

THE FIVE PHONE CALLS OF DOLORES PULLMAN

Full Series

written by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON A TRUE STORY. NAMES AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS TAKE PLACE FROM 6:00AM to 8:45AM ON MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1976.

TITLE: THE FIRST PHONE CALL

EXT. PULLMAN HOUSE - DAWN

A Suburban dream. The curbside mailbox reads THE PULLMANS. Perfectly cut grass. The sun peeks behind the horizon.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - DAWN

Closed curtains, but not total darkness. Light shines from a crack in the closet doors. The shape of a MAN sleeps.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - DAWN

Dresses line one side of the closet, hung by color with matching heels beneath. Dark blue and gray suits, white button shirts, with perfectly matched ties line the other. A few polished pairs of dress shoes sit neatly on the floor.

DOLORES (40s, her perfectly coiffed red hair, naturally) is already fully dressed. Her silk blouse is tucked, her skirt pressed. We see her from behind as she slides her hosed feet into a pair of pumps.

She pauses in front of the suits. Runs her fingers over the lapels like she's petting a cat. Stops on a pinstripe blue. Plucks it from the hanger and lays it carefully over a nearby chair.

Adds a crisp white shirt, straightens the collar.

She opens a drawer. Pulls out a pair of briefs, a folded undershirt, and socks—stacking them with delicate precision.

Lastly, she kneels, selects a pair of shoes, and places them in front of the chair. One slightly angled toward the other.

She stands. Surveys her work. Smiles. Tugs her skirt straight. Exhales through her nose.

Then—click. She turns off the closet light and opens the door. She walks through.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dolores turns on the overhead light. We see her better now. She looks younger than she is, thanks to a regimen of night and day creams.

The kitchen is cheerfully kitsch, if not a little dated. Next to the refrigerator is a framed photo of a cat in a chef's hat, slightly crooked. She fixes it before -

- She turns on the counter TV, and changes the dial to a morning news show. She uses it as background noise. The clock above the sink reads 6:30AM to the second.

NEWSCASTER

... the authorities are still looking
for escaped inmate Johnny "Skunk"
Anderson....

Dolores looks over at the TV, showing Skunk's mug shot.

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)

Please call 911 if you've seen Johnny
"Skunk" Anderson. Consider him armed
and extremely dangerous.

She scoffs and switches the channel to a morning talk show.

Next to the oven is a hook with an apron. She takes it down and carefully puts it on, tying it in the back.

With a quiet humming, she pulls a package of bacon, and a bell pepper.

From the pantry, she pulls out potatoes, an onion, garlic, and spices.

LATER

Dolores uses tongs to remove fried bacon from a skillet on the stove to a towel lined plate. She empties a bowl of diced potatoes, bell peppers, onions, and garlic into the bacon fat and gives it a heavy stir.

As that cooks, she pulls a carton of eggs and a stick of butter out of the refrigerator. She cracks two eggs into a nearby bowl.

From a drawer, she pulls out a small whisk. She whisks the eggs quickly, and then adds salt and pepper. She gives the bowl another whisk.

She pulls a skillet from a cabinet and puts it on the stove. Turns on the burner. Adds the butter. Lets it melt before adding the eggs. Lets them cook.

MATCH CUT:

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Dolores puts a bowl of the cooked scrambled eggs in the middle of the table, next to a plate of bacon, and a smaller bowl of the fried potato hash.

She turns, stretching her neck.

DOLORES
Lawrence! Breakfast is ready!

On cue, LAWRENCE (50s, white hair, a doctor), comes in from another room. He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

LAWRENCE
Geez, Dolores, this looks delicious.
What's the occasion?

DOLORES
It's Monday, honey.

LAWRENCE
Oh.

Lawrence sits down to a tall glass of orange juice (fresh squeezed, of course) and an empty plate. He shakes out his napkin and tucks it into his collar as Dolores serves him.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)
Not too much, now. I have to save
room for lunch.

DOLORES
And do I have a delicious lunch
planned for us.

She puts his plate in front of him, and then grabs her own plate. Lawrence stabs the eggs with his fork and takes a bite. Some egg falls from his mouth.

LAWRENCE
And what's on today's menu?

DOLORES
You know I'm not going to tell you.

She serves herself with a smile. Birds chirp in the b.g. -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

- and the chirping birds turn the sound of a ringing rotary telephone, which hangs on the wall.

LAWRENCE (O/S)
Who the heck is calling this early?

DOLORES (O/S)
Maybe the office?

LAWRENCE (O/S)
They'd never!

We follow their voices to the nearby -

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

- where Dolores pours Lawrence another glass of orange juice from a pitcher as he throws down his napkin.

LAWRENCE
I'm gonna give them a piece of my -

DOLORES
- Let me get that honey, or you'll
have another heart attack.

She walks into the -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

- and clears her throat before she answers the phone. Next to her is a crooked jello mold. She straightens it.

DOLORES (cont'd)
Good morning. I'm so sorry for making
you wait. We're not used to having
phone calls so early in the morning.

SKUNK (O/S)
(sobbing)
I love you, Dolores Pullman.

Her smile cracks, but she quickly recovers.

DOLORES
I believe I've already signed up for
the Tarrant County Anti-Abortion
Committee Fundraising Bake Sale. I'm
sure I mailed the check last week.

SKUNK (O/S)

I've decided today's the day. I can't wait any longer.

She looks at the calendar hanging on the wall, with a pen on a chain. AUGUST 1 is already crossed out. Her eyes linger on FRIDAY AUGUST 13 which is circled in red ink, with a hand drawn headstone.

DOLORES

But you said the check was due next Friday, not this Friday. I'll have to check my check book. Can you hold on one second?

She looks over her shoulder.

HER POV:

Lawrence finishes his glass of orange juice.

DOLORES (cont'd)

Do you need anything, honey?

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Lawrence flips through the newspaper. Dolores is in the background, wrists wrapped around the cord like a noose.

LAWRENCE

No, but your breakfast is getting cold. What's taking so long?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dolores returns to the phone call.

DOLORES

I'm back. Yes. According to my check book, I mailed the check last week.

SKUNK (O/S)

Please, Dolores. Tell me you love me. I'm doing this for us.

Dolores jots down FUCK YOU on the notepad next to the phone.

DOLORES

I do appreciate your call.

She hears Lawrence's footsteps on the tile and rips down the note. Stuffs it in her apron pocket as Lawrence leans in for a kiss. He carries his medical bag.

LAWRENCE
Who's on the phone?

Dolores puts her hand over the receiver.

DOLORES
It's Susan with the Tarrant County
Anti-Abortion Fundraising Committee.
They're asking about the bake sale
again. You know how bored they get
when they're not marching or
protesting your clinic.

LAWRENCE
What bake sale? I'm off to the
office. I love you.

DOLORES
Have a pleasant day, dear. I'll see
you at lunch.

LAWRENCE
Are you okay? You look flushed.

DOLORES
Just the bacon grease, dear.

They kiss, her hand still over the receiver. Lawrence leaves through the kitchen door. She keeps her eyes on the driveway, which she can see through the kitchen window.

DOLORES (cont'd)
I really don't know what else I can
do. I already mailed the check.

Once she hears the garage door open -

DOLORES (cont'd)
Listen, you son of a bitch. Never
call here this early ever again.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SKUNK sits on the edge of a ratty comforter in a soiled shirt and no pants. He's got a cigarette in one hand and the receiver in the other. His face is wet and splotchy. He's named Skunk for a reason.

A pistol lies on the nightstand.

SKUNK
I haven't slept for three days
Dolores! I can't take it anymore!

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

DOLORES
Not my problem.

SKUNK
You can't stop me this time, Dolores.

Dolores' hand grips the receiver.

DOLORES
You chickened out the last time!

SKUNK
I'll do it, Dolores. I promise.

DOLORES
Good. You fucking better.

She slams down the phone. The phone cord gently sways for a beat. She grabs the cord, stopping it. She clears her throat and massages her neck.

Her hair has moved slightly out of place. She fixes her hair and returns to the -

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

- where she clears the table with a smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON A TRUE STORY. NAMES AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS TAKE PLACE FROM 11:00AM TO 12:30PM ON MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1976.

TITLE: THE SECOND PHONE CALL

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A timer dings as Dolores removes a full roasted chicken from the oven along with onions, carrots, and potatoes. She smiles as she smells how good this is going to taste.

Dolores sharpens her chef's knife. Then she carves the chicken breast into pieces. Counts ten and puts them into a metal lunch container. Adds one spoonful of vegetables.

Counts ten more pieces and adds them to another lunch container. A spoonful of vegetables.

Then she takes out an apple pie from the refrigerator. With a clean knife, she cuts out two slices. Adds one to each lunch container.

Finishes off with the lids for the pie plate and the lid back on the roasting pot. Puts it all neatly back into the refrigerator. All with a smile.

She packs the two lunch containers in a bag with wrapped silverware.

She washes her hands with scalding hot water. Dries them off as she glances up at the wall clock. It's 11:30AM.

EXT. DOLORES' CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Dolores drives through town.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Dolores pulls into the packed parking lot and finds a spot facing the street, close to her husband's -

EXT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

- medical practice. A small sign reads DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC FOR UNWED SLUTS.

A line of WOMEN, with tickets, wait as PRISCILLA (50s, Head Receptionist), with a clipboard, checks her notes.

HEAD RECEPTIONIST
Calling slut number thirty six!

The women in line check their tickets. They're all losers.

HEAD RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)
Slut thirty six! You are next!

LADY NO. THIRTY SIX (O/S)
I'm coming! Sorry! I was givin' a
handy to my boyfriend!

The line moves for LADY NO. THIRTY SIX (30s, dressed in something she wore last night).

HEAD RECEPTIONIST
Check in with the desk.

LADY NO. THIRTY SIX
Maybe next time, sluts!

She giggles as she walks in. The Receptionist closes the door behind her. The women in line groan.

DOLORES (O/S)
Excuse me, ladies. Pardon me.

An OLD BROAD turns to Dolores, who holds the packed bag horizontal with both hands.

OLD BROAD
Hey, bitch. There's a line.

DOLORES
Aren't you thrilled that our little
town provides such a great service?
And that you get the privilege of
getting knocked up at your age?

Old Broad is taken aback.

DOLORES (cont'd)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm here to
lunch with my husband, Dr. Pullman.
My abortions are free.

She smiles as the women move out of the way. Dolores balances the bag on one arm as she opens the front door.

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - RECEPTION - DAY

Imagine a call center, but for abortions. Rows and rows of RECEPTIONISTS, on calls, with other lines on hold. All answering with the same monotone greeting:

RECEPTIONISTS
Thank you for calling Dr. Pullman's
Abortion Clinic for Unwed Sluts.

Ad nauseam...

Dolores walks through, smiling, at the receptionists.
Raising the lunch to make sure they see it.

She turns down a -

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - HALLWAY - DAY

- where Priscilla sits at a desk, smoking a cigarette.

DOLORES
Hello, Priscilla. Is Dr. Pullman
free? It's his lunch time.

Priscilla looks up as the door to Dr. Pullman's office opens
and Lady No. Thirty Six leaves.

LAWRENCE
Now, I don't wanna see you next week!

LADY NO. THIRTY SIX
I'll be outta town next week.

Lawrence smiles, but shakes his head once she bounces down
the hall. He knows it's a losing battle.

DOLORES
Hello, honey. Hungry?

LAWRENCE
Starving.

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - LATER

Lawrence sits behind his desk. Dolores, across from him.
She's transferred the lunch onto plates and they use cloth
napkins. They're eating dessert.

LAWRENCE
This is a fantastic lunch, honey.
Thank you.

DOLORES

You're welcome. I'm so glad we get to spend such quality time together.

Lawrence takes a bite of pie and chews with his mouth open. He nods.

DOLORES (cont'd)

I didn't see your car parked in your usual spot when I got here.

LAWRENCE

No. I couldn't get it today.

DOLORES

Oh? Some little slut wanted to be first in line?

LAWRENCE

It's no problem. Just a little further to walk.

DOLORES

So, where are you parked?

LAWRENCE

Parked in front of the magazine stand in the corner.

He takes a large bite of the apple pie. A small piece of apple filling slides down his chin.

She smiles to hide her anger. Checks her watch.

DOLORES

Oh, honey. May I use your phone? I need to call the beauty shop and tell them that I'm running a little late.

LAWRENCE

Of course.

He pushes his phone towards her and gets a little pie filling on the edge. Dolores cleans it off with her napkin, and then picks up the receiver.

As it rings...

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PAYPHONE BANK - DAY

Skunk, now a little more cleaned up (and hair done in a black/white/black look), smokes as he waits.

Then one of the phones ring. He quickly picks up.

SKUNK
(whispers)
Dolores?

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

Dolores clears her throat. Lawrence finishes the pie.

DOLORES
Hi, Sylvia. It's Dolores Pullman and
I wanted to confirm my appointment
and that I get my favorite chair -
the one in the corner. It's the
closest to the magazine and the
cigarettes. You can make that happen?
Thanks, dear. See you soon.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PAYPHONE BANK - DAY

Skunk listens.

SKUNK
Got it. Corner near the magazine and
cigarette store.

DOLORES (O/S)
Exactly. Bye, bye.

She hangs up. Skunk hangs up. He checks to see if the coast
is clear.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

As he moves around the payphone bank, we realize we're in
the same shopping center as Dolores. He slinks through the
parked cars, even though it's broad daylight.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - MAGAZINE STAND - DAY

Skunk eyes his prize: A sedan with a sticker for DR.
PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC FOR UNWED SLUTS on the fender. He
slinks closer and checks his surroundings.

HIS POV:

EXT. MAGAZINE STAND - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A CLERK reads a paper at the counter, not paying attention.

BACK TO SKUNK

Skunk slides a pocket knife out of his pocket and flips it open. He slashes Lawrence's back tire. Air hisses as it escapes and the tire flattens.

He runs away.

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

Dolores packs away the dishes.

LAWRENCE
Thanks again for lunch.

DOLORES
It's nothing, dear. I'll see you at home.

She notices that Lawrence's tie is slightly askew. She straightens it.

LAWRENCE
Bye, dear.

She walks out, leaving his door open. We can hear the Receptionists in the call center as Dolores walks down the empty hallway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON A TRUE STORY. NAMES AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS TAKE PLACE FROM 1:45 TO 2:45PM ON MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1976.

TITLE: THE THIRD PHONE CALL

EXT. DOLORES' CAR - DAY

Dolores drives down the town's main drag, windows open. Music plays from the speakers. She changes the dial from a country song to another country song.

EXT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - DAY

Dolores turns into another parking lot strip mall. She eyes empty spaces in front of the Salon, but they're all taken.

She chooses one a row over and parks. Grabs her purse from the front seat and rolls up the windows.

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - DAY

Rows of WHITE WOMEN sit in different stages of perms and dyes in the comfy salon chairs. SYLVIA, in her smock, turns her head to the door as the bell rings.

Dolores waves to the women. They all wave back.

DOLORES
I'm so sorry I'm late.

SYLVIA looks at the clock.

SYLVIA
Late? You're about ten minutes early.

DOLORES
Oh, I am? I thought my appointment was at two. I've been so forgetful.

SYLVIA
No, hon. Come on back. I've been waitin' on ya.

Sylvia leads Dolores through the salon to an empty chair near the magazine rack. She runs her fingers over the torn and worn titles.

DOLORES
Anything new?

SYLVIA
Not since last week.

Dolores smiles and takes a new issue of BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS from her purse.

DOLORES
Mine came in this morning.

SYLVIA
Aren't you just the luckiest lady?

Dolores puts down her purse in a nearby chair as Sylvia drapes a smock around her neck, making sure to cover Dolores' dress.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
Just gettin' a perm today?

DOLORES
Sylvia, are you implying I am not a natural red head?

SYLVIA
I'm not implying anything at all honey. Have a seat.

Sylvia puts on gloves.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
How's the Doctor doing?

DOLORES
Busy as ever. The waiting room was packed when I got there to have lunch with him. Like, absolutely packed.

Sylvia uses clips to put Dolores' hair into sections.

SYLVIA
Well, last weekend was Homecoming, so I'm sure everybody got lucky.

DOLORES
I totally forgot about the dance! I bet you were busy!

SYLVIA
I think we had every girl in town gettin' some kind of up do.

DOLORES
Sounds like a busy afternoon.

SYLVIA
And evening!

They share a laugh. Sylvia starts applying the cream to Dolores' roots.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Motorcycles and trucks fill the parking lot. A 24/7 DONUT SHOP with drive-thru shares the same lot.

The door bangs open and Skunk comes out. He walks around the wide of the building where there's a payphone. He eyes the parking lot and then picks up the receiver.

SKUNK
Now, Dolores, you listen to me! This is happening today, whether you like it or not.

He hangs down the receiver. Picks it back up again.

SKUNK (cont'd)
I know you love me, and I love you, and today's the day your husband's gonna die! Whether you like it or not!

He slams down the receiver. Picks it back up again.

SKUNK (cont'd)
You can't keep playin' your little games with me, Dolores, because I know deep down that you love me. And we're gonna be together!

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - HEAT MACHINES - DAY

Dolores sits under the machine, in a row next to other WOMEN, who are also getting their hair permed.

She's flipping through another magazine, ignoring the chatter around her. The phone rings.

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

Roberta, cigarette in her mouth, gives her perm a quick spray. The telephone rings. She quickly puts down the hairspray can. Flicks her cigarette ashes into a holder.

ROBERTA
(into receiver)
Sylvia's Hair and More. This is
Roberta. How can I help you?

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Skunk leans against a payphone. Runs a cheap comb through his greasy hair.

Across the parking lot, he watches as a police cruiser parks in front of the DONUT SHOP. He tries not to stare. He deepens his voice.

SKUNK
Can I talk to Dolores?

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - ON ROBERTA - DAY

Roberta puts the receiver down and yells over the music and chit chat.

ROBERTA
Dolores! It's for you!

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - ON DOLORES - DAY

Dolores puts down the magazine and lifts up the domed machine. She is not pleased.

DOLORES
Who is it?

ROBERTA
It's a man! Think it's your husband!

DOLORES
Oh, Jesus Christ. Tell my husband
that I've still got about ten minutes
to go!

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - ON ROBERTA - DAY

Roberta nods.

ROBERTA
 (into receiver)
 Dolores says she's got about ten
 minutes left under the machine.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Skunk grips the phone tighter.

SKUNK
 Can you tell her that this is an
 emergency please?

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - ON ROBERTA - DAY

Roberta shouts over the chatter.

ROBERTA
 He says it's an emergency!

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - ON DOLORES - DAY

Dolores throws up the dome, throws down the magazine, and
 pushes herself out of the chair.

DOLORES
 I'm so sorry, ladies. My husband
 wouldn't be able to wear his shoes
 unless they were loafers.

She makes her way to the -

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

She leans over and takes the phone.

DOLORES
 I am real sorry for this, Roberta.

She clears her throat.

DOLORES (cont'd)
 Dolores Pullman speaking.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Skunk, receiver to his hear, watches as a Police Cruiser
 turns into the lot and joins the line for the Donut Shop
 Drive-Thru.

He ducks behind the payphone, as far down as he can go.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION.

SKUNK

Cops just pulled up at the donut shop. I think they're on to us.

She covers the receiver.

DOLORES

You need your hearing checked, Roberta. This is definitely a woman. It's the Tarrant County Women's Auxiliary. You donate once and they expect a check every week.

SKUNK

I can see 'em. Two of 'em. Maybe more's on the way. They're waitin' for me to make a move.

DOLORES

Now they're askin' about the luncheon at the VA next week. I already promised I'd bring a side of potato salad and my momma's deviled eggs. What more could they want?

SKUNK

You don't understand. The police. They're parked outside the bar.

DOLORES

I can bring something lighter if you'd like. Maybe coleslaw?

SKUNK

And earlier, I think I saw them outside the clinic. But I'm not sure. I think they've been followin' me all day. What do you think?

DOLORES

I think I really must go, but thanks for calling.

SKUNK

I'm serious, Dolores. I won't go down without a fight.

Roberta walks away to check on a client. Dolores lowers her voice and loses the nice girl act.

DOLORES

You listen to me, Skunk. Keep your mouth shut and do as I say. Do you understand?

SKUNK

Yes.

DOLORES

No one gives a fuck. Go back inside the bar. Finish your beer and pay your tab. Then I want you to get into your shitty truck and drive back to the motel. Can you do that?

SKUNK

Okay. Okay. I'll go to the motel.

DOLORES

And wait for my call. Okay?

SKUNK

Sure thing, Dolores. I'll wait for your call.

Sylvia comes back.

DOLORES

(normal voice)

I'll call back later and we can work something out. Okay?

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

Dolores hands back the receiver.

DOLORES

I really don't envy those women. Planning a fundraiser and organize a luncheon must be so hard.

SYLVIA

Poor things. Must be hell. Are you all right?

DOLORES

Just another day of service. Can we finish my perm please?

SYLVIA

I knocked the timer back. Figured you needed those ten minutes more than I did.

Sylvia leads her to the -

INT. SYLVIA'S HAIR & MORE- HEAT MACHINES - DAY

- and raises the dome. In a nearby mirror, Dolores notices that the bow at her neckline is a little uneven. She adjusts it before she sits down.

DOLORES

That's great. Thank you. And I am so sorry about that. I have no idea how they knew I was here. Do you think they're following me?

ROBERTA

No, honey. It happens all the time. Just enjoy yourself and I'll be back in a few minutes.

Dolores sighs.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Skunk slides out of the bar, back against the brick wall. Once he reaches his dirty, dented pick up truck, he kneels down and opens it.

Then he crawls inside.

INT. SKUNK'S TRUCK - DAY

Skunk, behind the wheel of his beat up truck, turns out of the parking lot.

INT. SKUNK'S TRUCK - DAY

Skunk keeps his eyes on his rear-view mirror. The Police didn't care or didn't notice him leaving.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON A TRUE STORY. NAMES AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS TAKE PLACE FROM 4:00 TO 5:30PM ON MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1976.

TITLE: THE FOURTH PHONE CALL

EXT. PULLMAN HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Sunlight filters through the gingham curtains. Dolores sits at the table, her velvet-lined spoon case open. Thirty miniature spoons gleam in rows. With white gloved hands, she polishes them like she's sharpening her knives.

A delicate cloth. An open bottle of tarnish remover. A focused glint in her eye.

A radio is on behind her, playing something bland.

ON THE SPOON:

The Liberty Bell. 1846. Tarnished.

DOLORES
God Bless America. I guess it
couldn't handle the pressure.

She spends extra time trying to get rid of the crack. Once satisfied, she puts the spoon back in the case, next to a polished commemorative spoon from the Alamo. The polished Alamo spoon is a little off. She adjusts it.

She exhales, then changes the station. She stops at a Willie Nelson song. Maybe "Phases and Stages"? She hums as she picks up the next dirty spoon, the Golden Gate Bridge 1937.

Then there's a knock at the back door. Dolores finishes polishing the spoon and puts it back in the case. She removes her gloves, smooths her dress, and peeks out through the curtains.

HER POV:

ALICE (60s, nosy, overly chipper) waves in a moomoo with a covered casserole dish.

DOLORES (cont'd)
Christ.

She opens the door with a forced smile.

DOLORES (cont'd)
Alice! What a surprise.

ALICE
I hope I'm not interrupting.

DOLORES
Oh, no. I was just...

Alice peeks over Dolores' shoulder and sees the spoons and velvet lined case.

ALICE
Is it polishing day?

DOLORES
I guess you could say it is.

Alice pushes by, handing Dolores the casserole dish at the same time. Dolores puts it on the counter.

ALICE
I made a tuna casserole, but Joe won't touch it. I thought maybe you could eat it. You deserve a break every now and then.

DOLORES
Oh, that's so thoughtful.

Alice peers over the spoons. Dolores' vein in her forehead throbs.

ALICE
These are so pretty. And you've been to all of these places?

DOLORES
Yes, we have.

ALICE
Even the Alamo?

Dolores watches as Alice picks up the Liberty Bell spoon with her bare hands.

DOLORES
Oh, yes. Two years ago.

ALICE
You're so lucky. Joe never wants to go anywhere. Do you know why it cracked?

Alice puts it back, in the wrong space. Then the phone rings. Dolores sighs.

DOLORES
Oh, lots of things crush under
pressure.

ALICE
Is that it?

Dolores' forehead vein is about to pop.

DOLORES
I really need to get this. Thank you
for the casserole.

The phone keeps ringing.

ALICE
Oh, you're welcome. Just bring me
back the Pyrex when you're done.

DOLORES
Of course, dear.

Dolores opens the back door. The phone rings.

ALICE
Dolores?

DOLORES
Yes?

ALICE
Aren't you scared?

DOLORES
Of what?

ALICE
There's a killer on the loose. Skunk
something.

DOLORES
Anderson.

ALICE
I think so. Don't you just remember
everything?

DOLORES
It's a curse more than a blessing.

ALICE

I guess.

DOLORES

I really must get this.

ALICE

Of course. Talk to you soon.

Dolores opens the back door but Alice doesn't move.

ALICE (cont'd)

When were you in California?

DOLORES

Huh?

ALICE

I saw a Golden Gate Bridge spoon, but
I don't remember you ever going to
California.

The phone rings.

DOLORES

Lawrence and I went... four years
ago, I think. Why?

ALICE

Oh, just saw the spoon in your
collection. I always wanted to go to
California. The Bridge is red isn't
it? Or orange?

DOLORES

It's International Orange.

The phone keeps ringing.

ALICE

Aren't you just full of trivia? You
and Lawrence should come over and
we'll have a Trivial Pursuit night.

DOLORES

I'd rather burn my tongue on a
curling iron.

ALICE

You're such a ham.

DOLORES

Bye now.

ALICE

Bye.

Dolores closes the door in her face with a heavy sigh.

Dolores closes the door. The phone rings again. She clears her throat and answers, finally. She's cheerful, if not a little annoyed.

She sits down and picks up a spoon.

DOLORES

Dolores Pullman speaking.

LAWRENCE (O/S)

Hey, hon. It's me.

She lets out a gasp as she drops a spoon, which knocks some off the table.

DOLORES

Oh, Lawrence. How lovely.

EXT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

Lawrence sits behind his desk, phone to his ear.

LAWRENCE

What was that?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION.

DOLORES

What?

LAWRENCE

That noise.

Dolores picks up the fallen spoons.

DOLORES

You startled me, and I was polishing -

LAWRENCE

- Again with the spoons?

DOLORES

Yes, my spoons. You know how they get. Dull and tarnished.

She picks a dirty one and sees her own warped reflection. She grabs the cloth and wipes it away.

LAWRENCE

I just called to let you know that
I'm gonna be home late. Lots of work
to catch up on.

DOLORES

How late?

LAWRENCE

Maybe an hour? Hour and a half?

DOLORES

Oh, sure. I'll just keep the roast
warmed up for ya.

LAWRENCE

Thank you, honey.

She eyes the casserole.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

How about I pick up a nice bottle of
wine? What goes good with roast?

DOLORES

How'd you know I was making a roast?

LAWRENCE

You just told me.

DOLORES

Oh, right.

Dolores gets up, picks up the casserole, and the cord
stretches into the -

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

- where Dolores grabs a spoon and scrapes the casserole into
the trashcan.

DOLORES

Well, if you did want to stop and buy
something, a Pinot Noir would be an
excellent choice.

LAWRENCE

So a Pinot Noir?

Dolores then walks back into -

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

- where she sits back down.

DOLORES
Yes. Pinot. Noir. It's French.

LAWRENCE
Right. I'll be home in twenty.

DOLORES
Every minute will feel like an eternity.

LAWRENCE
Huh?

DOLORES
I said drive safe, dear. I love you.

LAWRENCE
I love you too.

Dolores smiles as she gently hangs up, her smile cracking. She takes a deep breath and dials a number.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The phone rings.

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

She hangs up and dials another number.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

The pay phone rings.

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Dolores hangs up. Biting her lip, she puts on her polishing gloves and picks up the nearest spoon - the Hoover Dam 1935.

Squeezes too much polish on the spoon and rubs the cloth over the raised dam, her face tightening into a grimace with each stroke.

Once finished, she checks her reflection. She's perfect.

Puts the spoon away and picks up the Space Needle 1962. She inspects it.

DOLORES

The Space Needle. Built for the
future but looks like a goddamn
toothpick.

Squirts more polish and some lands on the tablecloth. She sighs, and wipes it up with a smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON A TRUE STORY. NAMES AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS TAKE PLACE FROM 6:00 TO 6:05PM ON MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1976.

TITLE: THE FIFTH PHONE CALL

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - LAWRENCE'S CAR - DAY

Lawrence moves around his car and gets behind the wheel.

INT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - DAY

He closes the door and feels the car wobble a little bit. Turns the engine over, throws the car in reverse, and the car just doesn't sound right.

Lawrence stops the car.

EXT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - DAY

Lawrence checks out the tires and finds the slashed one. Shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

Lawrence unlocks the front door and walks inside -

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - RECEPTION - DAY

- where he locks the door behind him. The space is eerily empty and quiet. He hurries down the hallway.

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

Lawrence picks up the receiver and calls Dolores.

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

The phone rings as Dolores relaxes on the sofa. She lights a cigarette as she answers.

DOLORES
This is Dolores.

INT. DR. PULLMAN'S ABORTION CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

Lawrence sits on the edge of his desk, phone to his ear.

LAWRENCE
Hey, honey. My back tire's flat, so
I've gotta call Al and see if he'll
come fix it for me.

DOLORES (O/S)
Have you already called him?

LAWRENCE
Who? Al? No.

DOLORES (O/S)
Oh, good.

LAWRENCE
I'll be home as soon as I can.

He hears a banging on the front doors. Peeks out his office door, and he can see Skunk at the front door.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)
Hold on. Someone's banging on the
doors.

DOLORES (O/S)
Who is it?

LAWRENCE
How should I know?

He stands up and waves Skunk away.

DOLORES (O/S)
What's he look like?

LAWRENCE
What?

DOLORES (O/S)
Is he tall? Does he have black and
white hair?

Lawrence looks again and nods his head.

LAWRENCE
Yes...

DOLORES (O/S)
Let him in.

LAWRENCE

What?

Skunk, with a stupid smile on his face, keeps knocking on the door. Knock. Knock. Knock.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Are you sure?

DOLORES (O/S)

Yes, dear. He's gonna help fix your car.

LAWRENCE

Oh, okay... Hold on.

DOLORES (O/S)

Don't hang up, honey.

Lawrence puts the receiver on the desk. We stay on the receiver. In the background, and a little fuzzy, Lawrence opens the front door.

There's some shoving, but Skunk pushes his way in. We some shouting and Skunk forces Lawrence back into the office.

Lawrence picks up the receiver.

LAWRENCE

Honey?

DOLORES (O/S)

Give Skunk the phone.

LAWRENCE

Skunk?

Skunk grins.

DOLORES (O/S)

Yes, honey.

Lawrence hands Skunk the phone.

SKUNK

Yeah?

DOLORES

How much do you love me?

SKUNK

I love you so much.

DOLORES
You gonna prove how much you love me?

SKUNK
Oh, yeah.

DOLORES
Then prove it. Give Lawrence the phone.

SKUNK
Sure.

Skunk hands Lawrence the phone. He takes it.

LAWRENCE
Dolores?

Skunk pulls a pistol from his waist. Lawrence hears the click of the hammer. He closes his eyes.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)
Are you there?

BAM.

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Tight on Dolores as she removes a cigarette from her lips and exhales, the phone to her ear.

SKUNK (O/S)
Dolores? Didja hear that?

Dolores takes another drag.

SKUNK
Dolores? Honey?

She hangs up the phone. Pushes herself off the sofa. She stops at the doorway and straightens a photo of her and Lawrence outside Yosemite.

We follow her through the house to the -

INT. PULLMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

- where she stops at the calendar. She crosses out Friday the 13th as we...

FADE OUT.