EXT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

A shell-shocked Vietnam war veteran, CHARLES "CHARLIE THE MACHETE" RASTELLI, casts his evil eyes over at a young and beautiful Jewish woman, SANDY BARNHOLTZ. CHARLIE, who is in his early sixties, is five-foot-ten and slender-built, with a severely pock-marked face and badly rotted teeth.

SANDY is a very attractive woman who is in her middle thirties with an athletic figure and coiffed brown hair. She walks her large black Labrador Retriever along the mud dried concrete near the creek waters of Brush Creek. Brush Creek is about a three mile, east-to-west stretch of creek water, woods, wildlife, and long concrete jogging trails in Kansas City, Missouri. CHARLIE quietly lifts a broken off piece of whiskey bottle from the ground and covertly approaches SANDY.

CHARLIE
Evening, ma'am.

SANDY is caught by surprise and jerks her head backwards. There is a familiar growl coming from her Labrador Retriever.

SANDY
Evening to you, sir.

CHARLIE
Come to Brush Creek often?

SANDY
Just to walk my dog and get some nightly fresh air. How about yourself?

CHARLIE
Brush Creek is like my inner sanctum. There's never been a more exciting place on Earth.

SANDY
Sounds like Brush Creek fascinates you.

CHARLIE
I used to come here every single day when I was a kid.

SANDY
Brush Creek gives me the chance to escape the madness of everyday city life.

The familiar growl becomes stronger from the stomach of her Labrador Retriever. SANDY notices a large bulge on the side of CHARLIE'S stomach. She also notices his hand dangling uncontrollably down by his waist.
SANDY (CONT'D)
(backs away)
Hey, what've you got in your hand?

CHARLIE
Didn't you notice when I first walked up on you?

SANDY uses her lightning quick reflexes and drops the dog lease to the ground.

SANDY
(shouts)
Get him Bolo!

The large dog maneuvers quickly enough to sink his sharp teeth into the right arm of CHARLIE.

CHARLIE
You stupid, fucking mutt!

SANDY cheers on her beloved canine.

SANDY
Kill him, Bolo! Kill the bastard!

CHARLIE has been leveled to the ground by the Labrador. Instinctively, he uses the glass from the old whiskey bottle and jabs the dog repeatedly through the abdomen with the pointed edge. Blood gushes from the dog's mid-section like a tiny water fountain.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(screams)
You killed my precious Bolo!

CHARLIE
The goddamned mutt deserved it.

SANDY
You're a cold-blooded killer!

CHARLIE
That's right, the United States Government made me a cold-blooded killer when I was over in Nam.

SANDY
That's your problem, you sick-o sonofabitch!

CHARLIE
My dick and balls got blown off in combat, bitch!
CHARLIE drifts into an episode of his past as a soldier during one of his tours of duty over in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK, VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE runs through a dark and damp jungle near Saigon and intercepts hundreds of rounds from an M-60. The rounds crash straight into his midsection and he instantly suffers genital mutilation.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (AGAIN) - NIGHT

SANDY stares down at CHARLIE'S mid-section.

SANDY
You lost your privates?

CHARLIE
Yes, I lost the very thing that was supposed to carry on the family name.

SANDY
You probably deserved it, you crazy, maniac-bastard!

SANDY slips out a straight razor from her left pants pocket, which is backup just in case her dog wouldn't have been able to protect her. CHARLIE rushes towards SANDY with the sharp glass in the clutch of his tight fist. She swings at him and causes the blade to make malicious contact with the side of his neck. A deep gash forms as a result of the blade penetrating his skin. She then kicks him near the left side of his stomach. This causes urine to drip from his near full colostomy bag.

CHARLIE
(laughs)
Is that all you've got?

SANDY
Got a lot more.

CHARLIE
Women will always be the weaker sex.

SANDY
Not this woman, you asshole.

CHARLIE
I knew that you were a lezbo bitch when I first laid eyes on you. I wish that I could take all of you homos, put you on an island together, and then blow that very island straight to fucking hell.
SANDY
We don't have much love for you, either.

CHARLIE runs away at a slow pace holding the side of his bleeding neck, while his colostomy bag still drips.

CHARLIE
(furiously)
I'll see you again, bitch! War has no beginning, and war has no ending! I'll find you somewhere in Kansas City, Missouri.

SANDY
Yes, motherfucker, we'll meet again!

CHARLIE disperses into the acute darkness of the tall grasses surrounding Brush Creek. SANDY lowers herself to the ground to lift her beloved canine off the blood-soaked concrete. She walks through the tall grasses near the creek waters and places the murdered dog in the backseat of her car.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - NIGHT

CHARLIE stands in the mirror inside the bathroom of his apartment to observe some hideous scars and pits across his face. All of a sudden, he experiences shakiness, muscle aches, sweating, cold and clammy hands, dizziness, and fatigue. These are the severe symptoms of his Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

CHARLIE
(violently)
War has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending!

He bams both fists against the bathroom wall and stomps both feet into the sturdy wooden floor.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

An interracial gay couple, DERRICK THOMAS and MITCHELL MCNALLY, are the first floor neighbors of CHARLIE. DERRICK is an African American man with short kinky hair, who has a large black mole on his right cheek, and two teeth missing from the front top and bottom. MITCHELL is a white male with thick bi-focal glasses, a thin body frame, and patchy thinning brown hair. CHARLIE gains their attention from the bamming and stomping up at his apartment.

DERRICK
What is Charlie up there doing now?
MITCHELL
Trying to wake up the dead, I suppose.

DERRICK
Everybody here at the Rosenberg complains about his noise all the time.

MITCHELL
I'd like to know what goes on inside his apartment.

DERRICK
Charlie's the weirdest man that I've ever known.

MITCHELL
He's never been married and he doesn't have any children.

DERRICK
Why do you think that's so, Mitch?

MITCHELL
I really don't know, Derrick. I do know that he did time over in Vietnam.

DERRICK
Lots of guys came back from Vietnam with their minds and bodies all messed up.

MITCHELL
Shell-shocked and filled with all kinds of mental and physical diseases.

DERRICK
Vietnam could've easily made Charlie certifiably insane.

MITCHELL
That's true.

CHARLIE continues to bam and stomp inside his apartment. It is like he's throwing anger fits. The noise becomes irritable to DERRICK and MITCHELL. They decide to pay CHARLIE a visit by traveling to the upper floor. DERRICK knocks aggressively on the door to CHARLIE'S apartment.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE remains in the mirror inside the bathroom observing his years old pitted and scarred face.
CHARLIE
(angrily)
Who the fuck is it?

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

DERRICK and MITCHELL display amazing patience as they wait near CHARLIE'S door.

DERRICK
It's Derrick and Mitchell from the first floor.

INT. BATHROOM (AGAIN) - NIGHT

By now, CHARLIE begins to show very little patience for his gay neighbors. He bites down on his lower lip and huffs rather strongly.

CHARLIE
(viciously)
What the fuck do you chocolate and vanilla faggots want?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHARLIE creeps to his front door and steps into the hallway. MITCHELL is right there to give him serious eye contact.

MITCHELL
Charlie, don't you know that there are big stacks of complaints against you down in the manager's office?

CHARLIE
Sure, I'm aware that a lot of these nosy people here at the Rosenberg have complained about me. And yes, the management has threatened to kick me out a whole buncha times. I'm a veteran and I have rights just like everybody else.

DERRICK peeks inside CHARLIE'S apartment and notices something rather unconventional. There are many framed photos, both color and black and white, of the Brush Creek infrastructure.

DERRICK
Charlie, why do you have all those pictures of Brush Creek on your walls?

CHARLIE looks back into his apartment and scans the walls.
CHARLIE
(grins)
Brush Creek is the greatest engineering marvel ever known to man. As a little kid, I became fascinated with Brush Creek.

MITCHELL
What's the fascination? Brush Creek is nothing but a bunch of concrete trails with sewer water and tree brush and animals running wild.

CHARLIE releases an uneasy grunt.

CHARLIE
You might see it that way, but let me be the first to tell you. Brush Creek is like the Eighth Wonder of the World. You don't have the eyes for beauty and greatness.

DERRICK momentarily sizes up CHARLIE'S physical and emotional characteristics.

DERRICK
Forgive me for asking, but are you on some type of medication?

CHARLIE quickly lashes out, as his blood pressure tips the scale.

CHARLIE
That's none of your goddamned business! But since you asked, I've been on medication for anxiety attacks and high blood pressure for several years. Let's see you go to combat in Vietnam and watch innocent women and babies killed right before your very eyes. Not to mention all the ones that I personally killed. You don't know what it's like to run through trenches and dive onto dead bodies filled with thousands of maggots. None of you people here at the Rosenberg know what I've been through.

MITCHELL looks on the side of CHARLIE'S neck and notices a deep gash.

MITCHELL
Charlie, what happened to your neck?
CHARLIE
(covers wound)
I cut myself with one my tools.

MITCHELL
You better learn to be more careful next time.

CHARLIE
I will. If you'll excuse me, I've got work to do.

MITCHELL
Sure, no problem.

CHARLIE steps back inside his apartment and then slams the door.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NIGHT

SANDY BARNHOLT arrives at her four bedroom home in the midtown section of Hyde Park in Kansas City, Missouri. She gets out of the car and walks to the back to stare at her reflection. Her murdered canine lies dead across the backseat. SANDY'S lesbian lover, CAROL WEXLER, a broad-shouldered woman with blonde spiked hair, comes to the back porch to notice how SANDY is in a distraught state.

CAROL
Sandy, my dear, are you alright?

SANDY
Depends on what you mean by alright.

CAROL
Why are you hanging around out here in the dark? Why don't you just come in the house?

SANDY
Right now, babe, I'm sorta shook up.

CAROL
Where's Bolo?

SANDY
In the backseat.

CAROL
How was your night walk through Brush Creek?
SANDY
(sheds tear)
Fine, except for a sadistic maniac carving up Bolo with a piece of whiskey bottle.

CAROL
(hysterically)
Jesus! Not Bolo!

SANDY opens the backdoor of the car very slowly.

SANDY
Babe, help me get him in the house.

CAROL looks at the slaughtered Labrador Retriever with bewildered eyes.

CAROL
Sandy, who in the hell did this to Bolo!

SANDY
First, help me get him in the house. I'll tell you about it in a minute.

SANDY and CAROL lift Bolo by his front and hind legs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL lay Bolo on the kitchen floor. Thick blood has caked all around his sliced open abdomen.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL take a seat next to one another on the sofa.

CAROL
Now, tell me what happened.

SANDY
(deep breath)
Well, Bolo and I had taken a nightly stroll along the concrete trail down in Brush Creek. Things were quiet down there until we ran upon this maniac-of-a-creep sonofabitch who seemed to have popped up out of nowhere. Carol, this had to have been one of the ugliest guys that I have ever seen in my life.

CAROL
He was ruined, huh?
SANDY
Beyond ruined. Babe, this guy had severely-pitted skin and rotted teeth. For some reason, I sensed that he was some shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran. When I saw that sharp piece of glass in his hand, I knew that I was in the presence of a lunatic. Bolo started growling, ready to attack this bastard on command.

CAROL
What happened after Bolo started growling?

SANDY
Once I sicked Bolo on this lunatic, he ripped into Bolo's stomach and started cutting him up with the sharp whiskey bottle glass like mince meat.

CAROL rushes over to one of the tables and snatches up the cordless phone.

CAROL
I'm calling the police right now.

SANDY grabs CAROL by the arm and puts the phone back on the base.

SANDY
Babe, there's nothing that we can do about it now.

CAROL
That looney tune killed our beloved dog, Bolo. He probably had intentions on trying to rape and kill you.

SANDY
I honestly don't believe that he'll ever try and rape any woman.

CAROL
Says who?

SANDY
Carol, he was wearing a colostomy bag. He admitted that he didn't have any genitalia down there. We're talking about a jerk who doesn't have anything to pleasure a woman.

CAROL
That's deep. How'd that happen?
SANDY
The retarded nutball said that he lost his family jewels while in combat in the Vietnam War.

CAROL
And you don't think he'll be on the prowl around the city again? You don't think he's waiting to prey on his next victim?

SANDY
It's a strong possibility.

CAROL
The next woman might not be so lucky.

SANDY
You're right, Carol. But let's just hold off on calling the police.

SANDY and CAROL leave the front room to exit through the backdoor.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL use large shovels to dig a grave for Bolo. Once they've dug about three feet into the ground, the dog is placed in the grave with the dirt put back on top.

SANDY
(crosses herself)
Goodbye, Bolo.

CAROL
(crosses herself)
Goodbye, Bolo.

INT. GOMEZ FOODS - DAY

CHARLIE and a large number of MEXICAN MEN work fast-paced inside a food processing plant which cooks various foods. There are four colossal-sized kettles with towering steam shooting up from inside. Two of the kettles are cooking a special hot sauce, while the other two kettles are cooking a barbecue sauce. JOSE FERNANDEZ, a very short and thin-built Mexican man, works with CHARLIE on an assembly line screwing the lids on jars and stuffing them inside boxes. JOSE fixes his eyes on the nasty scar on the side of CHARLIE'S neck.

JOSE
Charlie, how'd you get that ugly scar on the side of your neck?

CHARLIE guiltily covers the deep wound with his left hand.
CHARLIE
Had a bad accident this past weekend.

JOSE
Did you get into a fight with somebody?

CHARLIE
No, I didn't.

JOSE
Looks like somebody cut you with a razor or something.

CHARLIE and JOSE continue placing lids on the jars and boxing them up to go out into the warehouse.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CHARLIE is inside the bathroom fastening the caps to his colostomy bag. He looks in the mirror at the severe gash on the side of his neck. Blood still leaks from the slightly open wound. He washes his hands and tucks in the colostomy bag before leaving the men's room.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The owner of Gomez Foods, NICK DI LOMBARDO, has called CHARLIE into his office for a briefing on one of the top orders.

NICK
Charlie, how're things going inside the plant?

CHARLIE
They're fine, Nick.

NICK
Kettles running good for the Capital Punishment Hotsauce?

CHARLIE
Running as smooth as a baby's bottom.

NICK
We've got a fifty-thousand dollar order that needs to be shipped out before tomorrow.

CHARLIE
We should be finished with those kettles before lunchtime.
NICK
(smiles)
Great. Things going okay with you and the other guys?

CHARLIE
Better than expected.

NICK steps closer to CHARLIE. He closes in on the deep gash on the side of his neck.

NICK
Charlie, what happened to your neck?

CHARLIE
My neck?

NICK
Your neck, it looks like someone sliced you with a sharp object.

CHARLIE
Like I told Jose and the other guys, I had a bad accident doing some housework this weekend.

NICK
You might wanna let a doctor take a look at it.

CHARLIE
It'll heal on its own.

NICK
I'm no doctor, Charlie, but you might need stitches.

CHARLIE stares down at his midsection.

CHARLIE
Nick, I've suffered worse wounds in Vietnam.

NICK
If an infection gets inside that wound, it could make you real sick. I'd hate to lose you, Charlie, because of negligence on your part. Gomez Foods has always been happy to have you as a value employee.

CHARLIE
Since you insist, I'll go and see a doctor in the morning.
NICK
Just let Jose and the others know you'll be late tomorrow.

CHARLIE
Will do, Nick.

EXT. PERSHING AVENUE - DAY

CHARLIE cruises in his car along a busy Kansas City street near the downtown area. He stares off to the right side and notices a woman standing at the front of her car with steam shooting from the engine and radiator. A huge IRS government complex is just on the other side of a tall, black iron gate. She frustratingly waits in front of her sky blue Ford Mustang. CHARLIE swoops over and gets out of his car.

CHARLIE
Having car trouble?

The stranded woman, LISA WALLACE, is a lean and toned woman with an innocent, attractive face and a contemporary hairstyle. She experiences a tingle of fright once she looks at CHARLIE'S badly pitted skin and rotted teeth.

LISA
(hesitantly)
This car should've gone to the junkyard a long time ago.

CHARLIE extends his hand out to LISA.

CHARLIE
By the way, I'm Charlie.

LISA
My name's Lisa Wallace.

CHARLIE
What seems to be the problem with your car?

LISA
Well, it leaks oil like crazy. I also believe one of my gaskets needs to be sealed.

CHARLIE
See, even you know something about cars.

LISA
Not enough to fix this worthless piece of junk.
CHARLIE
How about I take a look at it.

LISA
Go right ahead.

CHARLIE lifts the hood and moves around a few wires and hoses. Steam rushes up from the water pump. He throws up a hand signal to LISA.

CHARLIE
Get inside and start the car up.

LISA gets inside her car and turns the ignition.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
When's the last time you replaced the battery?

LISA
At least four years or more.

CHARLIE
How about the starter and alternator?

LISA
Probably even longer.

CHARLIE
When's the last time you had a tune up or an oil change?

LISA
I haven't had a tuneup or oil change in two years.

CHARLIE
You should get a tuneup done once a year and an oil change once every three to four thousand miles. You're going to need a new water pump and a new battery. Your belts and hoses look like they're in great shape.

LISA
You know a lot about cars. Did you used to be an auto mechanic?

CHARLIE
Worked on a lot of jeeps and tanks when I did my tours of duty over in Vietnam.

LISA
You were in Vietnam?
CHARLIE
Did several years over there. I can go to O'Hurley Automotive and get the battery and water pump.

LISA searches around inside her purse.

LISA
How much will it cost?

CHARLIE
It's on me.

LISA
No, no, I have the cash to pay for it.

CHARLIE
I'd be insulted if you didn't let me pay for it.

LISA
If you insist.

Several EMPLOYEES stand at a bus stop in front of the huge IRS building. Other EMPLOYEES drive out of the garage to leave the building.

EXT. PERSHING AVENUE (HOUR LATER) - DAY

CHARLIE has spent the last hour replacing the water pump and battery. He puts up a hand signal to LISA.

CHARLIE
Try and start it up.

LISA gets inside her car and turns the ignition. The engine starts up and there doesn't appear to be any further mechanical problems.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Looks like you're back in business.

LISA
How can I ever thank you?

CHARLIE
Have dinner with me tonight.

LISA
(grunts)
Dinner? I'm not so sure about that.
CHARLIE
(mischievous smirk)
Sure you're sure.

LISA
Charlie, I'm not too big about having dinner with men that I just met.

CHARLIE
Lisa, I'm not asking you to marry me or have sex with me. Dinner and good conversation, that's all I'm asking.

LISA
Where would you like to have dinner?

CHARLIE
My place.

LISA
Where exactly do you live?

CHARLIE
The Rosenberg Apartments on The Country Club Plaza.

LISA
Sounds quite fancy.

CHARLIE
My place of residence is the most tranquil and civil in the city.

LISA
(more relaxed)
Come to think of it, you did pull over to offer me some help. That's the true quality of a gentleman.

CHARLIE
There's no finer gentleman than myself.

LISA
Charlie, you've got yourself a dinner date.

CHARLIE
Great!

LISA
I'll see you, let's say, seven o'clock.
CHARLIE
Seven it is.

CHARLIE and LISA get inside their cars and drive away from the huge IRS complex.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - EVENING

LISA has come to visit with CHARLIE inside his apartment at The Rosenberg. She takes a seat at the middle of the sofa. She glances around at the walls and concentrates on the very large posters of Brush Creek.

LISA
Do you have a fascination with Brush Creek?

CHARLIE steps to the wall with the twenty-by-thirty posters.

CHARLIE
Brush Creek is the greatest engineering marvel in the world. It's like the Eighth Wonder of the World.

LISA shakes her head.

LISA
Your appeal for Brush Creek is not of this world. Never in my life have I met someone so enchanted with a place that's nothing but concrete and woods and animals and sewer water.

CHARLIE
My dear Lisa, Brush Creek is more than what you just mentioned.

LISA
What do you mean by that?

CHARLIE
Did you know that forty-eight percent of the total annual flow of sewage comes through Brush Creek?

LISA
No, I didn't.

CHARLIE
Brush Creek has been known as Flush Creek.

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Raw sewage that runs through Brush Creek has been known to back up into people's basements and flood their yards. Despite all of that, Brush Creek is still the greatest work of masterpiece known to man.

CHARLIE takes a break from explaining to LISA about the greatness of Brush Creek. They bite into warm slices of meat lover's pizza. He wipes his mouth and moves closer to LISA. She looks over at the clock and the time says 9:45 p.m.

LISA
It's getting late and I have to be at work by six o'clock a.m.

CHARLIE
Can't you stay for at least another hour?

LISA quickly moves away from CHARLIE on the sofa.

LISA
Wish I could, but my job at the IRS requires me to be well-rested.

CHARLIE
(begs)
One hour, that's all I'm asking.

LISA
I can't, Charlie.

CHARLIE
You've turned into Suzie Partypooper.

LISA
Sorry if I've disappointed you.

LISA looks on the side of CHARLIE'S neck and notices the deep gash.

LISA (CONT'D)
How'd you get that nasty scar on your neck?

CHARLIE
Let's just say that I encountered a little opposition one night down in Brush Creek.

LISA springs up from the sofa with her coat hung over her arm.
CHARLIE pulls her back down on the sofa and plants a big 
kiss on her uninviting lips. She reacts by clawing CHARLIE 
into his midsection.

LISA
You sonofabitch! How dare you kiss 
me without my consent.

CHARLIE
You know you liked it, you trifling 
whore.

LISA wipes her mouth and brushes off her face.

LISA
No other woman would've given you 
the time of day. Look at you, your 
face is covered with crater holes, 
your mouth is filled with rotted 
teeth, and you don't have any type 
of social skills.

CHARLIE
(ragefully)
Nobody makes fun of my skin and teeth!

CHARLIE lunges towards LISA, as she claws him again into his 
midsection.

LISA
Oh Jesus! You don't have any private 
organs down there. What happened to 
your penis and scrotum?

LISA belts out a series of loud giggles. CHARLIE immediately 
slips into a daze and tragically reminisces about his days 
of being a soldier in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - CU CHI, VIETNAM - DAY

CHARLIE and SOLDIERS from the 25th Infantry Division rush 
through the hot and sweaty jungles of Vietnam trying to avoid 
being hit by sniper fire. CHARLIE unexpectedly runs straight 
into hundreds of M-60 rounds, which mostly land into his 
lower midsection extremities. Severe damage is done to the 
area of his genitalia. CHARLIE falls to the jungle floor 
holding his midsection. His army fatiques are soaked with 
much blood. Unfortunately, he is suffering from instant 
genital mutilation.

CHARLIE
(cries very loudly)
I've been hit! I've been hit!
A fellow TROOPER from Operation Saratoga comes to CHARLIE'S rescue.

TROOPER
Charlie, where'd you get hit?

CHARLIE
(cries even louder)
Between my goddamned legs! My little
Charlie and his two friends might've
gotten blown off!

TROOPER
We've got to get you some medical
help.

CHARLIE rolls around on the ground with both hands cupped at his midsection.

CHARLIE
The Viet Cong are doubled up in this
fucking jungle!

TROOPER
Goddammed chinks! Betcha they're
looking to take pow's bodies.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT (AGAIN) - NIGHT

CHARLIE comes back into the present. LISA continues giggling after learning that CHARLIE is without any genitalia. Immediately, the sweating, muscle aches, dizziness, and cold and clammy hands, show in his face and along his body. CHARLIE rushes over to LISA and pins her against the door.

LISA
(fearfully)
I apologize if I offended you.

CHARLIE
We're way past apologies, bitch!

CHARLIE clamps both hands around LISA'S neck with beastly strength. Her face turns a purplish-red from severe hemorrhaging. LISA slumps to the ground after her oxygen is cut off. CHARLIE releases his hands from around her neck. His fingerprints are sunk deep into the skin around her throat. CHARLIE closes his eyes and breathes rather heavy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(clenched teeth)
War has no beginning, and it has no ending!
He looks down on the dead body of LISA WALLACE and studies her for a moment. He goes into one of his walk-in closets and brings out a Full Tang Monster Machete, something that he brought home from Vietnam as a sort of wartime souvenir. CHARLIE holds the machete high in the air and arches his back. He springs forward and uses the machete to chop straight into the Deltoid muscles and Petoralis' of LISA'S arms and shoulders. Once again, he slips into a brief daze and reminisces about his tragic days in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK, VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE and several U.S. SOLDIERS chop their way through tall vegetation within the Mekong Delta's swamp jungles using Full Tang Monster Machetes. They chop away as they look for signs of enemy activity during a search and destroy operation.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT (AGAIN) - DAY

LISA'S blood forms a pool at least four feet wide. Her arms and legs are dismembered by CHARLIE executing more savagery chops with the Full Tang Monster Machete. The body's Quadriceps and Flexor muscles are ripped into bloody shreds. CHARLIE goes into the kitchen for three large, industrial strength trashbags. He places the torso inside one trashbag and the bloody limbs into the other two trashbags. He makes sure that any remaining blood is cleaned up from his hands and clothing. All three bags are lifted over his shoulders as he approaches the front door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

CHARLIE has come to the front door with the three bags hung over his shoulders. DERRICK surprisingly steps out of his apartment. He gives CHARLIE the most uninviting stare.

DERRICK
Did you forget to take out your trash earlier?

CHARLIE
No.

DERRICK glances down at his watch.

DERRICK
Isn't it sort of late to be taking the trash out?

CHARLIE
I sometimes take my trash out during odd hours of the night.

DERRICK notices a small patch of blood near the opening of one of the trashbags.
DERRICK
Did you cut yourself or something?

CHARLIE
(hesitantly)
Yes......yes, I'm the man of a million injuries.

DERRICK
You were up there making a lot of noise again. You woke me and Mitchell up.

CHARLIE
I do apologize about that.

DERRICK
Soon, there'll be enough complaints against you to be grounds to have you thrown out of The Rosenberg.

CHARLIE
Well, if management and other residents want me out, then I'll be gone in due time.

DERRICK nods his head and turns to go back into his apartment.

DERRICK
Good night, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Good night, Derrick.

Once DERRICK closes his door, CHARLIE mumbles obscenities under his breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(clenched teeth)
Fucking black faggot should mind his own goddamned business!

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

CHARLIE has driven to the very east end of Brush Creek. His car is parked into the tall grassy area near the creek water. He looks around for potential witnesses and then pops the trunk. The trashbags are lifted out of the trunk and he steps over by the creek water. He tilts his head to the nighttime skies and makes an unusual, sacrificial pledge to Brush Creek.

CHARLIE
Almighty Brush Creek, I come to you on this very night to make this

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D) offering to you. I send all of my heart out to you. Please, all-powerful Brush Creek, take this as my supreme sacrifice to you.

CHARLIE slings all three bags into the calm sewage waters. He stretches both arms to the sky.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) War has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending!

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLIE returns to his apartment and decides to clean up the bloody mess that he made earlier. He mops up the blood and scrubs the hardwood floors with several cleaning products. He sprays large cans of air freshener and disinfectant to try and cover up the smell.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - MORNING

An early morning jogger, SPENCER COCHRAN, runs along the concrete trail near the The Country Club Plaza section of Brush Creek. While he jogs close to the creek water, he looks over and notices an arm sticking out of a mud-spotted trashbag. He stops to reach for the bag and drag it into the grassy area. SPENCER also discovers two more trashbags along the concrete banks. He uses the sharp edge of a rock to puncture the other two trashbags and makes a grisly discovery. A badly decomposed torso and limbs are inside.

SPENCER
(jumps)
Jeez!

EXT. J.C. NICHOLS PARKWAY - MORNING

SPENCER stands on a busy street in the heart of the exclusive Country Club Plaza. He dials 911 to report his discovery.

OPERATOR
(over cell phone) Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?

SPENCER
(into cell phone) I'd like to report a mutilated body that I found in Brush Creek.

OPERATOR
(over cell phone) Sir, what's the exact location?
SPENCER
(into cell phone)
Brush Creek, right at the vicinity of the old Volker Park.

OPERATOR
(over cell phone)
Sir, police will be dispatched to the scene.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (45 MINUTES LATER) - MORNING

Crime scene tape sections off the direct area of Brush Creek where the body was discovered. KCPD squad cars, an ambulance, news vans, and the coroner's van are parked off the street. A veteran homicide detective, Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, a tall, lean, and semi-handsome man of fifty-seven years of age, arrives at the gruesome scene with several of his COLLEAGUES. JERRY OVERSTREET approaches Sergeant DAVID ECKERMAN for possible answers.

JERRY
Sarge, what do we have?

DAVID
A mutilated body found in the creek waters early this morning.

JERRY
Any positive identification?

DAVID
Not yet, but the coroner's office is on the scene.

JERRY
Who's the gentleman who made the discovery?

DAVID
His name is Spencer Cochran. He usually gets up at five a.m. and goes out for a morning jog through Brush Creek.

JERRY
Alright, sarge, if you and the other guys find anything substantial, make sure it gets to the crime lab. Make sure nothing's removed from the scene until the body's fingerprinted and loaded onto the wagon.

DAVID
Will do, Lieutenant.
JERRY OVERSTREET scans the crime scene and notices DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS, a renowned Jackson County Medical Examiner. DR. MCKINNIS is at the scene and ready to go to work with his top forensic kit.

JERRY
Doc, whaddaya have on the vic so far?

DR. MCKINNIS examines the butchered torso rather closely with a power zoom magnifying glass.

DR. MCKINNIS
First, we might have a sicko on our hands. Second, with this body not only being mutilated, the bloating and discoloration tells me that it's been floating in these Brush Creek waters for over two weeks.

JERRY
I'm sure some of these scavengers down here in Brush Creek have been feasting on the mutilated body parts.

DR. MCKINNIS
You're absolutely correct, lieutenant. The perp who dumped this body into the creek, they worked in a calculated and systematic way.

JERRY
Look, doc, I'll check missing persons records. Given the shape that the vic's in, the department is gonna try and make a positive identification, possibly even distribute photographs to TV and newspapers. We're hoping that you guys can help us identify clothing markings or labels.

DR. MCKINNIS
I'll examine the remains for tattoos, scars, or birth marks. If the need be, I'll make impressions of teeth for possible dental identification.

JERRY
Doc McKinnis, you're the best.

JERRY scours the entire crime scene in search of future clues.
INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - EVENING

It is 7:00 o'clock p.m. and WOMEN from several racial and religious backgrounds pour into the home of SANDY BARNHOLTZ and CAROL WEXLER. The group of feminist WOMEN are eating and drinking snacks and fruit punch that were prepared by SANDY and CAROL. A large blue and white banner hangs near the ceiling in the living room where an important meeting is soon to take place. The large banner reads: WE WELCOME YOU TO ANOTHER MEETING OF S.A.V.E. The organization of S.A.V.E. is an acronym for Sisters Against Violent Encounters. Once the WOMEN find seats that were set out by CAROL, SANDY calls the meeting to order inside the spacious living room and the front room. She speaks into a loud microphone.

SANDY
Ladies! Ladies! Can I please have your attention? The organization of S.A.V.E. would like to thank you for coming out this evening to stand up once again for women's rights. Carol and I called this meeting because we believe that women are living in the most dangerous times in history. Now, we're going to turn the floor over to Carol.

SANDY hands CAROL the microphone.

CAROL
Ladies, we have a very special guest with us tonight. She's someone who wants to help prevent other women from being attacked and raped by the same man who nearly left her for dead. We, the Sisters Against Violent Encounters, are proud to introduce Mary Saladino.

MARY receives a warm welcome by way of heavy applause. CAROL hands her the microphone.

MARY
(timid)
The night that I was raped, it was the most horrible night of my life. I had gone downstairs to do laundry. The rapist, because that's what he really was, since real men don't rape, jumped from behind a row of washing machines. He split my head open with an iron tire rod.

MARY pauses to part her hair strands to show the WOMEN of S.A.V.E. the exact location in her scalp where she received
eighty stitches. The WOMEN either frown or chant heartfelt sentiments after observing the nasty scar.

MARY (CONT'D)
(more timid)
This savage beast jumped on top of me and raped me repeatedly. This rapist wasn't your typical rapist, since he wore surgical gloves to keep from leaving fingerprints behind. After he ejaculated inside of me, he poured bleach and dish washing liquid inside of me to contaminate any evidence of DNA from his semen. I could hear myself screaming as loud as possible. Hearing yourself screaming is the worst feeling possible, not knowing what he's going to do next. During the whole time that I was being raped, it felt like a man masturbating inside of me with sandpaper.

SANDY steps up and places her hand over the shoulder of MARY.

SANDY
You being raped in such a brutal way, how has it changed your life?

MARY
Every single day, I hope he's caught. I wasn't his first victim, and I'm sure I won't be his last. I hope that no one goes through what I went through, because it does change your life forever. In the hour and a half that he beat and raped me, I didn't know who I was, and didn't know what I was. Everything that I knew previously up to that point had been washed away.

CAROL steps up and pats MARY across the back.

CAROL
What is your life like now?

MARY
I was afraid to leave my house and quit my job after I was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. It affected my relationship with my boyfriend and with my family. Months after the incident, I didn't have a peaceful night's sleep.
SANDY steps back over to pat MARY on the opposite shoulder.

SANDY
Didn't you use your frustration by taking action and getting some legislation passed?

MARY
Here in Missouri, I helped get Bill 388 passed, which prohibits rape victims from paying for forensic exams.

Big applauses come from every WOMAN present.

SANDY
We plan to go to the legislature here in Missouri and have Victim Notification laws passed, so that when these men who have assaulted and raped you get out of prison, you can know where they are living.

MARY
It is our right to know where these sexual deviant monsters are living. And just recently, I'd read about the jogger who found the mutilated body of a woman inside trashbags floating in the waters of Brush Creek.

MARY hands the microphone over to SANDY. She takes a seat and receives sincere applauses from the women of S.A.V.E. SANDY reaches for a recent copy of "The Kansas City Times" and flashes it before the audience. The front page caption reads: JOGGER FINDS MUTILATED BODY IN BRUSH CREEK.

SANDY
This is why we can never be too careful. Ladies, it wasn't too long ago that my dog Bolo and I went for a nightly walk through Brush Creek. From out of nowhere, there came a man with a badly-pitted face and black-rotted teeth. After listening to him talk, I could tell that he was some shell-shocked Vietnam veteran who was obsessed with Brush Creek. When I spotted him holding a sharp piece of glass, that's when I sicked Bolo on him. My canine protector was at a sole disadvantage since this psycho bastard knew how to kill everything from humans to animals.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
He sliced Bolo up like a cow or pig in a slaughterhouse. When I kicked him, I realized that he didn't even have private parts between his legs. He admitted that he had lost his private parts while over in Vietnam.

MARY throws her arm in the air.

MARY
Did you notify the police about this maniac?

SANDY looks away in shame.

SANDY
No, I didn't.

MARY
Why not, Sandy? That sadistic maniac could be out there trying to assault more women.

SANDY
And you're absolutely right, Mary.

MARY
You should've notified the authorities right away. Who's to say that he didn't murder and mutilate the same woman who the jogger found in the trashbags down in Brush Creek.

SANDY
Not doing so makes me feel nothing but guilt and shame. I know that he's still out there trying to prey on unsuspecting women.

MARY
Well, it's still not too late.

SANDY
Thanks to women like you, Mary, women like me are motivated to take action. Ladies, we have to take every precaution available to prevent ourselves from being attacked and raped. Had it not been for martial arts training, I probably wouldn't be here speaking to any of you.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
Carol and I would like to end this session by telling you to be careful, by watching yourselves inside and outside your homes, being very leary of strangers, and carrying some protection with you at all times. Carol and I appreciate your participation, and may God bless all of you.

CAROL escorts the WOMEN out of their home. SANDY places the newspaper with the article about the jogger finding the mutilated body in the trashbags up close to her face. She nods her head in absolute disgust.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET visits the morgue at the Harry S. Truman Medical Center with renowned forensic medical examiner, DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS, examining the mutilated torso and limbs of LISA WALLACE.

JERRY
Hey doc, whatcha find out?

DR. MCKINNIS is bent forward over the autopsy table.

DR. MCKINNIS
It's not pretty, lieutenant.

JERRY
Had the vic been in one piece and not badly decomposed, then it would've made our jobs a lot easier.

DR. MCKINNIS
Lieutenant, this vic suffered profound cyanosis. My diagnosis leads me to believe that a pair of very strong hands strangled her to death. The discoloration around her neck indicates that the deoxygenated blood cut off oxygen to her brains and lungs.

JERRY
Doc, any signs of a struggle?

DR. MCKINNIS moves the bright lamp closer to the torso and limbs.
There were serious signs of a struggle. Bruises here on the upper chest and arms indicate that she tried to fight off her attacker.

JERRY
Any DNA from the perp?

DR. MCKINNIS
None, whatsoever, lieutenant.

JERRY
That's strange.

DR. MCKINNIS
The raw sewage and other pollutants in Brush Creek, not to mention the scavengers around the creek, would've washed away or contaminated any sufficient form of DNA.

JERRY
Any signs of rape, doc?

DR. MCKINNIS
Again, had there been any traces of semen or saliva left on the vic, the Brush Creek sewage water would've washed it away. Plus, I swabbed the vaginal area for possible traces of semen or pubic DNA from the perp. None of her genitalia area showed signs of sexual deviant intercourse.

JERRY
No bite or teeth marks on the victim?

DR. MCKINNIS
None.

DR. MCKINNIS moves the bright lamp closer to the skin on one of the mutilated arms.

DR. MCKINNIS (CONT'D)
If you'll observe rather closely, the blade which made contact with and ripped through the skin and bones, it belongs to that of a Full Tang Monster Machete.

JERRY
How do you know that it was that model of machete?
DR. MCKINNIS
The Full Tang Monster Machetes are rare models of machetes. I matched up the heat anodized stainless steel blade featured in manuels on machetes, with the exact blade used to dismember the victim.

JERRY
So, the cuts along the skin and into the bones tell the story.

DR. MCKINNIS
Full Tang Monster Machetes were used during the Vietnam War to chop through the mile high vegetation in the jungles of Saigon and the Viet Cong. The machete blade sliced right through the Deltoid muscles of her arms and the Quadriceps Femoris of her legs.

JERRY
But, who'd have access to that model of machete if they were used in Vietnam? That war's been over for more than forty years.

DR. MCKINNIS
Guessing is something that I'm lousy at, but maybe our perp is some shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran.

JERRY
Alright doc, thanks for all your hard work. Make sure the autopsy report reaches my desk by tomorrow. We've got to turn over our vic to her family for burial.

JERRY leaves the morgue with a leather binder in his hand.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
It is approximately 11:30 p.m. on a Saturday night. CHARLIE sits on the sofa inside his semi-dark apartment with the front of his pants and underwear stretched out. He looks down and scrutinizes the same area between his legs where there are absolutely no form of genitalia. CHARLIE cries profusely as he rocks back and forth. It hurts him deeply that he has no sexual organs. Three large trashbags covered in small patches of blood are seen sitting by the front door. His Full Tang Monster Machete leans against the closet door also stained in blood. It is apparent that CHARLIE has murdered and mutilated another female VICTIM.
CHARLIE
War has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending!

Once again, his mentally ill mind travels back to his tragic days as a soldier in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SWAMPY VIETNAM JUNGLES - DAY

CHARLIE and several of his fellow American SOLDIERS are trying to avoid ammunition rounds of M-60 being fired by their ENEMIES. CHARLIE runs about a 100 meters and dives into a deep trench, where there is the body of an American SOLDIER being devoured by thousands of hungry maggots. He sees that the corpse has been devoured all the way down to the skeleton.

CHARLIE
Oh my God! No way this could've happened to one of our own.

CHARLIE jumps out of the trench brushing off hundreds of squirming maggots.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - EARLY MORNING

It is approximately 2:30 a.m. and CHARLIE has come to the very east end of Brush Creek. It is very dark around the creek, with only a full Moon providing some form of light. CHARLIE looks around to see if anyone is watching him. He stretches his arms to the sky with all three trashbags in his hands.

CHARLIE
Almighty Brush Creek, I make this supreme sacrifice to you. There were none before you, and there will be none after you. Please, please, accept my offering to you, everlasting Brush Creek.

CHARLIE dumps all three trashbags into the creek water. He quickly gets inside his car and drives away from Brush Creek.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET is inside his fifth floor office at KCPD headquarters in downtown Kansas City, shuffling through some important paperwork. A tall, lean, and handsome homicide detective, CAREY "CORKY" SCHROEDER, knocks and enters JERRY'S office.

JERRY
Whatcha got for me, Cork?

CAREY opens a brown folder with information on the victim.
CAREY
Victim's been identified as Lisa Wallace. She was a white female, fifty-two years of age, and a twenty-nine year employee with the Internal Revenue Service.

JERRY
How'd missing persons identify her?

CAREY
Dental records came back from the lab earlier this morning.

CAREY hands a set of photos over to JERRY.

CAREY (CONT'D)
We also ran her SSN through the database and found out that she was born and raised the first twenty years of her life in Saint Joseph, Missouri. Came to Kansas City to start her career with the IRS.

JERRY
I know her car was found abandoned about a mile east of where the jogger discovered her body. Her purse and car keys were found in the backseat of the car. The killer probably dumped the body and then drove her car to a location he felt comfortable with. Any word from the impound lot?

CAREY
No word about any evidence yet.

JERRY
The keys and purse were sent to the lab for fingerprinting. I'm going to pay the IRS a visit to see what I can find out about this Lisa Wallace.

CAREY
Hopefully, some of her co-workers can give some information so we can get some leads in this case.

JERRY grabs his suitjacket and snatches a folder off his desk.

INT. SECURITY TUNNEL - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD for the IRS hands JERRY a visitor's badge.
INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Another SECURITY GUARD escorts JERRY down a long and wide hallway, past a group of huge picture windows which shows a breathtaking view of the downtown Kansas City buildings. Many IRS EMPLOYEES are seen walking from one office to another.

INT. DATA CONVERSION - DAY

JERRY sits inside the IRS office of CINDY MONTGOMERY, who is a top manager with the Data Conversion unit in the Submissions Processing Division of the IRS government complex. CINDY is a tall and well-proportioned woman with fire red hair that is pushed back into a ponytail. Both parties shake hands.

JERRY
How are you, ma'am?

CINDY
Pleased to meet you, Lieutenant Overstreet.

JERRY
Likewise, Cindy.

CINDY
Welcome to the IRS, lieutenant.

JERRY
Thank you very much.

JERRY opens a folder with vital information about LISA WALLACE.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Sources have told me that you and Lisa were pretty close friends.

CINDY
Yes, we were very close. We often hung out after work.

JERRY
Did she hang around anyone else here at the IRS?

CINDY
No one but me.

JERRY
How about anyone who didn't work here?
CINDY
No one, lieutenant.

JERRY
Her killer might've been someone she knew very well.

CINDY
Lisa never seriously dated one particular guy.

JERRY
Do you remember any of those guys's names?

CINDY
No, because they were men from many years ago.

JERRY
Do you think any old boyfriend could've wanted to do her harm?

CINDY
I don't know for sure. But, what left all of us here at the IRS in absolute disarray, was that her killer chopped her up and then dumped her down in Brush Creek.

JERRY
Her killer might've been someone that we've been trying to apprehend for a long time.

CINDY
Lisa planned on retiring within the next year. She wanted to get her thirty year certificate and just end her career here at the IRS on a more quiet note.

JERRY
Cindy, I can't thank you enough for all the information that you've given me. I'd like to possibly interview some more employees here at the IRS. I'll be in touch to let you and others here at the IRS know about any progress we've made.

CINDY
Do you know enough at this point to hopefully find Lisa's killer?
JERRY
No, we don't.

CINDY
Keep us updated, lieutenant.

JERRY
Will do.

INT. GUARD'S TUNNEL - DAY
JERRY exits the guard's tunnel.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - DAY

Two notorious crack dealers, MICHAEL JONES and LARRY NIMROD, who are both tall and bulky-built African American males, walk from the first floor of the Rosenberg Apartments to the second floor. LARRY knocks on the door to CHARLIE'S apartment.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLIE creeps across the hard wooden floor and looks out the peephole. He produces a rather confused look since two BLACK MALES are standing on the other side of the door. CHARLIE opens the door and sort of intimidates both MEN with his frightening face and bad dental work.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CHARLIE
What can I do for you?

The taller of both men, LARRY NIMROD, steps up and boldly gets in CHARLIE'S face.

LARRY
We're here to see D-money.

CHARLIE
There's no D-money who lives here.

LARRY
He gave us this apartment number.

CHARLIE
Somebody's given you the wrong apartment number, buddy.

LARRY
D-money said that he lives here, and we ain't going nowhere until he comes to the door.
CHARLIE
What does he look like?

LARRY
He's a tall and skinny black dude.

CHARLIE
Okay, so he's the same black guy with the greasy hair and the greasy face, the one who's always twisting his mouth like it's some type of nervous condition.

LARRY
(snaps finger)
Yeah, that's him! Now, quit stalling before I knock all those crater holes off your fucking face. You understand, ugly ass white man?

LARRY pushes CHARLIE a few steps backwards. This really sets the time bomb off inside of CHARLIE. He angrily rushes into one of the closets to grab his Full Tang Monster Machete, and then into the kitchen for a large butcher knife. Before returning to the hallway, LARRY has forced CHARLIE into another one of his brutally episodic flashbacks of being in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SAIGON JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE wildly chops down tall vegetation through the hot and hostile jungles of Saigon with a sharp Full Tang Monster Machete.

INT. HALLWAY (AGAIN) - DAY

CHARLIE'S irritability of anger and hypervigilance has taken over him. He has the butcher knife and the machete pointed at the chests of LARRY and MICHAEL.

CHARLIE
You two black motherfuckers need to learn, that war has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending! I'll take this machete and butcher knife and chop you up into a million pieces, giving the maggots more than enough to feast on.

CHARLIE swings the butcher knife and machete wildly at LARRY and MICHAEL.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Now, get the fuck away from in front of my apartment!
LARRY and MICHAEL rush down the flight of stairs leading to the first floor.

LARRY
Man, that white dude is one of them crazy war soldiers.

MICHAEL
We better get the fuck out of here before he really does chop us up.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVENUE - NIGHT

Several months have passed since CHARLIE has murdered and mutilated his first four FEMALE VICTIMS, then dumping their bodies down in Brush Creek. CHARLIE cruises Independence Avenue at the northeast section of Kansas City, Missouri, which is a very busy avenue which stretches several miles east and west. Towards the upper west end of Independence Avenue, a well-known prostitute who works the avenue regularly, aggressively looks for some action. She is KIMBERLY BARR, a petite white female with feathery brown hair and a curvy, medium build. CHARLIE drives into a convenience store and parks. KIM approaches him as he walks towards the store.

KIM
Hey honey, want a date tonight?

CHARLIE looks at KIM with eyes of great deceit.

CHARLIE
Sorta, I guess.

KIM
Where you coming from?

CHARLIE
Just cruising the avenue. What's your name, sweetie?

KIM
My name's Kim. What's your name?

CHARLIE
My name's Charlie.

KIM
Nice to meet you, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Hey, let's get the hell off Independence Avenue before the cops come asking questions.
KIM
That's cool.

KIM gets in on the passenger's side and CHARLIE drives off.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KIM circles the front room of CHARLIE'S apartment studying the framed photos of Brush Creek over the years.

KIM
Where'd you get all these pictures of Brush Creek?

CHARLIE
Collected them over the years.

KIM
Looks like you had them blown up and framed. You've got some fascination with Brush Creek?

CHARLIE
Yes I do. Brush Creek is an engineering extravaganza.

KIM looks at the south wall which has aerial views of the flood waters during the tragic 1977 flood in Kansas City.

KIM
My parents have told me stories about the big flood here in Kansas City back in 1977.

CHARLIE
Body-after-body was found floating up from the Brush Creek waters from the 1977 flood. Homes and businesses along Brush Creek suffered heavy flood damage, especially along The Plaza.

KIM
Speaking of bodies, have you been hearing about the women's mutilated bodies turning up in Brush Creek?

CHARLIE looks sideways with a sinister smirk on his face.

CHARLIE
Uh, I think I did hear about those poor women being dismembered and dumped in trashbags down in Brush Creek.
KIM fires up a cigarette. She gives CHARLIE her signature enticing stare.

KIM
So, honey, what're looking to do tonight?

CHARLIE
As far as?

KIM
You wanna fuck? You want some head? You want some ass? I mean, why'd you pick me up?

CHARLIE
Maybe I want all the above.

KIM motions for CHARLIE to sit next to her.

KIM
Why don't you come over here and let me do some freaky things to you.

CHARLIE sits rather close to KIM, as she stares deeply at his pitted face and rotted teeth. The lights in the front room are turned down low. KIM erotically slides both hands down between CHARLIE'S legs. She quickly notices complete flatness down there. An airy strangeness is how she feels after discovering that CHARLIE has no genitals.

KIM (CONT'D)
Did you have an accident down there?

CHARLIE jumps off the sofa and growls at KIM.

CHARLIE
Wait just a second, bitch! How dare you ask me a fucking question like that!

KIM
Charlie, I didn't mean any harm. I had no idea that you didn't have any private sexual parts down there.

CHARLIE
Private or public parts, it's none of your goddamned business!

KIM
If I got you in the mood, how were we gonna have sex? How would I give you some head?
CHARLIE
Is it a joke to you that I don't have neither a dick nor a pair of balls down there?

KIM
How'd it happen, Charlie? Did you suffer an accident or something?

CHARLIE
Motherfucking bitch, it happened when I was over in Vietnam! Yes, the goddamned chinks in the Vietcong blew my dick and balls clean off my body.

KIM
(giggles)
I had no idea that you were a soldier in the Vietnam War.

The time bomb inside of CHARLIE is set off. The unexpected rage takes him back, once again, to the exact period when Vietnamese SOLDIERS exchanged ammunition crossfire with him.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SAIGON JUNGLE - DAY

Many clusters of M-60 rounds crash into the mid-section of CHARLIE'S legs. He falls to the ground with both hands cupped between his legs.

CHARLIE
(painfully)
I've been hit! I've been hit!

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE comes back into the present. KIM stands at the middle of the floor giggling rather hard at him. He breathes aggressively from uncontrollable rage.

CHARLIE
It's funny to you, huh? You're laughing that I don't have the goods to bang a woman real good?

KIM
Actually, it's sorta funny that you don't have anything down there to please yourself nor a woman.

CHARLIE
You fucking whore-bitch-cunt-slut-tramp-twat!
KIM
Look, take me back to where you picked me up.

CHARLIE leans forward and snarls in KIM'S face.

CHARLIE
My dear, you're not going back to Independence Avenue. At least, not alive.

KIM
Like hell I'm not!

CHARLIE
You came here on my terms, you'll leave on my terms.

KIM notices the shaking, sweating, cold and clammy hands, dizziness, and menacing eye contact coming from CHARLIE. He has once again transformed into an evil monster. KIM rushes towards the front door and CHARLIE intercepts her. He tightly clamps both hands around her frail neck and chokes her with all his strength. KIM desperately gasps for air, as all of her supply of oxygen is cut off. A sheet of purplish blood covers her entire face, while she gradually slumps to the floor. CHARLIE snatches open the closet door and comes out with the Full Tang Monster Machete. He drags KIM'S lifeless body to the middle of the floor. The television is turned up extra loud to drown out any disturbing noises. CHARLIE uses the machete to rip through the tender flesh and brittle bones of KIM. Blood squirts every which direction, creating quite a mess.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

CHARLIE waits two hours before transporting the body of KIM in the three large trashbags. He comes to the first floor with the trashbags hanging over his shoulders. An elderly woman in her early seventies, MRS. HAZEL ROBINSON, steps out of her first floor apartment unexpectedly.

MRS. ROBINSON
Taking your trash out, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yes, Mrs. Robinson. Taking it out for the trashmen to collect.

MRS. ROBINSON
This late at night?

CHARLIE
Better late than never.
MRS. ROBINSON
But the trashmen don't come until next week. Here it is Friday night.

CHARLIE
Mrs. Robinson, sometimes the bags stink up my apartment.

MRS. ROBINSON
Spray air freshener or burn incense.

CHARLIE
Sounds good.

MRS. ROBINSON leans her head sideways after noticing tiny splatters of blood near the opening of the trashbags.

MRS. ROBINSON
Did you cut yourself while bringing your trash downstairs?

CHARLIE
(smiles)
What makes you say that?

MRS. ROBINSON
It looks like tiny spots of blood on those bags.

CHARLIE turns opposite from the front door to avoid MRS. ROBINSON making any further detections.

CHARLIE
Good night, Mrs. Robinson.

MRS. ROBINSON
Good night, Charlie.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK – DAY

Near the vicinity of Brush Creek Boulevard and Blue Parkway down in Brush Creek, a MAINTENANCE CREW with the Department of Parks and Recreation, police the area for trash and tree brush. The supervisor of the CREW, MICHAEL SCOTT, notices two trashbags floating in the creek water with many insects crawling out of the openings. There appears to be a rattling noise coming from inside both bags.

MICHAEL
When will these lazy ass people stop dumping their trash down here in Brush Creek? I'll bet there's a bunch of filthy garbage inside those bags.

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
There's probably a big sewer rat or possum jumping around inside those bags.

MICHAEL uses a large tree branch to pull the trashbags closer to the banks. Another trashbag suddenly floats closer down the creek water. He uses a sharp pocket knife to cut a small opening into the middle of the three bags. MICHAEL and several of his WORKERS jump back after making the ghastly discovery. The horrible stench causes them to cover their noses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Shit! There's a chopped-up body in all three of these trashbags.

Four large sewer rats jump out of the three separate bags and swim across the creek water. Maggots numbering in the thousands crawl out of all three bags. MICHAEL pokes at one of the bags with the big tree branch. An even more gruesome discovery is made. A human skull with most of the flesh and brain matter eaten away sticks out of one of the trashbags.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Whoever cut up this body and dumped it down here in Brush Creek, has got to be the same sicko-maniac who dumped those other bodies in the trashbags down here.

MICHAEL reaches into his pocket and fishes out his cell phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm calling the police and let them know what we just found.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (HOUR LATER) - DAY

JERRY OVERSTREET is seen with his usual pen and notepad while interviewing MICHAEL SCOTT. CAREY SCHROEDER is seen interviewing a WORKER with the Department of Parks and Recreation. DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS with the KCPD scour the crime scene for any possible evidence.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLIE rocks back and forth on the front room sofa, while cradling a 20 X 30 poster of a captivating aerial view of the late 1970s Brush Creek. It's apparent that his fascination with Brush Creek is extremely obsessive.
CHARLIE
(sentimental)
Brush Creek, I love you. Never will there be such a captivating engineering marvel as you. May the world come to respect you, Brush Creek.

INT. JERRY OVERSTREET'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the fifth floor headquarters office of Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, his lead homicide detective, CAREY SCHROEDER, stands on the other side of his desk with a brown folder flipped open.

CAREY
Our latest Brush Creek vic is Kimberly Deanna Barr. She had numerous records of prostitution. She mainly worked Independence Avenue and areas closeby.

JERRY takes the folder from CAREY and studies the photograph of the latest victim.

JERRY
How many cars do prostitutes get in and out of on a regular basis down there on Independence Avenue?

CAREY
Those women live nomadic, unscheduled lives.

JERRY
I see that she also had prior drug convictions. Kimberly didn't get into the car with the wrong psycho, but she got into the car with the right psycho.

CAREY
Jerry, the trail that we're picking up on, this sonofabitch will eventually turn into months old work. We've got a demonic creature on our hands.

JERRY
With five grizzly murders under his belt, we can only guess how this scumbag feels.
CAREY
Unstoppable, uncatchable, and invincible. Jerry, this bastard chopped these women up like meat in a slaughterhouse.

JERRY
This bloodthirsty madman, this nameless beast, he's got to be stopped.

CAREY
The paradox here is that it's insanely unconventional.

JERRY
Our perp knows how to change his mode of operation.

CAREY
He must know the patterns and repetitions that tip off cops.

JERRY
There's got to be an underlying psychological reason as to how and why he kills. He's got to be an intensely angry man. Choking these women to death and hacking up their bodies is how he vents his anger.

CAREY
He's real skilled at dismembering bodies. Transporting bodies is real easy for him.

JERRY
Doc McKinnis explained to me at the morgue that our killer could've been in the medical field or have had some type of surgical knowledge. The doc pointed out that the bodies were dismembered with a Full Tang Monster Machete.

CAREY
The kind used in the jungles over in Vietnam?

JERRY
Precisely.
CAREY
Could our perp possibly be a shell-shocked war veteran who's out to get revenge on American women?

JERRY
It's very possible. It's evident that he particularly targets younger or middle-aged white women.

CAREY
How many more women have to die before we catch this sicko?

JERRY
None of us can make that prediction. The entire structure of Brush Creek will be under tight surveillance from here on out.

CAREY
What's our next move, Jerry?

JERRY
For you to make a trip down on Independence Avenue. Talk to some of the locals in that area and see what you can find out. It's gotta be some streetwalkers down there who knew Kim.

CAREY
Right away, Jerry.

CAREY takes the folder back from JERRY and exits his office.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVENUE - DAY

CAREY SCHROEDER goes from one area RESIDENT to the other at the intersection of Prospect Avenue and Independence Avenue displaying an 8X10 photo of KIMBERLY BARR. Several of the local RESIDENTS shake their heads as though they're not familiar with KIMBERLY.

EXT. PASEO AVENUE - DAY

CAREY flashes the same photo before several RESIDENTS who live by or frequent the area of Paseo Avenue, one of the main streets close to Independence Avenue.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

CHARLIE stands at the middle of a large tunnel in an almost complete daze. Boredom has brought him to Brush Creek during the young hours of the night. A pack of sewer rats are heard
squealing from both sides of the dark tunnel. Heavy water drips from the cracked ceiling and on top of his head. A mighty burst of light suddenly shoots into the tunnel. KCPD Officer, RICHARD DOLAN, a lean and semi-handsome man of medium height, has a powerful floodlight shining directly on CHARLIE. OFFICER DOLAN has his service revolver in the other hand pointed right at CHARLIE.

OFFICER DOLAN
Hey, what are you doing down here in Brush Creek this late at night?

CHARLIE takes a couple of deep breaths.

CHARLIE
Officer, I'm just going for a night stroll.

OFFICER DOLAN
Night stroll my ass. I'll bet you came to dump another mutilated body down here in Brush Creek. You're the Brush Creek killer, aren't you?

CHARLIE
Who me?

OFFICER DOLAN
Yes you, like the disease-infested sewer rats crawling around inside this tunnel.

CHARLIE
Officer, I'm innocent.

OFFICER DOLAN
Alright, I want you to interlock your fingers and place both hands at the top center of your head.

CHARLIE obeys the direct command of OFFICER DOLAN, and places both interlocked hands at the top center of his head.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)
Now, very slowly, I want you to turn away from facing me.

CHARLIE follows his instructions with precise detail.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)
Alright, I want you to bend down to your knees and cross your legs.

OFFICER DOLAN approaches CHARLIE with the gun pointed at the center of his back.
CHARLIE has his eyes fixed on a large chunk of loose concrete. Using phenomenal speed and military tactics, CHARLIE dives for the chunk of concrete and rolls to the other side of the tunnel. OFFICER DOLAN fires the first shot, and the bullet ricochets off the tunnel floor. CHARLIE pitches the large rock at OFFICER DOLAN before he can fire another shot.

His aim is perfect since the rock hits OFFICER DOLAN right between the eyes. The OFFICER drops his service revolver and the floodlight. Blood squirts heavily from the gash between his eyes. CHARLIE takes off running towards the south end of the tunnel. OFFICER DOLAN picks up the floodlight and shines it around the tunnel to see if CHARLIE is still inside. He presses hard against the wound to try and stop some of the bleeding. More giant sewer rats are seen jumping through the murky creek water. OFFICER DOLAN picks up his police radio to dispatch further help.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)
(into police radio)
912 to respond, 912 to respond.

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
Go ahead.

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
This is Officer Richard Dolan. Are you clear?

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
Yes, Officer Dolan, everything's clear.

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
Can I get a 'King One' canine unit down here in Brush Creek?

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
What's your exact ten-twenty down there in Brush Creek?

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
I'm inside the main tunnel near the back end of Satchel Paige Stadium.

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
Canine unit will be dispatched very soon.
OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
Please alert units that this suspect is considered armed and dangerous.

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
Stand-by.

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
Ten-four

EXT. MAIN TUNNEL (20 MINUTES LATER) - NIGHT

Master Patrol Officer, SETH JACOBSON, a tall, broad-shouldered, and conservatively handsome man with a thick brown mustache, responds to the urgency of OFFICER DOLAN by bringing a very large German Shepherd canine named BRUNO down to Brush Creek. The canine weighs 160 pounds and has a toned, musculously build. OFFICER DOLAN briefs MPO JACOBSON before sending the dog further into the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON
Richie, what happened down here in Brush Creek?

OFFICER DOLAN
Spotted some guy standing around inside the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON
A vagrant?

OFFICER DOLAN
Possibly the suspect involved with those Brush Creek killings. He could've very well been the guy who's been dumping those dismembered bodies down here in trashbags.

MPO JACOBSON
You get a good look at him?

OFFICER DOLAN
The floodlight flashed right into his face.

MPO JACOBSON
Well? Do you think you could help the department put together a composite sketch of him?
OFFICER DOLAN
Maybe, maybe not. He had a nightmare-of-a-face. It looked like those deep acne pits covered his whole face.

MPO JACOBSON looks closely at the face of OFFICER DOLAN.

MPO JACOBSON
Think you might need medical attention, Richie?

OFFICER DOLAN
Maybe the med techs can take a look at me a little later. Right now, I want this sonofabitch apprehended and booked.

MPO JACOBSON
I'm ready to send Bruno inside the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN
After he whacked me upside my face with the rock, he ran to the south end of the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON
Towards Satchel Paige Stadium?

OFFICER DOLAN
Sure did. Hey, I think we should also get more officers and the air unit out here.

MPO JACOBSON
Wouldn't be a bad idea.

MPO JACOBSON snaps the lease from around the neck of the canine BRUNO, and turns him loose to go towards the south end of the long tunnel. The large German Shepherd races into the dark tunnel to apprehend the dangerous SUSPECT. MPO JACOBSON and OFFICER DOLAN shine their flashlights to sort of help the canine find his way through the first few yards of the tunnel. BRUNO picks up a human scent after being in the tunnel for just over a minute. CHARLIE stomps his way through ankle-high waters, just as the chase begins.

He is several yards away from exiting the tunnel. BRUNO builds up enough speed to jump into the air and tackle CHARLIE to the ground. The dog's upper and lower rows of sharp teeth sink into the flesh of CHARLIE'S left arm. Amazingly, CHARLIE makes no sounds of agony or pain from the vicious bites. BRUNO maintains a strong lock around his arm, while jerking his head back and forth. The skin on CHARLIE'S arm breaks open and blood squirts everywhere. CHARLIE uses brute strength...
and military tactical training to wrap his right arm around the neck of BRUNO. The vertebrae along the dog's neck snaps, while his breathing is cut off from aggressive choking. BRUNO releases the lock from around CHARLIE'S left arm. The canine is dead from strangulation and a severed vertebrae.

INT. MIDDLE OF TUNNEL - NIGHT

OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON fear that something drastic has gone wrong with BRUNO apprehending the SUSPECT. MPO JACOBSON steps a few more yards into the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON
(yells)
Bruno! Are you alright, boy? If you're okay, then respond to me, Bruno.

OFFICER DOLAN moves several more yards into the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN
Seth, I think we better radio for backup. This sonofabitch is a lot more dangerous than we realize.

MPO JACOBSON
Good idea, Richie. I'd hate to think the worst, but something tells me that Bruno's been killed by that maniac. He would've come back to me by now.

OFFICER DOLAN
We both heard those death whines that canines make before they're killed. I'm getting on the radio and request backup and an air unit.

MPO JACOBSON
It's our only hope in catching him.

OFFICER DOLAN
Think that sonofabitch is still here inside the tunnel?

MPO JACOBSON
Either in here or over by Satchel Paige Stadium.

OFFICER DOLAN
Never in all my years on the force did I think I'd come upon a psychopath like this guy.
MPO JACOBSON
It's a part of our job, Richie. Always expect the unexpected.

OFFICER DOLAN
This Brush Creek tunnel is starting to give me the creeps.

INT. SOUTH END - NIGHT
OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON have waited patiently for their backup after making their request with a DISPATCHER fifteen minutes earlier. The air unit is due to arrive, as the helicopter makes flight preparations. Two more POLICE OFFICERS from the Northern Patrol Division walk several feet behind OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON. All four MEN shine their flashlights in every direction inside the tunnel, with their guns drawn and ready to fire. The flashlights of OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON find the canine BRUNO lying dead on his side. It appears that the dog's abdomen was ripped wide open by some sharp object.

MPO JACOBSON
Oh dam, we got here way too late. It's Bruno, and I'll betcha that bastard killed him with his bare hands.

OFFICER DOLAN moves the head of the canine back and forth.

OFFICER DOLAN
Seth, I'm no expert veterinarian here, but he broke Bruno's collarbone like a popsicle.

MPO JACOBSON
Bruno sliced into that sonofabitch before he was killed.

OFFICER DOLAN
All the blood around his mouth is proof of that.

MPO JACOBSON shuts both eyes tightly, while he sheds a few tears for the murdered dog.

MPO JACOBSON
Why'd it have to be Bruno?

OFFICER DOLAN
Seth, we're gonna make him pay for what he did to Bruno.
MPO JACOBSON
Richie, Bruno was like a family member to me. I would've never sent him into this dark ass tunnel to go after that sicko, had I known it would've gotten him killed.

OFFICER DOLAN
Don't go blaming yourself.

MPO JACOBSON
But I was his teacher, his trainer, his friend, his mentor, and so much more.

OFFICER DOLAN shines his flashlight along the floor of the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN
Look Seth, there's a blood trail leading out of the tunnel and in the back of Satchel Paige Stadium.

MPO JACOBSON
You're right, Richie. There's lots of blood going towards the back of the stadium.

OFFICER DOLAN
Why didn't this jerk take the big lead he'd been given before you showed up with the canine unit?

MPO JACOBSON
He's playing a cat-and-mouse, catch me if you can game.

OFFICER DOLAN
And we're just the cats who are after a very dangerous mouse. He's using us as a part of his sick humor.

MPO JACOBSON
He could've escaped long before you and Bruno got down here to Brush Creek.

OFFICER DOLAN
You think he might be closeby?

MPO JACOBSON
It's a strong possibility.
OFFICER DOLAN

If he's somewhere in the area, then
the air unit is going to be a big
help to us.

OFFICER DOLAN shines his flashlight on the left wall of the
tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)

Un-fucking-believable!

MPO JACOBSON

What's wrong, Richie?

OFFICER DOLAN

Put your flashlight over towards
mines and follow me.

MPO JACOBSON mixes the light of his flashlight with the light
of OFFICER DOLAN. Both move further towards the wall. They
are stunned by the cryptic message written in blood towards
the lower half of the wall.

MPO JACOBSON

(repeats message)

Who dare stop me?

The cryptic message written in blood: 'WHO DARE STOP ME?',
has the four of them absolutely stunned.

OFFICER DOLAN

Who's blood did he write this with?

MPO JACOBSON

It had to be the blood of Bruno.

OFFICER DOLAN

How can you be so sure?

MPO JACOBSON

That's why he split Bruno open.

OFFICER DOLAN

To send us a warning?

MPO JACOBSON

He's getting his rocks off by having
us come after him.

OFFICER DOLAN

Seth, we're dealing with a monster.

MPO JACOBSON

Or worse. He's a psychotic animal.
Static noises come through the radio of OFFICER DOLAN.

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER
(over police radio)
An airborne unit is en-route.

OFFICER DOLAN
(into police radio)
Ten-four.

OFFICER DOLAN, MPO JACOBSON, and the two POLICE OFFICERS move further towards the south end of the tunnel. Every precaution is taken with the use of their weapons and flashlights. They step a few short feet of the tunnel exit, which is where the bloody trail ends. CHARLIE stands quietly on the solid concrete roof of the tunnel, looking down on the four OFFICERS with intense scrutiny. A makeshift tourniquet from part of his shirt is used to stop the bleeding from bites caused by the canine.

The OFFICERS below have no clue that they're being watched from above. CHARLIE leaps from the tunnel roof with a large, club-like tree branch in his hands. The four OFFICERS are leveled to the ground. Their guns and flashlights go flying through the air and onto the ground. Like a major league slugger swinging at fastball pitches, CHARLIE strikes powerful blows upside their heads, and up and down their bodies. He delivers brutal beatings to the four of them.

CHARLIE
(yells)
Nobody dares stop me!

CHARLIE drops the tree branch to the ground and takes off running the opposite direction.

EXT. SOUTH BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

The KCPD Air Support Division requested by OFFICER DOLAN has arrived right after CHARLIE brutally beat the four OFFICERS. High above the nighttime skies of Brush Creek, Chief Tactical Flight Officer, BARRY LOCKHART, an expert with the air unit, uses the helicopter's SX-5, thirteen million candlepower searchlight. LOCKHART immediately spots CHARLIE running slightly past the back of Satchel Paige Stadium. He communicates with one of the main GROUND OFFICERS in their pursuit of apprehending CHARLIE. He uses the chopper's 800 Mhz Motorola radio.
Since there is a small pool of water between separate concrete surfaces, CHARLIE swims through a pool of water that is about six foot deep and about ten yards long. Six GROUND OFFICERS refuse to swim through the water, with four of the GROUND OFFICERS running around Satchel Paige Stadium to pick up on their chase after CHARLIE. There is about forty yards between CHARLIE and the GROUND OFFICERS. One particular LEAD GROUND OFFICER thoroughly communicates with LOCKHART from up in the chopper.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Barry, was the suspect armed when you spotted him?

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Not from what I could see from up here.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
This guy is considered very dangerous.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Yeah, I heard what he did to Richie and Seth and the canine Bruno.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
We're dealing with a sadistic maniac. He's an animal in every sense of the word.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Homicide tells me that he's probably the Brush Creek killer.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Just keep your light shining on that monster.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Will do.
The foot chase between CHARLIE and the GROUND OFFICERS is in full effect. CHARLIE runs past Deerbrook Apartments and through a more southern part of Brush Creek, where there is a short stretch of rocks and tree brush. He runs inside a tunnel about a city block long. The GROUND OFFICERS are less than thirty yards behind him. The foot chase becomes more intense. CHARLIE now runs through a long stretch of concrete and sewage water, and then into another tunnel that is also about a city block long. The GROUND OFFICERS are gaining on him, being less than twenty yards behind. LOCKHART sweeps across the dark skies shining the searchlight down on CHARLIE. The communication between LOCKHART and the LEAD GROUND OFFICER opens up once more.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Barry, what's the exact location of the suspect?

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Suspect is headed further south towards the park, just past 55th Street.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Does he appear armed?

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
No, he doesn't.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Keep us posted, Barry.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
Definitely.

CHARLIE comes to the end of the southern wooded area of Brush Creek. An area of nothing but tree and brush obstruction is up ahead. The GROUND OFFICERS are about ten yards away from apprehending CHARLIE. Their weapons are drawn and ready to fire. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER has his gun aimed right at CHARLIE.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
Stop, or we'll discharge our firearms!

CHARLIE disregards his warning and runs straight towards a tunnel surrounded by more loose rocks and creek water. The GROUND OFFICERS fire their weapons, with ammunition flying through the air and towards the ground. They were unsuccessful
at hitting their target. CHARLIE dives into a narrow tunnel that is surrounded by compacted dirt and grass. The height and width of the tunnel requires him to crawl on both knees and hands. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER shines his flashlight into the tunnel and there is no sign of the SUSPECT. LOCKHART remains high in the skies, shining the searchlight down on several acres of Brush Creek woods and creek areas. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER opens up communication once again with LOCKHART.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER (CONT'D)
(into police radio)
Barry, the perp ran into this dark narrow tunnel.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
The searchlight clearly shows where the tunnel begins, but we're not sure where it ends.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Only the water department or city civil engineers know the diameter and the diagram of these Brush Creek tunnels.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
I can only cover what's outside the tunnels. I should've been given a chopper with infrared power.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER
(into police radio)
Barry, I'd radio for the canine unit to bring another dog out here, but this psycho has already killed one of our best canines.

LOCKHART
(into Motorola radio)
That brings us to a stand still.

INT. MIDDLE OF TUNNEL - NIGHT

CHARLIE has crawled his way into at least a mile of the tunnel space. He knows every square inch of Brush Creek, including all the tunnels and wooded areas and creek paths. His colostomy bag bursts open and urine spills over the tunnel's floor. CHARLIE hears a chorus of squealing sounds. A pack of large sewer rats surround him. Due to his severe paranoia illness, the voices of his murder VICTIMS suddenly haunt him deep within his psyche.
VICTIM #1
(haunting voice-over)
Charlie, why'd you have to kill me?

VICTIM #2
(haunting voice-over)
You're a cold-blooded murderer, Charlie!

VICTIM #3
(haunting voice-over)
You took my precious life, Charlie!

VICTIM #4
(haunting voice-over)
You'll burn in hell forever when you die, Charlie!

VICTIM #5
(haunting voice-over)
We're going to get you, Charlie!

CHARLIE pounds the walls of the tunnels.

CHARLIE
Shut the fuck up and leave me alone!

The faces of all five of his VICTIMS flash before him inside the pitch black tunnel. The large sewer rats jump on his neck and arms and bite him repeatedly. Being already a sadistic man, he crushes the rats with his bare hands. During his rough journey through the tunnel, CHARLIE scratches up his knees and elbows to the point of mild bleeding. He comes to a section of the tunnel where he's able to pass through by standing on his feet. A pitch of light shines from about twenty yards up ahead. CHARLIE steps through ankle-high waste water and ends his journey through the long tunnel.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

CRIME LAB WORKERS collect samples of the blood left behind after CHARLIE was attacked by the canine BRUNO. CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS take photos of the cryptic note left on the tunnel wall, while CRIME LAB WORKERS collect more samples of blood. KCPD homicide detectives JERRY OVERSTREET and CAREY SCHROEDER closely study the bloody cryptic note.

JERRY
Either we get this psychotic animal off the streets, or the morgue's gonna continue to fill up down at Truman Medical Center.
CAREY  
(reads note)  
Who dare stop me? Sounds like he's up for a challenge.

JERRY  
A challenge to fill up more bodybags.

CAREY  
He made a clean getaway tonight.  
This tells us that he knows Brush Creek better than anyone in the city.

JERRY  
Try and get a report on my desk as soon as possible.

CAREY  
You've got it, Jerry.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLIE has arrived home after the long and tedious journey through over two miles of dark tunnel space. He is in the bathroom standing in the total nude. The scrapes from the abrasive concrete has peeled away several layers of skin. The bites from the canine, the bites from the sewer rats, and the concrete burns, has marked up his body relatively bad. CHARLIE stands in front of the mirror pampering his wounds with cotton balls soaked with alcohol and hydrogen peroxide. He then uses smaller and larger bandages coated with Neosporin to help heal the wounds. There is complete silence in the bathroom. CHARLIE looks into the magnified mirror at the deep pits in his face. He opens his mouth and embarrassingly observes his badly-rotted teeth. Seconds later, he looks down between his legs and is reminded that he has no genitals.

CHARLIE  
(grumbles)  
War has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending!

INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - DAY

SANDY BARNHOLTZ sits on a plush sofa nursing a cup of coffee while reading the morning edition of "The Kansas City Times". The front page headline reads: "POLICE CANINE KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY. SEVERAL OFFICERS ASSAULTED BY POSSIBLE BRUSH CREEK KILLER".

SANDY looks at CAROL with hysteria in her eyes.

SANDY  
I just can't believe this.
CAROL
Hey babe, whatcha reading?

SANDY
The article says that a German Shepherd police dog was killed inside one of the tunnels down in Brush Creek.

CAROL jumps off the sofa with her mouth cupped.

CAROL
How'd the dog die?

SANDY
Says the suspect broke the dog's neck with his bare hands.

CAROL
You've got to be kidding.

SANDY
Left the poor dog with a severed collarbone and vertebrae.

CAROL
Do you think it could be the same psycho who killed Bolo, and then tried to kill you?

SANDY
It has to be.

CAROL
What else does this article say?

SANDY
Says that several police officers were ambushed and beaten by the suspect, after he jumped from the top of one of the tunnels. It mentions how he used a large tree branch to beat the officers, and then took off running in the back of Satchel Paige Stadium.

CAROL
There's a definite monster on the loose.

SANDY glances further down the front page, where there is a photograph of the inside of the main Brush Creek tunnel.

SANDY
Take a look at this, Carol.
CAROL
What?

SANDY holds the newspaper up for CAROL's viewing purposes.

CAROL (CONT'D)
(repeats cryptic note)
Who dare stop me?

SANDY
It looks like it's written in blood.

CAROL
Looks like it's inside a dark tunnel. This creep acts like he's ready to take on any twisted challenge.

SANDY
It's the same tunnel that I stood across from when he killed Bolo and tried to kill me. This maniac knows and the ins and outs of Brush Creek like an architect knows a blueprint.

CAROL
He's gotta be the same one who murdered and mutilated those five women in the last ten months.

SANDY
Babe, a blanket of guilt comes over me everytime you mention me going to the police and telling them about what happened to me that night down in Brush Creek.

CAROL
Guilt is the last thing I'd try and make you feel. He's killed five times already, and he'll keep on killing until he's caught.

SANDY
This animal has no regard for human life. He's a diehard woman-hater who's somewhere plotting his next murder. Voices in my head keep telling me to go down to police headquarters and tell them what happened that night down in Brush Creek.

CAROL
So, why don't you do it?
SANDY
Carol, I really can't answer that question.

CAROL
Somebody's life depends on it.

SANDY flips over a few more pages for the continuation of the article. A complete sketch of the SUSPECT who killed the canine and assaulted the OFFICERS is at the top center of the page.

SANDY
Hey babe, take a look at this drawing.

CAROL moves in closer to get a glimpse of the composite drawing.

CAROL
Is this supposed to be a drawing of the sicko who killed the police dog and attacked the police officers?

SANDY
It sure is.

CAROL
Looking at it too long gives me the creeps.

SANDY
This drawing sort of reminds me of the bastard who killed Bolo.

CAROL
Really?

SANDY
The fine print says that one of the police officers had shined a floodlight on him inside the main tunnel. The officer said that he had a pock-marked face.

CAROL
Like those deep dark holes from having severe acne.

SANDY folds the paper in her lap and takes a deep breath.

SANDY
If it's the last thing on Earth that I do, I'm going to help the police catch this sonofabitch. He'd better hope that I don't catch him first.
CAROL
Hold up, Sandy. After your encounter with him that night, you're actually lucky to be alive.

SANDY
I want him dead, Carol. It might not be worth it, but I'm willing to kill the motherfucker who killed my precious Bolo and those innocent women.

CAROL
If I have my say, you won't do nothing of the sort.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

CHARLIE stands in the thickness of some bushes watching SANDY and CAROL move some boxes in a room facing their backyard. He somehow has found their place of residence and feels the need to stalk her. It is apparent that he is very angry, since he breathes heavy and has both fists balled up tightly.

CHARLIE
(clenched teeth)
You might've made your getaway that night down in Brush Creek, but the fun's just beginning, bitch!

CHARLIE disappears into the thickness of the bushes.

INT. CRIME SCENE LAB - DAY

Several days have passed since the tragedy of the OFFICERS and the canine down in Brush Creek. Homicide detectives JERRY OVERSTREET and CAREY SCHROEDER have come to the crime lab in south Kansas City, to receive DNA blood sample information from renowned DNA specialist DR. BARNEY PURVIS.

JERRY
Hey doc, what did you find out for us?

DR. PURVIS flashes microscopic photocopies of the DNA blood samples taken from inside the main Brush Creek tunnel.

DR. PURVIS
Detectives, large trace amounts of the contaminant Dioxin were found in the blood samples.

JERRY
Dioxin? Sounds familiar, doc, but doesn't quite register.
DR. PURVIS
Detectives, Dioxin is one of several carcinogenic or tertogenic heterocyclic hydrocarbons that are found as impurities in petroleum-derived herbicides.

CAREY looks closely at the DNA microscopic photocopy.

CAREY
Wasn't Dioxin considered to be the most toxic chemical known to man?

DR. PURVIS
Precisely, detective. It's an ingredient found in certain herbicides used widely throughout the world to help control plant growth. Because of its high level of toxicity, it's no longer produced in the United States.

JERRY
Are you telling us that our perp has Dioxin swimming around in his blood?

DR. PURVIS
Yes, my friend, and large amounts of it.

JERRY
With the large doses of Dioxin in the perp's blood, where's all this leading to, doc?

DR. PURVIS
Dioxin is the toxic contaminant found in Agent Orange.

JERRY
Agent Orange?

DR. PURVIS
Yes, the same chemical sprayed by U. S. military aircrafts on areas of Southeast Asia from 1965 to 1970 to kill concealing trees and shrubs.

JERRY
I see you're well-versed on Vietnam.

DR. PURVIS
Didn't serve military time there, but worked with many veterans that did.
JERRY
What else can you tell us about the DNA found in the blood?

DR. PURVIS displays a more sophisticated microscopic photocopy of a DNA blood sample.

DR. PURVIS
Agent Orange is a mixture of the N-Butyl esters of 2, 4-dichlorophenoxyacetic acid 2, 4-D and 2, 4, and 5 trichlorophenoxy acetic acid. These are the main components found in the sample that you're looking at.

JERRY
In other words, our perp has Agent Orange in his blood.

DR. PURVIS
Correct, detective.

JERRY
So, it's a strong possibility that the sicko we're looking for is a Vietnam War veteran.

DR. PURVIS
Very strong possibility.

JERRY
Something led me to believe that all along. Your information ties in with the information that Dr. McKinnis gave me about all five of the vics, them being dismembered with a Full Tang Monster Machete.

DR. PURVIS
But, it doesn't stop there, detectives.

CAREY
Whaddaya mean by that, Dr. Purvis?

DR. PURVIS produces even more forensic DNA to back up his conclusions.

DR. PURVIS
Pieces of skin were removed from the teeth of the canine that was killed by the perp.

CAREY shakes his head in amazement.
CAREY
The canine took some serious bites into this guy's flesh before his neck was snapped and body sliced wide open.

DR. PURVIS
Our perp suffers from a severe skin condition known as chloracne.

CAREY
Neither one of us are familiar with such a condition.

DR. PURVIS
Chloracne is a skin condition marked by large blackheads and pimples in people who are in contact with chemical compounds such as cutting oils, paints, varnishes, and Dioxin. This condition usually affects the face, arms, neck, and any other exposed areas. It's highly likely that the person you're going after has chloracne from the Dioxin in the Agent Orange.

JERRY
Also, I've spoken with Dr. McKinnis about all five victims whose mutilated body parts were found in trashbags down in Brush Creek. Dr. McKinnis is like yourself, Dr. Purvis. You guys are definitely two of the best in the business. After he showed me how those women were mutilated and stuffed inside trashbags, and then dumped down into Brush Creek, I knew that this scumbag was a professional killer. We determined that he operated both covertly and clandestinely, just like those highly-skilled military men do. He avoided being shot by one of our best officers. He ambushed and beat several more officers, and then crawled his way through the longest stretch of tunnel down in Brush Creek.

CAREY
Which was probably over two miles.

JERRY
Exactly.
CAREY
Dr. Purvis, this psycho knows how to put his military training into action.

JERRY
Dr. McKinnis explained to me in fine details how our perp used the Full Tang Monster Machete to dismember the limbs of those women's bodies.

CAREY
Which says, this guy is probably some sadistic, shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran. Jerry, sounds like we're narrowing things down. Question stands, does the easy work end and the hard work begins?

JERRY
But how do we narrow it down to catching this guy? How many Vietnam veterans do we have in K.C.? How many of those veterans are actually carrying Agent Orange around? Where will we track down this guy with the nightmare-of-a-face, the one who Officer Richie Dolan shined the floodlight on inside that tunnel over by Satchel Paige Stadium? The chloracne that Dr. Purvis talked about earlier probably explains his face being wrecked.

CAREY
Doc Purvis, is it a possibility that our suspect is sick and dying?

DR. PURVIS
Yes, it's very possible that the perp is a dying man.

CAREY
What type of damage can Agent Orange do over a period of time?

DR. PURVIS
Medically speaking, Agent Orange can cause gastrointestinal tumors, which can lead to stomach, colon, rectal, and pancreatic cancers, brain tumors, circulatory, respiratory, and immune disorders, along with motor and coordination dysfunction, and neuropsychiatric problems.
JERRY
So, it can affect the mind and the body?

DR. PURVIS
Absolutely.

CAREY
This guy's probably dying both mentally and physically.

DR. PURVIS
The illusions and hallucinations and flashback episodes from the war cause these guys to just lose it and engage in homicidal and suicidal escapades.

JERRY
Like become a serial killer?

DR. PURVIS
That and even worse.

JERRY
Like mutilation?

DR. PURVIS
Yes.

JERRY
We're dealing with a pro and a maniac at the same time.

CAREY
A pro and a maniac who's probably working on his next victim.

JERRY
Questions is, will we get to him before the Agent Orange does?

CAREY
It's probably been eating up his insides for quite some time.

JERRY
Carey, we're at the crossroads with catching this guy.

CAREY
Or, are we being outsmarted by someone who's not done killing?
EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - DAY

WOMEN belonging to the activist group known as S.A.V.E., (Sisters Against Violent Encounters), and WOMEN from outside the activist group from various backgrounds, have come out in full force to show their support for the WOMEN murdered and mutilated, and then dumped in trashbags down in Brush Creek. Many WOMEN proudly wear their T-shirts which display S.A.V.E. across the middle. A large banner for the acronym S.A.V.E., in which it has been spelled out, stretches across a large fountain inside a popular park on the exclusive Country Club Plaza. SANDY BARNHOLTZ stands at a podium with a loud microphone before a crowd of frustrated and militant WOMEN.

SANDY
(onto microphone)
Women, you don't have to be victims. Anyone with information about the Brush Creek killings should come forward. We're looking at an overall attack on the dignity of women.

CHARLIE stands unnoticed near a jogging trail within the same park area. He wears a KC baseball cap covering the top part of his head, along with dark sunglasses and a fake beard. SANDY continues with her dramatic, moving speech.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(onto microphone)
Someone knows who killed and dismembered the women found floating in trashbags down in Brush Creek. The animal, the creep, the monster, they have no regard for human life. We, the women of S.A.V.E., we're not getting the proper assistance from local state or city officials. The killing has gotten so far out of hand, until our city's been the recent topic of national news coverage. We're having very little success getting people to talk. The KCPD have told us over and over again that the Brush Creek killer is calculated with his method of killing. Ladies, our lives have value.

The WOMEN erupt into thunderous applause. Several yards up on the jogging trail, CHARLIE tilts the dark sunglasses and produces the nastiest snarl.
CHARLIE

_voice-over_
None of those bitches' lives had value!

SANDY points out at the large crowd of WOMEN.

SANDY
_(into microphone)_
We've got to work with the police and with one another. We're not going to stand for another woman being raped, beaten, and killed. Either we stand together as one, or we'll die separately. Thank you for coming out to show your support for this rally.

SANDY steps away from the podium. She looks across the park and quickly recognizes CHARLIE, even with his disguise. She travels back into the not-so-distant past.

EXT. FLASHBACK - BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

SANDY kicks CHARLIE between his legs and scratches him in the eyes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SANDY rushes towards CHARLIE, as she squeezes CAROL around the arm.

SANDY
Carol, the guy standing over there in the baseball cap and the dark shades, he looks just like the sonofabitch who killed Bolo and tried to assault me.

CAROL looks straight ahead and studies the strange MAN.

CAROL
Are you sure it's him?

SANDY
Positive, Carol.

The crowd of WOMEN disperse after the rally. SANDY rushes closer towards CHARLIE. CAROL follows right behind her.

CAROL
How can you be so sure?

SANDY
I recognize those deep acne pits in his face.
CAROL
Like the same guy that you saw that
night down in Brush Creek?

SANDY
Yes ma'am, sister dear.

The faster SANDY runs towards CHARLIE, the faster he runs
towards a stretch of woods near Main Avenue. SANDY builds up
enough bravery to try and catch him.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Hey Charlie, I know that's you.

SANDY chases him with desperate pursuit.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Charlie, you're the sonofabitch who
killed my dog Bolo, and then tried
to kill me. I know you're the same
motherfucker!

Her voice carries at a distance, as the high-speed foot chase
occurs. The foot chase shifts into an aggressive sprint.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Charlie, you're the filthbag who
killed and chopped up those five
women down in Brush Creek. Aren't
you, you psychotic sonofabitch!

The chase mounts to heated levels. CHARLIE runs faster and
faster, while his urine bag flops up and down under his shirt.
Sweat moistens his face and he breathes in heavy spurts.
SANDY accelerates her pace and comes within close range of
CHARLIE.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Charlie, you can't keep running
forever, you bastard! Give it up and
turn yourself in.

CAROL comes within inches of SANDY and grabs her by the arm.

CAROL
Have you literally lost your mind?

SANDY
Carol, he's the scumbag who killed
Bolo and those five women.

CAROL
You can't be one-hundred percent
sure about that.
SANDY
Why are you stopping me from catching him, babe? Why?

CAROL
What I'm trying to do is keep myself from going to your funeral. Have you forgotten that you might be chasing the same sicko who made mince meat out of those five women, the ones that they found cut up in trashbags down in Brush Creek? What makes you think he won't do the same thing to you?

SANDY
Babe, at this point, I just don't give a flying fuck anymore.

CAROL
What if he had a pistol or knife on him?

SANDY
Still, at this point, I just don't give a good goddamned anymore!

CAROL
Sandy, don't let your ignorance put you six foot under.

SANDY
No, I'll be the one who puts him six foot under.

CAROL
Okay, what if you would've caught this creep and he wasn't the same person?

SANDY
Then, I would've called it a night.

CAROL
Besides, you still haven't gone to the police and told them what happened that night down in Brush Creek. You and I both know that it was part of your civic duty to march right into the police headquarters and tell them everything.
SANDY
Can you believe the nerves on this mentally-imbalanced maniac? He had the balls to show up at one of S.A.V.E.'s biggest rallies. I'm telling you, Carol, it was definitely him.

SANDY and CAROL approach their automobile parked on Main Avenue. They notice some strange writing on the hood. Both stand at the front of the automobile and see there is a cryptic note spray-painted in black paint across the hood.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(repeats note)
You dare stop me?

A WOMAN steps over by the car and looks at SANDY.

WOMAN
Would you like for me to call the police?

SANDY
(nods)
No, we're fine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAROL nervously paces the floor, while SANDY sits impatiently on the sofa.

CAROL
Sandy, you've gotta do it. You've got to tell the police that that bastard spray-painted our car.

SANDY
Carol, I want to take care of that shitbag my own way.

CAROL
Oh, I see. You want to take him out, and then I'll be coming to visit you in prison.

SANDY
Not if it's in self-defense.

CAROL
When I leave town for training, who's gonna be here to protect you?

SANDY
I can protect myself.
CAROL
My job is sending me to Florida for four weeks. That's a whole month, Sandy. I just want you to be safe while I'm gone.

SANDY
Don't worry, I'll be safe.

CAROL
This animal must know where we live.

SANDY
After spray painting our car, he's been stalking us.

CAROL
Do you think he's still after you?

SANDY
Something tells me that he's following me.

CAROL
And not me?

SANDY
I don't think so.

CAROL
How will you protect yourself when I'm gone?

SANDY goes inside the kitchen and pulls open one of the drawers near the sink. She returns into the living room holding a silverish .357 Magnum with a black rubber grip in her left hand.

SANDY
This is how I'll protect myself.

CAROL
Where'd you get that from?

SANDY
A gun shop in North Kansas City.

CAROL
Wow! You're planning on taking down a bull elephant.

SANDY
No, a creep whose hatred for women runs deeper than all the oceans combined.
SANDY holds the .357 in the air and looks down the barrel.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL aren't aware, but CHARLIE hides within the same bushes surrounding their backyard. With the shades halfway open, he sees into their home, right into the front room where SANDY still holds the .357 high in the air. CHARLIE heaves quite strongly from intense anger.

CHARLIE
(whispers)
Why did I let that bitch live? Why didn't I kill her that night down in Brush Creek? Don't worry, bitch, your day's coming real soon. Real soon, bitch!

CHARLIE disappears into the bushes.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Inside a roll call and briefing room on the third floor of the downtown KCPD headquarters, an assembly of notable law enforcement heavy hitters are in attendance. The CHIEF OF POLICE, SHERIFFS, select POLICE OFFICERS, FBI AGENTS, HOMICIDE DETECTIVES, and a CRIMINAL ANALYST are all present. They are gathered around a large conference table with reports and stats and documentation during their meeting. A large digital screen and power zoom digital projector are set up for investigative purposes. All parties watch as veteran homicide detective, Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, sits a sheet of paper on top of the projector.

JERRY
We've been working fourteen to sixteen hour days with this case. Pulling those victims from the creek waters have drawn the line for me. Finding answers have been tough.

CAREY SCHROEDER clears his throat and speaks in a nostalgic voice.

CAREY
Jerry, our perp is different from any other type of serial killer. We know for certain that the same person is responsible for all five murders.

JERRY
You're right, Cork. Doc McKinnis is the best medical examiner in all of Jackson County. He knows that our

(MORE)
JERRY (CONT'D)
suspect is definitely a shell-shocked, insane, yet psychotic Vietnam War veteran. We can't let him strike again.

CAREY
The increasing time for the murders have been over a series of months.

JERRY
Which is atypical for most serial killers.

CAREY
This disturbed psycho is leading the race.

JERRY
In the game of solving homicides, you win some, you lose some. As for the Brush Creek killings, that's where we turn to our FBI criminal analyst, Dr. Lynus Madrey. Dr. Madrey, this psychotic monster has puzzled us into a thousand migraines. What can you possibly tell us about him?

DR. MADREY, who is a fifty-something man with dark and thick brown hair, with a neatly trimmed beard and thin build, stands to take the front and center of the room.

DR. MADREY
Most serial killers just don't stop killing. Killing innocent people can be a mental health problem, moreso than the killer's morals failing him or severe disorders in his character. Anyone who goes around strangling women to death, and then mutilating their body parts, is considered to be barbarically anti-female.

JERRY throws up a hand signal to DR. MADREY.

JERRY
Could our Brush Creek killer be anti-female?

DR. MADREY
Yes, he could. His negativity towards women is strong enough to make him a recluse.
Making him have little or no contact with family or friends.

DR. MADREY
Exactly, lieutenant. Strangling and dismembering women also categorizes him as having developed pathological killing appetites. Neurobiological imbalances could be the basis for his problems. The Brush Creek killer could also suffer from impaired sensory-emotional integration. Less activity in certain parts of his brain could regulate and control his emotions and behavior.

CAREY
Doc Madrey, why doesn't this maniac know how to put on the brakes when it comes to stop killing women?

DR. MADREY
Runaway aggressive behavior is what it's called. With violent and irrational criminals like the Brush Creek killer, the gray matter of his brain holds only about ten percent fewer neurons in the prefrontal cortex, than the brains of most of the general population.

The bodies he's left behind in the trashbags along the creek banks, they've turned into sheer homicidal messes and confusing crime scenes. We posted up some of our best police officers, and look what he did to them. He ambushed and severely assaulted those officers, and then killed one of our best canine dogs. After he got his hands bloody, he crawled through the longest tunnel down in Brush Creek, then made the dirtiest getaway that I've ever seen. We're dealing with one of the sickest individuals ever born into mankind.

CAREY
Not to mention the cryptic note that he left behind inside the tunnel.
JERRY
A note which challenges us to catch him if we can.

CAREY
Trying to apprehend the Brush Creek killer is like trying to assemble a Christmas toy without directions. The complexities of solving the Brush Creek murders start with the victims themselves.

JERRY places a digitally-enhanced photo of the first victim on top of the large digital screen.

JERRY
Let's take a look at our first Brush Creek murder victim. Lisa Wallace, white female, fifty-one years of age, gainfully employed with the IRS for twenty-nine years. She lived alone, was never married or had children, and attended church regularly.

CAREY
So, what would be his motive to kill her?

DR. MADREY signals with his hand.

DR. MADREY
Lisa Wallace could've been an easy target for him. Upon first glance, he could've figured out that she was single and lived alone. Maybe he saw that she had strong tendencies of vulnerability.

JERRY
And you're absolutely right, Doc Madrey.

JERRY places another photo on the screen.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Men do pick up on women who are weak and vulnerable. Kimberly Deanna Barr is another victim of the Brush Creek killer. She was a white female, twenty-seven years of age at the time of her death, a known drug addict and prostitute who frequented the corridors of Independence Avenue and (MORE)
JERRY (CONT'D)
Gladstone Avenue. Kimberly had several priors for prostitution and drug possession.

DR. MADREY
Kimberly had to be one of his easier targets. Prostitutes lead nomadic, unscheduled lives. Most don't check in regularly with friends and relatives.

CAREY
Think about it, guys. How many cars do prostitutes get in and out of on a regular basis?

JERRY
One thing's for sure, Independence Avenue became one of his hunting grounds. Doc Madrey, what's the story behind him going from working class women to street prostitutes? What's the story behind the Brush Creek killer dismembering these women and dumping their body parts in trashbags?

DR. MADREY
There's a strong possibility that he feels abandoned. The underlying psychological reason may be that this is a man whose mother or sister or aunt ran away from him. Maybe women rejected him throughout the duration of his life. To vent his anger, he promised himself that another woman would never run away again. He's someone who feels deserted.

JERRY
This psychotic monster has been using a Full Tang Monster Machete to dismember his victims, and that's according to Doc McKinnis over at Truman Medical Center. Could the killer have been in the medical field or had surgical knowledge?

CAREY
But why dismember his victims and then stuff them in large trashbags?
JERRY
Either making transporting the bodies easier or trying to make a statement.

CAREY
Why Brush Creek as a dumping ground? Why not public parks? Why not the woods? Why not the Missouri River like a lot of other victims from the past?

DR. MADREY
Brush Creek could be a place of tranquility for him. It could be his inner sanctum, a place that he marvels after.

JERRY
Doc McKinnis and Doc Purvis are convinced that our perp is definitely a Vietnam War veteran who could also be a dying man.

CAREY
He's sick in the mind and in the body.

JERRY
Him being a veteran of a foreign war, I might can convince a federal judge to sign a warrant that will allow us to subpoena medical records from the VA Hospital.

CAREY
We get that warrant, the composite sketch of our suspect will be a big help.

JERRY
To hopefully match up with that nightmare-of-a-face that Officer Dolan described.

CAREY
Time's running short, and we don't have much of it to waste, especially since other's lives are depending on us catching this guy.

JERRY
He's done stayed away from Brush Creek since the department almost apprehended him that night.
CAREY
We desperately need to know of his whereabouts.

JERRY
It's somewhere in this city. But the question remains, where in this city?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - NIGHT

It is Thanksgiving night in Kansas City, Missouri. Thousands of local residents have come out for The Plaza Lighting Ceremony on The Country Club Plaza. The buildings are lit up with an array of Christmas lights. People are packed throughout the crowded streets after showing their support for the special ceremony. CHARLIE walks through the crowd wearing a thick wool coat and a black stocking cap. He comes out in search of another victim. A WOMAN standing a few yards away has locked eye contact with him. She smiles and projects a few inviting gestures towards him. Standing several feet away from this strange WOMAN is SANDY BARNHOLTZ. SANDY watches CHARLIE very closely, while he has his menacing eyes fixed on the WOMAN. CHARLIE turns to his right and discovers SANDY watching him. He immediately pushes his way through the thick crowd. Once again, a high-speed foot chase begins. Both of them bump and shove people in order to force their way through the crowd. SANDY throws a set of curved hands up to her mouth.

SANDY 
(loudly)
Charlie, you can't run forever!

The faster CHARLIE runs, the faster SANDY runs after him. He runs until he reaches The Rosenberg Apartments, which is only minutes away from The Country Club Plaza. He shoves the key inside the front door and rushes inside. SANDY runs up the stairways leading to the front of the Rosenberg Apartments and bams on the door.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Charlie, you bastard! You won't make a clean getaway anymore!

SANDY continues to bam on the front door. Surprisingly, no one answers, which could be due to the fact that most residents are out for the holiday.

EXT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS (NEXT DAY) - DAY

SANDY learns that CHARLIE is a resident of the Rosenberg Apartments. She decides to pay the Rosenberg a visit since one of the most notorious serial killers resides there.
After a few knocks on the front door, DERRICK THOMAS and MITCHELL MCNALLY, the interracial gay couple who live one floor below CHARLIE, leave their apartment to answer the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

DERRICK and MITCHELL have allowed SANDY entry into the building. The trio stand at the center of the first floor hallway.

SANDY
I hate to bother you two nice gentlemen, but I'm looking for someone named Charlie who lives in this building.

DERRICK throws his head back and looks up the stairways.

DERRICK
There's only one Charlie who lives in this building.

SANDY
Medium height guy? Medium length, dark hair? Pock-marked face?

DERRICK
You've described Charlie perfectly.

SANDY
Where does he live?

DERRICK points up the stairways.

DERRICK
Up the stairs and to the right.

SANDY
So, he lives there, huh?

DERRICK
Yes, he does. It sounds like he's in some type of trouble.

SANDY takes her deepest breath and momentarily closes her eyes.

SANDY
I believe he's the Brush Creek killer.

DERRICK
(surprisingly)
Say what! Charlie?
SANDY
Yes, Charlie.

DERRICK
What makes you say that?

SANDY
He killed my Labrador Retriever named Bolo down in Brush Creek one night. He then tried to attack and kill me.

DERRICK
How'd you know that he lives here at The Rosenberg?

SANDY
I saw him run in this building last night.

DERRICK
What, after The Plaza Lighting Ceremony?

SANDY
Yes, right during the time when people were starting to go home.

DERRICK
Sounds like you're telling us that we live one floor below a serial killer.

SANDY
Question. Have you ever seen him carrying out large trashbags pretty regularly?

DERRICK
Only when trash day comes around. Why'd you ask?

SANDY
Those trashbags might've had his victims body parts inside.

MITCHELL respectfully moves in front of DERRICK.

MITCHELL
Are you a police woman or a detective or something?

SANDY
No, just a concerned citizen.
MITCHELL
Charlie is a weird, peculiar type of guy. He keeps crazy hours all through the night. He's one of those deranged, shell-shocked Vietnam War veterans.

SANDY
Hours that he spends hunting down his next victim. He's already killed five women. He's probably working on victim number six.

MITCHELL
Would you like to go and knock on his door?

SANDY
Yes, but with extreme caution.

MITCHELL
Of course.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAY

SANDY has followed DERRICK and MITCHELL up to the second floor. DERRICK softly knocks on the door.

DERRICK
Charlie, it's me, Derrick Thomas from downstairs. I would like to have a word with you.

Derrick pauses a few seconds and knocks again.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
There's someone out here who'd like to talk to you.

Still, no one answers CHARLIE'S door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - DAY

DERRICK and MITCHELL have taken SANDY back downstairs and to the front door. SANDY reaches into her purse for important items.

SANDY
Here's my business card, guys. Could you please give me or the police a call whenever you see Charlie again?

Derrick looks the business card over.
DERRICK
(repeats card information)
Sisters Against Violent Encounters?

SANDY
Yes, my partner and I are the founders and directors of S.A.V.E.

DERRICK
What exactly do you do?

SANDY
We work with battered women's shelters and victims of domestic violence. We also provide support to the families of murdered domestic violent victims.

DERRICK
Glad to see someone still cares.

SANDY
We care when no one else cares.

DERRICK
Cool, my wonderful Jewish sister. Look, if I see Charlie, I won't even tell him that I spoke with you. I'll just notify you and the police.

SANDY
I'd appreciate it very much.

DERRICK
Do you think Charlie could be on the run?

SANDY
He's a dangerously wanted man.

DERRICK taps SANDY over the shoulder.

DERRICK
I read in the newspaper about the cop who spotted a suspect inside the main tunnel down in Brush Creek. The cop said that the man had a severely pock-marked face. When I first read the article, I thought nothing of it. But now, I'm thinking that that very suspect could've been Charlie.
SANDY
Trust me, it was Charlie inside that tunnel.

DERRICK
Also, this suspect killed one of their top canine dogs inside the same tunnel. You telling me that he killed your dog, makes it all seem a hundred percent believable.

SANDY
This man is a sadistic monster. He must be stopped at all cost.

INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - DAY

SANDY'S lesbian lover, CAROL WEXLER, has left town for four weeks of training for her job. A couple of days have passed since SANDY visited with DERRICK and MITCHELL at the Rosenberg Apartments. She finally takes it upon herself to contact the Crime Stoppers Division at 474-TIPS. After dialing the number, she waits for a ring.

OPERATOR
(over phone)
Crime Stoppers.

SANDY
(into phone)
I'd like to give a tip about the Brush Creek killings.

OPERATOR
(over phone)
I can take down the tip information and pass it on to one of the detectives.

SANDY
(into phone)
I somewhat have a fear of reprisal and apathy. But, me coming forward could save some people's lives.

OPERATOR
(over phone)
Go ahead with your information, ma'am.

SANDY
(into phone)
Alright, here goes. The Brush Creek killer lives at the Rosenberg Apartments on The Country Club Plaza.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
His name is Charles Rastelli. He's the one who murdered and mutilated all five of the women found dumped in the trashbags down in Brush Creek.

OPERATOR
(over phone)
Ma'am, please take down this code number.

SANDY abruptly hangs up before the OPERATOR can give her the code number. She acts on strange impulses. She looks through an old issue of the newspaper and comes across the name of JERRY OVERSTREET, in which he is mentioned as the lead homicide detective in the Brush Creek murder cases.

SANDY
(repeats name)
Jerry Overstreet?

SANDY goes to her computer and researches information for the homicide unit of the KCPD. She finds a direct number for Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, and then dials the number for his office. The phone rings several times and it goes straight to voicemail.

JERRY
(recorded voice message)
You have reached Lieutenant Jerry Overstreet with Kansas City, Missouri Police Department's Homicide Unit. I'm currently out of my office or out in the field. Please leave your name and number and I'll contact you at my earliest convenience.

SANDY leaves a brief message for JERRY.

SANDY
(speaks into voice recorder)
Lieutenant Overstreet, my name is Sandy Barnholtz. I've learned that you're the lead homicide detective in the Brush Creek murder cases. Well, the Brush Creek killer lives at the Rosenberg Apartments on The Country Club Plaza. His name is Charles Rastelli, some whacked-out Vietnam War veteran. I believe he's on the prowl right now to kill and dismember more women. I can't, and I will not, tell you where I live or (MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
work. But, I will tell you this. If you and the police department don't stop this psychopath from killing innocent women, then I'll be the one who puts this psychotic sonofabitch out of his misery. I know that it's not wise to take the law into your own hands, but I'm going to do what I have to do. Goodbye, Lieutenant Overstreet.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JERRY walks into his office inside the homicide unit of the KCPD headquarters, after a long day of being out collecting investigative materials. He takes a seat at his desk and plays back the first message, which is from SANDY. The message plays through and he is sort of stunned.

JERRY
(low voice)
This woman sounds angry and concerned at the same time.

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SANDY has fallen asleep after a long and tiresome day. Her cell phone rings and she reaches over to see who might be calling her during the late hours. The number shows up as a blocked call on her cell phone. The blocked number peaks her curiosity, which causes her to answer.

SANDY
(into phone)
Hello.

Some STRANGER breathes quite heavy into the phone.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Who's this?

STRANGER
(over phone)
Who would you like it to be?

SANDY
(into phone)
Charlie, is this you?

STRANGER
(over phone)
I'll be whoever you want me to be.
SANDY
(into phone)
Look, you deranged sonofabitch! You come near me or Carol, I promise you, I'll kill you dead. Dead! Dead! Dead!

STRANGER
(over phone)
I see you came looking for me the other day. Shouldn't it be you that I come looking for?

SANDY
(into phone)
I saw you trying to move in on the woman after The Plaza Lighting Ceremony. You were going to make her another one of your victims. After you spray-painted my car, that's when I'd knew that you had gone too far. You better hope that the police catch you before I do.

STRANGER
(over phone)
There's no need to be going and getting upset. You and I, Sandy, will meet up again.

SANDY
(into phone)
And it won't be under pleasant circumstances.

SANDY hangs up and sits nervously at the edge of the bed. She reaches into the drawer next to the bed and pulls out her fully-loaded .357 Magnum.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY isn't aware, but CHARLIE hides in the bushes around her backyard with his cell phone. He closes up his flip phone and runs away.

INT. SHOW-ME SHootERS INDOOR RANGE - DAY

SANDY stands before the well-lit and ventilated electrical target firing away with her .357 Magnum. She allows nothing to distract her while wearing her headphones and safety glasses. The target slides closer and shows how SANDY is actually a very good shot.
INT. JACKSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JERRY and CAREY stand on opposite sides of a JUDGE inside his chambers. They observe as the JUDGE signs an arrest and search warrant after reviewing their affidavit and listening to the phone recording by SANDY.

INT. THE ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - DAY

JERRY now executes the arrest and search warrant signed and authorized by the JUDGE. A cadre of HOMICIDE DETECTIVES, POLICE OFFICERS, and FBI AGENTS, have come to the front of CHARLIE'S apartment door. JERRY stands at the front center of the door with his gun in one hand and the signed warrant in the other hand. The other law enforcement PERSONNEL also have their weapons drawn. They have learned that CHARLES RASTELLI is a very dangerous man, and to approach his apartment with extreme caution. JERRY bams loudly on the apartment door.

JERRY
Charles Rastelli, are you in there?

JERRY signals for the apartment MANAGER to open the door. Once the door is cracked, JERRY and the others rush inside pointing their weapons every direction.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Police! Charles, if you're in here, then come out with your hands up.

CAREY stands behind JERRY with his gun held high.

CAREY
KCPD, Charlie!

JERRY
Check all the rooms and all the closets.

CAREY
Look under the bed and behind any open spaces.

A thorough search begins around CHARLIE'S apartment. The group of law enforcement PERSONNEL slip on surgical gloves to keep from contaminating any crucial DNA evidence.

JERRY
Clear.

CAREY
Clear.
The others indicate that it's clear through the entire apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS search through cabinets and drawers inside the kitchen for evidence.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Some search under the sofa cushions and under a throw rug. JERRY and CAREY and others notice the many posters of Brush Creek over the years. JERRY moves closer to the poster which has the caption that reads: SEARCHERS FIND 20TH BODY IN BRUSH CREEK AS AREA PICKS ITSELF UP.

It is an article that was blown up to a 20X30 poster size, which explains the devastating flood of 1977 throughout the entire Brush Creek area.

JERRY
These Brush Creek posters tell a lot of the story. I remember the flood of 1977 like it was yesterday.

CAREY
Tells a story of obsession, like a sick fascination.

JERRY
This poster must be his most prized one of all.

CAREY
But why would a poster showing flood waters destroying property and dead bodies fascinate this guy?

JERRY
Question should be, why does Brush Creek fascinate him in general?

DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS walks into the apartment carrying his DNA kit. DR. BARNEY PURVIS comes in seconds later with his crime kit.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Doctors, we're glad that you could come on such short notice.

DR. MCKINNIS
We started these investigations together, we're going to see it through together, lieutenant.
DR. PURVIS
Yes, through the good, the bad, and the ugly ones.

DR. MCKINNIS
We love our work, detective.

The dream team of law enforcement are hard at work. DETECTIVES and FBI AGENTS take photos throughout the apartment. One of the DETECTIVES calls from inside the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE
Lieutenant Overstreet and Detective Schroeder, take a look at this.

The novice DETECTIVE holds up a couple of new urine bags not yet used by CHARLIE.

JERRY
Urine disposal bags?

DETECTIVE
A bunch of them not used came from those boxes.

JERRY
Why so many of them?

CAREY walks up and hands JERRY a set of papers that were given to him by one of the DETECTIVES.

CAREY
These were found stashed away in one of his boxes in the closet.

JERRY reads over the documents with fierce reading and comprehension skills.

JERRY
Maybe these DD 214 discharge papers will tell us the real reason why 'Mister Charlie' left the Vietnam War. This detailed medical report explains the misfortune that Charlie has to carry around for the rest of his life. He got sent back to the U.S. when the military could no longer deal with him. He got a 273 for physical disability with entitlement to receive severance pay. Look at all these codes that he got before Uncle Sam brought him back home.
CAREY
What codes?

JERRY
Charlie got a 460 for emotional instability reaction, a 461 for inadequate personality, a 462 for mental deficiency, a 463 for paranoid personality, a 464 for unsuitability, and a 480 for personality disorder.

CAREY
Charlie Boy has a lot of mental and emotional problems.

JERRY moves the medical papers closer to his face. His eyes widen with amazement.

JERRY
Along with this severe wound that he suffered.

CAREY
What wound?

JERRY
Genital mutilation.

CAREY
Oh boy!

JERRY summons DR. MCKINNIS into the adjoining room.

JERRY
Doc McKinnis, how would you define genital mutilation?

DR. MCKINNIS slips on his reading glasses.

DR. MCKINNIS
Detective, I once did an autopsy on a Vietnam War veteran who was minus his privates due to a severe war wound. My knowledge of castration and genital mutilation is vast and researched.

JERRY
This military medical document, what can you tell me about it? How is it in relation to our perp?
DR. MCKINNIS
To begin, wounds of external genitalia are the most feared combat injuries, but not the most common. Soldiers just like our perp are known to place their helmets over their genitalia during static trench warfare. Wounds of the penis, scrotum, and testicles made up two to three percent of American casualties in Vietnam. More below-the-waist explosions from mines and crossfire happened during Vietnam combat. This medical report tells us that Charlie suffered severe injury to his corpora cavernosa, and the subcutaneous tissues around the scrotal-testicular area that were stitched together.

JERRY
Was he beyond surgery to save his privates?

DR. MCKINNIS
Yes. Orchiectomy or bilateral orchiectomy could not have saved him. The severity of the injury was way beyond the skill of a surgeon.

JERRY
The medical report explains how a powerful enemy crossfire stripped Charlie of ever making any little Charlies.

DR. MCKINNIS
Both of his testicles and penis were castrated by the powerful blast of enemy crossfire.

JERRY
Doc, him being minus his privates, that explains why he uses urine collection bags.

DR. MCKINNIS
A special surgical procedure was performed in order for him to discharge waste from his body.

JERRY
I'll bet the government picked up the tab for him to have that procedure done.
More evidence surfaces inside CHARLIE'S apartment. JERRY and CAREY are called into the front room.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Two DETECTIVES hold up a large white banner with big black letters which reads: WAR HAS NO BEGINNING, AND IT HAS NO ENDING.

The drawing of a machete with a shiny, thirsty blade dripping with blood, is sketched at the center of the banner.

CAREY
Is Charlie trying to send a message with this banner?

JERRY
It's a cry for help, Cork.

CAREY
(repeats)
War has no beginning, and it has no ending? What exactly is he trying to say?

JERRY
My interpretation of what Charlie is trying to say is that war will be here until the end of time. No matter how or where it starts, no matter where it ends, it'll always be with us.

CAREY
Charlie still deals with the psychological effects of Vietnam. But, why does he target innocent women?

JERRY
Same question was asked of nuts like Ted Bundy.

CAREY sorts through more boxes until he comes across a brief, handwritten letter folded inside a black leather organizer.

CAREY
Hey Jerry, check this out.

JERRY
What?

CAREY
Looks like a letter written by Charlie himself.
JERRY reads the letter and shakes his head.

JERRY
Charlie has a deep-rooted hatred for all women.

CAREY
Why you say that?

JERRY
He feels he's been mocked by women since childhood. Having a pock-marked face, and having suffered genital mutilation during the Vietnam War, only fueled the fire to his uncontrolled rage towards all women.

CAREY
Guess those are the key ingredients to severe outrage.

JERRY reads the letter before everyone present.

JERRY
(word-for-word)
The night was peaceful and mysterious. I, Charles Robert Rastelli, happened to run upon a hooker not long after I returned home from Vietnam. Even though I knew that I couldn't satisfy her nor myself, I took her to some cheap motel for sex. At first, I was shy, knowing that I had nothing to work with down there. I paid her twenty dollars and we began to talk about my combat mission in Vietnam. She told me that she could only spend an hour with me before she had to leave. Acting on stupidity and impulse, I pulled my pants and underwear down. This insensitive whore just laughed and laughed and laughed, and kept on laughing once she'd seen that I was minus a dick and a pair of balls. She pointed down to the area where there was nothing but a bunch of skin sewed together, an area where a colostomy tube released my urine. After that night, I was going to make sure that no other woman was going to laugh at me again. Every bitch! Every whore! Every cunt! Every slut! Every twat! (MORE)
JERRY (CONT'D)
Every female parasite at the four corners of the Earth! They're going to pay for what that evil Jezebel did to make a mockery of my misfortune. I hate all women of the world, and every woman will be exterminated from the planet when I'm done.

Everyone is stunned after hearing the reading of the tragic letter.

JERRY (CONT'D)
This psychotic sonofabitch has got to be stopped!

CAREY
He wants every woman to pay for what one woman did to him.

JERRY
Charlie is beyond rational. He's beyond being reasonable.

CAREY
Sick he might be, but unintelligent he isn't.

The law enforcement PERSONNEL search through the apartment with the intentions of leaving no stones unturned or crucial evidence left behind.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JERRY and CAREY search through the medicine cabinet inside the bathroom.

JERRY
Xanax? Prozac? Zoloft?

CAREY
Lexapro? Pristiq? Cymbalta?

JERRY
Charlie has a lot in common with depression and anxiety.

CAREY
Before his rage detonates again, we've got to take him off the streets. These depression and anxiety medications have made him crazier by the day.
JERRY reaches into the cabinets and brings out more medication bottles.

JERRY
Jesus Lord! How many different types of medication is this guy on? Looks like he also takes medication for diabetes and heart problems.

DR. MCKINNIS walks into the bathroom with his DNA kit.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Doc, whaddaya make of all this medication that Charlie's on?

DR. MCKINNIS briefly studies the medication labels.

DR. MCKINNIS
Charlie is a suicide waiting to happen. Being prescribed all these anti-depressants can only increase his suicidal thoughts and behaviors.

JERRY
How about his homicidal actions and abnormal behaviors?

DR. MCKINNIS
Chances are, Charlie has life-threatening illnesses, which leads him to commit homicides of unspeakable horrors.

JERRY
Is his state of mental illnesses worsening by the day?

DR. MCKINNIS
I'd go as far as saying every hour of every day.

JERRY
Like a walking time bomb?

DR. MCKINNIS
Precisely, lieutenant.

JERRY
A sick mind and a sick body are an atrocious combination.

CAREY comes into the bathroom to show JERRY more vital information.
CAREY
I found this reminder letter for one of Charlie's appointments at the VA Hospital.

JERRY
(reads)
From a Dr. Peter Lindenthal at the Agent Orange clinic inside the VA.

CAREY
Letter states that this Dr. Lindenthal came from the Southern California Neurology and Psychiatric Association.

JERRY
I'll be making a visit to see this doctor, and then see if I can subpoena Charlie's medical records from there.

CAREY
Didn't Dr. McKinnis explain how he dismembered his victim's bodies with a Full Tang Monster Machete? We've turned this apartment upside down, and there's no machete nowhere in here.

JERRY
He probably took it with him when he left.

CAREY
Where do you think he went?

JERRY
Wish I knew, Cork. The man loves Brush Creek so much, until he could've went back into hiding down there.

CAREY
That'd be stupid of him.

JERRY
One thing's for sure, he won't be coming back here. There's something that concerns me.

CAREY
What?

JERRY
The woman in the recording, Sandy Barnholtz, she threatened to take (MORE)
JERRY (CONT'D)
Charlie out if we didn't get him off the streets.

CAREY
Think she'll deliver on her threats?

JERRY
Let's hope not. I'd like to pick away at his brains.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

JERRY sits in the office of DR. PETER LINDENTHAL, inside the VA Hospital complex near Linwood Boulevard. DR. LINDENTHAL is a man in his late fifties who stands at a lean six-foot-two. JERRY opens a folder with vital information.

JERRY
Well, doc, I see that you spent some time with Charles Robert Rastelli.

DR. LINDENTHAL
That I did, sir.

JERRY
You helped treat him and write his prescriptions?

DR. LINDENTHAL
Yes, I did.

JERRY
So, it's well understood that Charles has mental and physical problems?

DR. LINDENTHAL
Yes, he does.

JERRY
Doc, did you know that Charles is a dying man?

DR. LINDENTHAL
From my prognosis, his conditions remains stable.

JERRY
Between having Agent Orange and being on all those medications, I believe that he's dying by the day.
Charles hasn't been to the clinic in quite some time. When he was screened and tested for Agent Orange, he'd been diagnosed with great exposure to the chemical used in Vietnam. I noticed the swift onset and rapid progression of diseases that were peculiar to himself and Agent Orange.

Doc, you are, of course, a board-certified neurologist and American board-certified psychiatrist. You're also certified with the Board of Clinical Neurophysiology.

I see that you've done your homework.

A vicious killer is on the loose. We don't have a second to lose. Did you ever see Charles for any serious psychiatric problems?

Charles has severe mental and emotional problems. During several of our sessions, symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome, which are common for most veterans of combat, had begun to surface.

Symptoms of what nature?

Shakiness, muscle aches, sweating, dizziness, fatigue, racing heart, and dry mouth. Illusions and hallucinations and flashback episodes were common during our sessions together.

Hallucinations and flashback episodes of what nature?

Irritability and outbursts of anger and hypervigilance.
JERRY
Give me an example of one of his outbursts.

DR. LINDENTHAL
One time, he jumped out of his seat with both fists balled up and clenched teeth, and then he shouted, 'War has no beginning, and it has no ending'.

JERRY
Searching his apartment the other day, we found a banner with that exact statement written across it. There was the drawing of a machete stained with blood at the center of the banner. What does such a raged statement mean?

DR. LINDENTHAL
What he's trying to say is that war can start from nowhere, and it can end from nowhere. The memories are buried deep in his mind and will haunt him forever.

JERRY
Doc, did you know that Charles suffered genital mutilation during the Vietnam War?

DR. LINDENTHAL
I'm very aware of that.

JERRY
Psychologically, as well as physically, how does that affect him?

DR. LINDENTHAL
Not being able to enjoy sexual intercourse has its ramifications. Not being able to procreate has its grave disadvantages. Not being able to cultivate meaningful relationships with the opposite sex creates bitterness.

JERRY
Did Charles tell you these things?

DR. LINDENTHAL
Spread out over several sessions, he told me everything about living with the horrors of losing his genitalia.
JERRY unfolds two sheets of crinkly notebook paper and DR. LINDENTHAL quickly reads the letter.

DR. LINDENTHAL (CONT'D)
My God, he does have a deep-rooted hatred for all women. This letter explains the basis for his anger towards all women.

JERRY
This anger, this resentment towards all women, it might've triggered him to murder and mutilate all of the women found in trashbags down in Brush Creek.

DR. LINDENTHAL
I would've never suspected that Charles was responsible for those murders.

JERRY
Is it fair to say that the U.S. Army is responsible for creating the monster known as Charles Robert Rastelli?

DR. LINDENTHAL
A monster he has become, indeed. We're talking about a man who's got far too many demons to keep under control. Personally, as well as professionally, I believe the reason why he mutilates his victims, is because he himself was mutilated.

JERRY
War seems to create winners or losers, not heroes or villains.

DR. LINDENTHAL
Many veterans return home from combat suffering drug and alcohol addiction, promiscuity, mental incapacitation, powerless, withdrawal from society and many other problems. Many people believe that our United States Government is to blame for turning perfectly sane and sensitive people into insane and unmoralistic animals.

JERRY hands DR. LINDENTHAL some important documents.
JERRY
Doc, I'm going to need copies of
Charles's medical and mental records.

DR. LINDENTHAL
I see that you have a subpoena signed
by a court-appointed judge. I'll get
them to you ASAP.

JERRY
Dr. Lindenthal, I thank you for your
time.

DR. LINDENTHAL
My pleasure, Lieutenant Overstreet.

JERRY and DR. LINDENTHAL stand and shake hands.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

SANDY drives into the back of her home after doing some
shopping at one of the local department stores. She parks
her car and grabs a few bags from the backseat. As she
approaches the backdoor, she notices a dog lying on the grass.
She comes within close range of the dog and realizes that it
is a black Labrador Retriever that has been killed. The dog's
abdomen is split open. SANDY drops the bags to the ground
and snatches her .357 out of the holster. She looks around
to see if anyone lurks around her home. A cryptic note written
in blood just below a row of windows says:  
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

SANDY
Oh my God! This psycho is sicker
than I realize.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

SANDY circles the front room with her weapon grasped between
both hands.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She circles the bedroom, ready to fire her gun at a moment's
notice. She looks under the bed and in the closet.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She moves from one end of the kitchen to the other.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SANDY looks behind the washer and dryer for a potential
predator.
EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CHARLIE hides off in a stretch of dark woods across the street from Brush Creek. He shakes profusely from having Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

SANDY took a couple of sleeping pills after being stirred up from the murdered dog and the cryptic note written in blood. She rests peacefully during the early morning hours. Her cell phone suddenly rings from over on the night table. SANDY jumps up with the gun in her hand. She reaches for the phone and looks down for a number. It is a blocked number on the screen. She answers with hesitation in a drowsy voice.

SANDY
(into phone)
Who's this?

CHARLIE
(over phone)
Good morning, Sandy.

SANDY
(into phone)
You sick sonofabitch! You killed that black Labrador to remind me of Bolo. You scribbled his blood on the back of my home like you did inside the tunnel down in Brush Creek.

CHARLIE
(over phone)
I just wanted it to be like old times. Sorta like the first time that we met that night down in Brush Creek.

SANDY
(into phone)
You've gone too far this time.

CHARLIE
(over phone)
How about we meet down in Brush Creek?

SANDY
(into phone)
I'm up for the challenge, you psychotic motherfucker! Are you up for it?

CHARLIE
(over phone)
Certainly, my dear.
SANDY
(into phone)
Name the place and the time.

CHARLIE
(over phone)
Brush Creek, the main tunnel, over by Satchel Paige Stadium. Let's make it about a half-hour.

SANDY
(into phone)
Just make sure you're there.

SANDY slams her cell phone shut. She gets dressed and rushes out the door with her gun secured into the holster.

INT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

SANDY stands in the frosty grass near the concrete jogging and bicycle trail. She moves further down the trail and towards the murky creek waters. The brightness of the Moon projects her reflection off the water. It is the exact location where she first met CHARLIE the night he killed her dog and tried to attack her. In a dense patch of bushes and trees that are closeby, CHARLIE hides with his Full Tang Monster Machete gripped with both hands. Swiftly, he chops down one of the smaller trees with the machete, then runs to a nearby location. SANDY swings her coat to the side and pulls out her Smith and Wesson .357 with the black rubber grip. The tree falls across the trail, which indicates there is a STRANGER somewhere closeby. SANDY points the gun in that direction.

SANDY
Charlie, is that you?

His voice responds from another dense patch of trees and bushes.

CHARLIE
So glad that you could make it, darling. Too bad you won't be leaving here alive.

SANDY
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

CHARLIE
I hope that you brought some protection with you.

SANDY
Don't worry, I brought a couple of friends with me.
CHARLIE
What friends?

SANDY
Smith and Wesson, baby. They're all the protection that I need.

CHARLIE chops down another smaller tree. SANDY quickly points her weapon in that direction. Cleverly, CHARLIE appears behind SANDY with his machete hung high over his shoulders.

CHARLIE
Hello Sandy.

SANDY turns around with the gun shaking in her hands.

SANDY
Well, Charlie, I see that we meet again.

CHARLIE
I slipped up the first night that I met you. But this time, my friend, there won't be no slip ups.

SANDY
You killed my precious dog Bolo that night down here in Brush Creek. You tried to attack and kill me, but you didn't get the job done. You murdered and mutilated those women like they were useless pieces of garbage.

CHARLIE
You'll be the next useless piece of garbage that I murder and mutilate.

SANDY holds the gun steady, while it is aimed right at the center of CHARLIE'S chest. CHARLIE swings the machete from side-to-side, trying to show his proficiency.

SANDY
You make one funny move, and I'll empty this .357 into you.

CHARLIE
Not before I take this machete and chop you up into confetti. Whaddaya know, that rhymes.

SANDY
I don't have time for rhymes or games. I've decided to deal with you in my own way.
CHARLIE
Well, here's your opportunity.

SANDY
Tell me something, Charlie.

What?

SANDY
Who turned you into this sick, twisted, morbid, maniacal monster? Was it the Vietnam War that did it? Was it women's rejection of you that did it? I'd really like to know.

CHARLIE huffs and puffs and clenches his teeth. He growls and drives the machete deep into the dirt. SANDY keeps the gun pointed steady at his chest.

CHARLIE
(furiously)
Those sons-of-bitches sent me and thousands of others to the Vietnam War, so they said in the name of democracy. Thousands of us died on that foreign battlefield, then were sent back home filled with diseases. We came back here crazier than a sack of hammers. Then, all of a sudden, the government didn't give a damn about us anymore. I'm sick in the mind, and I'm sick in the body. You don't understand, bitch! War is not about freedom and democracy, but it's all about money and power. The motherfuckers use the poor to fight and die in these bleeding wars, for goddamned democracy that the poor don't even have. We're just pawns in a much bigger game. None of those bastards cared about my dick and balls being blown off during combat in Vietnam.

SANDY
Murdering and mutilating innocent women didn't solve any of your problems.

CHARLIE
Those bitches deserved to die.
SANDY
Only someone with no compassion for human life would talk like that.

SANDY intentionally detonates the rage inside of CHARLIE. He pulls the machete out of the dirt and charges straight for SANDY. She fires off the gun and the shot hits him on the side where the colostomy bag is. The bag bursts open and urine splashes all over the ground. CHARLIE is injured and runs away leaving a short trail of blood. He dives into the creek water and abruptly disappears. SANDY runs a few yards up the trail to see if he is drowning. Bubbles come to the surface, which indicates that he may still be alive under the water. CHARLIE emerges from the water and runs into the main tunnel.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - EARLY MORNING

SANDY came prepared for the worst. She shines a miniature floodlight around the center of the main tunnel. There are no signs of CHARLIE inside the tunnel. A pack of sewer rats jump from one side of the tunnel to the other.

SANDY
Charlie, I know that you're in here.

She moves further towards the south end of the tunnel, with her gun in one hand and the floodlight in the other. She looks up and down, from side-to-side, and then from back-to-front. Still, there are no signs of CHARLIE. Several more yards and SANDY is almost at the end of the tunnel. Rocks and tree brush fall from the top. She gets to the end of the tunnel and looks up. CHARLIE leaps from the roof of the tunnel and she moves aside. He springs from the ground and charges at her with the machete high in the air. SANDY fires off the remaining four shots, with all four bullets crashing straight into his chest. He drops the machete and a wide pool of blood begins to form.

CHARLIE
(dying voice)
War has no beginning, and it has no ending!

SANDY looks down at the dying CHARLIE and kicks the machete to the side.

SANDY
Your killing of innocent women once began, but on this morning, it all comes to an end.

CHARLIE raises his head to look up at SANDY before he takes his last breath.
CHARLIE
(last words)
This is how I wanted it to end.
Goodbye, Brush Creek.

SANDY walks up by Satchel Paige Memorial Stadium with her gun dangling down by her leg.

FADE OUT