled hard, thrusting her head back. Petrified, Sheila is paralyzed.

ON LEUCOTOME positioned above her right eyeball. A hammer is raised and the leucotome is driven into her brain. The assailant wiggles it in a stirring motion.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

You've been a very bad girl.

ON SECOND LEUCOTOME raised. The leucotome is hammered into her left eye, then wiggled in a stirring motion. ON BLOODY TEAR rolling down side of Sheila's face.

The Assailant crosses to a chair and sits. ON HANDS moving rhythmically; conducting the orchestration.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

I really like this next transition, listen.

(humming)

Marvelous isn't it.

The assailant removes a scalpel from a black leather bag. He continues to hum the adagio, then crosses to Sheila.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

And now, for the climatic ending.

Immobile, she fearfully stares at her assailant and the scalpel. ON SCALPEL cleanly severing the jugular vein. Blood flows from the open wound.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)
 It'll be over soon. Probably in
 about two minutes. I'll sever the
 internal jugular, so you'll bleed
 out quicker.

The gold St. Luke's pendant is removed from Sheila's neck.
 The trophy is held up and admired by the Assailant. Cleaning
 it with an antiseptic wipe, it is placed into the assailant's
 coat pocket.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)
 Sleep tight, beautiful.

EXT. DORMITORY BUILDING- AFTERNOON

Cassandra lugs her suitcases up the front steps of the
 dormitory. She struggles to open the heavy double entrance
 doors.

ON DOORS flinging open. Cassandra is knocked over. She
 drops the suitcases. Her purse opens and contents scatter
 across the entryway. Cassandra bends to pick them up.

CASSANDRA
 Oh, shit!

The assailant, carrying the black medical bag, trips over
 the suitcases and topples to the ground.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Thanks a lot, asshole.

The Assailant stands up, grabs his bag, and scampers away.
 He shields his face with the hood. ON HAND picking up St.
 Luke's necklace.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Hey! You dropped...

The assailant has disappeared. Cassandra holds the pendant
 in the air.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 (looking at necklace)
 St. Luke...the patron saint of
 doctors. Hmm...pretty. Oh well,
 finders keepers, losers weepers.

Cassandra tucks the necklace into her purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOM #602- LATE AFTERNOON

FOLLOW Brandon walking to the dormitory room. He stops and reads the door plate, "602". Brandon KNOCKS on the door.

INT. ROOM #602- SIMULTANEOUS

Standing motionless, Masako, dressed in black silk kimono-type nightgown, looks out the dormitory window. She watches Cassandra struggling with her suitcases on the front steps. Deep in thought, she does not hear the knock on the door.

EXT. DORMITORY BUILDING- SIMULTANEOUS

The Assailant catches his breath. He looks from behind the tree at Cassandra bent over. Glancing up, he notices Masako watching from the sixth floor. His fists clench tight.

EXT. ROOM #602- CONTINUOUS

Brandon checks the room number again.

BRANDON

I got the right room.

Brandon KNOCKS louder.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hello? Is anyone there?

EXT. DORMITORY ENTRANCE- CONTINUOUS

A suitcase holds the door open. Cassandra struggles to pick up the final remnants of her belongings off the ground. Shinobu bends down to assist Cassandra.

SHINOBU

May I help you?

He extends his hand.

CASSANDRA

Thank you.

She grabs it. He assists Cassandra to her feet, then bows slightly.

SHINOBU

You are most welcome.

He smiles, then walks down the steps of the dormitory towards the ExecuCar. He turns, looks up to the sixth floor window, then walks away. Cassandra picks up her bags.

INT. ROOM #602- CONTINUOUS

Seeing Shinobu depart, Masako turns from the window. She crosses to the door and opens it, to reveal Brandon standing impatiently.

Brandon notices Masako's porcelain white skin beneath the black kimono. He stammers.

BRANDON
(concerned)
Are you okay?

Abashed, Masako tightens the kimono around her neck.

MASAKO
How can I help you?

Brandon inspects the ornate surroundings, surprised.

BRANDON
Dr. Seigel sent me here to introduce myself. I'm Brandon, your guide. If this is a bad time...you know, I can come back later?

MASAKO
That would please me...I am not prepared for guests.

A tear rolls down Masako's cheek. She attempts to compose herself, and turns away from Brandon.

BRANDON
(off Masako's sadness)
Oh my...hey...What's wrong?

MASAKO
I am fine...*Kowareta ai.*

BRANDON
Excuse me?

Masako gains her composure.

MASAKO
It is of no concern. My apologies.

BRANDON
Hey, it's okay.
(off her remorse)
Listen, here's my name and my personal phone number. Just in case you need anything.

Brandon removes a pen and writes on the back of a business card. He hands it to Masako.

MASAKO

Thank you. Domo.

Masako closes the door, looks at the card, and then places it on an end table.

EXT. ROOM #602 - CONTINUOUS

Brandon stands momentarily at the closed door. Walking down the corridor, he slaps his thigh, smiles, and turns back to look at room, "602".

BRANDON

Wow, wow, wee!

Brandon continues walking to the elevator. He pushes the button. ON ELEVATOR DOORS opening. Cassandra, carrying her suitcases, exits the elevator and walks past him. She smiles. He turns to watch her buttocks. ON ELEVATOR DOORS closing.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Shit!

Brandon re-pushes the elevator button. ON ELEVATOR NUMBERS descending to the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

ON CASSANDRA carrying suitcases. She walks down the corridor to Room #605. She fumbles with her room key, unlocks the door, and enters.

INT. ROOM #605- CONTINUOUS

Cassandra carries her suitcases into the room, then stops. In shock she drops the suitcases on the floor.

CASSANDRA

Oh my god!

Cassandra backs away from Sheila's lifeless body. We hear her shocked cries and screams for "Help".

Sheila lies naked on the bed, ice picks protrude from each eyeball, and her throat is cleanly slashed. Fresh blood pools under her head.

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Brandon stands at the elevator. In the b.g. STUDENTS run down the corridor towards Sheila's room. Hearing the commotion, Brandon turns, and runs to the room.

Brandon pushes through the students. We hear their reactions of "Do you see that", "Oh my god" and "Holy shit".

BRANDON

Excuse me...can I get through.
Please, let me-

Brandon enters the room and stops dead.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Hey.
(off Cassandra's shock)
It's okay. Come with me.

Across the hallway, the door to room #602 opens. Masako peeks out. She walks across the corridor and through the crowd of students to the entryway of Sheila's room.

Brandon sees Cassandra motionless. He grabs her arm.

CASSANDRA

I just walked in and she was just
lying there.

Cassandra's voice cracks from the ordeal.

BRANDON

It's okay..We need to get you out of
here.

ON MASAKO staring at the lifeless corpse. Her eyes fill with terror.

MASAKO

(whispering)
'Ma nante koto nande.'

BACK ON CASSANDRA holding firmly onto Brandon. He holds her tight as they walk to the door.

BRANDON

Okay, everyone. It's time to go
back to your rooms. Shows over.

Brandon sees Masako. ON MASAKO fleeing across the hallway and into her room. The door closes. BACK ON BRANDON watching, powerless.

Brandon and Cassandra exit room #605. He locks and closes the door. We hear students' murmuring, "what do you think happened", "did you see that" and "she was murdered".

Brandon holds Cassandra close and looks across at Masako's closed door. Cassandra turns back towards Sheila's room.

CASSANDRA

My bags.

BRANDON

(off her distress)

We'll get them later.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Assailant walks through the lobby. ON DOOR SIGN reading "Men's Room". He enters the lavatory, into an empty stall, and places his black bag onto the floor.

He removes the hoodie, folds it, and places it into the bag. He places his hand into his pant pocket. Frantically he searches for the St. Luke's necklace.

ASSAILANT

Damn it!

ON FIST punching bathroom wall.

INT. DR. SEIGEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ms. Kaplan sits at her desk, talking on the telephone. The door bursts open. Dr. Seigel enters, rushed.

MS. KAPLAN

(on phone)

I understand...I need to go. Yes, I'll call if we find out anything more.

(to Dr. Seigel)

Where were you?

DR. SEIGEL

I had to go to the hospital. What's going on?

MS. KAPLAN

There's been a killing.

DR. SEIGEL
(shocked)
Excuse me?

MS. KAPLAN
A student was found slain in her
room.

DR. SEIGEL
Have you called the police?

MS. KAPLAN
Is that a duh? Of course I have!
(under her breath)
No fucking help from you.

DR. SEIGEL
Excuse me?

MS. KAPLAN
They should be arriving shortly.

Dr. Seigel grabs his keys from his desk drawer. He crosses
to the door.

DR. SEIGEL
I need to go meet them. Ms. Kaplan,
don't answer any questions, from the
media or otherwise. Do you hear me?

MS. KAPLAN
Yes, sir.

Ms. Kaplan's seethes. Dr. Seigel exits.

MS. KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Fucking prick!

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #605 - LATE AFTERNOON

DEPUTY DAWSON, late 20s, adheres crime scene tape to the
entry door. He steps aside to let DOC HOWARD, 60s, carrying
a medical bag, and Dr. Seigel crawl under the police tape,
to enter the room.

POLICE CHIEF PATTERSON, 40s, looks at Sheila's corpse. He
flips through her wallet and removes the driver's license.

Noticing the champagne bottle, Chief Patterson picks it up.
The physicians cross to him. He nods at Dr. Seigel.

CHIEF PATTERSON

Hey, Doc. Wasn't much of a party,
was it?

He places the bottle in a plastic bag, and hands it to a
POLICE OFFICER, late 20s.

DOC HOWARD

Watcha got for me today?

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, 30s, takes photos of the crime scene.
We hear and see the recurring FLASH of the camera.

CHIEF PATTERSON

A woman in her late 20s, possibly
her early 30s.

Doc Howard WHISTLES. He opens his medical bag, puts on a
pair of latex gloves.

DOC HOWARD

Bilateral lobotomy. Interesting.

CHIEF PATTERSON

Excuse me?

DOC HOWARD

A transorbital lobotomy. Generally,
they used an instrument called an
orbitoclast. However, this instrument
seem to be a much earlier version.

(examining corpse)

It was inserted into the conjunctival
sac and hammered about seven
centimeters into the frontal lobe.

CHIEF PATTERSON

That's barbaric.

DOC HOWARD

Yes, but it's quite effective in
controlling aberrant behavior. They
used to call it surgery for the soul.

CHIEF PATTERSON

So...what do you think?

Doc Howard looks around the room, and the strewn clothing.
He turns to examine the corpse.

DOC HOWARD

The assailant knew what he was doing.

(MORE)

DOC HOWARD (CONT'D)
(removing gloves)
I'll be able to tell you more once
I complete the autopsy and conduct
more tests.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Thanks Doc. Keep me posted.

ON FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of a smiling Sheila Foster. Chief
Patterson removes the photo and places it in his coat pocket.

DR. SEIGEL
Chief Patterson, can I talk to you
for a moment in private, please.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Sure thing.
(to Doc Howard)
I'll be right back.

Chief Patterson and Dr. Seigel cross to the police tape,
duck underneath, and exit. Deputy Dawson closes the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chief Patterson and Dr. Seigel cross to a secluded area.
The corridor is empty.

DR. SEIGEL
You must understand how delicate a
situation this is. I'd like to keep
a lid on this.

CHIEF PATTERSON
I understand your situation. However,
I think that's going to be pretty
difficult given the circumstances.

DR. SEIGEL
Despite the circumstances? Our
reputation is at risk. The board
will want to keep this incident as
quiet as possible.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Dr. Seigel, you have distraught and
scared students. This murder is
going to spread like wildfire.
They're gonna go on Facebook, Twitter
and all that other nonsense that's
out there.

DR. SEIGEL
I understand. We'll intervene as quickly as possible.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Did you know the victim?

DR. SEIGEL
Yes, not well...Her name is Sheila. Sheila Foster, I believe. She was a third year med student. I saw her earlier today.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Where?

DR. SEIGEL
(pauses)
She was talking to a new student in the lobby.

CHIEF PATTERSON
How long ago was that?

DR. SEIGEL
Maybe two or three hours ago.

CHIEF PATTERSON
Do you happen to know the name of the student she was talking to?

DR. SEIGEL
Yes. His name was Liam...Liam Van Mater.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra sits on the examination table, visibly in shock. Brandon crosses to her, with a cup of tea in his hand.

BRANDON
Here...this will make you feel better.

Cassandra shakes her head.

CASSANDRA
I don't want anything.

The door opens. In walks DR. SILVER, a handsome woman in her late 40s, holding a black medical bag. She crosses to Cassandra. ON NAME TAG that reads "Dr. Silver, Psychiatrist".

DR. SILVER
Cassandra? I'm Dr. Silver. I heard
you had a pretty rough day.

Cassandra reads Dr. Silver's name tag.

CASSANDRA
And you're here to make me feel
better.

DR. SILVER
Something like that.

CASSANDRA
I doubt that's going to happen.

DR. SILVER
At least I can try. Don't you agree?

Cassandra shakes her head.

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you a mild sedative.
Do you have any allergies?

Cassandra shakes her head, "no". Dr. Silver breaks open a
vial, withdraws medication with a syringe, and injects the
medication intramuscularly. We hear her exclamations of
"ouch" and "ow".

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)
It'll start to work in about twenty
minutes.

She removes a prescription pad from her pocket.

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)
I'll also write you a prescription
for some Ambien.

Dr. Silver hands Cassandra the prescription.

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)
Take one tablet at bedtime.

Cassandra takes the prescription.

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)
I want to see you first thing in the
morning.
(to Brandon)
Make sure she shows up.

Brandon nods. Dr. Silver exits. Cassandra rests her head
on his shoulder.

INT. DR. SEIGEL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dr. Seigel, sits at desk, rummaging through paperwork. He stops, drums his fingers on the desk, then picks up the telephone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

KATHERINE VAN MATER, mid 50s, wearing Christian Dior and pearl necklace, regally sits in her expansive and impeccably decorated drawing room. She flips through decorative fabric swatches and holds them up against the exquisite decor to consider. The telephone RINGS.

KATHERINE

(into phone)

Hello?...Dr. Seigel, this is an unexpected surprise.

DR. SEIGEL

(into phone)

I apologize for interrupting your day. I need to discuss an urgent matter with you.

KATHERINE

(into phone)

Everything is an urgent matter for you, Kenneth. What is it now?

Dr. Seigel cringes at her tone.

DR. SEIGEL

(into phone)

There's been an incident at the school and your son may be involved.

Katherine's hot temper ignites.

KATHERINE

(into phone)

I see. What type of incident are we talking about? And don't skip any of the details.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #1199- LATE AFTERNOON

Liam, wearing only jeans, stands in the center of the living area, ripping some Jeff Beck on the electric guitar. Harley sits on the sofa. He holds Medusa in his lap. On the coffee table are snifters and a bottle of cognac.

HARLEY

You're great!

LIAM

I used to be great, now I'm only good. In 2008 I won rock single of the year and best new rock soloist.

HARLEY

What happened? Why'd you quit?

Liam refills his snifter with cognac, then takes a large swig.

LIAM

I didn't quit...I gave it up. I had to.

(off Harley's confusion)

You don't know who I am. If you did, you'd get it.

Harley pets his snake.

HARLEY

Try me.

LIAM

What's the point? It doesn't matter anymore, does it.

Liam rifles through his coat jacket pocket, looking for his cigarette case. FOLLOW Liam searching the room.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Fuck. Where is it?

He searches his pants pocket.

HARLEY

What are you looking for?

LIAM

My cigarette case. I can't seem to find it.

HARLEY

You're going to become a doctor. Don't you know smoking is bad for you? Not to mention the foul stench it leaves on your breath and hands.

Liam lifts his eyebrows.

LIAM

I don't smoke cigarettes.

HARLEY

You just said cigarette case.

LIAM

These are a special brand.
(off Harley's confusion)
For medicinal purposes only.

HARLEY

Are you talking about marijuana?
(off Liam's guarding)
Marijuana has more tar than regular
cigarettes. Not to mention some of
the highest cancer causing substances
known to man; Benzene, toluene,
methylnaphthalene, methyl-

LIAM

Hey brainiac, back off. I know the
risks, okay.

Liam snaps his fingers.

LIAM (CONT'D)

My car! It's in my car.

Liam crosses to the coffee table, grabs his car keys and
coat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Liam exits. I-Phone RINGS. Harley picks it up. ON call
received reading "Katherine Van Mater". Harley chases after
Liam.

EXT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Harley walks into corridor. ON LIAM entering elevator.
BACK ON HARLEY running towards Liam.

HARLEY

Hey, Liam! It's your mom!

ON ELEVATOR DOORS closing. The RINGING stops. Harley ambles
back to the room. He looks at the I-Phone, curious.

Casually, Harley flips through the screens, then opens up
the camera. ON PHOTOGRAPH of Sheila posing erotically.
Harley smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOM #802 - LATE AFTERNOON

Brandon removes a key from his pocket. Cassandra wearily leans against the doorframe. He opens the door.

BRANDON

This room is vacant, so you shouldn't be disturbed.

He hands her the key.

CASSANDRA

Thanks, but I should be okay.

BRANDON

Are you sure you should be alone right now?

CASSANDRA

I'm fine. I'm a big girl who can take care of herself.

BRANDON

(unsure)

If you change your mind, call me.

He hands her a business card. The door closes. Brandon walks to the elevator.

INT. ROOM #802 - CONTINUOUS

Cassandra enters the vacant and sparsely decorated room. Scrubs, two towels, soap, and toiletries rest on the bed. She lifts up the scrubs then drops them.

CASSANDRA

Great!

She crosses to the kitchen, grabs a glass from the cupboard and fills it with water. Opening her purse, she removes the medication bottle labeled, "Ambien 10mg". She drops a white tablet into her hand and swallows it.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVERTIBLE - SIMULTANEOUS

Liam bent over, searches the Aston Martin Convertible. Filled with dread, he slams the car door.

LIAM

Fuck me!

Liam stares at the dormitory.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Liam waits impatiently at the elevator doors. A BELL rings. The elevator doors open. Exit Brandon, who immediately recognizes Liam.

Liam preoccupied mumbles, then enters the elevator. Brandon turns to see Liam's concerned face before the elevator door close.

ON ELEVATOR numbers ascending. BACK ON BRANDON watching the numbers stop on the sixth floor.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The sixth floor elevator doors open. Exit Liam. FOLLOW Liam walking down the hallway. Detective Dawson stands guard at room #605. Worried, Liam stops a STUDENT walking towards him.

LIAM
Hey, what's going on?

STUDENT
You didn't hear?

LIAM
Hear what?

STUDENT
About the girl who was murdered today.

LIAM
(shocked)
Excuse me? When?

STUDENT
Over an hour ago.
(whispering)
Her roommate found her. Can you
imagine walking into your room and
finding your roommate butchered? I
mean, isn't that-

Liam walks away mid-sentence. The student irritated MUMBLES.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Jerk!

INT. ROOM #602 - MASAKO'S P.O.V. - THROUGH PEEPHOLE

Detective Dawson stands guard across the hall. Feigning suspicion, Liam walks past the detective. FOLLOW Liam walking down the length of the corridor.

In the b.g. STUDENTS talk and whisper.

Liam opens the stairwell door, and exits.

INT. ROOM #602 - CONTINUOUS

Masako stands on her tiptoes looking out the peephole. She turns around then leans her back onto the door. To reveal, her fear.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Liam descends the stairs two at a time. He stops on the next floor, and looks up. He kicks the wall. We hear him CURSING obscenities.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #802 - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Cassandra, wearing scrubs, towel dries her curly red-hair. She opens her purse, removes her I-Phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

MILDRED DONNELLY, early 50s, dressed in a simple sun dress, stares at the answering machine in the country style kitchen.

CASSANDRA

(from machine)

Hi, Mom. It's me Cassie. I'm sorry I haven't called...I just...I've been busy. I really need to talk to you...Give me a call, okay...Tell Dad that I love him. Bye.

Cassandra turns off her I-phone. She pulls back the covers and crawls into the bed.

PAUL DONNELLY, 50s, wearing overalls, enters the kitchen. Mildred hits the delete button. BEEP.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM #1199 - MOMENTS LATER

Liam enters the suite. Harley reads a book on the sofa under the light of a dim table lamp. Medusa lodges in her cage. Liam's I-Phone rests on the coffee table in front of Harley.

HARLEY

You're back.
 (off Liam's distress)
 Are you okay?

LIAM

I'm fine.

HARLEY

I don't think so. Your face is pale
 and your hands are trembling...What
 happened?

LIAM

Nothing happened!

HARLEY

Did you find your cigarette case?

LIAM

No. Can you stop with the twenty
 questions already? Fuck me.

HARLEY

Sorry.

A beat. Liam crosses to an armchair and plunks down.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Your phone rang while you were out.
 You might want to check your messages.
 Just an FYI.

LIAM

(grumbles)
 Thanks.

Liam picks up the I-Phone, reads the calls received.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Now fucking what.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The brick warehouse is decorated with modern decor furniture,
 and large flat screen T.V.

MATTHEW HOPE, Jamaican, late 30s with dreadlocks, sits in an
 armchair. He's dressed in business casual and speaks with a
British accent. He smokes a crack pipe. Across from him
 sits Dr. Adebayo, dressed in casual clothes.

MATTHEW

Dr. Adebayo. Have you done what I asked?

TWO JAMAICAN CLANSMEN drag a GANG MEMBER, late 20s, by his hair. They force him to kneel in front of Matthew.

DR. ADEBAYO

Yes, everything's in place. We can begin operations next week.

MATTHEW

That is good, my friend.

(off Dr. Adebayo's
unease)

You're not having any doubt are you?

DR. ADEBAYO

No, I...

MATTHEW

Because, you need to be strong-

Matthew motions to the clansmen. They grab a lead pipe each.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And, I demand your loyalty.

DR. ADEBAYO

(nervously)

I have done everything you've asked.

Matthew nods to the clansmen.

MATTHEW

Do you know what happens to someone who betrays me?

(points to kneeling
man)

Like this fucking cockroach.

ON LEAD PIPES raised and repeatedly striking the kneeling gang member, who curls into a ball, trying to protect himself.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Who disrespected me.

Matthew motions the clansmen to stop. He crosses to a clansman and grabs a lead pipe.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

This jackfucker! This scariot, who thought he could fuck me.

GANG MEMBER

Please! I was going to give you the bills, man...I wasn't craven...I don't want to die.

MATTHEW

I know.

Matthew lifts the lead pipe above his head. ON LEAD PIPE smashing into gang member's skull.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Nobody wants to die.

ON BLOOD splattering on Matthew's face. Dr. Adebayo is visibly shaken. Matthew turns to the clansmen.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Get this fucking maggot out of here.

Matthew drops the lead pipe, turns to face Dr. Adebayo. In the b.g. the clansmen roll the gang member in the rug.

DR. ADEBAYO

You have my loyalty

Matthew removes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the blood off his face.

MATTHEW

You need to make sure of it...You have a wife and two young sons. Isn't that right?

Dr. Adebayo nods.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Remember that. We wouldn't want anything to happen to them. Now, would we.

Dr. Adebayo pales. Matthew smiles. He settles into the armchair and re-lights the crack pipe. He inhales and exhales deeply. ON SMOKE rising in the air. We hear his LAUGHTER.

FADE TO BLACK: