

The Barber

By
Taylor Seaton and Harrison Dubner

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD:

November 17th, 1989.

EXT. HOTCHKISS COLORADO - NIGHT

It's a **SNOWY** night and the wind howls ice. Echoes can be heard as a particular house in the distance is lit up by **LIGHT**. We can only imagine it is a homecoming party for teenagers only.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A party full of **TEENS** booms out of control with disco lights, music and alcohol. A few teens smoke in the corner while exchanging letters. **WE** focus on a girl, young, 15: **ANNA HARDING**, talking with a few of her close-friends, Donna and Christie, whom both have well kept hair.

DONNA

Elliot totally didn't mean to say that, Christie.

CHRISTIE

Well I mean he tota--

WOMEN #1

No. He did. For sure.

DONNA

Whatever that whack-job thinks, it doesn't concern us.

Anna, out of the conversation. Picks up her bag.

CHRISTIE

(to Anna)
Where you goin'?

ANNA

I gotta get home. Parents are gonna be pissed if I'm not back by 12.

Christie and Donna are both sad to see her leave so early.

DONNA
Maybe next time you can stay longer.

ANNA
Yeah. Hopefully.

Anna hugs both Donna and Christie.

DONNA
Be careful out there.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRYSLER CORDOBA - MOMENTS LATER

Our camera is **MOUNTED** to the passenger seat. We **SEE** Anna enter. She **PLOPS** her bag down next to her - puts the key in the ignition and takes off.

CUT TO:

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW:

Anna cautiously drives along, music blaring from the speakers. Suddenly, a **ROADBLOCK** appears in the road.

Anna spots a mysterious and slender figure leaning against a car hidden in the darkness next to a curb.

We see him from the collarbone down, his face indiscernible to us. He's wearing a brown leather jacket and faded blue jeans. The figure approaches Anna's car-door. Anna rolls down her window.

MAN
Miss. The road is blocked.

ANNA
(nervously)
O-Okay.

MAN
You're gonna need to go the other way.

Anna notices the man **REACH** into his jacket for something - a gun?

Freaked out and suspicious, she **STEPS** on the gas. However, right as she does...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT AWAY FROM CAR

BAM! BAM!

The car stops dead in its tracks before it can even gain any momentum.

The killer takes out a knife and begins to saw away at something we can't see -- he walks back to his car, then walks back to Anna's car and then back to his car surrounded by darkness.

CUT TO:

MORNING, DAYLIGHT.

WE ARE STILL ON THE SAME ANGLE, BUT, IT'S DAYLIGHT; AND A FEW MORE CARS ARE PARKED AROUND ANNA'S. COP CARS.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK, HOTCHKISS COLORADO - MORNING

A few homicide detectives and cops surround the blood riddled car.

We then get a close-up of a few detectives: **LOUIS EDGERTON**, handsome, **ON-EDGE**, mid-30's, and **JOEL PEARSON**, handsome, longish hair, **STOIC**, late 30's.

A few congenial investigators work alongside Louis and Joel: **DAVID STUDMAN**, short, slicked back hair, formally dressed, early 40's. **PAUL GREGORY**, LANKY, BLACK HAIR, CORDIAL, early 40's.

LOUIS

Twelve fucking years since something like this happened...

JOEL

Worst thing was the lady who had her Christmas decorations stolen off her lawn.

LOUIS
That's about it.

JOEL
Who would do something like this?

The camera **CREEPS** up on the window, **REVEALING A BLOODY HEAD WITH NO SCALP**. Her face has two bullet holes in it, one square in the forehead, and another through her left cheek.

LOUIS
I dunno...

JOEL
Population of 800 and something like this...

LOUIS
Chances are, we already seen 'em.
Multiple times.

This doesn't affect Joel.

JOEL
(absorbed)
The scalp... why the scalp?

LOUIS
May be trying to send a message.

They continue to peer over the crime-scene. Dozens of cops/reporters gather around, gazing.

Louis looks over to the roadblock

LOUIS
The killer created a fake roadblock
for his victims...

JOEL
More people pass through here each
night. How is it that she is the
only one?

LOUIS
Could be more.

JOEL
Don't think it's weird that he
didn't bother to at least move her
car?
(pauses)

Either we are dealing with the world's dumbest killer, or a killer who's smart at playing games.

LOUIS

I'm gonna go with the former. What kind of game is this, Joel?

JOEL

(still intrigued by the scalp)
I don't know.

Louis walks up to the car and peeks inside.

LOUIS

(looking through car window)
I got something.

The cops and deputies surrounding are now interested. A few walker over.

A particular cop interests us, but he's not a cop; he's: **PATRICK CASSIDY**, late 50's, tall, silvery-blond hair, clean shaven, slight beer belly, and lieutenant of the Homicide Department.

PATRICK

What is it?

WE GET A SHOT OF WHAT LOUIS IS SEEING. A NOTE

Louis slips on a pair of latex gloves. He carefully opens the car door and reaches for the bloody envelope.

Blood splatters out as pieces of brown hair are seen next to the crevice of the door.

Louis, with his gloves, kneels down and hesitantly grabs the note. It's an envelope. Sealed. The label reads: "First".

Louis slowly opens the envelope.

We only see Louis' face. Disgust. Louis shows it to Joel whom is also disgusted, and then finally, we see it:

"Anna didn't want a haircut. But I gave her one anyway."

Louis slips the note back into the envelope and into a plastic safety bag.

PATRICK

We'll check for prints back at the station.

Louis hands Patrick the plastic bag that has the envelope in it.

LOUIS

I just keep thinking if it was my girl or my boy.

JOEL

(calmly while peering over the investigation with a flashlight)
What would you do?

LOUIS

(Carefully looking at the bits of cut off hair.)
I don't know.

PATRICK

(loudly)
Let's get this roadblock off the road, ASAP!

A young cop, male, **NEIL WATTERSON**, 20's, nerdy, walks up to the two leading the investigation.

(NOTE) -- FOR SECOND DRAFT: INCLUDE A SCENE WHERE THEY SUSPECT AN EX OF ANNA'S. HE'S A BIG COMPONENT FOR ACT 1/2 UNTIL THEY FIND OUT THEY'VE BEEN CHASING A GOOSE.

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE - SAME DAY

A beautiful woman: **SARAH EDGERTON**, Louis' wife, wipes down the counter-tops with maxi-pads and soap. A small box television broadcasts cute cartoons. A young girl and a young boy sit and watch the TV: **LOUIS JR.**, 9, and **REBECCA**, 6.

The bottom floor of this neatly decorated house is divided into three-sections. Living-Room, Kitchen and Dining-Room. (Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

All of them are within view of each-other and completely open.

A car approaches the front-yard. Keys rattle at the door. It opens. It's Louis. Louis walks up-stairs to grab something, not even noticing Sarah.

SARAH
(across the house)
Everything okay?

Louis walks back down the steps and towards the kitchen where Sarah is.

Louis walks up to Sarah.

LOUIS
Listen. I don't want to alarm you;
but, something bad happened today,
okay, Sarah?

SARAH
What?

LOUIS
A murder.

SARAH
(shock)
What?

LOUIS
Anyone comes knocking at this door,
don't let them in. Call me. From now
on, before anyone arrives, I'm
having them call me to let me know.
Okay?

SARAH
(paranoid)
O-Okay.

Louis gives her a warm hug. He walks up to his two children.

LOUIS
(playfully)
How are you guys doing.

Rebecca picks up a drawing, shows it to Louis.

LOUIS
Your art is getting so good,
Rebecca!

Her childish art impresses Louis, even us as well.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
What about you, sport?

LOUIS JR.
Just homework.

LOUIS
You finish it?

LOUIS JR.
(embarrassed)
No.

LOUIS
No rush.

Louis pats his head.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, HOTCHKISS - NEXT DAY

TITLE CARD:

November 18th, 1989.

A small, but cozy homicide department lies way out in the small city that IS Hotchkiss. It appears to be only one story, not surprising to us.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mailmen walk past in single-file lines while workers chat away at phones and work on papers.

Louis walks down the hall to the back office. A sign that reads: "LIEUTENANT" is printed on a wooden door. Louis knocks. The door opens, Joel.

In the leading chair, Patrick. Two chairs lie behind, one for Louis and one for Joel. They both sit opposite of Patrick.

PATRICK
Anything new?

Louis looks to Joel for an answer.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
Nope.

PATRICK

Louis. Joel. I want you two to lead this investigation.

Louis and Joel are both humbled by this. But, Louis is also disgruntled.

PATRICK

Do you accept?

LOUIS

I do. But don't expect us to crack this case so easily. I mean, this fucker could be gone already.

PATRICK

And, if he isn't?

LOUIS

Then we'll catch him. We'll get leads.

PATRICK

Exactly.

JOEL

I think what Louis is trying to say is that: We don't have much to work with, yet.

LOUIS

We got a fucking note.

Patrick, before speaking, let's the room fill with silence before.

Neil URGENTLY enters the room.

PATRICK

Knock!

NEIL

I know. I'm sorry. But, this is really important.

Neil pauses. Louis and Joel look in anticipation.

PATRICK

(waves hands)

Well?

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

NEIL

The print's came back.

They are shocked by this.

NEIL

We may have a suspect.

LOUIS

Who?

Neil slaps down a picture of a black male down on the desk.

The man is eerie looking and has multiple facial deformities.

NEIL

Marvin Oswald. Convicted thief who,
by the way, is a trialed sex
offender; was detained back in '79.
Since his release in '85, he moved
to Hotchkiss.

(pauses)

His prints were found
(taps on note encased in a
plastic bag)

In that
(taps)

Bag.
(taps)

Patrick urgently punches number's into his phone.

PATRICK

Get his address, n--

NEIL

We already got it. Poplar way, 399.

PATRICK

Get the guys on the line. I want a
raid on his ass, RIGHT NOW!

Neil hesitantly leaves the room. Louis and Joel both give
each other an exciting look; shit is about to go down.

PATRICK

Yes. N- Give me the fucking number.
Okay, I need four vehicles on Poplar
Way 399 A-S-A-FUCKING-P. Got that?
(nods)

Good.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
We coming?

 PATRICK
Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. POPLAR WAY, 399 - MOMENTS LATER

Several ARMED vehicles quietly approach. Louis and Joel exit their brown sedan that is parked outside of this old, crusted house. Patrick and Neil both step out of their vehicle and dozens of other ARMED COPS STORM THE GATES.

They enter the yard. It's guarded by a chain-lock fence at the front; and a wooden fence in the back and on the sides.

The front door is old and worn out while the windows are dirty.

 PATRICK
 (pointing)
You, you and you take the back. Make
 sure nothing's fishy.

Joel peers up next to a window, trying to get a good look.

But, unfortunately, it's just too old to see.

 JOEL
We catching this fucker this early?

 LOUIS
Guess we'll see.

 PATRICK (INTO RADIO)
Everything good?

 COP (OVER RADIO)
Yep.

Patrick gives the NOD. A FEW COPS TRY TO OPEN THE DOOR.

LOCKED. They then KICK the door down; making dust fly everywhere.

INT. POPLAR WAY, HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three cops enter, then Patrick and then finally Neil, Joel and Louis.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
(covering nose)
Jesus fuck.

Everyone is disgusted by an apparent smell.

COP
What the fuck is that smell...

Neil walks outside to puke.

Joel notices a stream of water. He then traces it with his eyes; it leads to a back room that is barricaded with a couch.

Louis looks down to his feet; noticing giant puddles of water in the holes of the house.

PATRICK
(points)
That room.

A few cops move the couch out of the way, making way for the room with the water.

Neil, Joel, Patrick and Louis all ready their handguns, preparing for the worst. The two cops in the front BUST the door down with as much force as they can.

COP
JESUS FUCK!

Louis slowly enters the room -- but my god, what he sees...

LOUIS
What the fuck.

Marvin, the black male we saw before, in a bathtub, dead.

His body, BLOATED; he APPEARS OBESE. His skin is PEELING and the water is COVERED in DEAD SKIN AND BONES. Marvin's arms DANGLE out of the water, luckily, not as peeled as the rest of his body.

PATRICK
Jesus fucking Christ. Get paramedics here for fuck sake...

Joel kneels down, to get a better look at the poor bloated man.

LOUIS
 His fucking hands!
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

Louis looks to Marvin's wrists; completely cut off.

PATRICK
 Ah! What the fuck!

Joel looks up, above the mans head; noticing a note stapled to the wall. It's far above.

JOEL
 Guys.

He doesn't get their attention. Most of the men in the room have already left they're so sick.

This time he got their attention. PAN UP TO REVEAL THE NOTE ON THE WALL: "You think he could kill her with no hands?"

And a few Alchemical symbols ALSO are on the note.

Patrick lets out a fit of rage as he SLAMS the wall.

Knocking pieces of glass down from shelves.

CLOSE UP OF THE SYMBOLS

PICTURES GET SNAPPED ALL OVER THE ROOM.

Sirens wail in the distance, getting louder and louder until
 --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

A coroner exits the room of the autopsy, into the hall which Louis, Joel and Patrick are sitting.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They all rise as the Coroner enters the hall.

CORONER
 There were traces of sleeping
 pills...

Joel sighs.

CORONER

And...

PATRICK

And?

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

CORONER

His hands were cut off.

PATRICK

Jesus fuck.

CORONER

He's been dead for at least a week
now.

LOUIS

No way it was him, then.

PATRICK

(annoyed)
Obviously...
(pauses)
Anything else?

CORONER

Based on the crime scene, and the
couch blocking the door: The
perpetrator blocked him from getting
out, and he ensured so by cutting
off his hands... we believe that Mr.
Oswald bled out.

PATRICK

(pats Coroner's shoulder)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joel enters the passenger while Patrick diverges towards his
own car.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - LATER

A giant bulletin board that only has a few pictures on it with pins in them sticks out in the open on the wall.

Patrick paces around, talking. Joel, Louis and Neil sit in the middle, listening while a few other cops and mailmen sit in the back; also listening. A main investigator we will be looking at is: Paul Gregory, 40s, sharply fitted outfit.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

PATRICK

So, Marvin Oswald was not our guy. Even though his prints were on the note, that doesn't mean shit. When we found him, he had been dead for at least a week. Now, Anna Harding died just the other night, so there's no way it was him. So, that leads us to believe that our killer used Marvin's hands to smother the note in hand-prints to mislead us.

Patrick points to a few pictures.

PATRICK

This
(points)
These are Alchemical symbols. IT was left on a note above the body. We have investigators working on this, trying to figure out what it means. The only thing we know is: the symbol is Mercury. That's it.
(pauses)
We believe it has meaning, but we just aren't sure yet.

PAUL

It could be a hidden message.

COP

Like in the letters?

PAUL

That's the initial idea I had.

JOEL

I mean, do you really think this killer is smart enough?

PAUL

I don't know. Go back in time: Jack, the Zodiac. They all played games.

LOUIS
Like this, though?

PAUL
Louis, do you know of the Zodiac?

LOUIS
Of course I do.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

PAUL
He played tricks through symbols,
getting people to find different
meanings.

JOEL
Ransom too.

MAILMAN #1
Threats as well.

PAUL
All kinds of things. But we never
caught him.

LOUIS
This isn't going to be like that.

PAUL
We don't know what we're dealing
with yet.

Louis appears paranoid. Odd to us.

JOEL
Everything okay, Louis?

Louis, looking down, nods.

PATRICK
Paul. I want you and Sean to be
working on that day 'n night. Okay?

Paul nods.

REEL IN ON THE COMPRESSED POLAROID OF THE SYMBOLIC NOTE.

PATRICK
Our guy... is still out there.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL, HOTCHKISS - NEXT DAY

TITLE CARD:

November 19th, 1989.

It's a bright day. The trees are illuminated by the beautiful sunlight and the mountain top reflects light down onto the ridges. We focus on a couple walking together. They seem to be enjoying themselves.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

We will know them as: Derek and Bonnie. Bonnie has beautiful brown hair while Derek has THICK white HAIR. They appear to be in their late forties.

DEREK

Feel so free out here.

BONNIE

I know...

DEREK

Look at all of this landscape around us, so much to do.

They walk up a trail that LEADS up to the mountain. The trail is quite open, but, up ahead lies trees in the way, trees they have to trudge through.

DEREK

They need to get a skiing lodge installed here.

BONNIE

Think they'd ever do that?

DEREK

No.
(chuckles)

BONNIE

Screw a ski-lodge, we need actual skiing gear.
(laughs)

DEREK

We'll move out of here someday.

As they encroach on the forest - the wife spots something in the distance, a figure leaning against a tree.

BONNIE
What's that?

DEREK
I don't know.

They get closer, the figure appears to be sitting.

DEREK
(yells)
Hey! Are you lost?

We get closer and closer until we're just twenty-feet away.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

The wife lets out a eerie scream.

ANGLE ON THE FIGURE -- A DEAD BODY OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A
YOUNG, TEENAGER GIRL WITH BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES. Her body
appears fresh as it isn't fully frozen, blood is STILL
dripping from her mouth and her clothes are torn.

DEREK
Oh, JESUS CHRIST!

The husband quickly walks up to the girl against the tree,
checking for a pulse.

DEREK
How is she not frozen!

BONNIE
Honey, let's get out of here and
call the cops.

DEREK
W-Wait.

The husband continues to check for a pulse. FOOT-STEPS CAN BE
HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

MAN
What are y'all doing out here.

The MAN is holding a knife.

DEREK
(scared)
S-S-Sorry w-we didn't mean to
intrude.

The husband puts his hands up. The MAN'S FACE IS CONCEALED WITH A TIGHT SKI-MASK.

The MAN inches closer on the couple. His voice is familiar to us...

Derek and Bonnie are DEAD in their tracks. Bonnie gives Derek a sad look, a fearful look.

MAN

On your knees, woman! You.
(points)
Next to the tree.

The man walks up to the women with a knife in his hand, he pushes her on the ground and begins to tie her hands. The MAN keeps a close look on Derek whilst doing so.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

DEREK

Please, don't hurt her. Hurt me! Not her!
(a beat)
I have a lot of money, I'm a writer.
I can get you a lot of money, is that what you want? Money?

The man has finished tying her up. Derek's turn. He ties Derek's torso to the tree, preventing him from moving.

DEREK

Come on! What do you want!

The MAN finishes tying him up. Back to Bonnie.

BONNIE

(cries)
Please...

The man takes out a .32, loads it, slowly.

DEREK

Are you watching?
(to Derek)

DEREK

STOP!

BAM! BAM! The man unloads two rounds into Bonnie's stomach.

She let's out a scream we will never forget. Derek's cries echo throughout the winter daylight and the Man gives Derek a cold look through his ski-mask.

DEREK
 WHY, WHY, WHY, WHY!
 (cries)

The MAN then SAWS AWAY AT BONNIE'S HEAD, REMOVING HER SCALP.

Derek can't watch this, he refuses. In fact, at this point, he'd rather be dead.

Bonnie, at this point, is dead. Her scalp, gone. The MAN pockets the scalp. The man walks over to the OTHER dead body, the teenager, then we HEAR MORE SAWING, BUT, LUCKILY, UNLIKE LAST TIME, WE WON'T HAVE TO WATCH THIS.

The Man IGNORES Derek. Leaving him tied up to the tree.

CUT TO:
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE - SAME DAY

TITLE CARD:

One hour later.

Louis enjoys steak and mashed potatoes with his family.

LOUIS JR.
 Dad. Can I go out and play with
 Carter?

Louis, hesitant to respond.

LOUIS
 (paranoid)
 Let's eat first, okay?

LOUIS JR.
 But I'm already done.

PAN DOWN TO EMPTY PLATE.

LOUIS
 Let me finish so I can watch you.

LOUIS JR.
 But why?

LOUIS
Because I said so.
(adamantly)

SARAH
(to Jr.)
Listen to your father, Jr.

REBECCA
It's cause you're scared about that
killer...

Louis, surprised and shocked.

LOUIS
What?!

SARAH
Rebecca! How do you even know about
that?

REBECCA
Nothing...
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

SARAH
Tell us.

REBECCA
My friend told me.

Sarah and Louis are both unresponsive.

LOUIS
Come on, Jr.

Louis gets up and escorts Jr. Outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jr. And Carter play alongside each other. Riding their bikes
in loops.

Louis sits on the porch, watching, paranoid. Checking every
angle to make sure no one is watching.

BEEP!

His phone rings, he picks it up.

 LOUIS
 (shocked)
 What?!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL, HOTCHKISS - SAME DAY

Louis and Joel ride up the trail, slowly. They SEE a few cop cars and YELLOW tape. Louis puts it into park and exits the vehicle alongside Joel.

They inch closer to the bodies that we saw before. Bonnie and the unknown teenager.

Louis is disgusted and saddened by this; as is Joel.

 JOEL
 Fuckin' hell.

Louis sighs, covers his face with a napkin to silence the smell.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Louis looks to a tree where Derek is sitting. Louis walks up to Derek to check for a pulse and before he can --

 COP
 Wait! Pictures first.

 LOUIS
 He's fucking alive, you idiot!

Louis feels a pulse.

 LOUIS
 Paramedics!

Louis unties Derek, whom is unconscious.

CUT TO:

DEREK BEING LIFTED ON A STRETCHER.

Joel is inspecting Bonnie's dead, scalped body.

 JOEL
 Scalping... again.

David, 40s, investigator; is also on the scene, investigating. David walks up to Joel.

DAVID

I don't know either. It's a weird game, isn't it?

PAUL

We also found this.

Paul shows Joel a note that has MORE Alchemical symbols on it. and... "I made him watch".

JOEL

Let's hope he forgot to clean the prints off.

PAUL

Maybe he's trying to mislead us again.

DAVID

Doesn't matter if the fuckin' jock from our local high-school's prints are on it. We're going to question anyone that pops up.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Joel walks up to Louis whom is pondering over the teenager's dead body.

JOEL

You okay, Louis?

LOUIS

Y-Yeah. I'm fine.

Joel pats Louis on the shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Title Card:

November 22ND.

Joel, Louis, Neil, Patrick, David, Paul and a few mailmen alongside a cartoonist sit together at a long desk filled with pictures, evidence and other clues.

We PAN revealing a shell-shocked man, Derek. He's still shook, scared and frightened after what happened.

DEREK

H-He had a b-black ski-mask.

CARTOONIST

Any distinguishable features about it?

DEREK

N-N-We-Well yes. His e-eyes were revealed.

CARTOONIST

Do you remember the color?

DEREK

N-No. I didn't get a good look at him.

CARTOONIST

Was he slim?

DEREK

Yes. He was skinny. If I could t-take a gander - 20 pounds less than me.

This is saying a lot - Derek appears 150.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

CARTOONIST

Could you catch a color?

DEREK

W-White.

Louis and Joel are writing things down as they speak. As is Paul and David.

PAUL

Do you remember what he sounded like?

DEREK

H-He had a d-deep voice. It was chilling...

PAUL

Do you remember what he said to you?

DEREK

He said he was going to kill me if I didn't watch.

PAUL

Watch?

Unresponsive. Paul can only assume.

DEREK

I wish it was me.

(sobs)

I-I wish it was me.

Patrick gets up.

PATRICK

(quietly to the Cartoonist)

Let's call it for now.

The cartoonist nods - continues sketching.

Patrick escorts Derek out of the room. Joel looks back, waiting for the door to close.

DAVID

The girl that was sitting next to the tree has been identified as Skyler Bennett. I know a few people you two can talk with. I'll give you the names after this is over.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

PAUL

Poor girl. Bonnie was the other, right?

DAVID

Yeah...

JOEL

Fuck.

LOUIS

Didn't get his fuckin' eye color...

PAUL

Wouldn't have mattered that much.

JOEL

Would've narrowed it down.

PAUL

True. The voice is good, though. And the ski-mask.

LOUIS

How in the fuck is the ski-mask going to help us? You do realize that almost every serial killer wears one, right?

JOEL

Louis. Calm down.

Louis calms a bit.

LOUIS

Sorry.

Louis buries his head into his hands.

PAUL

Anything is good, Louis. If we find out he has a fucking pimple on his forehead - that'd be good news...

LOUIS

I know, I know...

Patrick Re-enters the room.

PATRICK

Let's talk about these symbols.

.REEL IN ON TWO PICTURES OF DIFFERENT
ALCHEMICAL SYMBOLS.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

DAVID

Well. Right now, we don't really know. Nothing else really adds up. He just threw a symbol at each location and that's about it.

PAUL

Mercury, Gold and Jupiter.

LOUIS

There's gotta be a message behind it.

PAUL

There is, almost certainly.

DAVID

He wants us to piece a puzzle together through victims.

JOEL

So to solve this puzzle we have to witness more murders?

PAUL

That's the way it seems.

PATRICK

I talked with Derek a little bit more.

PAUL

And?

PATRICK

He remembered the eye-colors. His eyes didn't match. He couldn't remember the exact details, but his eyes didn't match.

LOUIS

Seriously?

PATRICK

That's what he said.

JOEL

I mean, this is huge, if its real.

PATRICK

(raises glass)
Here's to hoping it is.

CUT TO:

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Louis and Joel are sat in a car together. Louis in passenger and Joel in driver. They're headed out, ready to question.

JOEL

We aren't going to ask too many questions, okay? Just questions that concern the eye color.

LOUIS
I know that.

A long winded pause and --

LOUIS
You ever feel like someones watching
you?

JOEL
What?

LOUIS
Y'know, like, you're just sitting
there and you feel like you're being
watched?

Joel looks to him then back at the road.

JOEL
No.
(a beat)
Do you?

LOUIS
Sort of. It's just lately, with this
case 'n all - I've been a little
more on edge, I guess.

JOEL
I mean, having kids'll do that to
you.

LOUIS
It's not just that. It's me too.
Like I fear for my life all the
time.

JOEL
Seriously?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
Look at where we are. This small as
fuckin' town and there's a serial
murderer out on the loose.

JOEL
You got a point.

LOUIS
I even thought about moving.

JOEL
What?

LOUIS
Yeah...

JOEL
Are you?

LOUIS
No. I'm not. I just thought about
it. Sarah brought the idea up - but
I never really talked with her about
it after that.

They turn into an empty parking lot of an old and worn down
retirement home. Joel puts the car into park.

JOEL
I'm always here to talk, Louis.

LOUIS
I know.

JOEL
We're gonna catch this guy, I know
it.

LOUIS
I hope we do.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Joel walk down the hall, entering the MAIN room in
which dozens of OLD people are playing checkers, life, cards
and more.

A few old men and ladies sit alone in silence while peering
off in the distance while others chat together in a cliquish
setting.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Louis and Joel both walk up to one in particular.

JOEL
You know this guy?

LOUIS
Worked at the same place Skyler
worked at for a few years.

JOEL
(sarcasm)
Check his eyes?

LOUIS
(chuckles)
That would be some shit, wouldn't
it.

They approach this old man, Dent, 80s, sitting alone, looking into the distance. Luckily, for Dent, his eyes are brown and not non-matching.

Louis and Joel both sit opposite of him.

DENT
H-H-Hello.

LOUIS
Dent?

DENT
L-Louis! I-It's been so long.

LOUIS
It has.

DENT
A-And you, w-what's your n-name?

JOEL
Joel. Nice to meet you.

Joel firmly shakes Dent's hand.

DENT
W-What can I do for you fellas.

LOUIS
We were hoping you knew something
about Skyler Bennett.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

DENT
(trying to remember)
Skyler Bennett... doesn't ring a
bell to me.

LOUIS
Brown hair. Young. She worked with
you at the clinic just a few years
ago.

She was around 13 at the time, she volunteered to help carry the animals carts.

DENT

Ohh! Yes! I remember her. What a sweet child she was.

LOUIS

She, uh, she passed away just a few days ago.

Dent, heart broken.

DENT

W-What? How?

LOUIS

She was found dead. Murdered.

DENT

M-Murdered?! - Here?!

LOUIS

There's been a case going on for a few weeks now.

DENT

O-Oh, my god.

LOUIS

We were hoping you knew something about Skyler. Perhaps she knew someone that was off to you, or maybe she had an ex-boyfriend?

DENT

T-Talk to h-her parents. I-I wouldn't know any better.

LOUIS

Her parents are dead, Dent. She lived with her friends, whom we will question when time comes.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

DENT

W-When did her parents die?

LOUIS

Ten years ago.

DENT

Oh! Yes! I remember. Simultaneous
stage four cancer... terrible.

Louis and Joel are surprised Dent remembered this.

JOEL

Dent. Would you happen to know
anyone in Hotchkiss that has multi-
colored eyes?

DENT

How d-do you mean?

JOEL

One eye is a color and the other is
a different color.
(indicates with pointers)

Dent comes to a realization that we VISIBLY see.

DENT

Why yes. There was a man who had
different colored eyes. I couldn't
tell you the colors, I just remember
it.

Louis and Joel are both pulled in by this.

LOUIS

Do you remember this mans name?

DENT

N-No. I never met him. Only saw him.

LOUIS

Saw him where?

DENT

On the streets. At night. Begging
for change. He always struck out to
me as a strange i-individual.

LOUIS

You never spoke with him?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

DENT

No.

LOUIS

When was the last you saw this man?

DENT
Couldn't have been more than a week
ago.

LOUIS
Where?

DENT
He was doing something. I-I can't
really remember.

LOUIS
Can you try?

DENT
W-Why do you need to k-know this?

LOUIS
Can you just try?

Dent thinks long and hard for a good 10 seconds until --

DENT
H-He was just sitting there. Looking
up at the sky. His mouth was moving,
too.

LOUIS
You saw his face?

DENT
Barely.

JOEL
Did you hear him speak?

DENT
I saw him through the window. But I
could see him looking up to the sky,
talking.

JOEL
What time was this?

Joel jots down notes.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

DENT
Must've been 9 at night. No later.

Joel and Louis think. They give each other a confusing look.

DENT
Am I in trouble?

JOEL
No.

DENT
I-I just remembered.

LOUIS
What?

DENT
He was here. At this retirement home. Talking to one of the elders.

Louis and Joel are shocked and transfixed.

LOUIS
When?

DENT
A month or so ago.

LOUIS
DO you remember who he was talking to?

DENT
Hmm.
(looks off in the distance)
T-That women.
(points)

He points to a mysterious, alone looking elderly women rocking in her chair.

LOUIS
Thank you for your time, Dent.

DENT
Go-Good luck out there, Louis.

Dent pats Louis and Joel as they exit.

They walk to the lady.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
Miss.

The lady is unresponsive. She continues rocking. Joel and Louis sit in a chair opposite to her.

LOUIS
Miss?

He caught her attention. She looks at him.

ELDERLY LADY

Yes?

LOUIS

May we speak with you a' minute?

ELDERLY LADY

W-Why of course.

LOUIS

There's been an ongoing case recently that involves someone you may or may not have talked to.

ELDERLY LADY

What?

LOUIS

Have you spoken to anyone with multi-colored eyes?

The lady re-directs her eyes to the window instead. Refusing to answer.

LOUIS

Miss?

ELDERLY LADY

Leave.

LOUIS

You need to help us.

ELDERLY LADY

I don't need to help you guys for shit!

JOEL

Listen, we really need anything we can get.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

ELDERLY LADY

You're cops! You're going to use what I say against me! That's how it works! Anything I say will be twisted and used against me!

LOUIS

We aren't against you - not in the slightest. But this person that you may or may not have talked to is a serious criminal at the moment. The worst in years.

ELDERLY LADY

(refusing eye contact)

I don't know what you're talking about

LOUIS

Please. Tell us anything.

ELDERLY LADY

I don't know anything.

LOUIS

That person is a serial killer. As far as we know - he's killed three people.

The elderly lady begins to cry. Sobbing. Louis and Joel look at each other, confused.

LOUIS

Miss?

ELDERLY LADY

Leave. Just leave.

INT. JOEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joel and Louis sit, thinking.

Joel looks to the road that Dent was describing. Picturing in his mind what was going on.

LOUIS

God dammit.

JOEL

We'll profile this place, get names, etc.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS

We need her name.

JOEL
Family member?

LOUIS
That's what I'm thinking.

JOEL
Let's hope it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Joel and Louis walk together into Joel's house.

LOUIS
Don't think I've ever been to your
house.

JOEL
You'll see why.

Joel opens the door to his CRUSTED OLD house. The DOOR is SQUEAKY and the WINDOWS are COVERED WITH BLACK TARP.

LOUIS
Looking like a fucking prison.

JOEL
Maybe it is.

They enter.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM.

The house is not as bad as we initially thought. It's just... empty... alone.

LOUIS
This is depressing.
(laughs)

Joel brings out the SCOTCH. Fills two glasses. They both take a shot.

LOUIS
Why'd you take me here?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL

I wanted to show you that your life
isn't so shit after-all.

Louis chuckles.

LOUIS

You don't even know the half of it.

Joel has a small smirk.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, COMPUTER ROOM - NEXT DAY

Title Card:

December 4th.

A FEW TVS ARE ON. WE ANGLE ON ONE MOUNTED ON THE WALL.

REPORTER

And just a friendly reminder: Don't
forget to keep your doors locked at
night and make sure to keep your eye
peeled. The mysterious "Hotchkiss"
killer is still out there. On a
rampage.

LOUIS

Fuckin' idiots.

JOEL

A rampage? What the fuck are these
reporters thinking.

Patrick storms in the room.

PATRICK

Prints came back. Fucker wiped
Derek's prints all over the note.

JOEL

What a surprise.

PATRICK

I want you two to get on your
fucking game and pick this shit up,
okay? Get out there and start
questioning.

LOUIS
 (stands up)
 What the fuck do you think we've
 been doing?
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

Louis and Patrick are in a standoff. It seems like shit is about to go down. Joel quickly intervenes.

JOEL
 Whoa whoa. Can we just calm the fuck
 down?

PATRICK
 This isn't just on Louis, it's on
 you too, Joel!

JOEL
 We're trying, Patrick.

PATRICK
 What, the fucking retirement home?
 Gave us information we already know?

LOUIS
 What about the lady we talked to,
 Patrick? Fuckin' forget already?

PATRICK
 Came back. She's not related to
 anyone that has multi-colored eyes.

LOUIS
 She still talked to the fuckin guy.

Louis is finally cooling down. He sits.

LOUIS
 I don't need this shit right now,
 Patrick.

Patrick scoffs.

PATRICK
 You don't need this shit? You don't
 fuckin need this shit?
 (pauses)
 I got the fuckin military on my ass
 for this investigation. If shit goes
 south, it's on me, not you fucks. So
 that's why I'm giving you so much
 shit.

We don't want another fucking Zodiac
on our hands. So stop being an
embarrassment to the state of
Colorado and get the fuck out there.

Patrick storms off into his office.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
Fucking asshole.

JOEL
Most times I would tell you to calm
down - but I have to agree with you
on that one.

LOUIS
In some ways he's not wrong.

JOEL
How?

LOUIS
We could be questioning more.

JOEL
I suppose.

LOUIS
I mean, we've been working together
for what, two years? And what have
we done since then besides this huge
fucking case. Nothing. A few
robberies, that's it. We've had
boring fucking jobs. Nothing to do.
Our first big case is in MY opinion
one of the worst serial killers I've
seen in recent times.

JOEL
That lady has to know his name. I
know we can get it out of her.

Louis continues on his paperwork. Back to the T.V.

REPORTER
Be on the lookout for this monster!
(thumbs up)

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NEXT DAY

Title card:

December 15th.

9:30pm

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

A few young teenage boys ride bikes ALONG a dirt path. It's a Friday night and the boys don't have to wake for anything.

Though, their curfew is near - but when has this ever bothered a young teenager.

We will know them as: Boy #1, Boy #2 and Boy #3.

Boy #1 crashes his bike into Boy #2. It appears to be payback.

BOY #1
Take that, fucking asshole!

BOY #3
Whoaaaa! Paybacks a bitch, isn't it.

BOY #2
Shut up.

They all get back on their bikes, continuing to ride in the dark.

CUT TO:

THE DARK NIGHT. WIDE SHOT, OVERVIEW OF THE FOREST.

BOY #3
We should probably get back soon.

BOY #1
Whaaat? No way.

BOY #2
Are your parents going to kill you?

BOY #3
They might, actually.

They laugh.

BOY #2
Let's ride, c'mon.

They PICK-UP in pace on their bikes. Riding faster and faster. Boy #3 is in the FAR BACK, riding to the LEFT of them. They're in-between TWO TREE-LINES. They follow a dirt road. These trees are TALL and HUGE.

THUNK! Boy #3 crashes into something and falls FLAT on his face.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

BOY #1

What happened? You gonna cry, pussy boy?

Boy #3 gets up, face bleeding, he's disgusted by something.

Boy #2 and Boy #1 trace back around to Boy #3.

BOY #2

What the fuck is that?!

REVEAL -- DEAD BODY. YOUNG GIRL. SCALPED.

ANTS are SWARMING this DEAD teenagers body. Her blood APPEARS FRESH. Her body is FIRMLY placed on the ground while her legs are CROSSED. Her EYES look UP to the SKY and her MOUTH IS OPEN.

BOY #1

We gotta get the fuck outta here!

BOY #3

We can't just leave her, we have to call someone!
(thinks)
The cops!

BOY #2

Fuck that, I'm out.

BOY #1

I'm with Cole.

Boy #2 and Boy #1 leave. Boy #3 stays.

BOY #3

Wait! Wait up, guys!

Boy #1 and Boy #2 are ALREADY out of sight.

RUSTLING CAN BE HEARD IN THE BUSHES.

Boy #3, whom, now that we've FOCUSED on him; is named Clay Dustin, 13.

Clay QUICKLY shifts his head to the RUSTLING. IT BECOMES LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL --

CUT TO:
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Louis twists and twirls Sarah's hair while her head lays softly on his left breast.

SARAH
Rebecca has been doing good in
school, lately.

LOUIS
Oh, yeah?

SARAH
Yeah.

LOUIS
How 'bout the other one.

SARAH
"The other one"
(chuckles)

LOUIS
You know what I mean.

SARAH
He's doing good. Good in football
too.

LOUIS
That's good.
(pauses)
Have you been watching them?

SARAH
What do you mean?

LOUIS
Like, when they go outside.

SARAH

N-No.

Louis gets up.

LOUIS

Sarah. You need to watch them.

SARAH

I-I'm sorry. I didn't think it was that important.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS

S-Sarah?! There's a killer out there and you aren't watching our kids when they go outside?

SARAH

I'm sorry. I'll be more cautious next time.

(annoyed)

LOUIS

I don't think you understand.

SARAH

I understand.

Louis sits on the edge of his bed, talking to her from behind.

LOUIS

They aren't safe anymore, Sarah.

SARAH

Louis. Your paranoia is going to ruin them.

LOUIS

I'd rather ruin them than let this killer ruin them.

SARAH

Louis?! How can you say that?

LOUIS

It's the truth. I mean, what is it going to hurt if we have to watch them when they go out, huh?

SARAH
I-I don't know.

LOUIS
They aren't fuckin' teenagers yet.
They don't need privacy.

SARAH
(annoyed)
You're right.

Louis lays back down next to her.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
Listen. I'm sorry. I've just been on
edge a lot more since this case
started... and it's been a week
since the last victim and... yeah.

SARAH
It's okay. I know what you're going
through.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, HOTCHKISS - SAME NIGHT

It's a snowy night and Joel is packed heavy with a thick
black jacket that he has taken off considering the BAR has a
fireplace. There are a few southerners and cowboys that are
sat at the end of the bar in their own booths.

Joel sits alone at the main bench.

JOEL
Rocks please.

The bartender walks away. Refilling his glass. Brings it
back. The bartender by the way, is a beautiful women whom has
BROWN hair and GLOWING BLUE EYES.

BARTENDER
You come here often?

JOEL
Yeah. Being a cop, it's a guarantee.

BARTENDER
You're a cop?

JOEL
Shouldn't have said that.

The bartender chuckles.

JOEL
You work here often?

BARTENDER
Man. That alcohol must have taken a
toll on your memory.

JOEL
Wait, really?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

BARTENDER
I'm fuckin' with you.

They both share a chuckle.

JOEL
What's your name?

BARTENDER
Amelia. You?

JOEL
Joel.

AMELIA
Nice to meet you, cowboy.

Joel chuckles. The bartender stacks cups and organizes the
cabinets and shelves.

JOEL
I'm no cowboy. I'm a gunslinger.

AMELIA
Aren't they the same thing?

JOEL
(no clue)
Hmm. I have no idea, actually.

They both chuckle.

AMELIA
Waiting on anybody?

JOEL
Nope. You?

AMELIA
Duh. Customers.

Joel takes a sip of his Jack. Then sips water to chase it.

AMELIA
So, being a cop. How's that?

JOEL
Has it's pros and cons.

AMELIA
Like what?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL
Well, I'm not exactly a cop, ya see.

Amelia has DIRECTED all of her focus on JOEL.

AMELIA
Detective?

JOEL
Yes.

AMELIA
Hmm...

She's even more intrigued.

AMELIA
Do you like being a detective?

JOEL
Sometimes.

AMELIA
I assume you're working on this new
case?

JOEL
Yeah...

AMELIA
Sorry about that. Must be tough.

Joel, unresponsive, sips his drink in complete and utter
silence. It's like a void in-between them... and before
Amelia gets bored and continues on with her job --

JOEL
You like working here?

AMELIA
Not really. Depends on who my
customers are.

JOEL
Like me?

AMELIA
Nah. My day has definitely gotten
worse since talking to you.

JOEL
Oh, yeah?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

They BOTH give each OTHER a long, long stare - until --

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

An unknown house. We SEE Amelia and JOEL walk up the stairs
to the house. WE can only ASSUME it's AMELIA'S.

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

AMELIA IS PUSHED ONTO HER OWN BED. Joel opens her blouse and
begins to KISS her stomach - creeping down to her crotch.

She moans and moans. After a BIG moan, Joel comes back up and
inserts himself into her. He thrusts and thrusts until --

CUT TO:

MORNING

Amelia and Joel are both lying down in bed, dead asleep.

Joel's phone rings. Joel doesn't want to answer it. Amelia
wakes up.

AMELIA
Joel.
(trying to wake him)

Joel is awoken now.

Joel picks it up.

JOEL
(exhausted)
Yeah?

Joel QUICKLY rushes out of bed.

AMELIA
Joel? Everything okay?

Joel gives her the index finger "One second".

JOEL
Okay. I'll be right there.

Joel QUICKLY puts his JEANS ON.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL
I'll call you later, okay?

AMELIA
Okay.

Joel EXITS THE ROOM --

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - SAME DAY

The SAME dead body we SAW Before... just her... not the boy, Clay.

Dozens of cops and reporters gather around the scene. Louis and Neil peer over the body. Patrick gives orders in the distance.

PATRICK
(yells)
Move. Out of the way.

Patrick trying to make way for his car. A CAR ARRIVES ON SCENE. Joel's car. Joel exits, walks to Louis.

LOUIS
Where the fuck you been?

JOEL
I was u--

Joel realizes looks to the body. The dead girl with YELLOW TAPE SURROUNDING HER. Her head, scalped. Her eyes, OPEN. Her mouth, open.

JOEL

My god...

LOUIS

Name was Skyler Bennett... 17 years of age.

Joel is saddened and disgusted by this. He kneels over at her dead body, mourning someone he probably only ever saw once or twice in his life. He notices the scalp -

JOEL

The scalp... Again.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS

What's with you and the fucking scalp.

JOEL

It's just... weird, that's all.

LOUIS

He's a collector.

JOEL

Seems like it.

Patrick walks back to the scene.

PATRICK

Neil. I need you back at the office.
We got reports of a missing boy.

NEIL

On it.

PATRICK

Any of you know a boy named "Clay
Dustin"?

No one answers.

PATRICK

Went missing last night. Parents
called this morning, hadn't seen 'em
since.

Neil drives off.

Louis and Joel continue to inspect.

David, out of nowhere, walks up to Joel and Louis.

DAVID

He left another note.

"Just wait and see what I do."

DAVID

More symbols as well. Some numbers
too. An entire page of numbers,
actually.

David conceals the plastic baggy.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL

Tryin' to play fuckin' games with
us...

DAVID

That's been apparent since day one.

LOUIS

He probably doesn't live in town.
That'd be my best guess.

JOEL

No way he does.

DAVID

I'm thinking we set-up a wider
search.

JOEL

That would be nice. We just don't
have the people.

DAVID

I'm sure we could get locals.
'specially with the boy missing,
they'll do it.

LOUIS

I-I just hope the boys not with him.

JOEL

Hope don't mean shit in this town,
anymore.

Louis, takes that in, visibly agrees and looks down to the body.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, HOTCHKISS - SAME DAY

A woman, late 40s, Priscilla Dustin. And a man, late 40s, Javier Dustin - appear distraught and disgusted. It's obvious to us why.

A few reporters jump in their faces with shotgun mics and cameras. They try to cross the street. The mother, Priscilla, wipes tears off her face. Her eyes, bloodshot red. She stops dead in her tracks. Javier turns, stops as well.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

REPORTER

Ma'am. Is there anything you can tell us about your son. Where he might be.

JAVIER

We don't fuckin' know. Okay?

REPORTER #2

Language.

JAVIER

The fuck'd you say?

Javier gets close and personal with the second reporter.

Priscilla stops him.

PRISCILLA

Stop, honey.

(pauses - wipes tears)

I-I miss my boy. I know he wouldn't run off. Me and Javier came home and he was just gone. Wasn't there. His bike was gone too.

CUT TO:

INT. WORN DOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two young BOYS. The ones that were with Clay - watch a shaking Priscilla live on T.V. Shaking.

BOY #2

S-Should we say something.

BOY #1
 Fuck that.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, HOTCHKISS - CONTINUOUS

PRISCILLA
 And I know he's out there.
 (looks to the camera)
 Clay. Baby. If you're out there.
 We're waiting. We love you. We
 support you.
 (cries)
 We don't want to lose you, baby.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We REEL in on a COUCH. CLAY, lies on the couch. Tied up.

Tape around his mouth. Crying. His crying is so loud that it
 forces someone to approach.

PAN TO REVEAL THE MAN WITH THE SKI-MASK, our killer. He
 motions "Shh".

MAN
 (chilling voice)
 Don't cry. You're with me, now.

We see nothing else. Just this MAN and the boy.

CLOSE-UP OF T.V.

PRISCILLA
 We love you, Clay.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - MORNING

A NEWSPAPER PLOPS DOWN ON THE TABLE. "The Ski-Mask killer
 newly nicknamed "The Barber" is still on the loose. Be on the
 lookout for him, and his supposed capture: Clay Dustin".

Pan up to REVEAL and disgruntled Louis looking at the paper.

LOUIS
The fucking "Barber". Are you
shitting me?

NEIL
That's what they call 'em.

JOEL
And that's what they don't
understand. This guy wants that. He
wants this attention.

LOUIS
No fuckin' shit he does.

NEIL
Stupid name, anyways.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
That's not the fucking point, Doogie
Howser.

It hadn't struck us. But Neil does in fact, look like Doogie
Howser.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME DAY

Louis and Joel both sit across each other at a booth. They
read their menus.

JOEL
We never really get to spend time
together.

LOUIS
'course we do. We're partners.

JOEL
I mean, like this.

LOUIS
I don't fancy it.

Joel closes his menu in frustration.

JOEL
Do you wanna have a nice friendly
chat, or not?

LOUIS
I do. Just saying.

A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS
How can I take your order?

LOUIS
I'll take the
(looks to menu)
Prime-rib, please.

WAITRESS
Would you like a side?

LOUIS
No thank you.

The Waitress looks to Joel - whom is currently reading the menu.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL
Yeah. I'll take the stinging
hamburger with a side of curly
fries.

WAITRESS
Would you like extra sauce on that?

JOEL
I would.

WAITRESS
I'll take your menus.

They hand their menus to the polite and well respected Waitress. She walks off - leaving the two alone.

JOEL
It never really struck me; but we
never really got to know each other.

LOUIS
Thought you already knew a lot about
me.

JOEL
Sort of. Not really.

LOUIS
What you wanna know?

JOEL

How you get along in your life? How do you deal with all of it?

This hits Louis deeply.

LOUIS

I just go along with the flow of things. I try not to think about my work that hard. Well, that's a lie. I think about it a lot. Just try not to remember the bad parts.

JOEL

Like what we been seein' lately?

LOUIS

Yeah. That shit.

JOEL

I feel you on that one.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS

It's hard, ya know? Not thinkin' about it, that is.
(a beat)
I think I'm gonna retire after this case closes.

JOEL

Good for you. You need it.

LOUIS

Yeah yeah.
(pauses)
You gonna finish that?

There appears to be a LAST biscuit on the table.

JOEL

You take it.

LOUIS

Thanks.
(bites)

As he bites into it.

LOUIS

You been seein' anyone?

Joel, not expecting a question towards him.

 JOEL
Surprised.

 LOUIS
Surprised?

 JOEL
You asked me a question.

 LOUIS
 (playfully)
Fuck off.

 JOEL
Yeah. I been seein' someone.

 LOUIS
She pretty?

 JOEL
Real pretty.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

 LOUIS
How old?

 JOEL
Twenty-nine.
 (awe)
But man, she is beautiful.

 LOUIS
You like this girl?

 JOEL
Only known her for a week now. But I
do, a lot.

Louis sips his Coca-Cola.

 LOUIS
What do you do.

 JOEL
Like, as hobbies?

 LOUIS
What do you do when you aren't
working.

JOEL
Before I met Amelia...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, HOTCHKISS - NIGHT

JOEL DRINKS AT A BAR, ALONE.

JOEL (V.O.)
I would drink... a lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joel ENTERS his house. Dreadfully, he walks to the couch.
Sits down.

JOEL
I was alone... a lot.

A quiet room.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME DAY

We CUT back in.

JOEL
What about you?

We get a LONG shot of Louis. Sitting there. He takes a sip.

LOUIS
Really wish this was rum, right now.
(nervous chuckle)

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Louis and Sarah argue over MEANINGLESS topics.

LOUIS (V.O.)
Fight with my wife, a lot.

Louis SLAMS the door. ENTERING THE BATHROOM. Alone...

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE, BATHROOM

Louis CHUGS a few pills.

 LOUIS (V.O.)
Deal with my problems.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, HOTCHKISS - NIGHT

Louis drinks alone, by himself.

 LOUIS (V.O.)
I also drink, alone. Surprised we
haven't seen each other at the
bar...

 CUT TO:
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. LOUIS' CAR - NIGHT

Louis sits alone in his car. Listening to melancholic music
while STARING off into the distance.

 LOUIS (V.O.)
I like being alone, personally - but
I also love my kids. So in that same
respect - I don't like being
alone... it's a weird tossup.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIS' BACKYARD - DAY

Louis happily plays with his kids. A MOMENT OF PARANOIA
STRIKES HIM. His face, not so happy, in fact, he's scared
now. He looks around, checking for ANYONE. Our P.O.V is that
OF a stalker. Looking at him from afar.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Back at the booth.

 LOUIS
 I live my life in fear, Joel.

Joel shares a moment with Louis.

 JOEL
 You feel like someones after you?

 LOUIS
 I-I don't know. I just
 (tears up)
 I just feel like someone's there.
 Waiting for me. Waiting to take my
 kids, my wife... me.

 JOEL
 This guy?

 LOUIS
 Sort of. I felt this way before,
 though. It's just since then, it's
 gotten worse.

Louis wipes the tears off of his face with a napkin.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

 LOUIS
 What the hell is wrong with me.

Joel decides not to talk. Sometimes it's just better that way.

The WAITRESS ARRIVES WITH THE FOOD.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, CASE ROOM - NEXT DAY

David PLOPS down a case of files and begins to start flipping through them. "Anna Harding" - "Bonnie Killian" - "Skyler Bennett" - "Clay".

CLOSE-UP OF FINGERPRINTS.

Paul enters the room, carrying a big box full of files.

INSERT SHOT: FILES.

 DAVID
 (surprised)
 That's all of it?

Paul shakes his head: "No".

CUT TO:

PAUL PLOPS ANOTHER BOX DOWN

CUT TO:

AND ANOTHER...

CUT TO:

....ONE MORE

Pan up to Paul's tired face.

 PAUL
 That's it.

QUE - Piggy - Nine Inch Nails

 CUT TO:
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

DAVID AND PAUL EXAMINING PAPERS

Its as if their eyes are LITERALLY glued to the paper. Their eyes don't avert; not once.

CUT TO:

DAVID HIGHLIGHTING A NAME

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT: FINGER PRINTS - MARVIN OSWALD

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT: FINGER PRINTS - CLAY DUSTIN

CUT TO:

DAVID WITH LATEX GLOVES; EXAMINING A SHEET OF PAPER FILLED WITH OMINOUS NUMBERS

He reads it as if it were a book. He looks as if he's confused.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAME DAY

Louis and Joel talk to an elderly women. The audio is INAUDIBLE as ALL we HEAR is the MUSIC.

CUT BACK TO:

DAVID AND PAUL READING INVESTIGATORY BOOKS

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - SAME DAY

A man STICKS a Polaroid to a brown-board. The picture strikes us... Louis and his DAUGHTER, Rebecca, playing OUTSIDE together.

CUT BACK TO:
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

DAVID AND PAUL PREVIEWING A SKETCH OF THE SUPPOSED KILLER DRESSED IN BROWN AND WITH A SKI-MASK.

CUT TO:

DAVID AND PAUL GOING OVER OLD JAIL MEMBERS

CUT TO:

DAVID DRAWING LINES BETWEEN NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER WHILE PAUL IS CONNECTING SYMBOLS TOGETHER

CUT TO:

PATRICK CHECKING IN ON DAVID AND PAUL

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

David, Paul, Joel, Louis, Patrick, Neil, and a few female and male police officers sit around and in chairs.

We appear to be in the middle of a conversation.

DAVID

We think the numbers mean something greater than they actually come off initially.

LOUIS

Like?

DAVID

Coordinates.

NEIL

Like a hidden message.

PAUL

It's quite simple, actually. You connect numbers VIA columns and rows. The fourth letter of EACH corresponding symbol is the correct letter.

PATRICK

What did the letters come out to?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Paul looks to David for the answer. INSERT SHOT OF THE ALCHEMICAL SYMBOLS ALONGSIDE THE ROWS AND COLUMNS OF NUMBERS.

DAVID

"Find me."

PATRICK

Cryptic asshole.

NEIL

He's leading us on. Leading us to a god damn trap.

LOUIS

Hold your fucking horses, Neil. We don't know shit, yet. We'll get a fucking raid team if we have too.

NEIL

This guy could be loaded. We don't know shit.

LOUIS

You think this fuckin' dim-wit probably a fuckin' hillbilly could outdo us?

PATRICK

Watch your fucking manners, Louis.

LOUIS

Eat shit.

JOEL

(quietly)

Louis, calm the fuck down.

Joel attempts, but --

PATRICK

(to Louis)

The fuck'd you say?

Patrick gets up, walking towards Louis whom is on the opposite side of the long table.

JOEL

Patrick, stay back.

PATRICK

I wanna know what this prick has to say.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Patrick is now face-to-face with Louis, whom, is by the way, standing up.

LOUIS

I think you're out of your league, Sheriff.

Patrick SUCKERS Louis IN THE FACE. KNOCKING LOUIS TO THE GROUND.

The OTHERS rush up to HOLD PATRICK BACK.

PATRICK

Fuckin' talk back to me again, your ass is fired! You fucking pansy!

Joel helps Louis up.

DAVID
Come on, lets talk.

NEIL
Jesus...

Patrick sits back down. Joel ATTEMPTS to put Louis back in the chair. He instead just walks out. Joel walks to the door --

PATRICK
Stay. We need your input.

JOEL
Bu--

PATRICK
Fuck him. He'll get better.

Joel, a little annoyed. Walks back.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Louis sits alone, on the curb. He chugs a FEW pills, dry. He looks up to the sky. His face TWITCHES a few time to the left, checking for anyone. He INPUTS numbers into his phone.

LOUIS
Hey.

A beat.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS
Yeah. I can pick her up from school.
(pauses)
Bye.

Louis puts is PHONE back in his pocket - walks to his blue Sedan and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL, SIDEWALK - SAME DAY

A LINE of cars picking up JOYFUL kids that are glad to be out of school. Rebecca and Louis Jr. Await their dad, Louis.

They begin a game of Rock-Paper-Scissors.

REBECCA
Scissors!

LOUIS JR.
Rock. I win!

Louis Jr. Laughs in her face.

LOUIS JR.
Oh, Tommy!

Louis Jr. Walks over to his good buddy, Tommy. They begin a chat. Away from Rebecca.

CUT TO:

WHITE SEDAN PULLING INTO THE ROUNDABOUT.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

It's a WIDE POV. It's a full ON P.O.V. The person we're watching is STEERING the wheel. Pulling into the roundabout.

He looks to the side, rolls down the window -- and -- he looks over to Rebecca.

REBECCA
Hello.

The man BECKONS Rebecca to the car.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

REBECCA
What?

MAN
Come on. I'll take you home.

REBECCA
My daddy says to never trust strangers.

MAN
Your daddy sent me.

REBECCA
He did?

MAN
 Yeah. He told me to give you this,
 too.
 (waves candy)

A CAR HONKS BEHIND HIM.

MAN
 Come on.

STILL ON THE P.O.V. Rebecca WALKS UP, sits in the back. The
 MAN looks into the MIRROR, getting a good look at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Louis Jr. Continues talking with Tommy.

LOUIS JR.
 And you should've seen the ball! It
 went BOOM!

A car HONKS.

LOUIS
 Jr. Rebecca. Come on.

Jr. Walks up to the Blue Sedan. Sits in the back.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS
 (nervous)
 Where's Sarah?
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

LOUIS JR.
 I don't know.

LOUIS
 Y-You don't know? W-Where is she?

LOUIS JR.
 I don't know.

Louis exits the vehicle.

EXT. SCHOOL, SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

 LOUIS
REBECCA!

Louis SCREAMS at the top of his lungs. A few teachers WALK outside, staring at him, awkwardly.

 LOUIS
I'm a cop.
 (reveals badge)

 LOUIS
Have you seen my daughter? Rebecca?

 TEACHER
N-No. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

 LOUIS
When did you last see her?

 LOUIS JR.
A minute ago.

 LOUIS
What was she doing?

 LOUIS JR.
Standing next to me.

 LOUIS
 (frustrated)
How did you lose her?!

 LOUIS JR.
I-I was talking to Tommy!
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

 LOUIS JR.
 (begins to tear up)
I'm sorry...

 LOUIS
I-It's okay.

Louis REVS the engine. He PULLS out of the LOT, into the HIGHWAY.

Louis, while driving, PUNCHES numbers INTO his phone.

LOUIS

Sarah!

(pauses)

Sarah, are you okay?

SARAH (OVER PHONE)

Y-Yeah. What's going on?

LOUIS

Rebecca is missing.

SARAH (OVER PHONE)

What do you mean? She's right here with me.

Louis, a sigh of relief.

LOUIS

Oh, thank god. I-I thought y-you told me to pick them up...

SARAH

You didn't pick Rebecca up?

Louis comes to a realization.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Louis CALMLY walks up to Rebecca WHOM is watching T.V.

He hugs her.

REBECCA

What, dad?

LOUIS

I love you.

(pauses)

How did you get home, sweetie?

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

REBECCA

A man drove me home. He said you told him to pick me up.

Louis, distraught, physically ill.

LOUIS
I-I never told anyone anything like that. You never trust strangers, Sarah. Did this man have a name?

REBECCA
No...

LOUIS
Did you catch his face?

REBECCA
Kind of. He offered to give me a haircut.

Louis, paranoid, more struck THAN before.

LOUIS
His eyes. Was there anything weird about them?

REBECCA
Not that I remember - I didn't see his eyes, dad.

LOUIS
H-His voice. Was it deep or was it high like yours.

REBECCA
It wasn't like mine at all. It's like yours but a little deeper.

LOUIS
Please. Don't do that again, Rebecca.

REBECCA
I-I won't. I'm sorry, dad.
(pauses)
He-He gave me a gift.

LOUIS
A gift?

REBECCA
Yeah.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
Show me.

REBECCA
I haven't opened it yet.

Rebecca walks to the couch, grabs a WORN OUT BOX. Hands it to Louis.

LOUIS
Go on.

REBECCA
I wanna see it.

LOUIS
Let me see what it is, first.

REBECCA
Okay...

Rebecca hugs Louis. Rebecca walks over to Sarah whom is chopping carrots.

Louis opens the box -- REVEALING THE POLAROIDS WE SAW EARLIER. One of Sarah and Louis playing. And one of Sarah smiling in the backseat of a car.

Louis Pockets BOTH of the Polaroids.

LOUIS
(to everyone)
Grab a few pillows, guys.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Joel and Amelia eat dinner together. Joel's house doesn't appear AS lonely anymore. It's quite sophisticated and neatly organized.

JOEL
What's something you always imagined yourself doing, but never did?

AMELIA
As like a job?

JOEL
Yeah. Sure.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

AMELIA

It may sound weird, but physics was always something that intrigued me.

JOEL

Why's that weird?

AMELIA

I don't know. You look at someone like me, do you really see a physics nerd?

JOEL

I see a beautiful charming young women.

Amelia chuckles.

AMELIA

I see a stupid and unintelligent Joel eating his steak.

KNOCK--KNOCK.

Joel, not expecting any visitors. He grabs his .32 and calmly walks to the door. He peeks THROUGH the window.

Amelia, scared.

His PARANOIA drops as soon as he realizes -- he opens the door -- revealing Louis, Rebecca, Sarah and Louis. Jr.

JOEL

(surprised)

What's up?

LOUIS

Are we interrupting?

Joel shakes his head: "No"

CUT TO:

JOEL AND AMELIA EATING WHILE LOUIS, REBECCA, SARAH AND LOUIS JR. SIT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

LOUIS

Nice to meet you.

Louis looks to Amelia.

AMELIA
 I've heard a lot about you.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

LOUIS
 Hopefully the good things.

JOEL
 Didn't know there were good things.
 (chuckles)

Louis laughs along to this.

SARAH
 Haven't seen you in forever, Joel.

JOEL
 Yeah. Been a few months.
 (pauses)
 How are the kids doing?

REBECCA
 Good..

Louis Jr. Sips his water.

LOUIS
 Joel. Think we could talk a moment?

JOEL
 Sure.

Joel and Louis get up and walk to the backroom. Amelia and Sarah engage in a conversation.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS
 I had a scare earlier.
 (pauses)
 It's really getting to me, Joel.

JOEL
 What happened?

LOUIS
 I think our guy is playing games
 with me.

JOEL
 Barber?

LOUIS

Yes. The fucking barber. Pardon my french.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS

(pauses)

He picked my daughter up from school today.

Joel is shocked by this.

JOEL

What the fuck?!

LOUIS

He brought her home.

JOEL

Did you tell anyone?

LOUIS

Not yet.

(pauses)

Fuck they gonna do.

JOEL

Get safety for your daughter - the school.

LOUIS

Patrick already hates my fucking guts as is.

JOEL

Listen, Louis. Not saying I 100% agree with Patrick, but you gotta chill out, okay? You're taking all of your frustration out on the people that send a little bit of rudeness towards you.

LOUIS

Hey, that fuckin cock-sucker struck me first, okay?

JOEL

He did. That was wrong. But I'm saying: you gotta chill the fuck out, okay?

Louis nods: "I get it"

LOUIS
What do you suggest?

JOEL
I suggest we find this fucker. Keep
a good eye on your daughter, okay?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
I-I don't even know what to fucking
do. Quit my job? I'm hesitant, but
willing to do it.

JOEL
If it starts to get out of hand, do
it.

Louis pulls out two Polaroids.

JOEL
What's this?

LOUIS
He gave those to my daughter.

JOEL
What the fuck. This guy's stalking
you?

LOUIS
Looks like it.

Joel looks at the one IN the car.

JOEL
C-Can we identify this car interior?

LOUIS
First thing I thought of.

JOEL
Looks like yours. Like a sedan.

LOUIS
It does, yeah.

JOEL
Not many people drive Sedans here.

LOUIS
You can see the color in the edge of
the Polaroid.

Joel looks to the edge, noticing a white SMUDGE.

JOEL
Holy shit...

LOUIS
A white Sedan.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL
You know for sure this is the car he
took her in?

LOUIS
She told me it was.
(pauses)
Did anything ever happen after I
left the meeting?

JOEL
They're getting close to figuring
this puzzle out. Though, it's mainly
messages so far.

Louis grabs a PILL out of his pocket. Takes the PILL dry and
--

CUT TO:

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a lonely night. The PARENTS of the missing CHILD: Clay
Dustin - sit together at the table. Tissues ARE SCATTERED
while JAVIER ATTEMPTS TO CONSOLE Priscilla.

The PHONE RINGS. Priscilla walks up to the phone. Picks it
up.

PRISCILLA
Hello?

MAN (OVER PHONE)
(whispers chillingly)
Ma'am?

PRISCILLA
Who is this?

MAN
Do you want to talk with Clay?

PRISCILLA
W-W--What?

Javier walks up to Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
WHO IS THIS?!

We just HEAR BREATHING.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

CLAY (OVER PHONE)
M-Mom??

PRISCILLA
(cries)
Clay...

JAVIER
Priscilla? What is it?

CLAY (OVER PHONE)
MOM!

The PHONE IS JERKED AWAY FROM CLAY.

PRISCILLA
NO!

MAN (OVER PHONE)
(chillingly)
8251 Crawford road. Now.

PRISCILLA
W-What?

The PHONE HANGS UP.

PRISCILLA
NOOO!

Priscilla lets out an EERIE screech.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Joel, Louis, Sarah, Amelia, Rebecca and Louis Jr. All SIT and watch a movie.

The movie is DRACULA.

RING--RING--RING.

The RINGING comes from both LOUIS' phone and Joel's phone.

Louis picks it up.

LOUIS

Hello?

(pauses)

On our way.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Louis urgently gets up and RUSHES to his JEANS. Joel ALSO does the same thing after picking HIS call up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWFORD ROAD - LATER

They DRIVE along this ROAD towards a mountain. It appears as though its NOTHING but a wasteland for miles and miles. But buildings are seen on the horizon.

JOEL

(looks to house)

This it?

LOUIS

Yep.

DOZENS OF COP CARS SURROUND THE HOUSE, WAITING TO ENTER.

EXT. CRAWFORD ROAD, HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and JOEL APPROACH THE HOUSE.

NEIL

Careful. We're following your six.

Louis CAREFULLY approaches the door -- knocks -- knocks again -- and again -- no responses.

LOUIS

(into megaphone)

If anyone is in there, come out with
your hands above your head.

They ALL WAIT A BEAT.

LOUIS

I repeat -- if anyone is in there,
come out with your hands above your
head.

A BEAT ONCE MORE. Louis ATTEMPTS to open the door. It's
locked.

LOUIS

(quietly)
Locked.

The FEW cops around walk up to the door with their GEAR on
and they KICK IT OPEN AS HARD AS THEY CAN.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

INT. CRAWFORD ROAD, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Louis enters - then Joel - then Neil and then a few others.

Joel activates his flashlight -- REVEALING TONS OF CROSSES,
POLAROIDS, LIGHTS, TOOLS, AND MUCH MORE.

The ROOM is eerie. It's as if ITS been sitting here for
years.

JOEL

The fuck is all this.

NEIL

Seems like he went to church a lot.

A POLAROID Of the LOCAL Bishop.

LOUIS

Collected hair too.

JARS FULL OF HAIR.

NEIL

Hope that's not what I think it is.

LOUIS

What?

NEIL

Brown hair. All of his victims have
ONLY had brown hair...

LOUIS

Jesus fuck.

Louis is disgusted by this.

DAVID AND PAUL BOTH WALK IN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

DAVID
Jesus Christ.

PAUL
One helluva collector... in
everything.

JOEL
Is that it?

The room is QUITE small. Louis KNEELS DOWN looking at the ground. He notices A CABINET. He walks up to the cabinet, opens it, and sees a button. He presses the button.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

All of the sudden, out of nowhere, the refrigerator comes OFF of it's hinges and begins to pull BACK -- revealing an opening - a stairway.

JOEL
Good shit, Louis.

Louis begins to walk down.

INT. CRAWFORD ROAD, HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

WE are AT THE LAST STEP -- but the REST are still at the top -- we watch them SLOWLY make their way down here... as slow as they possibly can.

They ENTER the basement, finally.

The basement is LIT RED and the floor REEKS of VOMIT, FECES and MICE. Louis REVOLTS in disgust while JOEL carries on into the basement.

The basement looks similar to us. Rows and ROWS of HIGHLY COMPRESSED POLAROIDS HANGING ON A BROWN-BOARD. A few COPS snap pictures while DAVID and PAUL investigate a COUCH. It's empty. No one is here.

LOUIS
Was a fucking fluke.

Joel walks up to a specific Polaroid. It's of the Bishop, yet again.

JOEL
He really liked this Bishop.

ANGLE ON THE PASTOR IN THE PICTURE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, HOTCHKISS - NEXT MORNING

The CHURCH is quite small but clean. The Pastor that we SAW before in the Polaroid is Bishop Hanson (40s). He sits down IN his chair while the CHOIR in the front sings. The CONDUCTOR waves his STICK to CHANGE pitch.

The CHOIR STOPS. The Bishop walks up to the podium.

BISHOP
That was a beautiful hymn.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

BISHOP
(pauses)
We'd like to end today with a few
testimonies from Sister Angel.

The Pastor sits down. PAN TO REVEAL JOEL AND LOUIS SITTING NEAR THE DOOR, WATCHING.

Hanson notices the TWO. He walks up to them, anxiously.

BISHOP
What can I do for you, boys?

LOUIS
We'd like to talk with you a moment.

Louis smiles. Wraps his arm AROUND his neck and escorts him out of the church.

BISHOP
D-Did I do something wrong, mister?

LOUIS
Nope. We'd just like to ask a few
questions.

BISHOP
I-I-Okay.

Louis and Joel sit the Pastor down in the main hall WHERE NO ONE ELSE IS.

BISHOP
 Would you like some coffee? Either
 of you.

Louis shakes his head: "No".

LOUIS
 You want some?

Joel, pacing.

JOEL
 Nope.

Louis hands PULLS out the Polaroid that is CURRENTLY IN AN AIR-TIGHT BAGGIE.

LOUIS
 Do you happen to know when you took
 this picture?
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

BISHOP
 I-I don't remember taking that
 picture.

The Pastor puts his glasses on.

LOUIS
 Someone else take it for you?

BISHOP
 M-Maybe?
 (pauses, nervous)
 It-It's not mine, though.

LOUIS
 Really?

BISHOP
 Yeah.

LOUIS
 DO you remember who took it?

BISHOP
 S-Some man.

LOUIS
What else do you remember?

BISHOP
I-I don't know. He was young. Mid-
to-late thirties.

Joel is WRITING down notes.

LOUIS
Did he look funny at all.

BISHOP
Funny?

LOUIS
Out of the ordinary, you Mormon
fuck.

Louis revealing his hostile side

JOEL
Did he have any distinguishable
facial features.

BISHOP
I-I can't remember. It was so long
ago.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Louis looks at the picture, noticing how young he looked.

LOUIS
I can tell. Was this forty years
ago?
(chuckles)

Joel chuckles too.

BISHOP
Ten.

LOUIS
Ten years ago? Jesus Christ. You age
like a fucking hamster.
(pauses)
Pardon my french.

BISHOP
Is that all.

LOUIS
Is there anything you can help us
with.

BISHOP
If you're going to act that way, why
help at all?

LOUIS
Listen. I didn't mean to burst out
at you. But we really need this guy,
okay? So is there anything you can
do to help us.

BISHOP
Who is it?

JOEL
The Barber.

The Bishop realizes.

BISHOP
I see.

LOUIS
"The Barber" had Polaroids and
crosses ALL over his hideout... of
you.

BISHOP
M-me?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
Yes. Of you.

BISHOP
I had nothing to do with such a
sinner.
(pauses)
If there's one thing I am against,
it's sin. Okay? Sin is not
acceptable.

LOUIS
We get that.

JOEL
Can we take a look at your office?

The Bishop is quite hesitant.

BISHOP

L-Let me make sure it's neatly organized.

Louis finds this odd.

LOUIS

Why can't we just look at it now?

Louis gets up.

BISHOP

Al-All right.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, BISHOP'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Louis SEARCHES through DRAWERS while JOEL pads down CABINETS and SHELVES.

BISHOP

I don't have anything useful.

Louis FEELS under his desk, noticing AN EXTRA drawer. HE PULLS IT OPEN -- REVEALING DOZENS OF VIDEO TAPES.

LOUIS

What are these?

The BISHOP -- Quite nervous now.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

BISHOP

Ohhh -- Those are nothing. Just videos of kids getting baptized.

LOUIS

You sure?

JOEL

Looks like they have years marked on them.

(pauses)

I used to go to the Mormon church.

"1981" is the first tape -- "1982" - "1984" - "1986" - "1989".

JOEL

What kind of church only baptizes once a year?

LOUIS
Can we watch the videos?

BISHOP
I want you both off my property,
now. You need a warrant for this.

LOUIS
(humorously)
You let us in. Afraid we can't leave
until we see what's on the videos.

The BISHOP attempts to GRAB the videos. But LOUIS and JOEL
won't let them go.

JOEL
What's the problem? Thought they
were just videos of people getting
baptized.

LOUIS
Yeah.

JOEL
I mean, I want to see how it goes
down. I only ever went, never got
baptized.

LOUIS
Yeah, same. Interesting shit if you
ask me.

The Bishop is VERY nervous.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

BISHOP
C-Can we just walk outside.

Joel walks to the door of the office - shuts it and locks it.

JOEL
Take a seat back there.

LOUIS
Oh, look. He even has a video
player.

Louis PUTS the TAPE into the PLAYER.

LOUIS
Watch 'em. Make sure he doesn't
smash these fuckin' tapes.

The VIDEO begins to play. It's an OVERLY compressed video that has pixels EVERYWHERE. The Bishop is SEEN configuring the CAMERA up-close. He angles it BEHIND BOOKS. It seems as if it's hidden, but looking at two CHAIRS.

IN THE VIDEO: A kid walks in the room: Johnson (13).

BISHOP (IN VIDEO)
Take a seat, Johnson.

JOHNSON (IN VIDEO)
I-I

BISHOP
What are your confessions?

Joel and Louis are both watching this video, confused.

BISHOP
Please. Stop the video.

Joel slaps the Bishop across his cheek.

JOHNSON
I-I don't know. I-I touched myself
last night.

BISHOP (OVER VIDEO)
You know that's normal. But not
acceptable. It's always better with
another hand.

JOHNSON
What are you talking about?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

BISHOP
I could help you sometime, Johnson.
If you ever need me - just come to
my office.

Louis looks back to the Bishop. He pauses the video.

LOUIS
What the fuck was that?

JOEL
Was that camera hidden? Did that kid
know the camera was there?

LOUIS
What the fuck were you insinuating?

BISHOP

N-Nothing! I swear! I was talking
about something else!

Louis walks up and PUNCHES the Bishop. Knocking him to the
ground.

LOUIS

Now you're gonna talk, motherfucker.
You're going to tell us if you know
that man. He had TWO different
colored eyes.

BISHOP

I don't know anything! I swear!

Joel kicks the Bishop in the leg several times. Louis picks
the Bishop up, puts him back in the chair and walks back to
the video.

He skips around in the video to the end.

He puts another tape in.

Video: It's ANOTHER Overly compressed video. This one begins
with him sitting down, awaiting someone. A man walks in.

He's ominous, young: 30s. His hair is BROWN and his EYES look
odd to us.

LOUIS

You seeing this, Joel?

Joel walks up to the video, closely. They both STARE at his
eyes.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

MAN (IN VIDEO)

I sinned, brother Hanson.

BISHOP

Sin is a terrible thing. You mustn't
do it, ever. You know what we do to
those who sin?

MAN

No.

BISHOP

We talk to them. What happened.

MAN

They made fun of me for my eye. How
its not the same color on both. I
swore at them.

BISHOP

It's okay. You're here now, with me.

Louis pauses the video.

LOUIS

(to Joel)

That's him.

The VIDEO is too compressed to FULLY make out his face. But
you can see it. He appears to have a MUSTACHE and A SLIGHT
beard. His NECK-BEARD is SCRAGGLY and his SHIRT is OLD and
dirty.

Louis QUICKLY paces back to the Bishop. He lifts him up by
his collar.

LOUIS

I thought you didn't know this
fucking guy!

BISHOP

I-I didn't know who you were talking
about!

LOUIS

You fucking weasel. I bet your ass
wouldn't last two days doing what
Joel and I do. You fucking cock-
sucker. Tell us what you know about
him.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

BISHOP

H-His name is Silas. That's all I
ever knew about him. He attended
church every weekend up until '88.
PLEASE! Don't hurt me.

LOUIS

We won't hurt you.

JOEL

The people in prison might.

BISHOP
 (shocked)
 W-What?

JOEL
 Think we're gonna let you off the
 hook after what we just saw? With
 the kid?

Louis GRABS his HANDCUFFS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - SAME DAY

LOUIS and JOEL walk into the room WITH DAVID AND PAUL.

LOUIS
 We identified him. His first name,
 at least.

DAVID
 What?

PAUL
 Really?

DAVID
 What is it?

JOEL
 Silas. He attended Hotchkiss Church
 of Ladder-Day-Saints from '84 to
 '88.

Joel PLOPS down a few video tapes.

LOUIS
 We had to rough up the Bishop a
 little bit. But he caved in.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

LOUIS
 We also found out a little more
 about the bishop. He may or may not
 be a pedophile. Check out these
 videos when you can. We have him in
 custody at the moment.

PAUL
 Which one is Silas?

LOUIS
 (points)
 This one.

Paul grabs it and puts it in the player. REPLAY VIDEO.

DAVID
 (getting closer)
 The eyes.

PAUL
 You can tell they're different. Just
 can't tell the color.

Patrick walks in. Gives Louis a warm look, almost a look of
 apology.

PATRICK
 What's going on?

LOUIS
 We busted Bishop Hanson. We found
 this interview with a guy that fits
 the age, the height, the weight, and
 the eye description. All of it.

PATRICK
 Holy shit. I can't believe it.

Patrick watches the video with them.

PATRICK
 He still go?

LOUIS
 No. Not since last year.

PATRICK
 We put fliers everywhere. We need
 people to be on the lookout for this
 fucker.
 (yells)
 NEIL!
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

Neil walks in.

NEIL
 Sheriff.

PATRICK

We need you to run background checks on anyone that has the first name of Silas. Get on it. NOW!

Neil runs off.

PATRICK

That fucker's still out there.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - SAME DAY

Amelia sits alone at the dinner table. All of the sudden, Joel busts in - takes his coat off and kisses Amelia on the forehead.

AMELIA

You've been out all day.

JOEL

Had a crazy lead. Sorry.

AMELIA

That's good.

Amelia walks up to Joel whom is currently washing his hands at the sink. She wraps her arms around his torso. He embraces, turns and hugs her back.

JOEL

I missed you too.

AMELIA

I have a surprise.

JOEL

What?

AMELIA

A surprise. In the room.

Amelia guides Joel to the room with her hand.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is beautifully lit with candles. Rose pedals are scattered all over the bed while the WARM winter breeze PASSES by Joel.

INSERT SHOT: VINYL PLAYER BEING TURNED ON.

QUE - ROMANTIC SONG

Amelia reaches her hand out to Joel's.

JOEL
What's this?

AMELIA
Dance with me.

JOEL
I-I don--

AMELIA
Dance.

Amelia forces his hand. She TAKES the dominant dancer role in this. She twirls around him while he takes a side-step.

He brushes against her shoulder; he appears embarrassed.

Amelia is loving it.

They THEN engage in a TWO-STEP dance.

THEN a slow-dance... this one Joel is good at.

AMELIA
I love you.

Something Joel hasn't heard before.

JOEL
I love you too. A lot.

Her right arm is wrapped around his back while his right hand is clasping with her left hand.

JOEL
Everyday I'm at work, I think about you.

AMELIA
Me too.
(pauses)
Thank you for letting me stay here.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL
Surprised you wanted too.

AMELIA
Considering?

JOEL
Considering the mess it was.

AMELIA
Oh.
(chuckles)

Joel begins to firmly caress her hair as he kisses her on the lips -- she then KISSES him back as he tries to back off -- they firmly get together on the bed. He begins to unbutton his shirt... --

CUT TO:

EXT. PAULINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: FOUR DAYS LATER.

A young teen girl with beautiful black hair walks up to the porch of a lonesome house. We will know her as Rhiannon. She knocks on the door. It opens -- Revealing Pauline. About the same age: Brown Hair.

PAULINE
Oh, finally. You're here.

Pauline kisses Rhiannon on the lips.

RHIANNON
People might see us.

PAULINE
Yeah-Yeah. True. Just us this weekend. Parent's are gonna be gone all fucking weekend.

RHIANNON
Oh, thank god. Thought it was just tonight.

PAULINE
Nope.

They enter the house.

CUT TO:
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

INT. PAULINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

They SIT on the couch: smoking. The couch is SLANTED away from the HALLWAY which is off to their right. The TV is in the corner and THAT'S Where the COUCH is facing.

Cigarettes stink the room up just a tad.

Pauline kisses Rhiannon. They begin a make-out. Pauline reaches down towards Rhiannon's pants.

RHIANNON
 No-No. Not yet. We gotta savor it.

Pauline leans back.

PAULINE
 True.
 (puffs cigarette)

RHIANNON
 Didn't you say your parents had alcohol?

PAULINE
 For cuts and stuff. Yeah.

They give each other a long look.

RHIANNON
 You thinking what I'm thinking?

CUT TO:

PAULINE LIFTING THE ALCOHOL UP TO THE COUNTER

RHIANNON
 Shit. Maybe we shouldn't do this.

PAULINE
 Nah. Just a few shots. That's it.
 Already opened, they won't know.

RHIANNON
 Okay. I trust you.

Pauline, like a rookie, pours some whiskey into a shot glass.

PAULINE

All you.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

RHIANNON

I don't want to get too fucked up,
okay? I want to have fun tonight.

PAULINE

Of course.

CUT TO:

PAULINE AND RHIANNON WATCHING A MOVIE

They're cuddling while watching a romantic horror movie.

SUDDENLY, A THUNK FROM DOWN THE HALL.

RHIANNON

What was that?

PAULINE

I don't know.

Pauline gets up to check it out. We follow behind her to the
END of the hallway. She FIRMLY but QUIETLY opens the door.

It's a cat.

Meow.....

PAULINE

It was my fucking cat.

Rhiannon's laughs echo through the hallway.

Pauline turns the light in her room off. As she walks back,
we stay here. Looking at the room from the entrance. We can
see a window with silk curtains and the edge of a bed. We can
hear them talking in the background...

GUSTS OF WIND ENTER THE ROOM -- Pushing the curtains
forward.... revealing..... and open window.... but we still
stay here. The bed LIGHTLY moves and we see a SMALL shadow
emerge from underneath the bed.

CUT TO:

PAULINE AND RHIANNON ON THE COUCH, WATCHING A MOVIE.

We're angled so that we see the side of Pauline's head and ALSO the front of the hallway. We stay here for a while. The room is dark and eerie. The sound of the T.V is also eerie.

Suddenly, out of nowhere: a figure appears at the front of the hallway.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

The figure is so dark we can't make it out that well. But he or she is just staring at Pauline and Rhiannon.....

And there's nothing we can do about it. Two helpless teenagers watching a movie while being stared upon. We stay here for a few beats. The figure is still watching. It appears to be wearing a ski-mask with revealing eye-holes.

The figure slowly starts to approach them. Pauline NOTICES the figure. SHE SCREAMS LOUDLY. THE FIGURE RUNS UP TO THEM AS THEY BOTH SCREAM, TRYING TO RUN..... but all the while, we stay at the same angle. WE can't see what's going on... just the sounds and our imagination.... the screaming continues... more and more... screaming we will never ever forget... then... it stops.

CUT TO:

INT. PAULINE'S HOUSE - AFTERMATH

TITLE CARD: Next morning

Joel and Louis both walk together into the house. Yellow tape and cop cars are seen outside along with news reporters and wild pedestrians looking to catch anything they can for drama.

Joel KNEELS DOWN to the couch, trying to find something.

Louis WALKS to the backroom where the OPEN window is.

LOUIS

Looks like he came in through there.
(points to window)

Joel, behind him, kneels down underneath the bed.

JOEL

Help me lift this up.

THEY LIFT THE BED UP -- REVEALING AN INDENTATION IN THE
GROUND.... of a person...

LOUIS
Fucker was lying here.

In the bed-frame Joel notices a string... he pulls the
string, firmly, revealing a STRING of TAPE and Polaroids.

JOEL
Pictures...
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

They begin looking at the Polaroids. They're STALKER pictures
of Pauline DRESSING UP IN HER ROOM...

LOUIS
A note too.

The note reads: "I watched her all day. Revenge. Revenge is
key. All sin must be punished."

JOEL
Crazy fuck.

Joel continues looking at the Polaroids. Creepy and
compressed - they get even creepier as it goes... the final
picture is of the KILLER underneath the bed, his P.O.V.

Looking at Pauline undressing herself.

JOEL
He sat there all night. Watching
this poor girl.

Pauline's mother walks into the room, full of tears.

PAULINE'S MOTHER
This was her favorite painting.

Joel and Louis both turn, not expecting a visitor... they
look at the painting: An Angel flying up to the night sky.

JOEL
You must be Pauline's mother.

PAULINE'S MOTHER
Yes.

JOEL
 (greet) s)
 Detective Pearson.

PAULINE'S MOTHER
 Diane.

LOUIS
 (shakes hand)
 Detective Edgerton.

JOEL
 Is there anything you can tell us
 about Pauline?

Diane is hesitant... sad... distraught...
 (Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

DIANE
 She was a wonderful daughter. She--
 She... we left for the weekend. She
 wanted to invite her friend over...
 I had no idea it was going to be
 like this. I had no idea they were
 going to be smoking--drinking or
 doing the things they did... but
 they were teenagers -- can you blame
 them?

Joel continues talking to Diane WHILE Louis walks back to the
 Living room... he notices KNOCKED over vases, broken glass,
 and even cigarette butts laying on the ground.

David and Paul are ALSO observing the scene.

DAVID
 Seems as though they tried to make a
 run for the door... but couldn't.

PAUL
 If he wanted to kill them he
 would've done it right here.

LOUIS
 Why didn't he...
 (pauses)
 Why did he take them? Why didn't he
 end them right here... like all the
 others.

PAUL

I don't know. A strong trend is that he only kills those who have brown hair and who are sinful. Anna Harding --

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA HARDING FLASHBACK - 1 MONTH AGO

Anna Harding drinking and kissing boys --

PAUL (V.O.)

She drank. He saw that, punished her for it.

LOUIS (V.O.)

What about Bonnie.

CUT TO:

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

EXT. BONNIE FLASHBACK - FEW WEEKS AGO

PAUL (V.O.)

She saw the scene. Had to put her out.

LOUIS (V.O.)

But her husband, Derek. He didn't kill him.

DAVID (V.O.)

He didn't have brown hair either - nor was he a girl.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Marvin wasn't a girl, and he killed Marvin.

CUT TO:

INT. MARVIN FLASHBACK - 4 WEEKS AGO

Marvin's BLOATED body being investigated upon.

DAVID (V.O.)

Marvin was a sinner. Sex offender. Child predator.

Had all the check-marks for our guy
to justify killing him and using his
prints for the scene.

 LOUIS (V.O.)
Clay Dustin. Good grades, wasn't a
sinner...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL, FLASHBACK - WEEKS AGO

CLAY NOTICING THE RATTLING IN THE BUSHES.

 DAVID (V.O.)
Brown hair.

 LOUIS (V.O.)
But still. He was a boy.

 DAVID (V.O.)
Maybe our guy is also a predator.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

 LOUIS (V.O.)
And that leaves us here... Pauline
and her other misfit, Rhiannon.

CUT TO:

INT. PAULINE RHIANNON FLASHBACK - SLOW MOTION

SLOW MOTION OF PAULINE AND RHIANNON RUNNING AND THEN

 PAUL (V.O.)
Rhiannon was with her. We found
traces of her clothes lying outside
last night. Also found a picture of
her in the house... she's also
missing.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PAULINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

DAVID

And rumored to be in a relationship
with Pauline.

Louis crouches down, looking at the scattered glass, the rubble and the pieces of wood that was SMASHED into.

Louis looks at a GIANT letter that is currently placed in a plastic bag.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM - SAME DAY

DAVID

(reading from a letter)

"And if I ever see a sinner again,
they will be punished. Father taught
me that. I will go for those who try
to harm me, who try to capture me. I
will win. I know of a certain
detective who holds a special one in
his heart--"

Louis has a disturbed look on his face.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

DAVID

-- And another who also holds a
special one in his heart...

(trouble reading through
bad grammar)

I believe I have the right for
everything. I will come and find all
of them. All of them who have
sinned. All of them who have wronged
me or father. Father is happy for
me. I know he is. He taught me how
to do all of this. He taught me
everything."

(pauses)

Illiterate fuck.

PATRICK

No shit.

NEIL

Father? Who the fuck is father?

LOUIS

Best guess is Bishop Hanson.

NEIL
The child predator.

LOUIS
Yes.

JOEL
The tapes that we observed showed Hanson talking with our "Guy". Teaching him to punish those who sin...

PATRICK
We all saw it. Yes.

PAUL
As much as we want to fuck this guy over, we just can't.

LOUIS
Like hell we can't.

PATRICK
Paul's right. Bishop Hanson can't be charged and won't be charged as of yet... conspired manslaughter was the original idea, but we just don't have enough evidence.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL
That fucker was secretly recording children -- insinuating that he will play with them.

PATRICK
We know. But we can't do anything, legally.

JOEL
What about the numbers - symbols. Any breaks?

Paul and David appear as though they have nothing to say.

DAVID
Not really.

PAUL
It's probably just information to distract us. Fuck with us.

DAVID

Exactly.

PAUL

We don't really think there's anything in there.

PATRICK

You gotta keep going at it, though.

PAUL

Patrick. You have no idea how much time this tak--

PATRICK

How many have died because of this, Paul?

(pauses)

If we don't find this guy, more will die. More will get captured. And guess what, I have to answer to this... ME.

(pauses)

Not you

(looks to louis)

You

(looks to Joel)

You

(looks to Paul)

Or you

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

PATRICK

(looks to David)

Me. Fucking me. All of this bullshit is on me. You you don't understand how I feel about it. So get your fucking asses on it.

Paul and David are out of words. Quietness fills the room as the TENSION of AWKWARDNESS builds up with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Joel walks towards his car. Pulls out a cigarette. Louis walks up next to him.

LOUIS
 (to the cigs)
 Mind if I have one?

JOEL
 Sure.

Joel passes Louis a cigarette -- lights it.

JOEL
 What you think about all this.

LOUIS
 Fucked up.

JOEL
 Yeah.

LOUIS
 Thanks for letting my family crash
 at your place the other night.

JOEL
 No problem.

LOUIS
 Just--with everything going on.

JOEL
 I understand. I hope you'd do the
 same for me.

Louis looks to Joel.

LOUIS
 Of course.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

They gaze at THE street filled with CARS and PEDESTRIANS.

LOUIS
 How long 'til we catch this guy.

JOEL
 Soon. Hopefully.

LOUIS
 Does it bother you that, that Mormon
 asshole is still running around?

JOEL
 Of course it does.

LOUIS

And we can't do nothing about it.

JOEL

Not 'less we get more shit on him.

LOUIS

How many more chances we got at this, Joel.

JOEL

What do you mean?

LOUIS

I mean, it's a ticking clock. This whole situation is. It's all a clock. It's leading to something, Joel. I know it is.

JOEL

You been taking your meds?

LOUIS

Fuck off.

(puffs)

But seriously, think about it: All of these messages, hideouts, calls, letters, kidnappings... all for what?

(pauses)

Every killer plays a game, Joel. Whether you like it or not, it's culminating to something. I know it is.

Louis leaves it at that. He walks off to his car. Joel sits and ponders.

CUT TO:

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - SAME DAY

Neil looks over documents. Searching for any "Silas's".

INSERT SHOT: A BLACK and WHITE photo of a "Silas Hoffman"

NEIL

David.

David is asleep.

NEIL

David!

Neil FINALLY wakes David up.

NEIL

Look at this.

David slowly rolls his chair to the DOCUMENT.

NEIL

That him?

DAVID

United States. 38. 5'8. Silas
Hoffman.

NEIL

I think its him.

DAVID

That the only Silas?

NEIL

The only I could find.
(pauses)
Not a very common name.

DAVID

Address...

NEIL

Not a single one.

DAVID

Social Security?

NEIL

Wiped.

DAVID

Changed identity, then.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Paul RUSHES in the room with a SMALL BOX. Joel and LOUIS
APPROACH BEHIND HIM.

NEIL

What's going on?

PAUL
 Got this in the mail today. From our
 very own "Barber".

Paul PLOPS the box down onto the wooden table next to the documents.

LOUIS
 Go on.

Paul slowly opens it with a box cutter. ANGLE ON PAUL'S FACE. DISGUST... HORROR...

PAUL
 Jesus fucking Christ.

Joel and Louis look saddened. They walk out of the room rubbing their heads. Paul closes the box...

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - UNKNOWN

The basement is hard to make out -- but it's red. We can only see a FIGURE. He walks up to a vinyl, BEGINS TO PLAY --

Ave Maria.

He hums ALONG to the EERIE Song while PUTTING UP POLAROIDS.

He SINKS a POLAROID into water... takes it out and then shakes it a few times.

We can hear MUFFLED crying in the background from VARIOUS people... we can only assume.

He continues humming... we can't see his face... only his hair.

He PUTS up a POLAROID of JOEL and AMELIA walking into their house...

END SONG.

CUT TO:
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

INT. BAR, HOTCHKISS - NIGHT

Amelia works bartender, alone. She serves like crazy. The SETTING is QUITE orange and the LOCAL bikers sit in the back in their OWN cliquish way.

MAN #1
Daniels. Rocks.

Amelia serves the delicious drink with rocks.

MAN #1
Look good today, Amelia.

AMELIA
(not making eye contact)
Thank you.

MAN #1
Why don't you come home with me
tonight? Could use some company.

Amelia, a bit nervous.

AMELIA
I-I have plans tonight.

MAN #1
No, seriously. Come home with me.
It'll be a lot of fun.

AMELIA
I really should get going soon. I-I
really have things to do tonight.

The man appears disgruntled.

ANOTHER Bartender walks in.

BARTENDER
You can go home, Amelia.

AMELIA
Thanks, Miranda.

Amelia packs some of her stuff. She walks out the door and into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Amelia APPROACHING her car -- USES KEYS TO ENTER.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

INT. AMELIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Amelia sits down. Puts the key in the ignition. She FLIPS the TOP light on... in the mirror... in the backseat... is the MAN... wearing a ski-mask. But Amelia doesn't notice. We can't help her. She shuffles through her glove-box. The MAN just STARES at her FROM the backseat... eerily.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The HOUSE is EMPTY. NO ONE IS THERE... Amelia should be back by now.

The DOOR busts open - ITS JOEL. Joel looks surprised to see the HOUSE this EMPTY.

He WALKS to the backroom -- NO ONE.

He walks back to the living-room.

JOEL

Amelia?

He looks around. He pulls his phone out and DIALS for AMELIA.

It picks up.

JOEL

Amelia? You still on your shift?

Breathing... Hard breathing... it's all we can hear from the phone...

Joel REALIZES. His face, horrified. His eyes, LIT UP.

JOEL

Amelia...

The breathing continues...

The phone hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR, HOTCHKISS PARKING LOT - LATER

.A CAR SWERVES INTO THE PARKING LOT.
STOPS AND THEN -- JOEL EMERGES.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. BAR, HOTCHKISS - MOMENTS LATER

JOEL ENTERS THE BAR.

The DOZENS of BIKERS and the ONE bartender STARE at him as HE is currently PANICKING.

JOEL
Miranda. Do you know where Amelia
is?

MIRANDA
N-No. She left from her shift about
45 minutes ago.

JOEL
Oh, Jesus...

MAN #1
You know that girl?

JOEL EXITS THE BAR --

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. HIGHWAY/CAR - LATER

Joel DRIVES like a maniac. HE SCANS THE ROAD FOR AMELIA'S
BLACK CADILLAC.

SUDDENLY JOEL SLAMS ON THE BRAKES -- AN INCH FURTHER WOULD'VE
TOTALED HIM...

JOEL
FUCK!

Joel sits in traffic... waiting...

Joel HONKS FURIOUSLY. THE CAR IN-FRONT MOVES AHEAD AS THE
LIGHT TURNS GREEN.

JOEL DIALS ANOTHER NUMBER.

JOEL
Louis. I need you.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Joel ENTERS HIS HOUSE YET AGAIN -- AMELIA IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN...

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Joel DIALS FOR AMELIA... NO ONE PICKS UP.

JOEL
GODDAMMIT!

Louis ENTERS the HOUSE.

LOUIS
Hey. I'm sorry, man.

JOEL
FUCK!

Joel SLAMS on the COUNTER.

LOUIS
Take it easy.

JOEL
She's gone, Louis.

LOUIS
We don't know he took her.

JOEL
When I called, he picked up.

LOUIS
You heard him?

JOEL
He was breathing into the phone...
it's what he did to Clay's mother,
remember?

Louis looks to the side -- thinking.

LOUIS
Yeah...
(rubs chin)

Joel. She's a fighter. I know she'll make it through it.

JOEL

(tears up)

I-I don't know what I would do without her, Louis.

(beat)

I couldn't live without her.

Joel falls into Louis' arms. He holds him. Firmly patting him on the back while JOEL'S TEARS SETTLE onto Louis' shoulder.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

LOUIS

It's gonna be okay. I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, HOTCHKISS - 1 WEEK LATER

It's a lonesome street. Broad daylight. On a pole LIES a FLIER for Amelia. A picture of her. "If you've seen this girl, please contact the local Sheriff's Office."

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM - LATER

DAVID

(reading from a note)

"Mental illness is something I've never thought about. My parents always told me I was sick in the head. My friends. Even my own therapist. My therapist told me I ought to kill myself. Yes. That's right. My own therapist. So you wonder why I do these things? I do them because of how much everyone hates me. Everyone hates me. Everyone does and will always hate me. No one likes me in this cruel world. Only god does. God doesn't like sin. So I play by god's rules.

(trouble reading)

And god is my grandfather while father is my bishop..."

Joel appears DISTRAUGHT, STILL. Louis sits beside Joel, comforting him with his presence.

DAVID
Came in this morning.

PATRICK
He's moved on from leaving notes at
his crime scenes to sending them
directly to us.
(chuckles)

JOEL
Why the chuckle?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

PATRICK
(sincere)
Pardon me.

DAVID
Still nothing on Amelia, Pauline,
Clay or Rhiannon.

PATRICK
We're trying, Joel.

JOEL
I know. I am too.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting is over. Joel is WALKING away but PATRICK quickly
walks up to stop him.

PATRICK
Hey.

Joel stops. Averts eye contact.

JOEL
What?

PATRICK
If there's anything you need.
Security. Free leave with pay. You
got it.

JOEL
I'm gonna keep looking for her.

PATRICK
I-I know. But if you need to take
time off. You ca--

JOEL
No.

Joel walks away. Patrick stands there.

CUT TO:
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, CASE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joel FLIPS through different files. He picks out a box. Sits
down.

INSERT SHOT: Bishop Hanson.

Back to: Joel's face.

INSERT SHOT: Silas Hoffman.

Back to: Joel's face.

INSERT SHOT: Silas Hoffman's shirt. Red checkered button-up.

Back to: Joel's face.

INSERT SHOT: Bishop Hanson's shirt.... Red checkered button-
up.

Back to: Joel's face. Confused.

INSERT SHOT: "1989" Is on the back of the picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH, HOTCHKISS - SAME DAY

Bishop Hanson WAVING to KIDS: "Goodbye". He walks back into
the church.

INT. JOEL'S CAR (STATIONARY) - CONTINUOUS

Joel is in the DRIVER while LOUIS is in the passenger.

JOEL

This guy's up to something. I fucking know it. You fucking know it. Hell, even the fucking sheriff knows it.

LOUIS

Yep. Glad you finally realized...

Louis gives Joel a long look...

CUT TO:

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

INT. CHURCH, BISHOP'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop Hanson WRITES old fashioned style. -- KNOCK -- KNOCK.

The Bishop gets up -- walks to the door. JOEL and LOUIS await.

BISHOP

O-Oh. Hey.

Louis and Joel both invite themselves in.

BISHOP

W-What are you doing here?

Joel sits down with his handgun in hand. The bishop notices this. Louis signals the Bishop to sit down.

BISHOP

O-O-Okay.

They stare at him.

BISHOP

Please. Just tell me. What do you want.

JOEL

You talked to him recently, haven't you.

BISHOP

What?

LOUIS

Pay attention, asshole.

JOEL

We got you, motherfucker. Now tell us where Silas is - and we might let you off the hook.

BISHOP

I-I have no idea what you're talking about.

Joel PULLS out a Polaroid of the BISHOP and SILAS talking.

JOEL

You two were talking.

BISHOP

That was years ago!
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Joel TURNS the image -- "1989"

BISHOP

T-They put that on there! We didn't!

LOUIS

Can you stop lying and just get to the fucking point, Bishop? Just help us out here, man.

The Bishop sighs...

BISHOP

I-I can call him.

Louis and Joel look relieved.

JOEL

Tell him that you're on your way to his house.

BISHOP

O-Okay.

CUT TO:

BISHOP CALLING

The phone answers.

SILAS

H-Hello? Father?

BISHOP
Son. I need to come over.

SILAS
Okay.

BISHOP
Do you remember your address?

SILAS
L-Let me check, father.

Joel and Louis both EYE the Bishop as he makes this call.
Checking him.

BISHOP
The pigs. Are they there yet?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

SILAS
What?

BISHOP
Have the pigs arrived?

A few beats...

SILAS
N-No.

BISHOP
I'm on my way.

The Bishop hangs up.

LOUIS
What fucking pigs?

BISHOP
H-He has pigs that flock from place
to place.

Joel is on the phone.

JOEL (INTO PHONE)
We got the address.

LOUIS
This better not be a fucking sham.
Or its your ass, Bishop.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Joel in Driver. Louis in passenger and Bishop in the back,
handcuffed.

JOEL and LOUIS are FIRST on scene.

 LOUIS
Pull here.

They PULL off to the side, where Silas won't be able to see.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

It's a BIG farm. This APPEARS to be the ONLY house for MILES
and MILES to come.

INT. JOEL'S CAR (STATIONARY) - CONTINUOUS

 JOEL
Fuck this.

Joel EXITS the vehicle.

 LOUIS
Come on. What the fuck, man.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Joel APPROACHES the front door of this SMALL but STURDY
house.

 LOUIS
You sure this is a good idea?

Bishop HANSON nervously looks through the car window.

JOEL KNOCKS AT THE DOOR -- NO RESPONSE.

JOEL KICKS IT DOWN.

Joel QUICKLY enters -- SWAYING his GUN around... CHECKING for ANYONE.

INT. HOUSE, FARM - CONTINUOUS

The HOUSE is SMALL and APPEARS to be ONE ROOM. Pictures of GREEK gods and MORE crosses and SOME POLAROIDs of THE Homicide DEPARTMENT.

BANGING can be HEARD beneath them.

Joel looks to Louis

JOEL
Hear that?

LOUIS
Yeah.

Louis FINDS a hatch for the basement... just like before.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

INT. BASEMENT, FARM - CONTINUOUS

They SLOWLY make their way down. Muffled CRYING can be heard...

JOEL OPENS THE DOOR TO THE BASEMENT -- REVEALING -- Three GAGGED VICTIMS on a COUCH...

JOEL
(runs over to them)
Oh, Jesus.

Joel FIRMLY takes the TAPE off their mouths as DOES Louis... One appears dead... Pauline...

Clay and Rhiannon, however, are alive and moving...

As Rhiannon's tape comes off, she lets out a cry...

RHIANNON
Please... get me home.

Joel holds Rhiannon in his arms as she cries.

Joel looks to Pauline's corpse -- then to Louis...

RHIANNON
Please...

Clay is QUITE calm... but shell-shocked. His eyes are LOCKED on the brown-board.

JOEL
Get 'em up there.

COP SIRENS ARE WAILING IN THE DISTANT.

Joel walks over to the BROWN-BOARD while Louis escorts Rhiannon and Clay out.

The POLAROID of JOEL and AMELIA walking up the STEPS to their house...

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

LOUIS (O.S.)
Paramedics!
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Joel RUSHES up to BISHOP Hanson WHOM is currently sitting in the car... Joel DRAGS him out of the CAR and leans onto him, QUESTIONING him INTENTLY.

JOEL
I thought he was going to be here!
What the fuck happened?!

BISHOP
I-I-I don't know!

Patrick NOTICES this and RUSHES over to Joel -- Restrains Joel.

PATRICK
Joel! Joel! Get your hands off of
him.

Joel calms down.

PATRICK
What happened?

JOEL
He wasn't here...

PATRICK
Bishop. What happened?

BISHOP
I told him I'd be here.

Louis gives the BISHOP a look... a look of distaste.

PATRICK
FUCK! He probably ran out back when
he noticed you two.

JOEL
No. He knew we were coming. This
slimy fuck must've told him somehow.

BISHOP
Y-You were in the room with me! Y-
You know I didn't!

CUT TO:

PARAMEDICS ARRIVING

Rhiannon is CURRENTLY being consoled by a YOUNG female police
officer.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

She cries... more and more...

CUT TO:

LOUIS CALLING SARAH.

No one picks up.

LOUIS
Goddammit. Pick up.

He calls again... straight to voicemail.

CUT BACK TO:

BISHOP BEING ESCORTED INTO A POLICE CAR WITH PATRICK

Patrick SLAMS the car door.

JOEL
What are we gonna do with him?

PATRICK
Conspiracy for murder.

Joel has no CHANGE in tone or expression after hearing this.

Just the SAME dead look we've seen since... Amelia...

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Joel and Louis DRIVE on the road TOWARDS Hotchkiss.

LOUIS
Good job, today.

Joel is unresponsive - instead keeps his focus on the road.

Louis ATTEMPTS to call again... VOICEMAIL.

LOUIS
The hell is she up to.

Louis looks to Joel whom is IGNORING him.

LOUIS
You gonna keep ignoring me, or what?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL
No. I just didn't think those
warranted a response.

LOUIS
I'm sorry for what you're going
through, Joel, I really am, but we
gotta be more communicative.

JOEL
Aren't we already?

Louis sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIS' HOUSE - LATER

JOEL'S CAR PULLS UP AT LOUIS' HOUSE. Louis EXITS as JOEL'S
ENGINES FIRE AWAY.

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis SLOWLY enters his home... it appears quiet... Joel
checks his watch -- "2:45pm".

LOUIS

Sarah?

Louis paces around the house. RING--RING

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT: PHONE ON TABLE, BUZZING/RINGING.

Louis is SEEN behind, coming into focus.

Louis WALKS up and picks it up.

PRISCILLA

Sarah?

A beat. Louis realizes.

PRISCILLA

Sarah, it's Priscilla. They found my
boy, Clay. They found him...

Louis closes the FLIP-PHONE.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Louis CONTINUES walking around. He looks to the floor --

seeing a TRAIL of blood -- LEADING TO BROKEN GLASS -- FALLEN
FLOWERPOTS -- more blood...

LOUIS

Oh, god. Oh, Jesus...

(pauses)

NO!

Louis falls to his knees -- looking at the trail.

CUT TO:

LOUIS' HOUSE - CRIME SCENE

It's now a crime scene.

Louis, instead of investigating, is now what we have seen
before... a helpless parent.

A fellow detective is questioning Louis.

DETECTIVE

So, you came home, noticed the phone
was ringing, saw the blood, and
that's it?

LOUIS

Yes.

DETECTIVE

Name of your wife?

LOUIS

Sarah Ann Edgerton.

DETECTIVE

Daughter?

While he says this -- we just zoom on his face --

LOUIS

Rebecca Jae Edgerton.

DETECTIVE

Son?

The detective writes these names down in a tiny leather notebook.

LOUIS

Louis Edgerton, Jr.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

The detective continues writing notes.

CUT TO:

JOEL WALKING IN -- SHOCKED -- A LITTLE ON EDGE -- EYES WIDE OPEN.

Joel looks around. Louis stares at the STAINED wooden floor while the detective talks to him.

JOEL

(quietly)
The hell happened?

A female detective responds. We will know her as Detective #2

DETECTIVE #2

Wife and kids went missing. Nowhere to be seen. School didn't even see 'em today.

JOEL

The blood?

DETECTIVE #2

Looked like someone was trying to run away, maybe hit some vases, glass and pots on the way. This was almost definitely "The Barber". Poor person got cut up pretty bad.

JOEL

Any notes left on the scene? He always leaves notes.

DETECTIVE #2

None that we could find.

Joel walks around. Feeling out different parts of cabinets, tables, chairs, floors, even the T.V STAND. Nothing...

Louis' detective walks away. Joel walks up to Louis.

JOEL

Hey.

LOUIS

(looking for sympathy)

Hey.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Joel simply walks off out the door, caring but not caring.

Louis sits there, alone.

CUT TO:

LOUIS ALONE ON HIS COUCH, STARING DEAD AT THE T.V.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - SAME NIGHT

David and Paul work away at solving the case. Patrick walks in, checking on them.

PATRICK

Anything?

DAVID

They don't lead to anything, Patrick. It's a sham.

PAUL

He's been leading us on. Trying to divert our attention to something else while he gets away killing people.

DAVID

We've been saying this since day one, Patrick.

PATRICK

Fuck it. Terminate the goddamn thing, then. Fuck all of it.

Patrick walks out of the room angrily. David and Paul just stare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick ANGRILY paces down the hall towards his office.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, PATRICK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick sits down... a beat later -- the phone rings.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

PATRICK

Yes?

WOMEN #1

A man on line 3 wants to speak with you.

PATRICK

Put 'em on.

BEEP--BEEP-- Breathing... heavy breathing..

PATRICK

Who's this.

MAN

I-Is this the homicide department?

PATRICK

Yes. Who's this.

The phone hangs up. Patrick, confused, slams the phone onto the phone-cradle.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, SIDEWALK - MORNING

It's EARLY in the day. Birds flock while pedestrians make their way to the Local High school.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joel paces down the hall towards the investigation room.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, INVESTIGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joel quickly realizes that most of the cases are cleared out. His face quickly turns from blankness to confusion and anger.

He PACES out towards Patrick's office.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, PATRICK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joel enters, angrily.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL

What the hell is going on?

Patrick leans back with his hands in the air.

PATRICK

What now?!

JOEL

The case. What the fuck?

PATRICK

I terminated it, Joel.

JOEL

Why?

PATRICK

Because it was a fucking sham.

JOEL

No it fucking wasn't! Even if it was, we still have to try!

PATRICK

Do you know how much goddamn money we have poured into this case? How much time, money, energy, resources, all of it?

JOEL

Is that really worth more than lives?

PATRICK

Do you know where we live, Joel?

Joel doesn't respond.

PATRICK

We live in a town
(raises voice)
That has the population of 8-fucking-hundred.

JOEL

I get that, but we need to focus on this case, Patrick. We need to find this guy before more get hurt. Louis' ENTIRE fucking family is gone, Patrick.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

PATRICK

(yells)

WE HAVE BEEN TRYING! Don't sit here and tell me how to do my fucking job, Joel. I know that you want to find Amelia, and please for the love of god, accept that I do too, but this costs too much. We can't continue the investigation on these fucking symbols and numbers a-a-and the fucking letters... We're keeping it tight-knit and not confusing. If the fuck-o's that tried to bust Zodiac couldn't do it, then how the fuck can we?

(pauses)

If you want to tell me how to do my job, then you can just fuck yourself and leave.

It appears as though Patrick regrets that harsh remark... But after a long stare and a long pause... --

PATRICK

I-I didn--
(trying to apologize)

JOEL

(calmly and adamantly)
Fuck you. No, seriously, fuck you,
Patrick. Go fuck yourself.

Joel slams the door open and exits.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joel paces through the hall -- a mailman walks up beside him with a sealed box addressed to "Joel".

MAILMAN #1

Sir.

Joel continues.

MAILMAN #1

Sir. You have mail.

Joel turns, looks, grabs the box and leaves.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

EXT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Joel WALKS to his car with BOX in hand. He THROWS the box in his backseat and WALKS around to enter the driver side. He drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - 45 MINUTES LATER

Joel sits on his couch. The box next to him. He looks at it -
- opens it. He tears through the finely put on tape. He finally gets it open... confusion.

He pulls out a note "The church. Go there. Both of you."

He flips the note around, revealing a map of the church, which has an arrow pointing to the outside of the bishop's room.

Joel can only assume. He slips the note into his pocket and gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS' HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Louis is still SITTING on his couch. Pondering at a fireplace. His eyes are LOCKED onto the fire --

KNOCK--KNOCK.

Louis gets up and walks to the door -- opens it... Joel.

LOUIS

Hey.

JOEL

Hey.

(pauses)

Can I come in?

CUT TO:

JOEL SHOWING LOUIS THE NOTE.

LOUIS

You got this today?
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

JOEL

'Bout an hour and a half ago.

LOUIS

It says both of you.

JOEL

I only assumed it meant us.

LOUIS

Do we inform Patrick?

JOEL

No. Not yet.

LOUIS

You sure?

JOEL
Yes. Fuck him. You were right.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Joel and Louis ride together.

JOEL
I'm sorry for being a dick.

LOUIS
What?

JOEL
When I was there - earlier, I didn't talk to you.

LOUIS
It's okay.

JOEL
No, seriously. I'm sorry.

LOUIS
(looks to him,
understanding.)
It's okay, Joel.

JOEL
I wanna find this guy as much as you. I know we've had our differences, but we can agree on one thing, at least.
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

LOUIS
Two things.

JOEL
What?

LOUIS
Fuck Patrick and Fuck this guy.

JOEL
You're right.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH, HOTCHKISS - MOMENTS LATER

They pull into the parking lot. It's dark and empty.

They EXIT their vehicles, slowly encroaching at the entrance of the church.

They TRY to open it -- locked.

JOEL

Fuck.

Louis reaches into his pocket - grabs a paperclip, folds it out, and begins to put it in the keyhole.

JOEL

You sure this is a good idea?

LOUIS

Long as we don't tell anyone, why should it hurt.

Louis FINALLY opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, HOTCHKISS - MOMENTS LATER

They WALK towards the Bishop's room, where the map instructed them to go. The CHURCH is EERIE and SILENT. Not a single noise besides the breathing and footsteps of Joel and Louis.

Joel turns his flashlight on, giving Louis the idea, Louis does the same thing.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL

Here.

LOUIS

This is where it lead us?

JOEL

Yeah. Here.

Joel points the flashlight at the ground. Nothing.

JOEL

The hell?

Joel looks around. Inspecting.

Louis KNEELS to the ground, feeling it. He notices a tiny crevice. His fingernails lift PLY-WOOD off the ground --

REVEALING A SQUARE HOLE WITH A LADDER.

JOEL

Fuck.

They look down. At the bottom, not too far down, maybe ten feet, is a door.

Louis begins to climb down. Joel follows.

INT. UNDERNEATH THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Louis makes it to the bottom. He opens the vault door.

LOUIS

Joel...

PAN TO REVEAL -- A small room, cold and messy. A wooden tile fills the ground while the walls are clean-cut stone. The room is filled with confetti and red L.E.D lights. There are brown-boards filled with Polaroids and papers strewn all over.

On the ceiling is a GIANT picture of an Ancient Greek person. Silas, it says.

Louis and Joel both slowly walk into the room, scanning.

Their guns are out and their flashlights are activated. But the room is already well lit with white and red lights.

They go to the brown-board... Polaroids upon Polaroids of Joel and Louis and Amelia... and Sarah...
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Joel looks up to the corner of the ceiling, noticing a camera following his every action.

Louis walks to a curtain... behind the curtain our shadows of something hanging on a rack.

Louis opens the curtains. He takes a step back and lets out an exclamation of disgust.

Joel turns to what Louis is seeing, also disgusted, but no exclamation.

We PAN to reveal... a rack of HANGING scalps. The hair is so dry you could probably peel it off.

The bottom of the scalp is being held up by a shirt-rack. Blood is DRY on the hair and the floor. The colors are all brown... four of them...

Louis discovers a note neatly lying underneath the scalps on a small wooden-table. It's sitting alone, in the center, ominously, waiting to be picked up...

Louis walks over to it and firmly, but hesitantly, picks it up and begins to read:

INSERT SHOT: "I see you guys have made it. Her blood is running out, I'm afraid if you don't get here soon enough... then... 35993 CO-92. You will find them there. If any of your other buddies arrive, I'm killing both of them on the spot. Just you two."

Joel appears behind the note - reading it as well.

CLOSE-UP: Joel reading the note.

JOEL
We gotta go, Louis.

Louis is anxious and nauseous. He nods.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Joel and Louis ride towards a snow riddled wasteland. It's night. The scenery is eerie, but the stars and moon illuminate the snow, making a beautiful, but yet, eerie picture.

It's a long and silent drive...
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JOEL
No matter how this goes down, you were always a good partner, Louis.

LOUIS
Shut up. We got Patrick.

JOEL
They better not give us away.

LOUIS
They'll be quiet, waiting.

They pull up on the side of the shoulder - they park.

JOEL
Where the fuck is it?

LOUIS
Suppose to be here.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Joel exit, walking towards the desired location.
Their flashlights and guns are ready to be used.
A loud CLANK can be heard as LOUIS steps on something metal.
He steps back and kneels to the ground, noticing a hatch.
He tries to lift the hatch, but it's too heavy.

LOUIS
C'mon. Help me.

Louis and Joel both struggle to lift the metal hatch -- but after a few beats, they finally get it open.

REVEALING -- A big and spacious tunnel lying at the bottom.
It appears a mine shaft, something man-made.
Louis goes down first, slowly. Joel follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MINE SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

They're at the bottom of this mine-shaft. Lanterns are on the top with a wire connecting them to electricity. Eerie carnival music plays in the distance.
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

They walk forward, together, but it soon splits off. Two wooden boards are on both sides. The left: "Louis". The right: "Joel".

LOUIS
The fuck is this.

JOEL
A maze.

Joel looks to a maze puzzle that is stapled to the wooden barricaded wall.

JOEL
 Gotta play his game.
 (pauses)
 Anything bad happens, you scream,
 scream, okay? I'll be able to hear
 you. Only thing separating us is
 wood and dirt.

Louis accepts this. They both begin to go their own way.

We follow behind Joel as he enters his side. It goes on straight for a bit, until a RIGHT turn appears up ahead.

Joel stops to look at the wall: Amelia. Is painting in red.

CUT TO:

LOUIS' SIDE

Rebecca is painted on the wall in red.

CUT BACK TO:

JOEL MAKING THE RIGHT TURN

There are more turns but an arrow indicates to keep going straight. Joel follows it. The Carnival music is becoming a little more audible to us.

CUT TO:

LOUIS MAKING A LEFT TURN

Louis continues walking onward. Not only is there carnival music, but Louis hears an eerie music box going off. As he enters through the wooden doorway, he sees a music box sitting on the dirt ground, alone. He walks by it, ignoring it.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

BACK TO:

JOEL LOOKING AT A POLAROID OF THE HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT

Joel walks through a doorway.

Out of NOWHERE, a WILD PLASTIC GREEK GOD POPS OUT OF THE GROUND; SPLASHING DIRT ON JOEL'S UNIFORM -- This causes JOEL to FLINCH. But he keeps pressing onward.

CUT TO:

LOUIS READING WRITING ON THE WALL

"I did it for Silas."

BACK TO:

JOEL

Joel walks down a straight and narrow passage. He hears a faint scream in the distance, this alerts him. He starts walking faster and faster. IT appears as though he wants to say something, but thinks he shouldn't.

CUT TO:

LOUIS HEARING SCREAMING

Louis walks faster and faster.

LOUIS
(yelling out)
Rebecca! Sarah! Jr!

Louis walks through a door-way -- his face lights up.

BACK TO:

JOEL WALKING THROUGH A DOOR-WAY

He looks down to the ground. He doesn't know what to think.

The room is a dead-end, besides a door to the left. It's the first door we've seen.

CUT TO:
(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)
LOUIS WALKING UP TO WHAT HE SAW
BEFORE
His family lying on the ground.
Rebecca, Sarah and Jr.
They're crying, they're dirty.

Sarah's clothes are half ripped and her pants are torn off.

LOUIS

Oh. Oh, guys.
Louis hugs them. Crying.

BACK TO:

JOEL LOOKING AT A COFFIN... WIDE SHOT.
Joel slowly but surely opens the coffin. He opens it fully -- revealing black tarp.

CUT TO:

LOUIS GETTING UP FROM HIS FAMILY.

LOUIS

Come on.
Louis escorts them back from where he came.

BACK TO:

JOEL SLOWLY TAKES THE TARP OFF...
Revealing....
A body....
But we can't see the face. We cut to Joel's horrified face, he shakes his head in delusion: No. No. No.
His eyes start to water. His face starts to tremble.
We slowly pan to a scalped Amelia... dead... cold... long gone...
Joel walks to the door, angrily. He opens it, revealing a big room.
Across his door is another door, presumably the one Louis is about to enter as well.
The room is medium-sized. It's quiet and cold. It has a dirt ground with wooden-barricaded walls.

(Printed with an
unregistered version of
Fade In)

Joel walks in with gun in hand. He walks up to a center pedestal. He looks at a note. He picks the note up. He begins to read it.

INSERT SHOT: "She loved every second of it. Every second of punishment that I gave her, she loved it. Amelia was a blessing to me and father.

You should be grateful I took her from you. You should be grateful you don't have to deal with such a sinner anymore."

INSERT SHOT: Joel's teary eyes.

INSERT SHOT: "You should be grateful that you don't have to wake up knowing that such a sinner could sleep next to you.

You should be grateful that I took justice into my own hands. I helped them."

BACK TO: A tear trails down Joel's face.

INSERT SHOT: "For we know that our old self was crucified with him so that the body of sin might be done away with, that we should no longer be slaves to sin, because anyone who has died has been freed from sin."

BAM!

Joel's shoulder IMPLODES blood as a BULLET PENETRATES IT.

Joel steps back.

Silas is there... watching Joel... no mask, though.

Silas' eyes are dark, shadowy rings around them. It's clear that he hasn't been sleeping well. His pupils, though... Well, his pupils are two different colors.

Joel QUICKLY fires a shot into Silas' STOMACH region. As Silas falls he fires a shot into JOEL'S NECK -- PIERCING THE SIDE OF HIS NECK.

They're both lying on the ground at this point. Joel coughs up blood while Silas is struggling to even get up. Joel manages, with all of his strength, to unload a round until Silas' leg, the only part he can visibly see from his distance.

A door BUSTS open. Louis walks in, hastily. He looks to Joel in panic.

LOUIS

Oh. Oh fucking shit!

Louis looks to Silas whom is currently unconscious. Presumed dead.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Louis walks over to Joel whom is currently staring at the ceiling with blood covering his face.

LOUIS
 (frantically. fast with
 words)
 Come on, buddy. You're gonn--
 shit...

Louis notices the wound in Joel's neck. Siren's wail in the distance.

LOUIS
 Please. Please make it.

Louis picks him up, like a hero. He carries him out. All while, the sound is becoming more and more distorted.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Joel is on a stretcher. They check for a pulse. Louis anxiously awaits a response. Louis' family is sitting next to him, shell-shocked.

The audio is still in-audible. Louis' frustration and anger can only hint as to what has happened. He buries his head into his hands. Sarah, whom is currently wrapped in a towel, comforts Louis.

Silas is seen on a stretcher, being loaded into an ambulance truck. Louis walks over, frustrated, Silas is still... alive... he looks to Louis just before being loaded into the back. The door closes. Louis' face is pure frustration, anger and deep sadness.

FADE TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, PRISON - DAY

Title card: 5 years later. 1995.

A scrawnier and more scraggly looking Silas sits in handcuffs at a desk with a tape recorder. An interviewer dressed formally sits across him. A guard sits in the back and a fellow detective sits in the seat next to the interviewer.

INTERVIEWER
 You understand that you can opt out
 at any moment you want.
 (Printed with an
 unregistered version of
 Fade In)

SILAS

Yes.

INTERVIEWER

And you understand that everything you say is being recorded rather than written because it is easier?

SILAS

Yes.

All while saying this, Silas is looking down to the ground.

INTERVIEWER

Let's start with Anna Harding. We understand your motive: Sin. But why?

SILAS

All sin must be punished.

The interviewer looks to the detective.

INTERVIEWER

What about your last female victim, Amelia. How did that transpire.

Silas lets out a deep sigh - and an almost indiscernible smile.

SILAS

I stalked her for a long time. One night, I captured her. Took her back, and then tormented her for what she had done.

INTERVIEWER

And what did she do, exactly?

SILAS

Worked at a bar.

(pauses)

I-I started off by punishing her. I scalped her alive. And I made the other detectives family watch all of it. I know she loved it.

Silas lets out a soft chuckle.

SILAS

I know I loved it.

The eerie smile of Silas sinks into the eyes of the viewers...

FADE TO:

BLACK

END.

CREDITS