

HOSTILE CONSCIENCE

By

Brad Royce

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INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Soft moody music playing to a black backdrop. Three thunderous gunshots ring out.

FADE IN

A bloodied man (43 yrs. old) in a semi-seated position, leaning against a chair in a living room. There is a badge lying by his side. A loud thud as the door is kicked in. A man cautiously walks in waiving his gun from side to side as he surveys the scene for danger. He ducks behind a recliner and flashes his flashlight around the room. He spins around the corner and flashes his light, gun drawn. The bleeding man is hunched over, gun at his side. He is bleeding and breathing laboringly. The man with the flashlight lowers his gun as he sees the bloodied man lying on the floor. A deflated expression crosses his face.

TERRY WHITEN

Ben.

(Cough)

Ben. I could'a stopped him.

(Pause, frantic
breathing)

I could'a saved many lives... including
my own.

FADE OUT

OPENING CREDITS TO THE BACKDROP OF NEWS CLIPPINGS CHRONICLING THE "KEYSTONE KILLER" MURDERS.

INT. KITCHEN, DOVER FALLS, PA. MAY, 18TH, 2000 -- MORNING

Terry Whiten pours a cup of coffee as he blankly stares out the kitchen window. He is a simply dressed and plain looking man, slightly chubby but has kind features. His elderly mother (68 yrs. old) is seated at the table behind him. She is a typical white-haired, sweet grandma with a generous smile and gentle soul. She sips her coffee peacefully at the kitchen table.

ADDY WHITEN

Don't forget to pick up my
prescription before work, dear.

Terry sighs heavily and rolls his eyes, setting down the coffee pot.

TERRY WHITEN

I won't forget... it's just, I was
going to...

(Shrugs shoulders,
looks down)

Nevermind, I won't forget.

Terry grabs his coat and kisses his mom on the cheek.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
I better get going then. Might be a
line at the pharmacy.

ADDY WHITEN
Better bundle up sweetie. It's
supposed to be cold tonight. You
might want a scarf.

Terry opens the door, looks back and smiles to his mom.

TERRY WHITEN
I'll be fine mom. Don't worry!

He slips out the door, shutting it firmly behind him.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Terry pulls into the crowded lot of the pharmacy and puts on
his turn signal as a car pulls out of a spot to his left,
right in front of the store.

TERRY WHITEN
Yes!
(Whispers to himself)

Terry smiles as he patiently waits for the prime spot to
clear. He smiles to the older woman as she pulls away from
the spot. There is a flash of sunlight reflecting off the
windshield of a little sports car. Terry comes to an abrupt
halt as the car pulls in front of him and into the spot he
waited for.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
You gotta be kiddin' me.

He slams his fist into the steering wheel and puts his shaking
palm over the horn, just inches away. He sighs and pulls
his hand away, not honking his horn. He glares in the
direction of the young, well-dressed man exiting the sports
car. The man jiggles his keys but goes out of his way to
avoid eye contact. Terry slowly pulls away and hunts for a
new parking spot.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Terry exits the store with a white bag containing his mother's
prescription. He shakes his head as he stares down at the
sports car that stole his parking spot. A loud short screech
of tires ring out, making Terry jump.

LOT DRIVER
Watch where you're going Numb Nuts!

Terry holds his hands up and shrugs his shoulders.

TERRY WHITEN

Sorry, next time I'll just throw
myself under the tires. Thanks.

(Under his breath,
lips not moving)

Could probably back over me a couple
times too.

He waves and flashes a mock smile and proceeds three rows
back to his pickup.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Terry pulls into the lot of the factory and flashes a badge
to the security guard as he enters the gate. The guard nods
and presses a button prompting the gate to open. He slowly
passes by the sign that reads: Dover Falls Plastics Company.
He pulls into a parking slot and exits the truck with his
lunch box in hand. His eye is caught by a muddied, muscle
truck and the rugged, gruff looking driver jumping out of
it. Jacob Nathaniel Massey, 37, is an imposing man,
highlighted by a menacing, bold tattoo of a skull on his
forearm. Terry stares at him blankly.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

What is it... you got something' to
say?

Terry shrugs, but says nothing.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Dint think so.

Massey walks away and is joined by a young male co-worker as
they walk toward the entrance of the plant. They both look
back toward Terry and smirk.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

I think he's retarded or something.

The other man nods in agreement, turning away from Terry.
Terry lowers his head and walks slowly behind the two men.

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING ROOM, THREE DAYS LATER -- EVENING

Terry and his mother sit in chairs along side one another in
front of the television. Addy sits wearing her reading
glasses and studies the crossword in her hands. Terry stares
blankly at the TV as the weekend nightly news broadcast
begins.

PAMELA SAUNDERS

Welcome to the channel 9 evening news, weekend addition, I'm Pamela Saunders. Our top story tonight, a grisly discovery in the Hollister swamp lands area on the North-east side of the town of Dover Falls. The body of an unidentified woman, described only as in her early to mid-twenties was found by two teenagers who happened upon it while visiting the swamp on a school-sponsored field trip.

The screen shows a graphic illustrating the area where the body was discovered over the left shoulder of the anchor. Terry leans forward in his chair intently listening to the details of the report. Addy looks up from her crossword as a sullen look of despair creases her face.

PAMELA SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

There has been no indication whether this could be the body of Tammy Porter, the young nursing student who has been missing since late Monday night after leaving one of her night classes at the community college. We'll now go live to Thomas Holiday who's been following the story since it first broke this afternoon.

The image of the reporter appears over her shoulder. He stands in a flood of flashing lights from squad cars, washing the backdrop into complete darkness.

PAMELA SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Tom, what can you tell us about the scene there and what are the authorities telling you right now.

THOMAS HOLIDAY

Well Pam, I can tell you this, the heavy rains we had here over the last few days certainly hasn't helped much at all. I am hearing that these conditions have been making it more difficult to survey the area for clues and evidence. Officials fear that possible crucial evidence, tire tracks or foot prints may have been washed away from the rain.

Terry slumps back into his chair. A vision of Massey enters his thoughts.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

What is it... you got something' to say?

(The words echo in Terry's ears)

A vision of Massey exiting his muddy truck passes through Terry's thoughts. He cups his face with his hands as if to shield him from the details of the report.

PAMELA SAUNDERS

What are the police, sheriff's officers telling you so far? Is there a link between this murder and to those from nearby Dover Falls?

CUT TO:

INT. KEMP'S GROCERY. -- EVENING

Terry turns the corner and sees Massey peeking out from behind the edge of an aisle, staring at the young, attractive cashier at the check-out.

TERRY WHITEN

Hey Jacob... that's off limits... you're a married man

(Terry says with a nervous chuckle.)

Massey jumps back, his face bent in anger and startled.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Shit, Douche-Bag! You spooked me you little fucker you.

Slugs Terry's arm.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Naw shit, I was looking' at my truck, makin' sure those little pricks that were out there before didn't mess with it

He playfully slaps Terry across the face.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Don't be spreading no stupid rumors now.

He makes Terry flinch with a quick motion towards him.

TERRY WHITEN

I should get going

Terry ducks past Jacob toward the checkout.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

See you at work Jake.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

(Mumbles)

Yeah you will.

EXT. KEMP'S GROCERY. -- NIGHT

The young cashier walks across the dark parking lot with her cell phone to her ear.

CASSIE

Yeah, I won't be home too late.
We're just gonna watch Leno and then
I'll come home.

She tilts her head to cradle her phone as she rifles through her purse for her keys.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I will.
(Nodding)
Whoahhh!!

She jumps, screams and whirls around to see Michael Lemons, a teen-aged co-worker. He phone drops to the ground.

MICHAEL LEMONS

Ticklish, huh.
(Laughs, bent over
and pointing)

CASSIE

Oh, you little...
(whispers)
Prick!

Cassie bends to pick up the phone.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

This better not be broken you jerk.

Placing the phone back to her ear.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

No mama, I'm ok. That jerk Mikey,
Box-'O-Rocks Boy, Lemons snuck up on
me. Almost scared me to death.

She turns back to Michael and flips him off. He waves wildly as he steps into his car.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know he's just an idiot.
It's so dark out here...

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(Bites her lip)

No way. I don't even think he likes me, and I sure don't like that little creep. Anyway, I'm getting in the car. You know you don't want me talking and driving.

Rolls her eyes and nods her head side to side.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Ok, love you too. Bye.

Cassie starts the engine, puts the car in gear and pulls away while flipping open her phone and dialing. A large set of headlights and bright yellow fog lights snap on in the distance behind her car.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What's up, slut?

Cassie looks into her rear-view mirror, fussing with her hair as she listens to her phone.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm on my way.

(Emphatic)

Hell no, bitch! Don't you hang up with me to talk to that needle-dick creep!

(Sighs)

Whatever, be there soon.

Cassie flips closed the phone and squints as she looks at the bright lights in the distance behind her. She is near the edge of town and turns right onto a dark country road, all the while keeping an eye on the bright lights behind her.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(Whispers to herself)

Turn left, please, turn left.

She drives a little ways and finally sees the lights at the crossroad behind her in the distance. They appear to slowly be turning in the other direction before disappearing altogether. She lets out a big sigh of relief and looks down to her cell phone and starts to dial a number. She glances up just in time to see the headlights shoot through the darkened night like a laser, trailing about 100 yards behind her and gaining fast. The shock of the moment caused her to let out a shriek and to drop her phone, down by her feet. She doesn't look down to retrieve the phone. Her eyes are nervously darting from rear-view to side-view mirror.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh God. Please pass. Please.

Her hands clench the wheel, wringing them back and forth. The distance between their vehicles closing sharply. The driver aggressively accelerates his truck closer behind her car. The glare of his truck lights blinding her.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Pass already, Asshole!

She squeezes her eyes shut for a moment as the truck pulls into the passing lane and accelerates quickly past Cassie's car. Cassie stiffly looks straight ahead, avoiding any chance of eye contact with the passing truck.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Huh

(chuckles)

Must've heard me!

She extends her fingers stiffly away from the steering wheel, stretching them and lets out a deep breath.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

There I go again, freaking out over nothing.

She pats herself and looks puzzled.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah.

She leans cautiously forward, reaching down by her legs, fumbling around for the phone she dropped earlier. She takes her eyes off the road momentarily in an all-out frantic attempt to retrieve her phone. She re-emerges from beneath the console with her eyes fixed on her phone.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Whhaaaahhh!

(Screams)

Oh shit, shit, shit!

Her tires shriek as she fast-approaches the dim, stationary, parking lights of the truck ahead of her. The car slides as she frantically spins the wheel to the right and braces for the potential impact.

Before she is aware of what's happening her front end is heading toward the shoulder of the road. She slams on the brakes as the bright glare of the truck's tail lights swerve in front of her. Cassie frantically unbuckles her belt as she sees a dark figure exit the truck and head to her car brandishing a shiny silver tire iron. Cassie simultaneously heads for cover in her back seat as the man smashes in her driver-side window. The man pushes his face through the window, revealing himself as Jacob Massey.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Hello pussycat! Wanna play?

Her foot caught in the seat-belt strap, she is trapped in the back seat as Massey unlocks the door by reaching through the broken window. He pounces on her before she kicks her foot free from the strap. He smothers Her with his lips and his tongue on her face, cheeks and neck. Massey spasms frantically as he grinds his pelvis against the sobbing girl's body. His face contorts as an obvious reaction to ejaculating. Moments after his body stops spasming, a rage flushes over his face.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Look what you made me do, you little
slut-cock-tease!

He yells as he pins her by her neck with his forearm.

CASSIE

No, please!
(sobs)
I'm sorry

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Fuck You!
(screams)

A crackling sound pierces the air as he thrusts his forearm down on her throat. Massey seems to "snap" back to reality and exits the car. He takes a few steps away when he stops and turns back to the car. He reaches down behind the seat and retrieves his tire-iron. His adrenaline still pumping he doesn't notice the cut on his knuckle he gets from the glass fragments on the floor. As he turns to leave a single drop of his blood drips onto the dead girl's shoe.

FADE OUT

INT. FACTORY -- NIGHT

Terry is kneeling next to a machine rubbing it down vigorously. He grabs for the spray bottle next to his feet and squeezes the handle. The bottle sputters and only produces a couple of sporadic drops of cleaner. Terry sighs and squeezes again, hoping for a different result.

TERRY WHITEN

Great! Am I the only one around
here that refills their fucking
bottles?

Terry reaches up to the machine and pulls himself up. He leans around the machine and shouts to a coworker.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Jack! Hey, if Donnelly is looking
for me, I'm headed to the supply
room.

The coworker raises his hand and waives in acknowledgement without turning to Terry.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Damn, dude's got some bionic ears!
Better not talk bad about that S.O.B.

Terry turns and takes a half a dozen steps in the other direction and stops in his tracks. His shoulders shrug exaggeratedly and he turns around and walks back near the machine. He bends lifelessly and picks up the spray bottle.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Christ, I'd forget my fricken head...

Terry turns like a soldier and begins marching back down the corridor.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(singing)

I'm not here for your entertainment..

(beat)

Hmm, hmmmmm, hmmm, kiss my ass is
what your trying to do. Don't know
the words but my voice is like honey,
sit next to me, I'll give you the...

Terry rounds a darkened corner and is stopped in his tracks. He looks a ways down the hall to see Jacob Massey holding a push broom and leering at a female coworker. The early thirties woman is tending to a feeder tray on a machine, bending and reloading the tray repeatedly. Massey is obviously staring at her ass in her tight jeans. Terry is startled by the manner in which Massey is "admiring" her. Massey is leaning with his crotch pressing against the broom handle, his hips rotating back and forth slightly. He clings on to the top end of the handle tightly clenching and wringing it. His stare is so intense Terry has to look away. Terry gently steps towards the supply room to his right, trying to avoid Massey's attention. He slowly turns the knob, holding his breath as he cracks the door slightly. He looks toward Massey and swiftly swoops into the room, turns and gently closes the door behind him. Terry leans with his back to the door and lets out a huge sigh of relief.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Damn. What the hell is wrong with
that guy?

(Shaking his head)

Naw. He can't be that fucked up,
can he ?

CUT TO:

P.O.V. DAY DREAM -- CONTINUOUS

Terry turns the corner and sees Massey peeking out from behind the edge of an aisle, staring at the young, attractive cashier at the check-out.

TERRY WHITEN
 Hey Jacob... that's off limits... you're
 a married man
 (Terry says with a
 nervous chuckle.)

Massey jumps back, his face bent in anger and startled.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY
 Shit, Douche-Bag! You spooked me
 you little fucker you.

Slugs Terry's arm.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)
 Don't be spreading no stupid rumors
 now.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

TERRY WHITEN
 I'll let the cops decide if he's
 that fucked up.

Terry walks to the phone on the wall near the entrance door. He picks up the receiver, dials nine, waits a moment and dials; nine, one... The door suddenly springs open. Terry jumps, narrowly escaping getting hit by it. A woman emerges from behind the door with a noticeable spring in her step. She catches Terry out of the corner of her eye and yelps as she nearly jumps out of her shoes.

LYNN PRENTICE
 Oh god!
 (Clutching her heart)
 I didn't know anyone was in here.
 Oh shit. I may have soiled myself!

Terry stares blankly at the woman, the phone still clutched in his hand.

LYNN PRENTICE (CONT'D)
 That's not a personal call is it?
 (smiles, doesn't wait
 for an answer)
 Don't worry. I won't tell. My name's
 Lynn.

Terry jerks his head as if shaking off a cobweb.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah, you work the feeder over here
don't you?

Terry turns and hangs up the phone, fumbling several times
before placing it correctly.

LYNN PRENTICE

Yeah. Not many people see me way
back here. Especially on nights.

TERRY WHITEN

(Mumbles)
You're seen alright.

LYNN PRENTICE

What's that?

TERRY WHITEN

Terry, I'm Terry. I run the shears.
(Beat)
Uh, I better get back.

Terry grabs the door and swings it open.

LYNN PRENTICE

Oh. Ok. See ya later!

TERRY WHITEN

(Back turned)
Bye.
(Pulling the door
shut behind him)

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Terry's face becomes very flush and he stomps in frustration.

TERRY WHITEN

Maybe it's nothing. Being an asshole
doesn't mean he's a killer for Christ
sakes.

(Nods head
affirmatively)
Yeah, can't be him, right?

He walks down the corridor and vanishes around the corner.

FADE OUT

EXT. MUNROE STREET -- DAY

A woman in her early forties leans out of her car, parked
near the curb, facing the wrong way, speaking to her pre-
teen daughter. The girl is dressed in the familiar green
uniform, sash and beret of the Girl Scouts.

TRISHA HAWKINS

Be polite! I know your getting tired
but don't get pushy.

The scout stands, arms folded and slouched tapping her foot impatiently.

MANDY HAWKINS

We've been out here all day! Can't
you just buy the last five and we
can go home?

TRISHA HAWKINS

Sure I *could*, dear. But I won't!
Maybe next time, you won't wait til
the last minute. You thought it was
more important to chat with your
friends on that damn computer than
this. I'm not going to bail you out
again!

The young girl stomps her foot and bends down to pick up the
box with the remaining five boxes of cookies inside.

MANDY HAWKINS

This is *so* unfair.

The mother ignores her daughters protest and reaches for a
cigarette. She lights it up and takes a deep draw. Mandy
turns away in a huff and scuffles up to the first house.
Trisha Hawkins tilts her head back puffing from her smoke,
relaxing more with each puff. She turns to see Mandy running
to the next house, over her shoulder and out of her view.

TRISHA HAWKINS

Wrong way, knucklehead.
(looking at her in
her side mirror)
How am I supposed to watch out for
you this way, idiot!

The ratcheting sound of gears of a coasting ten-speed bicycle
approaches Mrs. Hawkins car.

CONNIE

Trish, Trish... is that you?

A slender woman on a bike calls out as her gears whir as she
coasts toward the parked car.

TRISHA HAWKINS

Oh, hey Connie, how are you?

Rolls her window down further.

CONNIE

So, did you hear about the newest
drama at work yet?

Trisha leans closer to the window in anticipation of some juicy gossip.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CORNER OF MUNROE AND STATE -- CONTINUOUS

Jacob Massey sits patiently perched in his truck in this quiet little neighborhood. He sat slouched low and with his hat pulled low. He perked up as a figure came walking around the corner, headed in the opposite direction. Massey strained to get a good look.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Ah, old coot.

(Grins)

Guess you'll live to see another day
grandma. Knit me a quilt will ya?

Slouches back down.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Maybe no one dies today. Fuck!

That would be boring.

(Beat)

Come on. Who's gonna come my way.

EXT. MUNROE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

TRISHA HAWKINS

Do you think he's really sleeping
with her? I mean, its possible he
takes her on these trips because he
truly needs an assistant with him.

Both women break into laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. 318 N. MUNROE ST. -- CONTINUOUS

MANDY HAWKINS

Ok, thank you. You sure I can't
interest you in all five?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Sorry dear. That's all the money
I've got today. Besides, gingerbread
really doesn't trip my trigger, you
know?

MANDY HAWKINS

Ok. Thanks anyway sir.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Don't worry. You only have two more
to go!

MANDY HAWKINS

Yeah, I guess so.
 (turns to leave)
 Bye.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Good day, young lady.

Mandy smiles and waves to the man of the corner house and dashes to the corner. Mandy's excitedly turns the corner.

MANDY HAWKINS

(sings)
 Two more, two more than I'll have no
 more!

She makes her way several feet down the sidewalk when she hears a sharp whistle. Startled, she stops in her tracks and looks for the source of the whistle.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

I'll take a couple of boxes
 (In a gravelly voice
 from across the
 street.)

Her enthusiasm is tempered when she realizes the voice is coming from the man parked in his truck and not from a resident of one of the houses on the other side. She looks away from the man and looks down at her feet as she begins to walk further down the sidewalk.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Hey, you don't have to worry. You
 can just put the boxes through the
 window here, and I'll hand you the
 money through the window.
 (In the softest tone
 his voice could
 muster.)
 I'll take whatever you got. I've
 got a heck of a sweet-tooth.

Massey smiles broadly and taps on one of his front teeth. Mandy smiles and thinks for a moment. She looks down at the remaining two boxes.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Come on. You ain't gonna make me
 starve over here are you?

Mandy bites her lip and slowly steps off of the curb and makes her way toward Massey's truck.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

That's it.
 (Whispers)
 Come to papa.

Sneering, tapping a \$10 bill out his partially opened window. Mandy stops in the middle of the street, uncertain if the man will truly want what she has left.

MANDY HAWKINS

I got two ginger breads left. I hope that's ok.

She cautiously steps closer.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Perfect, my favorites

Smacking his lips mockingly. He does a quick scan of the neighborhood to be sure there was no audience. Mandy approaches and reaches for the money dangling out of the window. Just as she was about to grasp it, Massey releases it, sending it floating down to the street below.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)

Oops!

With a sinister glare that would have surely stopped Mandy in her tracks had she been looking up at him. As Mandy bends over to retrieve the bill, Massey waits for the right moment and threw open his door to a resounding thud, as he connected squarely with the top of the girls head. She falls into an unresponsive heap onto the pavement. Massey places one foot onto the pavement and bends to pick up the girl effortlessly with one hand and toss her flaccid body over his lap onto the passenger seat. He then steps out completely to pick up the leftover cookies and the \$10 bill. He pauses for a moment and then decides to leave the girl's beret on the street as a souvenir of sorts.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUNROE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

TRISHA HAWKINS

Hold it! Did you see where Mandy went?

With a look of anguished realization. Connie is stunned by Trisha's sudden outburst.

CONNIE

I didn't see her at all. I didn't even know she was with you.

Connie had to hop away quickly on her bike to avoid being hit by the car door that Trisha Hawkins flung open in her direction. Trisha's head and body swings around frantically, trying to spot Mandy. The ominous sight of the big blue truck passes through the intersection behind Trisha's left shoulder.

FADE OUT

EXT. OLD VILLAGE BAKERY -- AFTERNOON

A squad car, driven by a young nervous looking woman in her mid twenties, is backing out of a parking stall in front of the bakery. A tall lanky man in his early thirties rides as a passenger while awkwardly holding two piping hot cups of coffee over a box of donuts.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Hey, watch out for the..

(A loud crack shoots
out as the car comes
to a brisk halt.)

..Lamp Post.

The woman's face goes flush as her face contorts in anguish.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Sheriff aint gonna be happy about
this.

The woman turns and drops her head on to the steering wheel.

PATROLMAN JENNA GAELAN

Oh God! How am I gonna tell him?
He's gonna kill me; cracking up the
car in only my second week ! He's
gonna kill me.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

I'll talk to him rook. I've known
Be..

(Stops himself)

I've known Sheriff Omens for a long
time. I'll break it to him.
Hopefully I can cushion the blow.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Thank you. God, I can't believe my
luck. He's gonna kill me.

FADE OUT

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT CUBICLE AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

All right rook, here's the deal.
I'll go try and smooth things over.
We got a few things going for us.
First, we suffered just minor dents
on the car. Second, Sheriff is
celebrating his 30th wedding
anniversary tonight so he was in
good spirits this morning.

Bagley furls his brow and leans forward reaching for the box
of donuts on Gaelan's desk.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Just to be safe, I better take these
as a peace offering. He's been pretty
edgy since the murders started.

The patrolwoman looks up sheepishly and nods her approval.
She mouths the words, thank you.

The deputy stands up, straightens himself, lets out a sigh
and walks slowly toward the Sheriff's office. He walks in
the office and shuts the door behind; giving a helpless look
out of over the rest of the office.

BEN OMENS (O.S.)

What! You've gotta be Shittin' me!
Who was driving?

Jenna perks up nervously biting her nails, straining to hear
the response.

BEN OMENS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The rookie? You let the fucking
rookie drive my god-damned squad
car?

The room goes silent for a moment. Jenna's lips are pursed
tightly together waiting for the outcome.

BEN OMENS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The donut shop? Oh, isn't that
fucking priceless? In front of the
god-damned donut shop! Ain't that
just the kind of publicity we want?
Get her ass in here now.

Moments later Deputy Bagley steps out of the office with his
head hanging down. Looking beaten, he slowly makes his way
to the visibly shaken Jenna.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

I did my best kid. Your gonna have
to face the music.
(A slight hint of a
smile crosses his
face)

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Christ Jim. You don't think he'll
fire me, do ya? I can't afford to
lose this job. I just can't.

Jim smiles and places his hand on her shoulder.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Just throw yourself at his mercy.
Maybe he'll take it easy on you since
you're new.

BEN OMENS (O.S.)

Gaelan!

Gaelan flinches at the sound of Omen's scream.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

My office, now!

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Better go. Don't keep him waiting.

She stumbles to her feet. Straightens her uniform and forces a brave look on her face. She starts the seemingly long walk to Omen's office.

PATROLMAN LON HEROLD

Good luck rook.

She nods in acknowledgement as she passes the patrolman's desk. The patrolman turns to Jim as Gaelan passes by and smiles broadly. Jim smiles back and winks, his face turning suddenly serious as he looks back at Jenna as she disappears into the sheriff's office. Laughter breaks out as the door closes behind her.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Shhhh!

Bagley motions with his index finger covering his lips. The other officers in the room all cover their mouths muffling their laughter.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BEN OMENS

Sit.

Ben motions to a chair in front of his desk. He points to a pair of headphones on the desk and motions for her to put them on. Jenna tentatively puts them on with a puzzled look on her face. In a swift motion, Ben presses play on the boombox causing "My Humps" by the Black Eyed Peas to erupt into the headphones.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

I don't give two shits if your a rookie, a woman or a fucking space-alien. You don't fuck up my equipment.

Jenna looks puzzled as she watches Ben's rant but can't hear a thing.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

It's an embarrassment to me, the department, and the whole god-damned community!

(MORE)

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

How are people supposed to trust us to protect them if our officers can't safely back out of a fucking donut shop. A god-damned donut shop? I would much rather you driving in to a school bus. That would've been much less embarrassing.

ANGLE ON CUBICLE AREA

The officers roar with laughter, some stooped over their desks as they listen to Ben's rant.

BACK TO SCENE

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

In what part of your training were you shown that it was ok to destroy my patrol cars?

He holds out the box of donuts in front of Jenna who is obviously enjoying the music selection. Her head nods from left to right as she surveys the donut selection. She grabs a big glazed, cinnamon donut and smiles at Ben, who winks back.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

And another thing. I run a tight ship around here. That means that I expect to never have to wait for my reports. That means you will be here at least 15 minutes before your shift starts.

Jenna smiles as she watches Ben wave his hands wildly for emphasis. Ben stops talking briefly as he catches Jenna's eyes and realizes how silly he must look. He composes himself and starts again. Jenna clamps the remainder of the donut tightly in her mouth and pounds her fist into an open hand. Ben winks and pounds his fist into the desk as he emphasizes his point.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

I cannot tolerate any level of incompetence in this department. I certainly will not allow any rookie to tarnish my stellar reputation that I have built with over 35 years distinguished service in law enforcement. You were just a god-damned sperm, swimming up a canal when I nearly lost my life trading bullets with a hopped-up smack dealer.

Ben pauses to catch his breath. He signals with his index finger in the air that they will convene momentarily.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

So let it be known from this moment forward, your next mistake will be your last.

He reaches over and stops the music. He motions for Jenna to stand.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Do I make myself clear?

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Yes sir.

Ben raises his hand to his ear.

BEN OMENS

I can't hear you!

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Yeeesss, Sir!

Ben smiles and motions for Jenna to leave. He holds up his hand to halt her. He points to the corner of his mouth to signal that she has a small smudge of donut glaze on the corner of her mouth. She promptly wipes it with her hand and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Jenna makes her way out of the office. The officers all have their heads down as if they are working. Ben peeks out of the office to insure that all have taken notice of his authoritative rant. The moment the door closes, the room erupts in laughter. Jenna clutches her heart and stumbles, mocking a heart-attack.

FADE OUT

INT. KITCHEN WHITEN RESIDENCE, SATURDAY -- AFTERNOON

Terry is slumped over the kitchen counter, wrapping the phone cord around his fingers as he cocks his head to hold the receiver in place.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah, they got us all working O.T. tonight. Some big order for some new customer.

INT. TOM WHITEN'S LIVING ROOM, SECAUCUS, NJ. -- CONTINUOUS

Tom Whiten sits casually in his recliner, his legs dangling over the side arm of the chair. He sits and channel surfs on the muted T.V.

TOM WHITEN

Yeah, that sucks bro. Why'd ya think I moved away from that shitty place and that shitty job? You and ma should sell the house and move here. I could find you a lot better job here.

INTERCUT WITH TERRY WHITEN IN KITCHEN

TERRY WHITEN

Heck Tommy, you'd have to roll mom's dead carcass out of here for that to happen. She ain't leaving this place.

TOM WHITEN

Yeah I know. Figured it's worth a try though. I miss you guys.

Terry nervously fidgets with the cord and stands up as if to speak. There is several moments of awkward silence.

TOM WHITEN (CONT'D)

So... Anyway, you didn't call me to tell me how much your job sucks, did you?

Terry straightens up and begins to pace the floor.

TERRY WHITEN

I guess I need your advice on something. It's pretty important.

TOM WHITEN

I knew this day was going to come, little brother.

(clears his throat)

Make sure she is willing. Never force a woman into anal. You may want to get her consent in writing too.

TERRY WHITEN

Christ Tommy! Be serious for once. This is about the Keystone Killer.

INTERCUT WITH TOM WHITEN IN LIVING ROOM

Tom throws his legs back over the arm of the chair and sits up. He flips off the T.V. and listens intently.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if its anything or not
(Interrupt)

TOM WHITEN

What is it?

(MORE)

TOM WHITEN (CONT'D)

I just talked to Jim the other day over there... man that animal is getting even more sadistic from what I hear.

TERRY WHITEN

Bagley's been telling you stuff?

TOM WHITEN

Well, we were practically best friends when I lived there. Besides, he isn't giving me any details. He just said that each time, he seems to be getting worse and worse. It's like he's competing with himself to out-do his last one.

Terry seems to be agitated and looks like he may get sick.

TOM WHITEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, what is it? What did you hear?

TERRY WHITEN

I didn't hear anything.

(Beat)

I suspect it could be a coworker, maybe. I don't know.

Terry's pacing becomes more intense, his hands frantically wrapping up in the cord.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Ah shit. It's probably nothing. Stupid, really.

Terry lowers his head ashamed of his suspicions.

TOM WHITEN

Well, who is it? Someone I know?

TERRY WHITEN

I don't know. Maybe? Jake Massey, er Jacob? Big guy. Dark hair, mean lookin' fucker.

Tom scratches his head and looks skyward.

TOM WHITEN

Its not ringing a bell. How long's he been at the plant?

TERRY WHITEN

I guess about 4 years. I thought he started just before you quit and moved away.

(MORE)

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I'm sure if you met this jerk though,
you'd remember him.

TOM WHITEN

What makes you think its him?

TERRY WHITEN

Nothing I can really point to. I
just seen him do some pretty creepy
shit. Just a feeling is all.

TOM WHITEN

Well, you know what you gotta do.
Just go talk to Bagley or even Ben.
They've been good to us. They will
be easy to talk to.

TERRY WHITEN

What if it's nothing? I'll look
like a fool if I'm wrong.

Tom shoots to the edge of his seat.

TOM WHITEN

Listen, Terry. I know you may be
wrong and I know you'll be
uncomfortable, but this animal has
been loose for almost two years.
This is life and death your dealing
with here. At least walk away knowing
that you did everything you could to
help. If its him, you may have saved
somebody's life. If its not him, no
harm done.

Terry drops down on a chair at the kitchen table as if he
were dropped. He slouches over the table, his hand holding
up his slouching forehead.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah. Yeah I know. You're right.
I need to call them.

TOM WHITEN

You gotta tell Jim! Promise me.

TERRY WHITEN

(softly)

I promise.

(Clears Throat)

I promise.

TOM WHITEN

Let me know what happens. I'll talk
to you soon. Call him right now!

TERRY WHITEN

(Annoyed)

Yeah, right after we hang up.

TOM WHITEN

You're doing the right thing bro.

Bye.

Tom hangs up before Terry can respond. Terry sets down the phone and grabs the phone book to look up the sheriff's number. He dials a few numbers and sets down the phone.

TERRY WHITEN

I'll look like a total idiot if he's not the one.

Terry grabs his coat and heads out the back door.

FADE OUT

EXT. PATROL CAR -- LATER

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Are you going to tell me what that was all about?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

(Chuckles)

I've known Ben for over eleven years. He was my Captain when I first joined the Buffalo police force. I was a green rookie just like you now. Ben was a very, very hard man. He was fair and honest, but very hardened by some pretty tough years on the force.

Bagley pulls the car over to the shoulder on the side of the road and puts the car into park.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

We worked in the shittiest district in the greater Buffalo area. Drugs, gangs, hookers, Mafia. You name it, we were knee-deep in it. I had heard a lot of stories about Omens over the two years I was there. The guy had been shot six different times and had to bury two of his partners.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Christ. How do you deal with shit like that?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

That was the problem.

(MORE)

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

The guy just swallowed and went on with his business. That just made him a seriously dangerous man. A time-bomb really.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Yeah, but that thing he did for me back there.. that was so kind, so considerate.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Well, Ben had to hit bottom before he could again return to being the sweet man that he is.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

What happened?

Jenna sits up tall in the passenger seat.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

He just lost it. One day he just lost it.

Bagley grips the steering wheel tightly as if to brace himself for what comes next.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

There was this piece of shit gang-banger thug called Piecemeal. This fucker ran drugs and was suspected for several violent armed robberies. My partner and I responded to a call late one night of an armed robbery in progress. We got their just as Piecemeal was running out of the front door. The punk just randomly fired as he ran like a little coward bitch. One of the bullets caught my partner in the face, killing him instantly.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Oh my god.

Jenna covered her mouth in horror from hearing the words.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

I didn't even know my partner was hit. I just ran after Piecemeal. He must've thought he was going to outrun me because he tossed the gun. My adrenaline took over and I caught up and tackled him. When I got back to the scene, other cops where on hand as well as paramedics.

(MORE)

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

That's when someone said they were sorry about my partner.

(Chokes back a sob.)

I had no idea. The little fucker killed the clerk too.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

James swallows hard and continues.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Well, that was the tipping point for Ben. He and his wife were the godparents to my partner's infant daughter. He came right when he got the call, his wife in tow. When he got to the scene, he showed no emotion. He looked at my partner's body without so much as a flinch. He then calmly asked where the "perp" was. He walked over to the car, opened the back door and pulled Piecemeal to the ground and started punching the sick little prick. His wife screamed at him to stop. He didn't hear or didn't care. He then pulled out his gun and pushed it against his face. He kept saying, "wait 'til you taste this cocksucker, wait 'til you taste this."

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

He didn't kill him?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

I wanted him to. An officer tackled him and a mob of others wrestled away the gun. It took six officers to keep him away from Piecemeal. He definitely had murder on his mind. The look on his face terrified me. You can imagine what it did to his wife. She went home, packed, and moved back home to Pennsylvania.

He points down to indicate where they currently are.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Within two weeks, Ben resigned and took a well-needed two month vacation to Pennsylvania. He started "dating" his wife again and vowed to change his life.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Wow. I would've never known.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

No you wouldn't. He feels he needs to keep an appearance of an edge, to keep his officers and citizens in line. That's what that whole charade was about earlier. He does that to let off steam and to keep us on our toes. I don't even know if he realizes that none of us will fall for it any more.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Well, I sure did.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

(Laughing)

Yeah. I guess you did.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Hey, so how did you end up here?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Well, lets just say that night changed my life too. When I saw what Ben had become and saw how much he meant to the other officers when he left, I was afraid that Buffalo would do that to me too. When I found out he was Sheriff here, I followed him out.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

And now you set up rook...

Jenna glances at her side mirror and sees a large pick-up truck, bouncing out of the forest in the distance behind them. The truck turns on to the road and heading in the opposite direction.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

Is there trails back there?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Back where?

His head swivels, looking for what she spotted.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Back a few hundred yards. A big-assed truck just pulled out of the woods.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Not that I know of. Let's check it out.

James yanks the car into drive and squeaks the tires as he spins the car around.

He drives slowly, the two of them searching the roadside for clues of the truck.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Over there. See the mud?

She points to an area just ahead.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Yeah the grass is beat down too.

Bagley pulls to the side of the road and turns on the flashers.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna just take a look what's back there. Stay here and radio in our "20" just to let them know where we're at. Be back in a few minutes.

Bagley steps out of the car and slowly jogs across the quiet road with his hand on his hip to steady his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Dispatch, this is officer Gaelan. I'm at mile marker 47 on Harvest Road. Deputy Bagley is checking an unmarked path where a suspicious vehicle came out of.

DISPATCH-MALE VOICE

Do you require back-up?

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

No. I'm sure we're just doing the routine. Going through the motions, ya know?

DISPATCH-MALE VOICE

10-4 officer Gaelan. Please advise if you need anything further.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Will do dispatch. Over and out.

Gaelan pauses with her hand and the radio hand-piece at her mouth. She sets down the handset and exits the car. She looks up and down the road and slowly crosses the road and enters the woods, following the path deputy Bagley just entered moments ago. Gaelan walks through the thick brush and disappears into the heavily wooded area.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A RICKETY CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Bagley takes a deep breath with his back against the cabin's wall and peeks into the opening where a window once was. He surveys the inside of the cabin that appears to be abandoned.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Hello?

(Chuckles and mumbles
to himself)

Hell, you're getting jumpy old man.

He shakes his head and walks back to the front door. He knocks on the door, shaking it on its weakened hinges.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

(Beat)

Anyone in here?

Bagley strains as he turns the rusty knob on the cabin door and has to give it a strong nudge to get it to start to open. SOUND: WREEEEEEAAAGHHHHH. Bagley jumps back as the sound clearly startles him. A dark critter hisses at him. Blood running from its mouth.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Yah! Yah!

Bagley waves his arms as he shouts at the creature until it scampers away. Bagley straightens up and puffs out his chest to show the creature his superiority. He looks down to see what the critter was occupied with on the other side of the door. He gasps and turns white when he sees a sash lying on the floor.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Oh Christ. No. No.

He slowly pulls the door closed to see what is behind it.

EXT. CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The cabin door closes.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (O.S.)

Oh no. Please God no.

FADE OUT

EXT. WOODED CLEARING -- MOMENTS LATER

Gaelan clumsily navigates her way down the path, seemingly enjoying the scenery all around her.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Dammit!

Gaelan curses as she stumbles from a small rut.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

How far back does this thing go?
Jeez!

She looks back as if to measure whether or not to return to the squad car. She lets out a big sigh and presses forward. She takes several steps before a loud crunch of leaves freezes her in her tracks. Her head swivels back and forth, searching for the source of the noise. Her hand slowly eases down to the gun in her hip holster. She gently unlatches the strap securing the gun in the holster.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Jim?

(Beat)

Is that you?

The path she's on, sharply turns to the left, disappearing behind some heavy brush and trees. Gaelan has now started walking slowly backwards as she turned herself around looking for the source of the noise or to make sure that Jim doesn't pop out to scare her. She is slowly vanishing behind the tree-line when suddenly (Loud thrash of leaves and breaking sticks), her upper half is abruptly swiped out of view with her legs and feet lagging behind as they shot up parallel to the ground. Gaelan let out a muffled yelp, followed by a few moments of silence. Leaves silently descend downward in the peace of the woods.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

God Dammit!

(Beat)

P.O.V. WOODED CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS

Gaelan is lying on her back, blankly staring at the sky.

Her body is twisted oddly, making her look like a police chalk outline.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Christ I hate fucking nature!

She kicks at a large protruding root, near her feet.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm sure your laughing this one up Jim. You probably saw the whole thing. Real funny, huh?

Gaelan looks around expecting to see Jim watching her from the woods. She lifts herself off the ground and dusts herself off. She again circles around to get her bearings, until she reaches the point she was backing towards. Her entire backside is littered with leaves.

Her hair is mussed with leaves and tiny branches sticking out of it. She finally makes her way to face the cabin that her partner discovered earlier. She takes a huge, deep breath and approaches the cabin in a highly defensive posture, walking slightly sideways with her hand on her gun.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Jim? You in there, Jim?

She pauses a moment, waiting for a response. (Beat) She cautiously proceeds up the path, toward the front door. She does a semi-sprint the remaining twenty feet to the cabin. She places herself between the door and the broken window with her back against the wall, her gun now drawn. She holds her gun just above her shoulder and slides across the wall toward the window. She leans her face to the window.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN (CONT'D)

Jim?

(Beat)

Jim? You in there?

(Beat)

Can you here me? Please, answer me
Jim.

Her eyes well up as she realizes she is alone and the dusk is creeping near. She purses her lips and turns to the door and reaches for the handle. Her hand freezes momentarily and then swiftly turns the knob. She pushes the door partially open and turns her gun into the opening and braces herself in anticipation of a confrontation. She steps further into the doorway when a hand grabs her shoulder from behind. She lets out a frantic scream and whirls awkwardly, sending her plummeting to the floor, on her back. She hits the floor hard and pumps her legs to push herself away from the doorway.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Whoa. It's ok Jen. It's me, Jim.
It's ok.

Jenna stops kicking and breaks into a nervous laugh. She drops her head back to the floor and lets her body go limp.

PATROLWOMAN JENNA GAELAN

Where the hell did you crawl outta?
Scared the shit right outta me.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

I need you to listen to me very
carefully and stay very calm.

(Beat)

I was chasing down a possum or
something that was running off with
some evidence.

Jenna props herself up to her elbows and starts to survey the room.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

(Abruptly)

Stay with me. I don't want you
looking around and seeing this.
This is a crime scene.

(Beat)

I don't think you are ready to handle
this yet.

James bends down and offers his hand to Gaelan. As she is
being pulled up, Bagley's arm catches the door knob and
squirts it open, drawing Gaelan's attention behind it.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Don't look at it!

A streak of pure horror washes over Jenna's face. She erupts
into a piercing scream that echoes through the woods, tearing
through the silence of the forest. A small grouping of birds
nearby are startled and fly away frantically.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. WHITEN'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Terry sits blankly flipping through the channels as Addy
works on a crossword puzzle nearby. Terry stops abruptly on
a channel with a picture displayed largely on the screen, a
caption declaring "Missing".

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

She was last seen on Wednesday evening
around 9:00PM.

TERRY WHITEN

That isn't the Parker girl is it Ma?

Looking up from her crossword, Addy squints to make out the
picture on the screen.

ADDY WHITEN

That ain't her... don't know this one
at all.

A grave look crosses Addy's face.

ADDY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Did you lock that backdoor like I
asked baby?

She asks leaning toward Terry as if this were the most
important answer she was to receive in her life.

TERRY WHITEN

I'll check it again mamma
(MORE)

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Sensing her concern)

Damn. She sure looks familiar.

Sure that's not Ken and Tanya's girl?

He leans forward and pulls himself up from the recliner and starts toward the hallway.

ADDY WHITEN

No baby, I'm sure. The Parker girls got some more meat on her. This one looks a bit sickly. Ken's girl is a bit of a porkchop!

Terry chuckles and slouches his way down the hall to the kitchen. He reaches the door and catches a glimpse of himself in the window of the backdoor.

MALE WITNESS (V.O.)

We worked the same shift that night.

She got done the same time as me.

We said a few things to each other,

(Beat)

Actually, I was teasing her, she called me a name and she got in her car and left.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

And this very same coworker from Kemp's Grocery seems to indeed be the last person to have seen young Cassie alive.

P.O.V. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Click. The latch closes on the kitchen door. Terry's face turns white as the realization of the missing girl hit him.

DISSOLVE TO:

P.O.V. DAY DREAM -- EVENING

Terry turns the corner and sees Massey peeking out from behind the edge of an aisle, staring at the young, attractive cashier at the check-out.

TERRY WHITEN

Hey Jacob... that's off limits... you're a married man

(Terry says with a nervous chuckle.)

Massey jumps back, his face bent in anger and startled.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY

Shit, Douche-Bag! You spooked me you little fucker you.

Slugging Terry's arm.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (CONT'D)
 Naw shit, I was looking' at my truck,
 making sure those little pricks that
 were out there before didn't mess
 with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

P.O.V. TERRY'S REFLECTION IN WINDOW -- CONTINUOUS

Terry's jaw is drooped and he shakes his head side to side.

TERRY WHITEN
 No way. Can't be dammit. There's
 just no way.

He stares back to his reflection in the window and buries
 his face in his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

P.O.V. DAY DREAM -- CONTINUOUS

He playfully slaps Terry across the face.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY
 Don't be spreading no stupid rumors
 now.

He makes Terry flinch with a quick motion towards him.

TERRY WHITEN
 I should get going

Terry ducks past Jacob toward the checkout.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
 See you at work Jake.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY
 Yeah you will.
 (Mumbles)

The words echo and in a flash, the slap from Massey crosses
 Terry's face again, snapping him back to his present reality.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. TERRY'S REFLECTION IN WINDOW -- CONTINUOUS

Terry flinches as if the slap was actually occurring now.

ADDY WHITEN
 Was it locked? Is everything OK?

TERRY WHITEN
Yeah mom. It was locked.
Everything's ok.

ADDY WHITEN
You didn't answer me the first time
I called out.

TERRY WHITEN
Sorry ma. I was just thinking.
Everything's ok.

Terry looked as if he was not only assuring his mother but was trying to convince himself.

FADE OUT

EXT. A RICKETY CABIN -- NIGHT

The clearing of the woods is brightly lit with flood lights and the revolving blue and red strobes of the squad vehicles. There is a light fog in the air and the bright lights make the surrounding woods even more eerie and dark. Jenna Gaelan sits wrapped up in a thick wool blanket on a stump in a clearing. She is shaking and rocking vigorously. She stares blankly at the ground, her back to the cabin.

BEN OMENS
Christ, Jim. She doesn't look so good. She saw everything, huh?

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY
I can't say how much she saw
(Grimaces)
But she hasn't said a word since she saw something.

BEN OMENS
I'm gonna need you to take her home personally. If there is no family there, you are to wait with her until someone can get there. She is not to be left alone, understand?

Bagley nods in agreement and walks toward Gaelan, kneels aside her and puts his arm around her shoulders.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY
C'mon girl, lets get you home.

Gaelan expressionlessly and robotlike raises to her feet and drifts listlessly at the direction of Deputy Bagley.

BEN OMENS
Jim. I'm gonna need you back Here after you get her squared away. No one goes home tonight.
(MORE)

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

(Raising his voice
for all personnel to
here)

Tonight we catch a killer.

Sheriff Omens turns and faces the small crowd of officers working the crime scene. Bagley leads Gaelan to the Sheriff's truck.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

This ends tonight! I want every stone over turned. I want to know who owns this property. I want to know if they've given permission for anyone to use it, for hunting or otherwise.

The busy officers have now all stopped and are listening intently to Omen's instructions. Deputy Bagley quietly pulls away, his headlights glancing over the cabin, causing Gaelan eyes to tighten momentarily.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

I want to know the owner of every blue, shit-kicker truck in this county. And, I want every lead we've had up to this point re-examined. There's no other option tonight, people. MAKE

(Beat)

THIS

(Beat)

HAPPEN!

Omens tugged at his jacket for emphasis. With this, the crew went frantically, but meticulously back to work. Ben looked back to dimming lights of his truck making its way out of the woods and shakes his head.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

She's just a kid. She's just a damn kid.

FADE OUT

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

There is frantic activity in the Sheriff's department. Sheriff Omens has the look of someone who hasn't slept in days. He tightly clenches the phone to his ear. His lips are pursed as he waits impatiently to speak.

BEN OMENS

Get me those God-Damned test results, and a match on the DNA, yesterday, for Fucksakes!

(MORE)

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

(screams in the phone)

I don't give a shit what you have to do, I have to catch a sick fuck who just crushed the throat of a 16 year old girl, who happened to go to school with my niece!

(Beat)

I *need* to find the evil little cocksucker that seemingly turned an 11-year old girl inside out and scrambled her insides like a blender.

Holds the phone away from his ear for a moment.

BEN OMENS

Am I making myself clear? Do exactly what you have to do. We're closing in on this creep and I want him gone before he can get to someone else. Clear?

Holds phone away to look into the receiver.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Good!

Ben slams the phone down.

FADE OUT

INT. WHITEN'S RESIDENCE -- SUNDAY MORNING

TERRY WHITEN

Mornin' Momma

He groggily stumbles into the kitchen.

ADDY WHITEN

Morning dear

Sitting quietly at the kitchen table, dressed in her "Sunday Best".

ADDY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Looks like a beautiful day, Hun.

Terry shrugs as he pours a glass of juice.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah I guess; we'll go in about 5 minutes okay?

Terry walks to the bathroom closing the door behind him without waiting for the answer.

ADDY WHITEN

Sounds good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TERRY'S TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Terry pulls up to a gravel parking lot to the front of Daisy's Diner. Addy sits upright and peaceful in the passenger's seat.

TERRY WHITEN

We beat her here again!

(In a slightly agitated
tone.)

I told you we don't have to leave
that early every Sunday Mom! Dang
that's probably 12 weeks in a row
we're too early.

ADDY WHITEN

You know I like to be...

Terry turns as headlights beam into the car.

ADDY WHITEN (CONT'D)

See, there they are now.

Addy smiles as she opens her door to get out. Terry follows her lead and they walk towards the couple that is exiting their car.

TERRY WHITEN

Hey Ron, Hey Peg.

Terry bends over to pick up the big bundle of newspaper lying on the ground.

RON

Hi Terr. Love the dress Addy!

Peg fumbles with the ring of keys to open the Diner's door. Terry sets the bundle on the counter and seats Addy down at their usual booth. Terry heads back to the counter where Peg is opening the bundle. The flickering lights go on as Ron flips switches in the background. Terry reaches into his left pockets and empties it's contents onto the counter and grabs a paper. Peg grabs the change and tosses it into the register without counting it, as she knows Terry always has the exact change. As Terry returns to his booth he notices the headline regarding the "Keystone Killer" and decides to shield it from his mother, placing it face down on their table.

PEGGY

So how are you this morning Addy?

Pegs places a small OJ in front of Addy and a large milk in front of Terry.

ADDY WHITEN

Just fine Peg, and you?

PEGGY

A little freaked out to be honest.
I didn't sleep much last night.

Terry peaks up from his paper.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I heard some noises outside my bedroom window and of course my thoughts went right to that madman on the loose!

(Sighs deeply)

Hell it was probably just a raccoon or something, but this whole thing's got me jumpy!

ADDY WHITEN

(Placing her hand on
Peg's wrist)

I know what you mean, I think everyone around here's on edge.

The bell over the entrance door chimes and in walks sheriff Omens.

BEN OMENS

Is the coffee ready yet Peg?

He hangs his at the rack by the door.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

I think it's still brewing, I'll check for you Sheriff.

Peg disappears behind the counter.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Hello Terry, Addy

Sheriff Omens leans down to give Addy a peck on the cheek.

ADDY WHITEN

You gonna get him Sheriff?

TOM WHITEN

We're working night and day on it, I give you my word on that Addy.

The Sheriff looks down at his feet.

BEN OMENS

You know it's folks like you and
Terry here that keeps me working
through the night!

Looking up at Addy.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

You're the people I live to protect.

ADDY WHITEN

Bless you sheriff, you're a good
man.

CUT TO:

FADE IN: finishing breakfast

PEGGY

Can I get yawl any dessert or anything
else

Peg clears the empty plates.

TERRY WHITEN

Just the check will do.
(Patting his belly.)

PEGGY

Have a great Sunday you two

Peg winks as she slides the check to Terry. Terry pulls out his calculator from his breast pocket and begins to calculate for a tip. He places a dollar on the table and digs through his coin purse and slides a few dimes and pennies onto the table. Addy glances out of the corner of her eye and rolls them. Terry gets up to pay the bill and meets Peg at the register. Addy looks to see that Terry isn't looking and slides \$2 under her place mat moments before Terry returns to offer his arm to help his mother from her seat. As they exit and say their good-byes, Addy winks to Peg, and Peg back to her. Terry walks out oblivious to their inside joke.

FADE OUT

INT. FACTORY -- NIGHT

Terry is working steadily from his machine when he sees his co-workers peering around their machines. He turns to see some officers sneaking through the plant with a plant employee pointing them in the direction of the corridor of the supply room. Terry's head is visibly swimming as he seems to be envisioning his suspicions. Terry looks on dazed and begins to look very ill as an officer exchanges a glance with him and radios back to HQ:

OFFICER ONE

We've got our man! We also need an ambulance here as well. There is another victim. This one's a survivor though!

The officer looks again at Terry and winks.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

Got here just in time. I'm sure he was planning on killing her.

DISPATCH-MALE VOICE (O.S.)

10-4, Ambulance en-route.

The voice squawks from the other end of the walkie-talkie. Terry drops his head and turns and frantically dashes to the garbage can beside his machine. He buries his head in the bucket and vomits violently. Terry re-emerges in time to see Massey being escorted out of the building, his hands cuffed in front of him. Terry puts his hand over his stomach, unable to turn away from Massey. Just before being led out of view, Massey turns his head directly to Terry, winks and gives a broad, sinister grin.

TERRY WHITEN

Oh. Oh no, please.

Terry stands frozen. Stunned by the chain of events unfolding before him. He is drawn to the corridor, where a small crowd of co-workers gather to see what is going on. Terry starts to turn away but is stopped dead in his tracks as he turns the corner. The door to the supply room opens, unleashing the shrill screams of a woman thrashing about on a stretcher. The woman is strapped down and hysterical. She is covered with a white sheet with a wide strap across her chest and arms. She is frantically trying to break free and is screaming wildly. There is a noticeable area of blood in the area of her crotch, seeping through the white sheet. As she is wheeled closer, the face on the woman is apparently that of Lynn Prentice, the female co-worker, whom was being leered at by Massey.

LYNN PRENTICE

(Whaling and screaming)

Get off of me you sick cock sucker!
Get off of me!

The woman is wheeled closer to Terry and their eyes meet.

LYNN PRENTICE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no.
(Screams)
Noooooooooooo!

Lynn's eyes are hollow. Terry bows his head in shame. The woman's screams become more distant as she was carted off down the hall.

Terry walked toward the wall near the corridor entrance and leaned hard against it, burying his head into his forearm.

INT. FACTORY -- MOMENTS LATER

OFFICER ONE (O.S.)
What the hell happened in there.

OFFICER TWO (O.S.)
(quietly)
Sick fucker cornered her and sodomized her with that fucking broom handle.

OFFICER ONE (O.S.)
Christ! Looks like the Keystone
Cock-Sucker, er, Killer has had his
final victim. Now he can fucking
burn in hell!

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Terry lies in bed, sleeping deeply. He has a troubled expression on his face. The phone rings loudly near him but doesn't cause him to move. The phone rings two more times and then stops. A few moments later there is a knock at the door.

ADDY WHITEN
Terry, honey? Terry? Telephone.
Its your brother.

Terry grudgingly opens his eyes. His hair has a massive case of "bedhead".

TERRY WHITEN
Huh? Who's it?

ADDY WHITEN
It's Tommy. He's anxious to speak
to you.

TERRY WHITEN
(growls)
Mrrufff. It's early!

He picks up the receiver presses it lifelessly to his ear.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
Got it!
(Beat)
Hello?

TOM WHITEN (O.S.)
Bro! You did it man! That was the
dude wasn't it?
(MORE)

TOM WHITEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The one you told me about. I just saw the whole deal on the news. It was on all the national shows, everything. They were interviewing Ben. He did really good. He said that for the first time in over two years, the people of Dover County will be able to sleep peacefully. They got you to thank for it Terry! Shit, they'll want to interview you, your the hero in this deal.

Terry starts to cough which then turns to a choke.

TERRY WHITEN

(Clears throat)

Uh no. That's not gonna happen.

TOM WHITEN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

(Agitated)

There is nothing wrong with accepting credit or praise for doing something great. Especially something this big. Don't be so fucking bashful, go get what you deserve!

Terry Is now sitting up with his feet dangling over the side of his bed.

TERRY WHITEN

Problem is, they didn't act on my information. They didn't seem to take me too serious. They said they didn't have any evidence to do anything.

TOM WHITEN

Wait a minute. You're telling me Jim and Ben didn't take you seriously?

TERRY WHITEN

Well, I don't think it was that. Those two have been under a lot of pressure, They did their best.

TOM WHITEN

But they could have gotten this guy days ago. Wasn't there another girl killed in between? Or maybe even two. What the hell were they doing? I gotta call Jim. That's bullshit!

TERRY WHITEN

No. Wait Tom. I don't want to call any attention to it.

(MORE)

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Those guys have agonized over this enough. Besides, with the huge microscope that they are under, I don't want to risk this getting out. Its bad enough they got to live with this.

TOM WHITEN

Yeah, I guess.

(Sarcastic chuckle)

Christ, could you imagine having to live with that on your conscience? I hope those guys can live with it.

TERRY WHITEN

(Defensive)

You know the character of those two. I don't blame them. They were getting dozens of stupid tips daily. I'm sure mine didn't seem any different from the rest, even the crack pot theories. Its not like I had any real evidence or proof.

TOM WHITEN

Well, maybe you're right. I just think I would have trouble sleeping at night knowing I maybe could have spared... you know. Well, at least that piece-of-shit Massey is gonna get what he deserves.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah, right. Listen, I uh, gotta get goin' here.

TOM WHITEN

I suppose you probably have to work tonight, huh?

TERRY WHITEN

No. They decided to shut down for the day. The place was going to be flooded with investigators and the mucky-mucks figured they give us all a little time to get over the shock of this all. I'm sure nobody would've been too focused on work anyway.

TOM WHITEN

Yeah, I suppose not.

(Deep Inhale)

Hey. Regardless, I'm still proud of you. You did the right thing!

TERRY WHITEN

Thanks, Tom. Hey, I'll talk to you later this week when everything calms down.

TOM WHITEN

All right hero. Take it easy.

TERRY WHITEN

Bye.

Terry stares at the receiver for a moment and slowly set it down. A tear begins to well in his eyes.

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Addy Whiten lets out a suppressed, dainty yawn and pushes herself off of the couch.

ADDY WHITEN

I guess its time.

Terry's head snaps up as if awakened by the announcement.

TERRY WHITEN

Oh. Going to bed?

ADDY WHITEN

Yeah, sweetie.

Addy leans over Terry and gently kisses his forehead.

TERRY WHITEN

Night Mama.

ADDY WHITEN

Night.

Addy slowly makes her way down the hall, Terry retracts his focus on to the television. He flips randomly and listlessly through the channels. His eyes are growing heavy and begin to glaze over. He snaps to as he tunes in a channel with a bit of a commotion.

CROWD

Jerry!, Jerry!, Jerry!.

The camera pans the massive, raucous, fist pumping audience. Jerry stands amongst a sea of fans in the audience, mildly waiting for the noise to break.

TERRY WHITEN

(To himself)

Oh, this outta be good. What's on tonight, transvestite circus performers?

The crowd noise subsides as Jerry motions for quiet.

JERRY SPRINGER

So you found your sister Sharlique
and your husband Willard, in the
jacuzzi when you got home?

The camera pans to the stage where three people are seated with two security men stand nearby with their arms folded. The two women are white, large mid-twenties, dressed in sexy, undersized clothing. The man seated between them is a spindly, short, 130lb black man.

JERRY SPRINGER (CONT'D)

Will you forgive your sister Sharlique
and take Willard back?

BONIQUE

Sh...

(Censor's Beep)

Jerry. That two-timing, slimy little
cock-roach is probably gonna do it
again.

WILLARD

Baby, you don't understand. I was
so lonely. You was working all the
time, barely home at all. A man's
got needs...

SHARLIQUE

(Interrupting)

And I took care of those needs!

Sharlique stands triumphantly posing for the audience, running her hands up and down her body like a model displaying a product. Loud applause erupts from the audience mixed with whistle and catcalls. The commotion snaps Terry out from a near slumber. He watches with faint interest as the pair of siblings clash over the man. They are both sleeping with. His eyes become bleary and begin to draw heavier and his head begins to nod. Terry chuckles lifelessly and drifts into a sleep.

BONIQUE

You aint woman enough to steal my
man, you backstabbin', skanky ho'!

As Bonique screams to her sister, she stands and breaks toward her. The hulking giant of a security guard responds immediately and bear-hugs her behind and is holding her back. The guard is straining to hold back the 200-plus pound woman from attacking her equally large sister.

WILLARD

Baby, you know your the woman for
me. We can work this out.

SHARLIQUE

Hell, no Willard. What about me?

WILLARD

I gotta stay true to my girl.
 (Kneels down before
 her)
 Bonique, will you forgive me?

Bonique looks to the audience for an apparent answer. The crowd roars with a mixture of boos and approval. Bonique grabs Willard's tiny head with her large hands and pulls his face into her cleavage.

SHARLIQUE

This is Bull-Sh...
 (Censor's Beep)
 Willard! You little chicken-Sh...
 (Censor's Beep)
 Co..
 (Censor's Beep)
 ...er!

The crackling of her microphone breaks through the audience as Bonique shakes and nestles Willard's head roughly against her breasts.

WILLARD

Mrfff Freet diphla!

Willard's voice is muffled in Bonique's chest

SHARLIQUE

(Pointing at Bonique)
 Oh, yeah Bitch. You got him now,
 but he'll come back. He loved the
 pu...
 (Censor's Beep)
 From me too much. He'll come crawling
 back for it and I'll give it to him,
 just to piss you off.

Bonique holds up her hand and faces her palm to her sister.

BONIQUE

Whateva, Bitch. Whatever!

JERRY SPRINGER

So Bonique has accepted Willard back,
 can the relationship be repaired
 with these two sisters? Only time
 will tell. Another twisted love
 triangle between two sisters and the
 man of their desires. Good luck to
 the three of you.

The guards begin to usher the trio to the side of the stage, making room for the new guests.

The audience gives a resounding ovation.

CROWD

Jerry!, Jerry!, Jerry!

Springer again motions for silence, with the crowd responding as if under a spell.

JERRY SPRINGER

Next we will delve into a much more grave and disturbing issue. Our next guest are the tragic last victims of the so-called "Keystone Killer." The alleged killer is a man named Jacob Nathaniel Massey.

CROWD

Booo!, Booo!

JERRY SPRINGER

Although many believe that Massey is in fact the man responsible for at least seven murders in Pace County, Pennsylvania, there are many that believe that their lives may have been spared if it weren't for the pure cowardice of Terry Whitten.

CROWD

Booo!, Booo!

Terry's eyes remain closed tight as he sleeps on his recliner, his eyes twitching and moving rapidly behind his lids. With a snort, Terry pops to attention with the mention of his name. He groggily looks around the room and squints to focus on the TV but appears to be too dazed to fully comprehend his surroundings. He struggles to keep his eyes from closing again. Terry's head drops down with his chin landing into his chest.

JERRY SPRINGER

Our next guest is 11 year old Mandy Hawkins. You may recall that less than 1 month ago Mandy's battered corpse was found in an abandoned cabin just outside of Dover Falls, Pennsylvania.

The audience lets out a somber, collective gasp.

JERRY SPRINGER (CONT'D)

It was later discovered that she was another victim of the "Keystone Killer", Jacob Massey.

Boos and Hisses ring out as the killer's name is mentioned.

JERRY SPRINGER (CONT'D)

So lets give a warm welcome to this
courageous little girl, Mandy!!

Loud applause breaks out as the curtain, on the side of the stage, parts and a tattered and disfigured image peers from behind it. An extremely battered and decaying version of Mandy strolls out on to the stage, waving and fist pumping to the cheering audience. She is wearing a torn and soiled Girl Scout uniform.

JERRY SPRINGER (CONT'D)

Mandy, so good to see you, welcome
to the show.

Mandy stiffly tries to lower herself onto the chair. The bodyguard moves in to help her. He comes near and stops in his tracks and turns his head to the Sid. He is repulsed by the odor of the decaying little girl. She looks down embarrassedly. An uncomfortable snapping sound rings out as he grabs onto her narrow, discolored arms.

CROWD

(Horrorified)

Awww!

A piercing cracking sound rips through the room as the body guard applies downward pressure to help Mandy fold at the waist, in to a seated position.

CROWD (CONT'D)

(Gasps)

Ewww!

The guard props her into position so her head can be leaning back, keeping it up from falling forward. The girl is too weak to hold it up on her own.

BONIQUE

(Waving her hand under
her nose)

Damn girl, that's one nasty stank
you got on you.

CROWD

(Emphatically)

Boooo!

BONIQUE

What!

(Shrugs her shoulders)

Girl is ripe is all I'm sayin'.

Mandy pays no attention to the comments, still looking forward.

MANDY HAWKINS

Thank you Jerry. It's so nice to be here.

(Squinting)

I haven't been in the light in days.

The girl swings her feet outwardly from her chair, stiffly.

JERRY SPRINGER

So you've been dead now for 5 days, tell us about it, dear.

MANDY HAWKINS

Well I should be getting ready for cheerleader camp next week, but instead I...

(Tears form in her eyes)

I just sit alone in the darkness. I'm always alone. I'm always so cold and scared.

CROWD

(Groans)

Awww!

MANDY HAWKINS

(Bursts out)

I just wanna go home!

CROWD

AWWW!

Jerry stands toward the front of the stage and puts one foot up on it, leaning toward the little girl.

JERRY SPRINGER

(Softly and sympathetically)

That is indeed where you should be, Mandy.

CROWD

(Clapping and cheering)

Jerry!, Jerry!

Jerry quickly quiets the crowd with a quick hand motion.

JERRY SPRINGER

Everyone knows that you were

(Finger Quotes)

allegedly murdered by

(Finger Quotes)

alleged serial murderer Jacob

Nathaniel Massey, but you believe

someone else is equally responsible.

The studio goes completely silent and all eyes focus on the girl. Mandy's legs stop playfully kicking for the first time.

MANDY HAWKINS

That's right Jerry. There was someone who could'a stopped him!

JERRY SPRINGER

(Interrupting)

We'll find out who the responsible party is in a moment.

CROWD

Booo!

JERRY SPRINGER

(Continuing his sentence)

First we will meet our next guest, Cassandra Martin. She was the "Keystone Killer's" seventh and final murder victim. She was found with her throat crushed in the backseat of her abandoned car out on county highway H, six short miles away from where Mandy was found. So, without further ado, let's bring out Cassie!

From behind the curtain appears a slender teenager, wearing the same tight jeans and T-shirt she wore the night of her murder. Her face is cracking from decay and her throat visibly depressed back onto her neck. The crowd cheers as she bounces her way front and center into the spotlight. She beams, as she seems to really like the attention. A very sharp contrast to the reserved response from Mandy.

CASSIE

(Croaks raspily)

What's up Jerry?

The teen plops herself into her seat. Cassie's voice is strained and forced, as her broken windpipe will not allow a regular passage of air through it.

WILLARD

Wassup?

Willard nods and leans forward in his chair, giving the teen a "once over." He leans back quickly and covers himself defensively as he is bombarded with elbows and slaps from the two sisters surrounding him, the action insights the crowd.

CROWD

Jerry!, Jerry!

JERRY SPRINGER

(Shaking his head,
smiling)

Cassie, You were such a pretty girl,
with so much going for you. Tell us
what happened.

CASSIE

(Boastfully)

Well, I'm sure I was his favorite.
I remember him coming into the store
a lot. I would catch him staring at
me a lot. He never said anything to
me... Well at least not till that night.

She gasps to catch her breath.

JERRY SPRINGER

But Jacob Massey had other plans in
mind for both of you didn't he? You
were just the objects for him to
play out his twisted fantasies of
domination and control.

Jerry pauses, both for dramatic affect and to let the audience
respond. The chorus of boos and hisses again fill the studio.

JERRY SPRINGER (CONT'D)

But there is one more person that
you both hold equally accountable.
Isn't that right ladies?

MANDY HAWKINS

That's right Jerry. That little
pussy could'a stopped him about 14-
15 days ago. That limp-dick mother-
fucker might as well helped that
piece of shit kill Mandy and me!

Cassie croaks and wheezes heavily now, trying to catch her
breath as she shakes her fist angrily. The crowd growls
their approval to what the girl is saying.

JERRY SPRINGER

(Quietly)

You feel the same Mandy, don't you?

MANDY HAWKINS

Uh huh. I can't go home cuz of him
not telling.

The girl is now crying. Jerry kneels in front of her dabbing
her cheek with his handkerchief. He pulls the hanky away
and pulls a large chunk of skin from her face with it.

CROWD

Eeewww!

With no reaction, Springer turns to look into the camera.

JERRY SPRINGER

So there you have it folks, two young girls with so much hope and promise, have it all ripped away from them by the inability of Terry Whiten to be a man and stop a cold-blooded killer! May you rot in hell Terry!

A brief outburst of applause erupts and is quickly broken to the loud gasp Terry lets out as his eyes burst open. Terry bolts forward from his reclined position and pants heavily as he tries to regain his breath.

TERRY WHITEN

Oh, God, What have I done?

Terry's head slumps into his hands, his body shaking as he weeps.

FADE OUT

INT. FACTORY TWO DAYS LATER -- EVENING

Terry is busy loading his machine when he overhears a conversation about the arrest of Massey and the kind of sickening things that are coming to the surface.

WORKER-1

They're saying that Massey was getting some kind of sexual kick from killing these girls!

WORKER-2

Damn, I don't know what I would do if that asshole would have done anything to my wife or daughters. It makes you think back to every time he's looked at them at picnics or Christmas parties. Was he eyeing them up, wanting to... you know?

WORKER-1

(Shutters)

Christ man, I can't even think about that shit. It's too fucking creepy.

Terry sets down his order sheet and walks away. He stops as he nears the corridor where Massey was arrested and the woman was assaulted.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Barely audible whisper)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry whirls around, looking for the person responsible. He sees no one.

He shakes his head and boldly heads toward the darkened corridor. He turns tightly around the corner and stops dead in his tracks. He turns white as he comes face to face with the image of Massey at the far end of the hall. Massey, holding the notorious broom, sees Terry and emits a sinister grin. He then leans the broom handle against the wall and mocking air humps an invisible woman, flicking his tongue out at Terry.

TERRY WHITEN

(Looking down, eyes
closed)

No, no. You're not here.

Terry looks up and Massey is no longer there. He sees a young man, tending to the assault victim's machine, staring oddly back at him. Terry lunges to the supply room door and dashes in. He is breathing heavily and scans the room.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Meekly)

Hello?

He lets out a deep sigh and walks over to the cabinet on the far wall. He grabs a can of WD-40, closes the door and heads to the door. He reaches for the light switch.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (V.O.)

So, what hole does a little slut
like you want it in?

Terry whirls around and frantically looks around the room.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Aw shit, you want in both of em don't
ya? Don't you scream out bitch or
I'll fuck your throat with this handle
so you'll never scream again!

Terry's face shows shock and disgust as he crumbles in a heap on the floor next to the door. His head buried in his hands.

TERRY WHITEN

Leave me alone! I didn't do anything!

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (O.S.)

(Sounding closer)

That's right, Fucker! You didn't do
anything.

Terry looks up, eyes clouded with tears, flinching as he sees Massey a few feet away.

TERRY WHITEN

Stay away from me!

Massey stands there leaning against his broom handle, the top of which is covered in blood. He keeps his eyes trained on Terry and mischievously runs his tongue around the bloodied tip of the broom. Massey runs both hands down the shaft of the broom and smiles as he runs his tongue around his lips, leaving a smeared trail of blood around his mouth.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Go away!

Massey freezes his expression for a moment and casts a broad menacing smile.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (V.O.)

(Looking down on
Whitten)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

The door bursts open, clipping Terry's elbow causing him to double over in pain.

WORKER-1

Are you alright, man? I heard some screams in here. What happened?

Terry pulls himself up and frantically scans the room, Massey is no longer present. Terry wipes his eyes and collects himself. He accepts the hand of his co-worker and is pulled to his feet.

TERRY WHITEN

I uh, I, I slipped and banged my knee. I guess you probably heard me cussin'?

WORKER-1

Oh shit. That's all. Damn man, I was scared this freakin' room was haunted or something!

TERRY WHITEN

(Giggles nervously)
Naw, just me being a klutz.

Terry awkwardly maneuvers around the man and heads to the door.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

I gotta get back. Thanks.

The door closes behind him.

FADE OUT

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Terry returns from work and is still visibly shaken. He walks from the kitchen, down the hall and checks in on his

mother who is already in bed and sound asleep. He slowly opens the door, wincing as it makes a soft creek. Terry peaks his head around the door and sees Addy sleeping peacefully. He smiled and purses his lips into an air kiss.

TERRY WHITEN

(Softly)

Night mama.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Terry kicks back into his favorite chair and does his usual channel surfing. Several moments pass after Terry settles in to a program, when he starts to become sleepy and doses off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Terry is sleeping very deeply, his head tilted at an awkward angle, mouth gaping open.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Barely Audible)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

A slight twitch surfaces on Terry's face and then immediately back to his deep motionless slumber. A few moments pass.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Slightly louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry snorts and his head jolts upright. He looks around the room groggily, his eyes blinking rapidly.

TERRY WHITEN

What? Who's there?

Terry presses the mute button and sits completely still, straining to hear through the silence. A few moments pass.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Startled, Terry stiffens to attention in his chair, slamming in the recliner's foot rest.

TERRY WHITEN

Who's there? This isn't funny, jerk-off.

He leans forward in his chair, his hands pressing down on the arm rests are trembling.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry turns to the direction of the voice, down toward the hallway.

TERRY WHITEN

Momma? Is that you? You call for me momma?

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry leaps from his chair, thrusting himself a few steps further away from the hallway. He folds his arms around himself, shuddering from a shiver.

TERRY WHITEN

(Forced defiance)

Get away from my momma!

Silence. Terry slowly takes two steps toward the hallway.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry stops, temporarily frozen by fear.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry's breathing becomes frantic. He covers his ears and steps further toward the hallway.

TERRY WHITEN

(Shouts)

Shut up! Leave me alone!

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry has now entered the hallway.

TERRY WHITEN

(Echoes in Hall)

Stop it, now!

Terry steps to the first closed door and leans his ear inches from the door.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

(MORE)

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Beat)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry looks to the next door down the hall and steps toward it.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry removes a hand from his ear and steps directly in front of the door, reaching slowly for the handle.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry winces at the deafening tone of the voice, piercing his one unprotected ear. He briskly grabs the knob and pushes the door open. The door slowly creeps open, revealing parts of the room until it opens enough to show the bed. The door opens further and shows Addy, sitting upright, staring blankly straight ahead. Terry drops his other hand and reaches out with both hands toward his mother.

TERRY WHITEN

Momma are you ok?

(Beat, Silence)

Momma please, talk to me.

Terry stands at the doorway facing his mother's blank stare.

ADDY WHITEN

(Expressionless,

Deafening volume)

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry crouches and slams his hands to his ears, shaking his head side to side.

ADDY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let them die Terry?

TERRY WHITEN

(desperate, beaten tone)

Stop it, please, stop it!

ADDY WHITEN

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry's face starts to shift from fright to annoyance, to anger.

TERRY WHITEN

(Agitated)

Stop it. Stop it now, I mean it!

ADDY WHITEN

(Louder)

Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya...

Terry drops his hands to his side and clenches his fists.

TERRY WHITEN

Enough, Mother!

Terry rushes toward the bed, grabbing a decorative pillow from the changing bench at the foot of the bed. In a quick motion, he slams his mother back down on the bed. His mother had no response to his advance and lied lifelessly for a moment before kicking and waiving her arms frantically.

ADDY WHITEN

(Muffled)

Mfft rrrnn!

Addy's arm swats a glass of water and sends it crashing onto the hardwood floor. Addy kicks a few more times, then her body falls limp. Terry leans back, his chest heaving, leaving the pillow on her face.

TERRY WHITEN

(Triumphantly)

You're gonna stop talking now, huh, mother-fucker!

Terry struggles to catch his breath when he suddenly drops his head and starts sobbing wildly. His body shakes throughout as he slumps before Addy.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Momma no. What'd you make me do?
Momma!

Terry reaches forward to the pillow, his hand trembling uncontrollably. He pulls aside the pillow, revealing the frozen look of terror on her face. Terry turns away and sputters to catch his breath. A blank look crosses his face as he steps off of the bed. He takes one step toward the door when he falls in a heap on to the floor, narrowly misses the shards of glass. Terry lies motionless in a heap, surrounded by water and glass, the image of his mother lying lifelessly with the look of terror frozen on her face, remains in the background.

FADE OUT

EXT. FRONTYARD -- LATER

Sheriff Omens stands in the driveway and stops the gurney as it passes by.

BEN OMENS

(To the orderly)

Hang on. I need to see her myself.

Ben looks over at Terry, covered in a blanket, huddled on the porch. He takes a deep breath and pulls back the sheet. He leans over and winces at the sight of her frightened face. Ben puts his hand to face and kisses two of his fingers, then presses them to Addy's forehead.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Rest in peace, sweet Addy. Rest in peace.

Deputy Bagley approaches from the house to the sheriff.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Ben. Uh, how do you want to treat this one?

BEN OMENS

(Bristles)

What the hell do you mean, how do I want to treat this one?

He steps in front of Bagley chest to chest.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

This is a natural causes case. What else would it be. You heard the boy's statement. He heard her chocking and rushed into the room. But it was too late!

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Look, Ben, I'm just trying to do my job and not get too emotional about it.

BEN OMENS

How can you not get emotional, Jim? This family means a lot to you too.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

All I'm saying is there was a broken glass, signs of struggle, and you saw that look on her face. She was clearly distressed!

Ben grabs Jim's collar violently.

BEN OMENS

You listen to me, Jim. What do you think your face would look like if you were struggling for air. I imagine it would be a little distressed too. I even imagine you might thrash around a bit while fighting for air.

Ben released his grip from Jim's collar.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

This is a non-issue.

Turns to look over his shoulder at Terry.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

That kid over there just lost the most important person in his life. He is like a son to me and Addy was the first to greet us in this town when we came here. I don't want you or anyone else poking around at this kid. He has been through enough. Do I make myself clear?

Bagley steps back and straightens his uniform.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

(Angrily)

Crystal Sir!

He turns to walk away but slumps and turns back.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY (CONT'D)

Look Ben, I'm sorry. Of course I'm hurting too. Tom and Terry are good friends and Addy always treated me like a son as well.

Ben places his hand on Jim shoulder.

BEN OMENS

It's alright Jimmy. This is a tough night for all of us. Now, excuse me while I try to console our boy over there.

Ben steps away and up the walk toward Terry. Bagley watches the paramedics as they lift Addy's body into the ambulance.

DEPUTY JAMES BAGLEY

Careful, boys.

(Whispers)

Careful.

BEN OMENS

I'm so sorry for your loss, son.
Your mother was one hell of a lady.

Ben, sitting alongside of Terry puts his hand on Terry's shoulder.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Heck, I'll never forget that time I took you and your brother fishing. It was my birthday and your mom had a full spread, ready when we got back. A home-made cake and even a little gift for me.

(Chuckles)

Hell, I still have that lamp in my office.

Terry remained sitting stoically. Ben moved his hand from his shoulder to the back of his neck and gave him a squeeze. He pulled him to him and hug him, rocking back and forth. Terry remained expressionless.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss her too Terry.

FADE OUT

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

A small handful of people are gathered around a casket and an open grave. Terry is standing between his brother and sister-in-law, Linda Whiten, a petite and attractive woman in her early fourties.

PASTOR DAVIS

Let us all take comfort in the knowledge that Addy Whiten will be returning home to the kingdom of heaven.

Pastor Davis pauses and scans the small crowd of people. It is a gray and ominous afternoon. Terry looks down at the coffin with his hands firmly planted in his pockets.

PASTOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

(Booming voice)

God, welcomes all of his children into his kingdom. Adaline Catherine Whiten will certainly have a special place, under the watchful eye of our lord and saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen. There in his kingdom, Adaline will bask in the glory of Jesus Christ and the almighty father. It is only us, mere mortals here on earth, that are left to ponder.. Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry is jolted from his trance-like gaze to looking at the pastor, who continues without looking in Terry's direction.

PASTOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

And why has God chosen to take Addy
from us?

Terry is visibly shaken as he frantically scans the small crowd to see if any one heard what he had. Sheriff Omens sees Terry looking completely unraveled and fidgety as he abruptly walks away from the service.

Terry walked about 30 yards away when he falls to his knees and again into a fit of sobs. A moment later a hand reaches down in front of him and pulls him to his feet. His big brother pulls him into his arms and squeezes him tightly.

TOM WHITEN

I'm here for you bro. We're all gonna
miss her.

Watching from a distance, Sheriff Omens shakes his head and leans to deputy Bagley.

BEN OMENS

(Whispers)

Poor kid, probably blames himself
for her death, poor kid.

Tom, still holding on tightly to his bother, leans back and looks Terry in the eye.

TOM WHITEN

Move to Jersey by me. There's nothing
left for you here. Linda and I can
help find you a job, apartment or
whatever you need. A change of
scenery will do you some good.

END OF ACT

ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TERRY'S TRUCK TWO MONTHS LATER -- MORNING

Terry is driving expressionlessly down the interstate. The pavement zips under his tires.

TOM WHITEN (V.O.)

This really is the best thing for Terry. I'm not so sure he would've been able to keep it together if he stayed back in Pennsylvania. He was just so damned despondent since our mom died.

Terry begins to slow as he approaches a tollbooth. He pitches his change into the bucket and returns the nod of the attendant.

TOM WHITEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hell, maybe this will be a whole new beginning for him. Maybe this will be the start of a whole new life for him.

The sun suddenly peeks out from the clouds as Terry breaks away from the shadow of the tollbooth and toward a sign reading: Welcome to the Garden State.

FADE OUT

EXT. PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

Terry reaches into his trunk and grabs the last box balances it on his knee as he uses one hand to steady it and the other to shut the trunk. As the trunk slams shut, Terry looks up at his new apartment complex and scans the area to his left and right. With a shrug, he heads to the door. As he makes his descent down the hallway, he sees a woman in a waitress' uniform backing out of her apartment. Her keys rattle in the door as she locks it behind her. Terry eyes her up as she clumsily drops her keys as she pulls them out of the lock. She picks up the keys and frantically paces down the hall toward Terry. Terry smiles and tries to make eye contact with her. The woman barely notices him, as she is obviously late for something. In an uncharacteristic move by Terry, he quickly opens his own apartment a few doors down from the woman and quickly slides the box inside. He sprints down the hall and down the stairway, grabbing the rail to keep his balance as he circles around the corners. Going full speed Terry is stunned to see the woman stopped at the mailboxes at the bottom of the stairs. He slips to a hard seated position on the stairs as he tries to stop himself. The woman becomes obviously upset by what she sees in her mailbox, keeping her from noticing the commotion of Terry's fall behind her. Slamming the box closed and removing her key, she walks out the door into the glowing sunlight of the warm, summer afternoon.

Terry allows some distance to build between them before he follows behind. He is surprised as she walks past the parking lot and disappears behind a tall row of shrubs as she turns onto the sidewalk. Terry sprints like a little kid playing a spy game to the bushes and peaks around the corner to see her walking briskly about forty yards down the street. He boldly steps onto the sidewalk back in pursuit of this intriguing figure before him. His eyes drift from her legs to her ass and back down again. Terry jumps as a car honks its horn in front of a house besides him. He looks back to the woman to see her start to whirl around to see the commotion. Frantically, Terry dives into the row of bushes avoiding being spotted. She looks back in time to see a pair of shoes disappearing into a shaking section of bushes. She shrugs and proceeds ahead. Terry winces as he picks himself off the ground and pulls a few pickers from his hands and body. He looks sheepishly from behind the bushes to see the woman rounding the corner. He rushes forth to the corner and turns to see she is no longer in sight. A solemn look crosses his face. Terry then notices the woman through a window across the street removing her sweater and hanging it up. He walks a little further down the block, peering through the window as he blindingly steps on to the street. A smile crosses his face as he notices his position amongst moving traffic. He quickly crosses the street, sheepishly waving to the cars that stopped, waiting for him. He stops in front of the building, looking up at the sign.

TERRY WHITEN

Sunrise Café.

He stares momentarily at the sign, oblivious to the couple that had to split their grasp of the other's hand to avoid him. With a determined nod of the head, Terry walks through the door. A sign reads: Please be seated, greets him. Terry nods in acknowledgement to the sign. He takes a moment to "stake out" the place and then heads to the booth overlooking the action behind the counter. Terry nervously taps his toes rapidly on the floor and fidgets with the salt and pepper shakers. His nerves are jumping as he rearranges his table. Trading places with the napkins, ketchup bottle, salt shaker etc.

CHLOE

Hello dear, how are you today?

The woman stands wearing a name tag reading Chloe. Startled from his focused compulsive rearranging.

TERRY WHITEN

(Blurts)

Thank you, you too!

CHLOE

(Smiles)

I guess coffee is out of the question for you!

Embarrassed, Terry covers his face briefly to collect himself.

TERRY WHITEN
I'm sorry, I'm good. And you?

CHLOE
So far so good, but I just got here.

TERRY WHITEN
You're apartment is mine by two doors
from me.

Terry's face turns flush with embarrassment. Chloe suppresses a giggle and tilts her head in a warm and understanding manner.

CHLOE
Are you always this nervous? Just
slow down, Hun."

Terry sits back and takes a deep breath.

TERRY WHITEN
I meant... I live a few doors down
from you in the apartment down the
street.

A look of relief crosses his face as he triumphantly completed a sentence.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
It's only around the pretty girls is
all.

A puzzled look crosses Chloe's face.

CHLOE
I'm sorry, come again?

TERRY WHITEN
That's when I'm nervous, when I'm
around pretty girls.

Terry looks down sheepishly and scratches at his place-mat. A warm smile crosses Chloe's face.

CHLOE
That's sweet.

SHORT ORDER COOK
(Booming voice)
Order Up, Chloe!

CHLOE
(Rolls eyes)
Uh, I better get that, I'll be back
shortly to take your order.

Chloe turns to walk away as Terry manages to look up.

TERRY WHITEN

OK.

He turns his head in disgust.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Mumbling to self)

Goddamn idiot. Stupid jerk.

Chloe approaches the pick up counter and stands next to Lana, a fifty-three year-old, fellow Café waitress.

LANA

Another admirer, huh? He's kinda cute.

The two women look over to Terry who's having a silent conversation with his reflection in the napkin holder.

CHLOE

Yeah, in a kinda pathetic, wounded, puppy dog kind of way!

Chloe laughs as she walks away with two heaping plates in her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE -- LATER

There are small remnants of a sandwich on the plate in front of Terry as he leans back in his booth and pats his belly. He looks up and smiles as Chloe walks to his table.

CHLOE

Anything else I can get ya?

TERRY WHITEN

No ma'am, I Think I've had plenty.

Terry again pats his belly.

CHLOE

You can call me Chloe. You can take care of this by the register.

She motions toward the front counter.

TERRY WHITEN

I'm Terry.

He thumps his chest with his thumb.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

You can call me Terry.

CHLOE

Alright Terry, it was nice to meet you.

(Winks)

I'll see you around.

She slides the check onto the table and walks away. Terry smiles blankly as his eyes follow her as she disappears back into the kitchen. Terry picks up the check and reaches to his breast pocket for his calculator. He realizes he doesn't have his calculating aide, he shrugs his shoulders, takes his coin purse off the table and pulls out his wallet. Amid a stack of bills, he pulls out a crisp \$5 bill and slides it partially under the place-mat. He stands up, arches his shoulders back and heads to the counter and hands the check to the woman on the other side.

CASHIER

(Raspy Croak)

How was everything?

TERRY WHITEN

Excellent! The service was perfect!

CASHIER

That'll be Six-Twenty please.

The woman holds out her hand. Terry places two bills and two coins from his coin purse into her wrinkled hands. She studies the money in her hand briefly.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Thank you, have a great day, sir.

TERRY WHITEN

Oh I will, thank you!

Terry walks out with a noticeable hop in his step.

FADE OUT

INT. TOWNSCAPE APARTMENTS TWO DAYS LATER

Terry walks passed Chloe's apartment door as he heads off to work in his security guard uniform. He pauses briefly in front of the door, raises his hand to knock, then walks away deflated.

BACK TO SCENE NEXT MORNING

Terry returns in the morning from work and walks passed Chloe's door, again pausing before passing it by.

BACK TO SCENE 1 DAY LATER

Terry looks more despondent as he passes by her door with a bag of groceries in his hand. There is still no sign of Chloe.

ACROSS THE STREET FROM SUNRISE CAFE' -LATER THAT DAY

Terry paces the sidewalk across the street from the cafe'. He strains his neck each time a woman walks by through the glass with a waitress uniform.

SUNRISE CAFE-EXT-MOMENTS LATER

Terry is again pacing passed the cafe' trying to look natural. He boldly presses his face against the glass and scans the restaurant. He sees only two familiar faces, that of the cashier and the cook. Terry rushes to the door and flings himself through the doorway, walking directly to the cashier's counter.

CASHIER

(Raspy Croak)

Can I help you?

TERRY WHITEN

(frantic)

Chloe. Where's Chloe?

CASHIER

She's been out for a few days.

TERRY WHITEN

(Grave Concern)

Is she sick?

CASHIER

No, no. Nothing like that. She had some family issues she needed to take care of.

TERRY WHITEN

Do you know when she'll be back?

CASHIER

She went back home for a couple days. I think that old man of hers is giving her more problems.

TERRY WHITEN

(Deflated)

Oh, ok then.

Terry drops his head dejectedly and turns to the door.

CASHIER

You want to leave a message?

TERRY WHITEN

No. No message.

Terry answered without turning back to the woman. He steps out of the cafe' and back on to the street. He lethargically steps onto the street. Brrppff!

A horn blows from an oncoming car that had to come to an abrupt stop to avoid hitting him. The car goes slowly by and the driver stares at Terry angrily. Just as the driver is about to pass him by he looks Terry in the eyes and rolls down his window.

DRIVER
(Barely audible)
Watch where your going, jerk.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)
(Overlapping The Words
of the Driver)
Why'd ya let them die Terry?

The driver's lips didn't match the words, but Terry didn't notice. Terry became enraged, flipped off the driver and ran away, dogging cars as he crossed.

FADE OUT

EXT. TOWNSCAPE APTS. -- EVENING

Terry is sitting on a bench in the courtyard when he sees a car pull into the parking lot. He stretches his neck to see Chloe emerge from the passenger side. She frantically opens the back door and reaches in a picks up a little girl. The girl slumps over Chloe's shoulder appearing lifeless as she sleeps. The car window squeaks down.

CASHIER
(Raspy Croak)
I still think you shouldn't stay here. He'll come looking for her.

CHLOE
I'm not going to hide from him any more. I will not let him take her away from me ever again.

Chloe reaches into the car with her free hand and pats the woman on the shoulder.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Thanks for helping get my baby back, momma.

She briskly walks to the apartment and disappears into the front doors. Terry gets up and walks to the apartment as well. He stops and puts his ear close to Chloe's door, but hears nothing. He walks away and disappears behind his door.

FADE OUT

EXT. PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

Terry stands before his bathroom mirror as he finishes the last button on his work shirt.

The silence is broken by a scream from outside. Terry stares a moment and then bolts out his door, through the hallways and out into the complex parking lot. He turns the corner to see Chloe scuffling with a bearded man towering over her.

ANNIE

(Screams)

NO!

The man reaches to grab the little girl, but Chloe forces herself between them. The man pulls his arm back and is ready to strike Chloe when a hand intercepts it and twists it violently behind the his back.

TERRY WHITEN

(Cracking voice)

Don't even try nothing at all.

Terry's pushes the man against the side of a car. His left hand clenching the back of the man's shirt while his right hand clings tightly to arm that he still has twisted behind the man's back.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Commanding)

Don't move or I'll break it off.

BYSTANDER

Cops are on their way.

Terry seems to breath a sigh of relief. A small crowd of bystanders begin to assemble. Terry looks down to see Chloe on her knees sobbing and hugging the little girl.

DALTON FISK

Let go of my fucking arm you little prick!

Terry's grip tightened on his arm as he lifts it higher up his back.

DALTON FISK (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Fisk said nothing more as he looked around and noticed the growing numbers of bystanders that have assembled around them. With sirens blaring, a squad car races around the corner and into the lot. The sirens cut out as the squad approaches and slows down as the crowd splits to allow the car to pass. A second squad approaches much the same as the first one. A male officer exits the car and quickly approaches the two men.

OFFICER ONE

Do not move!

The officer grabs the suspect's free hand and places a cuff around his wrist.

Terry backs away, allowing the officer to replace his grasp and to place the other end of the cuffs onto the other hand. Terry slowly backs away with a look of shock on his face. Terry's gaze is broken by the grasp of Chloe and the little girl as they hug tightly. The three are a shaking mass from a combination of sobs and Terry's frayed nerves. The little girl hangs on tightly around Terry's thigh, her head reaching just above his hip.

ANNIE

Thank you, mister, thank you.

Terry looks down to the girl and smiles as Fisk is being led into a squad car behind Terry.

OFFICER TWO

Ma'am we'll need to take a statement from you.

Chloe steps out of her embrace of Terry, grabbing his hand.

CHLOE

Thank you.

Terry smiles as Chloe is led away by the officer. Terry looks around pondering what his next move is. He takes a deep breath as an officer approaches.

BACK TO SCENE-MOMENTS LATER

CHLOE (CONT'D)

We had a shared custody agreement that he wouldn't honor. He refused to give her to me when it was my turn. He wanted to spite me more than he wanted her.

Chloe looked over to Annie who was a short ways away playing Patty Cake with a female officer. She fights back the tear that is forming in her eyes.

OFFICER TWO

So how did you get your Annie back Mrs. Fisk?

CHLOE

I just went and took her out of school.

(defensive)

I was well within my rights you know. It is my turn to have her.

OFFICER TWO

Alright ma'am. I believe you. That is not for me to judge. I just need to get your statement. Ok.

CHLOE

Ok. I'm sorry.

Chloe relaxes slightly and scans the lot. Her eyes meet an animated Terry, explaining his version of events. He is waiving his hands as he wildly gestures. She lowers her head and laughs, tears of joy flowing now. She shuffles her foot on the pavement and she looks back up at Terry.

FADE OUT

INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING

Ring!, Ring!, Thump, Thump, Thump. Terry stumbles to the door. His hair is mussed and he looks very disheveled. Terry is surprised to see Chloe through his peephole. He frantically pats down his matted hair. Ring!, Ring! Terry swings open the door to see Chloe nearly lose her balance as she was about to knock again. Annie stands at her side smiling broadly up at Terry.

CHLOE

How much time you need to get ready?

Annie circles anxiously around her mother.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(Rapid-Fire rant)

Oh, and this little bundle of energy is Annie, my daughter. I didn't get the chance to introduce you two the other night, with you having to go to work and all. I'm still surprised you went; I would have called in for sure.

TERRY WHITEN

(Beaming)

Slow down Chloe. Are you always this nervous?

CHLOE

(Chuckles)

Yeah, I guess I was talking pretty fast.

Terry stops the little girls in her tracks, latching on to her tiny shoulders. He kneels down to her.

TERRY WHITEN

So your Annie, huh?

ANNIE

Uh huh

TERRY WHITEN

Nice to meet you. You're a very pretty little girl.

Annie darts behind her mom and hides from Terry's view.

CHLOE

So how long?

Chloe folds her arms and looks down to an imaginary watch.

TERRY WHITEN

(Puzzled)

For what?

CHLOE

For you to get ready for me and Annie
to take you out!

TERRY WHITEN

(Still puzzled)

Take me out. What do you mean?

CHLOE

How many meanings do you know for
taking someone out?

(Smirks)

To leave you present surroundings,
to go out-side, to treat to something
away from the home.

TERRY WHITEN

Ok, I got it.

CHLOE

The three of us, a picnic and a day
at the park. We want to thank you
for what you did the other night.
Nobody's ever stood up for me like
that before.

She gently caresses his face and gazes deeply in his eyes.

ANNIE

(Excitedly)

I made the samidges!

Chloe breaks her gaze and looks at Annie. Terry claps his
hands together.

TERRY WHITEN

Well, how can I refuse? The samidges
were made by such a wonderful little
girl, after all.

CHLOE

Hope you like PB&J! That's the only
recipe this little girl knows yet.

Chloe pats Annie on the head. Terry pats his belly.

TERRY WHITEN

Mmm. My favorite! Let me change quick, OK?

CHLOE

Sure, we'll go get everything and meet you down in the courtyard.

Chloe disappears out the door as Annie is tugging her down the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK -- DAY

Terry's peacefully gnawing on his sandwich as he and Chloe watch Annie running from the swing set to the merry-go-round, to the slide and back again. They are sitting fairly close to one another, not speaking, but seemingly content with each other's company. Chloe looks over at Terry and studies his face as he chews away at his lunch. She smiles and slides her hand across the blanket and places it on top of his hand. Terry stops chewing and briefly begins to choke on his sandwich. Chloe doesn't notice Terry's slight struggle as she looks over to Annie. Terry regains his breath and finishes chewing.

ANNIE

Momma, come catch me!

Annie is perched at the top of the slide. Chloe removes her hand from Terry's and walks to the slide to catch her daughter. Terry watched as mom and daughter play for a few minutes. Then his mind and eyes began to wander. He followed the path of a bird as he was hopping away on the ground. His eyes were again averted as a pair of women's legs came across his line of sight. A short distance away, an attractive but slightly older woman is seated on a park bench. Her eyes are affixed to Terry. The look on his face slowly changes from calm to panic as the woman's stare pierces through him. He looks away but his eyes are immediately drawn back to her. His gaze is frozen to her as she opens her mouth.

BENCH LADY (V.O.)

Why'd ya let them...

Terry's shoulder hits the ground hard as Annie tackles him from the side. He quickly picks himself up to look at the woman again. The woman is still seated on the bench, but is oblivious to Terry and is just enjoying a beautiful, peaceful day at the park.

Annie's arm flings around Terry's neck and pulls him again towards the ground.

TERRY WHITEN

I'll get you, you little monster!

Terry grabs her and brings her gently to the ground. She giggles wildly as he tickles her. Chloe smiles as she hangs slumped on a swing a little ways away. Annie wiggles out of Terry's grasp and stands face to face with him. (Kneeling) She puts her palms on either side of his face and looks deep in his eyes.

ANNIE

Are you gonna be my new daddy?

A stunned look crosses Terry's face and he scans the park, seeking the right answer.

TERRY WHITEN

I, I don't know about that, but I would sure like to be your good friend.

ANNIE

You look funny up close cuz your eyes cross, but I like you anyway.

Annie strains to get her little arms around Terry in a hug. Ominous cloud cover rolls in, darkening the sky. Chloe runs across the park to pack up their supplies before the rain comes in. Chloe and Terry walk briskly as they try to keep pace with Annie who is skipping ahead of them. The two of them walk closely together. Terry carries the basket and blanket on one side. Chloe inches closer and puts her arm around Terry's waist. She gives squeezes his waist hinting for him to put his around her. Terry drapes his arm over her shoulder and they walk off into the distance.

FADE OUT

INT. KITCHEN FOUR MONTHS LATER -- AFTERNOON

REALTOR

As you can see, the kitchen has plenty of cupboard space and all the extra like dishwasher, garbage disposal and some top-of-the-line appliances.

The woman in the Khaki business suit runs her hands over the countertop. There is an awkward pause. Terry and Chloe silently look around.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

Why don't I take this little angel here out back to see the swing set and let you two look around and talk amongst yourselves?

The woman reaches out and grabs Annie's hand and the two walk out the back door to the backyard. Terry and Chloe watch through the big bay window above the sink as Annie lets go of the realtor's hand and runs to the swing set.

TERRY WHITEN

Do you like it?

Terry grabs Chloe's hand and holds it in front of him.

CHLOE

It's great, but you're the one
looking, you have to like it.

Chloe swings his hand in front of her.

TERRY WHITEN

(Smirks)

I want to buy it as a present.

CHLOE

(Puzzled)

A present, what do you mean a present?

TERRY WHITEN

A wedding present. A wedding present
to you. I want the three of us to
live here. I want you to marry me.

Still holding her hand, Terry drops to one knee. Chloe begins
to Shake and tears begin to well in her eyes.

CHLOE

Yes. Yes.

Chloe falls to her knees and hugs Terry tightly. The two
embrace for a moment when Terry springs to his feet, and
flings the backdoor open.

TERRY WHITEN

We'll take it!

The outburst interrupts the realtor's phone conversation.

REALTOR

I gotta go, I'll call you later.

The woman closes her cell phone.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

We can submit your offer first thing
in the morning. They are asking 84-
9, but would probably settle between
82-83!

Terry shakes his head.

TERRY WHITEN

No, I said we'd take it! Do I just
give you a check?

Terry pulls out his checkbook from his back pocket.

REALTOR
 (Flustered)
 Uh, well. You want to pay cash for
 this house?"

Chloe and the saleswoman both look at Terry with a stunned
 gaze.

TERRY WHITEN
 You can call my bank to verify I got
 the money in there.

REALTOR
 Well I guess we should get some
 paperwork started then.
 (Smiles)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Terry grabs Chloe from behind as she holds up a color swatch
 to the wall. With his hands around her waist he pulls her
 against her.

TERRY WHITEN
 You wanna come and try to make the
 occupant for this nursery with me?

CHLOE
 (Slyly)
 Mmmm, maybe.

Chloe whirls around, grabs his crotch and plants a wet kiss
 on him.

TERRY WHITEN
 (Giddy)
 I can't believe your gonna give me a
 baby!

They both turn simultaneously to see Annie in the doorway.
 Chloe's hand is still securely groping his crotch.

CHLOE
 Ok turn your head and cough!

They both burst into laughter, Annie looks on confused.

ANNIE
 (Frustrated)
 What so funny! Are you laughing at
 me?

CHLOE
 No baby, you just caught us in a
 joke.

TERRY WHITEN

Come here sweetie

Terry motions to Annie. Annie runs into both of their arms. The three hug amid intermittent surges of giggles from Terry and Chloe.

FADE OUT

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- MORNING

TERRY WHITEN

Don't forget we hit the road right
at 3-30.

Terry brushes snow off the roof of the car and leans in the car to kiss Chloe goodbye.

ANNIE

Bye, Bye!

Annie squirms from the back seat.

Terry opens the back door and leans in, smothering Annie with kisses to her face and forehead.

TERRY WHITEN

Bye angel, have fun at school. Make
sure mommy get you home on time so
we can go have fun at Disney!

ANNIE

(Giddy Shriek)
Yeah!

Terry leans up to Chloe.

TERRY WHITEN

Just drive careful today. We might
get some more snow.

He kisses her neck from behind. Chloe nods in agreement.

CHLOE

You worry too much. Besides, I'll
only be driving half of the time off-
road.

TERRY WHITEN

Very funny. Just be careful. I'll
have everything packed and ready to
go when you get home. Love you!

CHLOE

Love you, baby.

ANNIE

Love you, daddy!

Terry smiles and closes the door and waives as the car backs out the driveway. He watches the car until it drives out of his sight and heads back into the house.

BATHROOM- HOURS LATER

Terry steps out of the bathroom in a towel around his waist and another patting his hair. He steps over a small pile of suitcases as he head into the bedroom. He looks over to the clock on the dresser. It reads: 3:16PM. Terry begins to whistle as he grabs clothes out of his drawer and tosses them on the bed. He peeks out the window and sees a light snow begin to fall.

LIVING ROOM- 3:40PM

Terry busies himself by tidying up when he looks at the clock.

TERRY WHITEN

Great, we're officially behind schedule. Dammit Chloe, Disney waits for no one.

Terry pumps his fist in the air. He walks toward the kitchen and begins to whistle again. He stops short of the kitchen as his eye catches a picture on the wall. A concerned look crosses his face and his whistling stops. He slowly and deliberately walks to the photo of himself, Chloe and Annie. He looks gravely at it, studying it intently. In a rapid movement he lunges to the picture, cocking it a fraction of an inch to the right.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

That's much better.

Terry smiles and nods his head up and down, his whistling continues as he head into the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM- 4:33PM

Terry is barely making a noise as his whistling is labored and cracking. He slings open the curtains as a horn honks from outside. He is deflated when he sees it is a neighbor leaving his driveway. Terry grabs the phone and frantically dials.

RECORDED MESSAGE (V.O.)

We're sorry, the number you have dialed is currently out...

Terry slams down the phone.

TERRY WHITEN

Great. Can YOU hear me now asshole?

Terry stares at the phone in an intimidating pose. He walks toward the curtains again. Ring!, Ring!

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Grins)

Huh. That's probably Walt Fuckin'
Disney himself calling to tell us
we're too late to come now.

Terry grabs the phone.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you baby?

His face turns to anger.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

No! I don't want to buy any of your
fucking blinds!

Terry slams down the phone, his chest heaving as his breathing intensifies. He picks up the phone and dials frantically.

RECORDED MESSAGE

We're sorry..

Terry again slams down the phone.

LIVING ROOM- 4:59PM

It has now become dark outside and Terry sits in the darkness, staring at the clock.

TERRY WHITEN

Come on Chloe, bring my baby home.

He picks up the phone and dials.

RECORDED MESSAGE (V.O.)

We're...

Click. Terry stands up and heads to the window and kneels on the couch to look out. He looks skyward as the snow is coming down heavily. He buries his head into the cushion of the back rest and starts to sob.

LIVING ROOM- 7:31PM

Terry is frantically pacing the floor. The room is still dark. The room is only dimly lit by the glow of the snow and the streetlights. Terry dials the phone and braces for the response.

RECORDED MESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're sorry, the number you have
dialed is currently out outside of
the coverage area or is unavailable.
Please try again later.

Terry sits frozen with the phone to his ear. His teeth clench as he stands and yanks the phone cord out of the wall.

TERRY WHITEN

Fuck!

Terry falls to the floor and curls up in a fetal position.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Please God. Bring em home. Please.

LIVING ROOM- 8:07PM

Terry paces the floor, still holding the phone and the cord that he ripped off the wall. He walks to the radio and turns it on. He bristles as it blares out REO Speedwagon's Riding the Storm Out. He scans through several stations hitting a mix of talk and music, until he happens stops on one with an alert.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Avoid the southbound lane of the I-70 turnpike. This is the scene of a massive pileup earlier this afternoon. It is believed that there is massive injuries, however, there have been no confirmed reports of fatalities. Eyewitnesses have reported a pretty devastating and chaotic scene.

Terry pulls his trembling hand away from the radio, his eyes turning up into his head as his face turns white.

FADE OUT

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- EVENING

Terry is helped up the aisle toward the two caskets. His brother and sister-in-law on either side, clenching his arms. His knees buckle as they near the caskets. There is a heavy strain on Terry's face but no tears. The caskets are closed, resting side by side with an enlarged photo of the mother and her daughter framed between them. Terry pauses before bringing himself to the center of the two caskets. He places his hand on the casket of Annie. Tom and Linda step away and seat them selves near the front. Terry gazes at Chloe's picture, tears begin to stream down his face.

TERRY WHITEN

(Softly to picture)

Why'd you have to leave me?

Terry stumbles slightly to Chloe's casket and braces himself against it. His body trembling violently.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

(Shouts)

Why didn't you come home to me,
Goddamnit?

Terry slaps his hand firmly on the casket. Tom immediately jumps to his feet and reaches for Terry, grabbing him in a bear-hug from behind. The assembled crowd looks on with a stunned gaze.

TOM WHITEN

Terry, it's ok. I'm here for you brother.

TERRY WHITEN

(Screams)

Why did you fucking leave me?

Tom whirls Terry around, picking his feet off the ground as Terry kicks toward the casket, narrowly missing it.

LINDA WHITEN

Tommy, be careful.

Tom turns Terry and collapses him to the ground and pins him down. He leans on him with his mouth near his ear.

TOM WHITEN

Come on Terry, relax for me. Its ok. Its gonna be ok.

Terry is now just a limp curled up mass on the floor. His body trembling as he sobs.

TERRY WHITEN

(Wailing)

Noooo, please God no!

Linda kneels beside Terry and strokes his hair with her hand.

LINDA WHITEN

Terry, we're all here for you. We'll take care of you.

Tom rocks his brother as Terry's sobs grow silent.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Terry is walking down the hall in a slouched posture. He is unkempt and listless. He reaches the bedroom, stops and closes his eyes. The sounds of laughter fills the room. It is the laughter of Annie and Chloe. Scrrrrrrreeeeeach! Crash! The sound of screeching tires and collision breaks the silence. Terry's eyes shoot open and he begins to breath frantically. He holds himself up against the door frame and takes a deep breath.

TERRY WHITEN

(To himself)

You're going to have to do this
sometime.

He pushes himself through the doorway and into the room. He walks to the dresser and opens a drawer. He grabs a T-shirt of Chloe's and holds it against his face. He inhales deeply as he smells the shirt. He stares off blankly a moment then pulls a garbage out from his back pocket. He lies the bag on the bed and neatly folds the shirt next to it. He grabs a handful of shirts and piles them atop the original shirt. Terry picks up the stack and gently kisses them. He then gently places them in the bag.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Good bye, Baby. I will miss you.

BACK TO SCENE--MOMENTS LATER

Ringggg! Ringggg! Terry is seated on the bed and seems oblivious to the sound of the doorbell. He is looking reflectively at nothing in particular. Ringggg! Ringggg! Terry snaps-to and stands up and grabs the two plastic bags at his feet and makes his way down the hall and toward the front door. Terry is hesitant as he opens the door, he braces as the sunlight peers through the doorway.

LINDA WHITEN

Hey Terry. How ya doin' Hun?

Linda Whiten walks through the doorway and gives Terry a hug. Terry still has the two bags in his hands, leans forward a bit.

TERRY WHITEN

I guess I'm ok. Thanks for coming to
get this stuff. I guess you can
keep whatever her mom doesn't want.

LINDA WHITEN

Ok, I'll look through it. Is there
anything you'd like me to say to
her?

TERRY WHITEN

Uh, just say hello. I just can't see her right now, you know?

LINDA WHITEN

I understand. Just hello.

Linda grabs the bags and heads out the door.

TERRY WHITEN

Thanks Linda. I really appreciate it.

Linda turns at the top of the step and winks.

LINDA WHITEN

You're welcome. Just let us know if you need anything Terry.

Terry nods and waves as he closes the door. His face turned down as he disappears behind it.

INT CAR- EVENING

Terry pulls out of the gate of Mooreland Hydraulics after finishing his shift. He is wearing his security uniform, jacket and cap. Terry drives in silence as he pulls on the interstate. He drives for a few moments and clicks on the radio.

KENDRA RAINES

So you feel that your research indicates a clear connection between one's conscience and criminal behavior, is that what you are saying, Doctor?

DR. GERALD COHEN

That's correct, Kendra. To understand the correlation, one must look no further than the definition. Conscience is, the ability to recognize right and wrong regarding one's own behavior. Sane human beings innately know the difference between right and wrong. The criminal elements in society allow their own desires to override that knowledge and choose to ignore doing the right thing.

KENDRA RAINES

Ok. So that is a conscious decision on the criminal's part isn't it?

DR. GERALD COHEN

On the surface that is true.

(MORE)

DR. GERALD COHEN (CONT'D)

But as I explain in my book: Hostile Conscience; a journey into dangerous criminal minds, one's perverted conscience can drive an individual into extreme actions. For example, I theorize that Jeffrey Dahmer had an extremely guilty conscience about his homosexual urges. These urges were totally contrary to his strict religious up-bringing. Thus his internal conflict created an inner antagonist; a hostile conscience, if you will.

Terry's eyes catch its reflection in the mirror. He stares at himself for a moment and then his eyes turn back to the road. He runs his hand through his hair.

KENDRA RAINES

Are you saying his conscience told him to murder and cannibalize innocent people?

DR. GERALD COHEN

Well, no one can say whether his conscience spoke to him. Many people with homicidal tendencies do report hearing voices. One certainty is this. When a person has an overriding, overwhelming feeling enveloping their conscience, they will at minimum have a distorted image of themselves, their surroundings and of reality in general. You think of when you were a child and the great lengths you would go to, to hide a lie from your parents. No that wasn't me that broke that window. Do you remember how you felt? That feeling of guilt.

KENDRA RAINES

(Chuckles)

I was on eggshells. All day long I couldn't relax. And when I finally confessed, I felt such relief. Such a huge burden was lifted.

DR. GERALD COHEN

That is precisely how our conscience is supposed to work. It nudged you to do the right thing. But you experienced the guilt, the betrayal you foisted on the people you love. Imagine if that feeling was allowed to fester.

(MORE)

DR. GERALD COHEN (CONT'D)

Or if the infraction was of greater consequence, something that impacted those around you everyday.

KENDRA RAINES

That could be devastating. Knowing that my actions negatively impacted my family.

DR. GERALD COHEN

Then the conscience sours. It takes on a negative force and becomes dominant in one's thoughts. Left unchecked, the souring process can snowball out of control, creating more irrational thoughts and leading to more irrational actions.

KENDRA RAINES

Very interesting stuff Dr. Cohen. Please stay with me as I take a brief commercial...

Terry switches off the radio and slows down as he navigates an exit and approaches a toll booth. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out his coin purse and pulls out some change. He rolls down his window as he comes to a stop behind a car ahead of him. The car ahead pulls forward and Terry creeps up to the toll attendant. He hands the man the change and starts to pull forward. Terry makes direct eye contact with the man as he pulls away.

TOLL ATTENDANT

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry comes to a stop a few feet past the both and sticks his head out the window. The toll attendant is tending to the next car, oblivious to Terry.

TERRY WHITEN

What'd you say?

The attendant looks toward Terry with a puzzled look and shrugs his shoulders. Honkkkkk! The car behind him blares his horn. Terry jerks his head back in the car and speeds up the off-ramp.

INT. UPTOWN MARKET-MOMENTS LATER

Terry walks down the aisle pushing a cart with a few items inside. He stops and drops two cans of vegetables in his cart and proceeds around the corner, approaching the meat counter. Behind the counter is a clerk, a man about fifty years old, wearing a large white, blood stained apron. The man is wiping down the counter and removing trays of meat from the display case.

BUTCHER

Good evening, sir.

TERRY WHITEN

Hello.

Both men smile and nod. Terry turns the corner to the next aisle and looks up to the globe mirror on the ceiling. He immediately sees the reflection of the butcher as he begins to speak.

BUTCHER

Why'd ya let them die Terry?

Terry stops in his tracks. The reflection in the mirror shows the dangling a bloody meat hook over his mouth, allowing blood to drip into his mouth. Terry clenches his eyes tightly closed and shakes his head from side to side. His eyes dart open and he turns, leaving his cart as he walks toward the counter. The butcher disappears behinds the swinging doors as Terry reaches the counter. Terry walks to the side and enters around the side. Terry grabs a meat hook off of the counter, it is clean and shiny. He storms through the swinging doors and comes upon the butcher, sweeping the floor with his back to Terry. Terry holds the hook down at his right side, the tip facing forward. The butcher turns to face the commotion.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Hey, you can't...

Terry thrusts the hook up into his abdomen, just under the rib-cage. The man gasps from the impact, struggling to catch his breath. Terry's momentum continues forward as he leads the man backwards to the loading dock. Terry stops at the edge and in a final upward thrusting motion tosses the butcher off the dock and into a dumpster lying below it. With a quick side-step, Terry bolts his way out the back door and into the darkness.

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Terry is sprawled out on the couch, with one arm and one leg hanging over the edge. He is still wearing his uniform pants and a white T-shirt. Thump, Thump, Thump! The pounding wakes Terry from a dead sleep. He springs from the couch, his head swivels around the room.

TERRY WHITEN

Yeah, I'm coming!

He barks at the door. He pulls the door aside and squints into the bright morning sun.

MANDY HAWKINS

Wanna buy some cookies mister?

Still squinting and groggy, Terry answers with a stern

TERRY WHITEN

No, not today.

He turns, pushing the door behind him.

MANDY HAWKINS

It's the least you could do, Asshole!

Terry snaps out of his sleepy gaze and focuses hard at the gruesome figure in front of him. Terry is at a loss for words as little Mandy Hawkins stands arms folded, tapping her foot.

TERRY WHITEN

What do you want? Leave me alone.

MANDY HAWKINS

I wanna sell you some cookies. It's the least you could do, since you let that psycho get me.

TERRY WHITEN

Get out of here!

The outburst catches the attention of a man who is out in front of his house, trimming the hedges. The man turns to look from the other side of the street.

MANDY HAWKINS

Aw, come on mister. You don't think I will go away that easy do you? I will always be here looking for payback.

P.O.V. ACROSS THE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

TERRY WHITEN

Bullshit! I didn't do this to you. Massey did it!

The door opens and a woman peeks her head out.

P.O.V. TERRY'S FRONT PORCH

TERRY WHITEN

Massey did it. You leave me alone, Dammit!

P.O.V. ACROSS THE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Terry is in the background screaming out his front door, with no one else around.

AMANDA JENSEN

What the hell's going on out there, Bill?

The man drops his shears and walks into his house. The woman follows as he rushes down the hall.

BILL JENSEN

The guy down the street, he's freaking out! I'm going to call the cops, or somebody.

He pulls the phone off the receiver. The woman rushes toward him frantically.

AMANDA JENSEN

Don't you dare get us involved in someone else's mess Bill! We don't need that kind of problem right now. We got our own problems to deal with!

Lowering the phone away from his ear, the man replies.

BILL JENSEN

This guy may need some real help. He doesn't seem right. The guy is screaming at no one.

AMANDA JENSEN

Let his family deal with it. It's not our place.

Amanda Jensen grabs the phone out of his hand and replaces it on the receiver. The man looks down in a resigned manner and walks to the front window. He sees the front door of Terry's house slam.

P.O.V. TERRY'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

TERRY WHITEN

(Screams)

Stay the Fuck away from me!

Terry slams his front door. He nervously fumbles with the lock as he tries to latch it. He locks the door and rushes to the window. He peaks out to see the little girl looking up at the house, tapping her foot impatiently. She looks over to see him in the window and shakes her head and points to her watch, tapping the face of it, tauntingly. Frantic, Terry bolts from the window and dashes toward the hall. He barely notices as he smashes his shin against the coffee table on his way out of the living room. He knocks a picture off the wall in the hallway as he races toward the bathroom. The picture slowly descends to the floor, with the glass shattering in slow-motion over the picture of Terry, Chloe and Annie. He reaches the bathroom and starts to rummage through the drawers. He pulls items out of the drawers and cabinets until he finds his straight razor.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

What did you do, you fucking monster?!
Why'd you let them die?

He shouts bringing the razor to his throat. His hand is trembling noticeably.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
 Make it right now. Stop this shit
 now.

He presses the blade against his skin lightly and the sharp blade creates a small cut and a trickle of blood forms. Terry's face contorts, eyes slowly roll back into his head and he passes out and falls to the floor.

BACK TO SCENE-MOMENTS LATER

Terry awakens in a heap on the cold tile floor of the bathroom. A small trickle of blood lies on the floor nearby his head. He flinches up and surveys the scene around him. He checks his watch, it reads: 7:34PM. Terry pulls himself to his feet, grabbing the sink for support. He bends to pick up the blade that had fallen to the floor. He raises it near his throat again but can only bring it to within inches of his flesh this time. He scowls at his reflection, drops the blade into the sink.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
 Coward!

He punches the mirror, shattering the glass. He looks at his reflection in the single remnant of a mirror.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)
 Your time's about up killer.

Terry smiles and starts to undress. He disrobes and steps into the shower.

FADE OUT

INT. TERRY'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

Terry is driving to work wearing his security guard uniform. He is driving in silence through the city streets, looking a bit in a daze.

MANDY HAWKINS (V.O.)
 It's the least you could do asshole.

Terry squeezes the wheel tightly.

JACOB NATHANIEL MASSEY (V.O.)
 Don't be spreading no stupid rumors
 now.

Terry looks at himself in the rear-view mirror and slams his fist into the dash. He accelerates and turns the corner hard, the tires skipping off of the damp pavement.

DR. GERALD COHEN (V.O.)

Then the conscience sours. It takes on a negative force and becomes dominant in one's thoughts. Left unchecked, the souring process can snowball out of control, creating more irrational thoughts and leading to more irrational actions.

His truck approaches the security gate of Mooreland Hydraulics. Terry glances at himself in the rear-view mirror, shakes his head and veers his truck sharply, turning away from the entrance. Terry taps nervously on his steering wheel, occasional pounding his fist into it.

TERRY WHITEN

(Frustrated Bark)

Get it together, man! Get it together.

Terry sees a bright neon beer sign ahead. He nods at the sign and pulls into the bar's lot. As he walks to the front door he pauses and looks up to the sign. He bursts into laughter as he reads and realizes the irony. The bar's name reads: "The Morgue" and below it reads: check out our killer specials. Terry shakes his head, lets out one last chuckle, and makes his way through the door. He is immediately greeted with a heavy waft of smoke and the thunderous sound of AC/DC's "Hell Bells." Terry walks through the bar and finds himself an isolated seat at the end of the bar. He looks around the smoky room. The bar is nowhere near its capacity. There are about 10-11 other patrons, mostly men who appear to have come straight from work.

BARTENDER

What can I get ya?

A large tattooed man with a booming baritone voice asks from behind the bar.

TERRY WHITEN

Uh, Whisky-Coke, I guess.

Terry slaps a twenty on the bar.

BARTENDER

You got it, pal.

Terry surveys the room by looking in the mirror behind the bar. There are three men to his right watching the Nets game on the big screen TV behind the bar. Behind him, over his right shoulder is a table with a man and a woman, both mid-thirties. The man is seated on a stool and the woman is standing, straddling his knee. Terry leans forward and see her panties under her short skirt.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Three-fifty.

TERRY WHITEN

Huh. Oh, yeah. Outta here.

Terry slides the \$20 to the bartender and grabs for his drink, He stirs it and discards the straw and takes a big gulp.

BARTENDER

Thanks, Bud.

The bartender slaps down the change on the bar.

BACK TO SCENE-MOMENTS LATER

Another drink is delivered in front of Terry. Terry looks at the glass and swallows hard before tipping it back, taking another big gulp. He shakes his head and looks up to watch the game.

GABBY (O.S.)

Fuck you, man! You don't know shit about me!

Terry turns to see the woman as she slams her drink on the table, splashing the man she had just been staddling. Terry is leaning and straining to focus. He is slumping over slightly, obviously feeling the effects of several drinks.

DRUNK MAN

(Stuttering, Slurring)

Well, I know you're a ca.. ca.. cock-tease for one.

The man swats at the air in front of him.

GABBY

You might have had a chance dumb ass, if you would've let slip that your married.

The woman snatches her purse off the table and starts toward the front of the bar. She seats herself two stools down from Terry.

DRUNK MAN

Th.. Th... That's right! J... J... Just leave you stupid cunt!

Gabby shakes her head and raises both arms and flips off the man, with her back to him.

GABBY

Gimme a Bourbon-Coke, Len.

BARTENDER

Coming right up, Gabby.

She lights a smoke, looks over at Terry and smiles. Terry immediately turns away and looks down into his drink.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You gonna be alright?

The bartender slides a drink to her.

GABBY

Yeah just another jerk. I deal with 'em all the time.

Gabby gives a sheepish smile and hands a five over to the bartender.

BARTENDER

No, I got this one doll.

The bartender smiles and pushes it back to her and walks toward the other end of the bar. Terry is still looking straight down at his drink. His finger is nervously running up and down over the sides. The woman grabs her purse, drink and cigarette and makes her way down to the stool next to Terry. Terry doesn't look up but notices her out of his peripheral view.

GABBY

Hey, you're the only one in here who ain't hit on me yet tonight.

Terry turns and shrugs his shoulders as he looks her over. She is a fairly attractive woman although quite "weathered" from years of apparent excessive drinking and hard living.

GABBY (CONT'D)

You're kinda cute... and I gotta thing for cops too

She leans to him and puts her hand on his forearm.

TERRY WHITEN

(Voice Cracking)

Security guard. I'm just a security guard.

She leans in to whisper in his ear.

GABBY

It doesn't matter. It's the uniform that makes me hot! As long as you got some cuffs and a night-stick you can use on me.

She runs her tongue over his ear.

GABBY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

So, you wanna fuck me or what, officer?

TERRY WHITEN

Uh, no, I really...

She grabs his hand and places it between her legs and up her skirt.

GABBY

Don't be shy. Gabby's gonna make you feel real good baby. Come on, my house is only a couple blocks away.

She grabs his hand from her crotch, stands and begins to pull him from his stool. She takes one giant gulp from her drink and tugs at him again.

GABBY (CONT'D)

C'mon, you aint queer or nothin' are ya?

Terry rises to his feet, grabs his change off the bar.

TERRY WHITEN

Naw, I'm no queer. I'm just not sure I should go with you.

GABBY

Oh don't worry, I won't bite.

She pulls him by the hand toward the door.

TERRY WHITEN

(Mumbles under breath)

It's not your bite I'm worried about.

He stumbles clumsily behind her and out the door.

FADE OUT

INT. GABBY'S LIVING ROOM

They walk into the house. She tosses her key on the table to left as they pass through the foyer. Trying to balance herself, she tries to hang her purse on the doorknob of the closet. She reaches out with the strap spread between both hands and releases her grip. She laughs devilishly as the purse crashes to the floor, missing the door's knob altogether. She grabs Terry by the collar, pulls him to the couch and pushes him down.

GABBY

You want a drink?

She kneels before him.

TERRY WHITEN

Sure, whatever you got.

She pushes back the glass coffee table with a kick to give her a little more room in front of the couch, totally ignoring his reply. She reaches up and starts to unbuckle his pants. Terry becomes frozen and tenses up as she pulls down his pants and buries her head in his crotch. Terry lets out a moan and seems to relax slightly as her head bobs down on him. Terry leans back and closes his eyes. Gabby reaches up and grabs at his chest.

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

Grrrrllmmnn!

Terry's eyes pop open. His eyes grow wide and his face becomes filled with fright. He sees a photo on the banister of Mandy Hawkin's decomposing image.

TERRY WHITEN

Oh, shit!

Terry squirms and tenses.

GABBY

Mmmm. That's right baby. I told you I'm going make you feel good.

With a wink and a smile, she lowers herself back down on him. Terry's eyes have a crazed look on them and they dart frantically around the room.

TERRY WHITEN

Ho, fuck me!

Terry now see the teen cashier's crumbling image in a framed picture on the other side end table.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

You fuckin' set me up didn't you bitch?

Terry leans back into the couch with a grave look of terror on his face. He clamps his eyes tightly shut.

GABBY

That's right officer. I'm guilty. I've been so bad. Careful with that nightstick officer, you're liable to take out a ladies eye with that.

She chuckles as she looks up at Terry. Terry's eyes slowly open and become filled with terror. He looks across the room and sees the two dead girls standing in the archway leading to the kitchen.

TERRY WHITEN

(Shouting)

I knew... I fucking knew it. This whole fucking thing was a set up!

Terry pushes the confused woman's head away from his crotch and pulls up his pants.

GABBY

OK, relax for me baby. What's going on. Who's setting you up?

She is obviously quite startled and sobered by his outburst.

MANDY HAWKINS

I told you I wasn't going away.

CASSIE

Yeah you prick. Not till you tell us why you let us die! We've been dying to know.

The teenage girl leans against the archway in a sarcastic manner.

TERRY WHITEN

NO! I told you to stay the fuck away from me!

Gabby watches in horror as Terry screams those words to her empty archway.

GABBY

You're really starting to scare me. There's nobody here. I just wanted to make you feel good. That's all.

Gabby kneels between Terry's legs and rubs his thighs, trying to calm him.

TERRY WHITEN

You set me up. You brought me here so they could get me.

Terry looks back up to see the two girls giggling at him.

GABBY

Please, just go. I don't want any trouble.

He reaches up and grabs the back of her hair and turns her around to face the empty corridor.

TERRY WHITEN

Are you going to tell me that you didn't let them in?

GABBY

(Sobs)

There's nobody there... nobody.

TERRY WHITEN

You lying bitch!

Terry yells as he slams her face down through the thick glass of her coffee table. There is a tremendous crash as her face plunges through and the thick shards of glass hit the floor. Blood begins to gush from her nose and from cuts that are forming across her face. He pulls her slumping head back and looks into her eyes. She gasps and sputters over the blood that is trickling into her mouth.

GABBY

Please, don't hurt me. Please.

Terry turns and lowers her head and aligns it with a jagged splinter of glass, directly under her chin. With a strong thrust he pulls her head onto the splinter. He watches as it pierces under her chin and drives its way deep under her skull. The crackle and snapping of cartilage and bone fills the room. The young corpses look on in horror as Terry finishes Gabby off. Pushing at her until she utters her last gasps.

TERRY WHITEN

See, you didn't think I would do that, did you?

The girls shake their heads solemnly.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

I promise I won't hurt anyone else if you'd just go away.

CASSIE

You know we can't go away. We are going to be with you for as long as you live.

TERRY WHITEN

(Screams)

Ahhhhh!

Terry lunges at the girls, they vanish as he gets near.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

That's right, stay away from me!

Terry walks to the bathroom and washes away some the excess blood from his hands and pats at the blood on his clothes. He stares at himself in the mirror, this time not in disgust, but with an almost sick sense of admiration. There is no longer a trace of remorse as he smirks to himself and makes his way out into the early morning hour, just before sunrise.

FADE OUT

EXT. TERRY'S TRUCK -- MORNING

Terry rubs his eyes, weary from the night of drinking and lack of sleep. The sun has fully risen now and the glare is playing havoc on Terry's blood shot eyes.

He seems quite anxious as his eyes dart wildly from his rear-view and side mirrors, and to the road in front of him. He is driving around aimlessly.

P.O.V. SIDE OF THE ROAD, HIKING TRAILS -- CONTINUOUS

JANICE FARMER

Come on, keep up pokey!

The woman says to her husband, a few steps behind her on the serene running trail.

CAMERON FARMER

(Huffing)

Yeah right. What do you have, turbo chargers in your shoes this morning?

He sprints forward closing the gap as they approach the clearing of the trees near the roadway. The man is momentarily blinded as he hits the clearing. He looks to see where the glare was coming from. He sees the chrome side mirrors of a truck passing by reflecting the sunlight. He looks for a moment and turns back his attention to the trail ahead.

P.O.V. TERRY'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Terry backs off the accelerator and looks over to the clearing at the side of the road. He slows to watch the man running by. He appears to be staring at him with a menacing squint.

CAMERON FARMER

Why'd ya let em' die Terry?

He pulls his truck over to an abrupt halt on the side of the road. He takes a couple of deep frantic breaths and spins a U-turn and races down the road several hundred yards and crosses over crashing into the woods. He brings his car to a stop, steps out and briskly walks to the trail. He kneels to pick up a melon-sized rock and begins to run down the trail. The man closes on the woman and accelerates past her as they head around a corner. He looks back tauntingly. His smile fades as he sees the fright on her face as she looks ahead of him. He spins his head around and immediately is impacted by the melon-sized rock directly to his forehead. His feet are lifted off the ground and his head jerked back from the force of Terry's follow through. The woman now slowed to a slow jog, has to dodge to her right to avoid stepping on her husband's head. Terry is about to strike the man's head again as he lies on the ground. He is interrupted by the flailing strikes of the woman's semi-closed fists. Terry turns and swings the rock at the woman. She ducks under the blow and retreats a few steps before making a run for it. Terry returns his attention to the wounded man and watches for a moment as the man gasps for air. A large gash has formed on his forehead and a gush of blood has started to ooze out. He raises his heel to finish the man off.

JANICE FARMER

(Screams)

Help. Somebody please help us.

The woman is off in the distance and is waving down a passing car on the road nearby. Terry snaps-to and flees down the path, back to his truck. The woman is now pleading with the driver of the stopped car.

JANICE FARMER (CONT'D)

(Panting)

Oh god, please help me. My, my husband was attacked!

The loud whining of the truck's engine is followed by grass and mud being kicked into the air. The truck spins wildly as Terry navigates through the thick brush, up the embankment and onto the road. The tires squeal loudly as they skip across the pavement.

DRIVER

Who attacked you, miss?

JANICE FARMER

I don't know, some crazy guy just came down the path. He just appeared.

She turns when she hears the tires squeal. She sees the truck speed away in her opposite direction.

JANICE FARMER (CONT'D)

I think that's him. Please get help.

She turns and heads back to be by her husband's side. Without a word the man sped away.

FADE OUT

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL -- MORNING

Janice farmer stands in a waiting room, pacing frantically.

OFFICER ONE

Mrs. Farmer, I know this is difficult, but we really need your help right now to find out who the man is that attacked your husband. This is officer Lewis. He is a sketch artist and will try to create a drawing based on your description.

She nods in agreement and takes a seat near the man holding a sketch pad.

OFFICER LEWIS

Ok, just relax maam, we can just start with some basics.

(MORE)

OFFICER LEWIS (CONT'D)
What was the subject's hair color?

FADE OUT

INT. TOM WHITEN'S KITCHEN -- DAY

TOM WHITEN
Sheriff Omens, please.

Tom Whiten rocks his infant child in his arms with the phone cradled under his chin.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
One moment, I'll see if he's at his desk.

TOM WHITEN
Shhh...Shhh little baby, shhh.

The baby begins to squirm and squawk.

INTERCUT WITH BEN OMENS IN SHERIFF'S OFFICE

BEN OMENS
Sheriff Omens, how can I help you?

Ben is standing over his desk, his thick leather coat slung over his shoulder.

TOM WHITEN
Ben, it's Tom Whiten

BEN OMENS
Tommy Boy! How are you friend?

TOM WHITEN
A little freaked right now. I just saw a sketch that looked a lot like Terry on TV here. If it's him, he's wanted for attempted homicide for Christ sakes!

BEN OMENS
Alright, alright just calm down. Have you asked him at all?

TOM WHITEN
That's part of the problem, Ben. I've tried to get a hold of him for two days. I would go over myself to check on him but I got a baby with a fever, Linda's at her folks this weekend. Frankly Ben, I'm afraid of what I might find there as well.

BEN OMENS

Now you said it looked a little like him. You can't be sure it is him now, so don't jump to conclusions. I tell you what. I was just on my way out, but I'll make a call out there, see what I can find out for you. In the meantime, try not to worry. I'll call you as soon as I find something out.

TOM WHITEN

Thank you Ben, thank you.

BEN OMENS

Bye.

FADE OUT

INT. OTIS' BARBERSHOP -- AFTERNOON

Ben jumps into a chair, causing it to spin.

BEN OMENS

Otis, the usual please.

OTIS THOMAS

One grand comb-over and voodoo hair growing ritual, coming up.

Otis slaps the cape around the sheriff's neck.

BEN OMENS

Boy it is so tempting to shoot you dead, Otis.

The sheriff tries unsuccessfully to keep a straight face. Otis presses a comb against the back of Omens head.

OTIS THOMAS

(Chuckling)

Don't make me use this buster!

BEN OMENS

Alright, I give, just get cuttin' you old buzzard.

Smirking, Otis takes a big snip with his scissors.

OTIS THOMAS

OOPS! I hope you didn't need that.

Unfazed Ben picks up the paper from the table near him and began to read the sport section. A small pile of hair litters the floor as Otis brushes the small, clipped hairs from Ben's neck.

OTIS THOMAS (CONT'D)

Anything else I can get for you today,
Sheriff? A burlap sack... your face
does show a little more now.

(Chuckles heartily.)

After all, you're supposed to serve
and protect.

BEN OMENS

Yeah, yeah... you're a riot.

OTIS THOMAS

You get it serve and protect? Protect
us folks from that mug of yours?

BEN OMENS

Yes, Otis, I got it. You're a regular
"Dangerfield. Actually, I'm waiting
on a fax. You have that thing plugged
in don't you?

OTIS THOMAS

No, I don't need to plug that in any
more. Everyone just contacts me
through telepathy.

(Laughs out loud.)

The sheriff shakes his head as he turns the page. The ringer
sounds on the fax and starts to process with the strange
burps and beeps as it slowly starts the paper.

OTIS THOMAS (CONT'D)

So what do you think about Sunday,
Ben. We can't possibly lose to those
stinking Browns, can we?

Ben looks up from the paper with a look of disgust on his
brow.

BEN OMENS

Damn it, the way they stunk it up
against the "Bungles" last week, who
the hell knows. They just gotta
keep "Big Ben" on his feet. Nobody
can win lying on there back!

OTIS THOMAS

They gotta run it, shove it down
their throats.

Otis freezes as he reaches for the paper that was still
printing out of the fax machine.

OTIS THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why the hell is there a picture of
Terry being sent here?

Without answering, Ben bolts from the chair and snatches the paper from the machine before it was finished printing. His face turns white as he studied the partial picture in his hands.

BEN OMENS

I gotta go!

He snatches his coat from the rack and rushes out the door.

OTIS THOMAS

I'll just throw it on your tab.

He holds out his hand and looks down at it, shakes his head and grabs the broom and starts to sweep up.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

BEN OMENS

Tom, I'm on my way! Give me his address so I can punch it in here and map it out.

He types away at his on-board computer of his squad car.

TOM WHITEN (O.S.)

What. What'd you find out Ben?

BEN OMENS

There is either a twin of your brother out there... or your brother's in some trouble.

TOM WHITEN (O.S.)

Oh Jesus! I should have known, Ben. I could tell he was losing it after he lost Chloe and Anna. I just didn't know what to do for him.

BEN OMENS

We don't really know anything yet. I'm just going to try to get there before they realize who they're looking for. I want to make sure nobody hurts him.

TOM WHITEN (O.S.)

Yes, please Ben. Help him. I can't handle losing anyone else.

BEN OMENS

I'll do all I can. I'm about 5 hours from there now. That should get me there around 8:30, 9 O'clock.

(MORE)

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Just try to take it easy until then
and I'll call you when I figure this
all out. In the meantime, do not
tell anyone about the picture being
Terry's. Are we clear about that?
No one!

TOM WHITEN

Yeah, we're clear.

BEN OMENS

Ok, just hang tight, I'll talk to
you soon.

Omens hangs up without awaiting a response and speeds off.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Terry is slumped in the darkness. He is slumped on the floor,
his back pressed against the sofa. He is facing the front
door with a shotgun in his hands, as if he is on watch guard
duty. He has a look of anticipation, as if the devil himself
is likely to walk through the door at any moment. He is
still wearing the blood stained uniform that he has worn
over the past 24 hours. He looks very haggard and weary as
he hasn't slept or eaten. He puts the barrel of the gun
under his chin and clicks the trigger. He grimaces and looks
down at the shells lying on the floor beside him.

TERRY WHITEN

Next time it won't be another trial
run.

He hears a noise, likely the old house settling and squirms
as if anticipating another visit from the girls. He leans
his head forward, resting against the side of the gun's barrel
and closes his eyes.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry momma.

He bursts into tears.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I hurt you and the others.
I won't let anyone else down. I
won't let anyone else die.

He slides a bullet into the chamber and bolts it into
position. He puts the barrel under his chin, his finger on
the trigger.

TERRY WHITEN (CONT'D)

Sorry momma.

A bang at the door! Terry flinches noticeably.

P.O.V. TERRY'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

BEN OMENS

Terry, its Ben. Open up.

P.O.V. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Terry stares at the door with no apparent comprehension of the words. Thump, Thump!

P.O.V. TERRY'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

BEN OMENS

C'mon Terry, I can help you. It'll be all right.

The sheriff presses his ear to the door and turns the doorknob. He pushes his shoulder against it but it doesn't open.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Terry please, it's Ben. Your brother Tommy called me.

P.O.V. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

PHANTOM VOICE (V.O.)

(Sinister)

I know what you've done, Terry.
Why'd ya let them die Terry?

SEVERAL PHANTOM VOICES (V.O.)

(In Unison)

Why'd ya let them die Terry? Why'd
ya let them die Terry? Why'd ya let
them die Terry?

The voices grew deafening and Terry reached his breaking point. He cups his ears

TERRY WHITEN

Leave me the fuck alone!

He pushes his palms tightly against his ears trying to block out the voices.

BEN OMENS (O.S.)

Terry, hang in there son. I'm here to help.

Terry raises the gun and points it to the door. Bang! Bang!
Two shots ring out.

P.O.V. TERRY'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Omens has his head pressed against the door as the a large hole rips through the door, inches from his face. He dodges to the side of the door as the second shot splinters the door where his head just was. He reaches for his gun and instinctively returns fire into the darkness, through the opening of the door.

TERRY WHITEN

(Moans of agony)

Whoap! Oh shit, shit.

BEN OMENS

Terry, I'm coming in. Don't shoot son, I'm not going to hurt you.

Omens cautiously reaches through the opening and unlatches the door. He backs around the corner and kicks open the door.

BEN OMENS (CONT'D)

Terr? It's me son, Ben. I'm coming in.

The sheriff ducks behind a recliner and pulls out his flashlight. He spins around the corner and flashes his light, gun drawn. Hunched over, gun at his side, Terry is bleeding and breathing laboringly.

TERRY WHITEN

Ben...

(Cough)

Ben, I could'a stopped him.

(Pause, frantic breathing)

I could'a saved many lives, including my own.

Ben kneels beside him, taking the rifle from his hands, setting it aside.

BEN OMENS

Hang in there Terry. Hang in there, son.

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING ROOM, JENSEN RESIDENCE -- MONTHS LATER

Bill and Amanda Jensen sit side by side in their matching recliners. Bill is pointing the remote at the TV.

BILL JENSEN

So, what do you want to watch?

DOROTHY HAYES (O.S.)

It has since been discovered through his own admission that Terry Whiten is responsible for three previously unsolved murders.

Amanda Jensen looks up from her magazine to the female correspondent.

DOROTHY HAYES (CONT'D)

The real twist in this story is the relationship that the alleged murderer had with convicted serial murderer, Jacob Nathaniel Massey. The two men were co-workers in the suburban community of Dover Falls, Pennsylvania. It has also been revealed through a series of interviews with the prison psychiatric staff that Whiten had suspected Massey, but was incapable of bringing himself to act on his suspicions.

INTERCUT WITH BEN OMENS IN TAVERN

P.O.V. TUBBY'S PUB, DOVER FALLS, PA. -- CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Omens sees a picture of Terry flash across the TV screen as he tips back a glass beer.

BEN OMENS

Al, turn that up would ya?

The bartender nods and aims the remote, the volume raises in seconds.

DOROTHY HAYES

Joining us now is Dr. Gerald Cohen, professor of Psychology at Durham University, and author of the book Hostile Conscience. Dr. Cohen, how does a person's guilt turn a reasonably normal and average person into someone who is capable of murder?

P.O.V. LIVING ROOM, JENSEN RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

AMANDA JENSEN

We don't need to see this, he was just a crazy man.

Bill holds up a hand to silence her and raises the volume to hear the professor's answer.

DR. GERALD COHEN

Most people filter and process such feelings rationally.

(MORE)

DR. GERALD COHEN (CONT'D)

They realize that they were not in fact, at fault. I believe based upon what I have read about this case, that Mr. Whiten was just too emotionally weak to rationalize his innocence. I believe this may have created a condition in his conscience of hostility towards how he perceived himself. This created a tremendous amount of stress and angst which can lead an already fragile psyche to become delusional, psychotic and prone to "voices" and imaginary antagonists.

Bill and Amanda look at one another and instinctively reach out and join hands.

P.O.V. TUBBY'S PUB, DOVER FALLS, PA. -- CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Omens slams down his mug and grimaces as he grabs his hat off the bar and walks to the exit. He takes one last glance to the TV, shakes his head and pushes his way off in to the chilled night air.

DOROTHY HAYES (O.S.)

Thank you Dr. Cohen, very interesting indeed. A very sad story, Gary, as at least 9 people lost their lives to these two men.

GARY

That's right Dorothy, my heart goes out to all the victims' families.

(Pause)

As the professor said, I can only imagine the intense anguish a person would have, knowing they perhaps, could have prevented even one of those murders!

The television clicks to black in the Jensen's living room. They sit silently, still holding hands, staring at the blank screen.

Sheriff Omens sits motionless staring blankly ahead in the darkened tavern's parking lot. He steals a glance at himself in his rear-view mirror and collapses his forehead to his steering wheel. His body shakes as he sobs silently.

FADE OUT.

THE END