

# THE RED ANGEL by Andy Froemke & Thomas G. Lemmer

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**Genre:** Sci-Fi/Thriller

**Logline:** When a female detective on the trail of a serial killer ID's one of the adult victims with an eight year old girl who's still alive, she theorizes the killer might be from the future and dumping victims in the present.

**\*\*\*Excerpt from Professional Coverage from Talentville (Gold Medal Script)**

*“The Red Angel is a rousing science fiction/crime tale with a dose of hard-hitting drama. It takes an edgy approach that denies Hollywood's penchant for formula, and is a smart script... this script is buoyed by the fact that it doesn't resort to twists that have become so commonplace in the genre and keeps the time travel element on the periphery as a catalyst to the plot... It offers some some profoundly disturbing questions that have no easy answers. I'm reminded of the time travel hypothetical: If you could travel to 1889 and stand by a crib containing the infant Adolf Hitler, could you strangle the baby?”*

—Verdict: Recommend



For Tucson homicide detective VIVIAN PAGE, a hardened beauty with auburn hair, instinct has guided her career. And her career has guided her life, leaving her family in the background. When Vivian's eight year old son drowns while she's on the job, her faith in herself is shattered. Consumed by grief, she leaves the force, her marriage breaks up, and she begins a steady decline into alcoholism. Her longtime partner DOOLEY, a grizzled veteran, is on the trail of a serial killer. With no suspects, gruesome crime scenes, unidentifiable bodies, and few leads, he turns to Vivian and coaxes her back to duty. As she sifts through the limited evidence, she inadvertently matches one of the adult victim's fingerprints with those of an eight year old girl... a miniature version of the adult Jane Doe. Vivian begins to doubt her sanity.

Meanwhile, Dooley focuses on recently paroled Clyde Bowles, whose exhibitions at a local art gallery eerily mirror the crime scenes. As Dooley amasses a case against Bowles, Vivian continues to be haunted at every turn by children. When she interviews a fellow officer, NICK RAY, who has a past with Bowles, it's his eight year old son, DYLAN, that captivates her. His boyish innocence contrasts sharply with his keen intellect. She's further drawn to him when she learns that his Mother was murdered by Bowles.

As the evidence mounts against Bowles, Vivian looks more and more to the inconsistencies she can't explain. When Bowles is finally arrested, Vivian is thrust into emotional turmoil. She knows in her gut that Bowles isn't the killer, but she can't make sense of the evidence in front of her. When she runs the other Jane Does' prints and finds additional print matches linking them to children, the pieces of an unfathomable puzzle begin to fall into place. The reason she can't identify the victims is because they're not dead yet. They're still children. Vivian brandishes the theory that the killer is in the future and sending his victims back through time. Further, she deduces that the killer is actually Dylan Ray, an innocent eight year old boy that reminds her of her son.

Risking everything, Vivian kidnaps Dylan in an attempt to be the mother she should have been to her son and save this boy from growing into the monster he's fated to become. Despite everything that is pitting them against one another, they manage to establish a fragile connection. But when it's broken and Dylan discovers the truth about his future, Vivian faces her worst nightmare. As the past replays itself, Vivian returns to the scene of her son's death and must choose between killing an innocent boy or letting him grow up to become a serial killer.