

# CHIMERA

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE WEBBER'S HOUSE - DAY

Typical middle-class house on a rural country road surrounded by farmland and patches of wooded areas. A small SUV and a pickup truck sit in the driveway.

Yelling, fighting can be heard from inside the home.

Then...

The front door opens and HANNAH DURAN (16, dark brown hair, pale skin) charges out heading toward the road.

Behind her, SEAN WEBBER (17, frazzled hair, jeans and a tee shirt) steps out of the door.

SEAN

It sure as shit ain't me! So who is  
it? WHO IS IT?

He watches her storm away.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Damn it!

He steps back into the house slamming the door behind him.

Crying, Hannah reaches the road and continues walking...  
pulls her cell phone from her pocket and speed dials.

INT. THE DURAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A worn out lower-class house. Scuffed hardwood floors.  
Trampled and faded carpet. Dirt stains on the walls. Outdated  
and haggard furniture.

The house phone rings in the kitchen. EMMA DURAN (7, scrawny  
with glasses) hurries in and answers the phone.

EMMA

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Farmland stretches out on both sides of the road. Hannah  
walks on the gravel shoulder with her phone to her ear.

HANNAH  
Is Mom home?

EMMA  
No.

HANNAH  
Where is she?

EMMA  
At work. She took a double shift.

Hannah -- frustrated -- ends the call and dials another number.

EXT. MIDWAY DINER - DAY

An isolated gas station and diner on a long stretch of Midwest interstate.

INT. MIDWAY DINER - DAY

Linoleum flooring, cheap wood paneling and flowery wall paper. Truckers and traveling families fill several of the tables.

SUSAN DURAN (40, haggard with a few extra pounds) pours coffee for a customer then takes the pot back to the coffee machine.

Grabbing a can of orange juice from the fridge, she makes her way into the back of the diner toward the...

INT. MIDWAY DINER - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan enters the small room. More linoleum and fluorescent lighting. An old TV sits on top of a vending machine. She pulls her purse and jacket down from a hook on the wall and takes a seat at the table.

She sneaks a small bottle of vodka from her purse... opens the orange juice... takes a sip, then pours in a shot of vodka. As she takes a sip of her cocktail, her PHONE RINGS.

Slipping the vodka back into her purse, she pulls out her phone... checks the ID and answers it.

SUSAN  
Hi.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Hannah, walking down the road, about to lose it, wipes tears from her eyes...

HANNAH  
(crying)  
It's me.

SUSAN  
Are you okay?

HANNAH  
No.

SUSAN  
Did you tell him?

HANNAH  
Yes.

SUSAN  
What'd he say?

HANNAH  
(angry)  
He asked if the father knew.

SUSAN  
You told him he was the father,  
right?

HANNAH  
Yes, but then we started fighting.  
I told you it was too soon to tell  
him.  
(crying)  
Can you come get me?

Susan glances at the clock, then...

SUSAN  
I can't. I'm working a double.

HANNAH  
(incredulous)  
You can't just come pick me up?

SUSAN  
Hannah, I can't just walk out in  
the middle of a shift.

HANNAH

You told me to tell him! This is  
you're fault.

SUSAN

My fault?

Susan glances at the door... turns away and shields the  
phone.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(hushed)

None of this would've happened if  
you'd have kept your legs closed.

HANNAH

As if I had a choice.

A WHITE VAN drives up behind Hannah.

POV - FROM INSIDE THE VAN -

Approaching Hannah, the van slows down.

BACK TO:

Hannah walking on the road's shoulder. She takes a breath,  
pulls herself together.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Please come get me.

SUSAN (V.O.)

(over the phone)

I can't. Look, I'm done in four  
hours. We can talk more about this  
then.

Hannah ends the call... wipes a tear from her cheek.

INT. MIDWAY DINER - BREAK ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Susan sets the phone down on the table and takes a long drink  
from her orange juice before getting up to go back to work.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Hannah, walking down the road -- phone in hand. She scrolls  
through her contact list. Hearing a car approaching behind  
her, she steps further onto the gravel shoulder.

The white van slows down and pulls off to the shoulder behind her.

Hannah turns back... sees the van... shakes her head and keeps walking.

The van lingers -- rolling along behind her. Doing her best to ignore the van, she focuses her attention back to her phone.

The van continues to idle behind her -- gravel crunching under its tires.

Finally, Hannah -- annoyed -- turns back toward the van.

HANNAH

Go away!

INSIDE THE VAN -

The driver watches Hannah as she turns and continues to walk, then...

BACK TO:

Hannah walking. The van ENGINE REVS. Just as she turns to look back, the VAN STRIKES HER!

Bouncing off the hood, she tumbles to the pavement -- smacking her head as she lands. Her cell phone skitters across the road.

The van stops. The driver calmly steps out and picks up her cell phone, then he makes his way toward Hannah -- lying still on the ground -- head bleeding.

Grabbing her, the driver picks her up and slumps her into the back of his van. As the van door slams shut...

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 5 Years Later.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - SHOW ROOM - DAY

A large, run down, two-story house. In the center of what was the living room now stands a long stage with a stripper pole. Blinds cover all the windows.

A DIRTY JOHN (mid 50s, cheap suit) sits on a couch along side KIRILL (mid 30s, Eastern European). Kirill motions to ADRIK (mid 30's, thug) who opens a nearby door.

As he does, a dozen tired and careworn-looking girls (wearing mismatched bikinis, bras, and panties) parade out to the stage where they stand on display.

Liking what he sees, Dirty John smiles and nods.

The last girl to enter is DINA (23, dark blond hair, pale skin -- Hannah's doppelganger) wearing a long, moth eaten coat.

Kirill sees her, reacts with disdain, and motions to his thugs.

Dina clutches the coat as Adrik & YANISH (mid 30's, thug) approach. She resists as they pull the coat off her revealing her to be wearing a T-shirt and shorts.

Kirill -- visibly upset -- jumps up from the couch and pulls a knife from his pocket.

As Adrik holds Dina, Kirill snips her shirt with the knife and rips it off her... then does the same with her shorts.

Tossing her clothes aside, he makes his way back to Dirty John on the couch and motions to Dina -- standing in her bra and panties on the stage.

KIRILL

(Russian accent)

I give you discount for that one.

DIRTY JOHN

(re: Dina)

Eh, she seems a little too feisty.

(thinks)

I'll take her.

He motions to a sad looking BRUNETTE WHORE at the other end of the line. Upon realizing she's been chosen, Brunette forces a smile and steps down toward Dirty John.

BRUNETTE

(dry Russian accent)

Come on, Baby. I will show you good time.

Kirill watches Brunette lead Dirty John up stairs, then waves the rest of the girls away.

KIRILL

Go.

The girls exit.

KIRILL (CONT'D)

(to Dina)

Not you.

Adrik holds Dina back.

KIRILL (CONT'D)

Do you know how much money it cost  
me to bring you to America? Hmm?

Kirill grabs her by the jaw, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

KIRILL (CONT'D)

Do you?

DINA

(slight Ukrainian accent)

No. I don't know.

KIRILL

A lot. And I do this because I have  
a business. Who else wanted you? No  
one. No one but me. I give you a  
job and a home and you are still  
only costing me money.

(looks her in the eye)

This is the last time. You  
understand?

Dina looks away avoiding Kirill's gaze. He suddenly turns fierce -- throws a vicious punch to her face, knocking her out. She hangs limp in Adrik's arms.

KIRILL (CONT'D)

Fucking orphans.

Kirill kicks the coat aside and grabs Dina's legs. She groans -- barely conscious -- as the two men carry her toward the stairs.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - DINA'S ROOM - DAY

Scuffed wood floors -- faded paint. A plastic mirror stands on the lone dresser -- several magazine photos of idyllic families taped to the mirror. The doors have been removed from the closet. The windows -- sealed and barred.

Adrik and Kirill carry Dina into her room and drop her on the disheveled bed.

As Adrik turns and walks out, Kirill lingers. Looking back at Dina lying on the bed, he shuts the door and makes his way back to her.

Standing over her, he ogles her nearly naked body -- ideas forming in his mind. He rolls her onto her stomach and pulls down her panties... unzips his pants... and climbs onto her.

Barely conscious, she groans as he pushes into her -- pressing the air from her lungs with a malicious thrust.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan (now 45) lies asleep in her bed when...

The house phone rings. With a jolt, she opens her eyes... sits up.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Susan nervously steps out of her room -- eyes wide and staring at the phone as it continues to ring.

She anxiously makes her way to the phone. As she reaches out for it, the lights turn on...

KYLE (26, broad shoulders, homemade tattoos), wearing only pajama pants, stands outside his bedroom door -- hand on the light switch.

Susan looks to Kyle for reassurance.

KYLE

Answer it.

Unnerved, Susan picks up the phone.

SUSAN

(beat)

H... hello?

(beat)

Hannah?

(beat)

Baby, is that you? If this is you, please say something. Tell me you're okay.

Kyle watches Susan stand with the phone for a moment before stepping in and tenderly taking the phone from her. He checks the caller ID -- UNKNOWN. He listens, then...

KYLE  
Hannah? Hannah?

Nothing but silence. He looks to Susan... shakes his head... hangs up the phone.

She reaches out to stop him.

SUSAN  
No.

KYLE  
Mom, there's no one there.

SUSAN  
I'm not done.

KYLE  
Mom... she's gone.

Susan shoots Kyle a stern look then pushes past him on her way back to her bedroom. As she goes, she stops outside another door... pauses... then opens the door and looks in to...

THE GIRL'S BEDROOM -

Two beds. Two distinct living areas.

Emma (now 12) lies asleep in her bed -- brightly colored sheets. Clothes piled on the floor near the bed. Several large LEGO constructions sit on the shelves and dresser.

Near the second bed, black and white abstract photographs stand on the shelves next to pictures of Hannah with friends. Several masquerade masks hang on the walls. A pair of jeans hang neatly over the back of a chair. The bed -- crisply made.

HALLWAY -

Susan's gaze lingers on the empty half of the bedroom, then she closes the door and heads down the hall to her bedroom.

Kyle turns out the kitchen light and makes his way back to his bedroom.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - KYLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle enters... closes the door and turns on the light. Posters of expensive cars and half-naked women paper the walls. A Jolly Roger flag covers the ceiling. Car engine parts on the dresser and floor.

Kyle lies down on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

EXT. DURAN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Emma plays on the swing set alone. A second swing hangs unused.

HARDENBERG (V.O.)

The calls aren't coming from a  
landline. That makes them harder to  
track.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT

Police Chief CHRIS HARDENBERG (mid 50s, a few extra pounds) sits at the table holding a note pad with a list of dates on it, but he's looking outside at Emma playing on the swing set alone. Susan brings him a hot cup of coffee.

HARDENBERG

Thanks.

Kyle leans against the wall looking frustrated.

KYLE

(re: the note pad)  
But we've gotten over thirty calls--

HARDENBERG

-- Over five years.

KYLE

That's not the point.

HARDENBERG

(contrite)

You're right. The point is, you  
tell us it's her. We monitor the  
line, but then the calls stop, so  
we stop. I don't have the budget or  
the manpower to track your incoming  
phone calls twenty-four-seven...  
even if we knew it was her.

SUSAN

It is her. It's Hannah. I know it.

Hardenberg sighs -- frustrated but cautious.

KYLE

What about her cell phone? Still no luck finding it?

HARDENBERG

No. Like I've told you before. It's either been destroyed, or it's turned off. Either way, GPS can't locate it.

(then to Susan)

I know you believe these calls are coming from Hannah, but it's not confirmed, and statistically she... It's been five years. I know you want your family back, and with your husband passing, and Hannah going missing, I know it's hard, but... maybe it'd help if you focused on the family you have left instead of the ones you've lost.

Susan looks away -- jaw clinched. Hardenberg grabs his hat as he stands up.

HARDENBERG (CONT'D)

We'll monitor the line for a couple of days. Thank you for the coffee.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - DINA'S ROOM - DAY

Dina sits at the edge of her bed staring at the floor when...

The door opens. Kirill enters pulling MARIA (late teens, skinny, tired looking) in by her arm. She holds a shoe box and a black trash bag containing clothes.

KIRILL

I've got a new girl coming in. So you and Maria will be sharing a room from now on.

(directly to Dina)

Anything you do that I don't like... I punish her too.

Incredulous, Maria looks wide eyed at Kirill and subtly shakes her head.

He releases Maria and walks out, closing the door behind him.  
 Maria stares at the door.

DINA  
 (Ukrainian with subtitles)  
 I'm sorry.

MARIA  
 (turning toward Dina)  
 Yeah.

DINA  
 (Ukrainian with subtitles)  
 How many drawers will you need?

MARIA  
 (Ukrainian with subtitles)  
 One... maybe two... would be good.

Dina opens a dresser drawer... pulls a handful of lingerie out and carelessly stuffs it into another drawer.

Dina motions to the empty drawer as she opens a second one... relocates its contents too.

Maria sets her shoebox down on the dresser and begins moving clothes from the trash bag into the drawers. As she does, she notices the family photos.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
 Who are these people? Family?

DINA  
 (sheepish)  
 No... but I wish.  
 (then)  
 Stupid, right?

MARIA  
 (shrugs)  
 Not so much.

Dina finishes clearing out the second drawer... looks at the shoebox.

DINA  
 What's in the box?

MARIA  
 Lost souls.

Dina looks confused.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Go ahead, look.

Maria takes the lid off the box... nudges it closer to Dina then goes back to 'unpacking' her clothes.

Dina tentatively looks into the box -- hundreds of missing persons photos torn from news papers and milk cartons. As she digs through the photos...

DINA  
Why?

MARIA  
(shrugs)  
I started collecting a few years ago. They remind me that there are others out there, lost. I think, maybe, if I wonder about them, someone is wondering about me.  
(then)  
Stupid, right?

DINA  
(smiles)  
Not so much.

Then, she finds a photo of Hannah Duran -- it's like looking into a mirror. She slowly takes the photo from the box for a closer look.

Maria -- done with her clothes -- reaches for the box... sees the photo of Hannah.

MARIA  
Wait... is that you?

Dina shakes her head. Maria takes the photo.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(reading photo caption)  
Hannah Duran.  
(shrugs)  
Could be you.

Maria tosses the photo back into the box, puts the lid on.

DINA  
Do you think any of those people ever go back home?

MARIA  
I doubt it. They're all probably lost in hell, like you and me.

Maria slips the box into the drawer.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
That's why it's a box of lost  
souls.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - DINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maria lies asleep in the bed next to Dina who's wide awake -- eyes fixated on the drawer containing the shoebox.

Carefully she gets out of bed and creeps toward the door.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Dina stalks in... finds Adrik sleeping on the couch -- a computer tablet on the coffee table in front of him.

Carefully, she takes the tablet and slinks out of the room.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - SHOW ROOM - NIGHT

Dina pads in and sits down on the display stage. Using Adrik's tablet, she opens the internet... searches for "Hannah Duran" and finds several links. She clicks one... then another until she finds...

A news article. The headline reads "Local Girl Missing". She reads down further in the article, "Hannah was last seen leaving her boyfriend's house on foot...."

Back on the search page, she clicks a link to Hannah's Facebook page.

From there, Dina looks at photos of Hannah's friends and family -- Kyle, Susan, Emma, Sean, and others.

She then clicks onto Sean's Facebook page and finds a video of Hannah. She plays the video: Hannah, in her bedroom, talking directly to a hand-held camera.

HANNAH  
I have no talent.

Dina quickly turns the volume down... watches the door with baited breath, then continues to play the video....

SEAN (V.O.)  
Everyone has a talent.

HANNAH  
 (thinks)  
 My name is spelled the same way  
 forward and back.

SEAN (V.O.)  
 That's not a talent.

HANNAH  
 Yes it is.

SEAN (V.O.)  
 No it's not. Show me a talent.

Hannah thinks for a moment, then sticks out her tongue and rolls it.

Dina mimics Hannah -- tongue out... rolls it, then she rewinds the video.

HANNAH  
 My name is spelled the same way  
 forward and back.

Dina pauses the video.

DINA  
 (mimicking with accent)  
 My name is spelled the same way  
 forward and back.

The video plays...

HANNAH  
 ... Forward and back.

DINA  
 (accent diminishing)  
 Forward and back. For-ward-and-  
 back.  
 (accent clean)  
 Forward and back.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - SHOW ROOM - DAY

Dina, Maria, and several other girls stand on display in front of Kirill as SLIMY JOHN (early 40s, fat, greasy) walks down the line looking them up and down.

Slimy John notices that Dina and Maria are tied at the wrist by a piece of ribbon.

SLIMY JOHN  
 (re: ribbon)  
 What's this?

KIRILL  
 (sales man grin)  
 Special deal. Two for one.

SLIMY JOHN  
 (smiles)  
 All right.

Slimy John grabs a handful of Dina's ass.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - DINA'S ROOM - DAY

As Slimy John walks out... Dina slips into a robe and uses a dirty rag to wipe between her legs. Maria sits on the bed combing her hair.

Throwing the rag into a hamper, Dina takes a seat next to Maria. Taking the comb, she gently combs Maria's hair...

DINA  
 I've been thinking... I could pretend to be Hannah Duran.

MARIA  
 Why?

DINA  
 Because... if I'd run away from here I'd have nothing and nowhere to go. If I go to the police and say that I'm her, they'd send me--

MARIA  
 -- To prison. That's where police send prostitutes.

Dina stops combing.

DINA  
 But they wouldn't know I was a prostitute, and they would send me back to her family. I would be safe and happy... far and away from here.  
 (then)  
 You could do it too. We could find someone in your box who looks like you--

MARIA

-- No. You are dreaming. That girl's family would never believe you. And if they catch you... still prison.

DINA

Better than here.

MARIA

No, it's not. There is nothing better out there for us.

DINA

You don't want to at least try?

MARIA

No. And if Kirill finds out he will beat us both. I should tell him now to save my own skin.

Dina slowly goes back to coming Maria's hair.

DINA

Please don't tell him.

Maria turns to face her.

MARIA

Promise me you won't try to leave...

(Ukrainian)

Promise me.

Dina thinks long and hard, then nods.

DINA

Okay.

Maria nods and turns away. Dina continues to comb her hair.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - DINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maria lies sound asleep next to Dina who lies wide awake staring at the photos on the mirror.

Then, she slowly steps out of bed and quietly puts on shorts and a T-shirt.

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Dina creeps into the room and approaches Adrik as he sleeps on the couch.

Carefully, she gently slides her hands over his pant pockets until she feels what she's after.

Taking a breath, she delicately slips her fingers into the pocket but...

Adrik wakes -- sees Dina -- eyes widen with realization. She yanks his keys from his pocket as he springs to his feet -- grabbing at her.

ADRIK

Hey!

They tussle -- arms flailing until...

Dina stabs a key into the side of his throat. Twisting and pulling, she rips a gash in his neck.

Blood draining -- Adrik chokes and staggers forward -- grabbing at Dina as he falls to the floor.

She dashes for the door... fumbling with the keys as she tries to fit one after another into a dead-bolt lock.

A light turns on upstairs.

DINA

Shit.

YANISH (O.S.)

Adrik?

Dina tries another key... and another.

YANISH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Adrik?

Yanish makes his way down the stairs.

Finally, Dina finds the key, turns the lock and opens the door just as Yanish spots her.

He lunges after her, but stops when he notices Adrik struggling on the floor.

YANISH (CONT'D)

Adrik!

Yanish dashes for the door... looks out, then turns back to help his downed comrade.

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dina sprints barefoot across the street and into the shadows.

EXT. NEW YORK - STREETS OF UPPER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Dina shivers as she staggers down the sidewalk past darkened businesses with gated doors and windows. Exhausted and struggling to focus, she stops and leans up against a wall to rest.

There, she sees a New York police car parked outside an all-night diner across a nearby intersection.

Mustering herself, she pushes off the wall and lurches out into the street.

EXT. NEW YORK - ALL-NIGHT DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Two N.Y. POLICE OFFICERS walk out of the diner.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 1  
Well, I didn't see any.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 2  
That doesn't mean they aren't there.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 1  
Fine, you look up the stats and tell me I'm wrong.

Dina staggers out from behind another parked car. Officer 2 notices her.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 2  
(to officer 1)  
Hey.

Suddenly serious...

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 1  
Ma'am?

The officers move to Dina.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 2  
Ma'am, are you okay?

As they meet, Dina collapses into Officer 2's arms.

N.Y. POLICE OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)  
(sees the blood on her)  
Jesus. Ma'am, what happened? Can  
you tell me your name?

DINA  
Hannah... Duran.

Exhausted and relieved, she closes her eyes.