

SHORT ORDER BUZZ KILL

Written by

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EXT. SKATEPARK - NIGHT

The summer night is so dark the four Stoner skateboarders can barely make out the "rooms" of the skatepark, much less each other.

We barely see RICKY O'LEARY (33), a handsome but shabbily dressed, underachieving millennial wearing a bright-red hoodie and tight tan jeans skateboarding in the main room of the skatepark.

His three closest friends sit on the rim with their backs to us.

JOSÉ (30), a stocky unshaven Mexican in a gray hoodie and ripped blue jeans, cheers on his leader.

RICKY
Join me, dudes.

José raises a pipe, waves it and laughs.

JOSÉ
Why do a half-pipe when I can smoke
a full one, Ricky?

Sitting next to José is DESHAUN (28), an African-American Stoner in raggedy Hawaiian shirt and faded black jeans. He overreacts with uproarious laughter that goes on too long.

He is quieted by RAINA (26), a wildly beautiful voice-of-reason in a tank top and tight blue jeans and holding a forest-green windbreaker jacket.

RAINA
Enough, Deshaun! Trying to get us
arrested for disturbing the peace?

Deshaun overreacts to Raina, as OFFICER JASON O'LEARY, (35) and older, more mature version of Ricky, sneaks up on the group wearing his police uniform.

DESHAUN
Don't be reining me in Raina.
Weed's legal in the state now
and...

Jason coughs. Ricky keeps skateboarding and the others ignore the cough.

JASON
Skatepark closes at ten.

RICKY

Diner closes at ten. Skatepark's
open 'til eleven.

JASON

Backwards as usual, little brother.
Diner closes at eleven. Skatepark
closes at ten.

RAINA

(sarcastic)

Thank-you Officer Fuckin' Buzz
Kill.

Jason directs his anger at his brother.

JASON

Aren't you all a little too old for
this shit?

(beat)

I'm heading to the diner!

Jason walks away, shaking his head in disgust. The others
yell at him as he leaves.

DESHAUN

What a dick!

RICKY

Aren't you too young to give out
parking tickets all day, Dick
Tracy?

JOSÉ

Want us to trade our skateboards in
for waterboards, Dick Chimney!

RAINA

(whispers to José)

I think you mean Dick Cheney.

JOSÉ

Dick Cheney skateboards?

RAINA

Never mind.

Strolling by is the town's young, enthusiastic preacher,
PASTOR MIKE (30s) in a black short-sleeved clergy shirt with
a white collar, black slacks and shoes. He stops and opens
his arms like Jesus.

PASTOR MIKE

Good to see young members of our flock enjoying the outdoors.

Ricky stops skating and joins his friends.

RICKY

Pastor Mike, what brings you out at this hour? Not recruiting, I hope.

The Pastor acts alarmed at the suggestion.

PASTOR MIKE

Recruiting? No. No. Getting to know members of the community at all hours. Some only come out at night.

DESHAUN

You mean like prostitutes and pimps?

JOSÉ

ICE agents and vampires?

RAINA

I think he means lost souls and sinners.

PASTOR MIKE

To get to know the people of the night better, I've been walking a mile in their shoes, to see how my flock lives.

RICKY

You walked a mile in red-sequined high-heels, mohair boots, rubber-soled shoes and whatever Dracula wears?

RAINA

Forever Hush-puppies? Transylvania Day-loafers? Maybe Death-on Janowskis?

Ricky starts to walk away and the others follow.

RICKY

We're getting the flock out of here.

PASTOR MIKE

Wait! You'd be doing me a huge favor if you let me borrow your skateboard and sweatshirt, so I could really feel what it's like to be one of you!

Ricky stops and turns, with a snicker.

RICKY

You're shitting me, right?

PASTOR MIKE

Not at all. I slept with a homeless man last week.

RAINA

Uh, oh! True confessions time.

Pastor Mike is appalled.

PASTOR MIKE

Not like that! To experience what he experiences. To feel how other view him. To see into his soul!

Ricky shrugs and reluctantly hands the pastor his skateboard and sweatshirt. The pastor smiles and puts on the hoodie covering all but his eyes and nose.

RICKY

Knock yourself out.

PASTOR MIKE

Thank you, my son. I'll return them tomorrow.

They wave good-bye and the Stoners disappear.

A few minutes later, Pastor Mike is doing great tricks, flips and spins in the big room. He looks like a pro; and he looks like Ricky in the dark.

A dark shadowy figure (FLOSSIE MAY MANSON; 30s-40s; the waitress at the diner), sneaks up behind Pastor Mike.

We SEE a shiny stainless-steel arrow resting on a pulled ninja crossbow. We HEAR eerie heavy breathing from the assailant.

The Pastor is self-absorbed doing tricks on the skateboard and finally faces his assailant to see the trigger pulled on the crossbow sending the arrow in agonizing slow-motion toward the Pastor's chest.

The Pastor's eyes open widely in surprise. He tries to scream but can't.

We hear a nearly silent FWAP of the arrow piercing the Pastor's heart.

He gasps for air and falls forward with the sweatshirt concealing his face. His hands are outstretched.

Silence.

The Pastor's legs twitch. He's not quite dead. Gurgling.

We SEE our assailant from the back wearing a dark ninja suit and an overstuffed army-type backpack. She has a black duffle bag at her feet.

She opens the duffle bag to reveal a shiny carving knife and a butcher knife.

After some indecision, she selects the carving knife when she hears a slight moan from the Pastor. He's not quite dead.

She strolls up to the victim, squats and sits on the Pastor's butt.

We HEAR her grunt as she stabs him in the back five times.

She stands and walks back to the duffle bag to put away the carving knife, when she hears the Pastor groan once. He's still not quite dead.

She selects the butcher knife and calmly strolls back to the Pastor and sits on him again.

She glares at the fingertips on the Pastor's right hand.

Flossie, the assailant, gets more bitter with each chop. She talks in a deep, maniacal voice.

FLOSSIE

(chop)

You should have known.

(chop)

You'd never get away with it.

(chop)

You finally got treated,

(chop)

The way you treated others!

(chop)

Justice will be served! All of you
will be slashed and burned!

Flossie removes her backpack and sets it on the Pastor's back.

Flossie calmly walks away (the audience still hasn't seen her face and does not know her identity).

We see the fingers of Pastor's left hand twitch like he's still alive. The heavy backpack on his back prevents him from moving.

We see our assailant escape on a silent motorized bike with the duffle bag on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

We see Jason in a booth finishing the last bite of two breakfast platters (eggs, bacon, pancakes and coffee).

The four Stoners enter the diner, see Jason, and take a booth in the back.

A "Perfect Family" (Dad and Mom, two lovely children) sits at the counter finishing hot-fudge sundaes, smiling, and watching old "re-runs" of Andy of Mayberry on the TV behind the counter.

Flossie enters moments later from the kitchen wearing a white waitress uniform and stained apron. She's speaking on her *Samsung* smartphone in an aggravated voice.

FLOSSIE

Okay, Ma. Enough for tonight. I'm working! Call ya tomorrow!

She ends the call, smiles, and speaks sweetly to the children.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)

Kids, those sundaes are on me tonight!

The children smile. Flossie winks at the kids.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)

But those parents of yours better pay up for theirs!

The kids chuckle, as Flossie looks across to Jason with a moderate tone.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)

More coffee, Officer?

Jason is nice.

JASON

Only have one cup at night, Flossie May. You know that. Great pancakes, though. I'll take the check whenever you get a minute.

Flossie snarls at Jason.

FLOSSIE

Little busy tonight.
(sees the Stoners)
And look what the cat dragged in!

Ricky's back is to Flossie and Flossie delivers four menus with a mean scowl.

Flossie's eye's open widely when she sees Ricky. She stares at his shirt and the empty spaces on either side of him.

RAINA

Looks like you've seen a ghost,
Flossie May!

Flossie regains her composure but snarls at them anyway.

FLOSSIE

You know we close at eleven!

RICKY

News to me! I'll have what my brother had but I'd like my eggs scrambled, crisp bacon and dry rye toast instead of pancakes. Watching my weight.

FLOSSIE

(writing furiously)
Then that's not the same at all, is it?

JOSÉ

Make it dos.

Flossie glares at José.

FLOSSIE

Dos?

JOSÉ

Number two.

José grunts and moans like he's taking a shit.

DESHAUN

I'd like the weight-watchers
oatmeal, nuts and berries and
whatever Ricky had too.

Flossie rolls her eyes in disgust.

RAINA

Just coffee for me.

RICKY

Take your time. We got all night!

The cook, MAX SIMPSON (45) a muscular former U.S. Marine with a lot of ink stomps in from the kitchen to collect a tub of dishes and supply Flossie with muscle if needed.

The Stoners eye Max fearfully.

Flossie exits to the kitchen.

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Just behind the doors, she removes a small remote-control switch from the apron pocket and flips a switch.

We HEAR an EXPLOSION. Flossie re-enters the dining area carrying a pot of hot coffee.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone spins to the sound of the explosion and SEES a flash of light and a fire from the direction of the skatepark. They all gasp!

Jason drops \$20 on the table and is on his radio as he races toward the door.

JASON

Dispatch. This is Officer O'Leary.
Get the fire department to the
skatepark and get me some backup.

Jason exits.

RICKY

Flossie May, cancel our orders. We
gotta check this out!

The Stoners race out.

Flossie gives a quick smile, as she picks up Jason's money.

She looks out the window to see Jason has his lights and siren on as he screeches away.

EXT. SKATEPARK - NIGHT

FIREFIGHTER #1 (man; 30s) and FIREFIGHTER #2 (woman; 30s) in full fire-fighting gear douse the last of the flames as Jason stands behind them.

FIREFIGHTER #1
Probably a garbage fire started by
vandals.

Jason is suspicious.

JASON
Garbage doesn't explode.

FIREFIGHTER #2
Does it contain napalm!

JASON
Napalm?

FIREFIGHTER #1
Smelled it all the way here.

The fire goes out but it remains smoking when the Stoners arrive.

Jason begins laying out yellow crime-scene tape around the body, since there is nothing to hang the tape on in the concrete bowl.

JASON
Everyone, stay back. It's a body!
This is a homicide scene!

Ricky walks over to the body with the others following him.

RICKY
I know who it is.

JOSÉ, DESHAUN & RAINA
Me too. Me too. Me too.

JASON
I said, stay back!

Jason's Samsung smartphone rings.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Yes, Chief. Homicide. Where's my
 backup?
 (pause, angry)
 Summer vacation? Barbecues? Got one
here!

The Stoners start singing like the Beach Boys.

STONERS
 I wish they all could be California
 grills.

Jason turns away in disgust.

JASON
 CSI Team?
 (pause)
 Myself?
 (proudly)
 I have been taking the Detective
 Exam.
 (pause, sadly)
 Yes, Chief. And re-taking the
 Detective Exam.

The Stoners start singing like Warren Zevon.

STONERS
 Poor, poor pitiful me. Poor, poor
 pitiful me...

JASON
 No, Chief. Body is burned beyond
 recognition.

RICKY
 (whispers)
 It's Pastor Mike.

Jason, stunned, glares at his younger brother, who points to
 his burnt skateboard.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 He borrowed my skateboard twenty
 minutes ago.

JOSÉ
 Dude, it's toast.

Jason gets in Ricky's face, covering his smartphone.

JASON
 What the fuck?

Jason prepares to speak into his phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

(pauses listening)

Sorry, Chief. I'm getting closer to an I.D. on the vic. Can I call ya back?

(pause)

By morning, yes, Ma'am.

Jason ends the call, ready to kill his brother.

Raina steps between them, staring into Jason's eyes.

RAINA

Been an awful night for my Ricky.
Lost a damn good sweatshirt too.

Jason melts.

RICKY

Wanted to skate a mile in my shoes,
or some such shit.

DESHAUN

He slept with a homeless man last
week.

Jason paces getting angrier with every step.

JASON

Then you four were the last people
to see him alive.

RICKY

Technically, the killer was.

Jason moves into punch Ricky but holds back.

JASON

I'll need statements from each of
you. And you're all suspects!

RICKY

No, dude! You were with us in the
diner! We're your CSI team! Crime
Stoners Investigators.

The Stoners begin laughing, dancing, fist-bumping and high-fiving each other, while Jason glares at them!

JASON

I'm so screwed! I'll never make
detective.

They all stare at Pastor Mike.

JASON (CONT'D)
And we gotta killer on the loose!

INT. MORGUE - MORNING

Jason enters the morgue to see the Coroner, DR. JUANITA SANCHEZ (30, cute Mexican), duck under a stainless-steel table when she sees an officer of the law enter the morgue.

On the steel table lays the charred body of Pastor Mike.

JASON
It's just me, Dr. Sanchez. Jason
O'Leary.

Juanita hops up and smiles. She holds a clipboard.

DR. SANCHEZ
Thought you were ICE.

Dr. Sanchez regains her composure.

JASON
No detectives around. Summer
vacation, so the Chief sent me.

DR. SANCHEZ
Good news, then. We have a positive
I.D. We found a small metal
crucifix around his neck worn only
by Christians.

She hands him the crucifix in a plastic evidence bag

JASON
That narrows it down to one billion
people on Earth.

She hands him a leather wallet in a plastic bag.

DR. SANCHEZ
I was able to recover his wallet,
with his driver's license, health
insurance card, of course, they
won't do him much good now. Either
will the strip club membership
card!

Jason looks shocked.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Just fucking with ya, O'Leary!

JASON
Money and credits cards?

DR. SANCHEZ
(snickers and looks away)
Wasn't born yesterday, if you catch
my drift!

Jason is shocked.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Fucking with you! Napalm toasted
them but we saved the chip on the
driver's license.

JASON
Got a T.O.D.?

DR. SANCHEZ
Time of death approximately last
night between six PM and midnight.

JASON
Except my brother and his friends
spoke with him, quite alive, around
ten PM and I saw him burning at
10:20 PM.

DR. SANCHEZ
There you have it then.

Jason rolls his eyes in disgust.

JASON
Cause of death?

Dr. Sanchez stares at the charred remains.

DR. SANCHEZ
We have a little bit of a mystery
here. No sign of cancer, brain
tumors, erectile dysfunction, or
heart disease.

Jason rolls his eyes in disgust again.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
However, I discovered five knife
wounds in his back, any one of
which could have killed him.

Dr. Sanchez shows Jason a map/graphic of Pastor Mike's back with five "X's" marking the stab wounds. Jason is unconvinced.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Could be five assailants, each with a knife. Your guess is as good as mine.

Jason stares at the clipboard.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
And, this was surprising. I did dislodge this steel crossbow arrow from his heart.

She hands Jason the plastic bag with a steel crossbow arrow in it, proud of herself.

JASON
That settles it then?

DR. SANCHEZ
After being stabbed by five assailants, they could have stood him up and a sixth murderer could have shot him with the crossbow.

JASON
Couldn't one person shoot him with a crossbow, then finish him off with a knife?

Dr. Sanchez turns cold.

DR. SANCHEZ
My Stoner buddies are right. You are a buzz kill!

Jason collects the bags of evidence.

JASON
Thanks for all your help, Dr. Sanchez.

Dr. Sanchez rubs the Pastor's upper legs and smiles at Jason.

DR. SANCHEZ
I get off at four.

Jason sees her charred, black, gooey gloves and he's speechless.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
And I'm off work by five.

Jason steps quickly to the exit and speaks without turning around.

JASON
Have to race to the diner. I'll
call ya.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jason races into the diner to see Flossie May locked in a kissing and groping session with the cook, Max.

Flossie abruptly cuts off the entanglement when she sees Jason. She pushes Max back to the kitchen.

JASON
Don't let me interrupt anything.

FLOSSIE
You've met our newest cook, Max,
haven't you?

JASON
No, but I was just coming in for my
change from last night.

FLOSSIE
Change?

JASON
I dropped a twenty on the table for
the \$11.99 All-Day Special when we
all heard that firebomb explode?

FLOSSIE
Your Stoner brother, Ricky, ran out
too.
(beat)
After I put in his order.

JASON
Yes, but...

FLOSSIE
We tried to put those egg whites
and yokes back in their shells but
it just didn't work. Max frowns
upon dining and ditching. I could
call him back out here?

JASON
They didn't actually dine...

FLOSSIE
Why, I was ready to call the Police
on them, but...

Jason shakes his head in disgust.

JASON
I know a shakedown when I see it!
What do I owe ya for my brother's
table, subtracting my change?

FLOSSIE
With tip?

JASON
Give me a number and get me out of
here! I've got a murder to solve.

FLOSSIE
Thirty-six bucks and we'll call it
even!

Jason forks over two twenty-dollar-bills. Flossie turns to
put it in the register. She speaks without looking at Jason.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)
Any suspects yet?

JASON
Everybody out that time of night
except the victim and the killer
were right here in the diner! But
it's early in the investigation.

Flossie shuts the register without giving change.

FLOSSIE
Or late in your career if you don't
catch that killer, Mayor says.

JASON
My four dollars change?

FLOSSIE
You aren't gonna tip me, Officer
O'Leary?

Jason throws up his hands in disgust and storms out.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

BISHOP MCCARTHY (60s) dressed in formal Bishop's wear, sits nervously as Jason is finishing a long list of questions. There's a small metal crucifix on a chain, next to a steel-tipped crossbow arrow, both in plastic evidence bags.

Behind a glass window, we see the Stoners laughing it up, waiting their turn for questioning.

JASON

Thanks again, Bishop McCarthy for coming way down here to identify the body.

The Bishop makes the sign of the cross and bows his head.

BISHOP MCCARTHY

'Twas badly burned.
 (points at the crucifix)
 But I gave him that metal crucifix he was wearing.
 (sadly)
 Protects one from evil, ya know.

JASON

I see.
 (beat)
 Ever see an arrow like this one?

Jason holds up the plastic bag containing the arrow.

BISHOP MCCARTHY

Good heavens, no! Try the flea market.

JASON

Pastor Mike wasn't suffering from depression, was he?

BISHOP MCCARTHY

(angry)
 Attendance was down at services. Almsgiving was at an all-time low and we did have one complaint from an old homeless gentleman, but no. He wasn't suicidal!

JASON

No, no. I'm sorry, Bishop. We didn't find the crossbow or the knife. No witnesses. No photos, video, or CCTV. And napalm? Really?

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
 Who the hell chops off fingertips
 and uses napalm? I got an
 unsolvable case!

The Bishop stands to shake hands and exit.

BISHOP MCCARTHY
 You think you've got problems. I've
 got to find a replacement for
 Pastor Mike!

Jason shows the Bishop to the door and points to the Stoners.

JASON
 I'll ask around.

Jason opens the door and the Stoners rush in pushing the
 Bishop back to get in.

DESHAUN
 Excuse me, Your Highness.

JOSÉ
 Your Excellency.

RAINA
 Bishop McCarthy.

RICKY
 Sorry for your loss, Bishop.

Ricky politely bows his head and the Bishop holds out his
 hand to be kissed. Ricky shakes it happily and smiles.

BISHOP MCCARTHY
 Thank you, my son.

RICKY
 There is a little matter of a
 skateboard and a sweatshirt I
 loaned Pastor Mike...

The Bishop angrily frees his hand and begins to exit.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 And I'd fire Pastor Mike's guardian
 angel, if I was you. He sucks!

The Bishop grunts unhappily as he exits and slams the door.

Jason shakes his head in disgust at his brother.

JASON
 Always the fuck-up.

The Stoners chuckle.

JASON (CONT'D)

I read your statements. Seems to be some disagreement over how involved you were with drugs and alcohol...

DESHAUN

I'd say we were heavily involved.

JOSÉ

We were tight, man.

RAINA

I was the D.D.

Ricky is turned on by Raina and begins to kiss her lips sloppily.

RICKY

You know how much designated driving turns me on.

Raina kisses Ricky back, until Jason breaks them apart.

JASON

I just want to know if you saw anything suspicious between the skatepark and the diner?

RICKY

Deshaun had to take a leak.

JASON

That's not suspicious.

JOSÉ

Out the car window?

DESHAUN

Dude! Had to go and fuckin' Raina wouldn't stop.

JASON

Jesus, was anyone on the streets?

RAINA

I needed coffee before the diner closed. Okay!

JASON

See strange cars? Anyone driving by? Suspicious activity in any house or business?

STONERS

Nope.

Jason paces and thinks.

JASON

That doesn't mean that someone didn't see you.

RICKY

Huh?

JASON

Tonight is the Town Council Meeting. I want you all there with me to see if anyone in the room tries to avoid eye contact, looks suspicious, or who you think might own a crossbow and steel knives.

STONERS

Nope.

JASON

Not a request. It's an order or I'll book you for impeding an investigation.

RICKY

That's bullshit and you know it!

JASON

(angry)
Tonight. Eight-o'clock sharp!

INT. TOWN HALL - EVENING

MAYOR HARLAN EASTMAN (40), a stuffy, bearded, conservative in a gray suit, sits in the center of a larger half-moon bench of Council-members' chairs. Each seat has a name card.

Only one other chair is filled. Councilwoman ELLEN LAMB (70) in a loose-fitting yellow dress, drinks a glass of water nervously as she sits behind a giant water pitcher that is half gone.

The only other attendees of the meeting are Jason and the Stoners who sit on opposite sides of the big room. Raina holds her forest-green windbreaker jacket.

The clock reads 8:15, when the Mayor strikes his gavel.

MAYOR EASTMAN

I call this town council meeting to order. We have Officer O'Leary to thank for the poor turnout. He's failed to apprehend Pastor Mike's killer and there isn't another soul in town brave enough to go out at night. Any update on your investigation, Officer O'Leary?

All eyes turn to Jason.

JASON

We suspect this is an isolated incident. We have no motive. We're speculating that the killer may be an atheist, or worse, a scientist, but we're early in our investigation.

Raina establishes eye contact with Councilwoman Lamb, while the Mayor drills Jason.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Who is the 'we' you're referring to?

JASON

It's just me, sir. Our staff is limited by summer vacations.

Ricky, José and Deshaun start humming "California Girls," while Raina and Councilwoman Lamb are locked in a deadly stare. Councilwoman Lamb nervously drinks water and has to excuse herself.

Councilwoman Lamb heads for the lady's room, alone down a dark hallway.

INT. TOWN HALL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks slowly, labored by tension. We hear her heavy breathing.

She slowly opens the door to the bathroom.

INT. TOWN HALL, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only one small lightbulb is working. She slowly opens the stall doors one at a time. She slowly pulls up her dress and sits down.

She HEARS the bathroom door swing open and she SCREAMS.

RAINA

Just seeing if you're okay, Mrs.
Lamb. Mayor Eastman called the
meeting so we could all get home.
It's getting dark.

Jason races down the hall with his pistol drawn. The other
Stoners follow.

JASON

Mrs. Lamb? Raina? Are you okay?

Raina checks for feet under the stalls and opens the stall
door to find Mrs. Lamb looking dead.

Raina checks for a pulse in her neck as Jason and the others
look on.

RAINA

She's okay. Just fainted. Shut the
door. I'll drive her home.

RICKY

Wait! Who's gonna drive us?

JASON

Walk! It will do you good!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Raina drives Mrs. Lamb's old (disposable) car. Mrs. Lamb sits
in the passenger seat using Raina's forest green jacket as a
blanket under her neck. The car windows are down on a very
dark street.

COUNCILWOMAN LAMB

I'm scared.

RAINA

Who'd want to kill the town's only
pharmacist?

COUNCILWOMAN LAMB

Who'd want to kill a pastor?

RAINA

Point taken.
(thinks)
Poor choice of terms.

COUNCILWOMAN LAMB
Who uses crossbows these days?
Ridiculous.

RAINA
Bet it was a one-off.
(thinks)
Poor word choice again.

COUNCILWOMAN LAMB
Not a single other car on the road.

Lamb starts to rearrange Raina's sweater, covering her face a bit as Raina slows for a stop sign.

Suddenly, a steel-tipped crossbow arrow strikes Lamb in the head, pinning Raina's jacket to Lamb's head.

Raina only sees the torso of the black clad figure approaching the car.

Before Raina can react, she sees the arrow in Lamb's head, SCREAMS and steps on the gas. However, before the wheels get traction, the ninja-like assailant (Flossie May) chops at Lamb's neck with a butcher knife.

As the wheels gain traction, Flossie tosses an army backpack in the open back window.

The car finally races forward.

One block away, Raina slams on the brakes, swings open the driver's door and leaps out.

She rolls to the side of the street and the car EXPLODES in a ball of fire.

Raina takes out her Samsung smartphone and dials 9-1-1.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The same firetruck and Firefighters are on the scene, as Jason arrives like a race car driver.

He hops out and hugs Raina.

RAINA
We were ambushed. Stop sign. Didn't see it coming?

JASON
The stop sign?

RAINA
 No, the ambush.

Raina shakes her head in disgust, as Jason checks on Lamb as the fire goes out.

He sees the arrow pinning Raina's jacket to Lamb's dangling, almost completely severed head.

 JASON
 Napalm again?

The firefighters nod 'yes,' as Jason returns to comfort Raina.

 RAINA
 I think someone wanted to kill a pharmacist who keeps half the town dizzy on opioids.

 FIREFIGHTER #1
 The town's leading Pastor, then a town Councilwoman.

 FIREFIGHTER #2
 Someone's out to destroy the city leaders.

Jason yells to the firefighters.

 JASON
 Can you call Dr. Sanchez the Coroner, and have her pick up Mrs. Lamb?

 FIREFIGHTER #2
 Are you sure about that?

 JASON
 No other choice. Everyone else...

 FIREFIGHTER #1
 We know. Summer vacation!

 JASON
 This is worse than I thought!

Jason turns Raina so she's facing him.

 JASON (CONT'D)
 The Pastor was wearing Ricky's sweatshirt. Councilwoman Lamb was wearing your windbreaker jacket.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

I think someone is after you and your friends and they keep missing their targets.

Raina looks up sadly into Jason's eyes.

RAINA

Oh my God! You might be right!

FIREFIGHTER #1

Not a chance!

FIREFIGHTER #2

The Stoners?

FIREFIGHTER #1

Who'd miss any of them?

Jason and Raina ignore the firemen.

RAINA

You're fucking brilliant, Jason! We gotta warn the others!

JASON

(laughs)

That I'm brilliant?

RAINA

No, that we're the real targets.

JASON

It's just a theory I have. Only been two murders so far. Might just be a coincidence!

RAINA

Coincidence? You told me since grade school that you don't believe in coincidences!

Jason stops to think. He smiles.

JASON

I'm surprised you remembered that!

Raina smiles and they share a moment.

JASON (CONT'D)

I hope they believe me!

RAINA

I'll text 'em and have 'em meet us at the diner.

They race off in Jason's squad car with lights and siren, while the firefighters shake their heads in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

It's very dark. Behind the diner, we see a white, six-foot-tall wooden fence around a large dumpster.

We see Flossie ride up quietly in front of the fence.

She checks her watch, unlatches a lock and opens up one full side of the fence, like a large gate.

She quickly parks her electric bike on one side of the dumpster cage, shuts it off, hops off her bike and begins to strip, taking off her black gloves first, ski-mask and wig.

In moments, she's down to panties and bra and reaches into the black duffle bag to pull out her waitress uniform, she slips on her work shoes, throws on her apron and fusses with her hair.

She tosses burlap bags and cardboard boxes over her electric bicycle.

She checks her watch again and smiles.

She takes a cigarette from a pack stuck in the fence, breaks off most of it, lights the stub and smokes it on the way to the back door of the diner.

Outside the door, she picks up her smartphone from inside a standing ashtray. She talks into the phone.

FLOSSIE

Ma? You still awake?

(beat)

Ma?

(beat)

Doesn't matter anyway, Ma!

Flossie unlocks the back door, takes and holds a puff, crushes the cigarette butt in plain sight and enters still talking to her Ma on the phone.

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Flossie calmly enters the diner, like she's been gone just a minute.

Max is frying up two hamburgers to take home after work. Flossie playfully pats his butt and she passes by, careful to exhale the puff of her cigarette as she passes by. Meanwhile, Flossie talks on the phone.

FLOSSIE

Yeah, Ma!

She instinctively grabs a pot of hot coffee before entering the seating area.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Flossie enters the diner calmly, but annoyed with Ma on the phone.

FLOSSIE

Ma! I'm working, Ma! Call ya tomorrow!

She ends the call and slips the phone into her apron pocket before looking around the diner.

She snarls as she sees Ricky, José and Deshaun have a full table of empty plates in front of them.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)

More coffee?

Deshaun waves his hand enthusiastically.

Flossie is pouring coffee and picking up dishes as Jason and Raina enter the front door of diner in a panic.

JASON

Councilwoman Lamb was murdered tonight in her car. Raina was driving, but she escaped.

DESHAUN

You shitting me?

JOSÉ

Didn't see no flames.

JASON

Other side of town.

RAINA

We gotta get out of here!

Ricky glares at Raina and tosses his napkin on the table.

Jason glares at Flossie with a puzzled look, like something is wrong, but he can't put his finger on it.

He checks his watch, which Flossie sees.

FLOSSIE
We're closing! You're late!

The clock on the wall reads 10:55.

Flossie races to the kitchen with plates and coffee. No one sees the smile on her face.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Stoners sit around a driftwood fire on the beach enjoying medical marijuana. Raina sits on the opposite side of the fire as Ricky, in a little spat.

DESHAUN
Feeling better already.

RAINA
(to Ricky, angry)
I was nearly killed tonight and you're worried about how much time I'm spending with your brother?

RICKY
He drove you to the diner in a squad car!

RAINA
To get us all to safety, you idiot! I watched the town pharmacist get shot in the head by a fucking ninja.

DESHAUN
Where am I going to get my pain meds for my skateboard injuries?

JOSÉ
(mumbles)
Hard to get injured if you don't actually skateboard, dude.

DESHAUN
Fuck-off, José. You just watch and smoke. You give dreamers a bad name!

JOSÉ

(to Deshaun)

Doing everything I can to breakdown
the stereotype that all dreamers
are fucking over-achievers, law
school students or engineers and
shit.

RICKY

One thing your good at! Shit!

We hear footsteps in the sand.

The Stoners turn tense when they hear bush-branches crack.

The footsteps are louder.

The Stoners stand scared. The ocean provides no escape.

Jason stumbles in zipping up his fly.

The Stoners are relieved and sit down as Jason asks
questions.

JASON

The assailant -- male or female?

RAINA

Couldn't see.

JASON

Tall or short?

RAINA

Only was the middle for a second in
the pitch dark!

JASON

Stocky or slim?

Raina turns to Jason with a venomous glare.

RAINA

Goddamnit! I don't know. Busy
trying to find the gas pedal with
my shaking foot! I'm trying to
forget about it!

JOSÉ

Hate that when it happens.

DESHAUN

(to José)

When you can't find the gas pedal?

(MORE)

DESHAUN (CONT'D)

Or when someone's head is dangling
next to you with blood all over and
shit like Jason said earlier?

RICKY

Jesus, Deshaun! Raina's trying to
forget about it!

Raina turns to Ricky for pity and comfort.

RAINA

Then that piece of shit killer
tossed in a backpack full of napalm
treating me like collateral damage!

Jason races to the fire with important questions.

JASON

Color or type of backpack?

Raina struggles to answer.

RAINA

I don't know. Tan maybe. Like an
army soldier would have, I guess.

JASON

Heavy or light?

RAINA

Looked heavy.

JASON

Smell of napalm?

RAINA

Not at first. Only after it went
up!

José makes the sign of the cross.

JOSÉ

Jesus!

Jason goes back to pacing in the back. Deshaun is surfing the
web.

JASON

Where the hell do you get it!

DESHAUN

Says here military bases everywhere
have huge stockpiles of that shit!

Jason stares at Deshaun.

JASON
Wonder who's missing some locally?

Raina stands, pissed off.

RAINA
I'm no target for crossbows,
butcher knives, or napalm. I've
never done anything wrong in my
life! Maybe Mrs. Lamb screwed
someone over at the drug store!

JASON
And Pastor Mike?

JOSÉ
Screwed someone in the rectory?

RICKY
Pedophile?

JASON
Bishop said he was holy-water
clean!

RICKY
And you believed him, dipshit?

Jason races to his brother and tackles him! They wrestle and fight, while the others ignore them.

JOSÉ
Only thing the pastor and Mrs. Lamb
had in common was the Slash and
Burn, dude!

Jason is on top of Ricky ready to punch him in the face, when he freezes to process what José said.

Ricky tosses his bother to the side.

JASON
Military training, access to a
base, random upstanding members of
the community as targets.

DESHAUN
Rules us out as targets.

RICKY

I agree, Raina. We got nothing to worry about. We aren't target material.

JASON

Or as the killer! I gotta get back to town. Search the perp databases, cross-reference with military training, check with local bases, stall the press, meet with the mayor and the idiot coroner and I'll need a full statement from you tomorrow morning, Raina.

RICKY

Fucking parking ticket cop is way over his head trying to be a real detective and the town hero!

Jason glares at his brother, speaks while exiting.

JASON

Fuck you, bro!

Jason hears Raina whispering to Ricky.

RAINA

Least he's doing something. What are you doing, Ricky, aging!

EXT./INT. MORGUE - MORNING

Two TV Crews and Reporters mingle in the front of the building, so Jason sneaks in the back.

Inside, he enters the doors to the autopsy room.

Dr. Sanchez begins to duck, but sees it's Jason.

DR. SANCHEZ

Another crispy critter.

She stares at the charred body.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Head rolled off in the fire.

(beat)

Lamb was skewed.

JASON

Sorry for the call last night. Get you out of bed?

DR. SANCHEZ
Bed of reporters. Told them you'd
tell them everything today.

Jason is annoyed.

JASON
Don't know everything. Hell, we
don't know anything.

Dr. Sanchez holds up a plastic evidence bag holding a short
steel-tipped arrow.

DR. SANCHEZ
From Lamb's head. Same arrow make
and model.

JASON
Know where they're purchased?

DR. SANCHEZ
All gun shops, hunting stores, most
sporting goods stores and online to
your door in two days.

JASON
Those places leave a paper-trail.

DR. SANCHEZ
Or at every flea market in the tri-
county area. No receipts, no
questions asked.

JASON
Like any good assault rifle.
Private seller, public killer.
Anything else?

DR. SANCHEZ
Severed vertebrate match with the
previous vic's fingers: butcher
knife.
(beat)
Single deranged serial killer like
the Golden State Killer, Grim
Sleeper, Hillside Strangler,
Charles Manson, The Night Stalker,
O.J...

JASON
(interrupting)
I get it! Anything else.

DR. SANCHEZ

All fucking male serial killers! I hate my job now 'cause of you! Wish you were an ICE Agent. If this is your idea of taking a girl to a barbecue...

Jason is already gone.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jason sits at his desk with a list of military bases and phone numbers. He scratches another number off the list as he hangs up the landline phone violently.

The Mayor storms in.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Don't blame you for avoiding TV reporters, but you better tell me everything you know or you'll be lucky to be a parking cop in east L.A., or worse, Beverly Hills.

JASON

Glad to, Mayor.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Mind if I take notes for the press conference this afternoon with your Chief?

JASON

Knock yourself out.

The Mayor takes out a notebook and pen and writes furiously.

JASON (CONT'D)

Let's look at the murders first. Both vics -- victims -- were shot with a silent crossbow, at night, with no witnesses or cameras anywhere in sight.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Smart killer. I know that! Coroner and I are, how do say it?

JASON

Weird.

MAYOR EASTMAN (CONT'D)

Involved.

JASON

Eew-kay. So far, we've found no known connection between the two vics. Different gender, age, religion, hobbies and lifestyles. This sometimes indicates a random serial killer! Worst kind!

MAYOR EASTMAN

You said serial killer, but we don't want to alarm the fine citizens...

JASON

(interrupting.)

Two murders in two days? Vics with no connection? Sounds like a serial killer to me.

The Mayor crosses out "serial killer" in his notebook and quits taking notes.

JASON (CONT'D)

Let's look at means. I suspect the killer has had military training, maybe special forces, or at least a fascination with ninjas.

The Mayor rolls his eye in disbelief.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Lot of information from two little arrows.

JASON

Let's look at motives. Historically, most serial killers are male, white and from out-of-town. They don't need a motive, they're nuttier than a fruitcake.

The Mayor is not writing.

JASON (CONT'D)

Opportunity? Any stranger passing through town could be our killer! I'm searching criminal databases, but this tough!

The Mayor stands and yells.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Have it solved in 48 hours or you're fired!

(MORE)

MAYOR EASTMAN (CONT'D)

(softly)

Don't listen to the news conference
this afternoon. We're blaming you.

The Mayor winks at Jason as he exits. Before the door shuts,
Raina walks into the office. Their eyes meet.

JASON

Thanks for coming. Where's your
posse?

RAINA

Came alone? Find that odd?

JASON

Yes. Yes, I do. Plus I got my
questions answered last night. Just
a statement form to sign.

Jason slides the form across the desk. Raina signs it.

JASON (CONT'D)

Didn't read it.

RAINA

Trust ya. Always have. Even back in
your drinking days.

JASON

Really?

RAINA

Most people are mean, nasty, stupid
drunks.

(beat)

You were introspective and
compassionate as a puppy. Cute.

Jason's smiles after the unexpected compliments.

JASON

So why'd you break up with me?

Raina paces in the office.

RAINA

Drinking still made you a different
guy. Inconsistent as a
schizophrenic. Who needs that?

Jason speaks in a pleading voice.

JASON

I haven't touched a drop in five years, four months and a day! I'm consistent now.

Raina stops and stares into his eyes.

RAINA

Now, you're just a dick!

Jason is stunned and disappointed. Raina smiles.

RAINA (CONT'D)

But I still want to help catch this asshole killer. I was a paid hacker in college, maybe I can hunt things down for you on the dark web.

JASON

Ninja training studios, crossbow enthusiasts, military records?

RAINA

Piece of cake.

JASON

I'll set you up on my late partner's computer.

RAINA

He's dead?

JASON

No, late. Was supposed to get back to work today, but he called this morning and extended his vacation in Bakersfield after he heard about the murders.

Jason hands Raina a list of questions.

RAINA

Got it, Boss.

JASON

I'll be searching the databases for criminal low-lives in the area.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Flossie is talking to MAGGIE LAMB (50s), who's having coffee at the counter. Maggie tries to concentrate on the re-runs of Andy of Mayberry on the TV.

FLOSSIE
Sorry about your Mom.

MAGGIE
We'll miss her, but it's pure hell getting her house ready to sell. Plugged up every toilet.

FLOSSIE
Call Vic's plumbing? Best in town.

MAGGIE
He's booked today at the Mayor's house, so he's sending his idiot lacky over in an hour.

FLOSSIE
Who's that?

Maggie turns and point to José.

MAGGIE
I'm off to go shopping all day, so the idiot can do his dirty work!
(beat)
Let me know if Barney ever has an affair with Aunt Bea.

Maggie sneers at José as she exits.

Ricky, José and Deshaun, obviously stoned, huddle in a booth, drinking coffee and hatching a brilliant plan. They whisper a little too loud, as Flossie reluctantly brings them coffee.

FLOSSIE
Just coffee? Sperm bank closed?

RICKY
Selling a kidney later today.

José and Deshaun chuckle, as Flossie mumbles angrily.

JOSÉ
I'm working today. Plumber!

FLOSSIE
This tip should be huge!

Flossie leaves and Ricky whispers.

RICKY

We gotta solve this murder case
before my brother does! We're the
Crime Stoners Investigators!

José and Deshaun chant.

JOSÉ & DESHAUN

CSI, CSI, CSI.

RICKY

This will prove once and for all
I'm way smarter than Jason! We'll
become heroes around town and get
free coffee, drugs and sex!

JOSÉ

But we don't know nothin' about
killers or crossbows and shit.

DESHAUN

And it sounds dangerous, dude. That
Napalm shit can singe your
eyebrows.

Ricky looks around before continuing.

RICKY

Case is simple! Pastor Mike was
wearing my red hoodie like Little
Red Riding Hood, right?

José and Deshaun nod 'yes.'

RICKY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Lamb looked like a Grandma.
Case solved. We're looking for a
Big Bad Wolf-type! I gotta plan.
But we need more intelligence.

José and Deshaun look at each other, puzzled.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Background information, idiots!

JOSÉ & DESHAUN

Oh.

RICKY

We need to get tighter with three knowledgeable people in town to find out what they know about Big Bad Wolf-types around town. I'll seduce Raina into spying on my brother to learn everything he knows.

José and Deshaun smile and giggle in approval.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Deshaun, you seduce the Coroner. She's seen both bodies.

Deshaun is appalled.

DESHAUN

Dat crazy doctor bitch. No way!

RICKY

We have to know what she knows.
(to José)
You have to seduce the eyes and ears of the town. The one woman who sees and hears everything that's going on!

José shrugs, completely baffled.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Flossie May.

José's eyes widen in fear. He glances back at Flossie and cringes.

JOSÉ

Can't do it today. Vic called me in to help with a plumbing job.

RICKY

You unplug toilets!

JOSÉ

I know so I gotta unplug Mrs. Lamb's toilets so her kids can sell her house.

RICKY

Call Vic. Tell him you're busy.

JOSÉ

Vic's got an emergency install of a garbage disposal for the Mayor, so he's sending me to Lamb's.

RICKY

Call in sick to Vic! We got a killer to catch.

JOSÉ

I can't! Vic will fire me.

RICKY

Okay! But right after you unplug the toilets! And dress nice!

JOSÉ

To unplug toilets?

RICKY

No! Too flirt with Flossie to get the information we need!

José turns to wink at Flossie. She glares back!

JOSÉ

Guess I could.

Max enters from the kitchen to fetch dishes.

RICKY

Remember, serial killers are almost always male low-lives. Strange dudes. So be on the lookout for the wolf! Tonight we set the trap and catch him!

Ricky smiles, proud of himself. José and Deshaun cringe. Ricky looks at the bill.

RICKY (CONT'D)

We owe \$7.58 exactly. No tip. Service was horrible, again!

José looks around nervously for Flossie, as the Stoners leave exactly \$7.58 and sneak out.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jason stares at his computer and jumps up excitedly.

JASON

Got him!

Raina runs in carrying a piece of paper with a list of names. She snuggles in behind Jason to view the screen.

RAINA

What is it?

We see mugshots of Max, the cook at the diner. He looks viciously dangerous.

JASON

Max Simpson. New cook at the diner. Just got out of jail.

RAINA

Prison?

JASON

No, the low-security Federal Correctional Institution in L.A.

RAINA

What was in for?

JASON

Six months for ripping those tags off of new mattresses that say "do not remove this tag under penalty of law." Out in three months for good behavior and for greatly improving his badminton and archery skills.

Raina looks puzzled.

RAINA

Archery, in prison?

JASON

Says here the shooting range classes were full.

RAINA

Think he used a crossbow?

JASON

Don't be silly. It's a prison!

(beat)

Got out last week, right before our spike in homicides!

Raina shows Jason her computer printout.

RAINA
Look who showed up on my list too.

Jason rips the page from her hands, which annoys her.

RAINA (CONT'D)
Dick!

JASON
No, Max Simpson.
(reading)
Marines, special forces and bomb
squad, lots of time in lock-up!

Jason opens up a drawer to his desk that contains a Glock, a clip of bullets, handcuffs and a notebook. He stares into the drawer and thinks.

JASON (CONT'D)
I think I'd better have a little
chat with this Simpson character.

Jason grabs the notebook and shuts the drawer.

RAINA
But...

He interrupts as he races out the door.

JASON
Stay here where you'll be safe.
Don't want anything bad happening
to you!

Jason races out.

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Flossie and Max are embracing like octopuses and smothering each other with wet kisses. Flossie pushes Max back.

FLOSSIE
Are you sure?

MAX
Yes, the plural of octopus is
octopuses.

FLOSSIE
Thought it was octopi?

MAX

According to Google, "Octopi is also an acceptable choice and one in wide use, but you run the risk of being informed that it's incorrect."

FLOSSIE

Huh? Well, the lunch rush is over and I was going to run some leftovers to Ma. Can you watch the diner for me for ten minutes?

MAX

Ten minutes?

Flossie rubs Max's crotch.

FLOSSIE

If you let me borrow your car? Are these the keys?

Max takes out his keys from his other pocket and hands them to Flossie.

MAX

I bet you're not clocking out for this. Such a bad girl! Might have to be punished when you get back!

Flossie winks as she exits the back door.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Once outside, Flossie calls a number on her smartphone and puts the phone inside the standing ashtray.

She hops in Max's BRAND electric car and silently drives away.

INT. MORGUE - AFTERNOON

We see three stainless tables in the autopsy room. The charred bodies are on either side of the middle table where Deshaun is naked on his back and Dr. Sanchez wearing her autopsy scrubs, apron, plastic face mask and long blue gloves is riding Deshaun like a stallion.

Deshaun looks left, then right and his eyes shows panic.

DR. SANCHEZ

What's the matter, big boy!

DESHAUN
Cold as hell in here. Shrinkage.
I'm just looking for a little
information!

DR. SANCHEZ
That's what they all say!

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Raina acts cold when Ricky enters the office unannounced. Ricky is showered, shaved and nicely dressed in a clean T-shirt and tight jeans.

RICKY
Hey, sweetheart, w-sup?!

Raina shuts off the computer display.

RAINA
Don't you w-sup me! I'm busy.

Ricky moves in for a kiss. Raina turns her face, but smells him and smiles.

INT. MRS. LAMB'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The TV is blaring in the family room as Flossie enters the back door by the kitchen.

She tiptoes in wearing her waitress uniform and apron along with yellow plastic cleaning gloves.

She HEARS GRUNTING coming from the nearby bathroom.

Flossie quietly opens a kitchen drawer. She is oblivious to the loud TV in the family room.

MAYOR EASTMAN (O.S.)
We are all saddened by the two
recent deaths in our community, but
the Chief of Police and I want to
assure you, that you have nothing
to worry about.

Flossie finds the drawer containing the knives. She pulls out a huge stainless-steel knife and admires it, still oblivious to the TV report.

She hears more grunts from the bathroom, and slips on her ski mask -- but doesn't pull the eye-hole down enough so she can't see down well.

She quickly tiptoes toward the grunts.

MAYOR EASTMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Officer O'Leary assures us there is
no connection between the
accidental deaths and there is no
reason for concern.

Flossie creeps to the bathroom to see a stocky man in a blue workman's shirt and ball cap, on his knees and hunched over the toilet.

Flossie fails to see the huge plumber's crack because her ski mask is not pulled down enough.

The man grunts but doesn't turn around as he struggles to work a drain snake in the toilet.

Flossie stabs him repeatedly and his head falls into the toilet bowl.

FLOSSIE
No-tipping asshole!

Flossie leaves the knife in his back, as she turns to tiptoe away.

She's oblivious to the TV, as she pulls a heavy army backpack through the backdoor to her victim in the bathroom.

She pauses to admire her bloody mess, but the backpack in her hands obscures her victim's butt crack as she rests the backpack on the victim.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)
Burn in hell, cheap-skater!

Flossie takes off her ski mask and slips out the backdoor.

MAYOR EASTMAN (O.S.)
Again, Officer O'Leary is following
every lead and when we know, so
will you! Nothing to worry about.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Jason walks into the empty diner to see Max picking up a tub of dishes.

JASON
Max Simpson? Just the guy I wanted
to talk to.

Max sets down the tub of dishes and stands defiantly, showing his muscles and tattoos.

MAX
(tough guy)
What do you want? I served my time!

Jason pulls out his notebook.

JASON
I know that. Just a few questions.
First, where's Flossie May?

MAX
(defensive)
Smoke break out back! What are you,
a cop?

JASON
Yes, actually.

Max becomes mesmerized by Jason's notebook.

MAX
(softly)
The Notebook. Favorite movie of all
time.

Jason is stunned. Max is almost in tears.

JASON
Town's got a killer on the loose.
I've got ask you some questions.

Max looks away, fighting off tears.

MAX
Dementia. That's the real killer.

JASON
Says here you did hard time for
mattress tag removal.

MAX
And Alzheimer's! Steals one's
family and friends!

Jason remains firm.

JASON
Any prior arrests as a juvenile?
Our records are incomplete.

MAX

Impersonated a member of clergy in Alabama. Five-dollar fine. Fed garbage to a pig in Arizona. Five-dollar fine. Ate my frog after a frog-jumping contest in California.

JASON

Win or lose?

MAX

Lost! What do you take me for?

JASON

Several run-ins with the law then?

MAX

Used silly string in Southington, Connecticut. Fell asleep in a cheese shop in Illinois. Skateboarded on a sidewall in Biddeford, Maine. Ten-dollar...

JASON

Hold it right there. So you had a beef against the clergy and skateboarding?

Max gets angry and steps menacingly toward Jason.

MAX

If you're thinking this led me to pull those tags off those mattresses, your wrong! Dead wrong!

Flossie bursts through the door from the kitchen and exhales smoke.

Jason coughs and waves his hand in front of his nose.

FLOSSIE

What's this all about Officer O'Leary?!

JASON

I was just about to ask Max here where he was the last two nights between nine and eleven PM?

FLOSSIE

Here, with me, the entire time. I'll fetch his timecard and show you.

Flossie charges through the doors to the kitchen.

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Flossie stops, takes out a small remote-control switch and pressed the button.

Everyone HEARS an explosion in the distance.

Flossie smiles.

Seconds later, she hears sirens in the distance.

She peeks out the kitchen door into the dining area to see that Jason is gone.

MAX

Have you been a naughty girl,
Flossie? Does daddy's little girl
need to be punished?

Flossie looks away in shame.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

José enters, showered and dressed for a hot date. He carries a single long-stem red rose.

JOSÉ

I'm here on a social call to see
the love of my life, Flossie May!

Flossie enters from the kitchen to see José and her eyes open in fright!

EXT. MRS. LAMB'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The same fire truck and two firefighters are on the scene carrying two larger fire extinguishers, when Jason races up with lights and siren.

He skids to a stop, and hops out with his gun pulled.

The firefighters approach Jason with big smiles.

FIREFIGHTER #1

It's okay! The fire was confined to
her bathroom!

FIREFIGHTER #2

Room was used as a safe room with solid steel-reinforced walls for emergencies: earthquakes, tsunamis, and precipitous declines in the stock market.

FIREFIGHTER #1

Fire went out in a snap!

JASON

Everyone's lucky there!

FIREFIGHTER #1

Not the dead guy in the toilet with a knife in his back!

Jason is stunned! Firefighter #2 is sad.

JASON

Broad daylight? That doesn't fit the M.O.

FIREFIGHTER #2

It's Vic the plumber.

FIREFIGHTER #1

Burned to a crisp! We called the Coroner and the Mayor. Napalm again!

JASON

How do you know it's Vic?

FIREFIGHTER #2

Plumber's crack. Unique Identifying feature. I'd know it anywhere! Blackened like a seared tuna steak, but unforgettable.

(turns sad)

We had a... thing?

JASON

Eew-kay!

FIREFIGHTER #1

Mayor asked to be alerted. So we called him.

Jason fetches crime scene tape from the squad car, as the Mayor drives up with a TV Camerawoman (30s).

The Mayor exits the car and sets up in front of the house with a written statement.

Jason puts tape on the front door of the house.

The Coroner's van races up. Dr. Sanchez exits with her new assistant, Deshaun, wearing autopsy scrubs.

They remove a stretcher and a bodybag from the van and head to the backdoor, while the Mayor reads into the camera.

MAYOR EASTMAN

We're saddened by another attack by the Slash and Burn Serial Killer.

Jason is furious, and turns to the Mayor.

JASON

You've given the killer an alarming name like that? The Slash and Burn Serial Killer? Now they're gonna want to go for the record! Are you insane?

MAYOR EASTMAN

That was the voice of Officer Jason O'Leary who failed to put a stop to the Slash and Burn Serial Killer, so the Chief and I asked for help from the FBI!

Jason yells over to Dr. Sanchez.

JASON

We gotta positive ID on the vic.
It's Vic... the plumber.
Coincidence, I know. Firefighter
ID'd his crack. I'll explain later.
(to the Mayor)
FBI? They'll take a week to get
here.

An FBI sedan races up, and AGENT COLT GANNON (40s) steps out like a god in a black suit and aviator sunglasses.

He flashes his FBI badge and steps in front of the Mayor like he owns the camera.

AGENT GANNON

I'm Agent Colt Gannon, FBI. I'll be taking over this investigation.

Jason is stunned, and disappointed.

JASON

What the fuck!

Maggie Lamb drives up in an old car with a bag of groceries, horrified by the sight of the Fire Truck, Mayor, FBI Agent, and crime scene tape.

She cries and is pounding Jason's chest and yelling, while Agent Gannon speaks calmly into the camera.

MAGGIE
I was listening to the emergency broadcast on my car radio! It was just a plugged toilet! Now what do I do? Can't sell a home with clogged toilets!

AGENT GANNON
Officer O'Leary will be assisting me doing menial tasks; sharpening pencils, fetching coffee, maybe some stapling. We'll see how fast he learns. Now, if you'll excuse me. I have work to do!

Agent Gannon tries in vain to get in the front door, but the tape holds him back, while the Mayor continues his press conference statement.

MAYOR EASTMAN
I know what you're thinking! Not only has the town lost their only young pastor and pharmacist, now we've lost our plumber! I won't get my garbage disposal installed if it ever arrives and toilets will be plugged up all over town. We are in a world of hurt, people. But FBI Agent Colt Gannon will prevail!

Agent Gannon still can't get in the front door, so Jason breaks free of Maggie and whispers to him.

JASON
Try the backdoor. No tape yet.

Agent Gannon huffs and puffs as he walks around back.

The Mayor quickly escapes with the Camerawoman before Jason can talk to him. Jason races to the back of the house.

Maggie stomps after him.

INT. CHARRED BATHROOM - DAY

Agent Gannon stares at "Vic the Plumber's" burnt body with the knife stuck in his back. Jason stands behind the Agent, followed by Dr. Sanchez, Deshaun, and Maggie.

Silence.

AGENT GANNON
Like the case I almost solved in
Colorado.

JASON
Almost?

AGENT GANNON
I was assigned DNA analysis. Best
in the Department.

JASON
We have an I.D. It's Vic the
plumber.

AGENT GANNON
I read your reports. Third vic?

JASON
Third victim. First Vic. Quite the
coincidence.

AGENT GANNON
Don't believe in them.

JASON
Me neither, but don't you think...

AGENT GANNON
(interrupts)
I'll ask all the questions here.
I'm in charge of this investigation
now!

MAGGIE
What about my toilet?!

Agent Gannon turns and glares at Maggie and yells.

AGENT GANNON
I said I'll ask the questions here!
(softly)
How did I become famous, you ask?
In a small mountain hospital in
Colorado, I matched a DNA sample
from a patient in intensive care to
a known serial killer.

DESHAUN
Dude, that's amazing.

AGENT GANNON
Not really. They knew he was the
killer.

(MORE)

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)
Left a signed confession before
going in for a tummy tuck. Never
came out of the anesthesia.
(stares at them all)
I just needed proof for myself!
That's what the FBI does?

DR. SANCHEZ
You all finished here. I'd like to
get his black ass to the morgue.

DESHAUN
Again?

DR. SANCHEZ
Not you, Deshaun. The vic.

Agent Gannon stares at the body and spouts orders but no one
is listening.

AGENT GANNON
I'll need you all to canvas the
neighborhood. Anything suspicious,
I want to know. O'Leary, get me all
the CCTV in a five-mile radius, and
I want the autopsy report on my
desk in an hour. I'm the only one
who talks to the press. Got it?

DESHAUN
(whispers to Jason)
Vic. It was supposed to be José.

JASON
What do you mean?

DESHAUN
José was supposed to unclog the
toilet but he called in sick, so
Vic had to do it before installing
the Mayor's new garbage disposal!
But the Mayor's garbage disposal
hasn't been delivered yet, so Vic
told José he'd unclog the toilet.

JASON
What? José was supposed to be here?

DESHAUN
I thought everybody knew. Garbage
disposals went on sale last week.

Jason shakes his head in disgust.

JASON
Where can I find José?

DESHAUN
The diner. He's got a thing for
Flossie May.

JASON
Eew-kay.

Jason races out.

Agent Gannon stares at the body.

AGENT GANNON
And I want a stool sample from the
vic for DNA.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Ricky and Raina snuggle in one booth, staring at the TV in disbelief.

Flossie is collapsed on a counter stool, sobbing and staring at the end of the special report on TV. José stands behind Flossie with his rose in his left hand.

As Max comes out to fetch a bin of dishes, he sees José gently pat Flossie's back with his right hand.

Max flexes his muscles and grunts at José, who hides the rose behind his back.

Raina and Ricky whisper.

RAINA
I can't believe they yanked the
investigation right out from
Jason's hands.

RICKY
Flossie May is taking it pretty
hard too.

RAINA
Can't believe how alarmed she was
when José walked in.

RICKY
Like she'd seen a ghost.

RAINA

Then that news report! Poor thing.

(beat)

But why do you suppose José brought the rose into Flossie May before the special report on TV?

RICKY

Tell me what you know about Jason's investigation. How's it going? Any new leads?

Raina does a head twitch toward Max and whispers quieter.

RAINA

Ex-con with special forces training!

RICKY

Wasn't he working here during all three murders?

RAINA

Jason's a little suspicious, that's all.

RICKY

That's why they yanked the investigation from him. He's a loser.

RAINA

Did Deshaun get a part-time job with the Coroner?

Jason races in and all eyes are on him. He lowers his head in despair as he sees Raina with Ricky cuddled in a booth.

JASON

What the hell is going on?

FLOSSIE

You lost your investigation for being totally inept! That's what's going on!

Jason glares at José.

JASON

And what are you doing here? Didn't you have toilets to unclog? You called in sick today! Don't look that sick to me!

JOSÉ
I don't have to answer your
questions.

Jason glares at Raina.

JASON
And you, double crosser.
(points to Ricky)
How much have you told my scheming
younger brother?

Raina glares at Jason, as he glares at Ricky.

JASON (CONT'D)
And you sent one of your buddies to
the morgue!

Flossie mumbles under her breath, as Ricky jumps up to
tackle Jason, and they wrestle and fight like children.

FLOSSIE
I sure didn't.

RICKY
You are such a loser, Jason!

Max steps in to break them apart.

MAX
Break it up, you two.

He pulls them apart.

Jason hangs his head in despair. His pride is hurt.

JASON
That FBI agent is going to spoil
everything!

FLOSSIE
You can say that again.

Agent Gannon, Dr. Sanchez, and Deshaun enter the diner but
Jason has his back to them.

RICKY
The Mayor just flushed your career
down the toilet!

JASON
He sure as hell did! I'll kill him!

Agent Gannon hears that and takes out his handcuffs.

He strolls over to Jason, Max, and Ricky.

Agent Gannon glares at Jason.

AGENT GANNON

It's a federal offense to threaten
an elected official. I'll deal with
you later.

Agent Gannon is a surprisingly swift move, swings Max's hands
behind him and handcuffs him.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

Max Simpson, I'm arresting you for
the murders of Pastor Mike Graham,
Councilwoman Ellen Lamb, and the
Plumber Vic Rockefeller -- no
relation, I checked.

Everyone gasps. Max is stunned.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain
silent. Blah Blah Blah!

Flossie May runs to him and hugs him.

FLOSSIE

Couldn't have been Max. He was
working here the whole time. I've
got his timecards to prove it!

JASON

And witnesses seeing him here at
the time of the murders and
explosions.

Agent Gannon gets in Max's face.

AGENT GANNON

Fooled everyone didn't you Max
Simpson. But you've got a rap-sheet
a mile long, starting with the
illegal ripping of mattress tags.

Everyone gasps.

JASON

We know! Dozens of stupid misdemeanors in dozens of states: using profanity while driving in Maryland, participating in a greased-pig-catching contest in Minnesota, holding a garage sale at 6 AM in Missouri, where everyone knows the only legal hours for garage sales are from 7 AM to 8 PM.

Max is angry and tries to escape from his handcuffs.

MAX

And it goes on, you idiots! Don't you see? I was out to break the stupidest laws in each state. I stand by my record.

AGENT GANNON

And now you'll be facing life in prison!

FLOSSIE

He didn't do it, I tell ya!

AGENT GANNON

Explain your special forces training, bomb squad, and archery skills.

Max turns his head in shame.

MAX

They never mention my badminton skills. Like it's not even viewed as a sport!

AGENT GANNON

(giving orders to himself)
Take him away! Okay, boss!

MAX

I didn't do it, Officer O'Leary!

FLOSSIE

(yells)
You can tell the FBI, the Mayor and the Chief of Police, I'm closing the diner as an official protest!

RICKY

That will cause panic in town.

José pleads with Flossie and offers her the rose.

JOSÉ

Say it isn't so! I would be lost
without your love, or at least,
your pancakes.

(beat)

Maybe you can give me a ride on
your electric bi...

Flossie knocks the rose out of José's hand.

Max pleads with Jason, as Agent Gannon slowly leads him out
like a triumphant victor.

AGENT GANNON

Two things we know about serial
killers. Most are white males. Most
come from out of town. They're all
convincing liars.

(looks into the camera)

And some might be vegans.

JASON

(mumbles)

That's four things, idiot!

Flossie flips the open-closed sign to "Closed" and yells.

FLOSSIE

You'll pay for this!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

José sits on an interrogation chair with a bright light
shining in his face. Agent Gannon stands menacingly with a
wooden ruler.

Jason works away on his partner's computer outside the office
but he can hear José's screams.

AGENT GANNON

We both know how hard Sister Ellen
could strike your knuckles, but
this is the real thing, José. Tell
me again what you saw this
afternoon during the time Vic
Rockefeller was killed across town.

JOSÉ

I told you a dozen times. Max was
there at the diner the entire time!

Agent Gannon whacks José's knuckles and he screams.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

I was talking to him the entire time. Loved the movie The Notebook. I thought it overplayed the B-story of vulnerability to mental...

Agent Gannon whacks José's knuckles and he screams.

Agent Gannon slides a Deportation Order in front of José.

AGENT GANNON

You dreamers are all alike. Idealists.

Agent Gannon whacks José's knuckles and he screams.

He sets another statement in front of José, and hits it with a ruler.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

Well, if you want to keep dreaming in America, you better sign this statement that says you don't know where Max Simpson was at the time of the murders!

We see the fear in José's eyes!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's very dark outside, and the house is dimly lit on the inside.

We hear ominous wind outside the house, loud music inside the house, and we see the Mayor dancing with the Chief of Police behind thin curtains in the window.

We see a black-clad figure (Flossie) deliver a large shipping box to the Mayor's front door.

The music is louder, as Flossie rings the doorbell.

She races down the street to her electric bike parked two houses away.

Flossie, in a ski mask with only her eyes showing, begins to flick a remote-control switch as she looks back.

The Mayor doesn't answer the door. He's still dancing. The music inside the house is too loud.

Flossie curses to herself as she runs back to the Mayor's front door.

She rings the doorbell twice and stands there for a second.

She runs back to her bike, while the Mayor and Chief come to the door.

The Mayor see the big box and is overjoyed.

He begins to open one of the top flaps of the box as the Chief looks on.

MAYOR EASTMAN

Gotta be my new garbage dis...

Down the block we see the black-clad figure flicking a remote-control switch.

The Mayor's eyes open in shock.

We see, in slow-motion, dozens of three-inch-blade cheese knives spring from the box toward the Mayor and the Chief.

The knives strike the Mayor and Chief from head to waist.

They SCREAM, covered in cheese knives and blood.

Flossie's eyes open widely behind her ski mask, as she stares at the half-opened box and the screaming victims.

Seconds later, the box explodes in fiery napalm!

Flossie silently rides away on her electric bike.

We hear SIRENS.

LATER

The same two firefighters are putting out a small porch fire, as Jason and Agent Gannon race up in lights and siren, and hop out of the car.

AGENT GANNON

I'll handle this.

JASON

It's the Mayor's house! Maybe I should...

Agent Gannon ignores Jason and races up to the firefighters who have extinguished the blaze.

AGENT GANNON
What do we have here?

FIREFIGHTER #1
Looks like your typical spring-
loaded-knives-in-a-packing-box
device.

FIREFIGHTER #2
Followed by a napalm bomb-in-a-box.

AGENT GANNON
Anything else?

FIREFIGHTER #1
Two bloody, charred bodies covered
in napalm.

FIREFIGHTER #2
Look like porcupines in a forest
fire.

JASON
Two bodies?

Agent Gannon turns to Jason.

AGENT GANNON
Better call your Chief!

Jason looks at the two bodies.

JASON
Don't think she'll answer.

AGENT GANNON
Call her anyway.

Jason rolls his eyes, and punches in the number on his phone.

We hear a phone ring from the second charred body.

Agent Gannon's eyes open widely.

JASON
Eeew-kay!

AGENT GANNON
Two of them were probably
discussing my reward for capturing
the serial killer.

JASON
He's in lock-up! How could he...?

AGENT GANNON
Obviously a timed device he set
here before we arrested him!

JASON
Why didn't the Mayor see the box
when he got home from work?

AGENT GANNON
Entered from the garage or
backdoor, you idiot!

JASON
Who rang the doorbell?

Agent Gannon smirks.

AGENT GANNON
Pranksters, probably. Ding-dong-
ditch.

Agent Gannon gets in Jason's face.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)
You're what we call a slow-learner
in the Bureau, O'Leary! You'll be a
parking cop again in no time. Call
the coroner, and get me positive
ID's for my news conference you'll
set up for me.

Jason rolls his eyes in despair, and trudges back to the
squad car.

JASON
Yes, sir. Press conference. I lost
my girl, my job, and my dignity. My
life is ruined! What do I have to
look forward to?

AGENT GANNON
Stool samples?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Agent Gannon stands behind a desktop podium conducting a
small Press Conference with the same Camerawoman, one male
REPORTER (male 30s), and Jason, who stands dejected in the
corner of the office.

Agent Gannon reads from a prepared statement.

AGENT GANNON

It's my sad duty to inform you that Mayor Eastman and the Chief of Police are dead as doornails. We do have positive ID's on the victims, don't we, Officer O'Leary?

Jason sadly nods his head.

JASON

Yes, sir.

The Camerawoman whispers something to the Reporter.

AGENT GANNON

We suspect it was a timed explosive device set by Max Simpson before I captured him and brought him into custody.

REPORTER

(interrupting)

Is it true the diner is still closed in protest?

The Camerawoman chuckles and shakes her head at the idiot reporter.

AGENT GANNON

Yes, it is. However, the public should feel safe knowing that this vicious killer is behind bars.

The Camerawoman whispers something to the Reporter.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

None of Mr. Max Simpson's alibis have held up under scrutiny. The public should rest easy knowing that I will be filling the Mayor's position and the Chief of Police's position during this trying...

REPORTER

(interrupting)

Is it true there was no sign of the alleged garbage disposal under the explosive device?

Agent Gannon glares at the reporter.

AGENT GANNON

Our investigation has not uncovered any sign that the Mayor's garbage disposal was never in that box.

Agent Gannon appears flustered by the reporter's questions, while the Camerawoman whispers to the Reporter.

Agent Gannon glares at the Reporter in fear of the next question.

The Reporter glares at the Camerawoman before angrily asking his next question.

REPORTER

Was that a double negative or a triple negative? Was there or wasn't there a new garbage disposal in that box, true or false?

The Camerawoman can't contain her laughter. Jason starts laughing too.

Agent Gannon glares at Jason.

AGENT GANNON

There will be no more questions.

EXT. DINER - DAY

A sign in the window says "Closed."

Ricky, José, Deshaun, and Raina have their hands against the front window staring in at the TV in the diner showing a flustered Agent Gannon shuffling papers at the podium.

We see Flossie staring at the TV from a counter seat. She stands and paces in a rage. She throws her coffee cup down and smashes it!

Ricky pounds on the window.

RICKY

Flossie May, open up. We have to talk.

Flossie stomps behind the counter, as Raina knocks on the window.

RAINA

We know Max didn't do it!

Flossie glares at the front window. She looks down to see a sharp pie-cutting knife below the counter within easy reach.

She steps calmly to the front door, unlocks and opens it for the Stoners (who act a bit stoned), then locks it and pulls the shades.

FLOSSIE
Don't want folks to think we're
open.

Flossie returns to spot behind the counter near the knife.

The Stoners sit at the counter in front of Flossie, who has one hand on the knife.

RAINA
We were all here the night Pastor
Mike was murdered at the skatepark.

RICKY
We all saw Max right here when the
firebomb went off.

DESHAUN
He couldn't have done it.

Flossie grabs the knife firmly and stares at each of them like easy prey.

Tense moments.

RICKY
Course, we saw you here too.

Flossie relaxes her grip on the knife, and sets it down under the counter.

RAINA
Not every second, of course. You
two were always running in and out
of the dining area.

Flossie grabs the knife firmly again and her hand shakes in anger under the counter.

She glares at each of the Stoners and is ready to go on a stabbing spree, when Jason knocks on the front window. They hear him yell.

JASON
Let me in! I know you're in there.

Flossie's eyes open widely. Her hand shakes but she sets down the knife, and stomps to the door.

She lets in Jason, in full uniform, holstered pistol, and handcuffs.

He takes a seat at a table away from the Stoners.

FLOSSIE
Morning, Officer.

JASON
Morning, Flossie.
(sniffs the air)
Smells like these Stoners have been
hittin' their pipes again.

Raina gives Jason the evil eye.

JASON (CONT'D)
Did José tell you what he was
forced into signing?

Flossie locks the door and heads back to her spot behind the counter.

She picks up the knife and eases down the counter in front of José.

JOSÉ
Asshole Agent Gannon made me sign a
statement that I didn't know where
Max was at the time of the
killings.

JASON
That's not true, is it José?

JOSÉ
He was gonna deport me! Can't
deport me!
(laughs)
I got bone spurs, dude!

JASON
In fact, the night Pastor Mike was
killed, we all saw Max in this very
diner.

FLOSSIE
And me too, right?

JASON
For some of the time, Flossie May.
That's right!

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

You see, things got complicated when a small piece of a remote-control antennae was found on the Mayor's porch. We all know what that means?

Ricky, José, and Deshaun stare at each other bewildered but Raina shakes her head, 'yes.'

Flossie slips the knife into the pocket of her apron, and steps around closer to Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

It means FBI Agent Colt Gannon was right! The real killer stabs the victims first, then from some distance away, uses a timed device to set off the napalm bombs.

The Stoners gasp but Jason sees that Flossie didn't flinch.

DESHAUN

(laughs)

Heard they identified Vic by his butt crack.

JOSÉ

Could have been me but browner.

The Stoners laugh.

JASON

Not funny, you guys. Five deaths but I don't think Max is a serial killer, Flossie, so you can relax, but I'm still following a few leads that have me puzzled.

Ricky chimes in with a snarky attitude.

RICKY

Thought you were yanked off the investigation, smart boy!

JASON

Just have a few questions, that's all. Wanted to ask Raina if I could borrow some of her hacking skills.

Raina shrugs like she wouldn't mind but Ricky laughs like a true Stoner.

RICKY

(points to Raina)

It's over, Jason, move on. The reason Raina broke up with you to begin with was 'cause you turned all serous. Quit smokin'. Quit drinkin'. Got all serious about a few murders. What the hell? And, duh! Max is an ex-con. He's gonna get life in prison, thanks to José. Lucky for him! Least he won't end up as a Slash and Burn victim in the morgue! Let it go, bro!

JASON

(sadly)

Can't do it, Ricky. You know that.

Flossie steps to unlock the door.

Raina reluctantly follows Jason out. Seconds later, Ricky, José, and Deshaun stand up to exit.

DESHAUN

You guys wanna see some crispy critters at the Morgue.

José shrugs 'yes' as they head to the door.

RICKY

Gotta be quick, man. Flea market's today!

Deshaun gets overly excited.

DESHAUN

Could score some good shit!

Flossie turns seductress and puts her arm around José.

FLOSSIE

José, I could use some advice on how to unclog my drain in the kitchen sink. I'm sure you'll catch up to your friends at the morgue a little later.

José shrugs, reluctantly.

Flossie locks the door after Ricky and Deshaun leave.

José looks nervous but too stoned to realize it.

Flossie smiles as she guides José to the kitchen.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jason and Raina enter Jason's office to see Agent Gannon in his FBI suit, and feet up on the desk. He's reading "DNA Today," a trade magazine.

JASON

Agent Gannon, may I have my desk back.

AGENT GANNON

No. I'm beginning to like the slow pace and low stress of your job. I think I'll take it.

(drools over Raina)

By the way. I got a full confession out of Max Simpson.

Raina glares at Agent Gannon.

RAINA

We don't think he did it.

Agent Gannon scoffs.

JASON

If you used that ruler on him, the confession is inadmissible.

AGENT GANNON

Simpson confessed when I offered him a plea deal. I offered him life in prison, and he pleaded for gluten-free meal plan. I won. I always win! Governor called to congratulate me.

(to Jason)

But you were right about one thing. You can get DNA evidence from any part of the body. Who knew?

Jason and Raina raise their hands.

Agent Gannon stands and begins to exit.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

I'm guessing he got his killing supplies at the local flea market. He told me he didn't know they had a flea market.

(smirks)

Serial killers are such convincing liars!

Agent Gannon exits, and Jason and Raina get right to work on two computers.

JASON

All phone records to and from the diner area to anyone in town within a half an hour of the killings.

RAINA

Got it! You're checking a hunch, like any good detective, aren't you?

Jason winks at Raina.

JASON

I need to talk to Max.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - DAY

José leans over a sink and stares down the drain.

Flossie moves behind him taking the large knife from her apron.

JOSÉ

Don't see nothing.

FLOSSIE

Keep looking.

JOSÉ

Okay.

FLOSSIE

All you Stoners, where do you sleep at night?

JOSÉ

Ricky's house. 6-6-6 Thirteenth Street. Party in the family room 'til we pass out.

José turns quickly. Flossie has the knife in her apron again, and smiles at José.

FLOSSIE

Thank you for checking, José. You've been most helpful.

Flossie pats José on the back, and shoves him out the backdoor.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - DAY

Max puts down his Badminton Today magazine, and races to the cell door with a smile when Jason appears.

MAX

Officer O'Leary, great to see you.

JASON

What did you sign, Max?

MAX

That ruler of his can be very persuasive. I kept trying to think about other things: badminton, archery, Flossie, but nothing helped!

JASON

He promised you the gluten-free meal plan, didn't he?

MAX

And fresh fish flown in from the coast daily. Not over-cooked like...

JASON

You didn't know we had a flea market for unrecorded weapon sales?

MAX

No, although I could have used a VHS player or a Beta Max.

JASON

Max, are you protecting anyone?

Max looks away in shame but doesn't speak.

Jason turns and shakes his head in disgust.

JASON (CONT'D)

I thought so!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Raina is elated and pointing to her computer screen.

JASON
What have you got?

RAINA
Hunch paid off. Flossie called the same number once each night for fifteen minutes.

JASON
To whom?

RAINA
Registered to her mother.

JASON
I've heard her on the phone talking to her Ma.

RAINA
Cell phone tower triangulation documents her at the diner the entire time.
(beat)
Also, Max made phone calls every seven minutes to the same number when he worked nights! Each call lasted only thirty seconds.

JASON
To whom?

Raina smiles.

RAINA
Dr. Juanita Sanchez! Secret lovers?

JASON
Don't think so. Think he loved Flossie but we better talk to Dr. Sanchez.

Jason keeps talking while they exit.

JASON (CONT'D)
And nobody talks to a lover for only thirty seconds.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Jason and Raina race into the morgue to see Dr. Sanchez playing with a cute PUPPY (any kind).

Raina joins in the puppy play.

Five crispy bodies lay on steel tables.

JASON

Dr. Sanchez, thanks for buzzing us in. Let me guess. That's Max Simpson's puppy. You're the puppy sitter, and he called you at night every seven minutes or so to check on the puppy?

DR. SANCHEZ

How did you guess?

RAINA

(giggling)

What do you give him to keep him so playful?

Dr. Sanchez looks around.

DR. SANCHEZ

Sometimes I throw him a bone.

JASON

Eew-kay! Could you identify Max's voice every time?

DR. SANCHEZ

Yes, you see, we had a short fling before...

JASON

Eew-kay. Raina, we have to go.

Raina separates herself from the puppy.

RAINA

Why?

JASON

Nobody buys a puppy and goes on a killing spree. Our killer is still on the loose!

DR. SANCHEZ

Job security for me.

JASON

Eew-kay. We gotta get to the flea market.

Jason and Raina race out.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON

Jason and Raina quick-step to the entrance/exit of the flea market. We SEE many tables and booths, and two dozen Extras, shopping for items. Some of the Extras are carrying guns and knives, including a few AK-47s, as Agent Gannon strolls out, to see Jason and Raina racing up to him.

AGENT GANNON

Go back. Go Back. There's nothing to see here.

Jason and Raina look around him at all the weapons and they shake their head in disgust.

JASON

You've arrested the wrong guy.

No one notices a long-haired, dirty biker (killer-type) with knives and chains hanging from his belt, stroll out of the flea market while eating an ice cream cone.

RAINA

He has a new puppy.

Agent Gannon snickers.

AGENT GANNON

You've no eye for detail, O'Leary. Never be anything more than a beat cop!

JASON

What did you see in there?

A neo-Nazi-type with an AK-47 and two holstered pistols walks right behind Agent Gannon and exits as he speaks.

AGENT GANNON

I wouldn't have placed the assault rifle booth next to the Girl Scouts cookie booth, but that's just me. Perfectly legal, but the background checks on gluten allergies were impeding the gun sales!

JASON

Many booths with rifles and pistols?

AGENT GANNON

There's no right to bear cookies, I told those pesky scouts.

JASON
See any crossbow arrows?

AGENT GANNON
Sold out.

A deranged looking nurse with hypodermic needles in each hand walks right behind Agent Gannon and exits as he speaks.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)
You have to be more specific. They have everything in there.

JASON
Butcher knives, carving knives or cheese knives.

An ISIS fighter-type with long swords walks out holding hands with two adorable looking children and a cute blonde wife.

AGENT GANNON
Sold out. You should try getting here when it first opens. Lot of the good merchandise is gone by ten.

JASON
Backpacks filled with Napalm.

AGENT GANNON
I told ya. Gotta get here early. Sold out!

Ricky, Deshaun, and José exit carrying an assortment of bad purchases like a VHS recorder, Beta Max, cotton candy, swimming pool noodles, pink flamingos). They are proud.

JASON
I was rather busy this morning.

A fight breaks out in the far background between two girl scouts and two neo-Nazis, but everyone ignores it.

AGENT GANNON
Suit yourself.

RICKY
I picked up a VHS player for Max. Said he wanted one.

DESHAUN
I got him the Beta Max.

JOSÉ

Poor guy. Said he would have a ton
of time to watch movies.

Ricky pulls Raina aside and whispers to her, while Jason
steps toward Agent Gannon.

RICKY

Speaking of movies, Raina, I'm
hosting movie-night tonight, if you
want to ditch that middle-aged
parking ticket cop and have a
little fun.

RAINA

I'll think about it. Don't want to
be alone tonight. Might not be
safe.

RICKY

You're always safe with me. I'm
here for you.

Jason gets angry and paces before confronting Agent Gannon,
as the fight in the background intensifies with additional
killer-types joining in.

Finally, Jason confronts Agent Gannon with Raina walking over
to lend support.

JASON

Look! Max called his nighttime
puppy sitter, Dr. Sanchez, every
seven minutes or so. She recognized
his voice every time, and the cell-
tower GPS confirms he never left
the diner at the times of any of
the killings!

AGENT GANNON

Don't believe you.

JASON

Not a belief system. It's based on
evidence.

Agent Gannon, Ricky, Deshaun, and José seem unconvinced.

RAINA

Plus, if you just bought a cute
little puppy, would you go on a
killing spree so you'd be arrested,
never to see that puppy again?

AGENT GANNON

That's a hypothetical question. I hate puppies.

Ricky, Deshaun, and José seem much more convinced, nodding approvingly at Raina.

Agent Gannon isn't buying it! He talks in an authoritative voice.

AGENT GANNON (CONT'D)

Besides, Mr. Simpson has an outstanding warrant in Wisconsin for up to six months in jail for...
(beat)
selling home-baked cookies.

RAINA

Missing the big picture, Agent Gannon. This means...

JASON

The Slash and Burn serial killer is still on the loose!

Ricky, Deshaun, and José RUN toward the parking lot.

RICKY

He could be anywhere!

Raina glares at Ricky.

RAINA

(sarcastic)
I'm here for you?

Raina is pissed.

Jason leads Agent Gannon and Raina slowly toward the parking lot.

AGENT GANNON

They had two booths selling kettle corn.

JASON

Think we have bigger issues facing us. The killer has killed every day. Last night was a double-murder. I'm guessing tonight could be more!

The Camerawoman and the Reporter from earlier run past Agent Gannon, Jason, and Raina toward the big fight going on in the background.

Many of the participants, but none of the girl scouts, in the fight are bleeding from injuries.

We see girl scouts yanking guns from angry men and tossing them aside.

AGENT GANNON

I think it best not to alarm the public of this fine, peaceful town.

Jason and Raina shake their heads in disgust.

Exiting slowly from the far end of the Flea Market is Flossie May, in her waitress uniform and apron, disguised only by the sunglasses she wears.

She wheels a flat-bed-type supply carrier right through the middle of the ongoing fight. The fighting mob seems to part like the Red Sea for Moses as she continues toward the parking lot.

On her supply carrier, we see two stuffed military backpacks, several boxes of cheese knives and crossbow arrows, and two shiny new butcher knives. She has an evil, ominous look as she leads her supplies to the parking lot.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jason and Raina see Agent Gannon with his boots up on Jason's desk, and wearing a Police shirt and hat.

JASON

Better wait out here.

Jason storms into the office, angry.

JASON (CONT'D)

Impersonating a police officer?

AGENT GANNON

Borrowed these from your partner's locker. Seeing how I look in them. Problem with that?

JASON

We do things differently here. We find indisputable evidence first, and arrest somebody second.

They are about to come to blows, when Raina yells in.

RAINA

I'll leave you immature boys to
fight. I'm not gonna be a witness.
I'll go to the skatepark for a
while.

Raina exits, and the boys regain composure.

AGENT GANNON

I know Max Simpson is guilty. Gut
feeling. Call it a gift.

JASON

I call it unscientific, uncritical
thinking. Poo-poo police work!

AGENT GANNON

I'm still your boss, and I order
you to take Max's keys and go to
that diner and find out how he did
it!

JASON

Guilty 'til proven innocent.

AGENT GANNON

You're catching on, traffic cop!
Report back in an hour!

JASON

(mumbles)
Man, you are so full of shit!

AGENT GANNON

What was that?

JASON

(louder)
Mind if I take the phone call
sheets?

Jason grabs the phone records off his desk, and storms out.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Jason peeks in the window.

He unlocks the front door, pulls his pistol, and creeps in
the pitch-black diner.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

He finds a light switch, and holsters his gun, uneasy.

JASON

The night Pastor Mike was
murdered...

Jason sits in the same booth, imagines the breakfast dishes, and IMAGINES every detail of that night.

FLASHBACK

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- We see Jason in a booth finishing the last bite of two breakfast platters (eggs, bacon, pancakes and coffee).

-- The four Stoners enter the diner, see Jason, and take a booth in the back.

-- The "Perfect Family" sits at the counter finishing hot-fudge sundaes.

-- Flossie enters speaking on her smartphone, aggravated.

-- Flossie delivers four menus to the Stoners with a mean scowl.

-- Max stomps in from the kitchen to collect a tub of dishes.

-- Flossie exits to the kitchen.

-- Everyone HEARS the EXPLOSION.

-- Flossie re-enters the dining area carrying a pot of hot coffee.

END MONTAGE

Jason checks the phone records. He SEES several calls from Max to Dr. Sanchez and one long call from Flossie to Ma.

Max pulls out his phone and calls Dr. Sanchez.

JASON (CONT'D)

Dr. Sanchez, just calling to see
how Max's puppy is getting along.

(pauses)

Snookums! Really? His name or
yours?

(pauses)

Really? Eew-kay. Thanks. Sleep
well.

Jason ends the call, shaking his head in disbelief.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's not him!

Jason peeks into the dark, spooky kitchen. He sees sharp knives on a counter. Tense moments.

INT. DINER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the lights and breathes again.

JASON
Where did she go for a smoke break?

Jason unlocks the back door, and opens it to see a pitch-black back of the diner.

Tense moments as he glances back at the knives before exiting.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

He sees a few cigarette butts next to the stand-up ashtray.

JASON
Not many butts for a devout smoker.

He sees the fenced in garbage dumpster, and slowly walks over. He sees it's locked, and peeks over the top.

JASON (CONT'D)
Who locks in a garbage dumpster?

He looks around.

JASON (CONT'D)
No camera.

He pulls open the door, busting the hinges on the small lock.

He opens the garbage dumpster slowly, expecting to see a body but there's just garbage.

He's about to leave when he sees several burlap bags next to the dumpster.

He shrugs and is about to close the fence gate, when he spots the end of a heavy-duty electrical cord poking out from beneath the burlap bags.

He stops and investigates. He sees that the extension cord is plugged into a foot-tall electrical outlet.

He stares at it and thinks for a moment before shutting the gate.

He walks slowly back to the backdoor of the diner and stops at the standing ashtray.

He pauses, then removes the top of the ashtray to see it's spotlessly clean inside. He pauses again.

He hears José's voice in his head.

JOSÉ (V.O.)

Maybe you can give me a ride on
your electric bi...

JASON

Bike!

Jason runs around the diner to fetch his squad car.

Moments later, he drives to the dumpster, hops out, and checks his phone for the time.

EXT. SKATEPARK - NIGHT

It's dark. Jason arrives driving just ten miles per hour.

He hops out.

JASON

Three minutes, twelve seconds.

He walks to the big room and pretends to kill Pastor Mike, returning to his car for a backpack, and placing it on a body and setting a timer.

He looks around.

JASON (CONT'D)

No cameras, and no Raina! Said she
was coming here!

Jason returns to the squad car and pulls away doing ten miles per hour.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Jason slows as he approaches the dumpster fence and checks the timer on his phone. It reads: "8 min. 47 seconds."

Jason raises his eyebrows and gets on the radio.

JASON
Dispatch. Can you please give me a
reverse lookup address for 555-
1214?

He races off.

EXT. FLOSSIE'S MA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason peeks in windows to see that the house is a mess and vacant.

He sees an old tape-recording answering machine next to the phone on a desk.

JASON
Ma!
(beat)
Shit! I gotta save Raina and my
brother!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

FBI Agent Colt Gannon looks like Officer Jason O'Leary from the back, sitting in the office chair with his back to the door. He's got a police shirt and big hat on as he "reads" a firearms magazine with a centerfold of an AK-47 rifle.

He admires the centerfold photo with a cat-call whistle.

A crossbow arrow suddenly pierces the back of his neck.

Blood spurts out the front of his neck as he slumps forward.

We don't see Flossie but we hear her calm voice.

FLOSSIE
You were getting closer, weren't
you Officer O'Leary.
(beat)
Just couldn't leave it alone.

The office land-line phone RINGS.

It rings three times before going to a speaker on the answering machine.

JASON (O.S.)
 Agent Gannon, pick up! I'm taking
 the rest of the night off. Some
 place I'd rather be.

Flossie, in a full ninja black Spandex suit and black ski mask, sets down her crossbow and leaps to Gannon's "dead" body.

She knocks off the hat to see Colt.

FLOSSIE
 At least I killed the smart one!
 (points to Colt)
 You were a lousy tipper too!

Suddenly, Colt stands and spins around, scaring Flossie who leaps back.

Colt's eyes are wide open and the arrow is sticking out his neck. Blood is squirting everywhere.

Colt is unable to speak or put up a struggle but he looks like a monster seeking revenge.

Flossie regains her composure, whips out two knives from the back of her belt, and lunges at Colt's shoulder blade area and heart.

Colt falls back into his chair with the knives sticking to the body. His eyes slowly close.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)
 I'll have to burn your ass later.
 Running short of napalm. Summer
 vacation and all.

Flossie turns to leave.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)
 I'll find you tonight, Agent
 O'Leary. This ends tonight!

BACK TO:

EXT. FLOSSIE'S MA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason sits in the squad car counting on his fingers.

JASON
 One: Father Mike, should have been
 Ricky. Two: Mrs. Lamb, should have
 Raina. Three: Vic the plumber,
 should have been José.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Four and Five: the Mayor and the Chief to impede the investigation.

(beat)

No attempt on Deshaun? That's a puzzle. Black lives matter, I guess. So, who's next?

Jason's eyes open widely. He turns on the lights and siren, then quickly turns them off.

JASON (CONT'D)

Me?

Jason drives fast and quietly to the Police Station.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jason races into his office.

JASON

I'm gonna need backup...

Jason finds the body, and is sad. He uses his radio.

JASON (CONT'D)

Dispatch, we have an officer down in my office. Suspect is still at large, armed and dangerous. Get an ambulance and coroner here and all the backup we can get to protect Dr. Sanchez. The Slash and Burn killer isn't done tonight! Put out an APB for Flossie May Manson, mid-forties, waitress at the diner, armed and dangerous. Everybody knows her. I'm heading over to protect my brother and my friends.

Jason, still on the radio, mourns over Agent Gannon.

JASON (CONT'D)

Dispatch, contact Agent Gannon's supervisor and report his bravery and dedication to duty. I wouldn't have known who his killer was if he didn't send me back to that diner to search for more clues. He made me a better detective!

Jason races out.

EXT. RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason hops over a back fence to reach the backdoor of Ricky's house. He's wearing street clothes. The house is dark except for the family room toward the front of the house.

Jason hears occasional laughter and cheers from Ricky, Deshaun, and José.

He checks the back door and finds it unlocked. He rolls his eyes in disgust.

JASON

Jesus! Killer on the loose.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jason creeps into the kitchen, and closer to the family room.

He encounters thick marijuana smoke, and hears the sounds of a childhood toy he could never forget: dart guns with suction cup bullets.

Jason peeks into the family room to see the TV on, and below the TV table and off to the side is a piece of Styrofoam with a printout of a rat and a mouse as the target. No darts are anywhere near in the target. One is in a pillow, one in the wall, others and stuck all around the room.

Ricky sits on the couch alone, while Deshaun is in a chair to one side, and José is on the floor to the other side, and closer to the front door and target.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason steps in surprising them.

JASON

Rat and Mouse! Can I play?

RICKY

Dude, killer on the loose! Can't be too careful.

Jason examines Ricky's two dart guns and lack of darts anywhere close to the target.

JASON

Could be a little more careful.

RICKY

Got 'em bulk at the flea market.
Like the old days, huh? Each got
two.

DESHAUN

Removed the suction cups and we run
the tips in an electric pencil
sharpener.

JOSÉ

Fifty cents. Same flea market!
Score, dude!

JASON

Where's Raina?

RICKY

Ain't here yet.

JOSÉ

Had to get in some skateboarding
first.

DESHAUN

We were gonna go but we needed the
target practice. Big contest
tonight!

JASON

I see.

Jason moves to sit on the couch next to his bother, who
rearranges a few throw pillows on the couch to make room.

Ricky sees the holster and pistol behind Jason's back.

Ricky takes a shot at the rat and misses it by two feet.

RICKY

Still think Max is innocent?

JASON

Hundred percent.

DESHAUN

So, who then?

JASON

Ninety-nine percent sure it's...

At the front door, they hear a voice they all recognize as
belonging to Flossie May.

FLOSSIE (O.S.)
Knock knock.

The Stoner's hide their multiple loaded dart guns under nearby pillows.

Deshaun kicks down the target so it's facedown on the floor.

Flossie enters wearing her waitress uniform and apron, with Raina who is shaking and sweating.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)
Just want to clear the air. Raina,
here, is spreading awful rumors
about me.

The Stoner's don't get it, but Jason does.

JASON
Raina, are you okay?

Raina has a tear in her eye. Jason is the only one to see it.

RAINA
All I said was I didn't think Max
was the killer.

FLOSSIE
She insinuated it was me.

RICKY
Raina, you idiot!

Flossie paces like a madwoman and pleads her case.

FLOSSIE
Max was a stupid ex-con from out of
town and a pathological liar.

DESHAUN
Like when he said there was
salmonella in the chicken fried
steaks and the Romaine lettuce was
choked full of E. Coli?

Flossie glares at Deshaun.

FLOSSIE
No, that was true. When he said he
didn't kill those people. And he
was such an idiot! Who makes it
their life's ambition to break
stupid laws in every state?

Jason is facetious asking a series of questions.

JASON

When he thought he killed Ricky in his red hoodie but missed and killed Pastor Mike?

RICKY

Whaaaaaat!

JASON

When he thought he killed Raina but killed Councilwoman Lamb in the passenger seat of her car?

JOSÉ

And the lines at the town pharmacy stretch half-way 'round the block, man. Major cause of depression.

JASON

Max thought he killed José but it was Vic the plumber? What's the motive for killing the town plumber?

RICKY

(to Jason)

You think it was for excessive butt crack exposure, dude?

FLOSSIE

You all saw me at the diner for some of those murders!

Jason stands and paces, careful to hide his pistol.

JASON

Not every minute. Your smoke breaks? Everyone knows the average cigarette takes seven minutes to smoke! Your breaks took ten to twelve minutes, the exact amount of time it took us to eat the pancake special, and just enough time for you to slip away on your electric bike parked next to the diner's garbage dumpster to make the kill, then walk in the diner and pretending to talk your Ma.

FLOSSIE

That's ludicrous!

RICKY, DESHAUN & JOSÉ

Huh?

RAINA

Farcical, incongruous,
preposterous.

RICKY, DESHAUN & JOSÉ

Oh!

FLOSSIE

I could have smoked two cigarettes.

Jason, flustered for a moment, points to Flossie angrily.

JASON

But you weren't on the phone with
your mother when you returned to
the diner, were you?!

Flossie looks away.

FLOSSIE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

JASON

You were making local calls to an
answering machine, while your
mother is in an assisted-living
facility for retired reality TV
stars in Bakersfield. My partner
looked in on her. She hasn't spoken
in months, and her wrists are
restrained due to violent outbursts
about the 24-hour Fox News channel.

FLOSSIE

Anything else, you lousy-tipping,
nosy traffic cop?

JASON

Max was ready to take the wrap for
you. He loved you.

FLOSSIE

(yells)

I used him like the kitchen tool
that he was!

DESHAUN

Like a spatula or turkey baster?

Everyone stares at Deshaun, puzzled.

Flossie pulls a knife from her apron and holds it at Raina's throat.

FLOSSIE

Lousy tippers! For fifteen years I put up with your lousy tips or no tips at all. You Stoners are the scum of the Earth.

JASON

And the Mayor and Chief of Police with the spring-loaded cheese-knife and remote-control napalm bomb?

FLOSSIE

(calmly)

An opportunity to protest online package delivery companies. You understand.

RICKY, DESHAUN & JOSÉ

(nodding 'yes')

Uh huh.

Raina shakes in fear.

RAINA

She has another backpack in a packing box marked cookie-gram at my mom's house. She told me! My little sisters...

FLOSSIE

Set to go off in thirty minutes if I don't call a certain number to call it off.

JASON

You mean, your Mom's house at 2301 Shady Deal Lane right down the street? You've thought of everything!

FLOSSIE

Including that Glock behind your back! Slide it over or the Stoner dies.

JOSÉ

Which one?

Jason removes and slides his pistol over toward Flossie but she doesn't pick it up.

Flossie calmly sets down her knife, and picks up Jason's pistol, and removes a small remote-control device from her apron, while aiming the pistol at Raina.

FLOSSIE

I know you got no backup, Officer
"I want to be a detective" O'Leary.
I killed the smart one first, so I
could place a remote-controlled
napalm bomb right under the
floorboards of this room!

Jason gets defensive.

JASON

Wait! You thought FBI Special Agent
Colt Gannon was the smart one?

The Stoners are very upset and pointing down to the floor.

RICKY

Bro, I think the bigger issue is
the bomb!

DESHAUN

That napalm stuff that sticks to
your skin, and burns for days?

JOSÉ

Or 'til you die a horrible, painful
death?

RAINA

Not to mention the gun pointed at
me.

JASON

(laughs)

There's no bullets in the gun. More
often than not, having a loaded gun
in the house is more deadly for the
inhabitants than it is for
intruders.

Flossie pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

Raina kicks the knife away and points to the floor.

RAINA

But there's still...

Flossie laughs maniacally with her finger on the remote-control.

Flossie takes a step back and to the side.

FLOSSIE

I'll be walking out of here nice
and slow, and if any of you move a
muscle...

JASON

(yells)
Rat and mouse!

In the wink of an eye, Raina ducks and protects her face with her hands, Ricky, Deshaun, and José pull out their dart guns and fire at Flossie's face, which they miraculously hit.

Jason dives at Flossie's arm to wrestle the remote-control device free of her grasp.

Flossie's face looks like a bloody porcupine mess as she screams and pulls out the sharpened darts.

Jason whips out handcuffs and cuffs Flossie.

FLOSSIE

Your mom and sisters will pay the
price, Raina!

They all hear a huge explosion at the skatepark.

JASON

Don't think so, Flossie. I did have
backup.

Jason rips off his shirt to show he was wearing a wire.

JASON (CONT'D)

Max was recording everything we
said from my squad car. Your entire
confession. I just had to stall you
while he raced to Raina's mom's
house and took the bomb to the
skatepark. He's got his new puppy,
Snookums, with him.

FLOSSIE

There was a brand-new set of cheese
knives in that bomb.

Jason's eyes open widely in a moment of terror.

DESHAUN

You can get some very good deals at
the flea market.

José holds up his dart guns.

JOSÉ

It pays to look for discontinued or vintage items.

The Stoner's nod yes, as they pat Jason on the back!

RICKY

You saved our lives and captured the serial killer, dude.

While Ricky, Deshaun, and José are busy reloading their dart guns and shooting Flossie, Raina turns and plants a big kiss on Jason's lips.

RAINA

You saved my life! And my friends' lives.

JASON

Your hacking the phone records made it all possible. Couldn't have done it without you!

Jason and Raina kiss and grope each other.

EXT. RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the back of an open ambulance about to pull away with Flossie on the gurney. Her face is heavily wrapped up, and one arm is handcuffed to the gurney. Two EMTs (30s) are in the cab.

Jason, Raina, and Ricky stare silently at Flossie, as Jason is about to shut the ambulance door.

Suddenly, Jason and Ricky are tapped on their shoulders from behind. They spin in fear. Raina also turns.

We see Jason's and Ricky's DAD (60s; Tommy Chong) smiling.

JASON & RICKY

Dad!

DAD

Posted it all on the web. I hacked your body-cam, sons.

Jason looks down at his belt, and we see a body-cam with a tiny green light on.

DAD (CONT'D)
Wanted to make sure you were okay.

They all hug Dad.

JASON
Dad! That's against the law!

DAD
So proud of you all for finally
growing old without growing up!
Those dart guns were amazing, man!

They all stare at Flossie.

DAD (CONT'D)
Dude, guess you should always
adequately tip your waitstaff.

They all nod 'yes' at Flossie as Jason shuts the door, and
the ambulance races away with lights and siren.

ROLL CREDITS

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jason is presented with a "Detective" certificate.

Raina is standing by for a hug and kiss.

Jason removes his Policeman's hat and puts it on Raina's
head.

She smiles and they kiss again!

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Flossie serves hash to inmates, who leave her fabulous tips.
Flossie smiles, happy as can be.

EXT. DINER - DAY

We see Max's face peeking out the front door, and turning the
sign from "Closed" to "Open."

INT. MRS. LAMB'S HOUSE - DAY

José wears a plumber's shirt as he unclogs Maggie's toilet.

She admires his huge butt crack.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Dr. Sanchez kisses Deshaun, while she rubs Agent Colt Gannon's dead leg. Colt still has the arrow and knives in place, but he seems to be smiling.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Ricky, clean-shaven and dressed like Pastor Mike in a black priest shirt and collar approaches the Bishop, with a resume in his hand.

The Bishop shakes his hand like Ricky's got the job.

EXT. SKI CHAIR LIFT - DAY

At Heavenly Mountain Resort in South Lake Tahoe, Max and Snookums ride a chairlift.

Max has a small cheese knife in his arm, wrapped in place by large white bandages. He holds Mardi Gras beads and Snookums, who has a cheese knife in his thigh, wrapped in place by large white bandages.

Max tosses the Mardi Gras beads onto a tree beneath them.

Two Police Officers are there to arrest Max and Snookums as they exit the chairlift.

SUPER: "It is illegal to throw anything from a chairlift in the State of Nevada."

END MONTAGE

THE END