

The Seeker  
an original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - NIGHT

A seedy area. Sleazy strip clubs, bars, and stores line both sides. The only people out this time of night are hookers, pimps, and johns.

A woman's shapely figure flashes on and off, displayed on a neon sign next to the door of a strip club. No name is needed to advertise this joint.

CINNAMON PETERS (25), just as curvy as the sign's image, wearing a short dress and heels, ambles out of the club and heads down the street. She keeps her purse close.

On her way, she passes by SLEEZY MAN. He stops to eye the gorgeous dancer with personal interest.

SLEEZY MAN  
Hey, baby. What's up?

Without looking back, Cinnamon holds up her middle finger. Sleazy Man chuckles; his eyes are glued to Cinnamon's ass in the tight dress.

SLEEZY MAN  
I can tell ya` what's up.

Sleazy Man grabs at his crotch for a quick moment. He reluctantly continues on his way.

A nice sedan seems to follow Cinnamon. The driver unseen through a darkened windshield.

Cinnamon is now all alone in her area. The lighting is fair at best. The sedan pulls slightly ahead of her and stops at the curb. The passenger window lowers.

MAN (O.S.)  
Know where I can get a good time?

Cinnamon leans into the lowered window.

CINNAMON  
Depends on what you're up for.

A man's hand waves five \$100 bills at the window.

MAN (O.S.)

I got 500 if you get in so we can  
discuss it.

Cinnamon grins at the generous offer. She opens the door  
and gets in. The car drives off.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Cinnamon is strapped to a table; her arms pinned down to her  
sides by a strap. Her ankles also held to the table by an  
identical strap. Terror is evident in her eyes as she looks  
to someone unseen off to the side. There is bruising to her  
face.

CINNAMON

Please, let me go.

A man's hands pick up a pair of surgical gloves from a tray  
of instruments: a scalpel, chisel, bone saw, etc. The hands  
slip on the gloves. His mannerism is almost erotic as he  
does this.

On the table, Cinnamon sobs.

CINNAMON

I'll give you anything you want.  
Please, don't hurt me.

A gloved hand chooses the scalpel. It rotates the instrument,  
back and forth. Close on the eyes; soulless and uncaring as  
they study the instrument in their owner's hand.

A man's figure, dressed in a dark hooded shirt and black  
trousers, creeps up to the table. Cinnamon looks up to meet  
his eyes. More tears run down her battered face.

CINNAMON

No!

A gloved hand clamps down over her mouth to silence her.  
She continues to yell out; the sounds are greatly muffled.  
Her unseen attacker shoves a plastic ball barely able to fit  
into her mouth. Then he wraps a long piece of cloth over  
her mouth and around her head, tied in a secure knot.

Cinnamon practically gags on the ball. The evil eyes look  
down at the victim. The scalpel rises into the air, where  
it seems to hover for too long. It lowers but fails to cut  
skin.

Instead, it slices open Cinnamon's dress from top to bottom. The hands peel away the fabric to reveal lacy undergarments.

Cinnamon struggles to no avail. The killer lightly runs the knife's tip from Cinnamon's throat, over the bra's front clasp without cutting it, down to her abdomen. Cinnamon's stomach heaves in and out quickly with panic.

The scalpel suddenly pierces flesh. Cinnamon's muffled screams are still wrenching. The killer cuts deeper and deeper with the sharp instrument. Blood pours from the wound.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Railroad tracks run through, woods on both sides. The area is serene, even peaceful. HOMELESS WOMAN (60s), tattered coat, scraggly hair, and missing teeth, carries a garbage bag as she walks along the tracks.

She spots an empty beer can and picks it up. Smiles at it before adding it to the collection already inside her bag.

As she moves on, she spots something off to the side. Something lies partially obscured within a ditch. A human hand is visible.

Homeless Woman cautiously moves in for a closer look. She steps back, aghast over what she sees. Makes the sign of the cross over her chest.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Sweet Jesus.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

This living space is in dire need of a good cleaning. The coffee table is actually a trash can, holding many empty beer bottles (labels all facing the same direction) and empty cigarette packs stacked neatly. A thick layer of dust on everything.

A few pictures stand on a shelf. A young man (35) alone. A woman (34) with a 13-year-old girl. The girl by herself in front of a gorgeous waterfall.

Now we see the man in the picture in person. TONY REYNOLDS (35) is no longer the happy, confident man in the photo; his disheveled appearance leaves a lot to be desired. Facial stubble, wrinkled t-shirt, a hole in the leg of his jeans.

Tony is a poster child for deep depression. He guzzles the remaining half of a beer and adds the empty to his collection on the coffee table. Takes an extra moment to line it up with the other bottles.

A cell phone RINGS. Tony pulls a phone out of his pocket and checks the display.

TONY  
(into phone)  
Yeah?... Can't you call in Roberts?  
He's been dying for a real case...  
Okay, I'm on my way.

He hangs up the phone. Cups his hand over his nose and mouth, and exhales a hard breath through his mouth. After a sniff, he lowers his hand and nods.

Tony shoves the phone into his pocket and leaves the house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An older model Ford Escort putters along the busy road. The driver has a difficult time keeping the vehicle within its lines.

INT./EXT. ESCORT - MOVING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's Tony behind the wheel. He glances at the road as he fiddles with the radio dial. Settles on a classical station.

The MUSIC relaxes Tony, maybe a little too much. Head back, he struggles to keep his eyes open. They start to close. His car drifts across the yellow line.

The Escort heads right toward an approaching semi-truck. Its DRIVER lays on the HORN.

Tony startles awake and whips the steering wheel to the right.

The Escort barely makes it back into its lane in time to avoid a collision. Fortunately, a POLICE OFFICER parked across the road has a front row view of the near wreck. He pulls his car out to the road and speeds after the Escort.

Tony glances in his rearview mirror, spots the police car with lights flashing right behind him.

TONY

Great.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tony pulls off to the side of the road. The police cruiser parks behind him.

INT./EXT. TONY'S CAR - PARKED - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tony rummages through his messy glove compartment, knocking things to the floor during his search. He finally finds what he's looking for - a piece of gum. Pops that into his mouth and chews.

The officer arrives at his raised window and taps on it. Tony lowers the glass, only it stops partway down and refuses to go lower. Tony uses the button to raise it, then tries again. This time it goes all the way down.

TONY

Afternoon, Officer.

OFFICER

License, registration, and proof of insurance.

Tony searches through the spilled mess from the glove compartment for the requested items. It takes him a few moments to find all three as they talk.

TONY

Would you mind telling me why you pulled me over?

OFFICER

You crossed the yellow line back there.

TONY

Did I? I just took my eyes off the road for a moment while I changed the radio station. I promise, I'll be more careful.

OFFICER

Have you been drinking?