

A1 INT. CHRISTI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THREE YEARS AGO) A1

A phone with bloody finger prints on the screen lies on the floor.

DON (V.O.)  
I own you now, Chris.

CHRISTI (22) sits on her knees, staring into space.

DON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For the rest of your life, you'll be  
moving work for me. Understand?

CHRISTI (V.O.)  
...Yes.

Her hands are covered in blood and clasped in her hands is a small gold necklace with a tiny pendant.

DON (V.O.)  
They wanted you both dead...but I  
convinced them you were more useful  
alive.

The legs of a body surrounded by a pool of blood are visible behind her.

CHRISTI (V.O.)  
Mom...mom!

SIRENS approach in the background.

1 EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT 1

A title appears over the screen: 'Three Years Later'

Peaceful darkness fills a tree lined road. An engine revs in the distance, approaching, getting louder and louder.

A convertible shoots down the dark road, the hood down.

2 INT/EXT. CHRISTI'S CAR - NIGHT 2 \*

CHRISTI (25) sits behind the wheel. The small gold necklace dangles around her neck.

22 CONTINUED:

22

She pulls out both mini-vodkas from the small bar in the fridge. She cracks one and downs it, before cracking open the other and emptying it onto the floor.

Christi looks over to the empty plastic. Oscar's phone rings.

Christi turns toward the drawer and stares for a moment. She reaches to the fridge, grabs a mini-rum and downs it.

She walks over, opens the drawer and answers the phone. Once more she says nothing.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
(over the phone)  
Hey Chris.

Despair takes hold of Christi. She opens her mouth to respond, but no words come out.

OSCAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(over the phone)  
I want to say it's okay, but...

A sad smile passes over Christi's face for a moment.

CHRISTI  
Oscar...

OSCAR (O.S.)  
(over the phone)  
I'm not gonna say a word Chris.  
Don't tell him shit.

A SMACK is heard over the phone.

DON (O.S.)  
(over the phone)  
Apparently your friend Oscar is so  
loyal to you that no amount of pain  
will make him talk.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

A SNAPPING SOUND followed by a MUFFLED SCREAM are heard over the phone.

DON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(over the phone)  
Though we'll see about that, won't we?

Christi winces, but says nothing.

DON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(over the phone)  
You can save his life you know.

Christi breathes deeply.

CHRISTI  
I don't have your drugs Donny.

DON (O.S.)  
(over the phone)  
Stop lying to me Chris!! I have a knife to Oscar's throat, now just tell me what I want to hear.

Christi tries to speak, but no words come out.

DON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You don't want him to end up like your mother...do you?

Christi hangs up the phone.

She's shaking. She's sweating. She's almost hyperventilating. The phone rings again.

Christi drops the phone to the floor, and seconds later falls on all fours. She is having a panic attack.

The phone stops ringing. Then it starts again.

Christi gropes around on the floor, struggling to move, struggling to breathe.

(CONTINUED)