

TITLE: PHANTOM PAIN

FULL SAIL UNIVERSITY

JEREMY DEWALD

FULL SAIL UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER, 21, 2017

Address
Phone Number

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

TOMMY STEPHENS, 27, shuffles his way out of a liquor store. He takes a swig of a vodka bottle after leaving the store. He walks over to his rundown car.

As he attempts to unlock his door, a faded noise grabs his attention. He attempts to listen before giving up.

Tommy unlocks his car and starts to shut the door when he hears a much LOUDER noise coming from down the street. He gets out, shuts the door and walks closer to the noise.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy looks down a dark alley. Again, he hears a SHARP squeal coming from down the alley. He lets out a deep sigh.

TOMMY

This has *Nightmare on Elm Street*
written all over it.

Tommy SLOWLY walks as he notices a a blanket covering up something.

He gives one more look around before he cautiously lifts up the blanket. All he sees are two bright eyes looking back at him. He JUMPS back, causing the vodka bottle to break.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Tommy lifts the blanket up again, this time fully exposing the person underneath.

A young beautiful woman, ANYA PETELOV, 24, stares back at him. Her mouth covered by duct tape. Tommy, throws the blanket off of her, showing that both her hands and feet are tied. Tommy quickly RIPS off the duct tape.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Tommy struggles to get the rope untied from her ankles and feet. Tommy waits for a response to his question.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm not interrupting some weird sex
game, am I?

Tommy awkwardly laugh as he continues to untie Anya's hands. Suddenly, Anya starts to SQUEAL as she points to above Tommy's shoulder. Tommy turns around as a gun is SLAMMED into his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Owww!

A man in a mask, RODGER, pushes Tommy's shoulder with his gun as he turns Tommy around.

RODGER

Explain.

Tommy touches his head as he feels to see if he is bleeding.

TOMMY

Explain what? You're the one that hit me in the head with the gun. Hey, is that a real gun?

Rodger POINTS the gun into Tommy's eye. Meanwhile, Anya quietly continues to untie the rope around her legs.

RODGER

What did you see?

TOMMY

Nothing really. Just looks to be a normal night in a dark alley.

RODGER

You're lying. You saw something.

TOMMY

Yes, I did. But who am I to judge?

RODGER

I can't let you leave.

Anya finishes untying herself and grabs a piece of broken glass from the street.

Suddenly, Anya IMPALES Rodger with the piece of glass into his neck. Upon reaction, Rodger drops the gun as his body FLAILS in shock.

Rodger falls into Tommy, sending them both onto the ground. Rodger eventually stops moving as he lays on top of Tommy. Tommy struggles to push Rodger off him. He looks to Anya.

TOMMY

A little help here!?

Anya looks over with a confused look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Oh, for Christ Sakes.

Tommy finally pushes Rodger off himself. He notices something laying on top of him. It is a badge.

Tommy puzzlingly looks at the badge. The badge belongs to NYPD DETECTIVE RODGER FOWLER. Tommy looks over at Rodger's lifeless corpse before he gives a seldom look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Shit, he's a cop.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A husband and wife lay sleeping in bed. The phone on the night table begins to ring, waking the man up. He reaches for his glasses in the drawer under the table as his wife shuffles around in bed.

The man, LIEUTENANT PETE DARRON, 55, answers the phone.

MILES
Yeah, what is it?

A muffled voice answers on the other end. Miles gets up and walks towards a walk-in closet.

PETE
So where is she?

Once again, a unclear muffled voice answers again.

PETE (CONT'D)
Okay, move his body. Get rid of the evidence, and find the fucking girl. I am on my way.

Pete angrily PUNCHES the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A man sits down on his couch with his TV dinner. The man, MICHAEL, 70, flips the channel until he finds a rerun of *The Price is Right*.

As he starts to eat his dinner, a LOUD banging starts coming from his front door. He quickly turns the volume down. He sits quietly for couple seconds.

TOMMY
Granddad! Answer the fucking door!

Michael sighs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I can see *The Price is Right* from
the window.

Michael flips off the TV and goes to open his front door.

MICHAEL
What do you want, Tommy? You know I
don't get paid till Friday.

Tommy SHUFFLES his way into the house as he holds Anya's arm
as he brings her inside.

Michael looks over at Anya.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who's this? Prostitute?

TOMMY
No, shut up, okay? Its actually a
lot more serious than that.

Michael walks back over the couch and sits down.

MICHAEL
Okay, well lets hear it.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A Lexus pulls up to the alley with its lights off. Lieutenant
Pete Darron gets out of the car. He walks over to a police
officer, MARTIN, who stands at the top of the valley.

MARTIN
Sir.. How you doing?

PETE
Explain the situation.

MARTIN
Well, we've moved Rodger's body.
Covered up the crime.

PETE
Okay. What can you tell me about
the kid who helped the girl out?

Martin looks at his notebook.

MARTIN

Yes, the bartender said his only customer in the past hour was Thomas Stephens.

PETE

Address?

MARTIN

Yes, sir. I've written it down for you.

Martin RIPS a page out of the notebook.

PETE

Thanks, Martin. Make sure to burn the notebook.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael and Tommy are both sitting at the kitchen table. Anya sits in the corner as she looks around the house.

MICHAEL

So, what you are telling me is you found this woman down an alley?

TOMMY

Right...

MICHAEL

And somehow in a scuffle, she murdered a masked man?

TOMMY

Right...

MICHAEL

And that caused you to bring her here?

TOMMY

Right... wasn't my best moment.

MICHAEL

And you have no idea who she is?

TOMMY

She hasn't actually spoke.

MICHAEL

What, she's a shy killer?

TOMMY

No, no. I think she's Russian,
maybe Ukrainian. One of the *ian's*.

MICHAEL

And you say a cop tried to kill
her?

TOMMY

Yes! A detective. Crazy, right?

Anya walks over to the table and looks at a newspaper laying
on the table. Anya points feverishly as she notices a
picture. She points to a specific picture and article. Tommy
reads the article out-loud.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Testimony in the case of New York
prostitution ring begins tomorrow
when a young Russian escort, Anya
Petelov, plans to testify to the
connection of NYPD's own Lieutenant

Michael quickly grabs the paper to read the story.

MICHAEL

Jesus, and this is you?

He puts the paper up to Anya's name. Anya nods in agreement.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is just fucking brilliant. Can
I talk to you in the other room?

Michael motions Tommy to follow him.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael QUIETLY starts talking to Tommy.

MICHAEL

You have to turn her in. Up until
this point, you haven't committed
any crimes.

TOMMY

They'll arrest her, or worse

MICHAEL

You don't know that. You have to
think about yourself.

TOMMY

No, I've done enough too much of that in my life.

MICHAEL

You don't even know who her, Thomas. She's an escort.

TOMMY

My whole life I've avoided people like her. People that make me feel uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

Yes, and you are alive because of it.

TOMMY

No, I'm not grandad. My life revolves around my next drink as I sit and judge everyone around. If I allow this girl to die, what and who am I----

Anya suddenly screams from the living room. Michael and Tommy run out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anya points to a Lexus pulling up out-front.

MICHAEL

That's the lieutenant's car?

Anya nods her head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, Tommy. Take her outback into the shed. Hide there until I get you.

TOMMY

No, no. She can hide in the shed but I'm not leaving.

MICHAEL

You don't get it. He wouldn't be here unless he identified you.

Tommy sighs. Michael gives Tommy a set of keys.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Lock the door behind you.

Tommy calmly grabs Anya's arm and shows her outback. Michael watches through the window as they unlock and enter the shed. Michael opens the fridge and downs a bottle of beer as the door knocks behind him loudly.

Michael sighs and walks to the door. He opens the door to see Lieutenant Pete smiling at him.

PETE

Michael Stephens? Mind if I come in
for a minute?

Michael solemnly nods his head and opens the door. Both of the men sit down at the living room table.

PETE (CONT'D)

We're looking for your grandson,
Mr. Stephens. Believe his name is
Thomas Stephens?

MICHAEL

Tommy? Haven't seen him all day.

Pete sarcastically smiles as he lights up a cigarette.

PETE

Michael, I'm tired.

MICHAEL

You're tired? Tired of what?

PETE

You're about to lie about your
grandson's whereabouts, right? I'm
not in the mood for this dance.

Michael STIFFENS up in his seat.

MICHAEL

I can't let you kill that girl.

Pete starts to laugh, causing him to cough out smoke.

PETE

Hundreds of whores die everyday.

Michael sighs as he leans back in his seat and runs his hand through his hair.

MICHAEL

What did the girl do exactly?

Pete smiles, again sarcastically.

PETE
Michael, Michael, Michael. That is
none of your goddamn business.

MICHAEL
I need to hear it first. I need to
know who's life I am giving away.

Pete SLAMS his hand on the table.

PETE
Okay, Michael!

Pete's eyes start to become WIRED.

PETE (CONT'D)
She's a hooker who heard too much.
Simple as that.

MICHAEL
A hooker? So it is true that you
were running a prostitution ring?

Pete SLAMS his hand and pulls out a gun.

PETE
Where is the fucking girl?

Michael looks outside towards the shed.

MICHAEL
And my grandson?

PETE
I only need the girl.

Michael starts to walk into the kitchen, causing Pete to
POINT his gun at him.

PETE (CONT'D)
Hey! The fuck are you doing?

Michael puts his hands up.

MICHAEL
Getting the keys to open the shed.

Pete motions Michael with the gun to continue. Michael starts
to SHUFFLE under the sink under he stops moving.

PETE
Okay, now slowly give me the keys.

Michael turns around slowly with a set of keys in his hand. Pete smiles and takes them. As he grabs the keys, Michael quickly pulls the gun from under the sink and SHOOTS Pete in the right shoulder causing Pete to drop the keys.

Pete quickly reacts by shooting Michael in the chest.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, you got to be kidding me!

He LAUGHS as blood begins to pour from his shoulder.

PETE (CONT'D)

Didn't expect that.

Pete wraps a towel around his shoulder.

EXT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Pete shuffles his way towards the shed, blood pours from his shoulder. He feels the lock which is unlocked. He slowly opens the shed door. He looks inside to an empty shed.

PETE

God dammit!

Before Pete can turn back around, a bat is SLAMMED over his head. A few moments of blurriness pass by. Pete comes to with Tommy and Anya standing by him. Tommy has Pete's gun.

PETE (CONT'D)

Kid, listen. You hand her over to me and you walk out of here rich.

Tommy LEANS down on the ground, closer to Pete.

TOMMY

You kill my grandfather?

PETE

Yes... he fired on me first. Kid, please, I have a family.

TOMMY

That's ironic. You just killed the only family I had left.

Before Pete can finish, Tommy SHOOTS Pete two times in his chest, killing him. Tommy looks at Anya as the sirens get louder.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Let's go.