

THE TOE

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OVER BLACK - A DEEP, STRIDENT HUM. Almost UNBEARABLE. It continues to PULSATE over-

INT./EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR/INTERSECTION - DAY

A WOMAN sits in the driver seat of an old beige HONDA, staring off into oblivion. This is **ELIZABETH** (29) - a listless shrinking violet, desperate to be known and undetectable at the same time. She looks PAINFULLY BORED.

The HUM begins to DISTORT, its PITCH GROWING HIGHER and HIGHER until it MORPHS into-

A BLARING CAR HORN.

Elizabeth shifts, looking up to the rearview mirror.

POV: The driver behind her, a DISHEVELED **YOUNG MOTHER** with two **TODDLERS** in the back seat, ANGRILY MOUTHS 'FUCKING MOVE!' as she LAYS DOWN on the horn, POINTING FORWARD.

Elizabeth looks up to the TRAFFIC LIGHT - it's GREEN. She waves to the Young Mother.

ELIZABETH

Sorry.

POV: The Young Mother FLIPS HER OFF. One of the toddlers in the back seat DOES THE SAME. And just as the Young Mother turns back to scold her child, Elizabeth drives forward.

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth weaves through a mesmerizing grid of GREY CUBICLES, carrying her LUNCH BAG. She makes a left into-

INT. THE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE KITCHEN - DAY

A FLUORESCENT-LIT BREAK ROOM complete with a FRIDGE and a MR. COFFEE. Elizabeth opens the fridge and finds a spot for her lunch bag, clearly marked with her name, among a SEA OF LUNCH BAGS, all clearly marked with other people's names.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth enters her CUBICLE and takes a seat at the desk.

CAROL (O.S.)

Morning, Lizzy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles at the woman in the cubicle across from hers-

ELIZABETH

Hey, Carol.

This is **CAROL (50s)** - a veteran of the company. She's sweet, modest and in no hurry to change how things are, no matter how unsatisfying they may be.

As Elizabeth settles in, another woman approaches, brimming with a DEVILISH SMILE. This is **VIVIENNE (40s)** - a fresh divorcee with a penchant for spicing up the mundane, even if she has to lie to do so.

CAROL

How did it go?

Vivienne gestures down her body.

VIVIENNE

How does it look like it went?

Carol and Elizabeth study her, confused. Annoyed they're not getting it-

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

I'm wearing the same clothes!

CAROL

No you're not.

Vivienne pinches at her black slacks.

VIVIENNE

I was wearing these yesterday!

ELIZABETH

Your shirt is different.

VIVIENNE

I had an extra in the car. The point is, ladies, that I did not go home last night.

Carol and Elizabeth exchange bashful glances.

ELIZABETH

Did he look like his picture?

VIVIENNE

Better.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

Isn't it a little dangerous to go
home with someone you just met?

VIVIENNE

He's a doctor.

ELIZABETH

Dentist.

VIVIENNE

Dentists are doctors, Lizzy.

CAROL

Nice house?

VIVIENNE

Not sure, but the bedroom was
gorgeous.

Vivienne winks, as Carol blushes.

CAROL

Oh my gosh.

ELIZABETH

Are you gonna see him again?

VIVIENNE

Maybe. I have another one this
evening. A general manager.

ELIZABETH

Of what?

VIVIENNE

I guess I'll find out tonight,
after some birthday shopping.

Elizabeth winces.

ELIZABETH

You don't have to.

CAROL

(Coy)

What? We're not doing anything.

VIVIENNE

This is for someone else's 30th
birthday.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

You don't have to make a big deal-

Vivienne bends over, getting in Elizabeth's face.

VIVIENNE

It's happening, Lizzy. Whether you
want it or not.

CAROL

You should be celebrating. These
are the good years!

Off Elizabeth, terrified that that's true.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - LATER

Mid-day. Elizabeth sits at her computer, seemingly punching
in the same three keys OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE KITCHEN - DAY

Elizabeth grabs her lunch bag out of the refrigerator.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth eats a TUNA SANDWICH alone at her desk.

INT. THE OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth sits at a LONG CONFERENCE TABLE with EIGHT other
EMPLOYEES, one of whom DRONES on about productivity.

DRONING EMPLOYEE

If you refer to page eight, you'll
see the numbers for the first two
weeks of the third quarter...

But Elizabeth doesn't listen. She fidgets in her chair,
impatiently tapping her pen. She looks up at the CLOCK on
the wall every three seconds. It's nearly 5:00 PM.

SHE HAS SOMEWHERE TO BE.

EXT. THE OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Elizabeth hurries out to her car, weaving through the crowd of employees all flooding from the building.

INT./EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR/TREE-LINED ROAD - EVENING

She FLOORS IT down a long stretch of empty road, lined with thick pine trees on both sides.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

She FLIES through the front door, tossing her lunch bag on the kitchen counter.

The apartment is small, its white walls and used furniture lacking in any real personality. There's a KITCHEN on one side, a LIVING ROOM on the other, and a BEDROOM and BATHROOM in the back. PERFECT FOR ONE.

We STAY ON the living room area, taking in the blandness, as Elizabeth rushes into the bedroom, making quite a racket.

After a moment, she emerges wearing a different BLOUSE - it's LOWER CUT and SEXIER than the one she was wearing.

She looks around the room for a moment, then straightens up the COUCH, punching the cushions, FLUFFING THEM UP. Satisfied, she hurries into-

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Elizabeth carefully applies LIQUID EYELINER to her right lid, then moves on to her left. She SMUDGES it accidentally.

ELIZABETH

No, come on.

She takes a tissue and quickly wipes away the mistake. Then she paints her lips with a BRIGHT RED GLOSS.

And just as she takes one last (dissatisfied) look in the MIRROR, there's KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Elizabeth PERKS.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

She walks to the front door, opening it to reveal - a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY with PIZZA in hand. This is **GREG (30s)**.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's cute and nice and a pizza guy, which is pretty much all Elizabeth knows about him.

Also she's MADLY IN LOVE WITH HIM.

GREG

Hey, Beth.

ELIZABETH

Hey!

GREG

Got your Monday special here.

ELIZABETH

Right on time, as always.

Greg smiles, handing over the pizza. Elizabeth attempts to continue the conversation, as she pays for the pie-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

How's your day been going?

GREG

Can't complain.

ELIZABETH

That's good.

She searches for something else to say, but-

GREG

Have a good night!

ELIZABETH

Uh yeah, you too.

And with that, Greg leaves. Elizabeth watches him walk down the hall, pissed at herself for not saying more. And as he disappears around the corner, she takes her pizza inside.

She tosses it on the little table in her kitchen and slumps down into the chair. She stares at the pizza for a LONG BEAT, playing the scenario over and over in her head.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth, now dressed in ratty pajamas, stares out her living room WINDOW, mindlessly eating a slice of pizza.

(CONTINUED)

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She watches a **WOMAN** waiting alone at the BUS STOP across the street. The woman is mostly in silhouette, lit partially by a DIM STREET LAMP overhead.

Elizabeth studies her with longing, perhaps wishing they could swap lives, even for a few minutes. Then-

A **PICK-UP TRUCK** pulls up to the BUS STOP, obscuring the woman from view. After a moment, the truck pulls away - and the WOMAN IS GONE.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - NEXT MORNING

Elizabeth approaches her cubicle and, much to her dismay, it looks like Party City threw up all over it. Streamers and balloons and banners. She takes it in for a beat, then fights her way through, hanging up her coat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE KITCHEN - DAY

Employees SQUEEZE into the tiny kitchen, lined up for BIRTHDAY CAKE - the highlight of their day.

Elizabeth sits in the corner, donning a POINTY CARDBOARD PARTY HAT she was no doubt forced to wear.

Vivienne hands her a BIG SLICE of sheet cake.

VIVIENNE

That wasn't so painful, was it?

Elizabeth takes the cake, forcing a smile, as Vivienne goes back to mingling. Elizabeth moves the cake around the plate with her plastic fork, failing to take a bite.

Then she scans the crowd, watching as everyone forms little circles, squabbling about supervisors and deadlines.

NO ONE COMES OVER. NO ONE SAYS HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Elizabeth looks down at her cake again and uses the fork to PUSH HALF OF IT ONTO THE GROUND.

She looks up to see if anyone noticed.

THEY DIDN'T.

She takes a napkin and cleans it up.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth mindlessly types at her computer. Carol packs up her things, exiting her cubicle.

CAROL

Any birthday plans for tonight?

ELIZABETH

My friends are picking me up soon.
We're going out.

CAROL

Have fun! And don't get too crazy,
young lady.

ELIZABETH

I won't.

She watches Carol walk away, then goes back to work.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - LATER

The office is empty except for Elizabeth, still working and not going out with her friends - because that was a lie. She looks at the clock - it's almost 8 PM.

She pulls away from her desk, wrenching her neck to the right, CRACKING IT. Time to call it a day.

INT./EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR/TREE-LINED ROAD - NIGHT

Elizabeth drives down that same back road, surrounded on all sides by a thick wall of pines. Her mind drifts.

As she cruises along, her headlights illuminate another vehicle up ahead - a **CUBE TRUCK**, bouncing along on the rough stretch of pavement.

The truck moves at a glacial pace and Elizabeth quickly catches up to it.

ELIZABETH

(annoyed)

Come on.

They ride steadily along for a moment. Then-

THUNK! Seconds after the truck hits a giant POT HOLE, Elizabeth's Honda does the same, JERKING down and up.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Elizabeth looks forward, spotting the LATCH on the truck that secures the sliding door - IT'S COME LOOSE.

As it JOSTLES up and down, the DOOR begins to SLIDE UP.

Elizabeth HONKS her horn to warn the driver.

No response.

The DOOR SLIDES up a little more.

Alarmed, Elizabeth turns on her SIGNAL. She's going to try to pass it. But before she can-

They hit another POT HOLE, and THE DOOR OF THE TRUCK SLIDES HALFWAY UP, revealing-

BODIES.

WRITHING HUMAN BODIES. ALIVE.

MEN AND WOMEN. TIED UP AND GAGGED.

THEY LINE THE TRUCK FLOOR LIKE FLOPPING SARDINES.

Elizabeth takes in the image, SQUINTING in the darkness, trying to decipher what it is she's actually seeing.

But she doesn't stop. She just keeps driving behind the truck, trying to make sense of it.

One of the squirming bodies, a **WOMAN** positioned toward the rear of the truck, catches Elizabeth's eye. She's dressed in a BURLAP SACK, her BARE LEGS and FEET exposed.

In shock, Elizabeth studies the woman-

Her TOENAILS are painted PURPLE.

A TATTOO covers her left calf - it looks like a **MOOSE**.

Her RED HAIR cascades down and around her neck.

Then they **LOCK EYES**.

It's a POWERFUL, INTENSE MOMENT that lingers, as if in SLOW MOTION. Then-

Something MOVES at the front of the truck, GRABBING Elizabeth's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It's a pair of **BOOTS**. BOOTS attached to LEGS.

Someone is in there, OVERSEEING this nightmare.

The boots step over the bodies, working their way back to the door. Elizabeth can't see who they belong to.

And just as she locks eyes with the Woman one last time, the **TRUCK DOOR SLAMS FORCEFULLY BACK DOWN**, and then-

SMACK! SOMETHING FLIES OUT FROM THE TRUCK, IMPACTING ELIZABETH'S WINDSHIELD-

IT'S A TOE.

A SEVERED BIG TOE COMPLETE WITH CHIPPED PURPLE NAIL POLISH.

THE WOMAN'S TOE.

Elizabeth SLAMS ON HER BREAKS, STARTLED.

Her TIRES SCREECH against the pavement, as she jerks forward, abruptly stopping the car.

She watches, IN SHOCK, as the TRUCK DRIVES AWAY.

Then the TOE begins to slide, catching her attention. It slowly rolls down the windshield, landing among the wipers.

After a moment, Elizabeth slowly unbuckles her seat belt and exits, clutching her purse like a security blanket.

She looks around, suddenly aware of how ALONE she is on this isolated back road. BIRDS CHIRP cheerfully, incongruously, as she walks around to the front of the car.

Then she brings herself to look at it - **THE BIG TOE**.

It's a completely BIZARRE image, one she can't reconcile.

And then she digs through her purse, pulling out a LOOSE TISSUE. She uses it to PICK UP THE TOE.

She EXAMINES it, mostly horrified, but also, if you look closely, the tiniest bit exhilarated.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits at a DESK in the middle of a quiet POLICE STATION BULLPEN. She talks to a **POLICE OFFICER**, his back to camera. He jots down notes as Elizabeth speaks.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER

A plate number, or maybe a serial
number on the back of the truck?

Elizabeth shakes her head, still a little stunned. She
watches the officer scribble down more notes.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Is there anything else? Any detail
you think might be important?

Elizabeth looks down at her PURSE for a LONG BEAT, staring
into the dark recesses of the bag - a SECRET HIDDEN WITHIN.

ELIZABETH

No.

The officer stands and Elizabeth follows suit, awkwardly
shaking his hand.

POLICE OFFICER

We'll be in touch.

She picks up her PURSE and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE TOE - displayed on the KITCHEN TABLE atop a TISSUE.

Elizabeth sits, staring at it, reliving the day's events.

Then she STANDS ABRUPTLY, scooping the Toe up in the tissue.
She walks over to the TRASH CAN, opening up the lid.

She holds out the Toe, ready to drop it - **BUT SOMETHING
STOPS HER.**

So instead she wrestles open a JUNK DRAWER, tosses the Toe
in and SLAMS IT SHUT.

She TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS, disappearing into the BEDROOM.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ.

Elizabeth's PHONE vibrates across her bedside table.

(CONTINUED)

A HAND reaches out from under a QUILTED COMFORTER - something your grandmother might have on her bed.

Elizabeth sits up, silences the alarm, then FLOPS down on her back. Her gaze drifts to the foot of the bed, where her TOES, plain and unpainted, POKE OUT from under the covers.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Elizabeth, now dressed and ready for work, walks out to the kitchen. She grabs a THERMOS and pours HOT COFFEE into it.

Tightening the LID, she allows herself to look at the drawer-
THE DRAWER WITH THE TOE.

She stares at it for a moment, contemplating something. Then she shakes it off, turns out the light and exits.

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth once again makes her way through the grid of cubicles, lunch bag in tow, like it's just a normal day.

INT. THE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: The EMPLOYEE FRIDGE - lined with LABELED LUNCH BAGS. Elizabeth places hers among them.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth arrives at her desk, quickly waves to Carol, avoiding eye contact, and takes off her coat.

CAROL (O.S.)
So...?

She glances nervously at Carol, who smiles warmly.

CAROL (CONT'D)
How was last night?

Elizabeth sits down, turning on her computer, keeping busy.

ELIZABETH
Fun. We had a good time.

CAROL
Where did you go?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
A bar. A few bars...

CAROL
How are we feeling this morning?

ELIZABETH
Fine.

Carol shakes her head, going back to work.

CAROL
Out all night and no hangover. I'd
give anything to be 30 again.

Elizabeth tries to focus on her computer screen, but her
mind is a million miles away.

INT. THE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE KITCHEN - LATER

Elizabeth sits with Carol and Vivienne, eating her TUNA
SANDWICH, as Vivienne recounts her latest escapade.

But Elizabeth hasn't heard a word, completely zoned out.

VIVIENNE (O.S.)
Lizzy?

She snaps back to reality-

ELIZABETH
What?

VIVIENNE
Don't you think it's wrong?

She squirms in her chair, unsure of what Vivienne is asking.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Were you listening?

ELIZABETH
Sorry.

VIVIENNE
He asked me...
(she lowers her voice)
...if he could lick my arm pit.

Carol grimaces. Elizabeth shrugs, uninterested.

ELIZABETH

I don't know...

VIVIENNE

I do. It's weird! We hadn't even
kissed yet and he wants to...

CAROL

It's perverted if you ask me.

On Elizabeth, as she tunes out her coworkers for a long
beat, thinking, obsessing... then-

She JERKS UP out of her seat, startling her friends.

ELIZABETH

I feel strange.

VIVIENNE

I warned you about doing tuna
everyday.

ELIZABETH

I think I'm gonna go home.

Vivienne and Carol glance at each other, concerned.

CAROL

Okay, honey.

Elizabeth throws out the rest of her lunch and exits.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Elizabeth rushes in, immediately going for the KITCHEN
DRAWER, opening it up, revealing-

THE TOE. A look almost like relief washes over her.

And after a moment, she reaches down with her index finger
outstretched. She timidly grazes the toe with the tip of her
finger - TOUCHING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME, **SKIN TO SKIN**.

She begins to gently caress it, getting more comfortable
with the idea. Then she PICKS IT UP, HOLDING IT IN THE PALM
OF HER HAND, observing it with AWE and CURIOSITY.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth enters, TOE STILL IN HAND. She goes to the dresser and opens up an ANTIQUE RING BOX, removing the TARNISHED OLD JEWELRY within. She places the toe inside the velvet box - ITS NEW HOME.

INSERT FLASH - THE WOMAN IN THE TRUCK - HER INTENSE EYES. HER MOOSE TATTOO. HER PURPLE TOENAILS.

Elizabeth reaches down, touching the toe again, stroking the CHIPPED PURPLE NAIL POLISH with new resolve-

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON: A GRAINY PHOTO of a YOUNG WOMAN, smiling blankly.

REVEAL: Elizabeth sits cocooned in a blanket on the couch, her face lit by the white glow of the computer on her lap.

She scrolls through a list of local MISSING PERSONS CASES, searching for the Toe Woman's face. BUT SHE'S NOT THERE.

Off Elizabeth, unsatisfied.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Elizabeth buttons up her shirt. Her eyes nervously dart down to the **RING BOX** on the dresser.

She looks at it for a long beat. Then she grabs her purse, hits the light switch and exits.

We stay on the dark, still room for a moment. Then-

LIGHTS ON. Elizabeth charges in with intention, PICKING UP THE RING BOX AND DROPPING IT INTO HER PURSE.

She hits the switch again and leaves.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth rapidly types at her computer. We hear Vivienne in the background, murmuring something salacious to Carol, but Elizabeth doesn't pay attention.

Instead her gaze drifts down to her PURSE on the ground. The slightest hint of pleasure grows on her face. Then-

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (O.S.)
How ya feeling, Lizzy?

She looks up to find Carol and Vivienne staring at her.

ELIZABETH
Better. Just a stomach thing.

VIVIENNE
It's called a hangover, darlin'.

Vivienne pats her roughly on the back.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you. I didn't think
you did stuff like that.

ELIZABETH
What?

VIVIENNE
You know... have fun, go out.

Elizabeth shifts in her chair, a little offended.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
You just never talk about it.

ELIZABETH
We're at work.

VIVIENNE
So what?

ELIZABETH
It's not professional.

Vivienne turns to Carol, INDIGNANT.

VIVIENNE
Are you calling me unprofessional?

Carol, trying to diffuse-

CAROL
Viv...

ELIZABETH
No... I'm sorry. I still feel a
little off.

VIVIENNE

Just because you have a quieter
life doesn't mean you can go around
calling people unprofessional.

Elizabeth looks back to her purse, standing her ground-

ELIZABETH

My life isn't quiet.

VIVIENNE

When's the last time you went out
on a date?

Elizabeth looks up, defiant.

ELIZABETH

Last night.

Carol and Vivienne glance at each other in disbelief.

CAROL

I thought you didn't feel good.

ELIZABETH

I didn't, but I promised my
boyfriend I'd see him.

VIVIENNE

How long have you had a boyfriend?

ELIZABETH

3 months.

VIVIENNE

What's his name?

ELIZABETH

Frank.

VIVIENNE

And what does Frank do?

ELIZABETH

He does tattoos.

VIVIENNE

He does tattoos?

Elizabeth nods, fully investing in the lie.

CAROL

Well, that's great Lizzy.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIENNE

Weird you've never mentioned him.

Elizabeth shrugs at a skeptical Vivienne.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

You'll have to bring him by
sometime... if it's not too
unprofessional.

Vivienne throws her a playful wink, before venturing back to her cubicle.

Off Elizabeth, exhausted by the interaction.

INT. THE OFFICE - LATER

A **MONTAGE** of bored **FACES** - **EMPLOYEES** mindlessly typing or half-listening to meaningless conference calls, ending with-

Elizabeth. She's just as checked-out as the rest. But then she remembers the **SECRET** she's smuggled in with her.

She picks up her purse, placing it on the desk. Then she digs through, pulling out-

THE RING BOX.

She puts it down next to her keyboard. Then she looks around, watching a few people as they pass.

She **TOUCHES** the ring box with the tip of her index finger, as she nods to a passing **FELLOW EMPLOYEE**.

CLOSE ON: Her finger, as she strokes the box.

It's a **COMPLETE ADRENALINE RUSH** - the possibility of being discovered. Then-

RING! RING! Elizabeth **JERKS** her hand back, startled by the phone on her desk. She composes herself, then answers-

ELIZABETH

Hello?

(then)

Sure, Walter.

She rises from her chair, looking down at the box. And then she walks away - **LEAVING THE BOX BEHIND ON HER DESK.**

WALTER (PRELAP O.S.)

Liz!

INT. THE OFFICE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth enters a MODEST CORNER OFFICE, adorned in cheesy vacation photos and old sports trophies.

A jovial, balding man rises from his desk as Elizabeth enters. This is **WALTER BURCH (60s)**, Elizabeth's supervisor. He tries a little too hard to be everybody's friend, but there are worse things.

ELIZABETH
Hey, Walter.

WALTER
Hey there, Liz! Have a seat.

He gestures to the guest chair.

WALTER (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

ELIZABETH
Better thanks. Sorry about that-

WALTER
No apologies necessary there. You have one of the best attendance records at the company.

Elizabeth smiles weakly - not something she's proud of.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You really are a model employee, Liz. I mean that. And I have always made it a point to reward those who really deserve it, which is why...

She indulges in Walter's corny "pause for effect," as he pulls out a FOLDER from his desk drawer-

WALTER (CONT'D)
I've decided to sponsor you for the Supervisor Training Program!

He pushes the FOLDER across the desk to Elizabeth. On the front of the folder is a stock image of a BUSINESSWOMAN in a retro PANTSUIT that reads: 'DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES?'

Elizabeth looks at it, trying to decide on a reaction. Walter folds in the awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Everything you need to know is
right there in that folder. There's
a mandatory seminar that you'll
need to attend...

ELIZABETH

Okay.

WALTER

Fantastic!

Walter stands, indicating that Elizabeth do the same. He
walks her to the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I really think this is a position
you'll thrive in. I see great
potential.

He opens the door for her.

ELIZABETH

Thanks, Walter. I appreciate it.

WALTER

Of course! You deserve it.

Elizabeth nods, her expression ambiguous.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

CLOSE ON: THE RING BOX, sitting on Elizabeth's desk.

REVEAL: VIVIENNE, staring curiously at the box. (Carol is
gone from her desk.)

Elizabeth approaches from behind, spotting Vivienne. She
stops, but doesn't say anything. She just watches.

She watches as Vivienne looks around to see if anyone sees.

She watches as Vivienne PICKS UP the ring box.

She watches as Vivienne begins to open the ring box-

ELIZABETH

HEY!

Vivienne, startled, DROPS THE BOX. But it remains CLOSED.

She smiles sheepishly, as Elizabeth approaches.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIENNE

You scared the bejesus out of me.

Elizabeth picks up the box, shoving it back in her purse.

ELIZABETH

What were you doing?

Vivienne masks her embarrassment with an indignant tone-

VIVIENNE

I thought it might be a present
from your *new boyfriend*.

Elizabeth sits, playing coy. Vivienne waits for an answer-

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Well... is it?

Elizabeth just smiles, reveling in the power she currently has over Vivienne.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - EVENING

Elizabeth walks down a city sidewalk by herself, a newfound pep in her step. The area is urban, but nondescript. This could be any small city in America.

She passes BARS and RESTAURANTS and PEOPLE HAVING A GOOD TIME, zeroing in on a **COUPLE** snuggling on a bench.

A sadness washes over her.

Then she pauses, spotting a place of interest-

A TATTOO PARLOR. The NEON SIGN out front reads '**RATATATT.**'

INT. RATATATT - EVENING

Elizabeth enters the small, dark parlor. It's empty. The walls are lined with sample tattoos of DRAGONS and CHINESE SYMBOLS and NAKED WOMEN - not exactly high brow.

She wanders through, scanning the mediocre possibilities. And then she sees it-

THE MOOSE.

INSERT FLASH: THE WOMAN IN THE CUBE TRUCK - THE VERY SAME MOOSE TATTOO ON HER BARE CALF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth stares at it, excited. Her first real connection to the mystery woman - besides the Toe of course.

She reaches out, touching the image, almost communing.

MAN (V.O.)

You're here.

Elizabeth turns to find a man standing in the doorway of a back room. He's slight, with tattoos that peak out from the collar of his tight jean jacket. This is **BUTCH** (50s).

ELIZABETH

Sorry?

Butch walks over and points to the moose.

BUTCH

You're the one who wants the moose.

Elizabeth remains speechless, either not sure what he means or sure he knows too much.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

My ex. He told me no one would want it. But I told him, I insisted, some day, someone would walk in here, see that moose and know...

ELIZABETH

Know what?

He faces her, beaming, a little forward.

BUTCH

It speaks to you.

ELIZABETH

Actually... I know someone with the same tattoo. That's why I was looking at it.

Butch's face falls.

BUTCH

Oh.

(then)

You mean the *exact same*?

Elizabeth looks at the image one more time, then nods.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

Crap.

ELIZABETH

I do like it though. It's
different.

BUTCH

Sonofabitch sold the moose and he
didn't even tell me.

Butch takes another second to stew, then shrugs-

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Well, he's dead now. Whataya gonna
do?

(then)

It's \$150 for the whole shebang.

ELIZABETH

Oh... I'm not sure if-

BUTCH

Don't want the same tattoo as your
friend?

ELIZABETH

She's not really a friend. I
actually don't even know her name-

Butch raises an eyebrow-

BUTCH

Pining from afar?

ELIZABETH

No, nothing like that.

(then)

There's no way you could find out
the name of the person who got the
tattoo, is there?

BUTCH

Not unless you believe in ghosts,
sweetie pie.

Elizabeth gives a half smile, defeated.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

ROWS OF NAIL POLISH BOTTLES, GLOSSY AND GLEAMING, lined up
on store shelves, backlit lit in BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth stands before them, overwhelmed, searching through shades of blues and greens and pinks, zeroing in on-

THE PURPLES.

She takes a closer look, her face illuminated by the fluorescent light of the display. And after a moment, she reaches up, grabbing at several different shades, searching for just the right one.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth holds the TOE in one hand and a PURPLE NAIL POLISH BOTTLE in the other - COMPARING THE COLOR ON THE TOE TO THE COLOR IN THE BOTTLE.

She shakes her head, it isn't right.

She digs through a PILE of purple shades, pulling another bottle out and holding it up.

She smiles - IT'S A MATCH.

She shakes up the bottle and opens it, shifting her foot up onto the couch. She looks down at her PLAIN TOENAILS.

CLOSE ON: The PAINT BRUSH as it emerges from the bottle, saturated with a THICK GLOB of EGGPLANT PURPLE POLISH.

Elizabeth applies the polish carefully to her BIG TOE - first down the center of the nail, then on either side, filling the once ordinary surface with a pop of DEEP, BRILLIANT COLOR.

She sits up, admiring her work. Then something outside the window catches her eye-

It's a **YOUNG MAN** - he's at the bus station this time, lit in the dim light of the street lamp.

She watches him, curious. Then-

THE SAME TRUCK that picked up the young woman a few nights before pulls up.

The young man gets in. And the truck speeds off.

Elizabeth watches it drive away, almost envious. She looks back down at her toe, determination in her eye. Off the PURPLE NAIL-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON: Elizabeth's TOES - all painted PURPLE, sticking out of her open-toed WEDGE SANDALS.

She stands at the front of the crowd in the elevator, grinning with a confidence we've never seen before.

A woman in an BROWN SUIT looks down at Elizabeth's shoes, her eyebrows raised.

DING. The elevator doors open and Elizabeth struts out into the office.

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She parades through the cubicles, eyes forward, as person after person throws a glance in her direction.

Elizabeth revels in it. And as she arrives at her desk-

CAROL (O.S.)
What are those?

Elizabeth looks up to find Carol, her head popped out of her cubicle. She looks down at Elizabeth's shoes, uneasy.

ELIZABETH
They're new.

CAROL
They're open-toed.

ELIZABETH
Yeah?

CAROL
You know those aren't allowed.

Elizabeth shrugs, cavalier.

ELIZABETH
People should be allowed to wear
what they want.

She goes about her business, pretending to ignore Carol.

Carol studies Elizabeth - there's something different about her. But before she can say anything more-

Elizabeth's phone rings and she answers-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hello?
(then)
Of course.

Elizabeth remains in her chair, a worried look on her face.

CAROL

Everything okay?

She turns and smiles at Carol.

ELIZABETH

Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: WALTER - he's nervous, a little sweaty. His gaze awkwardly shifts up and down for a few quick beats.

He's looking at Elizabeth's toes - brazenly out in the open for all to see.

They stand facing each other in front of Walter's desk. Elizabeth waits for him to speak, slightly anxious herself.

WALTER

So... I wanted to give you these.

He hands her an envelope. She opens it, as he continues-

WALTER (CONT'D)

Round trip fare on the company.

She looks at him, confused.

WALTER (CONT'D)

For the seminar. In St. Louis.

He looks down at her feet again.

ELIZABETH

Oh, right...

She scans the tickets, less than enthused. Walter clocks her hesitation.

WALTER

Those dates are still good for you?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

You know... I'm not sure.

WALTER

If there's a conflict, we have a
remote link up option-

Elizabeth holds out the tickets to Walter.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry, Walter. I appreciate
everything you've done, but I just
don't think this is the right move
for me at this point in my life.

Walter takes the tickets, a look on his face like someone
just kicked his dog.

WALTER

Oh... well that's...

ELIZABETH

I just have a lot going on.

WALTER

Sure. Sure.

(then)

Hey, I appreciate the honesty.

ELIZABETH

Thanks, Walter.

Elizabeth turns and walks to the door, her head held high. A
dejected Walter looks back down at her forbidden shoes one
last time as she exits.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Elizabeth RUSHES through the front door, tossing her lunch
bag on the kitchen counter in a familiar scene. It's PIZZA
NIGHT AGAIN AND SHE'S NOT GONNA FUCK IT UP THIS TIME.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Elizabeth, donning a RED DRESS, unwraps a BRAND NEW
LIPSTICK. She applies it with caution, staining her lips to
match her dress.

She smacks them together, then smiles to check her teeth.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

CLOSE ON: A FLAME as it emerges from the tip of a long-stemmed lighter.

Elizabeth lights a candle on the table, setting the mood.

Then she pulls something from her pocket - **THE RING BOX.**

She sets it on the table next to the candle - **DANGEROUSLY OUT IN THE OPEN.** Then-

KNOCK. KNOCK.

She takes a deep breath, smooths out her dress and heads for the door, opening it to find-

GREG - standing there, pizza in hand.

GREG
Happy Monday!

ELIZABETH
Hey, you.

She smiles with all the self-confidence she can muster.

GREG
Did you cut your hair or something?

She lies-

ELIZABETH
I did. Yesterday.

GREG
Looks nice.

ELIZABETH
Thanks.

An awkward beat as Elizabeth soaks up the compliment. Then, realizing he's waiting for the money, she pulls out her wallet and pretends to count out the cash inside-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Busy night?

GREG
Pretty busy.

ELIZABETH
You must be tired.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
Can't complain.

ELIZABETH
How 'bout a beer?

Greg hesitates - the invitation is a little weird.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I never finish this thing by myself
anyway. Pizza and beer?
(to seal the deal)
Something to break up the evening?

He thinks for a moment, then shrugs.

GREG
Why not?

ELIZABETH
Great!

She leads him to the kitchen table, then grabs two BEERS
from the fridge. She hands one to Greg.

GREG
Thanks.

ELIZABETH
Of course.

She sits down, opening up the pizza box. They each take a
slice.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
So what do you like to do when you
aren't delivering pizza to the
masses?

GREG
I go to school part time.

ELIZABETH
What are you studying?

GREG
Hotel management.

ELIZABETH
That's great!

GREG

I worked at one all through high school. It wasn't bad.

ELIZABETH

That sounds like a lot of fun!

GREG

Yeah, we'll see what happens.

Another long sip. Elizabeth looks down at the RING BOX.

GREG (CONT'D)

What about you?

She looks up-

ELIZABETH

Me?

GREG

What do you do?

ELIZABETH

Nothing all that interesting.

She reaches out, almost subconsciously, and begins to fiddle with the RING BOX.

GREG

No?

ELIZABETH

Just, ya know, the office 9 to 5 thing.

GREG

Sounds good to me. I hate working weekends.

ELIZABETH

I'm actually thinking about a career change myself.

She grips the top of the box with her palm.

GREG

What do you wanna do?

She takes her thumb, pressing it into the crease between the top and the bottom of the box, CRACKING IT OPEN EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
I'm not really sure yet.
(then)
Anything would be better.

GREG
What did you want to do when you
were a kid?

She thinks about it, getting lost in a memory, as she OPENS
THE BOX A LITTLE MORE.

ELIZABETH
I wanted to be a pilot.

GREG
Pilot's cool. You must travel a
lot.

ELIZABETH
No, not really.

Elizabeth goes quiet, a surprise melancholy setting in. Greg
shifts uncomfortably, starts to chug his beer.

Then Elizabeth looks down at the ring box-

IT'S OPEN - COMPLETELY.

THE TOE STARES UP AT HER, EXPOSED.

Elizabeth, startled, SNAPS THE BOX SHUT, then immediately
looks up at Greg - HE DIDN'T SEE IT.

Relieved, she pulls the box off the table and drops it into
her pocket, as Greg FINISHES HIS BEER.

GREG
I better get going.

ELIZABETH
You sure?

GREG
Yeah. Thanks though.

They both stand. Elizabeth follows Greg to the door.

ELIZABETH
Until next week then.

GREG
Thanks for the beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Elizabeth nods awkwardly, as Greg exits. She closes the door, leaning her back against it, mad at herself.

ELIZABETH

Shit.

After a moment, she grabs her purse and leaves.

INT. RATATATT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: THE MOOSE TATTOO.

REVEAL: Elizabeth has returned to the parlor, determined.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Back again?

Elizabeth turns to see Butch in the door once again.

ELIZABETH

I want the moose.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - NEXT DAY

DING. The elevator doors open, revealing-

THE MOOSE TATTOO - it covers Elizabeth's entire LEFT CALF.

PAN UP from Elizabeth's OPEN-TOED SHOES, past her BARE LEGS, PENCIL SKIRT and LOW-CUT BLOUSE, up to her face - punctuated with a CONFIDENT GRIN, daring everyone to take a look.

She struts through the cubicles, as a FEW CO-WORKERS do in fact TAKE NOTICE.

Carol and Vivienne, both at Carol's desk, watch in SILENT BEFUDDLEMENT as Elizabeth approaches. She takes her seat and goes about her business, fully aware she's being ogled.

VIVIENNE

What the hell is that?

Vivienne and Carol, both horrified, stare at Elizabeth's leg.

CAROL

You got a tattoo.

Elizabeth looks down, accentuating her calf.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (CONT'D)
Did you get that last night?

ELIZABETH
Yeah. Frank likes to ink after we
fuck. Gets him in the mood.

Vivienne and Carol's mouths drop.

VIVIENNE
Lizzy!

ELIZABETH
You know I actually prefer
Elizabeth. It would be great if you
started calling me that.

And with that, Elizabeth grabs her lunch bag and heads
toward the kitchen, leaving behind her bewildered friends.

But before Elizabeth reaches the kitchen-

WALTER (O.S.)
Hey, Liz?

She freezes, then turns to find a very NERVOUS Walter behind
her. His eyes can't help but look down at her legs. A few
others watch the interaction, including Vivienne and Carol.

ELIZABETH
Hi, Walter.

WALTER
Would you mind speaking in my
office please?

Off Elizabeth's slightly less-confident nod-

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth and Walter sit across from each other on either
side of Walter's desk. It's painfully quiet. Then-

WALTER
I don't want you to think you're in
trouble. I've just... I've noticed
some differences lately. This is
just me checking in. Seeing how you
are.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

I'm fine. Great, actually.

WALTER

Good! That's good. I just... I know you know we have certain dress codes here.

ELIZABETH

I know.

WALTER

If it were up to me, I'd come to work in sweats and a t-shirt. But unfortunately it's not up to me.

ELIZABETH

I understand. I guess I was just tired of the same old stuff.

WALTER

I hear ya. I hear ya.

He chuckles nervously.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But from now on, if you could just...

ELIZABETH

Of course.

WALTER

Excellent. Excellent.

Walter sits back in his chair, relieved.

WALTER (CONT'D)

It's a cool tattoo though. I wish I had the stones to get one... pardon my French. Did it hurt?

ELIZABETH

It hurt a lot.

She delights in the memory of the pain, making Walter increasingly uncomfortable. So he continues to ramble-

WALTER

What does it mean? That moose? Second one of those I've seen.

Elizabeth perks-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Really?

He nods-

WALTER

A friend of mine has one.

(then)

Matter of fact, I think yours is
darn near the same as hers.

ELIZABETH

Her?

WALTER

Young woman lives next-door to me.
Least I think she still does.
Haven't seen her in a spell.

Off Elizabeth, ENERGIZED WITH NEW PURPOSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits in her parked car across the street from a house - a darkened RAISED RANCH. The lawn is overgrown. The paint is chipping. It looks haunted.

After a moment, Elizabeth exits the car, crosses the road and cautiously treads up the driveway.

She reaches the GARAGE DOOR and peaks through the DIRTY WINDOW PANES that stretch across. IT'S EMPTY. NO CAR.

She moves to the front door, staring at it - SCARED, EXCITED, CONFLICTED. Then she pulls out the RING BOX from her pocket.

She plays with it nervously for a moment, then opens it up, revealing-

THE TOE. She picks it up with her BARE HAND and holds it up.

She stands there, as if the proximity of the TOE to its OWNER will produce some sort of cosmic reaction. Then-

BARK! BARK! BARK!

Elizabeth JUMPS, DROPPING THE TOE, as a surprise DOG WALKER and his HYPERACTIVE HOUND pass by on the street.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

SHIT!

The walker pulls at the dog's leash, dragging the over-eager mutt away. He waves to Elizabeth as he passes-

DOG WALKER

Sorry!

But she doesn't respond. She drops to her knees and begins to frantically search the ground for the fallen TOE.

ELIZABETH

No... No... No...

She feels around in the dirt of an unkempt FLOWER BED, CLOSE TO TEARS.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Please... Please...

Then she sighs with RELIEF, finding the toe half-covered in the soil next to-

A MOOSE. Or rather a TACKY PLASTIC MOOSE, dressed in GARDEN GNOME attire.

Elizabeth quickly dusts off the Toe and places it back in its protective box, shoving it into her pocket.

Then she studies the Moose. There's a barely visible CREASE across the BELT of its GREEN COAT, indicating that it can be PULLED APART.

She grips it by the head and feet, and TWISTS, separating the bottom from the top. As she does, something DROPS OUT-

A KEY.

She picks it up, realizing what it's for.

INT. THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

OVER BLACK: THE CLICK OF A LOCK. Then-

A beam of DIM LIGHT from a street lamp outside, as Elizabeth cracks open the door.

ELIZABETH

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As expected, no one answers. So she enters, closing the door behind her.

She moves through the darkened space. The walls are covered in wood panelling. The furniture is old fashioned and worn - hand-me-downs no doubt. Clothes are strewn wildly about.

The ARTWORK on the wall clashes with the otherwise dated decor. GRIM, HYPNOTIC IMAGES bursting with **VIOLENCE**, **SEX** and **FLESH** (think Zdzislaw Beksinski, Francis Bacon).

Elizabeth studies them, moving from one to the next as if she were a patron in a museum.

Then she spots a SHAWL hanging from a rocking chair. She picks it up. It's SHEER and SOFT and EMBROIDERED with MULTICOLORED BEADS. It's EXOTIC and BOHEMIAN - something Elizabeth would never normally wear herself...

But she WRAPS IT AROUND HER SHOULDERS anyway, trying it on for size, as she wanders into-

INT. THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She flips the switch on the wall, ILLUMINATING THE ROOM.

SHE FREEZES, startled by something-

Written in PERMANENT BLACK MARKER over the BED are the words:

SAY IT - MY LIFE IS SHIT

It looks ABSOLUTELY DERANGED. But Elizabeth doesn't flee. Her mouth curls into an involuntary smile - she's EXHILARATED.

Her gaze wanders to the DRESSER, adorned with odd knickknacks and souvenirs from a much more exciting life than her own.

She finds a STACK OF MAIL and begins to flip through. They're all addressed to one name-

KEESIAH VERMONT - the name of the woman the toe belongs to.

Elizabeth stops on a BLACK ENVELOPE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's been opened already. She pulls out the paper inside. It has BUS STOP INFORMATION scribbled down on it - NOTHING ELSE.

Elizabeth studies it for a moment, working something out in her head. And then it CLICKS-

SHE KNOWS THIS STOP... VERY WELL.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits in her car again, but this time she's outside her own apartment, staring at-

THE BUS STOP ACROSS THE STREET - the very same she's been watching strangers disappear from night after night.

And tonight another stranger, an **ANXIOUS WOMAN**, paces nervously under the fluorescent glow of the street lamp.

After a moment, Elizabeth gets out and crosses the street.

The woman spots her, watching her with great suspicion, as she stands silently next to her.

Elizabeth, on edge herself, avoids eye contact. The woman continues to stare at her.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

They're taking you too?

Elizabeth turns, confused.

ELIZABETH

What?

The woman doesn't clarify. She just groans with frustration and continues to pace. And after a few more seconds-

ANXIOUS WOMAN

Fuck it.

She hurries away, off into the darkness, leaving Elizabeth bewildered and ALONE.

ALONE for what feels like forever.

But then-

LIGHTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth turns, squinting in the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS of a TRUCK that appears seemingly out of nowhere.

THE SAME TRUCK SHE'S SEEN HERE BEFORE. It's a lot BIGGER and SCARIER up close.

It SCREECHES TO A HALT in front of her. The passenger door SWINGS OPEN, revealing-

THE DRIVER - a MAN with a FLESH-COLORED STOCKING OVER HIS HEAD. He speaks in a low, gravelly voice-

THE DRIVER

Say it.

Elizabeth remains frozen. She has no fucking idea what's going on right now. The Driver SCREAMS-

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)

SAY IT!!

Elizabeth finds her voice-

ELIZABETH

My life is shit...

THE DRIVER

SPEAK UP!

ELIZABETH

MY LIFE IS SHIT!

THE DRIVER

Get in.

Elizabeth hesitates - is she REALLY going to do this?

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)

NOW.

Yes. She is.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Elizabeth and the Driver ride in silence down a long stretch of abandoned back road.

Elizabeth, scared out of her mind, looks around, taking in her surroundings as best she can.

ELIZABETH

Where are you taking me?

(CONTINUED)

THE TOE
CONTINUED:

By Mallory Westfall

40.

No answer.

They EMERGE from the back road, headed toward some sort of COMPLEX in the distance - LOTS and ABANDONED WAREHOUSES.

Elizabeth starts to panic, eyeing the door locks. But then-

THE DRIVER
You've made a terrible mistake.

The Driver SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, JOLTING Elizabeth forward. And before she can collect herself-

The Driver FORCES A HOOD OVER HER HEAD.

We STAY IN ELIZABETH'S POV. It's PITCH BLACK.

OVER BLACK - We hear her labored, smothered breathing.

Then a CAR DOOR SLAMS.

A moment of SILENCE. Then-

The passenger door OPENS. Elizabeth WHIMPERS, as we hear rustling, movement - she's being removed from the car.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

BOOTS shuffle on the ground. THE DRIVER IS WALKING HER SOMEWHERE. And after a moment-

A METAL CLANK, another door OPENS.

A DISTANT, BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

ELIZABETH
Shit.... shit...

It's REALLY FUCKING SCARY.

THEN-

INT. THE BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE HOOD COMES OFF.

LIGHT FILLS THE FRAME. Then it DIMS and COMPRESSES to form-

A SINGLE LIGHT BULB, hanging down from the ceiling. The room is LARGE, but BARE. The walls and floor are painted BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth sits on a CHAIR in the middle of the room, her hands and feet BOUND BY ZIP TIES.

Her eyes dart erratically, trying to process the space. Then-
CREEAAK.

She turns to the corner of the room, toward the sound.

There's a SHAPE there that wasn't there before. It STANDS for a moment, frozen, WATCHING HER.

Elizabeth's racing heartbeat PULSES in her ear.

The SHAPE starts to move, inch by inch, toward Elizabeth.

IT'S A **WOMAN** - She's covered in DIRT. Her makeup is smeared and stains her cheeks. Her BLONDE HAIR is thick with GRIME.

She approaches Elizabeth with an intense look of CURIOSITY.

ELIZABETH
What's happening?

The woman doesn't answer, as she begins to circle Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Elizabeth tries to pull away, testing her zip ties, but she's sealed in tight. The woman kneels down, suddenly FACE TO FACE with Elizabeth.

WOMAN
I can help you.

Elizabeth flinches, as the woman begins to stroke her cheek.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Trust me.

SNAP! Elizabeth looks down to find-

The woman has CUT OFF the zip tie around her wrists with a pair of **RUSTY SCISSORS**.

The woman then bends down and does the same to the zip tie around Elizabeth's ankles.

Elizabeth rubs at her wrists in shock.

CONTINUED: (2)

Then the woman backs away and, standing in front of Elizabeth, REMOVES HER FILTHY WHITE T-SHIRT, exposing her bare breasts underneath.

Elizabeth watches, DISTURBED.

She FLINCHES as the woman tosses the shirt into her lap.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now you.

ELIZABETH

What?

WOMAN

Take off your shirt.

Elizabeth stands abruptly.

The woman begins to SCREAM and WAIL.

Elizabeth freezes, watching the woman throw a tantrum.

She cries hysterically and rubs the OPEN BLADE of the RUSTY SCISSORS up and down her cheek. It's INSANE.

ELIZABETH

Stop!

And she does - on cue.

WOMAN

Take. Off. Your. Shirt.

The woman places the SHARP TIP OF THE SCISSOR BLADE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO HER EYE.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

There's no telling what will happen.

ELIZABETH

Okay! Okay! Please... please stop.

Elizabeth, close to tears, removes her shirt. She crosses her arm over her bra, VULNERABLE and EXPOSED.

WOMAN

Now give it to me.

She tosses her shirt to the woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Then she watches as the woman PUTS ON HER SHIRT, smiling an acidic grin through her tear-soaked cheeks.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Put mine on.

Elizabeth reaches down to the ground, picks up the woman's shirt, and puts it on.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How does it feel?

She thinks, drawn more and more into this crazy nightmare.

ELIZABETH

Strange...

Then a SLAM! - It's coming from the other side of the wall. The woman turns to Elizabeth, terrified-

WOMAN

It's coming!

ELIZABETH

Wha...

WOMAN

I'm not supposed to be in here!

A DOOR IN THE CORNER BURSTS OPEN.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

NO!

And something enters through it-

It's a **NAKED MAN**, with something PROTRUDING from his face. But it's hard to make out what it is in the darkness.

The woman goes to Elizabeth, grabbing her shoulder. They're both PETRIFIED.

The Naked Man moves forward into view. The protrusion on his face is a **BEAK** of some kind - BONY and FLESH-COLORED. It blends right into his skin.

And his eyes are completely BLACK - cold and animalistic. He holds something in his hand - IT LOOKS LIKE AN **ICE PICK**.

Elizabeth trembles, as the woman whispers into her ear-

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Trust me?

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth, never removing her gaze from Beak Man-

ELIZABETH

Yes.

WOMAN

RUN!

The woman PUSHES Elizabeth toward the other side of the room, to a HIDDEN DOOR in the corner. The Beak Man CHARGES after, exploding with speed, SCREECHING at them.

Elizabeth reaches the DOOR, opens it. Then a SCREAM-

She turns just as the Beak Man YANKS the woman back. He WHIPS her to the ground, PINNING HER.

Elizabeth hesitates. She doesn't run out the door, but she doesn't rush to the woman's aid either. She's paralyzed.

And then the Beak Man raises his ICE PICK over the woman's head.

And **SWINGS DOWN HARD.**

ELIZABETH

NO!

Elizabeth turns away, unable to watch. She CLINGS to the DOOR, her eyes shut tight.

Off screen, we hear SICKENING SOUNDS - CRACKING and SLURPING.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WOMAN IS BEING DEVOURED.

But Elizabeth still doesn't look. Until-

COLD STEEL TOUCHES HER CHEEK.

She JUMPS, opening her eyes to find the BEAK MAN INCHES AWAY FROM HER. He holds the BLOODY ICE PICK against her FACE, dragging it down her cheek, leaving a **STREAK OF BLOOD** - presumably the woman's.

She STARES INTO HIS BLACK EYES for a moment. Then-

HE JERKS THE ICE PICK UP, AS IF TO STAB ELIZABETH TOO. But she doesn't give him the chance.

SHE RUNS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHE RUNS LIKE HELL THROUGH THE DOOR, leaving the Beak Man behind.

INT. CHAIN LINK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She sprints down the hallway, which is troublingly lined with **CHAIN LINK FENCE** on both sides.

And it seems never-ending, going on and on into darkness. But anything is better than what she just left behind.

Or so she thinks...

And then she TRIPS over her own feet, SLAMMING INTO THE CHAIN LINK-

ZZZZTTT!

Elizabeth SCREAMS, pulling sharply away-

BECAUSE THE FENCE IS ELECTRIFIED.

She looks up and down the hallway, TAKING IN THE NEW DANGER.

But then a NOISE FROM BEHIND - **A SCREECH.**

Elizabeth turns to see a silhouette not too far behind her - **IT'S THE BEAK MAN.**

Elizabeth immediately starts to run again, trying her hardest not to scrape against the chain link.

But the farther she goes, the closer she finds herself to the fence-

THE HALLWAY IS GETTING NARROWER.

Elizabeth looks back as she runs - the BEAK MAN is CLOSING IN. Then-

ZZZZTTT!

Another ZAP as Elizabeth brushes her arm against the fence.

ELIZABETH
SHIT!

She pushes through the pain, as the SNORTING NOISES of the BEAK MAN grow louder and louder.

Then SOME HOPE-

(CONTINUED)

She sees a **DOOR** at the end of the hallway - SALVATION.

She PICKS UP THE PACE.

Another **ZAP!**

SHE SCREAMS IN PAIN, but keeps moving as the door at the end of the hall SEEMINGLY OPENS ON ITS OWN.

SHE RUNS FURIOUSLY-

-as the BREATH OF THE BEAK MAN WARMS THE BACK OF HER NECK.

-as the HALLWAY grows IMPOSSIBLY NARROW.

SHE'S ZAPPED ONCE... TWICE...

THE FENCE BECOMES ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID.

Then she BRACES HERSELF, seeing that the FENCE ENDS IN A CURL ON BOTH SIDES AT THE DOORWAY - **AND THERE'S NO WAY SHE'S NOT GOING TO HIT ON BOTH SIDES.**

She CLOSES HER EYES AND SCREAMS, CHARGING AT THE DOOR. THEN-

ZZZZZZZZTT... BOTH OF HER ARMS HIT THE FENCE AS SHE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR-

INT. THE DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

AND COLLAPSES onto the ground.

The DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HER - LOCKING OUT THE BEAK MAN.

She lies still on the ground for a moment. Then-

MAN (O.S.)
I love crispies.

Elizabeth looks up just as a **GIANT MAN** in a dirty **VOMIT STAINED** t-shirt GRABS HER BY THE ARMS, PULLING HER UP.

She SCREAMS and STRUGGLES, but the **VOMIT SHIRT** MAN easily overpowers her.

VOMIT SHIRT
Don't do that, Karen.

He FORCES her down onto a METAL TABLE in the center of the room. As she continues to struggle, she catches glimpses of her surroundings - CINDER BLOCK WALLS. CHAINS AND HOOKS hanging from the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

IT LOOKS LIKE A TORTURE CHAMBER.

HE TIES DOWN HER HANDS AND FEET, AS SHE CONTINUES TO SCREAM.

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
Quiet down, Karen. I just want to
talk... for the first minute
anyway.

ELIZABETH
HELP ME! PLEASE! SOMEBODY!

He SLAMS HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH.

VOMIT SHIRT
I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP, KAREN!

Tears stream down Elizabeth's cheeks.

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
That's better.
(then)
Will you please talk to me, Karen?

Elizabeth's eyes widen in fear, confusion.

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
What is it, Karen?

He slowly removes his hand.

ELIZABETH
Th-that's...

She can barely speak, she's so petrified.

VOMIT SHIRT
Spit it out!

ELIZABETH
Th-that's not my name.

VOMIT SHIRT
Are you ashamed of who you are? You
should be.

ELIZABETH
N-no...

VOMIT SHIRT
You're a disgusting little pig.
Aren't you, Karen?

CONTINUED: (2)

The Vomit Shirt man walks over to the wall, grabbing a MEAT HOOK off of a chain.

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
Even disgusting little pigs taste
good when they're cooked right.

ELIZABETH
Please... don't-

VOMIT SHIRT
Don't what, Karen?

ELIZABETH
(whispers)
I'm not Karen...

VOMIT SHIRT
What?

ELIZABETH
(louder)
I'm not Karen!

He walks back toward her, MEAT HOOK in hand. And Elizabeth starts to lose it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm not Karen! I'm not Karen! I'm
not Karen!

He RAISES THE HOOK OVER HER TORSO. ELIZABETH BEGINS TO SCREAM-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'M NOT KAREN! I'M NOT KAREN!

VOMIT SHIRT
Then who the fuck are you?

ELIZABETH
ELIZABETH! MY NAME IS ELIZABETH!
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T!

Vomit Shirt pauses, a look of WORRY WASHING OVER HIM.

VOMIT SHIRT
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
Yes, please. There's a mistake. I'm
not Karen. I'm not...

(CONTINUED)

Vomit Shirt looks her up and down, as he lowers the hook.

VOMIT SHIRT
Inferno?

She looks up at him, CONFUSED. He repeats himself-

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
Inferno?

His voice sounds different this time - MORE NORMAL.
Elizabeth just stares at him, BEWILDERED.

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
Your name isn't Karen?

ELIZABETH
No.

VOMIT SHIRT
Serious?

Elizabeth nods. Vomit Shirt strangely deflates-

VOMIT SHIRT (CONT'D)
Fuck.
(then)
Hang on a sec.

And with that, Vomit Shirt exits from the dungeon through a door in the cinder blocks, leaving Elizabeth strapped to the table.

MORE SCARED AND CONFUSED THAN EVER, Elizabeth just lays there in unbearable silence.

IT FEELS LIKE FOREVER. Then-

BIG INDUSTRIAL LIGHTS FLIP ON, ILLUMINATING THE SPACE-

WHICH IS ACTUALLY A GIANT WAREHOUSE. It looks almost like a MOVIE SET.

The door swings back open, as TWO WELL DRESSED, ANXIOUS HIPSTER MEN - **BRANDON** (30) and **CRAIG** (30) - enter, followed by a SHEEPISH LOOKING VOMIT SHIRT.

Elizabeth takes a closer look at Vomit Shirt, noticing a THICK LAYER OF MAKEUP on his face.

The hipster men surround her on either side and begin to untie her from the table.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON
 Just one big fuck up.

 CRAIG
 We are SO sorry about this.

Craig speaks with an AUSTRALIAN ACCENT. They help a very traumatized Elizabeth sit up.

 BRANDON
 Won't you please join us in our
 office?

Off Elizabeth - COMPLETELY MIND-FUCKED.

INT. BRANDON AND CRAIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits wrapped in a blanket on an upscale leather armchair, still in shock. Brandon sits across from her at a very expensive desk, frantically going through paperwork, while Craig pours hot water into a cup at a coffee bar.

He walks over to Elizabeth with the steaming mug.

 CRAIG
 Oolong?

Elizabeth absentmindedly takes it from him, staring at a picture on the desk. It's Brandon, Craig and THE BEAK MAN. They're all smiling, arms around each other's shoulders. IT'S BIZARRE.

Craig leans against the desk, a concerned look on his face as he watches her drink.

 CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Poor thing.

He looks back to Brandon, who still flips through a pile of papers. Craig clears his throat, trying to get his colleague's attention. Brandon looks up.

 BRANDON
 (to Elizabeth)
 You must be wondering exactly what
 the fuck just happened.

Brandon laughs nervously. A much smoother Craig interjects-

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

My dear, what you've just been through, as real as it seemed - it's designed that way - uh... *wasn't actually real.*

ELIZABETH

What...

BRANDON

It's called Xploit. It's an extreme interactive experience designed to push people to their limits. Psychologically... physically...

CRAIG

But it's all simulation. People pay to go through-

ELIZABETH

I was electrocuted-

BRANDON

Mild electric shock. There's no long-term effect.

Elizabeth stares at Brandon, trying to process.

CRAIG

The participants usually are aware of what's about to happen. It's all in the waiver...

He nods to Brandon, who pushes a piece of paper forward.

BRANDON

You didn't sign anything like this, did you?

ELIZABETH

No.

Brandon and Craig lock eyes - 'SHIT.'

CRAIG

How exactly did you manage to end up in here?

Elizabeth remains silent, unsure of where to start. Then-

ELIZABETH

Keesiah Vermont.

Both Brandon and Craig's faces drop at the sound of the name. They're clearly BOTH FAMILIAR WITH IT, and that doesn't seem like a good thing.

 BRANDON
Friend of yours?

 ELIZABETH
Yes.
 (then)
She told me what to say at the bus stop.

 BRANDON
So you knew what you were getting into?

 CRAIG
She probably didn't tell her.

 BRANDON
Well what happened to Karen? The real Karen?

 ELIZABETH
I scared her off I think. Wasn't that hard.

Brandon pinches the bridge of his nose, distressed.

 CRAIG
 (to Elizabeth)
How is Keesiah doing?

 ELIZABETH
Fine.

 BRANDON
 (sarcastic)
Back on her feet?

Craig eyes Brandon-

 CRAIG
Come on, man. Be a fucking grown up will you?

Elizabeth takes this in. AND THEN IT SUDDENLY CLICKS -
EVERYTHING SHE SAW ON THE ROAD THAT DAY THE TOE HIT HER WINDSHIELD-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELIZABETH

It was fake. Everything... the truck... the people... that was all you. But what about the toe?

BRANDON

If she's gonna sue, just tell her to do it already. I'm sick of her fucking bullshit-

CRAIG

ENOUGH!

(to Elizabeth)

It was an unfortunate accident. A freak thing. We've offered compensation, but you know Keesiah...

Elizabeth nods, lying.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Look, we're just two artists trying to put on a little show. Maybe change a few lives in the process. It's never our intention to harm anybody past what they can handle. But in order to ensure that, there's a protocol. There are rules to go over, forms to fill out.

Brandon looks up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I really wish Keesiah would have encouraged you to go through the right way. Might have been a real enlightening experience for you.

He nods to the waiver on the desk.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Now if you wouldn't mind just signing this waiver, like you would have anyway, we'll have you on your way.

Elizabeth looks down at the paper, then up to Brandon. He practically salivates as he offers her a pen.

And after a TENSE BEAT, she takes it, signing on the dotted line. Brandon and Craig both breathe sighs of relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Brandon files the waiver away, as Craig helps Elizabeth to her feet. He hands her a CARD.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
If you ever are at all interested
in trying us out again, that'll get
you a free experience.

ELIZABETH
Okay...

CRAIG
Whenever you want. It's on us.

Off Elizabeth, EXHAUSTED, but slightly INTRIGUED.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth, hair damp from the shower, sits in her bathrobe at the kitchen table.

Her mind races, as she fiddles with the RING BOX in her hand.

After a moment, she returns to the present, opening up the box to get a look at her beloved TOE.

She examines it - it means something DIFFERENT to her now.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - NEXT DAY

Elizabeth sits at her desk, mindlessly typing, as her eyes wander around the office.

She watches her CO-WORKERS exchange boring small talk and meaningless piles of paperwork.

And none of them have any idea.

CAROL (O.S.)
Hi Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, startled, looks over at Carol. She seems a little burned still from yesterday, but she's trying to make nice.

CAROL (CONT'D)
How was your night?

She offers a weak smile, as Vivienne approaches.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Same old...

 VIVIENNE
Hi, girls.

She eyes Elizabeth coldly - she's not ready to make nice.

 VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Elizabeth...

Elizabeth nods back. Carol, uncomfortable, tries to lighten the mood-

 CAROL
How'd it go, Viv?

 VIVIENNE
He took me to Giancarlo's.

 CAROL
I've been begging Tom to take me there for months...

The conversation quickly fades into the background, as Elizabeth looks away, disinterested.

She notices VIVIENNE'S SHOES. Not to be outdone, she now sports a pair of OPEN-TOED WEDGES.

Elizabeth glares at Vivienne, disgusted. But Vivienne doesn't notice. Neither does Carol.

So she grabs her purse from her desk and pulls out a CARD - THE FREE EXPERIENCE Craig gave her the night before.

And she DECIDES SOMETHING FOR HERSELF.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

UNKNOWN DRIVER POV - The truck speeds down a SUBURBAN STREET and pulls up to a BUS STOP lit under a lone street lamp.

He opens the PASSENGER DOOR revealing-

ELIZABETH THERE WAITING FOR HIM.

 DRIVER
Say it.

And with more confidence she replies:

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
My life is shit.

CUT TO:

INT. XPLOIT - THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

A HOOD is ripped off of Elizabeth's head.

She sits, tied to the same chair in the same room as before.

Then someone enters the room - the WOMAN.

But as she approaches, Elizabeth realizes - this is a
DIFFERENT WOMAN than the night before. But she looks just as
FUCKED UP.

DIFFERENT WOMAN
I can help you.

She takes off her shirt. And before she can ask, Elizabeth
takes hers off too.

The woman watches, DISMAYED.

Then she walks up to Elizabeth, staring her down.

Elizabeth grows worried - this didn't happen before.

DIFFERENT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Why did you do that?

ELIZABETH
I-

SMACK! The woman SLAPS ELIZABETH HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

DIFFERENT WOMAN
Don't be such a bore, Elizabeth!

Elizabeth takes a moment to recover from the shock. Then the
woman bends over to cut her loose.

And Elizabeth SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. XPLOIT - CHAIN LINK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth, mid-sprint, running from THE BEAK MAN. This time
she only wears her BRA.

(CONTINUED)

She SCRAPES her arm against the fence-

ZZZTTT!

She SCREAMS!

VOMIT SHIRT (V.O.) (PRELAP)
WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FROM,
ELIZABETH?

CUT TO:

INT. XPLOIT - THE DUNGEON - NIGHT

VOMIT SHIRT 2 (Same character, different actor) holds Elizabeth in his meaty grip.

ELIZABETH
I don't know.

He PUSHES HER up against the table in the middle of the room-

VOMIT SHIRT
ANSWER ME, ELIZABETH! WHAT ARE YOU
RUNNING FROM?

Elizabeth fires back-

ELIZABETH
THE BULLSHIT!

CUT TO:

INT. XPLOIT - DIRTY BATHROOM - NIGHT

SHIT-BROWN TOILET WATER.

A **THIN MAN** in CHAINS SCREAMS into Elizabeth's ear-

THIN MAN
Put your hand in!

He points to the RANCID TOILET BOWL in the center of a FOUL
LOOKING bathroom display.

Elizabeth complies, with some disgust, and FISHES OUT A KEY.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
Unlock me now, you stupid fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth inserts the key into the padlock connected to the chains, opening it up.

And as she removes his chains, the Thin Man in turn begins to wrap them around her - **BINDING HER WRISTS BEHIND HER BACK.**

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

Time to go.

He YANKS her to her feet and guides her out a door into-

EXT. XPLOIT - BACK PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A SPRAWLING PARKING LOT. A FEW TRACTOR-TRAILERS PARKED, AND-

THE CUBE TRUCK - the VERY SAME that Elizabeth saw that night she came in possession of the TOE.

The back of the truck is open. Elizabeth can hear MUFFLED MOANING COMING FROM INSIDE.

And as the Thin Man leads her toward it, she realizes - SHE'S ABOUT TO BE LOADED ONTO THE TRUCK.

SHE'S ABOUT TO TAKE THE SAME JOURNEY KEESIAH TOOK.

Her eyes widen. Her lips part. Every part of her body anticipates what is sure to be a RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

As they reach the back of the truck, Elizabeth can see inside - DOZENS OF **ACTORS**, all CHAINED and GAGGED.

THIN MAN

IN!

The Thin Man hoists Elizabeth up into the truck, into the pile of people. He bears his ROTTEN TEETH-

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

You're the prize pig now.

And SLAMS THE BACK DOOR DOWN.

DARKNESS.

INT. CUBE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

We hear the truck pull out of the PARKING LOT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth and her panicked neighbors begin to jostle up and down as the truck picks up speed.

CLOSE ON: FINGERS and TOES, ARMS and LEGS - as they GRAZE up against Elizabeth's body. She's surrounded on all sides.

She looks to the back of the truck, as the BACK DOOR starts to ROCK UP AND DOWN - letting in STROBING SLIVERS OF LIGHT from the STREET LAMPS outside.

She breathes heavily, amongst sporadic SCREAMS and SOBS. Her focus remains on the door. Then-

It SLIDES UP a little - the LATCH is still BROKEN.

She can see outside, to the road that runs beneath them.

The door SLIDES up a little more.

And she can see a **CAR** approaching from behind, slowing as it nears the back of the truck.

With great exertion, Elizabeth turns onto her side to get a better look. And as the door SLIDES UP another inch, she sees the DRIVER-

IT'S HER - ELIZABETH.

SHE SEES HERSELF driving her crappy Honda - a MIRROR IMAGE of the night this all started.

And as the STREET LIGHT continues to STROBE over Elizabeth's body, she looks down to-

THE MOOSE TATTOO - MORE VIBRANT THAN EVER.

She looks down further to-

HER TOES - ALL PAINTED PURPLE.

Then she hears COMMOTION coming from the back of the truck.

She twists her body to see a **MAN SHROUDED IN DARKNESS**, standing in the back of the truck.

All she can see are his **BOOTS.**

He BEGINS to walk toward her, CLIMBING OVER the bodies.

Frantic, Elizabeth turns back to the CAR again - LOCKING EYES WITH HERSELF in a completely BIZARRE, HALLUCINATORY MOMENT.

(CONTINUED)

SHE SMILES AT HERSELF. Then-

The BOOTS CHARGE OVER HER BODY to the BACK DOOR.

Elizabeth BRACES, INSTANTLY LOOKING DOWN TO HER FEET. And just as the **DOOR SLAMS DOWN-**

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BUS STOP - NIGHT

THE PICK-UP passenger door **SLAMS SHUT** and it drives away, revealing:

ELIZABETH STANDING AT THE BUS STOP.

She's back in her own clothes, though they've taken on a few nasty stains. Her hair is wet.

AND HER TOES ARE ALL STILL INTACT.

She looks UTTERLY EXHAUSTED. But there's an EPIPHANIC glow about her. Her LIFE HAS CHANGED, and she couldn't be more thrilled.

She looks down at something in her hand - a T-SHIRT. She UNROLLS IT, holding it out in front of her. A QUOTE ON THE FRONT OF THE SHIRT READS:

"ANY FOOL CAN HAVE BAD LUCK; THE ART
CONSISTS IN KNOWING HOW TO ~~X~~ PLOIT
IT."

She BASKS in the glory of her PRIZE for a moment longer, then STAGGERS across the street, EUPHORIC.

INT. THE OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

DING! Elizabeth walks off the elevator, wearing her new XPLOIT T-SHIRT, and heads immediately to WALTER'S OFFICE.

She KNOCKS forcefully-

WALTER (O.S.)
Come in.

And ENTERS.

INT. THE OFFICE - WALTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Elizabeth steps in, as Walter looks up from his computer.

WALTER
Morning, Liz.

She talks a mile a minute, still on a high from last night-

ELIZABETH
Morning, Walter. I wanted to ask
you about taking a short leave. I
know this is short notice, but I-

WALTER
You made it through.

She stops short, confused-

ELIZABETH
What?

Walter smiles wickedly, like a school boy with a secret. He
leans in, NODDING TO HER T-SHIRT.

WALTER
Xploit. You made it through without
the safe word.

ELIZABETH
You know what Xploit is?

Walter chuckles-

WALTER
Done it a few times myself.

ELIZABETH
You've *done* it?

WALTER
My life is shit.
(then)
Pardon my French.

Elizabeth takes this in, confounded.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm actually in this sorta club. We
get together, talk about our
experiences. Everyone brings a dish-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

How long have you been going?

WALTER

A couple years on and off. Some others in the group though, they've been doin' it for a lot longer. What about you?

ELIZABETH

Not long...

She drifts into her own thoughts, spiraling, reexamining everything that's happened to her. How could something so profound to her be such a casual thing for Walter?

WALTER

We're actually having a meeting tonight.

She looks up-

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're more than welcome to join. Keesiah, my neighbor, she's hosting. She's actually the one I told ya about! The one with the Moose.

ELIZABETH

Right...

Elizabeth has finally found a direct line to the woman she's been looking for, to the woman she's been becoming...

But the revelation is stunted in the moment-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I don't think I can.

Walter shrugs, trying to hide his disappointment-

WALTER

Next time then.

(then)

Sorry, what was it you came in here for?

ELIZABETH

Oh... never mind. It can wait.

WALTER

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Yeah. Sorry to bother you.

WALTER
No bother.

Walter goes back to his busy work, as Elizabeth, depressed and disillusioned, exits.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth, donned in her pajamas, WALLOWS on the couch.

She scratches her ankle with her foot, pulling up the bottom of her pants, revealing the very tip of her TATTOO.

She looks down, lifting the pant leg up even more to examine the MOOSE.

After a beat, she hoists herself up and goes to her PURSE on the kitchen table. She pulls out the RING BOX and opens it-

The ashen FLESH of the TOE has DECAYED CONSIDERABLY.

She strokes it gently with her finger, as if stroking a baby bird that's fallen from the nest.

And the sadness on her face morphs into DETERMINATION. She pulls her CELL PHONE from her purse and DIALS. A beat, then-

ELIZABETH
Hey Walter, it's Elizabeth.
(then)
What time was that meeting?

CUT TO:

EXT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE (WALTER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

Elizabeth stands in front of the door, holding a CASSEROLE DISH, **COMPLETELY FROZEN**.

She takes a few DEEP BREATHS, psyching herself up to FINALLY MEET THE WOMAN SHE'S BEEN OBSESSING OVER.

WALTER (O.S.)
HEY THERE!

Elizabeth turns, startled to find Walter behind her.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER (CONT'D)
Glad you could make it!
(then)
Has no one answered yet?

Walter reaches over Elizabeth, KNOCKING HARD on the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It gets a little rowdy in there
sometimes.

Elizabeth nods, BRACING HERSELF, as the DOOR SWINGS OPEN,
REVEALING...

A SHORT GUY in a SLIPKNOT t-shirt - this is **STEWART**.

STEWART
HEEEYY, WALTER!

WALTER
Hey, Stu. This is Elizabeth.

Elizabeth manages a smile, as Stewart takes the casserole
dish from her.

STEWART
Welcome. Whatcha got there?

ELIZABETH
Uh... buffalo chicken dip.

Stewart turns back into the house, YELLS-

STEWART
Got another buffalo dip!

CHEERS erupt from inside. Elizabeth smiles sheepishly at
Walter, as he guides her inside.

INT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elizabeth follows Walter into the familiar LIVING ROOM - but
this time it's well lit and full of people.

She quickly scans the lively crowd - about a DOZEN PEOPLE IN
ALL, congregated around the coffee table, drinking and
snacking and chatting.

A FEW wear more traditional GOTHIC ATTIRE - BLACK CLOTHES,
CHAINS and PIERCINGS. But most look "NORMAL" - an ACCOUNTANT
in a BUTTON-UP, a TEACHER in a SWEATER SET, etc.

(CONTINUED)

BUT NO KEESIAH.

WALTER
Everyone, this is Elizabeth!

They turn toward her, shouting out hellos and welcomes.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

Elizabeth finds a spot next to Stewart on the couch. He hands her a BEER.

STEWART
So how many times have you been through?

ELIZABETH
Uhh... two. Well, one and a half I guess.

Stewart chuckles.

STEWART
Couldn't make it all the way through the first time, huh?

Elizabeth shakes her head, as Stewart dips a corn chip into some buffalo dip-

STEWART (CONT'D)
No shame in it. Took me four times before I could go all the way.

He shoves it into his mouth, leaving residual dip on the corners of his lips.

STEWART (CONT'D)
But we always go back for more, don't we?

Before Elizabeth can respond-

TING. TING. TING.

A hush falls over the group and Elizabeth turns to see-

KEESIAH VERMONT emerging from the kitchen, gently smacking a spoon against her WINE GLASS.

SHE'S A FORCE OF NATURE with flowing RED HAIR and piercing DARK EYES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her clothes are loose and sheer and draped elegantly over her body, highlighting her many tattoos - INCLUDING THE **MOOSE**.

She **HOBBL**ES forward on a **MEDICAL BOOT** she wears on her right foot - **WHERE SHE LOST THE TOE**.

The room is completely silent - everyone is just as transfixed with Keesiah as Elizabeth is.

Keesiah looks across the room, an **IMPISH GRIN** on her face.

And then she speaks, with dramatic flair, raising her glass-

KEESIAH

To all my favorite weirdos.

She drinks and everyone else follows suit.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for coming, guys.
It's been a while since we've all
been able to do this. And I also
wanna say thank you for all the
cards and flowers and limericks...

She winks at the Accountant. He **BURSTS** with laughter.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

Dirty bird.
(then)
Seriously...

She pats her chest with her hand, as if to pound her heart.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I've had a lot of time to think
over the past week and... I've
decided that my Xploit days are now
officially behind me.

A few **SHOCKED** utterances from the crowd. Elizabeth continues to watch Keesiah, enthralled.

STEWART

It hasn't been that much time
since... Maybe you'll feel
different lat-

KEESIAH

No, I won't. But don't mistake this
for something fear-based.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of Xploit. I'm so
fucking grateful for it. This-

She points down to the boot.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

This was a fucking gift from the
gods.

A few group members look around, uneasy.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Xploit changed
literally every part of me. And I
will never forget that. But after
everything that's happened, I feel
like I've reached the absolute
pinnacle of what it can offer me.
It's taken me to this completely
new path, and now it's time to bite
the fucking bullet and walk.

Elizabeth takes this in, deeply connecting with these words.
Walter raises his beer once again-

WALTER

We wish you nothing but the best.

Others, some reluctantly, join in the well wishing.

KEESIAH

Thanks, Walt. Thanks guys.

Walter and a few others swarm Keesiah, as the rest of the
group returns to food and private conversation.

Elizabeth keeps her eyes on Keesiah, specifically - HER
BOOT.

WALTER (O.S.)

Liz!

She looks up to find Walter waving her over.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I want to introduce you!

Elizabeth remains stuck to the couch for a moment.

THIS IS IT.

Walter continues to beckon her, and she finally complies,
walking over.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER (CONT'D)
Keesiah...

Keesiah turns, LOCKING EYES WITH ELIZABETH.

 WALTER (CONT'D)
I want to introduce you to
Elizabeth. She's one of my best
employees.

Elizabeth smiles, embarrassed by the introduction.

 WALTER (CONT'D)
She's an Xploit newbie.

Keesiah reaches out her hand, in the way a member of royalty
might offer their hand to a loyal subject. Elizabeth takes
it, nervous but entranced.

 KEESIAH
Welcome to the club, Elizabeth.

 ELIZABETH
Thank you.

They release their hands.

 KEESIAH
Walt get you into it?

 ELIZABETH
No, I found it on my own.

 KEESIAH
Then you must have been looking for
it. Good for you.

 WALTER
Oh hey! I almost forgot about the
moose.

Elizabeth jerks her head toward Walter, pleading with her
eyes-

 ELIZABETH
Walter, we don't have to-

Keesiah grins, intrigued.

 KEESIAH
What moose?

(CONTINUED)

WALTER
You gals have the same tattoo.

KEESIAH
Really? Let's see.

Walter and Keesiah stare expectantly at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
I don't think it's the same...

KEESIAH
Oh come on!

Elizabeth concedes, rolling up her pant leg-

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

Keesiah pulls up her skirt and holds her calf next to Elizabeth's.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
It's exactly the same!

ELIZABETH
Is it?

KEESIAH
Ratatatt?

Elizabeth nods.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
I thought Wayne kicked it?

ELIZABETH
He did. Butch did mine.

Keesiah laughs heartily.

WALTER
(to Elizabeth)
So what's it mean?

Elizabeth struggles with an answer, but Keesiah jumps in-

KEESIAH
The moose embodies primal female energy.

WALTER
Oh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

KEESIAH

The moose sheds its antlers every
year, making way for a new set.
Just as the womb sheds its lining
every month.

Walter tries to hide his complete discomfort.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

(to Elizabeth)

It's about renewal. Rebirth.

Keesiah nods at Elizabeth, looking for confirmation-

ELIZABETH

Exactly.

Walter, looking for a way out-

WALTER

Can I freshen up your drink?

KEESIAH

Sure, Walter.

Keesiah hands her glass to Walter and he quickly makes a
break for it.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

Why is it that grown men are so put
off by menstruation? They do know
that their first moment of life was
spent rubbing up against their
mother's vagina, don't they?

Elizabeth shrugs.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

How long have you been going to
Xploit?

ELIZABETH

Just a week.

KEESIAH

I'm jealous. There's noting like
the first time. You gonna go again?

ELIZABETH

I did.

KEESIAH

You've already been twice?

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth nods, proudly.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
How'd you even get a reservation
that fast?

 ELIZABETH
I found a way.

Keesiah laughs, impressed.

 KEESIAH
You're certainly in the right
fucking place.

Elizabeth smiles, beyond happy to hear utterance of such a
statement. Emboldened now-

 ELIZABETH
Walter told me what happened to
your foot. I'm sorry...

 KEESIAH
Don't be. It's the absolute best
thing that's ever happened to me.

 ELIZABETH
Really?

 KEESIAH
I know it sounds bananas. But as
much as I worship Xploit, I can't
deny that when I was doing it
something still felt like it was
missing. Something they could never
achieve, not on purpose anyway.

 ELIZABETH
What's that?

 KEESIAH
Chaos. They do a good job at making
it feel dangerous. But it's not
really. Everything's controlled. At
least it was until this happened-

She points to her foot.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
This glorious accident.

Elizabeth is captivated.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
I'm changed. Forever. And I have to
do something with that, you know?
 (then)
Is any of this making sense?

 ELIZABETH
Completely.

Keesiah examines Elizabeth, assessing her for something.
Then-

 KEESIAH
I'm working on a new project. I
think you could really get in to
it. Would you be interested in
talking about it?

Elizabeth lights up-

 ELIZABETH
Hell yeah.

Off Keesiah and Elizabeth and their budding new friendship.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: An OOZY, RARE CHEESEBURGER.

Keesiah and Elizabeth sit at a window booth in a KITSCHY
DINER downtown.

In front of Elizabeth, a CHEF SALAD. In front of Keesiah,
the BURGER. She takes hold of it, juices running down one
arm, and takes a BIG BITE.

Elizabeth just watches, observing her like a wild animal.

Keesiah's eyes roll back in ecstasy.

 KEESIAH
You have to try this.

She holds it out for Elizabeth to take a bite. It's
startlingly intimate, but Elizabeth goes for it.

And then her eyes roll back too.

 ELIZABETH
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH

Right?
(then)
Here-

She hands her a napkin, then pops a couple of fries.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

Okay. Down to business.

She lifts a heavy BLACK DUFFEL BAG onto the table, then looks out the window, as if searching for someone.

Elizabeth, confused-

ELIZABETH

What's in the bag?

KEESIAH

Everything we need.

She turns back to Elizabeth with SUDDEN INTENSITY.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I'm not going to waste time
bullshitting you. I invited you
here because I think you can handle
it. I don't know why I think that,
but I'm usually right about these
things.

ELIZABETH

I can handle it.

Keesiah leans back, satisfied, then looks out the window again.

KEESIAH

Xploit is inherently limited. We're
gonna see what happens when we go
beyond those limitations.

ELIZABETH

What are you looking for?

Keesiah remains silent for a beat, then smiles, spotting something outside-

KEESIAH

Hello there.

Elizabeth follows her gaze to-

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON and **CRAIG** - the creators of Xploit - walking into a cafe across the street.

ELIZABETH
Isn't that...?

KEESIAH
It wouldn't be right moving forward
without rewarding them first.
They're the reason I'm here.

ELIZABETH
What are you gonna do to them?

KEESIAH
We are going to thank them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Elizabeth - eyes wide, short breath, on edge.

She **HIDES** behind a **DUMPSTER** in a secluded parking lot,
waiting, listening. Then-

LIGHT SPILLS out from the other side of the dumpster, as the
BACK DOOR of the cafe opens.

She hears **VOICES**-

BRANDON (O.S.)
That space is too small.

CRAIG (O.S.)
I think we could make it work. We
just have to get Neil to-
 (then)
Can we help you?

Elizabeth takes a deep breath, then pulls a **BLACK STOCKING MASK** over her head - the kind you can see out of, but not see into.

Then she walks around the other side of the dumpster to find-

BRANDON and **CRAIG** in a **STANDOFF** with a **FIGURE** - draped in a **BLACK ROBE** wearing the same **BLACK STOCKING MASK** Elizabeth wears. **IT'S KEESIAH** - but Brandon and Craig don't know that. And they don't see Elizabeth behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brandon tries to walk past, but Keesiah silently, chillingly blocks the way.

BRANDON

What the fuck, man?

Then Keesiah makes a SLOW, DELIBERATE nod towards Elizabeth.

And, on cue, Elizabeth and Keesiah both RUSH AT BRANDON AND CRAIG. It all happens **QUICKLY, CHAOTICALLY-**

--Elizabeth reaches around, **SHOVING A PIECE OF CLOTH OVER BRANDON'S MOUTH**.

--Keesiah throws herself at Craig's feet, **FORCING HIM DOWN**.

--Elizabeth fights to control Brandon and keep the cloth against his face.

--Keesiah sits on top of Craig, shoving another CLOTH over his nose, as he struggles under her weight.

--Brandon **PUSHES BACK, SLAMMING ELIZABETH AGAINST THE DUMPSTER HARD**.

--Craig **FALLS LIMP** under Keesiah.

--Elizabeth stumbles to the ground, Brandon standing over her. Pissed as hell, he reaches down to remove her mask-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Fucker!

--Then a THUD! - Keesiah kicks the back of Brandon's knee, collapsing him to the ground, **HOWLING IN PAIN**. She hops on top of him, shoving the CLOTH over his face. He struggles for a few tense seconds, then-

--Brandon **PASSES OUT**.

Elizabeth remains on the ground, trying to catch her breath. But Keesiah wastes no time. She stands, offering her a hand.

CLOSE ON: Their hands **CLASPING**.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

OVER BLACK - The CRACKLE of a NEEDLE touching VINYL. *I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE* by THE INK SPOTS begins to play over a LOUD SPEAKER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then STAND LIGHTS SNAP ON, illuminating-

BRANDON and CRAIG, GROGGY, sitting STRAPPED TO CHAIRS in the middle of an empty industrial loading dock.

Each of their **HANDS** are mounted on top of VERTICAL WOOD PLANKS. And their **FINGERS** are spread wide, each connected to separate BLACK CORDS that stretch out into the dark corners of the room - connected to GOD KNOWS WHAT.

The eerie music continues to play from some unknown source.

Then Keesiah, as the BLACK-ROBED FIGURE, emerges from the shadows. Brandon, coming out of his stupor, starts to struggle against his bindings.

BRANDON

What... the fuck? Let me the fuck
out of here!

Elizabeth watches the scene play out from a DARKENED CORNER OFFICE, completely unseen.

Craig, now also coming to his senses-

CRAIG

Please. Please don't do this.

Keesiah approaches silently and TUGS at the CORDS attached to Craig's fingers.

He YELPS IN PAIN.

Elizabeth flinches.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

NO! NO PLEASE!

BRANDON

Fuck! Shit!

KEESIAH

(voice modulator)

SILENCE.

Keesiah's voice is DISTORTED by the modulator she wears under her mask. It startles the men.

CRAIG

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH
 (voice modulator)
I'm the one who's going to pull
your hands apart.

They squirm in their seats, disturbed-

 BRANDON
Oh, Jesus Christ.

 CRAIG
Why are you doing this?

Keesiah remains silent, as she PLUCKS at Brandon's cords.
Elizabeth smirks, taking delight in Keesiah's performance.

 BRANDON
Fuck you!
 (to Craig)
I fucking told you this would
happen!

 CRAIG
What are you talking about?!

 BRANDON
I told you these fucking sickos
would do something like this.

 CRAIG
Don't call them that! They're not
sickos-

Keesiah remains still, caught off guard by the bickering.

 BRANDON
Hello! Look at where we fucking are
you stupid prick! I begged you to
hire secur-

She PULLS HARD on Brandon's THUMB CORD.

 BRANDON (CONT'D)
Ahh!

 KEESIAH
 (voice modulator)
I SAID QUIET!

He lowers his head, breathing through the pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
(voice modulator)
You think I'm a sicko?

BRANDON
Fuck ye-

CRAIG
NO! No... you're just... expressing
something you're not allowed to in
normal society, right? This is...
this is healthy.

Brandon shoots him a LOOK, but Craig continues to try to
talk his way out of this-

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I have to tell you I'm impressed.
This finger thing, it's really
ingenious. Really gets to a core
fear, you know? Simple but
effective.

Elizabeth looks on slightly perplexed. What the hell is she
watching right now?

Keesiah remains frozen - she wasn't expecting this.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
What do you think, Bran?

Brandon looks around, his anger melting away. He nods
reluctantly-

BRANDON
It's not bad.

CRAIG
We actually have an opening on our
creative team, don't we?

BRANDON
Yeah. And if you fucking untie us
and fucking agree to fucking shock
therapy, you might have a chance-

Elizabeth watches as Keesiah suddenly begins to back away.

CRAIG
What do you say, friend?

She says nothing, disappearing into the darkness. Elizabeth
looks away, disheartened.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON
Hello? HELLO?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: BRANDON and CRAIG, PASSED OUT once again, propped up against the DUMPSTER.

A BLACK VAN peels out, leaving them behind.

INT./EXT. KEESIAH'S VAN - NIGHT

Keesiah, sans mask, drives with Elizabeth riding shotgun. Keesiah is visibly upset, in the middle of a melt down-

KEESIAH
What a fucking joke. What a complete fucking failure.

Elizabeth searches for comforting words-

ELIZABETH
They said they liked it.

KEESIAH
They weren't supposed to like it!

ELIZABETH
They looked scared to me.

KEESIAH
Anyone can scare a person. I was changed, Elizabeth. Completely. But how the hell am I supposed to pass that on? There's something... I didn't do it right-

ELIZABETH
We can figure it out-

KEESIAH
It was pathetic. No, it's over. It's fucking over.

Elizabeth is heartbroken to hear this. She looks out the window, unsure of how to deal with this new side of Keesiah.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Elizabeth lies in bed, still reeling over the previous night.

She spots the TOE BOX on her DRESSER. She stares at it, hoping it'll inspire some sort of spark. But it doesn't.

She turns over in bed, disappointed. Then-

HER PHONE RINGS. She reaches over to her night table, grabbing the cell - it's KEESIAH. She waits a beat - does she really want to answer? Then-

She PRESSES ACCEPT-

ELIZABETH

Hello?

KEESIAH (O.S.)

Morning, sunshine!

ELIZABETH

Hey.

KEESIAH (O.S.)

Ready for phase two?

Elizabeth sits up.

ELIZABETH

What are you talking about?

KEESIAH (O.S.)

I have an idea.

Off Elizabeth, her curiosity piqued.

INT./EXT. KEESIAH'S VAN - DAY

Keesiah drives along, almost beaming - a stark contrast to her demeanor from the night before. Elizabeth sits in the passenger seat, slightly apprehensive-

ELIZABETH

Where we headed?

KEESIAH

It's a surprise!

She smiles cheekily.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

So, I want to apologize for last night. I just get like that sometimes. You know what it's like when you're so passionate about something and it doesn't fuckin' work out...

ELIZABETH

Not really.

KEESIAH

No?

ELIZABETH

I don't get... passionate.

Keesiah takes this in, as Elizabeth keeps her gaze downward. She's not usually this open with people.

KEESIAH

That's okay. Just means you're fucking discerning-

ELIZABETH

I'm not. I'm just chicken shit-

Keesiah ABRUPTLY SWERVES, cutting off another HONKING CAR. She PULLS OVER to the SHOULDER, turning to an alarmed Elizabeth-

KEESIAH

Fuck off! You are not chicken shit!

Elizabeth stares at her, stunned.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

SAY IT! You are not chicken shit!

ELIZABETH

I am not chicken shit.

Keesiah sits back, trying to rustle up a valuable lesson-

KEESIAH

Most people in this world are chicken shit. You're not. Just because you haven't found what makes you fucking passionate, doesn't mean it's not out there for you. There's a reason you're here-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
I know why I'm here.

Elizabeth turns to Keesiah in a moment of pure sincerity-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You.

Keesiah smiles. A tender beat, then-

KEESIAH
Let's go to the mall.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KEESIAH'S VAN/THE MALL - DAY

Elizabeth and Keesiah sit in the parked van, watching people mill in and out of the MALL - an UGLY, CEMENT building that houses a MULTI-PLEX and a few outdated RETAIL STORES.

KEESIAH
Your pick.

ELIZABETH
What?

KEESIAH
You know why it didn't work with
Brandon and Craig?

ELIZABETH
They're pricks?

KEESIAH
They were expecting us. Not us
specifically, but they live in that
world. Change never comes to those
who are expecting it.

Elizabeth realizes what Keesiah is saying-

ELIZABETH
You want me to pick a stranger.

KEESIAH
I've thought about it, and I think
it's the only way this works.

ELIZABETH
What do we do?

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH

You pick someone. We follow them home.

ELIZABETH

And what about other people waiting for them at home? What if there's a security system? What if-

KEESIAH

Hey there's risk for them, so why shouldn't there be risk for us?

Off Elizabeth, unsure.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

Elizabeth and Keesiah cruise the FOOD COURT, as Keesiah sips on a soda. Elizabeth scans the crowd, anxious.

KEESIAH

Anything?

ELIZABETH

How am I supposed to know which one?

KEESIAH

You just will.

She tosses the soda cup in the trash.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I gotta piss. Be right back.

Elizabeth nods, sitting at one of the metal tables. Her gaze continues to drift over the masses, landing on a **YOUNG WOMAN** (30s) in line at the **CHINESE FOOD COUNTER**.

She's dressed in KHAKIS and a COLLARED SHIRT - the required uniform for wherever she works. She looks SHY, holding her body like it's folding in on itself.

Elizabeth watches as the Shy Woman approaches the counter. A **CUTE GUY** at the register gives her a warm smile.

SHY WOMAN

Hey, Josh.

(CONTINUED)

CUTE GUY
Hey, Tara. The usual?

SHY WOMAN
Yes please.

CUTE GUY
You got it.

The Shy Woman stares longingly as the Cute Guy prepares her "regular." She tries to make conversation-

SHY WOMAN
Almost done with your shift?

CUTE GUY
I got about an hour.

SHY WOMAN
Nice.

And that's the end of it. Elizabeth cringes at the uncomfortably familiar scene.

She watches as the Shy Woman pays for her lunch and takes a seat by herself. She proceeds to discreetly look up at Cute Guy every ten seconds or so.

KEESIAH (O.S.)
Hey!

Elizabeth points to Shy Woman.

ELIZABETH
Her.

KEESIAH
Excellent. Why her?

ELIZABETH
She needs it.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

SLAM! The Shy Woman pushes the door of her HATCHBACK closed, leaving it parked in front of a MODEST BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING - it resembles Elizabeth's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEAL: Keesiah and Elizabeth watch the Shy Woman from Keesiah's parked VAN across the street. And after she disappears inside, THEY EXIT.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

They easily enter the small lobby - NO LOCK, NO GUARD, NO CAMERAS. The Shy Woman is nowhere to be seen. Keesiah carries her BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

KEESIAH
So how the hell do we know which
apartment she's in?

Keesiah gives a short laugh, as Elizabeth zeros in on the METAL MAILBOXES mounted on the wall.

ELIZABETH
Her name's Tara.

Elizabeth scans the names, landing on one - **T. BIMMEL.**

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Tara Bimmel. Apartment 402.

Keesiah smiles, enjoying Elizabeth's growing zeal.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keesiah and Elizabeth creep quietly down the DIM HALLWAY of the old building. FAINT PIANO MUSIC fills the air. It sounds like RAGTIME.

They stop at a door that reads **402**. The PIANO MUSIC is coming from inside.

KEESIAH
Okay. Ready?

ELIZABETH
Ready.

They PUT ON THEIR BLACK MASKS.

Elizabeth KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

THE MUSIC STOPS.

A BEAT. Then-

THE DOOR OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

IT'S **TARA**. She frowns, CONFUSED.

THEN ELIZABETH LUNGES AT HER, PUSHING HER BACK INTO THE
APARTMENT, STIFLING HER SCREAMS WITH A CLOTH.

Keesiah follows, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

SILENCE.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth continues to FORCE Tara back. She struggles as
they FALL ONTO THE COUCH.

With RAZOR FOCUS, Elizabeth holds the CHLOROFORM CLOTH over
Tara's nose and soon her eyelids start to DROOP.

SHE PASSES OUT.

Elizabeth looks at her for a long beat, until Keesiah breaks
the spell-

KEESIAH

Hey.

She turns-

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I think I know where to start.

She nods toward the old **UPRIGHT PIANO** in the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

REFRIGERATOR POV: Keesiah opens up the DOUBLE DOORS,
illuminating her face with a BRIGHT BLUE-WHITE LIGHT. She
searches around the shelves.

KEESIAH

What are we working with here...

(to Elizabeth)

See if you can find a blender.

Elizabeth takes the order without question, digging through
cabinets, finally locating an old HAND-ME-DOWN BLENDER.

ELIZABETH

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

She turns to Keesiah, who pulls out a PACKAGE OF RAW PORK.

 KEESIAH
 Perfect.

She CLOSES the fridge.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (TIME CUT)

TARA POV: DIM BLUE LIGHT FADES IN, and the TINY KITCHEN surroundings come into focus.

A GROGGY TARA opens her eyes to find-

SHE'S DUCT TAPED TO A CHAIR, with a STRIP OF DUCT TAPE over her mouth. And as she tries to move, she hears a SLOSHING SOUND.

REVEAL: A BUCKET OF ICE WATER has been secured to the BACK OF THE CHAIR with DUCT TAPE - AND HER HANDS ARE SUBMERGED IN THE FREEZING COLD LIQUID UP TO HER WRISTS.

She tries to SCREAM, but her shrieks are muffled by the tape.

Then SOMEONE ENTERS behind her. But she can't see.

The FIGURE, OUT OF FOCUS, reaches down into the BUCKET, PULLING SOMETHING OUT.

As they walk past Tara over to the BLENDER on the KITCHEN COUNTER, she gets a good look - a BLACK-ROBED FIGURE IN A BLACK MASK (KEESIAH).

We hear Keesiah fiddle with the blender - DROPPING SOMETHING IN, THEN SECURING THE LID.

Without turning around-

 KEESIAH
 Do you know what a phantom limb is?

Tara's chest heaves in and out, tears welling in her eyes.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 I'm curious...

She turns, REVEALING THE BLENDER - IT'S FILLED WITH SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE MEAT, **LIKE FLESH**, but it's hard to tell.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
Does it feel like you still have
fingers?

Tara's EYES GO WIDE, realizing what's in the blender.

SHE SCREAMS, TRYING TO MOVE HER HANDS - BUT SHE CAN'T.

And then Keesiah **TURNS ON THE BLENDER.**

Tara watches in HORROR, as the blender decimates what she
presumes to be her own FINGERS.

Keesiah allows the blender to WHIR for a few more agonizing
seconds, then turns it off. She pours the SLOPPY PINK
CONTENTS into a GLASS on the counter.

She PICKS IT UP and walks toward Tara. Then she reaches for
the DUCT TAPE on Tara's mouth, VIOLENTLY RIPPING IT OFF.

SHE SCREAMS!

Keesiah slaps her hand over her mouth-

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
SHUT THE FUCK UP OR I'LL CUT
SOMETHING ELSE OFF!

Tara's screams die to whimpers.

TARA
Why... why...

KEESIAH
Do you want a taste?

Tara can only CRY. Keesiah pushes the glass toward her face.
She turns away, REPULSED.

TARA
NO! Please...

Another BLACK MASKED FIGURE suddenly enters, startling Tara -
it's ELIZABETH.

She slowly moves toward Tara, then TIES A BLINDFOLD OVER HER
EYES.

TARA (CONT'D)
NO!

Elizabeth TAKES OFF HER MASK. So does KEESIAH. Then Keesiah
nods to Elizabeth, reassuring her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elizabeth leans in close to Tara's ear.

ELIZABETH

What will you do now, Tara?

TARA

Whu- what?

ELIZABETH

What will you do now with your new body?

Tara clams up, ANGER now starting to boil within her.

TARA

(under her breath)

Sick fuck.

ELIZABETH

What?

TARA

You're a sick fuck!

ELIZABETH

Answer the question.

TARA

I can't fucking do anything now, can I?

ELIZABETH

And how's that different from before?

Tara takes this in, fighting back more tears.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Your sad little life, with your sad little fantasies. Always waiting for something to happen to you.

(then)

Something's happening to you right now, isn't it?

She nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And are you awake?

A beat, then-

(CONTINUED)

TARA
You're fucking insane.

Keesiah hands the GLASS to Elizabeth.

KEESIAH
I don't think she's awake yet.

Elizabeth GRIPS Tara by the chin, FORCING HER MOUTH OPEN.

ELIZABETH
WAKE UP!

She starts to POUR THE GLASS OUT INTO TARA'S MOUTH.

Tara SCREAMS, FIGHTING LIKE HELL.

Her MOMENTUM SENDS HER CHAIR TOPPLING OVER, KNOCKING THE
GLASS FROM ELIZABETH'S HAND.

And, before Elizabeth can stop it, TARA HITS THE GROUND
HARD.

THE BUCKET COMES LOOSE FROM THE CHAIR.

AND SO DOES ONE OF **TARA'S HANDS - COMPLETELY INTACT.**

Tara braces herself on the floor with her WHOLE HAND,
REALIZING IT WAS ALL AN ACT.

She explodes with an INSANE LAUGH - a PRIMAL SOUND OF
RELIEF.

She reaches up to REMOVE HER BLINDFOLD, sending Keesiah into
a PANIC.

Keesiah GRABS TARA'S WRIST, FORCING HER HAND DOWN. She looks
up at Elizabeth-

KEESIAH
Mask on!

Elizabeth scrambles, searching for her mask, as Keesiah uses
her free hand to reach for a KNIFE ON THE COUNTER.

Elizabeth finds her mask, but freezes when she sees Keesiah
grip the knife.

ELIZABETH
What are you doing?

Keesiah, a CRAZED LOOK IN HER EYE, HOLDS THE KNIFE OVER
TARA'S HAND.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON: Tara's FRAGILE FINGERS, QUIVERING ON THE FLOOR.

Keesiah STARTS TO SWING-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
STOP!

Elizabeth CHARGES at her, PUSHING HER OVER. Keesiah DROPS THE KNIFE, releasing her HOLD ON TARA.

In a mad scramble to regain control, KEESIAH SHOVES ELIZABETH BACKWARDS, SENDING HER FLYING OVER THE TOPPLED CHAIR.

SHE TRIPS AND-

SMACK! Her HEAD HITS THE EDGE OF THE COUNTER and she COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND, **OUT COLD-**

CUT TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. KEESIAH'S VAN - NIGHT

Elizabeth COMES TO in the PASSENGER SEAT of Keesiah's moving van. There's an ANGRY RED GASH on the top of her FOREHEAD. ALARMED, she PUSHES HERSELF UP.

ELIZABETH
What happened?

Keesiah sits at the wheel, a TRANQUIL look on her face.

KEESIAH
Hey there, sunshine.

ELIZABETH
Where are we going?

KEESIAH
Urgent care. You got clocked pretty good.

ELIZABETH
What happened to Tara?

KEESIAH
Everything's fine. I cleaned up.
Put her to bed.

Elizabeth takes this in, disturbed by Keesiah's calm demeanor. She's not buying it-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
What did you do to her?

Keesiah laughs.

KEESIAH
I just told you.
(then)
You feeling okay? Nauseous? Dizzy?

ELIZABETH
You were gonna cut her fingers off.

KEESIAH
(playfully)
Was I?

ELIZABETH
I saw you!

KEESIAH
I was gonna nick her on the finger.
Give her a little shock, that's
all. They've done things like that
a million times in Xploit.

Elizabeth studies Keesiah, trying to read her.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
It's okay. Things went a little
sideways in there. But that's the
name of the game. It all turned out
fine. And I'm sure Tara's not going
to be forgetting our little
encounter anytime soon.

She smiles at Elizabeth.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
We did good.

Off Elizabeth, still unsure.

INT. URGENT CARE - NIGHT

An exhausted looking **DOCTOR** shines a **BRIGHT PEN LIGHT** into Elizabeth's left eye. Her head wound is now **STITCHED** and **BANDAGED**.

CLOSE ON: HER PUPIL CONTRACTS.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR
Everything's looking good here.

He clicks the LIGHT OFF.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Just be sure to call if anything
changes, dizziness, nausea...

Elizabeth glances at Keesiah, who sits in the corner of the
room, UNEASY.

The Doctor finishes writing on his pad, then goes to the
door, opening it.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Check out at the front desk and
you're all set.

ELIZABETH
Will do. Thanks.

He leaves. Elizabeth jumps down from the EXAM TABLE,
grabbing her things from the floor. Keesiah stands, studying
Elizabeth, trying to gauge her.

KEESIAH
Still mad?

ELIZABETH
I'm not mad.

KEESIAH
We changed that woman, for the
better. We did that.

Elizabeth doesn't say anything. Keesiah grabs her wrist.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
Hey. How did it feel?

ELIZABETH
It hurt-

KEESIAH
Before you passed out. How did you
feel?

She thinks on it, her lips curling into a smile.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
You didn't really... you didn't
hurt her for real, right?

KEESIAH
Of course not.

Elizabeth nods, CONVINCED. They leave together.

INT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE - NEXT NIGHT

CLOSE ON: FLOWING RED WINE as it fills a glass.

KEESIAH
Let's wash down those pain killers.

Elizabeth giggles, as she and Keesiah raise a glass on the couch.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
To Tara. Wherever and whatever she
may be now.

They CLINK their glasses and drink. They sit in silence for a moment, as Keesiah's mind wanders. Then-

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
Can I say something that might
freak you out?

Elizabeth grins.

ELIZABETH
Sure.

KEESIAH
I've been thinking about what would
have happened if I had cut her
fingers off-

ELIZABETH
Okay...

KEESIAH
The reason I'm here right now is
because something real happened to
me. I didn't pretend to be maimed,
I fucking was maimed.

ELIZABETH
Yeah, but it was an accident.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH

It was fate-

ELIZABETH

Exactly. No one did it to you on purpose. No one broke into your house, held you down and cut off your toes. It happened because it was meant to happen.

KEESIAH

You're right. You're absolutely right. You're pretty smart.

Elizabeth shrugs, sipping her wine.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

It's just... I wish I could see the aftermath. I know it's fucking selfish, but... I might never see that woman again. Even if I did everything right, who the fuck knows what kind of impact I had... if any.

Elizabeth looks down, something on her mind.

ELIZABETH

You have more impact than you know.

KEESIAH

Who can fuckin' say?

Keesiah leans back into the couch, sinking with self-doubt. It hurts Elizabeth to see her like that. So she takes a deep breath, then speaks-

ELIZABETH

I need to tell you something.

KEESIAH

What's up?

ELIZABETH

I have to get something in the car first.

Keesiah watches Elizabeth get up, intrigued.

EXT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks quickly to her car, POPPING THE TRUNK. She finds her purse and digs through, pulling out **THE RING BOX**.

WALTER (O.S.)
Hey there!

Elizabeth JUMPS, startled to see Walter in the next yard.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You and Keesiah hangin' out?

He looks at her, then to Keesiah's house, NOTICEABLY UNEASY.

ELIZABETH
Yeah, just having a glass of wine.

Walter FROWNS, spotting the BANDAGE on Elizabeth's forehead.

WALTER
Ouch. What happened there?

ELIZABETH
I'm a klutz. Slipped and hit my head on the kitchen counter.

Walter nods, oddly DUBIOUS. Elizabeth, uncomfortable, tries to make a run for it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Have a good night!

WALTER
Just be careful.

She stops, confused.

WALTER (CONT'D)
With Keesiah, I mean. She's a sweet person, but she gets these ideas... She's not the most stable.

Elizabeth takes this in, OFFENDED.

ELIZABETH
I'll see you on Monday, Walter.

He waves nervously, not one for confrontation, and watches her go back inside, CONCERNED.

INT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Keesiah, OUTRAGED-

KEESIAH
He said I'm what?

Elizabeth sits back down on the couch, as Keesiah pours her another glass of wine.

ELIZABETH
Who the hell does he think he is?

KEESIAH
You know I always wondered about him, the way he would describe his Xploit experiences. He always sounded so... robotic. Like the whole fucking point of it just flew right over his fucking head.

ELIZABETH
Well he's not the brightest bulb.

Keesiah starts to pace like a drug addict.

KEESIAH
This is what I'm talking about. These are the people who need a breakthrough the most, you know? People so fucking boxed in. If I could just do something for one of them-

ELIZABETH
You have.

KEESIAH
You don't know that.

ELIZABETH
You did it for me.

Keesiah looks at Elizabeth, thrown.

KEESIAH
You found Xploit on your own-

ELIZABETH
I found it because of you.

Keesiah doesn't know what to say. Elizabeth takes a moment, then pulls the **RING BOX OUT OF HER POCKET.**

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I was one of those people. With a sad fucking life. Rushing home from work so I could have a thrilling two-second conversation with a guy who couldn't care less-

KEESIAH

The fuck are you talking about?

ELIZABETH

Every Monday. I have a regular standing appointment with Greg the pizza guy. I come home and put on lipstick and nice clothes and make myself look like a pathetic loser in the hopes that he'll fall madly in love with me.

Elizabeth laughs with self-loathing.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

My life was shit. And then this landed on my windshield.

She opens up the box, revealing:

THE TOE.

Keesiah looks at it, trying to register what she's seeing.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I was in the car behind you that night. And everything that's happened since has led me back to you. To this moment.

Keesiah remains speechless, tears welling in her eyes.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You said it was the best thing that ever happened to you. Well it saved my fucking life.

Elizabeth closes the box, and holds it out to Keesiah.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I've wanted to thank you for so long.

Keesiah mindlessly takes the box, still processing. Then-

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH

No.

She pushes it back into Elizabeth's hand.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

It's yours now.

Elizabeth takes it, profoundly grateful. Keesiah sits down next to her, her mind racing-

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

This whole thing, it's bigger than I ever fucking imagined. It's fucking cosmic. You, me, what we're doing... I see now...

She turns to Elizabeth, grabbing her by the shoulders.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

We're gonna change the fucking world.

Elizabeth smiles, as Keesiah pulls her in for a hug.

They hold each other for a long moment, both with tears in their eyes. Then Keesiah pulls away, excited.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to go grab something in the garage. I want you to meet me in the back yard, okay?

Elizabeth smiles, a little confused, but incredibly happy.

ELIZABETH

Okay.

Keesiah jumps up and bounds out of the room. Elizabeth takes a moment to get herself together, then rises.

EXT. KEESIAH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Elizabeth waits outside ALONE, jittering with anticipation. After a moment, Keesiah emerges from the garage, carrying-

A CAN OF PAINT THINNER.

KEESIAH

Follow me.

(CONTINUED)

She starts for the neighbor's yard - **WALTER'S YARD**.
Elizabeth follows.

 ELIZABETH
 What's that for?

Keesiah doesn't answer, as they cross over into-

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Keesiah hurries over to a BACK WINDOW, PEAKING INSIDE.

The KITCHEN IS DARK, but she can see Walter in the LIVING ROOM, eating a MICROWAVE MEAL in front of the TV.

Elizabeth stands behind her, still confused-

 ELIZABETH
 What are you gonna do?

Keesiah puts the PAINT THINNER down, and turns to Elizabeth.

 KEESIAH
 Fate brought us together to help
 people. People like Walter. And I
 know exactly how to do it now.
 (then)
 Will you help me?

Elizabeth thinks for a moment, then nods. There's no turning back now.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 I need you to go around to the
 front and get yourself invited in.
 Then find a way to get me in the
 back door without Walter knowing.

 ELIZABETH
 How-

 KEESIAH
 We have fucking fate on our side.
 You'll know what to do.

Keesiah pulls her in, KISSING HER AGGRESSIVELY ON THE CHEEK.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 I'll see you in there.

Elizabeth, a little surprised, nods and wanders away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We follow her through the DARKENED SIDE YARD, past a WELL-PRUNED ROSE GARDEN, to the LIT FRONT PORCH.

She approaches the FRONT DOOR, taking a moment to gather her nerves. Then SHE PRESSES THE DOORBELL.

And waits.

After a moment, the DOOR OPENS. Walter, dressed in sweats, greets Elizabeth with confusion-

WALTER

Liz?

She smiles.

ELIZABETH

Hi, Walter. I'm sorry to bother you. I just wanted to apologize for the way I acted earlier.

WALTER

Oh, don't worry about that-

ELIZABETH

I know you're just looking out for me and I appreciate that.

WALTER

Well, I appreciate that you appreciate that.

An UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE as Elizabeth hovers, searching for a way to get inside. But Walter makes it easy for her, unable to take the awkwardness-

WALTER (CONT'D)

Would you like to come in?

ELIZABETH

Sure, thanks.

She steps in and Walter closes the door behind her.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's SPARSELY DECORATED, filled with dull, masculine furniture too big for the room.

Walter QUICKLY SWEEPS up the magazines, mostly TABLOIDS, off the coffee table and tucks them into a drawer.

(CONTINUED)

Slightly embarrassed, he waves to the couch-

 WALTER
 Make yourself at home.

 ELIZABETH
 Thanks.

She takes a seat.

 WALTER
 Can I get you something to drink?

 ELIZABETH
 Oh I can grab it-

She starts to get up.

 WALTER
 Don't be silly.

Walter hurries back to the kitchen, SNAPPING ON THE LIGHT,
denying Elizabeth her chance.

She leans over, watching him INTENSELY, WORRIED for Keesiah.

 WALTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I have beer, water, cranberry juice-

 ELIZABETH
 Water's fine.

She listens as Walter opens the fridge, pours the water,
closes the fridge.

Then he TURNS OFF THE LIGHT, walking back into the room.

He hands Elizabeth the water and takes a seat in his
RECLINER.

 ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Thanks.

She takes a sip of water, reformulating her plan.

 ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Any future Xploit runs?

 WALTER
 I'm taking a little break right
 now. The last one was a real doozy.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Oh, yeah?

She takes another sip, looking down at the COFFEE TABLE.

WALTER

Maybe in the New Year I'll be ready
for more. Some of the others, they
can just go and go and go. I need
little breaks.

ELIZABETH

I can definitely understand that-

She SETS HER CUP on the EDGE OF THE COFFEE TABLE, LETTING IT
FALL AND SPILL ONTO THE FLOOR.

She SHOOTS UP FROM THE COUCH.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh, Walter, I'm sorry! Let me get
some paper towels.

And before Walter can respond, Elizabeth rushes into-

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She FLIPS on the light and hurries to the back door,
UNLOCKING IT.

KEESIAH CAREFULLY ENTERS with the PAINT THINNER, smiling
gleefully.

ELIZABETH

(shouts to Walter)

Where are they?

WALTER (O.S.)

I can show you!

Keesiah FREEZES, as Elizabeth desperately looks around. Then
she spots the PAPER TOWELS by the sink.

ELIZABETH

That's okay, found them!

She grabs them and rushes back into the living room, leaving
KEESIAH ALONE.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She takes a WAD of paper towels, bends down by the couch and mops up the mess.

ELIZABETH
Such a klutz, I'm sorry.

WALTER
It's only water.

Elizabeth rises with the soaking paper towels.

ELIZABETH
I'll just throw these away.

She hurries back into the kitchen...

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

AND STOPS COLD - HORRIFIED.

REVEAL: Keesiah FINISHES POURING PAINT THINNER over the GAS STOVETOP.

She turns to Elizabeth, GIDDY, and whispers-

KEESIAH
Tell him you want some tea.

ELIZABETH
What?-

Keesiah puts her finger to her lips, quieting her. Then she slips out the back door, disappearing into the darkness.

Elizabeth, shell-shocked, takes a moment, then turns off the light. She shuffles back into-

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits back on the couch, speechless, staring into space.

WALTER
You okay?

Elizabeth turns to Walter with a false smile-

ELIZABETH
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Can I get you a refill?

He points to the empty water glass on the table. She looks at it for a long beat, then-

ELIZABETH

Actually, do you have any tea?

Walter thinks on it-

WALTER

I do!

Elizabeth watches him get up, INSTANTLY REGRETTING IT.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll just put the kettle on.

He heads for the kitchen. Elizabeth ERUPTS-

ELIZABETH

Wait!

He turns, startled.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Never mind. I should actually get going.

She gets up.

WALTER

You sure?

ELIZABETH

Yeah, it's late.

She hurries toward the door.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll see ya Monday.

But before she can reach the handle-

DING. DONG.

Elizabeth's HEART SINKS - FUCK.

Walter opens the door to find-

KEESIAH, a big grin on her face.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH
Hey, neighbor.

She holds a BAG - **ELIZABETH'S PURSE.**

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
(to Elizabeth)
You left this at my place. Wanted
to make sure you didn't forget it.

Elizabeth silently takes the bag, unsure of what to do.

WALTER
Come on in.

Keesiah does, shutting the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I was just gonna put the kettle on.
Care for some tea?

Elizabeth shoots a desperate look at Keesiah, but she
doesn't skip a beat-

KEESIAH
I would love some. Thank you,
Walter.

Walter walks back into the kitchen, and Keesiah starts to
follow. But Elizabeth GRABS HER BY THE ARM-

ELIZABETH
He could die.

Keesiah stares at her, ALMOST COLDLY, as if in a TRANCE.
Then she pulls herself away and heads for the kitchen.

Elizabeth, TERRIFIED of what's about to happen, runs after,
SCREAMS-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
WAIT!

And just as she enters-

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! A FLAME BURSTS UP FROM THE STOVE TOP, ENGULFING THE
ENTIRE FRONT OF WALTER'S BODY IN FIRE.

HE SCREAMS IN AGONY.

(CONTINUED)

AND **KEESIAH JUST WATCHES.**

Thinking fast - Elizabeth runs back into the living room and returns with a HEAVY BLANKET.

SHE TACKLES WALTER, PUSHING HIM TO THE GROUND, SNUFFING OUT THE FLAMES.

Then Elizabeth looks up at Keesiah.

She's **EUPHORIC.**

Off Elizabeth, MORE SCARED THAN SHE'S EVER BEEN (up until now anyway).

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LATER.

The SWIRLING LIGHTS of the AMBULANCE bathe the LAWN in STROBING RED LIGHT.

Keesiah and Elizabeth stand on the grass, watching the PARAMEDICS roll Walter down the driveway and load him into the back of the ambulance.

Elizabeth is disturbed, and LIVID. Keesiah remains in her TRANCE. They speak in hushed tones-

KEESIAH
Fucking brilliant.

ELIZABETH
You almost killed him.

KEESIAH
We radically fucking altered the
course of that man's life-

ELIZABETH
What life? He's going to be fucking
DISFIGURED.

KEESIAH
So was I.

Elizabeth looks at Keesiah, incredulous.

ELIZABETH
You lost some toes. He's fucking
burned over 80% of his body.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It's not the same thing. And yours was an accident-

KEESIAH

So was his. As far as he's concerned.

Elizabeth shakes her head.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

That was what was missing. The fate element. You made me realize that-

ELIZABETH

That wasn't fucking fate! That was you tricking someone into setting themselves on fire.

KEESIAH

He didn't have to turn the stove on. He could have smelled the paint thinner and stopped. But he didn't.

ELIZABETH

That's bullshit.

KEESIAH

This was a fucking break through! Why can't you see that?

Elizabeth laughs in disbelief.

ELIZABETH

I can't do this.

KEESIAH

What are you talking about?

ELIZABETH

I'm going home.

Elizabeth heads back for her car, leaving a STUNNED Keesiah behind.

KEESIAH

Elizabeth!

She doesn't turn.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

You can take a break. That's fine. But I'm not giving up on you! This is too important!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elizabeth takes this in, DISTRAUGHT, as she gets in her car and starts it up.

INT./EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She backs out of the driveway, looking back at Keesiah-

She just stands there, WATCHING, SMILING.

It's DEEPLY UNSETTLING.

And with that, Elizabeth speeds off.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth enters, EXHAUSTED. She collapses into a chair at the kitchen table, setting her purse down.

She sits there, still soaking in the night's events. Then she pulls her PHONE out of her purse.

SHE DIALS "9".

SHE DIALS "1".

Then she STOPS, putting her phone away.

SHE CAN'T BRING HERSELF TO CALL THE COPS.

So she pulls out the TOE BOX from her bag, opening it up.

THE TOE IS EVEN MORE DECAYED AND SHRIVELED. Time has EATEN AWAY AT IT.

She STARES AT IT for a LONG MOMENT.

Then she rises and slowly walks over to the TRASH CAN.

Tears in her eyes, SHE HOLDS THE TOE OVER THE BIN FOR THE SECOND TIME.

She CONTEMPLATES tossing it, almost SHAKING, as if PHYSICALLY IN PAIN.

Then she GROANS in PROFOUND FRUSTRATION and PULLS AWAY.

AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS TO, SHE CAN'T GET RID OF THE TOE.

Defeated, she walks back to the table and returns the Toe to the safety of its box.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

DING! - the METAL DOORS of an ELEVATOR SPREAD OPEN and Elizabeth emerges from within, holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

She looks PALE and EXHAUSTED. As she walks down the hallway, her gaze shifts NERVOUSLY BACK AND FORTH, searching for the right door.

Then she spots someone down the hall - it's **VIVIENNE**, standing in the doorway of Walter's room.

Elizabeth takes a breath, bracing herself as she approaches.

Vivienne, teary-eyed, turns to Elizabeth-

VIVIENNE
Hey, Lizzy.

She wipes her eyes dry.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Terrible isn't it?

Elizabeth slowly leans in toward the door-

ELIZABETH
Yes, terrible.

And she sees Walter - WRAPPED UP LIKE A MUMMY, IN A COMA, SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF FLOWERS.

Elizabeth takes in the horrific image, guilt consuming her.

VIVIENNE
I never understand why bad things
happen to such good people.

Without looking at Vivienne-

ELIZABETH
I was there.

VIVIENNE
What?

ELIZABETH
I was visiting his house when he...

VIVIENNE
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Everything happened so fast.

VIVIENNE
Was it just... something wrong with
the stove?

Elizabeth finally looks at her, shrugging-

ELIZABETH
Who knows?

VIVIENNE
You poor thing. You must be
traumatized.

ELIZABETH'S POV: She scans Walter's MUTILATED BODY from head
to toe.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Do you want me to stay with you?

Elizabeth shakes her head, setting the BOUQUET down on a
table just inside the door.

ELIZABETH
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Elizabeth walks along in silence, as Vivienne talks at her.

VIVIENNE
I had this one friend growing up
who had these burns up and down her
arms. One of those freak Fourth of
July accidents.

Elizabeth looks up and her eyes widen in ABSOLUTE FEAR.

SHE STOPS COLD.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
And of course kids are so cruel.
They called her the most awful thi-
(noticing Elizabeth)
What?

She looks forward, realizing they've stopped in front of
Elizabeth's car - but she doesn't see anything unusual.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
What is it, Lizzy?

ELIZABETH
There's something stuck in the
windshield wipers.

ELIZABETH'S POV: Something SMALL and FLESH-COLORED, LODGED
into one of the WIPERS.

Vivienne eyes Elizabeth, weirded out.

VIVIENNE
It's probably just garbage.

Elizabeth remains silent, fixed to the ground. Growing
frustrated, Vivienne charges over to the car-

ELIZABETH
Wait!

And picks up the object-

VIVIENNE
It's a moose.

Elizabeth's face falls. She hurries over to Vivienne who
holds out a **MINI MOOSE FIGURINE**.

COMPLETELY FREAKED, Elizabeth starts to circle her car,
CHECKING FOR ANY SIGNS OF SABOTAGE.

Vivienne watches her, BEWILDERED.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Honey, are you feeling okay?

Elizabeth stops, shakes her head-

ELIZABETH
No, I'm not.
(then)
Would you mind driving me home,
Vivienne? I really don't think I
can.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Sure, Lizzy.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Thanks.

CONTINUED: (2)

Off Elizabeth, certain that she's being HUNTED.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - DAY

Elizabeth leans against the passenger window, her eyes glued to the REARVIEW MIRROR, as Vivienne rambles on.

VIVIENNE

Poor, Walter. He's never gonna find
a girl now. I know that's mean, but
the world is mean...

A VAN appears in the MIRROR - it's BLACK.

Elizabeth sits up, her eyes concentrated on the van.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

He told me he'd been seeing this
woman for a couple of weeks. I
wonder if she knows...

The VAN picks up speed, getting CLOSER and CLOSER to
Vivienne's car.

ELIZABETH

(under her breath)
Shit.

VIVIENNE

I mean why would she? Who would
have called her?

THE VAN IS ALMOST ON THEM NOW. Elizabeth shouts-

ELIZABETH

VIVIENNE!

VIVIENNE

(startled)
What?

Then the VAN turns off to a side road, DISAPPEARING FROM
VIEW. Elizabeth deflates.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry. I just can't talk about
Walter anymore.

VIVIENNE

That's okay, sweetie. I understand.

(CONTINUED)

Vivienne pats Elizabeth on the leg. They drive on in silence.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Elizabeth CAUTIOUSLY enters, dead-bolting the door.

She scans the room for anything out of the ordinary. Then-

MONTAGE: Elizabeth SYSTEMATICALLY checks every room-

--THE BEDROOM - Behind the dresser. Under the bed.

--THE LIVING ROOM - Between couch cushions. Behind the TV.

--THE BATHROOM - Inside the ceiling vent.

--THE KITCHEN - The stove top.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth CHANNEL SURFS on the couch, her head propped up on her arm. She's BEYOND EXHAUSTED, but she fights like hell to STAY AWAKE.

She lands on an old CARTOON. The SOUND EFFECTS are LOUD and OBNOXIOUS - something that might keep her up.

CLOSE ON: Her HEAVY EYELIDS. They begin to droop.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Elizabeth wakes with a start. STARK WHITE LIGHT streams in from the window. IT'S MORNING - SHE FELL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH.

AND SOMEONE IS BANGING ON THE DOOR.

She orients herself, then rises, cautiously approaching.

She keeps the chain on the door, as she opens it to find-

An OLD WOMAN, her skin TANNED and WRINKLED. It's her **LANDLADY**. And she's IRATE.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Mrs. Fahey?

LANDLADY
What the hell is this?

Elizabeth closes the door, unhooks the chain, and opens the door back up again, stepping into...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The landlady points to the front of the door. Elizabeth turns and AUDIBLY GASPS.

REVEAL: HUNDREDS OF INTRICATE MARKINGS CARVED INTO THE DOOR.

It's COVERED - top to bottom.

Elizabeth is speechless, UTTERLY DISTURBED.

LANDLADY
You got an explanation for this?

She shakes her head.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Someone's gonna have to pay for this.

Elizabeth leans in closer, reading the etchings. THEY'RE JUST THE SAME THING WRITTEN OVER AND OVER - a SINGLE DATE REPEATED.

ELIZABETH
It's a date.
(then)
Today's date.

The landlady looks, confused-

LANDLADY
Okay...

Elizabeth's mind races with the possibilities. Then, without explanation, she rushes back into her apartment.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Hey!

And emerges with her PURSE and KEYS. She rushes down the hallway, still dressed in her clothes from the night before.

(CONTINUED)

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

HEY!

Off the landlady, pissed.

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Elizabeth, clothes wrinkled, hair unkempt, hurries to her cubicle and takes a seat. Carol watches, alarmed.

CAROL

Everything alright, Lizzy?

ELIZABETH

Yeah. Fine. How are you?

Carol isn't really buying it.

CAROL

Vivienne told me you were there
with Walter.

Elizabeth doesn't respond.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're okay? That must
have been just terrible.

She looks up to find Vivienne headed towards them, a concerned look on her face.

ELIZABETH

It was, but I'm fine.

VIVIENNE

Lizzy, how are you holding up?

ELIZABETH

(exasperated)

I'm fine.

Vivienne looks her up and down.

VIVIENNE

Honey, are you still wearing your
clothes from yesterday?

Elizabeth glances down - she hadn't even realized.

ELIZABETH

I guess I am.

(CONTINUED)

Carol and Vivienne exchange looks. Carol leans in, whispers-

CAROL
Why don't you go home, Lizzy. No
one would blame you for it-

Elizabeth stands abruptly, unable to take their pity.

ELIZABETH
I'm fine. I just... need a second.

And with that, she rushes off.

INT. THE OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Elizabeth bursts through the door and checks the stalls, making sure she's alone.

Then she picks one, locking herself inside. She lowers her head to her knees, trying not to PANIC.

After a moment, she rolls up her pant leg, revealing the tattoo underneath.

IT MEANS SOMETHING DIFFERENT NOW - SOMETHING TERRIFYING.

She DIGS HER FINGERNAIL into the Moose's face, as if trying to SCRATCH IT OFF.

But she can't. SHE NEVER WILL.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

As Elizabeth drags herself back to her cubicle, she sees something on her DESK.

A few steps more and she realizes what it is-

IT'S THE RING BOX - OPEN. THE TOE IS COMPLETELY EXPOSED.

Elizabeth FRANTICALLY LOOKS AROUND, trying to gauge if anyone's seen. Carol isn't at her desk - BUT SHE'S ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE KITCHEN, coffee in hand.

Elizabeth HURRIES over...

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

AND CLOSES THE BOX JUST AS CAROL ARRIVES.

SHE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.

CAROL
How ya doing?

ELIZABETH
Better.

Elizabeth casually slips the box back into her purse.

CAROL
Good. You let me know if you need anything.

ELIZABETH
Okay, I will. Thanks.

Carol smiles warmly, taking a seat at her desk.

Elizabeth collapses in her chair, her heart STILL POUNDING.

She SCANS THE OFFICE. Everything appears NORMAL. But Elizabeth knows down in her gut-

KEESIAH WAS THERE.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - ELIZABETH'S CUBICLE - LATER

Elizabeth sits glued to her desk, completely DRAINED.

Her BLOODSHOT EYES shoot back and forth, watching as her co-workers pack up and leave for the day.

Carol, bag in hand, stops by one last time-

CAROL
Leaving soon?

ELIZABETH
Yeah, just trying to catch up on some things.

CAROL
I'm surprised. You usually fly out of here on Mondays.

(CONTINUED)

This hits Elizabeth like a SACK OF BRICKS as she remembers -
GREG THE PIZZA GUY. Keesiah knows about her MONDAY NIGHT
RITUAL. And also she's FUCKING CRAZY.

Elizabeth explodes from her chair-

 ELIZABETH
 Actually, Carol, could I get a ride
 home from you? I don't have my car.

Carol nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol's CAR pulls to a stop in front of Elizabeth's
apartment building.

Elizabeth emerges, looking up at the place she calls home.
IT LOOMS LARGE - all matter of dangers potentially waiting
for her within its walls.

She takes a moment, then goes inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT- HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth cautiously approaches her door, the DATE ETCHINGS
still covering its surface.

She takes her key and slowly inserts it, TURNING and
UNLOCKING THE DOOR.

Then she CAREFULLY OPENS it, peering inside.

It looks EMPTY.

So she goes in.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She looks around the darkened apartment - NOTHING OUT OF
PLACE. She turns on the LIGHT, setting her purse down on the
table. Then-

A "SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT" KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth jumps, STARTLED. Then she releases a breath, realizing it's just the pizza guy.

She opens the door.

CLOSE ON: A PIZZA BOX

ELIZABETH

Hey, Gre-

TILT UP FROM PIZZA BOX-

IT'S NOT GREG.

IT'S KEESIAH.

KEESIAH

Ready?

And before Elizabeth can react, **KEESIAH LUNGES AT ELIZABETH, THRUSTING A WHITE CLOTH OVER HER NOSE.**

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LATER

ELIZABETH'S POV (Mirroring Tara's POV earlier): Light fades in, shapes come into focus. We're in Elizabeth's kitchen.

And Elizabeth is **TIED TO A CHAIR.**

Before her stands the **BLACK-ROBED FIGURE-**

KEESIAH IN ALL HER GLORY.

Elizabeth starts to struggle against her bindings, as she gains full consciousness.

CLOSE ON: Elizabeth's BARE FEET, wriggling against the cold tile floor.

Keesiah removes her **BLACK MASK**, a **DISTURBINGLY STOIC EXPRESSION** ON HER FACE.

KEESIAH

Don't fight it.

ELIZABETH

Please... untie me. We can talk.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH

Not yet, my dear. I realized
something after you walked away
from me.

Keesiah moves casually to the counter, to the KNIVES hanging
on a magnetic strip on the wall.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

I was genuinely fucking confused. I
really did not understand why you
couldn't see what I saw.

She RUNS HER FINGERS OVER THE KNIVES.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

And then it dawned on me.

And she PICKS ONE - A BUTCHER KNIFE.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

It's about the damage.

Elizabeth watches her, SHAKING, CONSUMED WITH FEAR.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

The problem is, you've never been
fully damaged. Not like I was.
You've never truly evolved from the
way you were. So it was super
fucking ignorant of me to expect
that you'd be capable of truly
evolved thinking.

Keesiah walks toward Elizabeth, running her finger down the
blade, TESTING IT.

KEESIAH (CONT'D)

You and I, we are so similar in so
many ways - except for one.

Elizabeth realizes what the knife is for. She looks down at
her **BARE TOES**.

ELIZABETH

No...

KEESIAH

I care about you too much to let
this go.

ELIZABETH

DON'T. PLEASE-

(CONTINUED)

Keesiah picks out a ROLL OF DUCT tape from her bag and uses the KNIFE to cut off a STRIP.

 KEESIAH
 Today's the day it all changes.

 ELIZABETH
 NO! HEL-

Keesiah SMACKS the tape over Elizabeth's mouth, MUFFLING HER SCREAMS.

Then she KISSES Elizabeth on the forehead.

 KEESIAH
 I couldn't be happier for you.

She bends down, KNIFE IN HAND.

Elizabeth TREMBLES IN TERROR, SWEAT POURING DOWN HER BROW.

CLOSE ON: THE KNIFE, AS IT CUTS DEEP INTO HER BIG TOE, ITS TENDER RED INSIDES SPLITTING OPEN.

ELIZABETH SHRIEKS IN AGONY, HER EYES POPPING OUT FROM HER SKULL.

And after a few more EXCRUCIATING moments, Keesiah stands-
HOLDING ELIZABETH'S FRESHLY SEVERED TOE IN HER HAND.

She SMILES WILDLY, presenting it to Elizabeth.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 A thing of beauty.

Elizabeth is BARELY CONSCIOUS now. Her head falls LIMP, as she begins to QUIETLY SOB.

Keesiah rubs her back, trying to soothe her.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 You did good.

She puts ELIZABETH'S TOE on the kitchen table, and moves around behind her chair - UNTYING HER.

She guides Elizabeth off the chair and down to the floor, then pulls out a FIRST AID KIT from her bag.

She begins to CLEAN and DRESS THE GAPING WOUND on Elizabeth's foot.

(CONTINUED)

KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 I was always a good girl scout.

Elizabeth remains DESPONDENT, as Keesiah finishes up. She removes the TAPE from Elizabeth's mouth.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 Elizabeth?

She puts her hand on Elizabeth's cheek, forcing her to focus.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 We're almost done, okay?

Elizabeth mindlessly nods.

 KEESIAH (CONT'D)
 We just have to eat them now.

Elizabeth takes this fucking insane sentence in, mustering a response-

 ELIZABETH
 Wh... what?

 KEESIAH
 It's the only way to bind us
 together.

Keesiah reaches for Elizabeth's Toe and holds it up to her mouth.

 ELIZABETH
 Wa... wait.

 KEESIAH
 The essence becomes far more
 powerful within.

Elizabeth takes a deep breath, DECIDING SOMETHING. Then-

 ELIZABETH
 Wait... I want... I wanna do it
 first.

Keesiah stops and smiles.

 KEESIAH
 Of course.

She puts Elizabeth's toe back down on the table.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

My purse.

Keesiah digs through Elizabeth's bag, pulling out the RING BOX. She opens it and picks up the now **DECREPIT, SHRIVELED TOE INSIDE.**

Elizabeth looks at it for a long moment - IT ALL BEGAN WITH THIS TOE, and they've both been through a lot at this point.

Then she CLOSES HER EYES, and OPENS HER MOUTH - TRUSTING KEESIAH TO FEED HER.

Keesiah, TOUCHED BY THE GESTURE, slowly holds the TOE up to Elizabeth's mouth.

SHE GENTLY REACHES IN, PLACING THE TOE ON ELIZABETH'S TONGUE.

THEN-

ELIZABETH BITES DOWN HARD ON KEESIAH'S FINGERS!

FLESH TEARS!

KEESIAH SCREAMS!

BLOOD FLOWS, STAINING ELIZABETH'S TEETH.

Then Keesiah FALLS BACKWARD. Elizabeth RELEASES HER GRIP, and **SPITS OUT THE TOE.** It SLIDES across the tile.

Keesiah hits the floor, holding on to her MANGLED DIGITS.

With extreme effort, Elizabeth picks herself up and begins to LIMP TOWARD THE DOOR.

Keesiah watches, RAGE BUILDING WITHIN HER. She grabs the **BUTCHER KNIFE** ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HER and-

LUNGES AT ELIZABETH, COLLAPSING ON TOP OF HER.

A BRUTAL STRUGGLE ensues, as Keesiah SLASHES AT ELIZABETH'S FACE, SLICING THE TOP OF HER EAR.

Elizabeth SCREAMS, PUSHING AND SCRATCHING at Keesiah, as BLOOD starts to flow down the side her cheek.

Then she gets a hold of KEESIAH'S WRIST, SLAMMING IT AGAINST A CABINET, **KNOCKING THE KNIFE FROM HER HAND.**

As Keesiah tries to retrieve it, Elizabeth JUMPS ON TOP OF HER, FORCING HER TO HER BACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Keesiah, PURE FURY at this point, GRIPS ELIZABETH'S NECK AND BEGINS TO SQUEEZE WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

BLOOD OOZES OUT OF THE WOUNDS IN HER FINGERS, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE.

Elizabeth PULLS and PRODS at Keesiah's hands, but she can't LOOSEN THE GRIP no matter how hard she tries.

SHE STRUGGLES TO BREATHE, HER FACE TURNING A DEEP RED.

She looks around for ANYTHING THAT CAN HELP.

SHE SPOTS THE TOE - KEESIAH'S TOE - ON THE GROUND.

SHE REACHES OUT DESPERATELY FOR IT.

HER FINGERS INCHING CLOSER AND CLOSER, until-

She finally REACHES IT, SCOOPS IT UP AND-

SHOVES IT INTO KEESIAH'S MOUTH.

Keesiah, STUNNED, tries to spit it out, but Elizabeth holds it in, CLAMPING HER HANDS DOWN OVER KEESIAH'S MOUTH.

Keesiah continues to STRANGLE ELIZABETH, BUT THEN-

SHE STARTS TO COUGH VIOLENTLY.

HER EYES GO WIDE.

SHE'S CHOKING.

Elizabeth, NOW CLOSE TO PASSING OUT, continues to hold her hand over Keesiah's mouth.

Then Keesiah finally LOOSENS HER GRIP around Elizabeth's neck.

Elizabeth FALLS BACK - GASPING FOR AIR.

KEESIAH SITS UP, HER HANDS ON HER THROAT, PETRIFIED.

But Elizabeth just watches.

SHE WATCHES AS KEESIAH STARTS TO CONVULSE.

SHE WATCHES AS KEESIAH COLLAPSES.

SHE WATCHES AS SHE TAKES HER LAST BREATH.

AND THEN-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SILENCE.

Elizabeth just sits there for a LONG BEAT, catching her breath.

Then she SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY CRAWLS OVER TO KEESIAH.

She looks into her BLOODSHOT EYES, confirming-

KEESIAH IS DEAD.

Then-

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR!

Elizabeth JUMPS.

Then she takes a breath, pushes herself up and limps over to the door. She opens it to find-

GREG - THE PIZZA GUY.

He FROWNS-

GREG
Jesus, are you okay?

He looks ELIZABETH over - **SHE'S COVERED IN BLOOD AND
BRUISES.**

But she SMILES at him anyway-

ELIZABETH
I think so.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A STITCHED UP, SLIGHTLY CROOKED, BIG TOE.

REVEAL: Elizabeth in a hospital bed, cleaned up.

HER BIG TOE HAS BEEN RE-ATTACHED.

She looks down at it, PLEASED.

GREG (O.S.)
Knock. Knock.

Elizabeth looks up to find Greg at her door, FLOWERS IN
HAND.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Hey.

She SITS UP, as Greg enters, setting the flowers down on her bedside table.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Thank you.

GREG

How are you?

ELIZABETH

Hard to say.

He looks down at her foot-

GREG

Hey! That looks pretty good.

ELIZABETH

It does, doesn't it.

GREG

Can you walk on it?

ELIZABETH

Not yet. But I'll be able to.

GREG

That's good.

Elizabeth nods. An AWKWARD SILENCE FOLLOWS.

GREG (CONT'D)

So when do you get out of here?

ELIZABETH

Couple more days.

GREG

Cool. I actually gotta run. My shift starts soon. But I'll see you Monday. This time I'm bringing the beer-

Elizabeth winces.

ELIZABETH

Actually...

Greg frowns-

(CONTINUED)

GREG

What?

Elizabeth thinks carefully about what she's about to say-

ELIZABETH

A lot's happened over the past few weeks, and I've realized something.

GREG

Yeah, what's that?

ELIZABETH

I don't like pizza.

GREG

You don't...

She shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

I can definitively say that I do not like pizza.

Greg takes this in, confused.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

But thanks for stopping by. That was nice of you. Good luck with the hotel thing.

He nods and walks away, not really sure what just happened.

Elizabeth smiles, content, and looks down at her NEW TOE.

CLOSE ON: THE FRANKENSTEIN TOE, AS IT WIGGLES HAPPILY.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END