

THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Written by

A. J. Bermudez

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The Gotham Group
Justin Littman
1041 N Formosa Ave, Suite 200
West Hollywood, CA 90046
310.285.0001

*"We become what we behold. We shape our tools,
and thereafter our tools shape us."*

- Marshall McLuhan

FADE IN:

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

A brutalist tableau of concrete and glass.

Arched over the edge of a low-slung bed, a FEMALE BODY slumps against the floor in a gangly, borderline-carnal pose.

Fragments of her face -- pale jaw, the matte-red bruise of a mouth -- appear through the ripped and splayed hem of an electric yellow COUTURE GOWN.

Blood is everywhere.

AARON (V.O.)
Can you describe what you saw?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Framed by a blinking red light and a time/date stamp, KEIKO AGANO (19) looks up, into a VIDEO CAMERA.

Her appearance is at once doll-like and animal, disconcertingly symmetrical, with the graceful, nimble air of cornered prey.

KEIKO
Have you ever seen a group of women getting out of a limousine?

AARON (O.S.)
Sure.

KEIKO
Like that, but instead of a limousine it's a shipping crate. And instead of women it's children.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

An aluminum LOADING RAMP stretches in perfect profile, lit like a runway by hot orange WORK LAMPS.

A parade of precarious HEELS and razor-thin LEGS march past.

AARON (V.O.)
Prior to your awareness of human trafficking by the Yusupov organization, you were aware of other forms of criminal activity?

KEIKO (V.O.)
There were signs.

A pair of sky-high GOLD STILETTOS traipse past.

The ankles wobble and bend.

AARON (V.O.)
What kind of signs?

KEIKO (V.O.)
Guns. Drugs. Big signs.

INT. MARC'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARC (27), a stunningly beautiful ambisexual It Boy, stands atop the luxe wreckage of his bed. He is smoking a PIPE and twirling a fat pearl-finished REVOLVER like a sharpshooter.

Marc unfastens his BELT BUCKLE, etched in the likeness of a SCORPION.

MARC
Open your mouth.

Keiko kneels in the center of Marc's opulent, unmade bed. Turns her gaze upward.

She opens her mouth.

Marc slides the barrel of his pearl-finished revolver into her mouth. He glides it back and forth -- roughly, methodically.

Keiko chokes, sputters. Her eyes water, spilling spider-like tendrils of mascara from the corners.

Marc finally jerks the revolver from her mouth. She coughs raggedly, gasps for air.

Marc lightly grips her hair, then places his palm on her head, tenderly, like a benediction.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Viewed though the camera, Keiko rakes all of her hair to the front, then gently pushes it back from her face. A weird and endearing gesture.

KEIKO
May I have a coffee?

U.S. Marshal AARON RHODES (40) -- handsome, earnest, caffeine-sharp -- studies Keiko, who appears as a specter over his shoulder in the ONE-WAY MIRROR.

Aaron nods toward the mirror. He leans forward, switches off the camera.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Why do you need me?

AARON

What do you mean?

KEIKO

The photographs. They're not enough?

AARON

You're more than your photographs, Keiko. In a case like the one we're building against Marc's father, three years of eyewitness testimony would be...

(shifts gears)

We need your testimony to corroborate the photos, to explain them, give them context. And even if you didn't show up in court, everyone would still know who took them.

KEIKO

Marc would know.

AARON

Yes.

KEIKO

He would... be surprised.

AARON

I imagine.

KEIKO

Do you think he would find me?

Aaron hesitates. The answer is yes.

AARON

We would do everything in our power to make sure that didn't happen.

U.S. Marshal JAY CARTER (30s) enters with a cup of COFFEE, sets it in front of Keiko. This is beneath him.

Aaron nods his thanks and watches him leave.

AARON (CONT'D)
(careful)
You know, in a case like yours,
when a person can afford it and is
recognizable... plastic surgery
wouldn't be the worst thing.

KEIKO
Sure it would.

AARON
(uncomfortable)
Of course it would be your choice.

Keiko leans across the table. In the bulbous, glassy lens of the camera, her sunken, distorted reflection stares back.

A moment.

AARON (CONT'D)
Ready?

Through the viewfinder, Keiko nods.

Aaron leans forward and flicks the camera back on.

AARON (CONT'D)
How did you meet Marc Yusupov?

KEIKO
At a photo shoot. Four years ago.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A set peppered with LUXURY HANDBAGS.

LIGHTING RIGS are assembled, CAMERA EQUIPMENT adjusted. A lens hones its focus on Keiko -- skittishly stiff, a more juvenile haircut, clad in a lavender cotton bra and jeans.

Perched at a high-top table at the edge of set, Marc -- clean-shaven, designer casual -- watches, sips champagne.

ILSE (22), a chic, high-strung assistant, approaches Keiko, clipboard in hand.

ILSE
Do you have a parent here?

KEIKO
I, um... Luca said --

ILSE
I'm sure he did. But you're
fifteen; I need a signature.

MARC (O.S.)
Ilse?

As Ilse spins to face Marc, her expression melts to a blush.

ILSE
What are you doing here?

MARC
Protecting the innocent.

He playfully snatches the clipboard.

ILSE
And stealing champagne from the
Ford shoot down the hall.

He twirls his finger in a turn-around motion. Ilse sighs and turns. Marc props the document on her back, signs with a flourish.

MARC
Et voilà.

Ilse rolls her eyes, takes the clipboard back with a coquettish smile, and leaves.

MARC (CONT'D)
(to Keiko,
conspiratorially)
No one cares if you're eighteen.

He lifts his hand, cradling two CHAMPAGNE FLUTES. Hands one to Keiko.

MARC (CONT'D)
Salud.

They clink and drink.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Through the color-drained filter of the camera, Keiko repeats the oddly contemplative, childlike gesture with her hair.

AARON
Four years is a long time.

KEIKO
How old are you?

Aaron taps his pen.

AARON
Forty.

KEIKO
It's not that long.

AARON
How old were you when you met
Marc's father?

KEIKO
Sixteen.

AARON
Where?

KEIKO
A dinner. At a hotel.

AARON
Did you get along?

KEIKO
He seemed... relieved.

INT. FOUR SEASONS BALLROOM - NIGHT

ALEC YUSUPOV (58) -- rough, cultured, ruthlessly self-made --
eyes Keiko with a mixture of wariness and delight.

AARON (V.O.)
Relieved?

KEIKO (V.O.)
That I was young and useless.

AARON (V.O.)
What did you discuss?

KEIKO (V.O.)
I don't know. Nuclear physics.

Alec's mouth, framed by white stubble, drifts toward Keiko's
ear. He whispers something.

KEIKO (V.O.)
He said that Marc was lucky. That I
was lucky.

Alec breaks into a smile.

KEIKO (V.O.)
That we were all lucky.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron studies Keiko, thumbs the edge of a manila folder.

AARON
The photograph of the transport
ledger --

KEIKO
A mistake.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - ALEC'S SUITE - NIGHT

Keiko staggers into a lavish suite, a bit drunk and a bit high. She fumbles with a CAMERA the way one might handle a security blanket.

AARON (V.O.)
A lucky mistake.

As Alec staggers in behind her, Keiko snaps his photograph. He catches her by the waist, playful, a bit rough.

His phone RINGS. He turns and answers, all business.

AARON (V.O.)
Alec Yusupov is a difficult man to
get close to.

As he moves off, Keiko continues to take photographs of everything. The desk, the books, the papers, the carpet...

She pauses at the sight of a vintage PAPERWEIGHT, translucent glass with a SCORPION suspended inside.

She lowers the camera.

KEIKO (V.O.)
I've heard it's not that difficult.
If you're under 18.

Alec returns, slings Keiko over his shoulder. Lugs her off toward the bedroom.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko and Aaron watch each other, silent.

AARON
You always have a camera with you?

KEIKO
Sometimes.

AARON
Most of the time?

KEIKO
It's not a big deal.

AARON
The Nikon D3S is kind of a big deal camera.

Keiko shrugs.

AARON (CONT'D)
Great in low light.

KEIKO
Tell me about it.

EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

Three years ago. A simpler time, a simpler version of Keiko, reflected in the glass of a shop window.

Her fingers trace the glass, fixated on a used NIKON D3S CAMERA.

This is not just a camera. This is her calling.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Keiko snaps a series of colorful IMAGES, aggressively raw, of everyone and everything.

KEIKO (V.O.)
There's a kind of power in it. You don't give a photograph, you take one. Whatever it is, whatever you take, makes you stronger.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A rapid succession of newer images, taken with the same camera:

- a colorful heap of women's SHOES,
- a huddle of GIRLS sharing a cigarette in the back of a fluorescent-lit semi-truck,
- a stack of counterfeit VISA DOCUMENTS on a card table, and
- a close-up of TWIN SISTERS (12) staring directly into the camera.

AARON (V.O.)

And Marc didn't mind you taking the pictures?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko picks at a tiny divot along the edge of her coffee cup.

KEIKO

He thought I believed what he had told me. That they were models.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The same orange-lit, aluminum-riddled warehouse space.

KEIKO (V.O.)

He thought it'd be fun.

A bleary, accelerated photoshoot, punctuated by haunting, low-light individual photographs.

Keiko focuses on the GIRL (14) in the gold stilettos, the one who had stumbled on the ramp.

She is younger, less polished, but her resemblance to Keiko is striking, just shy of doppelgänger territory.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko looks away from the camera.

KEIKO

Am I free to go?

AARON

You came to us. You were always free to go.

As Aaron shuts off the camera, Keiko moves toward the one-way mirror. She looks into her reflection, traces the glass.

KEIKO

How many people are in there?

AARON

Two.

KEIKO

Do you think I could be 21?

AARON

What?

KEIKO

Do you think my new identity could be 21?

Aaron hesitates, weirdly charmed by the question.

AARON

I... can look into it.

KEIKO

Will you find them?

AARON

Sorry?

KEIKO

The girls.

AARON

(uneven, reserved)
Your testimony would be instrumental --

KEIKO

Do I have time to think about it?

AARON

Of course. Not a lot.

In the mirrored glass over Aaron's shoulder, Keiko's reflection nods, then moves toward the exit.

AARON (CONT'D)

(can't help himself)
My daughter has that haircut.

KEIKO

Oh. Yeah, it's a really popular haircut.

AARON

No, she has that haircut. She's got a picture of you on her phone that she takes to the salon.

KEIKO

Oh. Thank you.

AARON

Do you have someplace safe you can stay?

KEIKO

Absolutely.

INT. MARC'S LOFT - NIGHT

A party. Glittering chaos.

Keiko's reflection fills the dark rectangle of an iPad, its face (and hers) divided into sharp segments by four thin rows of COCAINE.

She leans in, locked in eye contact with herself. As she inhales a line, the tablet rings with an INCOMING CALL.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

The RINGING sound continues as the opening image -- the sprawled, glamorous corpse -- comes back into view.

KEIKO (V.O.)

Hello?

RABBIT (40s), a wilting English rose whose angularity is underscored by head-to-toe Helmut Lang, strides past the image.

Now fully visible, the image is revealed to be a LARGE-FORMAT PHOTOGRAPH mounted against a plain white wall.

Rabbit snaps into a phone:

RABBIT

You should be here.

As Rabbit roams an industrial loft-turned-gallery space, she passes a series of similar PHOTOGRAPHS. Each features a corpse-like, couture-clad Keiko.

KEIKO (V.O.)

I am there.

RABBIT

In person, not in spirit, you tart.

KEIKO (V.O.)

It's America. Say cunt.

Milling CHAMPAGNE DRINKERS flit in and out of view like exotic birds.

Rabbit stops and glares toward one of the photographs.

RABBIT

Everyone loves you. You're getting a lot of credit for my work.

KEIKO (V.O.)

It's your name on the placards.

RABBIT

Doesn't matter. To be seen is to be loved.

A silence.

RABBIT (CONT'D)

Are you there?

KEIKO (V.O.)

Congratulations on the show.

RABBIT

Thank you.

Rabbit hangs up.

RABBIT (CONT'D)

Cunt.

INT. MARC'S LOFT - NIGHT

As Keiko leans down to inhale another line, Marc descends and bites her ear.

MARC

How was the art show?

KEIKO

I didn't go.

MARC

All those rich fucks coming to your dead body. You love it.

KEIKO

You love it.

As Marc tugs her into a kiss, a PARTYGOER (20s) captures the proceedings via Snapchat (or whatever platform du jour).

Like a mobile voyeur, the screen meanders through a rapid tour of Marc's apartment: striking, minimalist, luxuriant. Through floor-to-ceiling windows, the lights of the Lower East Side sprawl like a well-ordered galaxy.

Inside, all is camera-ready debauchery. Professional BOXERS in boxers pose for co-selfies. A throng of MODELS vie to balance champagne flutes on their noses. An incoherent game of coke-fueled STRIP SCRABBLE unfolds on the hallway floor.

As the screen circles back to Keiko, she lifts her own device, poised to post to Instagram. Her following -- **17.6 million** -- looms at the edge of the screen.

But instead of posting an image of the current milieu, she selects a photo from the exhibition she's not attending. An image of her, artfully dead, hovers on the screen amid the bedlam of the party.

Keiko completes the post, then playfully bites the lip of another WOMAN (21). She turns toward the partygoer and curls her fingertips in a follow-me gesture.

The screen trails her as she glides up a curved staircase and onto a ROOFTOP TERRACE.

EXT. MARC'S LOFT - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Keiko strikes a pose, feints, and snatches the phone from her videographer.

Through the filter of the screen, Keiko's gaze roves over the scene. Lands on a pair of cheap gold stilettos.

Perched on the edge of the rooftop bar, the girl from the loading dock sits surrounded by a PACK OF MEN plying her with a kaleidoscope of cocktails.

The girl strikes a pose. She swings her legs, childlike.

Setting the phone on a table, Keiko grabs a BOTTLE OF WATER and pours it into a used MARTINI GLASS.

She makes her way toward the bar.

As the men part for her, Keiko plucks an ELECTRIC YELLOW SHOT from the girl's hand, replaces it with the faux martini.

KEIKO
Drink it slowly.

Keiko raises the shot in the air. Captivated by her presence, the men follow suit.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Salud.

Keiko throws back the drink.

She leans forward, whispers in the girl's ear.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
You'll want to be a little drunk.
But stay awake.

Keiko makes her way back to the table where the abandoned phone lies face-up, recording nothing.

As she leans down to cut another series of lines, we focus briefly on the BUSINESS CARD she is using to do it. It reads:

AARON RHODES | U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

INT. MARC'S LOFT - DAWN

The following morning. Marc lounges on his bed, smoking a CIGARILLO and sifting through old-school, overexposed POLAROIDs in which Keiko features prominently.

MARC
Kei.

Through a veil of smoke, he continues to sort photographs.

MARC (CONT'D)
Keiko!

KEIKO (O.S.)
I'm in the bathroom.

The woman Keiko had been kissing the night before wanders past, tugging on the thin straps of a sundress.

MARC
(louder)
You look fucking bomb in these photos.

KEIKO (O.S.)
Thank you.

As Keiko reenters the room, Marc's eyes track her movement toward the foot of the bed. She stops.

KEIKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What?

MARC

I remember when I met you.

KEIKO (O.S.)

Why would you say that?

MARC

Because you need people who know where you came from. Who know that you've made something of yourself.

KEIKO (O.S.)

I didn't make myself. I was made.

MARC

(amused)

Where'd you get that from?

KEIKO (O.S.)

Back of a cereal box.

Marc grins, smokes. His gaze tracks Keiko as she makes her way around the edge of the bed and exits.

INT. BOEING 777 - DAY

In an oval window of the first-class cabin, Keiko's reflection leans her head back against the seat.

She opens her LAPTOP, accesses her email. Clicks a message labeled **"RE: [XY Journal] Agano - Select Photographs for Submission."**

It reads: "Thank you for your submission. Regretfully, your work has not been chosen..."

Keiko files the message under SUBMISSIONS - NAY (158). Beneath this folder is another labeled SUBMISSIONS - YEA (4).

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Viewed through a CAMERA LENS, a glitter-slathered, jet-lagged, couture-swaddled Keiko poses with two other MODELS.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Buona.

KEIKO
(to another model)
When does this come out?

MODEL
(to an ASSISTANT, in
Italian)
When does this come out?

ASSISTANT
Settembre.

MODEL
(to Keiko)
September.

Keiko nods. Another ASSISTANT darts into frame to retouch her bronzer.

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - EVENING

Keiko, dressed plainly in a T-shirt and jeans, treks away from the lights of the LODGE. Wilderness stretches in all directions. The Nikon D3S camera dangles from her hand.

She nearly trips, looks down. Inhales sharply.

The speckled corpse of a HYENA lies sprawled in the dirt, entrails distended, mouth agape in a permanent smile.

Keiko raises the camera to her eye.

Takes the photo.

EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

Back in New York, Keiko's reflection strides down a midtown sidewalk, the city mirrored behind her in the bright grey glass of a financial building.

INT. PLASTIC SURGERY OFFICE #1 - DAY

A pristine, clinical landscape of Minotti sofas and Murano lighting.

Peering into the screen of a desktop computer, Keiko's eyes meet those of a mock-up PLASTIC SURGERY SIMULATION.

The image is Keiko-adjacent -- lovely, but simpler somehow. As she gazes into the image, a SURGEON speaks.

SURGEON 1 (V.O.)
We can alter the shape of the
cheekbones, of course.

INT. PLASTIC SURGERY OFFICE #2 - DAY

An identical set-up. Slightly different image.

SURGEON 2 (V.O.)
The nose.

INT. PLASTIC SURGERY OFFICE #3 - DAY

And another. Same contemporary furnishings, same Keiko-like
face staring back from a screen.

SURGEON 3 (V.O.)
The chin.

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Keiko's reflection in the screen is replaced by her
reflection in a MARTINI GLASS. Her perfect features wobble in
the shallow, transparent liquid.

SURGEON 3 (V.O.)
Whatever you like.

Her image vanishes as she drinks.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Rabbit monitors the hanging of a sparse, black-and-white
print by a fragile-looking GALLERY ASSISTANT.

They are overshadowed by a vivid photograph of a dead Keiko,
from the same series as the opening exhibit.

Rabbit's phone RINGS. She answers.

RABBIT
Keiko.

KEIKO (V.O.)
Hi, Rabbit. Do you have the number
of that makeup artist we used for
Again Again?

RABBIT
Why?

KEIKO (V.O.)
I'm going to a party.

RABBIT
(to the gallery assistant)
Up! Eye level.

KEIKO (V.O.)
A costume thing.

Rabbit contorts her face in an elaborate eye roll.

RABBIT
Sure.
(to the gallery assistant)
58 inches!
(to Keiko)
I'll text it to you.

INT. KEIKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An under-furnished, ambivalent loft. Touches of careless wealth are everywhere -- an unwashed LA PERLA BRA draped over a blender, LOUBOUTINS wedged beneath the radiator.

LLEWELLYN (31), a sullen, exquisitely transgender makeup artist, raises a blocky CAMERA to her eye.

KEIKO (O.S.)
How do I look?

LLEWELLYN
You look dead.

KEIKO (O.S.)
Good.

Llewellyn snaps a photo.

KEIKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Am I pale enough?

LLEWELLYN
Yes.

KEIKO (O.S.)
Are you sure?

LLEWELLYN
Yes.

KEIKO (O.S.)
Can you see the needle?

LLEWELLYN
(tacitly disturbed)
Yes, but not in an obvious way.

KEIKO (O.S.)
Okay.

Llewellyn snaps another photo. Lowers the camera, unsettled.

LLEWELLYN
I'm not a real photographer.

KEIKO (O.S.)
You're at least as real as a police
photographer.

Llewellyn hesitates, raises the camera back to her eye.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A sheaf of PHOTOGRAPHS lands and spreads on the table, each bearing the eerie grain of authentic crime photos.

Each image features a drained and sprawled Keiko, the apparent victim of a heroin overdose.

Aaron surveys the images, weirdly impressed and definitely upset.

AARON
This isn't MI-6. We move you.

KEIKO
You want to keep me alive.

Aaron grimaces, studies one of the more graphic photos.

AARON
Who took these?

KEIKO
A friend.

AARON
Given your circle of friends, I'm
sure you can appreciate my concern.
You'll need to put us in touch.

As Aaron studies the photos, his glare softens.

AARON (CONT'D)
You'll testify?

KEIKO

Yes.

(beat)

I won't change my face.

AARON

I'm getting that.

KEIKO

What will happen to Marc?

Aaron's fingertips glide over the photos.

AARON

Hope for the worst.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A thudding stampede of conservative BLACK SHOES, all headed in the same direction.

Among them: a pair of peacock-blue PRADA HEELS.

Keiko glides through the crowd in a tailored jacket and an Alexander McQueen skull scarf.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Backed by a congested courtroom, the BAILIFF raises her hand.

BAILIFF

Please raise your right hand.

Alec and a cadre of LAWYERS watch stoically from the defendant's table.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Do you solemnly swear that you will
tell the truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth?

Framed by the rigid edges of the witness stand, Keiko raises her hand. She looks strangely normal, washed out by the overhead lights.

KEIKO

I do.

INT. MARC'S LOFT - DAY

Marc's phone VIBRATES; he answers.

MARC

Yeah?

INT. COURTHOUSE - ATRIUM - DAY

A brutish ATTORNEY (40s) speaks quietly into his phone.

ATTORNEY

Lay low. Go somewhere. Now.

INT. SUV - DAY

In the backseat of a moving SUV, Keiko stares blankly toward the window.

All the windows are blacked out.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

In the back of a town car, Marc is driven beneath the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.

His phone buzzes with a NEWS ALERT:

**DAYS AFTER TESTIFYING IN ALEC YUSUPOV TRIAL,
KEIKO AGANO FOUND DEAD**

Beneath the headline, a leaked image of Keiko as a corpse, one of the photos taken by Llewellyn, fills the screen.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The attorney takes his seat at the defendant's table, slides a stack of BRIEFING PAPERS aside. Alec follows his sightline to a version of the same headline.

ATTORNEY

(muted, impassive)

I need to know. Did you do this?

Alec shakes his head with a thoughtful smile.

ALEC

Not I nor anyone.

INT. WITSEC OFFICE - DAY

Keiko sits in a windowless room, opposite a neutral-looking PSYCHOLOGIST (40s).

PSYCHOLOGIST

The French have a word for the
thrill and disorientation of being
displaced. *Depaysement*.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The attorney leans close to Alec's ear.

ATTORNEY

Should we worry about your son
doing something stupid?

INT. HOLY TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

Keiko's funeral has just ended. A smattering of ATTENDEES
pepper the pews.

Marc pushes through one of the building's red front doors.

He brushes past an exiting parishioner -- Llewellyn -- with
whom he shares a flash of eye contact.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

There are elements that often
surprise people. Unexpected
responses to losing control over
one's own life.

Marc makes his way down the aisle, toward a CLOSED CASKET.

He gently glides his hand over the surface.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

There are things you'll miss.

Marc's fingers graze the edge of the lid. Mournful, curious.

KEIKO (V.O.)

I've never really had that much
control over my own life.

He turns and walks back toward the entrance.

EXT. HOLY TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Marc exits through a red door. A trio of POLICE CARS has
clustered on 65th Street, LIGHTS FLASHING.

Marc slowly raises his hands behind his head.

INT. WITSEC OFFICE - SAME

The psychologist studies Keiko.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Well. Then maybe you'll miss that.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - DAY

Keiko stands in the middle of an empty street, perfectly still, as though in a trance.

Before her, the San Jacinto mountains undulate and blur toward the horizon, blanketed in ominous silence.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Keiko sits on the edge of a forest green and maroon bedspread.

In her hands, an early-model MOTOROLA FLIP PHONE. She makes a face, sets it aside.

Keiko turns and kneels toward a SUITCASE. She carefully unpacks its contents, mostly simple, nondescript clothing.

She places the clothing neatly in a drawer. Atop the dresser, an avocado-green ROTARY PHONE jangles. Keiko hesitates, then answers. A pert, pre-recorded voice:

VOICE (V.O.)

You've been selected to participate
in a survey about travel. Press one
to --

Keiko hangs up.

She opens a second SUITCASE. Inside, opulent fabrics in a riot of vivid color and texture. This is Keiko's secret cache of COUTURE.

She shuts and locks the second suitcase. Shoves it under the bed.

INT./EXT. CABIN - DAY

Keiko walks from the dim interior of the cabin through the front door.

All is pure sunlight, towering pines, anonymity.

Keiko faces the small cabin. Assesses it with a mix of disgust and fascination.

She walks around the side. Looks toward the roof.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - DAY

Defensively clad in a dark hooded jacket and sunglasses, Keiko walks up the one road toward the center of town. Kitschy, rugged, wholesome.

She angles toward a LIQUOR STORE.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Keiko sets a handle of VODKA on the counter.

As the CASHIER rings her up, Keiko spots a security camera and retreats further into the hood of her jacket.

She notices a SOUVENIR MARTINI GLASS, garishly emblazoned: "From Idyllwild with Love."

She sets it on the counter. Pays, takes her change.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - DAY

Keiko treks back down the street, bottle of vodka dangling from one hand, martini glass from the other.

As she nears her cabin, a HULKING FIGURE appears on the road ahead. His boots tromp up the street, directly toward her.

Keiko slows her pace. Her breathing quickens.

The man reaches into his pocket...

Keiko stops.

He pulls out a CELL PHONE, innocuously smiles and nods as he passes her on the road.

Keiko exhales.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shaded by trees, Keiko sits on the roof, drinking a MARTINI.

On the road below, a WOMAN (40) walks past, dressed in black. Several yards behind her, a FATHER (40) and DAUGHTER (8) walk in the same direction, also in black.

The girl looks up, locks eyes with Keiko.

Keiko shifts and recoils, evidently realizing that a rooftop martini may not be apropos for a person in hiding.

As a car drives past, Keiko climbs down from the roof. Sets her glass on the window sill.

Enthralled (and more than a bit buzzed), she makes her way toward the flow of traffic.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - DAY

Hundreds of INMATES spiral in long, sluggish rows.

Marc, newly arrived, locks eyes with his father across the room. Alec smiles, his expression a mix of unbridled hate and genuine amusement.

INT. IDYLLWILD COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

A small, nondescript church. "Be Thou My Vision" warbles forth from an upright organ.

Keiko steps inside, slips into a seat near the back with the skittish air of an intruder.

Before the altar, a CLOSED CASKET -- the opposite color but same model as Keiko's.

CONGREGANTS file forward to view the body. Wary but compelled, Keiko joins the line.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - CAFETERIA - DAY

Seated at an empty table, Marc studies his tray. Alec takes a seat opposite.

ALEC

It's some kind of hell, isn't it?

MARC

I can't believe they put us in the same facility.

ALEC

Which of us do you think they were trying to punish?

Marc does not share his father's amusement. Begins to eat.

ALEC (CONT'D)

You're such a pretty boy. Your mother always loved that you were pretty. She thought it would make you safer, somehow.

(studies his son)

You will be raped constantly here.

Marc sets down his fork. Glares savagely.

ALEC (CONT'D)

You blame me? For all this, ruining your life?

MARC

Yes.

ALEC.

(nods)

I blame you too. But, there's a difference. I gave you a life.

MARC

Well, the good lord giveth...

ALEC

Yes.

(smiles)

And the good lord fucked your fucking girlfriend.

Marc tightens his jaw, seethes.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Keiko is so pretty. Such a pretty little cunt.

(pointed)

Did you see the body?

MARC

No, it was a closed casket.

ALEC

Mm. Heroin is such an ugly drug, for such beautiful people. It hollows you out. But it does not make you ugly.

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)
(certain)
She's alive.

MARC
Probably.

ALEC
I have men looking. It's only a
matter of time.

MARC
It doesn't matter. You'll die here.

ALEC
Probably. But you... You're going
to live with yourself for a good
long while, aren't you? You'll get
out soon. They all believe you're
as dumb as you look?

MARC
They certainly do.

INT. IDYLLWILD COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Keiko reaches the front of the line. She leans down, gently
glides her hand over the surface of the casket.

ALEC (V.O.)
You'll kill her?

Keiko turns, nearly stumbles over the next person in line --
the girl from the road.

GIRL
I know you.

Keiko pushes past her, moving quickly through the line.

GIRL (CONT'D)
From the roof...

Keiko rushes from the church, her breathing panicked, emerges
into a wash of sunlight.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - DAY

Marc thinks, nods.

MARC
Not just her.

ALEC
(smirks barbarically)
Okay, pretty boy.

Alec stands, claps his son on the cheek as he passes.

INT. IDYLLWILD - GROCERY STORE - DAY

Keiko appears at the counter, sets down a mess of peanut butter, vegetable chips, bottled water.

The SHOPKEEPER follows her gaze to a MAGAZINE RACK.

KEIKO
Do you have Italian Vogue?

SHOPKEEPER
(proudly)
We have American Vogue.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A local library. Everything is waxy fluorescent and taupe.

Keiko sits at an early-model PC and double-clicks a web browser icon. She waits as the INSTAGRAM HOMEPAGE takes roughly a thousand years to load.

ON SCREEN: A succession of images featuring Keiko, a variety of iconic photos from a range of fashion campaigns. A virtual memorial. Outpourings of sympathy, tasteful clusters of emojis, etc.

Her profile shows roughly **23.8 million followers**.

INT. LIBRARY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Propped against a metal magazine rack, Keiko locates a copy of ITALIAN VOGUE. Stuffs it under her sweater.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Keiko lies on the bedspread, her legs splayed inelegantly. We begin at her toes, climbing upward...

Between her legs, her hand works feverishly beneath the open pages of *Italian Vogue*.

On the open pages: Keiko in couture, the Tanzania shoot.

She comes.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Keiko briefly eyes her reflection. Jerks open the door of a mirrored MEDICINE CABINET.

From a row of half-empty Lancôme vials, she seizes a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE.

She places a tiny CAPSULE on her tongue, tilts her head back.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: Something like "Lay Lady Lay" by Magnet.

Keiko walks toward the window in a slow, dreamlike bounce. She throws the curtain aside to reveal the MANHATTAN SKYLINE.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - NIGHT

Keiko walks down the center of a dark, empty road. Forest surrounds her on all sides. She gazes upward.

KEIKO'S POV: Skyscrapers.

She turns and watches as lights wash over her.

KEIKO'S POV: A pearl-tinted MASERATI drives past.

The quiet, empty woods replace her vision.

As she approaches town, a horizontal split divides her view. In the lower half: a crowded, roped-off CLUB ENTRANCE. In the top half: an aged wooden sign for EAST SIDE TAVERN.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

CUE MUSIC: Something like "Lay Lady Lay" by Bob Dylan.

Keiko sits at the bar.

The bartender, HESS (29), is stunning, but negotiably. Black eyeliner, a sexy but self-performed haircut.

A series of TATTOOS -- including a delicate SPIDER -- winds up her wrist and forearm.

Keiko assumes the posture of a 21-year-old.

KEIKO
Rémy Martin, please.

HESS
Can I see your ID?

Keiko's eyes widen. She grins, fishes in her pocket for the new ID and hands it over.

As Hess studies it, Keiko playfully mimics the photo.

HESS (CONT'D)
That is the fakest fucking fake ID
I've ever seen.

Keiko is crushed.

HESS (CONT'D)
Did you sit up straighter when I
came over here? You're like fucking
six feet tall.

KEIKO
(wounded)
I...

Hess sets down a pair of SNIFTER GLASSES, pours a shock of cognac into each.

HESS
Salud.

Eyes locked, they clink glasses. Drink.

HESS (CONT'D)
(not sorry)
Sorry to fuck with you. I'm Hess.

KEIKO
Kate.

Hess smiles.

HESS
Let me know if you need anything
else, Kate.

Keiko watches, entranced, as Hess lightly taps the bar and moves off.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - LATER

Keiko leans against a weathered Wurlitzer Zodiac JUKEBOX, half in fascination, half for support. Hess watches, amused.

HESS
One drink is like three up here.
It's the altitude.

KEIKO
Mm.
(matter-of-fact)
It's probably also the Klonopin.

HESS
Oh, god damn it.

Hess rushes over, equal parts distraught and annoyed, as Keiko COLLAPSES against the jukebox.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Keiko, seated on the floor, props her head back against the LIQUOR CAGE. She's just this side of conscious.

KEIKO
I'm normally very good at this.

HESS
I'll bet.

Hess roughly tucks a glass of WATER into her hand.

HESS (CONT'D)
Drink that. I'll be done in 20
minutes.

KEIKO
(flirty)
I'll go home with you?

HESS
(stern)
No, you'll go home with you. Where
do you live?

KEIKO
New York.

HESS
Great.

Hess exits. Keiko stares down into the glass of water.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - 20 MINUTES LATER

Hess drives in silence. Keiko fidgets, embarrassed, in the passenger seat.

KEIKO
Why are you doing this?

HESS
What?

KEIKO
Driving me home.

HESS
Because I don't want to be
arrested.

KEIKO
I would be arrested.

Keiko leans back, woozy and fried.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
(heroically)
I would tell them I tricked you. I
forced you to serve me. You checked
my ID and grilled me about my birth
year and I told you my favorite
show was *Dawson's Creek* and you
fell for it.

Hess watches her, mostly irked, marginally endeared.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
(gravely)
You would still go to jail though.

HESS
Just tell me where to turn, okay?

KEIKO
We could share a cell. Start a
whole new life together.

HESS
It's not college. They don't let
you pick your roommates.

KEIKO
I never went to college.

HESS
Did you ever go to prison?

KEIKO
No. But I have friends who have.
(re: the turn)
Here.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The truck rolls to a stop on the gravel drive.

Hess and Keiko exit, the former infinitely more gracefully than the latter.

HESS
This is you?

KEIKO
Yes, this is me. Kate.

Keiko ascends the steps shakily.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Thank you. I'm sorry.

HESS
You're good?

KEIKO
Yes.

HESS
You're not going to take anything else?

KEIKO
(polite, as though being offered a mint)
No thank you.

Hess studies her, moves back toward the truck.

Keiko fumbles with the key.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
I'm very sad.

Hess watches her. She waits until Keiko successfully hacks the lock, then gets back in the truck and DRIVES OFF.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Keiko lies in bed, staring upward, struggling to fall asleep.

Ambient noises -- CRICKETS, LEAVES, a flap of loose siding SLAPPING against a window sill -- build to an orchestral, DISCORDANT CLIMAX.

Keiko sits upright. The sounds cut to SILENCE.

Disturbed, Keiko instinctively grabs her phone and rises from the bed. She makes her way to the front door. Opens it.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Keiko steps onto the lawn. As she flips open her phone, a drop of BLOOD lands on the display.

She looks up.

Above her, ropy and gaunt, several DEAD ANIMALS dangle from the trees. They're small, spindly. Field-dressed fawns.

Keiko screams, horrified, turns back toward the door --

There stands Marc, twirling his pearl-finished revolver.

He smiles.

MARC

Boo.

He SHOOTS her.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Keiko springs awake in a panic. Does not immediately recognize her surroundings.

She gasps for breath, turns, and VOMITS.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - DAY

Hess tends to an early lunch crowd, comprised mostly of MEN whose lunch is comprised mostly of beer.

In an inconspicuous feat of strength, Hess tilts a FULL METAL KEG, rolls it over the curve of her hip, and deftly hauls it to its position beneath the bar.

Keiko presses open the door. Approaches the bar.

KEIKO

I'm sorry about last night.

A couple of barflies snicker, evidently mistaking their exchange for a lovers' spat.

HESS
(hushed)
What the fuck?

KEIKO
Oh, sorry.
(lowers her voice)
I'm sorry.

HESS
It's fine.

KEIKO
Really?

HESS
Yes. You're absolved.

KEIKO
Thank you.

Keiko turns to leave, hesitates.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Could I stay for a drink?

HESS
No.

KEIKO
Okay.

Keiko nods, exits. The sound of the door as it swings open, then closed. Then open again.

Keiko crosses back to the bar.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Where do you drink?

HESS
What?

KEIKO
Where do you go? To drink.

Hess studies her.

HESS
How old are you really?

KEIKO

19.

Beat.

HESS

The Berliner.

INT. THE BERLINER - NIGHT

An edgier, sexier venue. Keiko enters wearing a simple plaid shirt.

But the setting is not quite as podunk as she'd anticipated. She glances around self-consciously and eases out of the shirt, revealing a plain camisole underneath.

At the bar, Hess sips something dark.

Keiko sits beside her. Hess does not look up.

A bartender, JOSH (31), approaches.

JOSH

What can I get for you?

KEIKO

A martini.

JOSH

Gin or vodka?

KEIKO

Vodka.

Hess makes a face.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Gin.

JOSH

Can I see your ID?

Keiko sets it on the bar. Was already holding it.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You want to start a tab?

HESS

You can put it on mine, Josh.

JOSH

You got it.

Josh moves off.

KEIKO
Thank you.

HESS
No pills tonight?

KEIKO
I'm high enough. With the...
altitude...

Hess almost smiles.

HESS
You're from New York?

KEIKO
(wary)
How much did I say?

HESS
Just that you're from New York. And
you invited me to live with you in
prison.

Keiko winces.

HESS (CONT'D)
So. Kate. What did you do in New
York?

KEIKO
Photography. What do you do?

HESS
I bartend, stupid. And what brings
you to the beautiful middle of
nowhere?

KEIKO
Photography.

HESS
Photography. And what do you
photograph?

KEIKO
Everything.

Keiko's MARTINI lands on the bar in front of her.

Hess finally smiles, a dare.

Hess
Everything?

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Keiko and Hess crash into the latter's bathroom, drunk and sloppily intertwined.

As Hess bites her way down Keiko's torso, she turns on the SHOWER FAUCET with one hand.

Keiko grips the camera strapped around her neck.

Hess flips on the LIGHT, Keiko shuts it back off.

Keiko
It's a low-light camera.

Hess unbuttons her blouse, bare underneath.

She stands on the edge of the tub, leans back against the tile. Water cascades over her body.

Keiko feverishly screws on a LENS. Raises the camera to her eye, snaps a series of photos.

She looks down at the last image.

Keiko (CONT'D)
(in love)
The camera loves you.

Hess laughs, a bit wild.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Hess and Keiko are asleep, artfully overlapped in bed.

Keiko stirs awake. She gauges her surroundings, then subtly extracts herself.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko wanders into the living room wearing only Hess's shirt, still dappled with damp spots from the shower.

The room is bright and warm, defined by a floor-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall BOOKCASE, neatly jammed with Ph.D.-level texts. Keiko stares, mesmerized.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Framed by a charming but spartan kitchen, Keiko finds and makes coffee.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Keiko sets a mug on Hess's nightstand. She silently climbs back into bed, her gaze fixed on Hess.

Hess smiles without opening her eyes.

HESS

I'm awake.

Keiko leans to kiss Hess's neck. She lightly kisses her chest and stomach, her arm, the curve of her hip...

Hess catches her breath as Keiko moves between her legs.

Their motion is slow, silent except for Hess's breathing.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Keiko picks at a plate of eggs and meat. Hess watches her.

HESS

(fascinated)

You are terrible at eating.

KEIKO

I shine in other areas.

Keiko lifts and examines a forkful of meat.

HESS

It's venison.

KEIKO

Where do you get venison?

HESS

The woods.

Hess smiles, downs coffee.

HESS (CONT'D)

You hung over?

KEIKO

No. I took a fistful of B vitamins from your cabinet this morning.

HESS

Good girl.

KEIKO

You?

Hess shakes her head.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

You have a beautiful home.

HESS

It's not a garden party.

KEIKO

Still.

Hess studies her.

HESS

You're wondering how I bought it?

Keiko shakes her head. The shake turns into a nod.

HESS (CONT'D)

I was married. My wife was a doctor. She died in a car accident, five years ago.

KEIKO

I'm sorry.

HESS

It's okay. There would never have been a good time to tell you that.

Keiko turns toward the living room, visible through the kitchen doorway.

KEIKO

Are those her books?

HESS

No. Those are my books.

KEIKO

There are a million of them.

HESS

Are there?

KEIKO

You went to college.

HESS
More than once.

Keiko cocks her head.

HESS (CONT'D)
Undergrad, grad, postgrad...

KEIKO
Jesus.

HESS
Women in media ecology books are
more often the photos than the
scholars. You're done with these
eggs?

Keiko nods. Hess takes the plate and puts it in the sink.

HESS (CONT'D)
Go look at the books.

Keiko rises from the table, crosses into the living room.

Hess reaches for the camera.

HESS (CONT'D)
You look so small.

She raises the camera to her eye. Keiko shies away.

KEIKO
(attempted playfulness)
No.

Hess lowers the camera.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
I hate having my picture taken.

HESS
Really?

KEIKO
More than anything.

HESS
(smiles)
What a waste.

Hess sets the camera down. She crosses toward Keiko, presses
her against the bookshelf. Kisses her.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - DAY

A blindingly blue sky. Keiko snaps an image of the horizon.
Looks down.

At her feet: a dead GOOSE, splayed on the grass.

Keiko tilts her head, matching the angle of the bird's neck
with an immediate, animal grace.

She takes the photo.

INT. HOME & GARDEN STORE - DAY

Keiko peruses metal shelves packed with small clay pots,
houseplants, tacky knick-knacks.

Her fingertips graze over a small novelty DESERT PLANT. A
mini flirt with danger.

She stops in front of a rack of PAINT COLORS. Lifts a sample
card featuring a spectrum of blues.

She reaches for her phone.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SAME

Aaron strides down a bleak, fluorescent-lit hall. He answers
his phone.

AARON

Hello?

KEIKO (V.O.)

Can I paint the house?

He stops walking.

AARON

You can't call me. I am not your
point of contact. How do you have
this number?

KEIKO (V.O.)

It's on your business card...

AARON

Get rid of it.

(softens)

And yes. You can paint the house.
Nothing crazy.

KEIKO (V.O.)
I'm sorry I called.

AARON
It's okay.

KEIKO (V.O.)
I met someone.

AARON
(neither pleased nor
surprised)
Of course you did.

Aaron nods to a pair of passing COLLEAGUES, feeling how unprofessional this call is.

AARON (CONT'D)
Please be careful.

KEIKO (V.O.)
I know. I won't call again.

A moment.

AARON
I saw the cabin. Go side-to-side.
With the wood. Otherwise it'll end
up looking wrong.

Keiko hangs up. Aaron stares at his phone.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Keiko paints the house. A muted river blue.

INT./EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Keiko lies asleep.

As before, ATMOSPHERIC SOUNDS jarringly, incrementally emerge, like a symphony stirring to life.

Keiko sits up, looks out through the window.

Nothing.

Keiko slips out of bed, steps softly across the floor.
Confirms that the door is locked.

Then, unable to help herself, she slowly undoes the latch.
Opens the door.

Keiko steps onto the grass. There, on the front lawn, a DOE stares back at her. A moment.

The doe suddenly BOLTS OFF into the night. Keiko looks up.

Above her, as before, a collection of BODIES swing like gutted deer from the trees, dripping blood onto the lawn.

Only these are not deer. They're the GIRLS FROM THE TRAFFICKING RING.

At the edge of the road, the 14-year-old girl in the gold stilettos stands, her back turned.

As the girl turns, a perfectly round, berry-red BULLET WOUND comes into view, a blossom at the center of her chest.

Keiko looks down to her own hand.

She is holding Marc's pearl-finished revolver.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keiko wakes, gasping for breath. She reaches for her phone, toggles for Aaron's number.

She stops, sets the phone aside. It RINGS. An unknown caller.

Keiko picks up, places the phone to her ear. Both Keiko and the caller are silent.

She hangs up. Sets her phone on the bed, hand trembling.

The phone RINGS again.

Breathing hard -- the ragged, purposeful breaths of someone warding off a panic attack -- Keiko crosses to window, slowly presses her palm to the glass. She looks out into the night, a clutter of leaves and stars and pure nothing. She lowers her hand, watches the handprint dissipate.

The phone stops ringing.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Cold, fog-laced early light. Keiko walks up the path toward town.

EXT. LIBRARY - MORNING

Keiko sits on the front step of the library, waiting.

A LIBRARIAN (50s) unlocks the door.

INT. LIBRARY - MORNING

Perched over an antique brick of a PC, Keiko scrolls through slow-loading searches.

ON SCREEN: A news article about the arrest and imprisonment of Alec Yusupov, along with key members of his organization.

Keiko follows a hyperlink to an article about Marc. Terms like "**limited involvement**" and "**five years**" punctuate the report.

She searches "**sex trafficking Alec Yusupov**," but turns up nothing. Articles about drugs and weapons trafficking abound.

She types a flurry of alternate searches ("**human trafficking Yusupov NY**," "**sex trafficking ring Yusupov**," etc.). Nothing.

At last, Keiko returns to the original article, hovers over an image of Marc. She clicks it, and is instantly redirected to a blog touting the "**TOP 10 HOTTEST CRIMINALS UNDER 30.**"

Her phone VIBRATES. She stares at it, rattled, then takes it and moves toward the door.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Keiko emerges from the library, phone to her ear.

KEIKO

Hello?

HESS (V.O.)

Want to go to a party?

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC pounds as Hess pulls Keiko through a crowd of GUESTS.

As they arrive at a well-stocked LIQUOR CABINET, Keiko narrowly sidesteps a PARTYGOER (20s) snapping images on his phone. Hess tugs on Josh's shirt sleeve.

JOSH

Hess!

He lifts her in a gorilla-like hug.

HESS

Josh, Kate. You met at the
Berliner.

JOSH

Oh yeah.
(studying her closely)
I thought I recognized you.

Keiko smiles, more than a little nervous.

KEIKO

It's nice to see you again.

JOSH

You're like, Hess's hottest
girlfriend in ages.
(to Hess)
Remember Eliza?

HESS

No.

JOSH

Yeah, me neither. Well, ladies,
help yourselves to the good stuff.
(indicates the bar)
Really good stuff is downstairs,
empty bedrooms upstairs.

HESS

Host of the year.

Hess gives Josh a quick peck on the cheek. Grabs two bottles
of beer with one hand, Keiko with the other.

But Keiko is fixated on a massive GUN RACK spanning one wall
of Josh's living room.

KEIKO

You hunt?

JOSH

(half-apologetic)
Yeah. But it's the wild up here.
Everyone hunts.
(leans in, playful)
And everything's being hunted.

Hess rolls her eyes, drags Keiko away.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

The muted thump of MUSIC reverberates through the ceiling. A rotating DISCO LAMP swirls blotches of color around an old-school rec room.

Keiko lies on Hess's stomach, intently tracing the spider tattoo along her forearm. Both are extremely high.

KEIKO

Why spiders?

HESS

I think someone gave me a book about them when I was little.

KEIKO

Sure, but I don't have a tattoo of the Very Hungry Caterpillar.

HESS

Do you have any tattoos?

KEIKO

You'd have found them.

Hess smokes, contemplates.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

I was terrified of spiders when I was little.

HESS

Yeah?

KEIKO

Yeah.

INT. NEW YORK - STUDIO - NIGHT

A photo shoot. Keiko is nude, save for a swath of RED LIPSTICK and a pair of spectacular SNAKESKIN HEELS.

KEIKO (V.O.)

What do you see in them?

She gracefully arches backward on a black velvet chaise, draped in faux SPIDER WEBS.

HESS (V.O.)

Eight legs, eight notes in an octave, infinity as an eight on its side...

As Keiko poses, she looks down. Watches an actual SPIDER crawl across the concrete floor.

HESS (V.O.)
There's a kind of coherence, right?
They're so delicate, alien...

A camera FLASHES.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Keiko continues to drag her fingertips across Hess's forearm.

HESS
(smiles)
It's the pretty little things
that'll kill you.

Keiko stops. She playfully walks her hand, insect-like, over the curve of Hess's shoulder.

EXT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - YARD - DAY

Marc sits on a bench, staring out over the yard.

He spots his father in conversation with two other INMATES. Alec laughs, claps one on the back. Charm incarnate.

As Marc watches his father, he subtly, almost unconsciously mimics each of his physical tics. Alec tilts his jaw. Marc tilts his jaw. Alec scratches his chin. Marc scratches his chin.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Keiko sits on the roof in a tank and boxers, nursing a cup of coffee. The cabin is still only half-painted.

Hess emerges from the door below.

HESS
I don't know what you're talking
about. Your cabin is cool as hell.

KEIKO
Thank you.

Hess moves to the side and climbs up. She takes the mug from Keiko, kisses her neck.

Keiko suddenly catches her breath, slaps her own chest.

HESS

You okay?

KEIKO

Yeah, I just --

(peers down her own
neckline)

-- got stung or something...

She looks up toward the trees overhead.

HESS

Want me to take a look? I'm a
doctor.

KEIKO

Of media ecology.

HESS

You'd be surprised how good we are
at performing physical exams.

Keiko smiles, leans back. Hess watches her.

HESS (CONT'D)

You ever show anyone your
photographs?

Keiko shakes her head.

HESS (CONT'D)

Would I have seen any of your work?

Keiko shakes her head again.

HESS (CONT'D)

Would you show me any of your work?

KEIKO

It's all on SIM cards. I don't have
a reader. Or a computer.

HESS

Alright, you weird, gorgeous
Luddite. I have two hours before
work. Let's go.

KEIKO

Where?

HESS

To my house, stupid.
(playful)

(MORE)

HESS (CONT'D)

I know you're probably just a talentless trust-funder with a camera, but I would love to see your work.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko strips off her tank. As she unhooks and removes her bra, she looks down to see a small black SPIDER crushed against her breast. Above it, a tiny red-on-white BITE.

She looks at herself in the mirror. Reaches for her camera, moves in closer.

She photographs herself. Again. And again.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - MORNING

Hess pores over a series of images on her laptop, deep in concentration. Keiko lurks anxiously nearby.

HESS

These are... beautiful.

A smattering of Keiko's photographs, some in color, some B&W:

- the dead hyena in Tarangire,
- a kitchen counter speckled with tiny DEAD INSECTS,
- the body of the goose from the woods,
- a RABBIT snared by a barbed wire fence, and
- Keiko, shot from the hip up, with the smashed spider on her chest.

HESS (CONT'D)

I have a friend at Northwestern who basically runs the photography program. I could talk to her --

Keiko blushes, shakes her head.

HESS (CONT'D)

(indicates the hyena shot)

Where did you take this one?

Keiko hesitates, at a loss for any reasonable deception.

KEIKO

Africa.

HESS

When were you in Africa?

KEIKO
A couple years ago.

HESS
(impressed)
Oh.

Hess fixates on the image of Keiko and the spider -- the tilt of her jaw, the angle of her limbs.

HESS (CONT'D)
Who were you with, before me?

KEIKO
(jocular, but evasive)
No one. You were my first.

HESS
I'm serious.

Keiko plucks at her camera like a protective talisman.

KEIKO
A boy.

HESS
What was he like?

A moment. Keiko shifts her weight.

KEIKO
He was... very handsome. Very vain.
Weak, but --
(falters)
Something else...

INT. MARC'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keiko kneels in the center of Marc's opulent, unmade bed.
Marc stands over her, fully clothed.

KEIKO (V.O.)
Something worse.

Keiko looks up at him.

MARC
Open your mouth.

Keiko opens her mouth.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - SAME

Hess watches Keiko intently.

HESS
(angry, gentle)
Where is he now?

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Marc is on his knees. Before him, a hulking INMATE (30s) thrusts back and forth, violently.

Marc looks up, sputters and gags.

EXT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - YARD - DAY

Marc sits on the same bench, looking out over the yard.

He watches from a distance as his father shakes another INMATE's hand. A paragon of dignity and poise.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - DAY

Marc is led past a row of cells by an armed SECURITY OFFICER. A cacophony of WHISTLES and CATCALLS.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - WARDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

U.S. Marshal Jay Carter leans against the warden's desk, a posture of forced relaxation.

Marc enters, escorted by the security officer.

CARTER
Thanks, John. You can leave us.

The officer exits.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Please, sit.

Marc sits.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(smirky)
I hear five years is too long for you.

MARC
I can help you.

CARTER
Your father's organization is in ruins. What could you possibly have to offer us?

MARC
His enemies. His affiliations.

CARTER
You know, the only reason you got this wrist-slap of a sentence is we couldn't prove you knew much of anything.
(studies Marc)
How wrong were we?

Marc is silent. Carter sinks into his lean against the desk.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You know, there aren't many sons who would turn on their fathers.

MARC
(vicious)
It cuts both ways.

EXT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Hess bartends as Keiko sits in the corner, perched over Hess's computer.

ON SCREEN: a cluster of images taken by Keiko. She focuses on the spider bite shot, drags it aside.

Over the top of the computer, she glances toward Hess, then returns her attention to the monitor.

She runs a search for "**Keiko Agano.**"

ON SCREEN: A patchwork of images of Keiko -- runway pics, blown-out head shots, iconic magazine covers -- nested above a Wikipedia blurb.

Like a hummingbird on sugar, Keiko clicks through a series of fan sites, blogs, photos ranging from the sophisticated to the surreal. Her Instagram following hovers at **14.9 million.**

She pauses on an image of herself dead, in one of Rabbit's art photos from the opening scene.

HESS (O.S.)
Can I get you a refill?

She slams the computer shut.

HESS (CONT'D)
(laughs)
You fucking up my browser history?

Keiko smiles, an uneasy attempt at flirtation. Hands over her empty glass.

HESS (CONT'D)
No viruses. But bookmark anything
you want to try.

Hess winks and moves back toward the bar.

EXT. HESS'S HOUSE - DAY

On the edge of the woods, a bright, sloping field behind Hess's house. Doused in wildflowers, like an oil painting.

Keiko raises the camera to her eye. Photographs the flowers. She lowers the camera, frowns.

HESS (O.S.)
Hey! What are you doing?

Keiko turns as Hess makes her way down the slope. She takes the camera from Keiko's hand, looks into the viewfinder to see the last image.

HESS (CONT'D)
(mock repulsed)
Fucking flowers? No.
(takes her hand)
Come with me.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hess guides Keiko inside and eases her into a chair.

HESS
Close your eyes, and open your
hands.

Keiko eyes her suspiciously, then complies. Hess gently places a MAGAZINE in her hands.

HESS (CONT'D)
Open your eyes.

She does so.

KEIKO
It's... a copy of *Aperture*.
(delighted)
You got me a subscription?

HESS
No, it's like \$30 an issue. Turn to
page 24.

She does so. Her jaw drops.

KEIKO
It's... my work.

HESS
I know someone who knows someone
who knows someone... It's one of
the biggest photography magazines --

KEIKO
I know.

She flips through the pages, speechless.

HESS
Are you happy?

KEIKO
I'm...

She looks up to Hess, pulls her face close to her own.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Keiko covers her face in kisses, holds her tightly.

HESS
I called it "CORPS," like the
French, but also *corpse*...

Behind Hess's back, the magazine has fallen open to the page
featuring the SPIDER BITE PHOTO. Keiko's face shifts from
elation to panic.

HESS (CONT'D)
I hope you don't mind.

Keiko's body and half of her face are visible. The caption
reads: **PHOTO BY KATE WARREN.**

Keiko pulls back.

KEIKO
You shouldn't have done this...

HESS
Someone had to. You're not exactly
putting yourself out there.

Keiko winces, musters an elaborate smile.

HESS (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

KEIKO
Yeah, it's -- I'm just overwhelmed.

Hess studies her.

HESS
Okay.

They stare at each other.

Keiko bursts into tears.

HESS (CONT'D)
Whoa! Whoa whoa whoa -- What
happened?

She holds Keiko. Keiko squirms away.

KEIKO
I'm just -- I just need a minute...

She wriggles free and heads for the door.

EXT. HESS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keiko hurries down the slope, oscillating between sobbing and
laughing uncontrollably.

Hess slams out the back door, close on her heels.

HESS
Where are you going?

KEIKO
Nowhere. I just --

Hess catches up, turns Keiko to face her.

HESS
What the fuck is happening right
now?

Keiko shakes her head.

HESS (CONT'D)
No. Hey. Hey, look at me. What is
going on?

Keiko looks at her. Struggles for breath.

HESS (CONT'D)
Breathe.

KEIKO
I'm in Witness Protection.

Silence.

HESS
What?

Keiko resumes crying, laughing. Now hyperventilating.

KEIKO
I -- the -- Alec Yusupov...

HESS
That was you? Slow down.

Keiko puts her hands on her knees to steady herself, nods.

HESS (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Hey.

She wraps Keiko in her arms.

HESS (CONT'D)
It's okay. It's okay, hey.

She maneuvers her face into Keiko's face.

HESS (CONT'D)
At least when the mob tracks you
down, you'll die a successful
artist, right?

She holds Keiko as she shakes, now more laughing than crying.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Keiko sits in the center of the room, wearing a beach towel
like a cape. Hess is giving her a haircut.

HESS
We should have done this ages ago.

Keiko nods.

HESS (CONT'D)
Don't move.

KEIKO
I was just agreeing.

Hess cuts.

HESS
You're gonna look like a fucking bombshell.

Keiko smiles, holding her head very still.

HESS (CONT'D)
Who else knows?

KEIKO
Just you.

HESS
Really? What about your family?

KEIKO
My father was a sperm donation. My mother hung herself when I was six.

Hess stops cutting.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
There would never have been a good time to tell you that.

A moment. Hess resumes cutting.

She follows each cut with a kiss. Again. Again and again.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Marc braces himself against the tile wall, jaw clenched in apparent pain. He stares down at the bald, tatted head of a fellow inmate, BRENT (30s).

BRENT
Hold still. I'm close.

The low, dull WHIR of a motor starts and then stops.

Brent is etching a TATTOO along the curve of Marc's forearm.

MARC

What does it mean?

BRENT

What do you think it means? Means
you're a killer.

He pulls back, finished.

BRENT (CONT'D)

You like it?

MARC

Best ten cigarettes I ever spent.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - DAY

Marc, a bit thinner, a bit harder-looking, is led past a row of cells by a SECURITY OFFICER. A spring in his step.

Amid the CATCALLS and WHISTLES is the low hum of BOOING.

As Marc passes Alec's cell, the two lock eyes. Marc winks.

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - FRONT DESK - DAY

Marc stops at a desk near the entrance, holds out his hands to receives his effects.

Along his forearm, etched with the raw, swollen blush of a scar, the freshly inked image of a SCORPION.

EXT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - DAY

Dressed in the clothing he'd worn to Keiko's funeral, Marc strides away from the building. He looks different, full-grown, to be reckoned with.

Behind him, a complex latticework of barbed wire, brick, and the American flag recede from view as a pearl-tinted MASERATI pulls into frame. He steps inside.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hess sits in bed, lights on, working on her laptop. Keiko lies beside her, drowsily reading a media ecology textbook.

HESS

Holy shit.

KEIKO
(sleepily)
Hm?

HESS
Alec Yusupov just died.

KEIKO
What?

Keiko sits up and scans the article, suddenly awake.

HESS
He hung himself. In prison.
(unsettled)
Two days after Marc was released...

Keiko peers into the computer screen, barely veiling a panic attack.

KEIKO
I want to see it. I want to see the
body. Are there photos?

HESS
I don't know... not here...

INT. ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY - CELL - DAY

Viewed from the torso down, the body of Alec Yusupov dangles from the ceiling of his cell like a slab of meat.

HESS (V.O.)
...But I'm sure they exist.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps an image.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Aaron storms down the hall, takes a sharp turn into Jay Carter's office.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CARTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He SLAMS the door shut behind him.

AARON
What the fuck, Jay?

Carter stands up behind his desk, hands raised in a don't-do-anything-rash gesture.

AARON (CONT'D)

You made a deal with Marc Yusupov?

CARTER

He gave us more dirt on Yusupov's affiliations in an hour than we would have gotten in five years.

AARON

You're an idiot.

CARTER

I'm an idiot? We should have gone to him first, before the whole fucking thing with the model!

AARON

He is dangerous.

CARTER

Oh, please. He's a pretty face with a scary last name.

AARON

Alec Yusupov is dead. Where do you think that falls on a scale of one to not-a-fucking-coincidence?

CARTER

Relax. You tore the entire organization to shreds. You got everyone who matters into the WPP. Go home and drink that fucking scotch the department bought you and sleep like a fucking baby! You said it yourself, Marc Yusupov was never a threat.

AARON

No.

(grim, deliberate)

But he is now.

INT. MARC'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marc stands at the entrance of his bedroom. Everything is exactly how he left it, only a bit more ransacked.

He slides down a BOX OF PHOTOGRAPHS from an upper shelf, then sits on the edge of the bed, flips through ancient Polaroids, scraps of paper...

He stops at a discarded test print of a faux-deceased Keiko from Rabbit's earlier series. Tilts his head in interest.

INT. NEW YORK - STUDIO - NIGHT

A stunningly beautiful, elegantly fragile MODEL (18) lies in a pool of FAKE BLOOD on the studio floor.

Rabbit steps into frame, adjusts her arms.

RABBIT

Try to look really dead this time.

Rabbit steps out of frame. The model tries to look really dead.

Rabbit returns to the CAMERA, tweaks the lens. Behind her, near a bulb-lit vanity, Llewellyn watches, absently toying with her phone.

RABBIT (CONT'D)

(to the model)

Better.

Rabbit sighs dramatically, only audible to Llewellyn.

RABBIT (CONT'D)

God, I fucking miss Keiko.

She snaps a rapid succession of photos.

INT. NEW YORK - STUDIO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dwarfed by a sallow, concrete corridor, Llewellyn exits the studio with a rollaway MAKEUP KIT.

She suddenly stops, alert to the sensation of being watched.

But the hallway is clear. Llewellyn makes her way toward the elevator. All is silent, save for the hum of wheels on concrete.

She punches the elevator button.

A moment. She punches it again.

MARC (O.S.)

I'm here for the photographer.

Llewellyn turns, startled, accidentally knocking over her makeup case.

Marc slowly bends at the knee, sets it upright.

LLEWELLYN
Rabbit is in the --
(pointing, shakily)
301. Down the hall.

Llewellyn turns back toward the elevator, breathing hard.

MARC
No. I'm looking for the
photographer who took this.

Marc tilts the screen of his phone, revealing the leaked
OVERDOSE POLICE PHOTO taken by Llewellyn.

INT. NEW YORK - STUDIO - HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Marc strides down the corridor, slats of shadows matching the
rhythm of his steps.

Between his fingers, freckled with blood, the reverse side of
a BUSINESS CARD comes into view. Penned in cursive:

EMERGENCIES ONLY. X

As Marc flicks his fingers, the other side becomes visible:

AARON RHODES | U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hess and Keiko lie side-by-side on the floor, half-dressed, a
glowing wreck.

HESS
Where were you born?

KEIKO
Tokyo.
(charmed)
You didn't google me?

HESS
Nah. Why? It's not fair that you
shouldn't be discovered, just
because you were famous in a past
life.

Keiko smiles.

HESS (CONT'D)

What's the weirdest place you've ever been?

KEIKO

Weird how?

HESS

However.

KEIKO

(thinks)

South Dakota. You?

HESS

Australia. You've been?

KEIKO

Once. The outback scared the shit out of me.

HESS

All those spiders.

KEIKO

All that silence.

Hess idly plays with Keiko's hair.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Everyone couldn't wait to tell me about that indigenous belief, that a photograph steals your soul.

HESS

Right.

(smiles)

Can't help but wonder about their thoughts on the rear-facing camera.

Keiko laughs, pulls Hess into a kiss.

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An unremarkable suburban residence. Aaron approaches the front door and reaches for his KEYS.

He perks up at MUSIC -- something like "Como Quisiera Decirte" by the Los Angeles Negros -- emanating from inside.

He twists the doorknob. It's unlocked.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Aaron moves slowly through the front hall as the music grows louder. Louder... He turns the corner.

Marc sits at the dining room table, drinking his SCOTCH. He thumbs the tendril of a BOW, still attached to the bottle.

MARC
(re: the bottle)
Congratulations.

AARON
Where is my wife?

MARC
In bed.

AARON
(vulnerable, terrified)
What did you do?

MARC
Nothing. Well, not nothing... I gave her a tranquilizer. She's sleeping like an angel. I figured we could use a little alone time.

Marc sets a plain SIG SAUER P226 pistol on the table, gives it a spin.

MARC (CONT'D)
You can put yours on the table there.

Aaron detaches his standard-issue FIREARM from its holster and sets it on the table.

MARC (CONT'D)
Phone too.

Aaron removes his PHONE, sets it beside the gun.

MARC (CONT'D)
And the jacket.

Aaron removes his JACKET, drapes it on the back of the chair.

MARC (CONT'D)
(smiles)
That's just for me. You have such nice shoulders. Please, sit.

Aaron sits.

AARON
What do you want?

MARC
What I want I can't have. But I'll
settle for some information.

Marc produces Aaron's business card, flicks it lightly
between his fingers.

MARC (CONT'D)
Where is Keiko Agano?

AARON
I don't know.

MARC
(laughs)
Right.

He picks up his gun, twirls it like a sharpshooter and aims.

MARC (CONT'D)
Where is Keiko Agano?

Aaron stares back at him.

MARC (CONT'D)
Let me ask you a real question.

Marc leans forward conspiratorially.

MARC (CONT'D)
How stupid do you think I am?

AARON
Well, you're threatening a U.S.
Marshal in his own dining room. So.
Pretty stupid.

Marc laughs, abruptly leans forward and GRIPS Aaron by the
wrist.

He SLAMS his gun down onto the back of Aaron's hand, breaking
it. Aaron cries out, segues to a strained laugh.

AARON (CONT'D)
Okay.
(laughs, anguished)
Okay. Let me ask you a real
question.

Marc sits back and nods, loving Aaron's grit.

AARON (CONT'D)

Were you more involved than we
thought you were?

MARC

(smiles, shakes his head)
No. You got it exactly right. Bit
of transport, some light
bookkeeping. I was a fucking angel.
(twirls the gun)
But you know that thing about
prison changing a man?

Marc grins broadly, spreads his arms.

MARC (CONT'D)

Ta-da.

Suddenly, the sound of the FRONT DOOR opening.

Marc snatches the two guns off the table. The sound of
FOOTSTEPS moving down the hall...

Beneath the table, the CLICK of the pistol as Marc cocks it.

JESSICA (14), Aaron's daughter, appears in the doorway. Her
haircut is exactly like Keiko's.

JESSICA

Hey, dad.

AARON

Hey, sweetheart.

MARC

Hi.
(waits for an
introduction)
I'm Marc. I used to work with your
father's company.

JESSICA

It's nice to meet you.

MARC

Nice to meet you too, [...]?

JESSICA

Jessica.

MARC

(smiles)
Jessica.

(MORE)

MARC (CONT'D)
(to Aaron, warmly)
You have a beautiful daughter.

AARON
Honey, why don't you go play Xbox
upstairs?

Jessica's sightline drifts to Aaron's hand, which hangs
limply by the chair, dripping blood onto the linoleum.

JESSICA
(smiles)
Sure.

She gives her father a quick peck on the cheek, then turns
and bounds up the stairs.

Marc's eyes trail up the stairs as the sound of her footsteps
recedes.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - JESSICA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica enters her room. There's no Xbox.

She reaches for her PHONE, rapidly dials 9-1-1.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME

Aaron steels his composure.

MARC
Where is Keiko Agano?

AARON
I don't know.

MARC
Yes, you do. Where is she?

AARON
I can't tell you that.

MARC
Yes, you can.

Marc spins the gun on the table, his patience draining.

MARC (CONT'D)
You have ten seconds.

AARON
You're going to kill me anyway.

MARC

Not ten seconds until I kill you,
goofball! Ten seconds until I kill
Jessica.

He waves his gun in the direction of the staircase.

MARC (CONT'D)

Ten.

Aaron flinches. Shakes his head.

MARC (CONT'D)

Nine... I know, be an honorable man
and let it get to eight.

Marc stands and starts backing toward the staircase.

MARC (CONT'D)

Eight.

AARON

Wait --

MARC

No waiting, Aaron. Seven.

He steps lithely up the first few stairs.

MARC (CONT'D)

Six?

AARON

Wait --

MARC

Five.

He moves up the stairs, two at a time.

MARC (CONT'D)

Four...

AARON

(desperate)
She's in California.

MARC

What town?

Aaron falters.

MARC (CONT'D)

Tell me the GODDAMN TOWN. Three!

Marc nears the top of the stairs. Aaron is sweating, tortured.

MARC (CONT'D)
Two. Really?

AARON
(yells)
Idyllwild! She's in Idyllwild.

Marc bounds back down the stairs, smiling broadly.

MARC
There! That wasn't so hard, was it?

He presses his gun to Aaron's head. He leans in close.

MARC (CONT'D)
Oh, and I did kill your wife.

He PULLS THE TRIGGER.

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Marc crosses the street to his pearl-tinted Maserati. As he slips inside, POLICE CARS screech to a stop outside Aaron's house, lights flashing.

Marc DRIVES OFF. Jessica disappears from the upstairs window as OFFICERS approach the entrance.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - NIGHT

Keiko lazily traces the rim of her glass. Hess tends bar.

HESS
You okay?

KEIKO
Yeah. Can I borrow your computer?

HESS
It's in the back.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko pushes through the staff door into the back room. Opposite the liquor cage, she locates Hess's KNAPSACK hanging on a rack. Extracts the laptop.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Keiko returns to the bar, opens the computer.

ON SCREEN: She runs a search for "**open photography submissions.**" She scans the results.

She runs a search for "**Keiko Agano.**"

A parade of images: artful nudes, high-concept editorials...

ON SCREEN: an image of Keiko, bleakly lit and elegantly angled, wearing a pair of DEER ANTLERS.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Two years earlier. 17-year-old Keiko is seated at a vanity, having her makeup applied by Llewellyn. Llewellyn's look is slightly more masculine.

Keiko stares at herself in the mirror.

KEIKO
This is ridiculous, right?

LLEWELLYN
Right.

He fits a pair of DEER ANTLERS over her skull.

LLEWELLYN (CONT'D)
Go get 'em, tiger.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - SAME

Keiko touches the computer screen, her unpolished finger tracing her hand in the photograph, a glittering hoof.

She closes the computer and leans into her hands, as though nauseous. Hess studies her.

HESS
(playful, with a hint of
genuine concern)
Have you been over-served?

KEIKO
Sorry. I'm not feeling great.

HESS
You want to go lie down?

KEIKO
Yeah, I'm going to go home.

HESS
Okay.

Hess leans down and gives Keiko a quick kiss.

Keiko musters a weak smile, packs up the computer, and leaves.

INT. THE BERLINER - NIGHT

Keiko sits beneath the slightly more high-end lighting of the Berliner, perched over the laptop.

Josh approaches.

JOSH
You want another one?

KEIKO
Yes, please.

ON SCREEN: An image of Keiko from a year before, her blood-red lips parted in an iconic pout.

Unconsciously transfixed by the image, Keiko matches the expression and tilt of the head in real life.

Josh laughs, sets a VODKA SODA on the bar.

JOSH
Practicing for something?

Keiko laughs, suddenly self-conscious.

KEIKO
No, I just --
(re: the drink)
Thank you.

JOSH
Where's Hess?

KEIKO
Working.

JOSH
(conspiratorial)
You got sick of the vibe over at
East Side?

KEIKO

Yeah.

(a bit flirtatious)

Don't worry, I'll get sick of here too.

Josh laughs.

JOSH

Let me know if you need anything else.

He moves off. Keiko watches.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A '98 HONDA CIVIC rolls to stop on the gravel drive.

As Josh watches from the driver's seat, Keiko eases out of the passenger side and makes her way to the front step.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Breathing hard, the jagged rhythm of an oncoming panic attack, Keiko clumsily navigates the contents of her medicine cabinet. She plucks a small PILL BOTTLE from the back.

She shakes out a TABLET, tongues it, and swallows.

Shutting the medicine cabinet, she stares at her reflection in the mirror. She swoops forward, leans back. As though testing her own reflection.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Keiko glides toward the window. She throws the curtain aside, jonesing for the Manhattan skyline...

But there's nothing. Only dark, silent wilderness.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko jerks the second suitcase from beneath the bed, throws it open, and extracts a series of gorgeous, ethereal GARMENTS. She selects a gossamer green COUTURE GOWN.

Watching herself in the mirror, she changes into the dress.

Keiko applies METALLIC EYESHADOW, GLITTERING MASCARA, deep violet LIPSTICK.

Carefully propping the Nikon D3S on a nightstand, she sets the self-timer. Stands in the middle the bed.

She strikes a pose. Pure electricity. As she poses, her breathing slows to a calm, normal rhythm.

The photo takes.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Still draped in couture, Keiko sits in the spectral glow of the computer screen, slamming vodka from a Dixie cup.

ON SCREEN: A stock photo and a fake name. Keiko has created a new INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT.

Logged in as her new persona, she clicks on the account for Keiko Agano. Methodically, she scrolls through the images, each captioned with an obscene number of likes. She robotically clicks the HEART ICON for each one.

She stops on a photo from the Tanzania shoot. In the reflection of the computer screen, she angles her face to mirror her own image.

Keiko's eyes flutter closed.

INT./EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - DAY

Clad in the lavender cotton bra and jeans from her 15-year-old photo shoot, Keiko walks across the dining hall of the Tarangire Safari Lodge.

As in her earlier dream, BODIES hang from the ceiling like slabs of meat. Blood drips onto the tablecloths.

Keiko moves through the bodies, beneath them. Emerges onto the veranda.

She stops, looks down.

The corpse of the hyena she'd photographed lies on the ground, flecked with dirt, showing the first grisly signs of decay.

It opens one of its dead eyes, lifts its head, and grins.

HYENA

Boo.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Keiko jolts awake, uncertain how much time has passed. Snow falls softly, silently outside the window.

She reaches for her phone, feverishly toggles to Aaron's number. She dials. It rings.

MARC (V.O.)
Hello?

KEIKO
Who is this?

MARC (V.O.)
You know who this is.

Keiko drops the phone, horrified. Marc's muted, disembodied voice drifts up from the phone on the bed.

MARC (V.O.)
Keiko? Keiko...

Shakily, she picks up the phone, puts it to her ear.

MARC (V.O.)
Do you miss me?

KEIKO
Where's Aaron?

MARC (V.O.)
He's at home. With his wife.
(faux mournful)
And their orphan daughter.

Keiko reels, stricken with confusion and grief.

MARC (V.O.)
I can't wait to see you.

Keiko's eyes dart toward the window, as though he might appear at any moment.

KEIKO
Where are you?

MARC (V.O.)
On the road. The lam, as it were. I
just killed a U.S. Marshal, so...

KEIKO
They'll find you.

MARC (V.O.)
No, they won't. I'm a ghost now.
Like you.

KEIKO
Tell me where you are.

MARC (V.O.)
Relax. I'm not there yet.
(beat)
But I'm coming for you.

Keiko ends the call.

EXT. HESS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Keiko jogs up the front steps and raps on Hess's door. Hess appears in boxers and a threadbare band T-shirt.

HESS
What the fuck? It's like 4:00 A.M.

KEIKO
Please let me in.

Hess props the door open. Steps aside as Keiko pushes past her.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keiko stands in the entryway, shivering violently.

KEIKO
I have to leave. I have to go like
right now. Come with me.

HESS
What? What happened?

Keiko rakes all of her hair to the front, pushes it back from her face.

KEIKO
Marc called.

HESS
What?

KEIKO
He didn't -- I mean, I called him.
I mean I called Aaron's phone, and
he answered. I didn't --

HESS

Slow down.

Hess plucks a fleck of GLITTER from Keiko's hair.

HESS (CONT'D)

Where did you go last night?

KEIKO

Home. I went home.

HESS

You took the computer --

KEIKO

I'm sorry, I -- We have to go. I
have to go. Please come.

HESS

But Marc is --

KEIKO

Coming. He's coming.

HESS

What, here?

KEIKO

(nods, hyperventilating)
He knows where I am. I called the --
I tried to -- they said just leave,
and tell them where I am.

A moment.

HESS

Where do you want to go?

Keiko starts to cry. Hess pulls her into a hug, kisses her forehead.

EXT. CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Pre-dawn light. Hess throws a suitcase into the back of the truck as Keiko climbs into the passenger seat.

HESS

That everything?

Keiko nods.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Hess drives past Keiko's cabin, on the one road out of town.

They progress down a snow-slick, snakelike country road.
Keiko stares out the window. Suddenly:

KEIKO
Stop the truck.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The truck rolls to a stop. Keiko gets out, camera slung over her shoulder.

She makes her way to the edge of the woods, where a WHITE-TAILED BUCK has been field-dressed and strung from a hunter's post by its antlers. Beneath the snow-white throat, a gaping, cavernous red wound swells around the cracked-open ribcage.

Keiko hesitates. Lifts the camera to her eye.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - A MOMENT LATER

Keiko climbs back into the truck. Hess pulls off the shoulder and back onto the road.

HESS
Show me.

Keiko tilts the viewfinder toward Hess.

HESS (CONT'D)
Is it different? From the ones that
are just dead?

KEIKO
(shrugs)
Everything's being hunted.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40 WEST - EVENING

Marc leans against a luxe but nondescript SUV, smoking a VAPE PEN. A fluorescent-lit TRUCK STOP/PORN SHOP hybrid looms behind him. He squints, anxious, disturbed by the quiet.

Jerking open the door of the SUV, he turns on the radio: an effervescent, anachronistic MOTOWN SONG.

He closes his eyes, bobs his head. Climbs back into the vehicle and starts the engine.

EXT. INTERSTATE 15 NORTH - GAS STATION - EVENING

A near-empty gas station, framed by desert. Hess pumps gas.

INT. INTERSTATE 15 NORTH - GAS STATION - SAME

Keiko lingers at the counter, waiting to pay.

Her eyes drift to a box of brightly colored SUCKERS, each with an insect suspended in the sugar. She delicately lifts a bright yellow sucker with a SCORPION at the center.

She takes the sucker, lays down some cash, and exits.

EXT. INTERSTATE 15 NORTH - EVENING

Hess's truck crests a rise, approaching the mirage-like, now-visible lights of LAS VEGAS.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NEW YORK NEW YORK HOTEL - NIGHT

Beneath a halo of hot pink lights, Keiko climbs out of the passenger seat. Hess hands the keys off to a VALET.

Keiko cranes to look upward, toward the glittering sign for the NEW YORK NEW YORK HOTEL & CASINO.

HESS

I thought it'd be fun.

(smiles)

I can feel you missing New York
sometimes. Don't get too excited;
this place is very silly.

Keiko smiles, touched. Hess gives her a quick kiss on the cheek, lugs their bags toward the lobby.

Above them looms the garish jumble of a miniature Manhattan skyline.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Hess and Keiko are seated at a small, central table. Moderately tipsed. Hess leans close.

HESS

Are you alright?

Keiko nods. Hess draws her into a hungry, boozily inept kiss.

Keiko pulls back, her sightline directed toward the bar.

There, clad in a neon yellow bandage dress, seated on the edge of the bar, is a girl who looks almost exactly like the girl with the gold stilettos, from the loading dock and the rooftop in New York.

She swings her legs, childlike.

Keiko stares as though hallucinating. Her attention returns full-force as Hess CLAPS directly in front of her eyes.

HESS (CONT'D)

Hey.

Keiko snaps out of it, conjures an unconvincing smile.

HESS (CONT'D)

(re: the girl)

Do you know her?

KEIKO

No. She just -- reminded me of someone.

Keiko continues to stare as the girl dismounts the bar, tugging her paunchy, polo-clad DATE (50s) away by the hand.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko lies awake on the bedspread, staring upward. Her expression is zombie-like, completely devoid of emotion.

Hess is going down on her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Darkness. Keiko is still awake. A ghostly, impressionistic tapestry of towers and lights is faintly visible through the curtain.

She glances at Hess, then silently slips out of bed.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keiko walks down a garishly decorated hallway off the main lobby. Cheap, nostalgic wallpaper punctuated by mirrors.

Keiko pauses in front of a mirror. She pulls a LIPSTICK from her pocket, uncaps it, smears a savage shade of RED over her mouth.

She reaches for her phone, dials. It RINGS...

MARC (V.O.)

Keiko.

A moment. Keiko stares into her own reflection.

MARC (V.O.)

Hello, darling.

Keiko continues to stare. Her hand has begun to shake violently.

MARC (V.O.)

You missed me.

KEIKO

(into the mirror)

I missed you.

MARC (V.O.)

Are you alone?

KEIKO

Always.

A lengthy silence. Keiko breathes into the phone.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko strides down the hall, her pace a blend of delirium and urgency. She stops, reaches into her pocket, retrieves the scorpion sucker.

She unwraps the sucker. Slides it into her mouth.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko quietly slips back into the room. Silence.

A LIGHT flicks on.

HESS

(softly)

Where did you go?

Keiko stops.

HESS (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

KEIKO
For a walk.

HESS
Where?

KEIKO
Just around. To the pool. Sorry, I
didn't mean to wake you.

HESS
Be careful.

Keiko laughs, uneasy.

KEIKO
It's just a hotel pool.

HESS
You know what I mean.

A moment. They stare at each other.

HESS (CONT'D)
Come here.

Keiko hesitates, then moves slowly toward the bed.

HESS (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

She leans down and gives Hess a swift, close-mouthed kiss.

As Keiko pulls back, Hess grips her by the jaw.

HESS (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

Keiko freezes. She slowly opens her mouth.

HESS (CONT'D)
(ragged)
Lift your tongue.

Keiko lifts her tongue.

Hess reaches into Keiko's mouth and pulls out the tiny,
curled corpse of the SCORPION.

Its body dangles from her fingertips.

Hess stares.

HESS (CONT'D)
Give me your phone.

Keiko doesn't move.

HESS (CONT'D)
Now. Give me your phone.

Hess CRUSHES the body of the scorpion between her fingertips, rubbing it into a rough powder.

Keiko takes the phone from her pocket and extends it toward her. Hess pries Keiko's fingers off the device and toggles to her CALL HISTORY.

HESS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Just now...

KEIKO
Just once...

HESS
That's one too many calls to a dead man.

KEIKO
It was a mistake --

HESS
No shit.

They stare at each other.

HESS (CONT'D)
You understand we're on the fucking run here, right?

Keiko averts her gaze.

HESS (CONT'D)
Are you bored? Alright, fuck it, let's do this. I'll take a break from surviving to have your piddly little fight. Bring me the laptop.

KEIKO
Hess --

HESS
Bring it to me.

Keiko crosses to the table and lifts the laptop like a bomb.

Hess stands, strides toward her and takes it. She flips it open, punches in a search.

HESS (CONT'D)
When you touch yourself, what do
you think of?

Keiko squirms.

HESS (CONT'D)
What do you think of?

KEIKO
You...

HESS
Liar. What do you think of?

She twirls the laptop to face Keiko. Clicks forward rapidly through a parade of glamorous, alluring images, all of Keiko.

HESS (CONT'D)
Is it this? Your lips? Your tits,
your hair? The lighting? What?

KEIKO
Stop it...

HESS
I'm just trying to understand. I
just want to know what I'm losing
you to.

KEIKO
They're just photos --

Hess snaps the computer shut and SLAMS it onto the desk.

HESS
You are fucking living in this
other world, Kei. You would rather
be a dead person -- beloved,
mourned -- than here. Alive.

KEIKO
No --

HESS
No?

Hess stalks toward her.

HESS (CONT'D)
The woman in the bar. Who is she?

KEIKO

A prostitute. From New York, one of
Alec's girls.

HESS

Are you sure?

KEIKO

No, I'm not sure.

Hess moves in very close. Keiko flinches.

HESS

Do you think I'm going to hit you?
(a moment)
Do you want me to? Would that
interest you?

Keiko shakes her head.

Hess moves to the window, slides the curtain aside. Below the
floor-to-ceiling window, a chaos of light and color.

HESS (CONT'D)

Is this what you miss?

KEIKO

That and the bottomless cocaine.

HESS

Don't be cute.

They stare at each other.

KEIKO

Yes, that's what I miss. I miss the
light, I miss the noise, I miss the
not knowing. You don't know -- You
can't imagine what it's like, to
lose everything --

HESS

The hell I can't.

KEIKO

I just meant --

HESS

That losing someone you are is
worse than losing someone you love?
(vicious)
You're a fucking child.

KEIKO

I am. I'm young, I'm too young, for
any of this. I'm too young for you;
I know that.

(hyperventilating)

I don't --

HESS

Slow down. Breathe.

KEIKO

It's a part of me. That life...
It's a missing limb.

HESS

No. When they hold a funeral for
you and there's a casket and
everyone brings a fucking
casserole, it's over. You have to
be someone else now.

KEIKO

I am someone else.

HESS

You're a tourist.

KEIKO

Please. Listen, listen to me. If
you love me --

HESS

You don't want to be loved. You
want to be worshipped.

KEIKO

No. No, I love you. I love you.

HESS

But what do you want?

KEIKO

I want you.

(guileless)

I want to be seen. To be loved.

Hess moves very close to Keiko.

HESS

This life. Real life. Will it ever
be enough for you?

KEIKO

I love you.

HESS
Will it be enough?

They stare at each other.

KEIKO
(desperate)
Do you love me?

HESS
That's a stupid fucking question.

KEIKO
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Hess, do you love me?

Hess moves toward the dresser, efficiently shuffles her personal effects into a bag.

HESS
Do you have enough money? To eat,
to get around?

KEIKO
(hyperventilating)
Hess --

Keiko shakes her head, sobbing.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
If you go, I'll kill myself.

Hess tugs her suitcase from the luggage rack, moves toward the door.

HESS
No you won't.

Hess exits, shuts the door behind her.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Keiko sits on the curb of a sun-soaked, hot asphalt parking lot bordering a defunct grocery store.

AKITA (27), a sharp, enchantingly rough, mid-transition transgender prostitute, approaches.

AKITA
What's your story, baby?

KEIKO

I'm dying.
(chipper)
Want to help?

AKITA

You got money, drama queen?

Keiko nods.

KEIKO

You fuck girls?

AKITA

I fuck everyone.

Keiko's eyes drift down the length of Akita's minidress to the angle between her legs.

AKITA (CONT'D)

I have everything you need.

KEIKO

(considers)
Do you have heroin?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The thin grey light of a budget motel shades a dated, pockmarked bedspread. On it, Keiko and Akita sprawl in disparate states of undress.

On the nightstand, a miniature wasteland of crimped ALUMINUM FOIL, a drugstore LIGHTER, and licorice-black GUNK in a quarter-ounce baggie, along with some crumpled cash and an overturned liter of soda. The scene looks not entirely unlike Keiko's staged overdose crime photos.

Keiko lifts a drained SYRINGE from the nightstand. Examines it.

KEIKO

(dreamily)
Such an ugly drug...

AKITA

For such beautiful people.

KEIKO

Where did you hear that?

AKITA

Back of a cereal box.

KEIKO
(paranoid)
I'm dreaming. We're dreaming.

AKITA
No, baby.

Keiko stares upward. A delicate black SPIDER crawls slowly across the ceiling.

KEIKO
If you die in a dream, you really die.

AKITA
Where did you get that from?

KEIKO
Back of a cereal box.

AKITA (CONT'D)
Back of a cereal box.

They burst into laughter together.

Keiko descends to an uneasy silence. She presses the skin of Akita's face.

AKITA (CONT'D)
Want to go again?

Keiko nods. Akita strips off whatever's on, moves on top of Keiko.

KEIKO
What's your name?

AKITA
Akita.

KEIKO
Like the wolf?

AKITA
(electric)
There's a power in names...

Keiko's eyes light up. She reaches toward the nightstand, grabs the camera.

KEIKO
I'll make you feel powerful.

As Akita thrusts in an almost elegant rhythm, Keiko adjusts some settings, hands the camera to Akita.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Take my picture.

AKITA
What?

KEIKO
Whatever you take -- you take a
picture -- whatever you -- it'll
make you stronger...

AKITA
Are you sure?

Keiko nods.

KEIKO
Take it.

Through the viewfinder, Keiko comes into focus. Lips parted, gaze fixed, Keiko stares into the camera.

Akita takes the photo.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Keiko walks down Las Vegas Boulevard, dreamlike. Her face is a patchwork of vivid neon lights.

INT. COUTURE FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

Two years earlier. In a near-identical aesthetic, Keiko strides down a runway, her skin a canvas for pulsing, multicolored lights in an avant-garde fashion show.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Keiko wears the ridiculous green dress. She gazes out over the sprawling, flickering mess of Las Vegas.

As she drinks, she glances back toward the bar. The place where she saw the girl from New York is empty.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko sits on the edge of the bed in her underwear, unscrewing a fresh handle of VODKA.

On the nightstand, her old flip phone VIBRATES, an abandoned artifact.

She picks it up.

CARTER (V.O.)
Where are you?

KEIKO
Who is this?

CARTER (V.O.)
This is U.S. Marshal Jay Carter.
Where are you?

Keiko crosses to the window, phone in one hand, bottle in the other.

KEIKO
Why?

CARTER (V.O.)
We need to protect you.

She throws open the curtain, unveiling a ragged, split view of a slummy parking lot and the LAS VEGAS STRIP.

KEIKO
Aaron is dead.

CARTER (V.O.)
Let me help you.

KEIKO
With help like this, who needs enemies?

CARTER (V.O.)
Keiko... Keiko, listen to me --

Keiko hangs up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flip phone dangling from her hand, Keiko crosses to the tub, turns on the FAUCET.

She lets the water run a few inches deep. Tosses the phone gently into the water.

As she looks up, she catches her reflection in the mirror of the medicine cabinet. She looks thin, nearly corpse-like, jaundiced beneath the yellow bathroom lights.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - THE FORUM SHOPS - NIGHT

Keiko walks down a crowded, curved hallway of shops beneath a vaulted, pretend blue sky.

She pauses outside the APPLE STORE.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - APPLE STORE - CONTINUOUS

A radiant, well-ordered profusion of screens and clean edges.

Keiko looks over the collection of devices with the thrill and shame of a sex addict in a sex shop.

Her fingertips glide over the latest iteration of iPHONE.

INT. APPLE STORE - COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko counts out bills, places them on the counter.

She smiles anxiously as the CASHIER (20s) hands her the small, rectangular white box.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - THE FORUM SHOPS - MOMENTS LATER

Hunched over a trash can, it looks like Keiko is vomiting.

Upon closer inspection, she is RIPPING through the packaging like an animal.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

With an almost clinical finesse, Keiko winds a bright orange TETHER CABLE between her new iPhone and the Nikon D3S.

On her iPhone, she pulls up the image taken by Akita.

She logs into her old **@KeikoAgano** Instagram account. The image looms -- explicitly, unmistakably her -- ready to be posted.

She hesitates...

She posts it.

INT. RURAL GAS STATION - NIGHT

An eerie, depressing hybrid of muzak and Top 40 pop plays over the loudspeaker. Marc stands in line waiting to pay for his gas. He fiddles with his phone.

Behind him, two POLICE OFFICERS with cups of coffee join the queue.

Marc suddenly laughs. He looks around, surprised by his own loudness.

MARC
(to everyone)
It's a crazy world, right?

He returns to his phone. One of the officers eyes him with an initial flicker of suspicion.

MARC (CONT'D)
I know I shouldn't follow my ex,
but...

He tilts the screen toward everyone in line behind him.

MARC (CONT'D)
Just look at her. Can you believe
it?

One officer peers over his shoulder, offers a curt nod of appreciation.

MARC (CONT'D)
(smiles, winsome)
How could I possibly hope to
compete with 18.4 million lovers?
(to the cashier)
Thank you.

He pays and leaves.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Keiko walks down Las Vegas Boulevard, tense with the omniscient, hypercritical shame of a million imagined cameras.

Bulbous LIGHTS, TOURISTS, SCREENS are everywhere. Keiko stares into them all.

INT. IDYLLWILD - ROAD - DAY

Hess's truck drives slowly along the snow-packed road into town.

As she nears Keiko's cabin, Hess registers the presence of at least one U.S. Marshal -- Jay Carter -- in plainclothes.

Further up the road, a snow-flecked MERCURY GRAND MARQUIS is parked along the shoulder. Hess continues to drive past.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - DAY

Hess presides over a near-empty bar. She pulls the phone from her back pocket and distractedly toggles through her apps.

She opens Instagram. Stops on the now viral image of Keiko.

The page is up to **23.9 million followers**.

HESS

Shit.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

The same dystopian grocery lot where Keiko met Akita. She looks for Akita and, not finding her, sits on the curb.

A pair of sky-high GOLD STILETTOS traipse into view.

Keiko stares at them, transfixed.

GIRL (O.S.)

(slight accent)

Looking for someone?

KEIKO

No.

GIRL (O.S.)

Maybe you're looking for me.

Keiko looks up. Her expression contorts to a mix of horror and disbelief, something that reads as disgust.

GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm not pretty enough?

KEIKO

No, you're... perfect.

The girl from New York, the loading dock, stares down at Keiko.

GIRL

I remember you. You're that model.
A real model.

The girl mimes the action of trading drinks, taking a shot from Keiko's hand, slamming it back.

KEIKO

What happened to you? To everyone?

The girl smiles and strikes a pose, exactly like she did in New York, only a thousand times harder.

GIRL

Isn't it obvious?
(brutal)
We're living the dream.

Keiko stares, her composure draining.

KEIKO

I could have known sooner... I
could have known everything
earlier, I could have. I could have
-- I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry... I
could have known --

GIRL

It's the same.

The girl places her palm on Keiko's head, like a benediction. She walks off, toward an unseen target.

GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You looking for someone?
(flirty, practiced)
You looking for me?

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Marc's SUV arrives within a hundred yards of Keiko's cabin, pulls to a neat stop behind the Grand Marquis.

Marc gets out, shuts the door, and makes his way toward the snow-covered gravel drive.

Through the front window of the cabin, the silhouettes of Carter and another MARSHAL are visible.

Marc continues his approach. His mouth twitches in a half-smirk as he sees the half-painted side of the cabin.

He walks to the front door and KNOCKS. Carter answers.

Marc pulls his gun and SHOOTs twice into the open doorway. He steps inside, FIRES again.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Marc steps over Carter's body and glances around the dim cabin interior. He crosses straight back toward the bathroom. He opens the medicine cabinet, laughs.

Moving back toward the living room, Marc opens drawers, rifles through the detritus of receipts and takeout menus. Finally, he finds something of value...

A hard-copy PHOTOGRAPH of Hess, taken in the shower, her first night with Keiko.

Marc half-smiles, pockets the photo.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - NIGHT

A slow night. At opposite ends of the bar, two PATRONS hunch over their respective cocktails. Hess screws the cap onto a bottle of bourbon, nods toward one of the two men.

HESS

Let me know if I can get you
anything else.

She taps the bar lightly and moves off, toward the back room.

The front door swings open. Marc's footsteps plod softly, slowly toward the bar.

Marc leans and whispers to one of the two men, flashes Jay Carters's BADGE. The man nods gravely, gets up, and exits.

Marc crosses to the other bar patron, repeats the maneuver. He, too, gets up and leaves.

Marc follows them toward the front door, LOCKS it behind them. He angles toward the old Wurlitzer Zodiac jukebox, leans against it.

He fishes in his pocket for a COIN, jams it into the machine.

CUE MUSIC: Something like "Como Quisiera Decirte" by the Los Angeles Negros.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - SAME

Barely illuminated by the light from the bar, Hess leans into the liquor cage, retrieves a new bottle. She locks the cage, heads back into the bar.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Hess reemerges from the back. She freezes at the sight of Marc, alone at the bar.

MARC

Hello.

Hess smiles, a precarious attempt to veil her terror.

HESS

What can I get for you?

MARC

Whatever you're having.

Hess returns to her post, sets a ROCKS GLASS on the bar. She raises the SODA GUN and fills the glass with water.

MARC (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And a scotch.

HESS

Which one?

Marc surveys the bar, points out his selection. He watches Hess as she retrieves the bottle and pours.

She sets a second GLASS on the bar, pours for herself. Marc smiles and raises his glass.

MARC

Salud.

HESS

Salud.

They clink glasses, drink.

Beneath the bar, with her other hand, Hess grips her phone and dials 9-1-1 by feel. With the phone concealed in her palm, she taps the bar lightly with her other hand.

HESS (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything else.

As she moves to exit, Marc traps her hand beneath his. The scorpion along his arm curls menacingly toward Hess's spider.

MARC

Actually, if you're up for it, I was hoping you could help me with something...

He pulls the photo of Hess from his jacket pocket.

MARC (CONT'D)

You see, I'm a huge fan of the photographer.

Hess looks at the photo. Her expression sinks in dread.

She moves quickly, but Marc GRIPS HER by the hair and SLAMS her face onto the bar. Hess pops back up, a bloody mess.

As Marc PUNCHES her in the jaw, she scrambles for a bottle, SLASHES it across the side of his head. He grabs her by the shoulders, drags her across the bar and onto the ground.

Following Hess to the floor, Marc covers Hess's mouth with his hand. She BITES him viciously. As he springs back and SLAPS her, she squirms, KICKS him off and scrambles to get up. He drags her back, face-down, and leans close to her ear.

MARC (CONT'D)

(breathing heavily)

Do you know what it's like, being forced onto your knees, choking on a stranger's cum --

HESS

No.

Marc slams her head back to the ground.

MARC

...Wishing you were dead?

(a rough whisper, close to her ear)

Settling for the next best thing?

He pulls his pistol from its holster, positions it beside her eye. He drags it along her cheekbone, then roughly turns her to face him, arms pinned at her sides by his knees.

MARC (CONT'D)

You are beautiful. But I only have eyes for Keiko. Where is she?

HESS
We broke up.

MARC
But where is she?

HESS
I don't know.

Marc maneuvers the gun between Hess's legs. She winces.

MARC
Tell me where she is.

Hess squirms.

HESS
I don't know.

MARC
Don't be a liar, Hess. Tell me
where she is.

He cocks the gun.

MARC (CONT'D)
One...

HESS
No --

MARC
Two...

HESS
She's in Oregon. I drove her to
Oregon.

MARC
Where?

Hess hesitates.

MARC (CONT'D)
You're lying. Don't be a liar,
Hess.

He moves the gun barrel to her forehead.

MARC (CONT'D)
Is this scarier?
(presses harder)
Tell me where she is.

No response. Marc slides the gun down and shoves it between Hess's teeth.

MARC (CONT'D)

Maybe Keiko told you about me.
Maybe she said that I was just a
pretty boy, that I love guns and
drugs and fun and girls. That my
father thought I was weak. That I
met her when she was just 15, such
a pretty little cunt.

Tears of physical agony seep from the corners of Hess's eyes.

MARC (CONT'D)

But people change. I mean, you
know. Your pretty little Keiko.
Kate.

BLOOD trickles from Marc's head, the gash inflicted by Hess.

MARC (CONT'D)

Some things -- life events -- have
a way of bringing out the worst in
people.

He leans close. Moves the gun beneath her chin.

MARC (CONT'D)

Tell me where she is.

HESS

Why would I tell you anything?

MARC

(matter-of-fact)

Because you have living relatives.

They stare at each other.

HESS

She's in Las Vegas.

MARC

Where?

HESS

The Metropolitan.

Marc leans down, kisses Hess on the forehead.

MARC

Thank you, lovey.

He hops up from the ground. Gun still trained on Hess, he crosses to the bar, retrieves a bottle of NAVY-STRENGTH RUM.

HESS

You're not going to kill me?

Marc uncaps the bottle.

With a slow, methodical pleasure, he pours the liquid onto her face, over her chest and abdomen.

As Hess sputters, Marc places a CIGARETTE between his lips and brandishes a LIGHTER.

MARC

Don't be an idiot, Hess.

He leans down and PUNCHES her, hard. She blacks out.

INT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - LATER

Hess flickers back into consciousness, her eyes fluttering beneath a thick swath of BLOOD.

She is locked inside the liquor cage.

Outside the bars of the cage, FLAMES lick at the boxes and clutter at the outskirts of the room.

Hess jolts awake with a wash of adrenaline.

She reaches through the narrow opening of the bars, tests the PADLOCK. It's secure. She looks around frantically for a method of escape. Nothing.

Desperate, Hess starts pulling the bottles of LIQUOR from the uppermost shelves, sets them gently but urgently on the floor of the cage.

With most of the bottles on the floor, Hess grips the bars of the cage and braces herself.

HESS

Come on...

With all her strength, she rocks the cage forward, SLAMMING it against the opposite wall, putting it at a 45-degree tilt.

She rocks the cage back to its original position. Her maneuver has made a minor DENT in the top edge of the cage.

At her feet, a bottle of LIQUOR has broken and started leaking onto the floor...

Hess picks up the pace. Again, she SLAMS the cage against the opposite wall. A slightly larger dent this time.

Around her feet, bottle after bottle breaks and seeps onto the floor in a spreading pool of liquid.

She repeats the move, again and again. Finally, with a dented gap roughly a foot in width, she uses all her strength to pry the top of the cage apart from the side.

A few yards away, the pool of alcohol reaches the edge of the flames.

Grunting in agony, Hess squeezes through the gap at the top edge of the cage. She lands in the widening pool of alcohol, forces herself to her feet...

...and RUNS.

EXT. EAST SIDE TAVERN - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Hess races out the back entrance of the bar and down the snow-covered slope behind it. As she tumbles into a bank of snow, the bar is ENGULFED IN FLAMES behind her.

From the ground, she turns and watches it burn.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

The same parking lot, but a different view. Keiko sits beneath a sun-bleached and peeling BILLBOARD, bearing down like a weight above her.

Not quite disfigured beyond recognition, the billboard image features 15-year-old Keiko, clad in a lavender cotton bra and blue jeans, clutching a designer tote like a shield.

Keiko stands and lifts the camera from around her neck. A plastic GROCERY BAG dangles from the crook of her arm.

She focuses on the billboard, hesitates. Lowers the camera.

AKITA (O.S.)
(re: the billboard)
Is that you?

Keiko turns toward Akita and nods.

AKITA (CONT'D)
I wanted to ask you when we met.

KEIKO
I would have lied.

AKITA
You're prettier now.

KEIKO
Fuck off.

Keiko sloughs the grocery bag from her arm.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
I brought you something.

Akita peers into the bag, lifts the tendril of a gossamer green hem.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
It's worth more than your car, I swear.

AKITA
I don't have a car.

KEIKO
Any car then.

Akita sifts through the bag, extracts a SOCIAL SECURITY CARD.

AKITA
Who the fuck is Kate Warren?

KEIKO
Your guess is as good as anyone's.

Akita steps close. She touches Keiko's hand. Keiko gives her hand a light squeeze.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Keiko unlocks the door and enters the motel room, alone. She walks into the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet.

A miniature wonderland of PILLS and BOTTLES. A junior version of her home cabinet.

INT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - DAY

A reprisal of her recurring dream. Dressed in the same lavender bra and blue jeans, Keiko walks through the dining hall of the lodge, through a slew of dangling bodies, past a series of blood-soaked tablecloths...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko retrieves a BOTTLE of something plastered in warning labels. She screws off the lid.

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

She wanders onto the veranda. The Tanzanian wilderness has been replaced by the snowscape of Idyllwild in winter.

Keiko continues walking, further and further, into the snow.

In a clearing, twisting toward the sky like a pinwheel, is an impossibly verdant TREE, its branches teeming with vivid BLOOD-RED BERRIES.

Beneath the tree, the ground is littered with DEAD BIRDS, their bright yellow beaks smeared with BERRY JUICE.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko shakes a massive number of PILLS into her hand.

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Keiko steps over the birds. Reaches for one of the berries...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She inhales deeply, tilts her head back...

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

She places a berry against her lips...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko stops. Her grip slackens.

She funnels the pills back into the bottle.

EXT. TANZANIA - TARANGIRE SAFARI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

The tree has vanished. No birds, no sounds. Only pure, paralyzing silence.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Keiko nestles the pill bottle, very neatly, in the divot between pillows on the poorly made bed.

The faint SQUEAK of a marker. A sheet of paper is placed beneath the bottle. It reads:

**SELL FOR \$300 (MARKET VALUE)
THANK YOU FOR CLEANING THE ROOM**

The sound of a suitcase being clunked onto the ground, then dragged to the doorway. The door opens. It remains half-open, swinging a shadowy half-light over the empty room.

INT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT - DAY

Keiko sits alone, phone cradled in her hand. Balanced on her thigh, a pair of PLANE TICKETS -- the latter for VANCOUVER TO TOKYO.

Above a bay of retro, uniform seating, the gate display reads **VANCOUVER (YVR) 11:10 -- ON TIME.**

Keiko surveys the room, aware of being looked at, half-recognized. Everyone is on SMARTPHONES, everywhere.

On the screen in her hand, the account for **@KeikoAgano**. Her following has climbed to **30.6 million.**

TEENAGER (O.S.)

Excuse me --

Keiko looks up to see an ingenuous, slightly overweight TEENAGE GIRL (14). A Hollister T-shirt, imprecise highlights, and a KC Royals ball cap convey a resident of the Midwest.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

I just want to say, I think you're amazing. You're so beautiful. In real life even, you're so -- And what you did was so brave, I -- I just -- I knew you weren't dead. I knew it. I just -- I love your work. I've loved you for years, I love everything about you. I just -- can I get a picture?

Silence.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

You are Keiko Agano, aren't you?

Keiko watches the girl. Her expression shifts, something like realization.

KEIKO

No. People think that sometimes.

The girl smiles sheepishly.

TEENAGER

Sorry to bother you, ma'am. Have a good trip.

KEIKO

You too.

Keiko smiles faintly. With a swift, certain motion, Keiko DELETES HER ACCOUNT. The screen shifts:

USER NOT FOUND

She moves to the phone app and dials Hess...

But there's no answer. A generic announcement that the mailbox is full.

Over the P.A. system:

VOICE (V.O.)

Attention passengers. Air Canada
Flight 1895 to Vancouver is now
boarding.

Keiko opens a web browser app, runs a search for Hess. The results are a smattering of irrelevant images, other people.

Then, halfway down, a candid image from Josh's party: Keiko and Hess together.

Keiko frantically dials Hess again. As before, no answer. She dials another number...

INT. CABIN - DAY

Atop Keiko's dresser, the avocado-green landline phone RINGS. Marc answers.

MARC

Hello?

(silence)

Who is this?

KEIKO (V.O.)

You know who this is.

MARC
(pleased but off-guard)
Hello, darling.

KEIKO (V.O.)
Did you miss me?

Mark moves toward the window and peers out, as though Keiko might appear at any moment.

MARC
Where are you?

KEIKO (V.O.)
I'm not there yet.
(beat)
But I'm coming for you.

Keiko ends the call.

INT./EXT. TAXI/MCCARRAN AIRPORT - DAY

Keiko slides into the backseat of an idling taxi, thrusts a stack of CASH toward the DRIVER.

KEIKO
Take me to California.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - HOSPITAL - DAY

Hess sits in the driver's seat of her truck. She's heavily patched up but still looks rough. Beyond, the outline of an unassuming local HOSPITAL.

She anxiously waits as her phone turns on, then quickly dials Keiko's old number.

HESS
Come on come on come on...

She presses her phone to her ear, willing Keiko to answer...

VOICE (V.O.)
You've reached the voicemail of 951-
450...

She lowers the phone.

HESS
Shit.

She starts the engine and DRIVES OFF.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

Keiko's cab heads south on Interstate 15, toward Idyllwild.

EXT. JOSH'S HOUSE - DAY

Hess pounds on the front door. Josh opens it.

JOSH
(re: her slew of wounds
and bandages)
Jesus Christ, Hess! What happened?

HESS
I need to borrow a gun.

A beat. He props open the door.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

Keiko stares out the window, watching intently as flecks of snow begin to litter the plants along the roadside.

The phone pressed to her ear RINGS with an outgoing call.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - DAY

Hess's truck speeds north on Interstate 15, toward Las Vegas.

On the seat beside her: a SAVAGE MODEL 99 HUNTING RIFLE.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi slows as it rounds the curve toward Keiko's cabin. She watches as a POLICE CAR passes in the opposite lane.

KEIKO
(to the driver)
Keep going.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - INTERSTATE 15 NORTH - DAY

As Hess drives, the display on her phone shifts from NO SERVICE to a couple of bars. The phone RINGS.

She answers.

HESS

Hello?

KEIKO (V.O.)

Hess.

HESS

Kei! What the fuck? Where are you?

KEIKO (V.O.)

I'm here. I'm in Idyllwild.

HESS

Did you get my messages? I called you a million times --

KEIKO (V.O.)

What?

HESS

My messages. You're in Idyllwild? Where?

KEIKO (V.O.)

Your house. Where are you?

Hess drains of all color.

She turns the wheel HARD, rocks the truck into a 180-degree turn across the median amid a slur of HONKING HORNS.

HESS

Get out of there. Right now. You need to go.

KEIKO (V.O.)

Where?

HESS

Anywhere. I sent Marc to Las Vegas, the wrong hotel, but when he finds out you're not there --

KEIKO (V.O.)

He never went.

HESS

What?

KEIKO (V.O.)

He was at my cabin. I called the police --

HESS

Get out of there, Kei. Just let me know where you go. I'll meet you.

KEIKO (V.O.)

You're safe?

HESS

I'm safe.

KEIKO (V.O.)

You'll meet me?

HESS

Anywhere.

The connection cracks and wavers as Hess hits a dead zone.

HESS (CONT'D)

Kei? Kei!

Silence. Hess SMACKS THE STEERING WHEEL as the phone BEEPS with a failed call.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the phone swells with a DIAL TONE, Keiko drops it. Rushes to the bedroom.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko throws open a closet, rifles through LUGGAGE. She selects a banged up but sturdy-looking KNAPSACK.

INT. HESS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko throws objects into the bag. Her own WALLET, a fistful of CASH...

She lifts one of Hess's ratty BAND T-SHIRTS, smiles with hope.

Suddenly, the sound of a KEY IN THE FRONT DOOR.

The doorknob twists...

Keiko grabs the bag and races toward the back door. She stops suddenly, turns...

She darts back to the living room, pulls her camera from the table, slings it across her body.

The door opens.

She RUNS.

EXT. HESS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And runs...

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

And runs.

As she sprints through the trees and into a clearing, the sound of FOOTSTEPS grows louder and louder behind her. Faster than hers.

Keiko finally stops. Outpaced, tired of being hunted.

She turns.

There stands Marc. He half-smiles, weary. The pistol dangles from his hand.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - INTERSTATE 15 SOUTH - DAY

Hess races along the interstate toward Idyllwild. Her knuckles are white, locked around the steering wheel.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

Marc exhales, his breath a cloud of vapor in the cold air.

MARC

I remember when I met you.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A familiar landscape of designer handbags, lighting equipment.

MARC (V.O.)

You were perfect.

15-year-old Keiko stands against a plain white backdrop, dressed in her lavender cotton bra and jeans. She holds a large TOTE in front of her, a bit stiffly.

The PHOTOGRAPHER (30s) is relaxed and genial. Australian.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I've heard of you.

He adjusts his lens.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
This is your first big shoot, yeah?

Keiko nods, nervous as hell.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
I like to tell my new recruits the indigenous theory that a photograph steals your soul. But you already know that one, don't you?

She nods again, shyly.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
I'll do you one better. Did you know that some of the Amish forbid taking photographs because they're considered a "graven image"? You know what a graven image is?

Keiko shakes her head.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
It's like an idol. An object you worship.

Keiko softens a bit. The photographer wraps up his lens adjustments, lowers his eye to the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
So, my little idol, you ready to have your soul taken?

Keiko shifts, confident now. She strikes a perfect, camera-ready pose. The pose on the billboard.

KEIKO
Take it.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

Marc's breath hovers and dissipates in the air.

MARC
You were perfect.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - INTERSTATE 15 SOUTH - DAY

Hess recklessly weaves between cars. The rifle rattles on the passenger seat.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - SAME

Keiko barely smiles, holds up her finger. Marc is silent.

They stand opposite each other, poised in the posture of a duel.

Keiko resolutely raises the camera to her eye.

She takes his photo.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

An expansive shot of mountains, woods, everything. Silence verging on magic.

A flock of geese passes overhead.

Suddenly, the stark, deafening BANG of a pistol shot.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - DAY

Hess speeds around a curve along the road, approaching Keiko's cabin.

Out front is an AMBULANCE, a pair of local POLICE CARS with their lights flashing.

Hess skids to a stop on the opposite side of the road, roughly a hundred yards away.

She watches, stricken, as a PARAMEDIC wheels out a body on a stretcher, concealed beneath a white sheet.

As the ambulance pulls away, Hess braces herself against the dash, steadies her breathing. She shuts her eyes...

As she opens them, she spots a nondescript SUV, driving north on the one road out of town. As it rounds the curve, Hess and Marc lock eyes.

Hess fumbles for the gearshift, but it's too late -- the SUV SLAMS into the passenger side of the truck, sending it CRASHING into the guardrail with the sickening crunch of metal on metal.

As the SUV veers back toward the road, Hess's truck tips and tumbles over the ruptured guardrail, SKIDDING DOWN A 35-DEGREE INCLINE into the forest below.

The truck groans and jolts to a brutal stop among a bay of pines.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - CONTINUOUS

Marc pulls off, then exits the vehicle, pistol in hand.

He stalks toward the gaping rift in the guardrail.

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - SAME

With the truck angled violently toward the passenger side, Hess struggles to unclip her seatbelt. Her face and limbs are riddled with flecks of broken glass, streaked with blood from a reopened facial wound.

Limbs shaking, she climbs downward toward the rifle, wedged between the mangled frame of the roof and the dashboard...

EXT. IDYLLWILD - CONTINUOUS

Marc's footsteps plod a steady, muted rhythm in the snow as he steps over the guardrail and moves toward the carcass of the truck...

INT./EXT. HESS'S TRUCK - SAME

With a ragged, guttural whimper, Hess jerks the rifle free.

She painfully twists her body and leans back against the cradle of the passenger doorframe.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - CONTINUOUS

Marc nimbly glides down the last two feet of the incline, then steadies himself against the driver's side of the truck.

He slowly COCKS HIS GUN, wraps his fingers around the driver's side door handle...

...and WRESTS OPEN the door. A deafening BANG from the rifle EXPLODES at the edge of his collarbone.

Marc reels and stumbles into a snowbank, leaving the door swung wide.

As Marc scrambles for his weapon, Hess uses the butt of her rifle to SMASH through what's left of the broken windshield. She claws her way out over the hood of the vehicle.

Lugging the rifle, Hess clumsily staggers up the snowbank toward Marc, blood drizzling from the wound in his shoulder.

Hess STEPS ONTO THE PISTOL, pressing it deep into the snow.

As Marc opens his mouth to speak, Hess savagely RAMS the butt of the rifle into his Adam's apple.

Gripping him by the collar of his coat, Hess half-draws him to the driver's side door, pinning his face against the frame of the doorway.

She grips the door, then allows gravity to bring it down hard, CRUSHING his cheekbone.

As Marc emits a gurgling, animal cry, Hess brings down the door again and again, destroying Marc's face with a slick, vicious CRACK of metal and bone.

Marc's body SHUDDERS AND SEIZES... then stops moving.

EXT. CABIN - A MOMENT LATER

Ripped and spattered with dirt and blood, Hess limps across the silent, snow-glazed street.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Hess approaches the entrance of the cabin, in shock but fully alert.

A POLICE OFFICER looks up, stares at her like an apparition.

HESS
(quietly)
Is she dead?

POLICE OFFICER
Is who dead?

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

Viewed from above, Keiko lies motionless at the center of a clearing, exquisitely framed by a lattice of tree branches.

INT. IDYLLWILD COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Three days later. Now clad in black, but with an identical, limping gait, Hess makes her way down the aisle of the church, toward a CLOSED CASKET.

"Be Thou My Vision" -- a dark, grandly choral rendition -- underscores her footsteps.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

A LENS hones its focus on Keiko, elegantly inert, a dark red pool of BLOOD collecting beneath her body.

INT. IDYLLWILD COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Hess gently glides her hand over the surface of the casket.

After a moment, she turns, then walks back up the aisle, toward the entrance. She slumps into a pew near the back.

Aside from her presence, the church is empty.

EXT. IDYLLWILD - WOODS - DAY

Treading softly through the snow, a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER approaches the body.

Through her lens: a pale jaw, matte-red bruise of a mouth...

The police photographer crouches slightly. Lifts the camera to her eye.

She takes the photo.

FADE TO BLACK.