

"Consequences"

(TV PILOT)

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. A RURAL BACKYARD -- DAY

A plastic seat hangs by a single chain from a rusted swing set and drifts in the gentle breeze.

On the unkempt grass, a weathered picnic bench, nestled beneath a large shade tree, sheds the last remnants of its original coat of milk paint. A matching clapboard house screams out for attention.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
My childhood started out just like
yours.

A tattered screen door opens. Hinges screech. A YOUNG GIRL, 9, emerges, carrying a small cardboard box. As the child walks to the table -

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had lots of friends. And every
afternoon we would gather together
under the old shade tree and have a
tea party.

The young girl places the box on the picnic table. Removing the lid, she gingerly unpacks the place settings for the tea party.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That is, every afternoon... until
today.

The young girl sits and looks at the vacant seat to her left.

YOUNG GIRL
It's your turn today.

She slides a few inches to the left on the bench and looks to her right.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
Okay.

She gingerly lays out the place settings, carefully matching the colors. Looking to her right -

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
There, now you can pour the tea.

She slides back on the bench, looks to her left.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
That's not the way it goes.

She slides more to the right, to the next setting.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
It's okay. She's just learning.
It's okay for blue to go between
green and yellow.

She slides to the left.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
No it's not. It's supposed to be
like the rainbow. Green goes
between yellow and blue. She has to
follow the rules!

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

MOTHER watches from a window as the young girl stands,
forms fists with her hands and places them on her hips in a
display of anger.

Mother puts a hand to her mouth.

EXT. BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

The young girl, filled with rage, sweeps the tea sets off
the table with her arms.

YOUNG GIRL
There... Do it your way! I don't
care.

The young girl runs toward the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The young girl storms through the kitchen. To her mother -

YOUNG GIRL
My friends are all stupid.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
And that was the last time I spoke
to my friends...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY

The girl, now 15, sits alone in the back of the room,
seemingly not paying attention.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
...until today.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Ariel, can you answer for us?...
...Ariel?

The young girl looks up, blank stare, her head twitches.

YOUNG GIRL
I'm not Ariel... I'm Audrey...

Her eyes roll to the ceiling.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
Aztec trade and commerce took place
in the markets that were located in
the centers of their many
communities. They would barter
food, animal skins, silver and
gold. Sometimes merchants would try
to cheat people so the ruling
empire had like these people, like
police, to enforce the laws...

She looks away from the ceiling, toward the teacher.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
If you broke the laws, they would
kill you. You have to play by the
rules or I'll...

The teacher interrupts.

TEACHER
Thank you, Ariel.

She yells:

YOUNG GIRL
AUDREY!

And she storms out of the classroom.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Like I said, my childhood was just
like yours...only different.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL BAR -- EVENING

AUDREY TATE, mid 30s, extremely attractive, serves a martini from behind a lavish bar. The room is bustling

The patron pushes a twenty towards her and nods a thank you.

Audrey's phone RINGS - A TEXT MESSAGE TONE. She retrieves the phone from her purse under the counter and reads the message. "AUDREY, HE'S ON HIS WAY -L"

Audrey eyes the entrance.

JULIO VALENCIA, Latino, nicely dressed, average look and build, enters, scans the room cautiously, approaches and settles on a vacant stool at the end of the bar.

Audrey plants a coaster in front of him.

JULIO
McCallan, neat.

AUDREY
Twelve or eighteen?

JULIO
Eighteen.

He places a credit card on the bar, turns and reabsorbs his surroundings.

Audrey serves a generous portion. Julio is surprised.

JULIO (CONT'D)
A double?

AUDREY
My treat. You look like you need it.

JULIO
How so?

AUDREY
She's not here.

JULIO
Who.

AUDREY
Your date.

Julio extends a puzzled look.

JULIO
And you know this because?

AUDREY
You searched for her before taking
this seat, then looked for her
again, just now.

Audrey points to the pale line on his ring finger.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
And you've removed your wedding
ring.

Julio covers the tell with his right hand.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
It's okay. I see it all the time.
Who am I to judge? What's her name?

JULIO
Who's?

AUDREY
Your Date...No, your wife's. Bet it
starts with an L.

JULIO
Loretta, how did you know?

AUDREY
I'm a good guesser. Who's your date?

JULIO
She said her name was Audrey.

Audrey smiles, then attends to other patrons.

HOTEL BAR -- LATER

Julio is anxious. He keeps glancing toward the entrance,
but hope is expiring.

Audrey replaces Julio's empty glass with another double
while casting a flirtatious smile in his direction.

AUDREY
First date?

JULIO
Yeah.

AUDREY
She's not coming.

JULIO
How do you know?

AUDREY
Twenty-five minutes is more than
socially late...Probably got cold
feet.

Julio looks at his watch, back to Audrey.

She leans over the bar.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I'm off in thirty...Interested?

Julio smiles. He's been noticing her. Audrey slips him an
address.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Be there at eleven.

Audrey hands him his credit card.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
If you're cheating on your wife,
you don't want to leave a trail.

Julio puts the card in his wallet and tosses a fifty on the
bar.

JULIO
Thanks for the tip.

Audrey picks up the fifty, waves it gently.

AUDREY
And THANK YOU for the tip.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

It's a rent by the hour dump.

Audrey and Julio are in bed, He's on his back. She
straddles him, thrusting herself forward and back.

It's dark. She's wearing latex gloves.

A cell phone RINGS. Julio startles.

Audrey leans way forward and removes her phone from her
purse on the night stand without missing a stroke. Her
thrusting continues as she speaks.

AUDREY

Hi mom...I'm kind of busy right
now. Can I call you later?...Bye.

She ends the call and increases her thrusting motion. Julio begins moaning with intensity.

As she replaces the phone in her purse, she removes a box cutter. With her thumb, she extends the blade.

Her head TWITCHES.

She hesitates, starts to return the cutter.

TWITCH

She removes the cutter.

Julio is writhing beneath her. Her head is near his ear. She whispers.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

By-the-way... I'm Audrey.

With one hand and weight of her body, she pushes his head to the side and with the other, she slices his carotid artery.

A stream of blood SPRAYS the wall behind the bed.

She drops the cutter and grabs his neck. Julio's writhing motion ceases. Terror streams from his wide eyes.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Not much longer now, asshole.

Julio tries to speak. Blood oozes from between her fingers. With her free hand, Audrey places a finger to his lips.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

(in a calming voice)

Shhh...Save your energy. This is a
present...

Audrey briefly releases her grip. She directs the pulsing blood stream onto herself.

With her free hand, she washes herself in his blood.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

...from Loretta...She wants you to
know she's known for a long time...

Another brief release and more self-cleansing.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
...about all the women you've been
fucking...from your credit card
statements... You are ONE stupid
fuck.

Audrey removes her hand and directs his spray onto her
face.

She smiles as his warm blood flows down her back and
breasts.

Julio slowly bleeds out to an unconscious state and goes
limp

She places her free hand between her legs to finish the job
Julio started. She climaxes as his pulsating blood stream
slows and ceases.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

The room is filled with police.

Blood is everywhere. The bed around Julio's body is
completely saturated.

Bloody footprints lead to the bathroom.

CORONER
Okay, you can move the body now.

POLICE SERGEANT
We're still waiting for DETECTIVE
TALI.

DETECTIVE TALI (O.S.)
I'm here.

CORONER
Ariel, join us. Where have you
been? We missed you.

POV outside the room, Detective Tali, back to camera,
enters the room.

DETECTIVE TALI
(back to camera)
Meeting with Judge Kooster.

She stops short of the bed.

DETECTIVE TALI (CONT'D)
(back to camera)
Holy Shit! What the hell?

POLICE SERGEANT
Cleaning lady found him a couple of
hours ago.

The Sergeant does a gestured glance around the room.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Most guests in this dump are one
hour...or less... This poor bastard
seems to have overstayed his
welcome.

DETECTIVE TALI
(back to camera)
Suspects?

POLICE SERGEANT
None. Female probably...based on
him being naked in this
shithole...and the small
footprints. Looks like maybe this
john didn't live up to her
expectations... No ID. Wallet's
gone.

DETECTIVE TALI
(back to camera)
She didn't have to do this just to
rob him.

POLICE SERGEANT
It's interesting...We have latent
prints everywhere, but no finger
prints in all this blood. (points
to floor) Foot prints lead to the
bathroom.

BATHROOM

POLICE SERGEANT
We think she showered before she
left. There's blood in the shower,
sink, toilet seat...everywhere.
How'd she do all this without
leaving a single print?

DETECTIVE TALI
(back to camera)
Don't know...Gloves maybe.

BEDROOM

The police Sergeant exits the bathroom followed by CLOSE
ON: DETECTIVE ARIEL TALI FRONTAL VIEW. She IS Audrey Tate.

FLASHBACK

INT. COURTHOUSE - OFFICE OF JUDGE KOOSTER -- EARLIER THAT MORNING

Detective Ariel Tali and JUDGE KOOSTER, early 70s, overweight, slight tremors of early onset Parkinson's, sit in large leather wingback chairs.

The office is dark. Wood paneling and massive shelves filled with law books add to the dreary, monotonic tone.

A pot of coffee and two cups reside on a silver tray on the table that separates the judge and the detective. The judge gestures to the tray.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Coffee?

ARIEL

Thank you.

Ariel pours for the judge and herself.

JUDGE KOOSTER

I'll come right to the point, Ariel. We have another problem. A big problem this time...Do you know Adam Trent, of Dobson, Trent and Lloyd?

ARIEL

No, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Scumbag law firm...Always trying to save some guilty lowlife dumbass from their deserved sentence.

ARIEL

Yes, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Trent was defending a case ...and won, I might add...in which two gang-bangers, Jamarkus Maki and Boford Trinidad, were accused of murdering several young people in a drive-by shooting.

ARIEL

Yes, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Well, they were guilty as hell.

(MORE)

JUDGE KOOSTER (CONT'D)

Everyone knew it...even the jury knew it. But that asshole Trent, he twisted the law...He was manipulative...He got that jury so befuddled about burden of proof, oh and two key witnesses recanted their stories on the stand...that asshole ...Anyway, the jury deliberated four days...not about guilt or innocence... but about those crazy goddamned legal mumbo jumbo issues Trent threw at them.

ARIEL

Yes, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Well, it isn't right...those two little fuckers, they're out on the streets again.

ARIEL

Yes, sir. You want them to disappear?

JUDGE KOOSTER

Well, yes, that's a good suggestion...yes, please do take care of that too...But I also want you to do something else...I want Trent to disappear.

ARIEL

Trent? An attorney? He'll be missed, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

I'm not so sure of that...okay, okay. I know...I know. But that asshole made a mockery of the judicial system in front of the jury, in front of the world with the press he got from it...and in front of me. He broke the fucking rules.

ARIEL

Yes, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

I don't ever want to see him in my court again. Am I clear?

ARIEL

Yes, sir. Very clear, sir.

JUDGE KOOSTER

Good...

The judge raises his cup. It trembles on its saucer.

JUDGE KOOSTER (CONT'D)

May I have some more coffee, please?

RETURN

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

POLICE SERGEANT

We got ahold of the night office manager. He said the john booked the room...paid cash...not unusual...no cameras...guess it's bad for business.

The detective takes a last look around.

ARIEL

Pull his prints...maybe we'll get lucky.