

VFXX

A TV Pilot Script

Chloe Spencer

cspenc24@student.scad.edu  
651-428-4019

TEASER

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

TANYA (25), a young woman, sits on her bed, a computer on her lap. Her hair is pinned up in a messy bun. We can hear lo-fi hip-hop music in the background.

She slams her laptop shut in frustration. She steps around various cardboard boxes and plastic-wrapped items, making her way towards the door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Tanya exits her apartment and walks next door, in the direction of the music.

She sees that the front door is hanging open. She knocks on the frame.

TANYA

Hello? Anyone home?

A little reluctant, but mostly intrigued, she steps inside.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tanya enters an apartment decorated with horror paraphernalia: posters, jars of teeth and eyes, and cursed photographs.

TANYA

What in the hell...?

She enters the living room space. She sees the speakers, heads over, and the music down.

As she turns around, she sees an open body bag laying on top of a stainless steel table. She cautiously approaches it. Inside, she sees the limp, lifeless body of a middle-aged man. It is pale and bloated, a lopsided gray-pink tongue hanging out of its mouth.

Tanya screams, stumbling backward into the wall.

NAYELI (26) emerges from around the corner. She has a blunt bob cut framing her face, and is dressed in a navy blue sweatshirt and yoga pants. A smudge of red stains her cheek.

She looks from Tanya to the body, horrified.

NAYELI

I-it's not real, it's not real!

Tanya sprints for the door, but Nayeli blocks her, grabbing her shoulders. Tanya wrestles with Nayeli.

NAYELI

Listen to me! It's fake!

TANYA

What do you mean it's fake?!

Nayeli laughs nervously, wiping the sweat from her forehead.

NAYELI

I'm a practical effects artist. I was painting that thing.

Suddenly Tanya notices the plaster masks sitting on shelves around the room; the crafting materials inside storage bins.

TANYA

... Oh.

NAYELI

Yeah. I'm so sorry.

TANYA

No, it's... it's not your fault. Okay, well, maybe it is. Your music was too loud.

NAYELI

Oh. I didn't think anyone was... around to hear it.

Tanya shakes her head, and approaches Nayeli with a smile.

TANYA

I'm Tanya, your new neighbor. I just moved in next door.

NAYELI

I'm Nayeli. Pleased to meet you. Would you care for a cup of coffee, Tanya?

TANYA

O-oh! Sure.

Nayeli retreats to the kitchen. Tanya surveys the room with a newfound sense of wonder.

TANYA

So all of this stuff, it's your work?

NAYELI

Yep. Made it all myself. Some of these are just props that I'm allowed to take home after the shoot's done.

Nayeli returns to the living room, carrying two cups of coffee. Tanya turns to face her with a bright, beaming smile.

TANYA

I like it.

NAYELI

It's okay. You don't have to lie to me.

TANYA

I'm not lying! It's cool, really.

Nayeli hands Tanya a mug just as her cellphone rings. Nayeli checks the caller ID, frowning. She silences it.

TANYA

Oh, you can get that if you want. Don't mind me.

NAYELI

It's uh, work. I'll have to call them back. They've been on my ass because of this deadline...

Nayeli nervously smiles at her.

NAYELI

I'm so sorry, but could you...?

TANYA

Oh, no worries. I need to get back to work anyways.

She sets down her mug of coffee, still full.

Nayeli escorts her to the door.

TANYA

Sorry about breaking into your house. Uh, maybe we could chat again sometime?

NAYELI

Maybe! Yeah. Totally. Thanks for stopping by. Welcome to the neighborhood.

She abruptly closes the door and returns to her work table. She dials a number in her phone.

NAYELI

Hey. I gotta dump this body first, but I'll bring you the photos you asked for. Name the time and place.

SUPER: VFXX

### ACT ONE

INT. NAYELI'S CAR - DAY

A manila folder sits next to Nayeli on the passenger seat. As she pulls to an abrupt stop, one of the photos of the dead body slides out.

Irritated, she shoves it back in.

She places her hands back on the steering wheel and tries to concentrate on the road. Very faintly, a strangled scream cries out; but the sound is ethereal.

VICTIM (VO)

I don't want to die. I don't want to die!

Nayeli's grip on the steering wheel tightens as the screams continue, gradually getting louder.

Just as they reach a crescendo, she nearly ends up rear-ending a car. She slams on the brakes and her car screeches to a halt.

She sits in the passenger seat and tries to catch her breath.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Nayeli's pickup truck parks in the clearing alongside a beaten brown Toyota Corolla. The glowing light of the campfire illuminates the space.

A young woman, CLAIRE (19), sits on the hood of the car. A few strands of her auburn hair partially obscure the bruises on her cheek.

Nayeli steps out of her car, manila folder in hand, and approaches Claire.

NAYELI  
Hey. Here you go.

Claire reluctantly accepts the folder. Nayeli nods encouragingly. She opens up it and examines one of the photos. She bites her lip.

CLAIRE  
He looks pretty good with a bullet between his eyes.

NAYELI  
Uh... yeah.

Claire smiles, tears flooding her eyes.

CLAIRE  
Sorry. Bad joke.

Claire glances over her shoulder. A baby, no older than six months, is dozing in the car. She tosses the folder into the fire pit. She retrieves a crumpled parcel from her purse.

Nayeli opens it, removes the bills, and counts them.

NAYELI  
Great! All here.

CLAIRE  
It doesn't feel like it's enough.

NAYELI  
No, it is. I counted it. 5Gs.

CLAIRE  
That's not what I meant. I mean... you saved us. Both of us.

She starts to cry, and she throws her arms around Nayeli, squeezing her tightly. Reluctantly, Nayeli hugs her back.

CLAIRE  
I can never repay you.

Nayeli laughs softly.

NAYELI  
Well, the best way you can do that is

by starting over. Take your baby. Skip town. Settle down somewhere nice. Maybe send me a postcard.

Claire and Nayeli bid goodbye. Nayeli watches as Claire gets in the car and drives away.

INT. KILLER EFFECTS STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nayeli enters the drab conference room. About fifteen people sit around a crowded table, conversing loudly with one another. Katya smiles mischievously at her. She pats the seat beside her.

KATYA

You're late, but don't worry. I saved you a donut.

Nayeli smiles and takes a bite from the glazed pastry.

NAYELI

Thanks, Katya.

KATYA

So, how was Claire?

NAYELI

Good. She took the baby and left. Gave me a hug, even.

KATYA

Aww. You're such a sap.

Nayeli laughs and elbows her; Katya returns the favor.

HAL (48) stands at the front of the room. He is built like a lumberjack, and wears a similar outfit: buffalo plaid shirt, stained jeans, and thick steel-toed boots. His boisterous voice echoes out as he tries to bring the crowd to a silence.

HAL

Alright. Thank you for being here. I know it's a Friday, so I'll keep it quick. We've had a record month of 43 kills. Nayeli, as y'all might know, has made a whopping 10 of those.

The conference room claps excitedly. Embarrassed, Nayeli avoids their gazes. Katya squeezes her shoulder.

HAL

Now on the film side of things, we've got about 10 indies that we're consulting with at the moment. We're looking to get more steady work during the day, so I hope y'all are excited about that.

Another excited round of applause echoes out.

HAL

See, this is what gets me excited to come to work every day. Working with people like you. Passionate about saving lives, bringing justice, and making great art. Enjoy breakfast, everybody!

INT. KILLER EFFECTS STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

People in the conference room are starting to leave and clean up their eating spaces. The donut box is nearly empty.

Katya and Nayeli are deep in conversation, chatting enthusiastically and laughing. Hal approaches them, a manila folder in hand.

HAL

Hey, Katya, could you give us the room for a sec?

At first, a look of irritation crosses Katya's face. But then she nods, shrugging her shoulders.

She exits the room, and Hal takes a seat next to Nayeli.

NAYELI

Another mission?

HAL

Actually... well, I needed to talk to you about something.

NAYELI

Like what?

HAL

Well... look. You know I'm proud of you. The work that you do... it's clear that you have a lot of passion for this.



NAYELI  
Because I do.

HAL  
Right. But I'm worried that maybe I've  
been giving you too much to take on.  
Apparently some people have started to  
poke around some of these  
disappearances.

NAYELI  
Cops?

HAL  
No. The press.

NAYELI  
Fake news.

HAL  
Nayeli.

NAYELI  
Kidding.

HAL  
You better be. This is serious.  
There's this... journalist that's been  
poking into things. So look, just be  
careful, okay?

NAYELI  
I will be. Now, you got a new mission  
for me?

Hal smiles and hands her the folder. She examines its  
contents, which includes a picture of a skinny, gruff man  
with a rat tail. She whistles.

NAYELI  
Ooh. What's your name, tough guy?

HAL  
This is BabyDevil DrugLordxx.

NAYELI  
What?

HAL  
BabyDevil DrugLordxx. He legally  
changed his name to that three years

ago. Prior to that, he was known as John Wayne, and then before that, Ezekiel Cody.

NAYELI

He... changed his name twice?

HAL

He grew up on an Amish farm; it's a whole ordeal. He's just trying to make himself look tough.

Nayeli keeps reading the documents.

NAYELI

Oh. Lovely. Child sex trafficker. Let me guess: our client is a survivor of his crimes?

HAL

Yep. After the feds dismantled his circus, the guy's been on the run. We got some intel from our scouts on where he's been hiding out.

Nayeli examines a photograph of a decrepit dive bar. She holds it up to Hal, and he nods.

NAYELI

Cool. Client wants pictures? Same as last time?

HAL

Same thing you do every time.

NAYELI

Gotcha. Thanks, Hal.

Nayeli exits the room. Hal folds his hands together, staring after her, lost in deep thought.

INT. KILLER EFFECTS STUDIO - HALLWAY - DAY

Katya is waiting for Nayeli when she exits. She laughs when she spots the manila folder.

KATYA

Damn. Do you ever STOP working?

NAYELI

I'll stop when I'm dead.

KATYA

Your death'll come sooner than you think if you don't take a break. Remind me again why you're busting your ass so hard?

NAYELI

For a trip.

KATYA

Ahh, yes. The mysterious trip you won't tell me about. How could I forget?

Nayeli laughs. Katya smiles.

KATYA

So... want to get lunch today?

INT. SHŌGA SUNSET RAMEN SHOP - DAY

Katya and Nayeli stand before a nervous teenage CASHIER, waving their credit cards in her face.

KATYA

Take my card. You know you want to.

NAYELI

No, Katya, I can pay for myself—

KATYA

She's delusional. Don't listen to her.

The cashier bites her lip and takes Katya's card. Nayeli groans, and Katya smiles triumphantly.

They collect their trays of ramen and retreat to a table at the back corner of the restaurant. Nayeli appears uncomfortable.

KATYA

Why do you get so upset about me paying for you?

NAYELI

Because I can pay for myself... and because if I don't pay, I can't remember to pay you back.

KATYA

You can pay me back by taking me on a

date outside of work... whenever that happens.

Nayeli smiles sheepishly. Katya waves her chopsticks in her face.

KATYA

No. Don't give me that smile. It's cute, but it's not going to work on me this time. We never hang out outside of work.

NAYELI

I know. I'm sorry.

KATYA

Why don't we go to an arcade bar?

NAYELI

A bar? I don't really like bars. They're loud, and and they're crowded...

KATYA

Okay, it doesn't have to be a bar.

Katya stops for a moment, and her eyes widen.

KATYA

There's a carnival in Woodbury that we could go to.

NAYELI

A carnival? You want to go to a carnival?

KATYA

I've never been!

NAYELI

They're so... hokey, though. And greasy.

KATYA

Hey. I literally grew up in Siberia. I never got to experience the joys of hokey, greasy carnivals like all you Americans.

Nayeli laughs.

NAYELI

Okay, okay. I can take you to the carnival.

Katya cheers.

ACT II

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Nayeli, a towel wrapped around her body and hair, lays out her outfit for the evening, all in black: a turtleneck, an intricate mesh mask, a pair of gloves, and pants.

An unzipped duffel bag sits on the bed, which includes some weapons such as hunting knives and a disposable camera. She polishes the weapons before neatly placing them in the bag.

Once she finishes this, she looks at her mirror. In the corner of the frame, there's a photo booth picture. It's of Nayeli and another woman, both in uniform. The woman has wavy blond hair, and soft gray eyes. She's laughing; her arm wrapped around Nayeli's shoulder.

When Nayeli sees the photo, she does not smile. Her eyes appear hollow. A sharp knock at the door jolts her.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli answers the door. Tanya, wearing sweats and a pair of over-sized glasses, nervously smiles at her.

TANYA

Oh. Wow. You didn't have to get out of the shower just because of me.

NAYELI

Nah, I just finished it. What's up?

TANYA

Uh... this sounds a bit embarrassing, but I made pasta. Like, too much for leftovers.

NAYELI

You can never have too many leftovers.

TANYA

No. Trust me. So much pasta. Pasta-pocalypse.

NAYELI

Hmm...

TANYA

I was thinking you could come over and have a bite?

Nayeli smiles.

NAYELI

What kind of pasta?

TANYA

Chicken carbonara.

NAYELI

Yeah, sure! I'll come over. Once I put on some clothes.

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tanya's apartment is cozy and is decorated with warm colors and family photographs; a stark contrast to the sterile, haunted appearance of Nayeli's.

Tanya serves Nayeli a heaping amount of the pasta from a giant pot. The mound stacks about an inch high. Nayeli's eyebrows raise in surprise.

NAYELI

Okay, you weren't lying. This is...

TANYA

Yeah. It's... a problem I have. I'm used to cooking for two, so...

NAYELI

Ohh.

Tanya laughs, but a tinge of bitterness remains in her voice. She serves herself some food, and walks back into the kitchen.

TANYA

You want a glass of wine?

NAYELI

No thanks. I've got to get back to work later tonight. Deadline crunching.

TANYA

Aww. And yet you came over for dinner?

NAYELI

I will never pass up pasta. Plus, I don't do a lot of cooking. Unless you count protein shakes and Lean Cuisines.

TANYA

I do not. Water good for you?

NAYELI

Yeah.

Tanya retrieves two glasses of water and sits back down. Nayeli starts to eat. Tanya doesn't pick up her fork.

TANYA

How is it?

NAYELI

Good. Really good.

TANYA

Thank you.

Tanya moves to pick up her fork, but then doesn't. She bites her lip and glances over at her.

TANYA

Do you think I'm weird?

Nayeli laughs.

NAYELI

Why would I think you're weird?

TANYA

Well, for one, I broke into your house, and also, because we don't know each other. I just...

She closes her eyes for a moment.

TANYA

... I'm really not used to eating alone. Or being alone in general. I think I kind of hate it.

NAYELI

So why live on your own?

TANYA

Uhh...

She laughs nervously.

TANYA

... I don't really have any other friends. It's a long story, but they kind of took my ex's side in the breakup.

NAYELI

You sure you don't want a glass of wine for yourself?

Tanya laughs again, but this time, it's lighthearted. She shakes her head and finally begins to eat.

NAYELI

If it makes you feel any better I don't have a lot of friends either. Turns out people don't like it when you decorate your apartment with body parts.

Tanya laughs harder, but embarrassed, she claps her hands over her mouth and nose, shaking her head.

TANYA

That wasn't funny. I'm sorry.

NAYELI

No, it was funny. That's why I said it.

TANYA

I guess ex-military like us have a strange sense of humor.

NAYELI

Huh?

TANYA

You are, right? I saw a shadowbox with your ribbons in it.

NAYELI

Oh. Well, yeah. I was army.



TANYA  
What unit?

NAYELI  
Uh... 1st Special Forces Group.

TANYA  
Really? Special ops?

NAYELI  
Yep.

TANYA  
Hell yeah! I was Navy.

NAYELI  
Really?

TANYA  
I know I don't seem the type. I just  
went for the GI benefits.

NAYELI  
Same. Well. I was serious about it for  
a while, but... shit happens. Suddenly  
it didn't seem like such a good option  
to me anymore.

TANYA  
Yeah. Can't say I look back on those  
years happily.

NAYELI  
Nah. Not at all.

Nayeli realizes that she's finished her plate. She looks over  
at Tanya.

TANYA  
Damn. You were starving.

Nayeli smiles.

NAYELI  
Can I have some more?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nayeli hangs outside Tanya's doorway, a hefty container of  
leftovers in her hand. The two are laughing.

TANYA

If you finish your leftovers, there's plenty more.

NAYELI

Thank you for dinner.

TANYA

You're welcome. Have a good night.

Tanya closes her door. Nayeli, a smile on her face, walks back to her apartment.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli gets dressed for the night, a confident smile on her face the whole time. She finishes packing the rest of her bag and leaves the room.

INT. DIVE BAR, SECOND FLOOR - VICTIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tattooed man, BABYDEVIL, sits on a moldy mattress in a secluded room. A woman, KRXSTAL, wearing a tight dress, sits on his lap, passionately kissing him.

She leans in and nibbles on his earlobe, laughing mischievously.

KRXSTAL

I brought a surprise for you tonight.

BABYDEVIL

Ooh. A surprise.

She giggles and kisses him again. After a few moments pass, his body gradually stiffens, and he pushes her away.

BABYDEVIL

Well come on, get on with it! Damn why you waiting?

She pouts; her eyes narrow. She stands up and flips her hair.

KRXSTAL

I don't know why you're comin' at me with all this attitude tonight.

BABYDEVIL

Bitch, please. Yes you do. You ain't come to see me not once this past week.

KRXSTAL

Some of us have jobs. I don't know what to tell ya.

BABYDEVIL

Yeah, yeah. A job. That's what you call it?

KRXSTAL

Least I'm making money, while you sit here on your flat ass.

Enraged, he stands up as if to hit her, but she grabs him and pushes him back down. She crawls back on his lap, laughing.

KRXSTAL

I like it when you're angry.

He chuckles as she leaves the room. He gets up and moves over to a table; snorts a line of coke off a paper plate.

When he turns back, Nayeli is standing there, mask on.

BABYDEVIL

The fuck?

Nayeli tilts her head, confused.

BABYDEVIL

What the fuck is the ski mask for? I thought you meant leather. You know I like you in leather.

He smirks, grinning.

BABYDEVIL

But that turtleneck does make those tiny titties of yours look great, huh?

Nayeli kicks the door shut behind her. Before he has a moment to react, she's on him. He falls onto the bed, face first. She climbs on top of him and snaps his neck.

She stands up and removes her disposable camera. She takes a couple pictures of his body.

Then, she begins to stage the scene: she knocks over the furniture. She disposes the other lines of coke into a vent.

Finally, she stages the body in an awkward position; as if he fell over and broke his neck.

As she finishes her work, she sees a white flash out of the corner of her eye.

Nayeli looks out the window.

Another flash of light shines. In the darkness, she can make out the silhouette of another person on the rooftop.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nayeli slowly opens the stairwell door and steps outside.

She notices a woman laying on a thermal blanket, her camera next to her. The woman is staring at the dive bar through a set of binoculars.

She approaches the woman silently, who doesn't notice her. Nayeli crouches down and picks up the camera.

The woman whips her head around and her eyes widen in shock. Stunned, Nayeli stumbles back. The woman is Tanya.

Tanya rises to her feet, shoulders squared. Her demeanor is drastically different: aggressive, confident, cold.

TANYA

Drop it.

Nayeli doesn't say anything, her body stiffens in shock.

Tanya approaches her, and delivers a slap to her ear. Nayeli doesn't release her grip on the camera.

TANYA

Yeah, I bet you thought you could fuck with me. Didn't count on this, did you?

The two continue wrestling for the camera. Tanya keeps kicking and throwing punches at a speed that Nayeli is struggling to match.

Tanya throws another punch and Nayeli catches it; twisting her arm around and trying to pin her in a headlock.

Tanya delivers a kick to Nayeli's knee, grabs her arm, and twists it. Nayeli screams through clenched teeth. She releases her grip on the camera.

Tanya, panting, raises her camera to take a photograph of Nayeli.

Without another thought, Nayeli bolts for the stairs.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Tanya chases Nayeli into the stairwell, but Nayeli is too fast. She jumps down the flights of stairs, sliding down the railings, and is out the door before Tanya is halfway down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tanya exits into the street. She looks up and down, but Nayeli is gone.

TANYA

Shit.

Screams echo out from the dive bar. Tanya, camera in hand, sprints over to investigate.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Exhausted, Nayeli stumbles down a dimly lit street, towards her pickup truck.

INT. NAYELI'S CAR - NIGHT

Nayeli removes her mask and gulps down air, struggling to catch her breath.

Panic registers distinctly on her face. She turns the key in the ignition and peels out of the alleyway.

### ACT THREE

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tanya throws open the door to her apartment and kicks off her boots.

She walks over to her fridge and removes a bottle of wine. She removes the cork with her teeth and chugs it down.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and shakes her head, over and over again. Her eyes are wide with shock, and her body is trembling slightly.

She sets the wine bottle back in the fridge, and removes the camera from around her neck, setting it on the kitchen table.

She stumbles over to her bathroom, and shuts the door.

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli, laying underneath the coffee table, waits with bated breath. She hears the sounds of water running.

She slowly slips out from underneath the table, and enters the kitchen. She spots the camera, and picks it up.

She turns it on, and navigates through the menu. She opts to reformat the card.

Once the card is reformatted, she goes through the footage to double check and see if there's anything remaining, but there isn't.

With a shaky sigh, she sets the camera back down on the kitchen counter.

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli creeps into Tanya's room, which is more disheveled than the rest of the apartment.

She climbs through the open window, out onto the ledge.

EXT. APARTMENT LEDGE - NIGHT

As Nayeli steps out onto the ledge, she sees that the door to the bathroom has opened.

She drops down, dangling her body off of the ledge.

She reaches up one hand and pulls down the window till it's closed.

Still hanging, she eyes her next opportunity for escape, which is the ledge of her own window.

She leaps, successfully grabbing the ledge.

She can see that the light in Tanya's bedroom is now on.

Nayeli grits her teeth and stretches her leg across to her balcony. Her foot just barely fits on the edge.

She slowly navigates over to the balcony, and pulls herself up and over the barrier wall.

She enters through the back doors and quickly shuts them.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She lays on the ground, gasping, out of breath.

She flops down in a state of exhaustion and closes her eyes.

A few moments pass. She hears her cell phone ring.

NAYELI

Hello...?

KATYA

Hey there. You busy right now?

NAYELI

No, I uh...

KATYA

Cool, because the liquor store was having a two-for-one sale on vodka and I was figuring we could have ourselves a party.

NAYELI

Uh... O-okay...

KATYA

And by party I mean sex.

NAYELI

Uhh... sounds good...

KATYA

Okay, what's up with you? Why do you sound like you got the shit kicked out of you?

NAYELI

... Because... I did... whew...

KATYA

WHAT?! Holy shit, Nayeli, are-

NAYELI

- I'm fine, everything is fine-

KATYA

I'm coming over. Right now.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli sits on the toilet, her head tilted back. She pinches her nose together with a wad of tissues.

She is shirtless. Her skin is riddled with more bruises; her ribs look the worst.

Katya carefully applies antibiotic ointment to a few cuts.

KATYA

She use a weapon?

NAYELI

No. She just caught me really off guard.

KATYA

Why?

Nayeli averts her eyes nervously.

Katya rolls her eyes. She grabs her chin, arching a brow.

NAYELI

Hey!

KATYA

Don't "hey" me. Do you know what it was like, hearing that you were hurt? Shit, I thought you had been shot. Lot of trauma for just a few frickin' bruises, Nayeli. Least you can do is fess up to what happened.

Nayeli sighs. She drops the bloodied tissues in the wastebasket and sits upright.

NAYELI

So... Um... Hal told me earlier today that there was some sort of photojournalist looking into my hits. And... it's... it's my next door neighbor.

KATYA

Really?

NAYELI

Yeah. My new neighbor, Tanya. She told me she was a journalist but... I



didn't realize that she was the one investigating. Hal didn't give me a name.

KATYA

Hmm. Curious that she moved in next door to you.

NAYELI

What do you mean?

KATYA

I mean maybe she knows who you are already.

Nayeli shakes her head.

NAYELI

No. She didn't see my face tonight. She didn't hear my voice.

KATYA

Hmm.

NAYELI

If she knew about me, then she would've had no reason to pretend otherwise.

KATYA

I wouldn't be so sure if I were you.

Nayeli falls silent. Katya caps the antibiotic ointment and washes her hands in the sink. She glances at Nayeli.

KATYA

You know what you have to do now, right?

NAYELI

Huh?

KATYA

You're going to have to kill her.

NAYELI

Huh?

KATYA

Kill her or get rid of her. But killing her is easier.

NAYELI

I don't want to kill her, Katya. She's done nothing wrong.

KATYA

You're really trying to pretend like you have a moral code here? We're assassins.

NAYELI

We DO have a moral code! We take out people who deserve to be taken out. Not bystanders!

KATYA

Mmm-hmm, except when those bystanders start stalking us and threatening to blow our cover, they're no longer innocent or bystanders, are they?

NAYELI

I...

Katya sighs heavily.

KATYA

Nayeli. Listen to me.

She crouches down in front of her, squeezing her hands tightly.

KATYA

Living next door to someone who could expose you is NOT a good idea. You're smart; smarter than me. You know that.

NAYELI

I know.

KATYA

You don't have to do it tonight. You're pretty beat to shit, anyways. Just... make a plan.

NAYELI

Okay.

Nayeli's eyes focus on the ground. Katya smiles sadly. She leans over and grabs the vodka bottle on the counter.

She unscrews the lid and sips from it, then passes it to

Nayeli.

KATYA

Here. Have a swig. Vodka is a natural  
painkiller.

NAYELI

No, it's not.

KATYA

It's not. But it might make you feel  
better.

Nayeli laughs and takes a swig from the bottle. Katya crosses  
her arms, smiling sadly at her.

KATYA

Well... this isn't a carnival, but...  
I'll take it.

Nayeli leans forward and kisses her.

EXT. SUNNY SHORELINE - DAY

Nayeli awakes on a beach. An orange light bathes the  
shoreline.

She raises her head and sees a figure wading in the shallow  
waters. She's skipping rocks across the ocean.

Nayeli stands up, smiles, and casually approaches her. This  
is the same woman from the photo on her mirror, VIVIAN.

NAYELI

Hey, Viv.

VIVIAN

You can skip rocks forever out here.

Vivian skips a rock, and they watch as it impossibly glides  
over the waves, towards the horizon.

Nayeli picks up a smooth stone and skips it as well. For some  
reason, hers only goes a few paces before sinking.

Vivian laughs, and Nayeli does too. They take each other's  
hands and walk down the shoreline.

VIVIAN

How close are you?

NAYELI

I... I need more time. Maybe halfway there?

VIVIAN

Maybe?

NAYELI

I'm not good with math.

VIVIAN

I know. I trust you. You'll get there eventually.

Nayeli falls silent. Vivian elbows her gently.

VIVIAN

Whatsa matter? You're quieter than usual.

NAYELI

Work problems.

VIVIAN

You know what I'm going to tell you.

NAYELI

Don't think about them?

VIVIAN

Yep.

NAYELI

I'm not that kind of person, Viv. I wish I could just turn off all the thoughts in my head but I can't. They just keep coming.

Vivian squeezes her hand. She smiles at her sadly.

VIVIAN

Tell me what happened.

NAYELI

I realized that I might have to hurt someone who doesn't deserve to be hurt.

VIVIAN

Why?

NAYELI

Because they might blow my cover.

VIVIAN

Hmm. Well... you shouldn't feel guilty.

NAYELI

I know I shouldn't, but I do.

VIVIAN

You do what you have to do. So that you can join me in Paradise. Right?

NAYELI

Y-yeah.

VIVIAN

Good.

She kisses Nayeli's forehead. As she does, the sky darkens. She smiles warmly at Nayeli and squeezes her hands tightly.

The turbulent ocean waves rise up, and engulf them, but Nayeli doesn't hear them crash. She can only hear the sound of bombs exploding.

INT. NAYELI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nayeli wakes up with a start. Katya is curled up next to her in bed. Nayeli runs her fingers through Katya's hair. Drearily, Katya stirs awake.

KATYA

What happened, baby?

NAYELI

Nothing. Bad dream.

Katya cuddles up against her side and falls back asleep. Nayeli lays awake, staring up at the ceiling.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Katya excitedly runs towards the entrance of a fair. Nayeli follows her.

Katya approaches a rifle shooting game.

KATYA

Prove your love by winning me an

obnoxiously large teddy bear.

NAYELI

You're a better sharp shooter than me!

KATYA

Less talking, more shooting.

Nayeli laughs and picks up the rifle.

Each bang from it sounds louder than the last.

Nayeli gets progressively more disturbed, but she maintains her focus and wins the prize for Katya.

Katya cheers and hugs the teddy bear close against her chest. Nayeli smiles nervously and wipes the sweat from her forehead on her jeans.

Katya spies a love tunnel and races towards the line. Nayeli follows her. In the crowd, she spies Vivian, who smiles coyly back. Nayeli stops and stares at her.

KATYA

Nayeli! Come on!

Nayeli turns to look back at Vivian, but she is gone.

Nayeli lines up next to Katya and takes her hand with a smile.

END