

**JEFF THE KILLER**  
ORIGINS

Written By  
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Initial Draft

## 1. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT -

The scene opens in a quiet neighborhood, illuminated by the eerie glow of a single streetlight. The wind whispers through the trees, and the faint sound of a swing creaking echoes in the background.

A POV shot shows someone walking down the street, their breath visible in the cold air. The camera's perspective is unsteady, almost like it's being recorded on a handheld device.

TEXT ON SCREEN: Ravenwood, 2012

The POV stops outside a two-story house with a dimly lit upstairs window. Faint laughter is heard from inside.

## 2. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT -

The camera transitions smoothly into the house. The interior is warm and welcoming, filled with family photos and knick-knacks. A BIRTHDAY PARTY is in progress for a boy no older than eight. Balloons and decorations are scattered around, and kids are laughing while the boy opens his presents.

In the corner, a teenage JEFFREY WOODS (15), pale and lanky, sits on the stairs, watching the scene with a distant expression. His younger brother, LIU (13), comes up and nudges him playfully.

LIU

Why are you sitting here? You're not that old to hate parties yet.

Jeff smirks but doesn't respond. His eyes remain fixed on the party below.

JEFF

It's not that. I just... I don't know. Feels like I don't belong here.

LIU

You're such a weirdo. (grins) Come on, it's cake time.

Jeff hesitates but follows Liu back into the room.

## 3. EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE HOUSE - NIGHT -

The camera shifts again, showing a POV of someone watching the house from the woods. Heavy breathing fills the audio as the watcher focuses on the window where the party is visible.

In the darkness, we faintly see a figure, their face obscured. They step forward slightly, revealing a flash of a twisted grin.

## 4. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT -

The party is winding down. Adults gather around the table chatting while Jeff stands by the sink, filling a glass of water. He looks at the reflection of his family in the window above the sink.

His faint smile disappears as his reflection distorts unnaturally—his mouth stretches, and his eyes darken. Startled, Jeff spins around to check behind him, but there's nothing there.

He catches his breath, trying to convince himself it's his imagination.

LIU (O.S.)  
Jeff? You okay?

Jeff nods, forcing a smile.

## 5. EXT. HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT -

The party is over. The house is quiet.

A CLOSE-UP of the front door shows that it is unlocked.

A hand, pale and skeletal, slowly pushes it open.

The camera pans to the staircase, where we see JEFF, asleep on the couch nearby, a faint line of moonlight across his face.

FOOTSTEPS echo softly, growing louder as the intruder approaches him.

Suddenly, Jeff's eyes snap open.

CUT TO BLACK.:

TEXT ON SCREEN: JEFF THE KILLER

## 6. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -

The screen fades in from black to Jeff sitting up on the couch, his breathing shallow and eyes darting around. He's clearly unsettled but trying to convince himself it was just a dream.

The house is dead silent, save for the faint ticking of a clock on the wall.

Jeff glances at the window. A shadow darts past, too quick to fully register. He freezes.

JEFF  
(whispering)  
... Liu?

No response.

The sound of a floorboard creaking upstairs breaks the silence.

Jeff gets to his feet slowly, his muscles tense. He grabs the nearest object—a small lamp from the side table—and cautiously approaches the staircase.

7. INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS -

The house feels unnervingly large in the dark. Jeff's footsteps are soft, almost hesitant, as he ascends the stairs.

From above, faint whispers can be heard—low, almost inhuman murmurs.

JEFF  
Liu? Mom? Dad?

Still no response.

At the top of the stairs, Jeff sees the door to Liu's room slightly ajar. A faint beam of light spills out. The whispers stop abruptly.

8. INT. LIU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS -

Jeff pushes the door open slowly.

Liu is lying in bed, fast asleep, his back to the door. The faint glow comes from a nightlight on the wall. Jeff lets out a relieved breath and begins to back away—

—when he notices something.

A FIGURE is standing in the corner of the room, motionless, barely visible in the shadows. The only clear feature is the twisted grin on its face.

Jeff freezes, his breath hitching. The figure doesn't move, just stares.

Suddenly, Liu stirs in his sleep, and the figure's grin widens unnaturally.

JEFF  
(whispering)  
Hey! Who the hell are you?

The figure tilts its head slowly, as if studying him. Then it takes a deliberate step forward, the grin stretching impossibly wide.

Jeff doesn't wait.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Liu! Wake up!

9. INT. HOUSE - CHAOS -

Jeff grabs Liu's arm, yanking him awake as the figure lunges. The room erupts into chaos as Jeff drags Liu out of bed, knocking over furniture and shouting.

Their parents rush out of their bedroom, confused and panicked.

MOM  
What's going on?!

JEFF  
Someone's in the house!

The figure is gone.

Jeff points frantically to Liu's room, but when their Dad rushes in, the room is empty. The only sound is the faint hum of the nightlight.

DAD  
Jeff, there's no one here!

Jeff is breathing hard, looking between Liu and his parents.

JEFF  
I saw him! He was right there—

LIU  
(shaking his head)  
Jeff, no one's here. You're scaring me.

10. INT. JEFF'S ROOM - LATER -

Jeff is sitting on his bed, staring out the window. His parents argued with him earlier, dismissing his claims as a nightmare or overactive imagination.

But Jeff knows what he saw.

Outside, the yard looks calm. The swing in the backyard sways slightly in the wind.

Then, just as Jeff turns away, the swing stops abruptly, as if someone grabbed it.

A pale face flashes in the window, grinning.

SMASH TO BLACK:

## 11. INT. JEFF'S ROOM - LATER - MORNING

Jeff wakes up with a start, drenched in sweat. Sunlight streams through the curtains, and the sound of birds chirping feels almost mocking after the night he's had.

He sits up slowly, looking around the room. Everything seems normal, but there's a tension in his shoulders, like he's expecting something to happen.

Jeff notices faint scratches on his windowpane. He leans closer, running his fingers over the glass.

LIU (O.S.)  
Morning, creep.

Jeff jumps, spinning around to see Liu standing in the doorway, smirking.

JEFF  
Dont do that, man.

LIU  
(teasing)  
Still freaked out about last night? Dad thinks you're losing it, by the way.

Jeff glares at him but doesn't respond.

LIU (CONT'D)  
You coming down for breakfast or what?

JEFF  
Yeah, just give me a sec.

Liu leaves, and Jeff looks back at the window. His gaze lingers on the scratches, unease flickering across his face.

## 12. INT. KITCHEN - LATER -

The family is sitting around the table, eating breakfast. Jeff picks at his food, distracted.

MOM  
Jeff, honey, you okay? You barely touched your eggs.

JEFF  
I'm fine.

His Dad gives him a stern look.

DAD  
Look, Jeff, about (MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

last night. I don't want any more of that nonsense, alright? No more scaring your brother, no more waking the whole house up over a bad dream.

JEFF

(snaps)

It wasn't a dream!

The table goes silent. Liu looks down at his plate awkwardly.

MOM

Jeff...

JEFF

(standing)

Forget it.

He grabs his jacket and storms out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

13. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY -

Jeff walks down the street, his hands in his pockets, trying to shake the anger and anxiety bubbling inside him. The suburban street feels too quiet.

As he passes a parked car, he notices something strange: the car's side mirror is shattered, the glass strewn across the pavement.

Jeff pauses, looking around.

A guttural laugh echoes faintly, carried on the wind.

Jeff spins around, scanning the area, but there's no one there.

14. EXT. WOODS - LATER -

Jeff finds himself wandering into the woods behind his house. The tall trees loom overhead, their bare branches scratching at the sky.

He stops when he sees something on the ground—a small, silver object glinting in the sunlight.

Jeff kneels to pick it up. It's a knife, clean and sharp, the blade catching the light in an almost hypnotic way.

Carved into the handle are the words: "GO TO SLEEP."

Jeff's breathing quickens. He grips the knife tightly, looking around the woods with growing paranoia.

Suddenly, there's a rustling sound behind him. Jeff spins around, the knife raised.

A RABBIT darts out from the bushes, disappearing into the trees.

Jeff exhales shakily, lowering the knife—but he doesn't drop it.

15. INT. JEFF'S ROOM - NIGHT -

Jeff is sitting on his bed, staring at the knife. It's resting on his bedside table, the words "GO TO SLEEP" staring back at him like a challenge.

He hears a faint tapping noise. His head snaps up.

The tapping grows louder, more insistent, until it's almost deafening.

Jeff looks toward the window—and freezes.

A PALE FACE is pressed against the glass, its grin impossibly wide, its empty eyes locked on Jeff.

The tapping isn't coming from the glass—it's coming from inside the room.

Jeff turns slowly.

The screen cuts to black as the sound of his terrified gasp echoes.

FADE TO SILENCE.

16. INT. JEFF'S ROOM - NIGHT -

The scene picks up with Jeff standing frozen, his breath shallow, his eyes darting between the window and the shadows in his room. The sound of tapping has stopped, replaced by an oppressive silence.

Jeff slowly reaches for the knife on the bedside table, his fingers trembling as he grips the handle.

JEFF  
(whispering)  
Who's there?

No response.

Jeff inches toward the light switch, his knuckles white around the knife. Just as his hand brushes the switch, a low, raspy Voice cuts through the silence.

VOICE  
(whispering)  
Jeff...



The Voice is right behind him. Jeff spins around, slashing wildly with the knife, but there's nothing there.

The lights flicker on, and Jeff is alone in his room. The window is shut, the face outside gone.

He collapses onto the bed, the knife slipping from his hand as he clutches his head, muttering to himself.

JEFF

This isn't real... This isn't real...

17. INT. KITCHEN - MORNING -

The next day, Jeff sits at the breakfast table, staring blankly at his plate. Dark circles underline his eyes, and his pale skin looks almost translucent under the harsh morning light.

His Mom places a cup of coffee in front of him, her face lined with concern.

MOM

You didn't sleep again, did you?

Jeff doesn't respond.

LIU

(trying to lighten the mood)

Maybe you should stop watching horror movies before bed.

Jeff shoots him a glare, his Voice low and sharp.

JEFF

I'm not watching anything.

Their Dad, reading the newspaper, looks up with a frown.

DAD

Alright, enough. Jeff, we've been more than patient with you, but this has to stop. Whatever's going on with you—these outbursts, the paranoia—you need to get it under control.

Jeff clenches his fists, his jaw tightening.

JEFF

You think I'm making this up?

DAD

I think you're stressed, and you're letting your imagination get the better of you.

Jeff stands abruptly, the chair scraping loudly against the floor.

JEFF  
I'm not crazy!

The family goes silent, tension thick in the air. Jeff storms out of the kitchen, grabbing his jacket on the way.

18. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY -

Jeff walks briskly down the street, his head down. The morning is quiet, the kind of stillness that feels unnatural.

As he passes a row of houses, he notices something strange: the front doors of three consecutive houses are wide open, swaying slightly in the breeze.

Jeff stops, his heart pounding. He takes a step toward one of the houses, peering inside.

The interior is a mess—furniture overturned, a trail of dark red streaked across the floor.

A faint sound—a wheezy chuckle—echoes from deep within the house.

Jeff backs away quickly, bumping into someone. He spins around to see Randy, the school bully, flanked by two of his goons.

19. EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER -

Randy shoves Jeff into a narrow alley, pinning him against a wall.

RANDY  
You've been acting real weird, Woods. Creeping around, talking to yourself. People are starting to think you're losing it.

Jeff glares at him, his fear momentarily replaced by anger.

JEFF  
Get out of my way, Randy.

Randy smirks, leaning closer.

RANDY  
What're you gonna do? Cry?

The chuckle echoes in Jeff's mind again, louder this time. His grip tightens on the knife in his pocket.

JEFF  
(muttering)  
Stop it...

Randy's smirk fades slightly.

RANDY  
What did you say?

Jeff's eyes flicker with something dark, something unhinged. He pulls the knife from his pocket, holding it between them.

JEFF  
(quietly)  
I said... Stop laughing.

The screen cuts to black as the sound of Randy's laughter turns to a startled yell, followed by chaos.

FADE OUT:

20. INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - EVENING -

The house is quiet, the atmosphere heavy. The sun is setting, casting long shadows across the living room.

Jeff walks in, his jacket stained with streaks of dirt and faint smears of blood. His eyes are hollow, distant, as if he's somewhere else entirely.

Liu is sitting on the couch, playing a video game. He glances up and freezes when he sees Jeff.

LIU  
Jeff... what happened?

Jeff doesn't answer. He moves past Liu, heading toward the stairs.

LIU (CONT'D)  
(standing)  
Wait, is that... is that blood?

Jeff pauses, one foot on the first step.

JEFF  
(without turning)  
It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

LIU  
(worried)  
Nothing? Jeff, this isn't normal!  
You're scaring me.

Jeff turns slowly, his face unreadable.

JEFF

I told you... don't worry about it.

The tone in his Voice is cold, final. Liu doesn't push further as Jeff disappears upstairs.

21. INT. JEFF'S BATHROOM - NIGHT -

Jeff stares at himself in the mirror, the fluorescent light casting harsh shadows on his face. His reflection looks gaunt, his skin unnaturally pale.

He turns the faucet on, washing his hands. The water runs red for a moment before clearing.

As he dries his hands, he hears the Voice again, faint but insistent.

VOICE

(whispering)

They deserved it, Jeff...

Jeff grips the edges of the sink, his knuckles whitening.

JEFF

(whispering)

Shut up...

The whisper grows louder, overlapping into a cacophony of laughter. Jeff looks up at the mirror, and his reflection grins back at him, its eyes black voids.

MIRROR JEFF

You know you liked it.

Jeff punches the mirror, shattering it. Glass rains down into the sink as Jeff stumbles back, breathing hard.

The laughter fades.

22. INT. LIU'S ROOM - LATER -

Liu is lying in bed, his eyes wide open. He can hear Jeff pacing in his room next door, muttering to himself.

Suddenly, the pacing stops. Liu sits up, listening intently.

LIU

... Jeff?

There's no response.

The sound of a door creaking open echoes through the hallway.

23. INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS -

Liu steps out of his room cautiously, peering into the dimly lit hallway.

LIU  
Jeff? Are you okay?

He approaches Jeff's room, the door slightly ajar.

As Liu pushes the door open, he finds Jeff sitting on the edge of his bed, his head down, his hands covering his face.

LIU (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Jeff... talk to me. What's going on?

Jeff doesn't respond at first. Then, he slowly looks up.

His face is streaked with blood, and his eyes are wide, filled with a twisted mix of fear and exhilaration.

JEFF  
I can't stop it, Liu. I don't  
think I want to.

Liu steps back, alarmed.

LIU  
Jeff... you're scaring me. What did  
you do?

Jeff stands, his movements unnaturally smooth, almost predatory.

JEFF  
(grinning)  
I feel alive, Liu. For the first  
time in forever... I fucking feel  
alive.

Liu backs away, his voice shaking.

LIU  
Jeff, this isn't you. You need  
help-

Jeff's grin falters for a moment, his expression flickering with pain.

JEFF  
They won't help me. No one can  
help me now.

Suddenly, Jeff lunges forward, grabbing Liu by the

shoulders.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
You have to understand! This is  
who I fucking am!

Liu struggles, managing to break free. He stumbles out of the room and slams the door shut, locking it.

24. INT. LIU'S ROOM - NIGHT -

Liu leans against his door, breathing heavily. He grabs his phone and dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911, what's your emergency?

LIU  
(panicked)  
It's my brother. He's... he's not  
okay. Please, you have to send  
someone—

The line goes dead. Liu looks at his phone in confusion, then hears a soft tap... tap... tap at his window.

He turns slowly to see Jeff standing outside, grinning, the knife glinting in his hand.

JEFF  
(muffled through the  
glass)  
Go to sleep.

Liu's scream echoes as the screen cuts to black.

FADE TO SILENCE.

25. INT. LIU'S ROOM - NIGHT -

The screen fades back in from black. The sound of Liu's panicked breathing dominates the silence as he backs away from the window. Jeff remains outside, his grin stretched unnaturally wide, the knife catching the moonlight.

Liu grabs a baseball bat from beside his bed, his hands trembling as he grips it tightly.

LIU  
(yelling)  
Jeff! Stop this! Whatever this is,  
you need help!

Jeff tilts his head, amused, and taps the knife lightly against the window.

JEFF  
(murmuring through the  
glass)  
Help? Oh, Liu... You're the one  
who's going to need help soon.

Without warning, Jeff raises the knife and slashes it across the glass, the screeching sound piercing through the air. Cracks spiderweb across the window.

Liu stumbles back, fear taking over. He bolts out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

26. INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS -

Liu runs down the hallway, his footsteps echoing in the empty house. He skids to a stop at his parents' bedroom door, pounding on it desperately.

LIU  
(yelling)  
Mom! Dad! Wake up!

The door creaks open, and their Mom peers out, groggy and confused.

MOM  
Liu? What's going on?

LIU  
(panicked)  
It's Jeff! He's gone crazy! He  
tried to break into my room!

Before she can respond, a loud crash echoes from Liu's room. They both turn to see Jeff stepping into the hallway, shards of broken glass falling from his shoulders.

He looks almost unrecognizable now—his face pale and contorted, his eyes wide and manic, his grin permanently etched into his features.

JEFF  
(calmly)  
Why are you running, Liu? We're  
brothers. We're supposed to stick  
together.

Liu's Mom steps in front of him protectively, her Voice trembling.

MOM  
Jeff, what are you doing? Put that  
knife down!

Jeff tilts his head, his grin never wavering.

JEFF

I'm just trying to help. You'll understand soon enough.

27. INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER -

The family bursts into the living room, Liu dragging his Mom behind him. Their Dad comes running down the stairs, confused and angry.

DAD

What the fuck is going on?!

Liu points at Jeff, who is slowly descending the stairs, the knife glinting in his hand.

LIU

It's Jeff! He's lost it! He's trying to hurt us!

Their Dad steps forward, holding his hands up in a placating gesture.

DAD

Jeff, son, put the knife down. We can talk about this.

Jeff stops midway down the stairs, his grin fading slightly. For a moment, his expression flickers with pain and hesitation.

JEFF

(quietly)

I tried to talk... but no one listened.

The hesitation vanishes as quickly as it came, replaced by cold determination.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(grinning again)

Now it's my turn to make you listen.

Jeff leaps down the stairs, the knife raised. The family scatters, screaming.

28. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS -

Liu pulls his Mom into the kitchen, slamming the door behind them. He grabs a knife from the counter, his hands shaking.

LIU

Stay here, Mom. Lock the door.

MOM

(terrified)

No, Liu! Don't go out there!



LIU

I have to. I'm not letting him hurt you.

Before she can stop him, Liu slips out of the kitchen, leaving her to lock the door behind him.

29. INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS -

Liu steps into the living room cautiously, the knife clutched tightly in his hand.

The room is eerily silent, the only sound his own labored breathing.

LIU

(whispering)  
Jeff? Where are you?

A shadow moves in his peripheral vision, and Liu spins around, slashing blindly.

JEFF

(mocking)  
Missed me.

Jeff appears out of nowhere, lunging at Liu with inhuman speed. Liu blocks the attack, their knives clashing with a metallic screech.

LIU

(desperate)  
Jeff, stop! You don't have to do this!

Jeff laughs, low and chilling.

JEFF

But I want to.

They grapple, the fight messy and chaotic. Liu manages to shove Jeff away, sending him crashing into a table.

30. INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME -

Jeff and Liu's Mom listens to the chaos outside, tears streaming down her face. She covers her mouth, trying to stifle her sobs.

Suddenly, the doorknob rattles.

She freezes, her eyes locked on the door.

JEFF (O.S.)

Mom... it's okay. It's just me.

The Voice is soft, almost childlike.

JEFF (O.S.)

Open the door, Mom. I just want to talk.

She steps back, trembling. The sound of the lock clicking echoes as the screen fades to black.

31. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT -

The screen fades back in to the sound of the lock turning. Jeff's Mom takes a hesitant step back as the door creaks open.

Jeff steps into the kitchen, his movements slow and deliberate. His face, illuminated by the dim kitchen light, looks otherworldly—his pale skin stretched tight, his wide grin unwavering.

She holds her hands up, pleading.

MOM

Jeff... please. You're my son. We can fix this. Whatever's wrong, we can fix it.

Jeff tilts his head, considering her words.

JEFF

(softly)

Fix me? Mom... I don't think I'm broken. I think this is who I'm supposed to be.

Her voice cracks as she steps back, tears streaming down her face.

MOM

This isn't you, Jeff. This isn't my boy.

Jeff's grin falters for a brief moment. A flicker of sadness crosses his face before it's replaced by cold resolve.

JEFF

(whispering)

Maybe your boy never existed.

He steps closer, raising the knife.

32. INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS -

Liu hears his mother's scream from the kitchen.

LIU

(yelling)

Mom!

He runs toward the sound, bursting through the kitchen door.

33. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS -

Liu freezes at the sight in front of him. Jeff stands over their Mom, who is slumped against the counter, trembling but unharmed. Jeff's knife hovers inches from her, but he hasn't struck.

Jeff looks over his shoulder at Liu, his grin returning.

JEFF  
Just in time, brother.

Liu charges at Jeff with his own knife, swinging wildly. Jeff sidesteps effortlessly, laughing.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(taunting)  
You always were too predictable.

Their knives clash again, the sound sharp and deafening. Jeff moves with a twisted grace, his strikes precise, almost playful.

LIU  
(desperate)  
Stop this, Jeff! You're not a  
killer!

Jeff's expression darkens, his grin fading into something more sinister.

JEFF  
Not a killer? Liu... I am the  
killer.

He kicks Liu backward, sending him crashing into the kitchen table.

34. INT. KITCHEN - LATER -

The fight takes its toll on both brothers. Liu is bleeding from a gash on his arm, struggling to stay on his feet. Jeff has scratches across his face, but he doesn't seem to feel the pain.

Their Mom watches from the corner, too paralyzed with fear to intervene.

Liu looks at Jeff, his Voice shaking but firm.

LIU  
If you want to kill me, fine. But  
I won't let you hurt Mom or anyone  
else.

Jeff pauses, his knife lowering slightly. For a moment, the room is silent.

Then Jeff laughs, a cold, hollow sound.

JEFF

Kill you? Liu, I don't want to kill you. You're the only one who ever mattered to me.

Liu looks at him, confused and wary.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I want you to understand. To see the world the way I do. Maybe then... we can finally be the same."

Jeff lunges again, but this time, Liu is ready. He dodges the attack and shoves Jeff into the counter. Jeff drops his knife, and Liu grabs it, holding both blades now.

LIU

This ends now.

Jeff grins, his eyes wild.

JEFF

Then do it. Go ahead, Liu. Finish it.

Liu hesitates, the knives trembling in his hands.

MOM

(sobbing)

Liu, don't! He's your brother!

Jeff chuckles, leaning closer.

JEFF

(mocking)

Listen to Mom, Liu. Be the good boy. Always doing the right thing.

Liu's grip tightens, his breathing ragged. He raises the knives—

Suddenly, sirens wail in the distance. The sound grows louder, flashing red and blue lights illuminating the windows.

Jeff's grin fades, replaced by irritation.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Tch. They always ruin the fun.

He looks at Liu one last time, his grin returning.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Guess I'll see you around,  
brother.

Before Liu can react, Jeff bolts toward the back door, kicking it open and disappearing into the night.

35. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT -

Jeff runs through the darkened streets, his laughter echoing faintly. The camera pans up to show the flashing police lights growing smaller in the distance.

36. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT -

Liu collapses to the floor, dropping the knives as his Mom rushes to him, hugging him tightly.

MOM  
(sobbing)  
It's over... it's over...

Liu shakes his head, staring at the open door where Jeff escaped.

LIU  
(softly)  
No... it's not.

The screen fades to black as the sound of Jeff's laughter echoes one last time.

FADE OUT:

37. INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT -

Liu sits in a small interrogation room, his arm bandaged where Jeff cut him. The room is cold and sterile, the hum of a fluorescent light filling the silence. His Mom sits beside him, holding his hand tightly, her eyes red from crying.

A detective, DETECTIVE HENDERSON, enters. He's middle-aged, tired-looking, and visibly unnerved. He places a folder on the table and takes a seat across from Liu.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
Liu. I need you to tell me  
everything you know about your  
brother.

Liu hesitates, glancing at his Mom. She nods slightly, encouraging him to speak.

LIU  
He... he wasn't always like this.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON

Go on.

Liu takes a deep breath, his Voice trembling.

LIU

It started after the fight with those bullies. Jeff changed. He became... Distant, angry. Then the fire happened, and...

He trails off, his hands shaking.

LIU (CONT'D)

(quietly)

It's like he wasn't Jeff anymore.

The detective leans forward, his tone serious.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON

Your brother attacked you tonight. He nearly killed you and your mother. He's not just 'angry,' Liu—he's dangerous. And we need to find him before he hurts anyone else.

Liu looks down, guilt washing over him.

LIU

He's not going to stop, is he?

Henderson doesn't answer, but his silence says enough.

38. INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT -

The house is eerily quiet. Liu and his Mom return from the police station, the weight of the night hanging heavy.

Liu stands in the doorway of his room, staring at the shattered glass on the floor. His Mom approaches, her Voice soft.

MOM

Liu, you need to rest.

LIU

I can't. Not until this is over.

She puts a hand on his shoulder, her Voice breaking.

MOM

This isn't your responsibility. The police will find him.

Liu turns to face her, his expression determined.

LIU

They don't know Jeff like I do.  
They don't know where he'd go or  
what he's capable of.

He moves to his desk, pulling out a map of the town.

MOM

What are you doing?

LIU

If Jeff wants me to understand  
him... then I need to figure out  
what he's planning.

39. INT. JEFF'S HIDING SPOT - NIGHT -

Jeff sits in an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town. The space is dark and dilapidated, with graffiti-covered walls and shattered windows.

He sharpens his knife against a whetstone, the metallic sound echoing through the empty building. His face is illuminated by a single flickering lightbulb, casting long, eerie shadows.

Jeff hums softly to himself, a twisted smile on his face.

He pauses, holding the knife up to inspect it.

JEFF

(to himself)

They'll see soon. They'll all see.

He glances at a crumpled piece of paper beside him. It's a crude map of the neighborhood, with several houses marked in red.

Jeff picks up a match and lights it, watching the flame dance.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Go to sleep.

He lets the match burn down to his fingers before snuffing it out.

40. INT. LIU'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT -

Liu sits at his desk, exhausted but focused. He's surrounded by papers, old family photos, and a map of the town. He traces a line from their house to various locations, trying to anticipate Jeff's next move.

A knock at the door startles him.

MOM (O.S.)

Liu, it's late. You need to rest.

LIU  
Just a little longer.

She sighs and walks away, leaving Liu alone with his thoughts.

He picks up a family photo, staring at a younger, happier Jeff.

LIU (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Where are you, Jeff?

The camera pans out to show the room in disarray as Liu continues his work.

41. EXT. TOWN STREETS - SAME TIME -

Jeff walks through the empty streets, his knife in hand and his grin wider than ever.

The camera lingers on a house with lights still on. Jeff stops, staring at it intently.

He tilts his head, as if deciding whether it's worth his attention. After a moment, he moves forward, disappearing into the shadows.

FADE OUT:

42. EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT -

The house Jeff was staring at comes into view. It's modest, with a small garden out front. Inside, faint laughter can be heard—someone watching a late-night comedy show.

The camera shifts to a side window. Jeff crouches in the bushes, his grin practically glowing in the moonlight. He tilts his head, listening.

43. INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -

A middle-aged man, MR. SANDERS, sits on the couch, a beer in one hand and a remote in the other. The TV plays a sitcom, the canned laughter loud and jarring in the stillness of the house.

There's a faint creak.

Mr. Sanders pauses, looking toward the hallway.

MR. SANDERS  
(calling out)  
Laura? That you?



No response. He chuckles nervously, shaking his head.

MR. SANDERS (CONT'D)  
Get it together, man. Too many  
crime shows.

He settles back into the couch, but the uneasy silence lingers.

44. INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME -

The back door is slightly ajar, swaying in the breeze. Jeff stands just inside, his knife glinting in the moonlight. He moves silently, his footsteps deliberate.

He picks up a photo from the counter: Mr. Sanders with a woman and a teenage girl, all smiling brightly. Jeff's grin widens.

45. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -

Mr. Sanders hears another noise—a light thud from the kitchen.

He sets his beer down and grabs a baseball bat leaning against the wall.

MR. SANDERS  
(yelling)  
Alright, whoever's in here, you've  
got two seconds to get the hell  
out!

The house is silent.

He steps cautiously toward the kitchen, gripping the bat tightly.

46. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS -

Mr. Sanders flips on the light. The kitchen is empty.

He scans the room, noticing the back door ajar.

MR. SANDERS  
(muttering)  
Damn wind...

As he moves to close the door, the light flickers. He glances up at the bulb, annoyed.

When he looks back, Jeff is standing in the doorway, grinning.

JEFF  
Hi.

Mr. Sanders swings the bat instinctively, but Jeff

sidesteps with unnerving speed, laughing.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(mocking)  
Aw, come on, don't be like that. I  
just wanted to say hi.

Mr. Sanders swings again, and this time, Jeff catches the bat mid-swing, his grip impossibly strong.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Go to sleep.

He yanks the bat away and slashes with his knife, catching Mr. Sanders across the chest.

47. INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS -

The sitcom on TV drowns out the sounds of the struggle. A laugh track plays as Jeff emerges from the kitchen, wiping blood off his blade with a dishtowel.

He walks to the couch and picks up the beer, taking a sip before grimacing.

JEFF  
Ugh. Cheap.

He sets the beer down and strolls out the front door, disappearing into the night.

48. INT. LIU'S ROOM - NIGHT -

Liu wakes with a start, drenched in sweat. He looks around, disoriented, before realizing he fell asleep at his desk.

The map is still spread out in front of him, covered in scribbled notes and circles.

His phone buzzes. He grabs it, groggy.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM DETECTIVE HENDERSON: "Another attack. 35 Oak Street. Be careful."

Liu's eyes widen as he bolts upright, grabbing his jacket.

49. EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT -

Liu rides his bike through the dark streets, pedaling as fast as he can. He skids to a stop in front of the house, now swarming with police cars.

He watches from a distance as a stretcher is wheeled out, a bloodied sheet covering the body.

Detective Henderson spots him and approaches.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
Liu, what are you doing here?

LIU  
Is it him? Did Jeff do this?

Henderson hesitates, then nods grimly.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
We're doing everything we can to find him, but this guy—your brother—he's good at covering his tracks.

Liu clenches his fists, his voice shaking.

LIU  
He's not hiding. He's leaving a trail. He wants me to follow him.

Henderson looks at Liu, skeptical but intrigued.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
What makes you so sure?

Liu stares at the house, the faint glow of the crime scene lights reflecting in his eyes.

LIU  
Because this is how Jeff thinks. He's not running from me. He's drawing me in.

FADE OUT:

50. INT. LIU'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING -

Liu sits at his desk, staring at the map. His eyes are red and bloodshot from lack of sleep. Notes and photos are scattered across the desk, tracing Jeff's movements and possible targets.

The sound of his Mom moving around downstairs briefly pulls his attention, but he doesn't leave his work.

Suddenly, his phone buzzes. It's another text from DETECTIVE HENDERSON.

TEXT MESSAGE: "Another victim. Jefferson Park. We found something."

Liu stares at the message, a chill running down his spine. Without hesitation, he grabs his jacket and heads for the door.

51. EXT. JEFFERSON PARK - EARLY MORNING -

The park is eerily quiet, the sun just starting to rise.

Yellow police tape cordons off an area near a cluster of trees.

Liu approaches, locking his bike to a nearby post. A few police officers give him wary looks, but Detective Henderson waves him over.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
Liu, I shouldn't even let you be here, but...

He gestures toward a tree.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
This was meant for you.

Liu steps closer. His breath catches in his throat as he sees it.

Carved into the bark of the tree is a crude message:

"Liu - Find Me."

Blood drips from the carving, fresh and vivid against the wood. Below the message is a crude, childlike drawing of a face with wide eyes and a twisted grin.

Liu clenches his fists, his heart pounding.

LIU  
He's taunting me.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
This isn't just taunting. He's escalating. He wants you involved—for some reason, this is personal.

Liu turns to Henderson, his voice shaking but firm.

LIU  
It's always been personal. I'm the only one who can stop him.

Henderson grabs Liu's arm, his tone serious.

DETECTIVE HENDERSON  
No, Liu. You're a kid. You're not a cop, and you're definitely not a killer. Let us handle this before you get yourself hurt—or worse.

Liu pulls away, his expression hardened.

LIU  
You don't know Jeff. I do.

Henderson watches him go, frustration etched on his face.

## 52. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY -

Jeff stands in the middle of a decrepit living room, sunlight streaming through the broken windows. The walls are covered in graffiti, and the floor is littered with trash.

On a table in front of him are several photos—taken from the homes of his victims. He picks up one of Liu and their Mom, staring at it with an unreadable expression.

JEFF  
(softly)  
Liu... you're getting close.

He sets the photo down and picks up his knife, running his finger along the blade.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Let's see how far you'll go.

Jeff grabs a can of spray paint and begins scrawling something on the wall. The camera doesn't reveal it, focusing instead on the sound of his laugh echoing through the empty house.

## 53. EXT. TOWN STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON -

Liu rides his bike aimlessly, his thoughts racing. The streets are unusually quiet, with people staying inside after the recent attacks.

He passes by familiar landmarks—places he and Jeff used to go as kids. Each one triggers a flashback of happier times, before everything fell apart.

He stops in front of an old playground, the swings creaking in the wind.

FLASHBACK:

## INT. PLAYGROUND - YEARS AGO

A young Jeff and Liu are playing on the swings, laughing and carefree. Their Mom sits on a nearby bench, smiling as she watches them.

JEFF (YOUNG)  
One day, we're gonna leave this town, Liu. Just you and me.

LIU (YOUNG)  
Yeah? Where will we go?

JEFF (YOUNG)  
Anywhere. Somewhere we can be free.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

Liu clenches the handlebars of his bike, his jaw tight.

LIU  
(to himself)  
I'm not letting you destroy what's  
left of us, Jeff.

54. INT. LIU'S ROOM - NIGHT -

Liu pins a new note to his map, marking the location of Jefferson Park. He studies the map carefully, connecting the dots between the attacks.

Suddenly, his phone buzzes again. It's another text, but this time it's from an unknown number.

TEXT MESSAGE: "Getting warmer, Liu. Let's play a game. - J"

Liu's eyes widen as he stares at the screen.

LIU  
(whispering)  
JEFF...

The phone buzzes again, another message:

TEXT MESSAGE: "Check the old house."

Liu's hands shake as he grabs his jacket, determination burning in his eyes.

FADE OUT:

55. EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT -

The old, decrepit house stands in the middle of a desolate lot, surrounded by overgrown grass and rusting chain-link fencing. The moon casts an eerie glow, illuminating the broken windows and graffiti-covered walls.

Liu arrives on his bike, stopping a few feet from the entrance. The air is unnervingly still, the only sound being the faint creak of a loose shutter in the wind.

He takes a deep breath and dismounts, clutching a flashlight in one hand. His other hand lingers near his pocket, where he has a small pocketknife for protection.

LIU  
(to himself)  
You wanted me here, Jeff. Let's  
finish this.

56. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT -

Liu steps inside, the wooden floorboards groaning under his

weight. The air is damp and reeks of mildew.

He scans the room with his flashlight, the beam catching broken furniture and scattered debris.

LIU

Jeff? I know you're here!

His voice echoes, but there's no response.

57. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -

Liu moves cautiously into the living room. The graffiti on the walls is unsettling—crude drawings of faces, jagged words like "GO TO SLEEP" and "FAMILY MEANS NOTHING."

On one wall, there's a fresh message written in red spray paint:

"WELCOME HOME, LIU."

Liu's grip on the flashlight tightens.

LIU

(muttering)

You're sick...

58. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT -

Liu enters the kitchen, the floor sticky with something unidentifiable. On the counter, there's a single photo: a picture of Liu and Jeff as kids, smiling at a birthday party.

The word "LIAR" is scrawled across the photo in what looks like blood.

Liu's stomach churns, but he doesn't look away.

59. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT -

Liu hears a faint noise—a soft, almost playful chuckle coming from upstairs.

He freezes, his heart pounding.

JEFF (O.S.)

You came. I knew you would.

Liu turns toward the staircase, the flashlight trembling in his hand.

LIU

Jeff! Stop this! It doesn't have to be like this!

Another laugh echoes, this time louder.

JEFF (O.S.)

Oh, but it does. Come on up,  
little brother. Let's talk.

Liu hesitates, but he forces himself to move forward.

60. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT -

The upstairs hallway is darker, the air colder. Liu steps carefully, his flashlight illuminating peeling wallpaper and broken doors.

At the end of the hall, a door stands slightly ajar. A faint light flickers inside, casting shifting shadows.

Liu approaches, his breaths shallow.

LIU

I'm not afraid of you, Jeff.

JEFF (O.S.)

You should be.

61. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT -

Liu pushes the door open. The room is barren except for a single chair in the center. Jeff sits in it, his knife glinting in his hand, his face illuminated by the moonlight streaming through a cracked window.

He looks up at Liu, his grin as wide and twisted as ever.

JEFF

There you are. Took you long  
enough.

Liu steps into the room, his flashlight aimed at Jeff.

LIU

This ends now. You need help,  
Jeff. You're sick.

Jeff bursts into laughter, the sound echoing unnaturally.

JEFF

Help? Oh, Liu, I'm not the one who  
needs help. You think you're the  
hero here? You think you're going  
to save me?

He stands, his movements deliberate and predatory.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You don't get it, do you? I don't  
need saving. I'm free.

LIU

Free? You're a monster!



Jeff tilts his head, his grin faltering for a moment before returning.

JEFF  
Maybe. But you—

He points the knife at Liu.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You're just as broken as I am.  
You're just better at hiding it.

Liu's hand tightens around his pocketknife, his jaw clenched.

LIU  
I'm nothing like you.

Jeff lunges forward, his knife gleaming. Liu barely dodges, stumbling back into the hallway.

62. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS -

The chase begins. Jeff moves with inhuman speed, his laughter echoing through the house as Liu sprints down the hallway.

JEFF  
(mocking)  
Come on, Liu! I thought you wanted  
to talk!

Liu bursts into a side room, slamming the door behind him. He presses his back against it, panting.

The sound of Jeff's knife scraping against the other side of the door sends chills down his spine.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(through the door)  
No more running, little brother.  
Let's finish this.

The door begins to splinter under Jeff's knife. Liu looks around frantically, searching for a way out.

FADE OUT:

63. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT -

The door is cracking under the pressure of Jeff's knife. Liu, breathing heavily, spots a narrow window on the far wall. He rushes to it, throwing his flashlight on the floor, illuminating the room faintly.

He pushes on the window, but it's jammed.

LIU  
(frantic)  
Come on, come on!

The door bursts open, and Jeff steps inside, knife in hand. His grin is gone, replaced by a cold, determined glare.

JEFF  
You really thought you could run?

Liu grabs a broken chair leg from the ground and points it at Jeff like a weapon.

LIU  
I'm not running anymore.

Jeff tilts his head, intrigued.

JEFF  
Good. Let's see what you've got.

Jeff lunges forward, slashing with his knife. Liu blocks with the chair leg, the impact sending vibrations through his arm. He swings back, narrowly missing Jeff, who ducks and strikes again.

The fight is brutal and chaotic, with Liu relying on instinct and desperation to fend off Jeff's precise and relentless attacks.

64. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS -

The struggle spills into the hallway. Jeff knocks the chair leg from Liu's hand, sending it clattering down the hall. Liu scrambles backward, pulling the pocketknife from his pocket.

JEFF  
Cute. You think that's gonna stop me?

Jeff moves in for the kill, but Liu slashes wildly, catching Jeff's arm. Jeff staggers back, looking at the fresh wound with mild surprise, then amusement.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(mocking)  
Finally showing some fight. Maybe you are like me after all.

LIU  
I'm nothing like you!

Liu charges, tackling Jeff to the ground. The two brothers grapple, rolling across the floor. Liu fights with everything he has, his desperation overpowering Jeff's calculated movements.

## 65. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS -

Their struggle leads to the staircase. Jeff gains the upper hand, pinning Liu down. He raises his knife, but Liu manages to kick him off.

Jeff tumbles down the stairs, landing in a heap at the bottom.

Liu staggers to his feet, his chest heaving. He looks down at Jeff, who isn't moving.

LIU  
(softly)  
It's over...

## 66. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT -

Liu cautiously descends the stairs, keeping his knife ready. Jeff lies motionless, his face hidden in shadow.

As Liu approaches, Jeff suddenly springs up, tackling him to the ground. The knife skids across the floor.

Jeff's grin returns, his eyes wild with glee.

JEFF  
You should've stayed down, Liu.

He wraps his hands around Liu's throat, squeezing. Liu struggles, clawing at Jeff's hands, gasping for air.

## 67. INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS -

Liu's hand gropes blindly across the floor, searching for something—anything. His fingers brush against Jeff's knife.

With the last of his strength, Liu grabs the knife and drives it into Jeff's side.

Jeff's grip loosens, and he falls back, clutching the wound.

JEFF  
(weakly)  
You... really are like me.

Liu crawls away, coughing and gasping. Jeff tries to stand but collapses, blood pooling beneath him.

LIU  
(panting)  
No. I'm nothing like you.

Jeff's grin fades, replaced by a look of genuine sadness—or perhaps regret.

JEFF  
(softly)  
You'll see... one day.

Jeff slumps over, his breathing shallow. Liu watches, unsure if Jeff is alive or dead.

68. EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT -

Liu stumbles out of the house, covered in blood and dirt. He collapses on the front steps, staring at the horizon as the first hints of dawn appear.

Sirens wail in the distance, growing louder.

LIU  
(to himself)  
It's over... It has to be.

The camera pans up to the house, its windows dark and foreboding, as the sound of police cars approaching fills the air.

FADE OUT:

MID CREDITS:

The screen is black, with only the sound of faint breathing.

Suddenly, Jeff's raspy voice whispers:

JEFF (O.S.)  
Go to sleep...

The sound cuts out abruptly.

END.: