

RED HERRING

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FIONA STONE'S PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Classical music plays quietly. The penthouse is beautiful: gold-plated classy artwork, floor-to-ceiling windows with a view of Manhattan, a crackling fireplace, two gargoyles atop marble columns in front of a golden elevator door, and a luxurious diamond chandelier.

Sprinkles of red blood line the gargoyles and walls.

Under the chandelier, two chihuahuas, each dressed in a hand-knit sweater and a matching headband, lick a red blood stain on the floor next to a woman's arm.

Blood drips from the chandelier into a puddle next to the chihuahuas, making a distinct dripping sound.

Red-bottom Louboutins and pearls are scattered across the glassy white floor next to the woman's stocking-clad feet.

A revolver lays next to a designer purse. One chihuahua licks a bloodied diamond necklace next to the woman's collarbone.

TITLE SEQUENCE - RED HERRING

"Flashing Lights" by Kanye West plays.

INT. ANA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ANA GORSKY (26), with red hair and freckles, wakes up to the sun shining through the curtains. Her partner, NICOLE (27), with brown curly hair, sleeps next to her.

The silky white curtains billow in the wind coming through the window.

Ana strokes Nicole's face until she wakes up. Nicole smiles.

NICOLE

Ana. You're awake.

ANA

Nightmares...

NICOLE

They've been happening so often.

ANA

Ah, I'm fine. Just one of those weeks.

Nicole touches Ana's face, and they stare into each other's eyes.

TONY

(deep voice)

Hey.

TONY (40), Ana's annoying, scraggly roommate, stands at the doorway slurping his cereal in a robe and slippers. He has a thick Italian New York accent.

ANA

JESUS, Tony.

Suddenly, the apartment is less luxurious than the billowing curtains made it seem. Ana and Nicole lay on a twin-sized blow up mattress, the room is closet-sized, and the ceiling is mere feet above the mattress. The city bustles outside: dogs bark, cars honk.

TONY

Your little gal pal been sleeping over here a lot.

NICOLE

My name's Nicole.

TONY

Yeah, Shmicole or whateva.

ANA

Do you have a problem with that?

TONY

It'd just be nice if I got a girl myself.

ANA

Mhm, yeah. Maybe when you stop eating cereal with a plastic knife.

Tony looks down. He is indeed eating his cereal with a plastic knife.

TONY

We're out of spoons, capeesh? Whateva, forget about it.

ANA

Can you get out of here, Tony? It's starting to smell like Italian diarrhea.

TONY

It's not me this time, idiota. Upstairs neighbor clogged his toilet again, ate too much gabbagul.

Water rushes down pipes right next to Ana's head.

ANA

Jesus Christ.

TONY

Yeah, leak in the ceiling again. Don't go in the kitchen barefoot.

ANA

Can you call the maintenance people?

TONY

I got betta things to do.

ANA

Like what? Scratch your balls all day?

TONY

Oh what's that? I think my phone's ringing.

He reaches into the back of his underwear, digs around for a couple of seconds, and then rapidly pulls out a middle finger at Ana.

TONY (CONT'D)

Afanabola!

She fires back with a middle finger.

ANA

Afanabola yourself. Grow up, Tony.

Tony exits the room.

TONY (O.S.)

Oh, and a rat crawled outta the toilet today. I put him in the tub, don't worry.

Ana pushes her face into the pillow and yells.

NICOLE
Listen, it could be worse.

ANA
Oh yeah? How?

NICOLE
Your roommate could be a
psychopath.

ANA
Not sure we're out of the woods on
that one.

NICOLE
He could be a MURDERER. He could be
a SERIAL KILLER. At least you're
alive.

ANA
Ah, let me thank my lucky stars
Craig's List didn't set me up with
a murderous roommate...

NICOLE
Ana...

ANA
You know what, let's set our
standards even lower! Thank God I'm
not a hunter gatherer from 10,000
B.C. Thank God I know what fire is.

Nicole rolls her eyes.

NICOLE
I'm just saying, look on the bright
side of things.

ANA
Oy vey.

Ana hugs Nicole and kisses her cheek. Nicole stretches and
grabs her phone.

ANA (CONT'D)
What time is it?

NICOLE
7:32.

ANA

Should I call in sick for work?
Tell them I contracted rabies from
a toilet rat while taking a shit?

NICOLE

What, you're not excited for your
second week of fighting crime?

Ana groans.

ANA

Yeah fighting crime one coffee cup
at a time.

NICOLE

Hey, you don't just deliver coffee.

ANA

You're right. One time, Dominic
requested a Hibiscus and
Passionfruit Lemonade.

NICOLE

Okay that's kinda crazier than a
bank robbery if you ask me.

ANA

He made me swear not to tell the
other men.

NICOLE

You mean the boys...

Ana laughs.

ANA

Yeah, the boys. Most condescending
boys I've ever met. At least
Dominic has my back sometimes.
Everyone else though...

Ana drags her finger across her neck and makes a static noise
with her mouth.

ANA (CONT'D)

Dead to me.

Nicole laughs.

NICOLE

It's nothing you haven't done
before. With your dad and all.

Ana suddenly looks panicked. She sits up and her eyes widen.

ANA
What? Why do you say that?

Nicole looks confused by Ana's sudden panic.

NICOLE
I'm just saying your dad was pretty
condescending too.

ANA
Oh, yeah...

NICOLE
Kinda weird that he hasn't called
in a while.

ANA
Yeah, I don't know. Probably off
with one of his sugar babies.

(FLASHBACK)

INT. ANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Each shot occurs in a murky flash. The voices and sounds are all muffled. A drawn out ringing noise slowly increases in volume. VADIM GORSKY, Ana's father, is a faceless drunk man with a deep voice.

VADIM
I told you. Don't go places you
don't belong.

Ana's father grabs Ana's arm. He pushes her to the ground. She gets back up.

VADIM (CONT'D)
And now, a woman? I won't allow it.

A knife covered in blood drops from someone's hand and hits the kitchen floor.

The murderer breathes heavily, and we only see parts of her face at a time. Her eyes and eyebrows. Her mouth. Her ears. Then, her shaky, bloody hands.

The ringing sound reaches its max volume.

(END FLASHBACK)

INT. ANA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ana snaps back to reality.

NICOLE

Good. I was worried he wouldn't let me move in with you.

ANA

I wouldn't let that stop me.

Nicole smiles.

NICOLE

Alright, up and at 'em. Dr. Berkovsky wants me to set up early for our procedure today.

ANA

Rhinoplasty?

NICOLE

And boob job. Two in one!

ANA

Well, that's a weird combo.

NICOLE

You know, take a little from the nose, put it in the boob. Easy peasy.

ANA

Is that why Kim K's nips are so pointy?

NICOLE

Yup.

ANA

Every girl's dream.

They chuckle. Nicole scrolls on her phone and shows Ana a picture of a young woman in a news article.

NICOLE

Woah, Fiona Stone is dead.

ANA

No way.

NICOLE

Found this morning in her apartment. Suicide.

ANA

There's a new one everyday. It's always the celebs.

NICOLE

Living in the limelight isn't easy.

ANA

Damn, I actually liked Fiona.

Nicole turns her phone off and looks tenderly at Ana.

NICOLE

Don't worry about the stupid boys at work. Come visit me for lunch. Only a few hours to go.

Nicole pecks Ana on the cheek and hops out of bed.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - MORNING

Ana, wearing black slacks, a blouse, and a jacket, tosses a bag of trash into a dumpster in front of her apartment complex. She zips up her jacket to avoid the cold.

THOMAS (34), dressed in a tracksuit and chewing gum with his mouth wide open, whistles at Ana from across the street next to a run-down used-car dealership.

THOMAS

Aye mamacita, no need to zip that up. My love can keep you warm.

ANA

Come on Thomas, it's not even 8 AM. Can you keep it in your pants until at least noon?

THOMAS

Come on, mama, you know I'm only playing. What you up so early for?

ANA

NYPD needs me.

THOMAS

No way, you're one of the pigs now?

ANA

Nah, but I get the pigs coffee every morning. Sometimes, they let me write some stuff for the criminal investigation unit.

THOMAS
Damn, big cheese.

Ana waves goodbye.

ANA
Barely. See you later, Thomas. Stay
outta trouble.

INT. D TRAIN - MORNING

Ana sits on the subway. WOMAN 1, wearing bright red lipstick, a wool coat, and a designer bag, looks at Ana from the corner of her eye and scoffs.

Ana insecurely crosses her arms and looks ashamed.

INT. NYPD BUREAU - DAY

A group of NYPD men chat at a table in the office. One sits on the desk next to a computer. Another throws a ball repeatedly in the air and catches it. A third sits in a chair with his feet on the desk.

DETECTIVE 1
That guy was disgusting. Found him
laying in his own pee. Look at
this.

DETECTIVE 1 shows the other two a picture on his phone. They all laugh.

DETECTIVE 2
Same thing happened to me this
week. Those pigs.

DETECTIVE 3
Low-lifes. Stop shooting up and get
a job, am I right?

DETECTIVE 1
Ahh, might as well just let them
lay out there. Don't help them if
they don't want to be helped.

Ana walks in to the office in a rush, quickly removing her jacket and placing it on a chair.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)
I'll take a medium coffee, light
and sweet.

DETECTIVE 2
I'll take mine black.

DETECTIVE 3
Black coffee for me too.

Ana shakes her head.

ANA
You know, technically, delivering
coffee isn't my job.

DETECTIVE 2
It's your second week, newbie. Your
job is doing what we say.

The other detectives laugh.

DOMINIC (29), in a button-down and tie, walks past Ana with a mug of coffee in one hand and a beige folder in the other. He has a thick Italian American accent.

DOMINIC
Yeah, it's her *second* week, not her
first. No more coffee runs.

DETECTIVE 3
Aye, come on. We want our coffee.

DOMINIC
Hm, lemme see. One, two. Three,
four. Five, six. Looks like you got
six legs between the three of you!
I think you can get it yourselves.

The three detectives are unamused. They turn away and talk amongst themselves. Ana smiles.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
So how you been, newbie?

ANA
It's been a week, when do I get my
new title?

DOMINIC
Alright, you wanna upgrade to
rookie?

ANA
I'm ready.

DOMINIC
Excellent. How you been, rookie?

ANA

Pretty great if those buffoons weren't here.

DOMINIC

Ignore them. Chief promoted them yesterday and it went to their heads.

Dominic plops the folder into a tray labeled "Old" on his desk and sits down.

ANA

What's that?

DOMINIC

Closed case. Some Manhattan influencer had a heart attack.

ANA

Who?

DOMINIC

Vanessa Burns.

ANA

She's only, like, 24! What's her medical history?

DOMINIC

Clean history. Freak accident.

ANA

There's no way. She went live on Instagram like two days ago.

DOMINIC

Maybe she wasn't bringing in enough capital for Instagram, Mark Zuckerberg drugged her.

ANA

You know, I wouldn't be surprised. Can I see the file?

The three detectives behind Ana suddenly stop chatting and look at Ana.

DETECTIVE 1

Aw, newbie refuses to get coffee for us and now wants a real case?

DETECTIVE 2

Who gave you the balls to ask for something like that, huh, newbie?

DOMINIC

Well definitely not you, Brad, because I'd have to use a microscope to find *your* balls.

The other officers laugh at Detective 2.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Oh you boys thought that was so funny, huh? You know what else was funny?

They stare.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Both your moms bent over last night.

They go silent and stop smiling.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Bada bing. Bada boom. Shut up and get back to work.

They turn back to their desks.

Dominic hands Ana the folder.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Knock yourself out, but chief said case is closed.

ANA

Thanks. I'll get that other burglary documentation done today too, don't worry.

DOMINIC

No problem, rookie. Put the folder in my bin when you're done.

Dominic winks at Ana and walks away.

She opens the folder to find pictures of VANESSA BURNS lying in a bathtub full of water, wearing all of her clothes, pounds of jewelry, and a full face of makeup.

Ana suddenly teleports into the scene of the death.

(DAYDREAM SEQUENCE)

INT. VANESSA BURNS'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Ana stands at the bottom of a spiral staircase. She looks around at the massive foyer and glistening chandelier. She looks down to find that she is still holding the case folder.

ANA

Vanessa?

Ana grabs onto the gold rail of the staircase and climbs up a few steps. A low hum sounds in the background and increases in volume.

ANA (CONT'D)

Vanessa Burns? Are you here?

She keeps climbing up the steps and reaches the top. All of the lights on the second floor are off except for one distant light deep inside the master bedroom, occluded by a door. The light seeps from under the door.

ANA (CONT'D)

Is someone here? NYPD. Come out.

She walks into the bedroom. A small puddle of water flows from beneath the door occluding the light. She pushes open the door to reveal a master bathroom.

Her bare feet glide through the water. Tiled steps in the bathroom lead to a large tub overflowing with water. The tap is still on.

She opens the folder. One of the pictures matches the current scene precisely.

She walks up to the tub and climbs the steps, slowly peering over the edge to find Vanessa laying in the water.

ANA (CONT'D)

Vanessa.

Vanessa's blonde hair is drooped over the edge of the tub. Her eyes are open, glazed over and blank. Her hands float in the water, fingernails covered in blood. Her neck is covered in scratch marks, and blood seeps from just below her chin, where a deep scratch was made.

She looks at the case folder. It says "Evidence of heroine use: scratch marks under neck. Potentially led to cardiac arrest." She closes the folder and looks back at Vanessa.

Something moves under the skin on Vanessa's neck. It wriggles around, first slowly, but picks up speed. Ana reaches to touch it, when she suddenly hears a voice.

VADIM

Ana, I thought we talked about this.

Vadim is a balding man with unkempt scruffy facial hair. He wears all black and spins a knife in his right hand. He approaches Ana.

ANA

Dad? Stop! What are you doing here?

VADIM

I told you. Don't go places you don't belong.

ANA

Please! Stop!

He smiles evilly and runs at Ana with the knife. Just as the knife is about to sink in, she reenters reality.

(END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE)

INT. NYPD BUREAU - DAY

Ana breathes heavily and quickly as she stares at the pictures of Vanessa in the folder.

ANA

(under her breath)
Something isn't right.

She grabs her phone to text Nicole. She types a text message onscreen: "Gotta get out of here."

A response populates the screen: "Too many 'your mom' jokes?"

Ana types: "Something like that. Early lunch?"

Nicole responds: "Perfect timing. Chipotle?"

Nicole types back: "Always."

Ana folds the case summary sheet into her pants pocket and grabs her jacket from her seat.

INT. OUTPATIENT OPERATING ROOM - DAY

BORIS BERKOVSKY (40), dressed in a surgical gown and headgear, operates on a patient's nose. He has a Russian-Brooklyn accent. The patient, "Real Housewife of New York" star PATRICIA KAYTAS, is awake during the procedure.

PATRICIA

And so, I was like, "Stop being poor," you know?

Boris fake-laughs.

BORIS

Ah we love our funny patients.

He holds out his hand.

BORIS (CONT'D)

(to scrub nurse)

Scalpel.

The SCRUB NURSE hands him the scalpel. He cuts into the left side of her nose.

PATRICIA

You know, it's always funny when people ask me for autographs ahaha.

BORIS

(to scrub nurse)

Wipe.

The scrub nurse wipes Patricia's blood with a cloth.

PATRICIA

I mean I'm on TV, but am I really famous enough to give autographs?

BORIS

Listen, real housewives is a big deal.

PATRICIA

Really, do you watch?

BORIS

Every night, when the Misses sticks toothpicks in my eyes to keep 'em open!

PATRICIA

Oh haha, Doc, I love ya!

He holds out his hand again.

BORIS
(to scrub nurse)
Bone chisel.

The scrub nurse hands the chisel to him. He puts it into an incision below the hump of her nose.

PATRICIA
So how are the kids and all?

BORIS
Oh, you know. One of em's into soccer now, the other's into ballet.

PATRICIA
Oh I miss those days.

BORIS
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

The scrub nurse taps his chisel twice with a mallet into the patient's nose.

PATRICIA
And now I'm a droopy old lady! Oh God, Doc. What would I do without you?

BORIS
Ah, I think you'd be just fine, Patricia! All of our patients are beautiful before and after!

PATRICIA
Ugh, you gem.

BORIS
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

Scrub nurse taps.

PATRICIA
You know, I'm going away for two weeks to France.

BORIS
Oh yeah?

BORIS (CONT'D)
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

Scrub nurse taps.

PATRICIA
Yeah you know, just a little trip
for me and my new boyfriend.

BORIS
Who's the lucky man?

PATRICIA
NBA superstar Devan McKoy.

BORIS
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

Scrub nurse taps.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Uh-huh.

PATRICIA
A little young for me, I know. But
I'm young in spirit, aren't I, Doc?

BORIS
You sure are!

BORIS (CONT'D)
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

Scrub nurse taps. Nicole walks into the room and leans
against the doorframe.

NICOLE
Hey Doc, if you need me I'll be in
the waiting room! Ana's here!

BORIS
Ah, right on time! I'll be done in
just a moment to say hi.

BORIS (CONT'D)
(to scrub nurse)
Tap-tap.

INT. PLASTIC SURGERY WAITING ROOM - DAY

The waiting room has images of glamorous faces and perfect bodies, each illuminated by a stage light directly below. A silver bookcase holds tens of beauty products for sale.

Ana and Nicole stuff Chipotle food into their faces.

ANA

It was so vivid, like I could see her. Like I could feel her.

NICOLE

Wow. So you're suddenly in other girl's bathrooms "feeling them," huh?

ANA

Come on, I'm serious.

NICOLE

Sorry, sorry, I'm kidding. Do you think it means something?

ANA

I'm not sure...something about this doesn't feel right. How does a 24-year old with no previous medical history suddenly have a heart attack?

NICOLE

You don't think it could've been linked to drug use?

ANA

There's no record that she used drugs. If she did, she kept that secret better than, like, Chernobyl.

Boris emerges from the operating room and removes his surgeon's cap.

BORIS

Eh, Chernobyl was no secret to us. We knew exactly what Gorbachev was doing- silencing and appeasing. Pretending it never happened.

NICOLE

I can't believe you lived through that.

BORIS
At least I didn't live through the
Gulags!

NICOLE
True.

BORIS
Why do you think we drink so much
Vodka? There's no memory a little
Vodka can't remove, right?

Ana laughs.

ANA
My dad used to say the same thing.

BORIS
Your dad and I would be great
friends.

Patricia emerges from the operating room and walks towards
the exit. The scrub nurse follows her closely, prepared to
catch her if she falls.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Patricia! Happy to see you up and
about so quickly!

PATRICIA
You think we can do my Brazilian
Butt Lift in a week, Doc? Devan
said he'll leave me if I don't.

BORIS
Well, let's see how this heals
first. Text me if you have any
problems, alright Patricia?

PATRICIA
Oh, God love ya, Doc. My favorite
man!

BORIS
Yes, yes.

Boris ushers Patricia out, and the scrub nurse walks back
into the operating room. Boris sits down in front of Ana and
Nicole.

BORIS (CONT'D)
I'd love some Vodka after that one!

NICOLE

When she got here, she made me remove everything with the color red in the waiting room.

ANA

You're kidding.

NICOLE

Nope. She said red reminds her too much of her ex-husband.

ANA

Did he have red hair or something?

NICOLE

Nope, he just liked the color red.

ANA

Ah-hah.

NICOLE

That's not even the craziest of them.

BORIS

One lady made me pretend to give her chihuahua a rhinoplasty at the same time so it wouldn't feel "left out."

Boris uses air quotes.

ANA

Oh my God, who?!

BORIS

I'm sworn to secrecy. HIPAA.

ANA

Come on Doc, what's the worst that could happen? NYU takes your license away?

BORIS

Yeah and then what? I become a full-time Netflix viewer?

ANA

Hey, that's a real job. Doesn't sound like such a bad life to me.

BORIS

You're silly. Tell me about your life, Miss Ana. How's the second week going?

Nicole gets up to fill out some paperwork at the desk.

ANA

I'm finally off the hook for coffee...

BORIS

Mazel Tov.

ANA

And now they're making me just do documentation, but I just...

BORIS

You want something more fulfilling.

ANA

(speaking quickly)

Yeah, and there's this case they told me not to touch because it's closed but it's just so interesting, and there's gotta be something deeper...

BORIS

Mhm, already sticking your hands into something you shouldn't...

ANA

It's just so suspicious, Doc. A wealthy 24-year old girl dying of a heart attack in the tub. Fully clothed. Scratch marks on her neck. Tell me that doesn't sound like some sort of "Law and Order" scene.

BORIS

You know, influencers, celebrities. The constant stress of a high-profile life weighs on you. Take it from me, a doctor.

ANA

It can't be stress, Doc. Someone did this. I can feel it.

BORIS

Alright, Ana. I support you. But be careful what trouble you land into.

Boris smiles and stands up. She holds out a bowl.

ANA

Wait, Doc. Your Chipotle.

BORIS

Shayne punim! (Yiddish for "pretty face")

EXT. MIDTOWN - DAY

Ana scrolls on her phone with a furrowed brow as she walks on a busy sidewalk. Onscreen, the phone shows images of Vanessa Burns in her prime.

She scrolls down a bit further and finds a link to an article titled "Stressed to Death: A Pandemic Amongst Young Influencers" and clicks on it.

The top of the article shows 20 pictures of different celebrities. She scrolls down to find a list of names with dates.

"Vanessa Burns" is third on the list, and "Fiona Stone" is last. Several words are bolded in the article: "stress," "overdose," "natural causes."

Ana stops in the street. She is at the bottom of the steps leading to the NYPD precinct. She scrolls to find "NYU Medical Center" in the article.

Dominic walks up the other side of the steps eating a hoagie.

DOMINIC

How was your lunch break, rookie?

ANA

Uh, good. Listen, Dom, I gotta run. I'll be back in an hour. Burglary documentation almost done. I got, uh, feminine needs.

DOMINIC

Oh, uh, right, yes. The feminine things. Pads, and uh...Yeah! Tamp-
ins? Right. Okay let me know if you need anything.

Ana pays no attention to his embarrassment surrounding feminine hygiene. She continues staring at her phone.

ANA

K.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ana walks into NYU Medical Center. She nods to a security guard as she walks past the security desk.

EXT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Ana exits the elevator on the bottom level of the hospital. She walks down a hallway. The lights flicker. The MORGUE RECEPTIONIST stands outside of a large metal door, like the ones used for large freezer storage units.

ANA

NYPD.

She flashes her badge.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST

Which decedent are you here to see?

ANA

Vanessa Burns.

He looks her up and down, skeptically.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST

Can I see some documentation?

Ana pulls out the case summary sheet from her pants pocket.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Right this way.

He leads her into the morgue.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

The lights in the morgue are harsh. Ana squints.

The Morgue Receptionist grabs one of the giant metal doors and pulls on it.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST

Box 33.

A body covered in a white sheet slides out on a metal slab. He points to a bin.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Jewelry and clothes in there.

Diamond jewelry sparkles in the box amidst a black dress and high heels.

The Morgue Receptionist points to a box.

MORGUE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Gloves in there. Let me know if you need anything.

He walks out of the room.

Ana takes a pair of gloves and approaches the covered body very slowly. Her hands shake as she reaches towards the top of the sheet.

She pulls down quickly, revealing Vanessa's corpse. Vanessa looks almost the same as in Ana's daydream sequence: glazed over eyes and scratch marks under her chin, but now fully dry. Her eyebrows are still perfectly done, and her lips are plump with lip fillers.

Ana bends down to look more closely at the scratch marks. She places a finger gently on Vanessa's neck. She touches the large gash directly under her chin.

An instrument makes a distant noise, as if it has fallen in a corner of the room. Ana quickly looks and furrows her brow, but turns back around to the body.

Suddenly, she feels a buzzing and sees some strange wriggling movement in the neck. There is a low-pitched buzzing sound. She puts a finger into the gash and digs around, close to Vanessa's chin. She grimaces while searching.

The buzzing intensifies. She latches onto something and grabs on with two fingers to pull it out. She finally pulls it out of Vanessa's face.

It is a tiny beed shaped like a capital "P." It vibrates in her hand.

ANA

(to herself)

What in the world?

The buzzing gets louder and louder, until Ana realizes that her phone is buzzing in her pants pocket and quickly searches around her pockets to find it.

The caller is Tony. The contact picture is simply a giant middle finger.

ANA (CONT'D)

WHAT, TONY?!

TONY (O.S.)

Listen, I was thinkin... Your gal
pal, she works for that plastic
surgeon right?

ANA

Tony, I don't have time for this
right now.

TONY (O.S.)

Do you think that surgeon guy does
penile enlargements? Asking for a
friend...

ANA

Jesus Christ, Tony.

She hangs up and calls Nicole. The dial tone immediately goes
to voicemail.

VOICE MESSAGING SYSTEM

The number you are trying to reach
is unavailable. Please leave your
message after the tone.

A tone sounds.

ANA

Nicole, holy shit. I know you're
busy but this is important.
Something is totally crazy with
this celebrity death case. Meet me
in Berkovsky's waiting room ASAP.

Ana hangs up and puts her phone next to Vanessa's corpse. She
inspects the vibrating piece she just removed from Vanessa's
neck.

ANA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

What are you?

A new notification pops up in the top from an unknown number:
"Clever girl."

She clicks on the notification, confused and panicked. She
types: "Who is this?!"

The unknown number responds: "You can do more than order
coffee, huh?"

She types: "Who the hell is this?!"

The number responds: "Open box 32."

She types: "Why the fuck would I do that? Who are you?"

No response. She looks up. Box 32 is right next to Vanessa's dead body. She slowly walks to the other side of the body. She hesitantly opens Box 32, and another covered body slides out on a slab.

She pulls back the white sheet.

ANA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Fiona...

Half of Fiona's face and head is badly mangled from a gunshot wound. She has scratch marks all over her face, neck, and body.

ANA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

Wheels roll and a door creaks in the background. Ana quickly turns to see what the commotion is.

ANA (CONT'D)
Hello? Who's there? Is that the
morgue receptionist?

As she's turned around, the blurred out body on the slab behind her (presumably Fiona's body) sits up and slowly raises a knife into the air. Ana does not notice.

ANA (CONT'D)
I'm just about done in here!

When she turns back around, Fiona has suddenly transformed into her father, Vadim. He is smiling evilly and holding the knife up, directly pointed at Ana's chest.

She screams at the top of her lungs.

ANA (CONT'D)
DAD! NO! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!!

She closes her eyes, quickly covers up the body and pushes the metal slab aggressively back into the box.

She immediately grabs her phone and types back to the unknown number: "Who the fuck are you?!"

The number responds: "Now, what did we say about meddling in places you don't belong? Mm-mm, bad girl."

Her phone suddenly goes blank. She presses buttons frantically to turn it back on, with no success.

A metal noise rattles in the background, as if a coin has been dropped on the floor.

ANA (CONT'D)

Hello? Seriously, who's there?

Silence.

ANA (CONT'D)

I have a gun.

A gloved hand suddenly covers her mouth and nose. She lets out a muffled yell.

FADE OUT