

Vengeance in Red

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

LAURIE (16) stares into the distance from the passenger seat.

She has long, fiery red hair in a messy ponytail.

A USA WRESTLING t-shirt clings to her muscular physique.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Our full interview with Raphael
"The Yellow Shoe Strangler" will--

The radio turns off.

Laurie looks around. Her eyes turn to her father ANDREW (50s, short, balding), behind the wheel:

ANDREW
You should be proud of what you did
there, Laurie.

LAURIE
I thought it'd go differently.

ANDREW
Multiple overtimes with a world
team member is so impressive. You
should've heard the Flo Wrestling
guys talk about you.

The car stops.

Laurie looks outside.

A house party rages inside a large home.

LAURIE
Sabrina said it was just going to
be a couple of friends.

ANDREW
Say hi to her for me.

LAURIE
Do you mind if she comes over for
dinner tomorrow?

ANDREW
Sure.

Laurie exits. Andrew smiles and drives away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Loud music blares as TEENAGERS party their asses off.

Laurie's girlfriend SABRINA XANDER (16) dances in a group.

She's short with a pixie cut and an anime-themed t-shirt on.

Laurie walks in and looks around.

Sabrina spots her and sprints over to her.

Everyone stops to watch as they lovingly embrace.

Laurie looks around.

LAURIE

Is this a party or what?

Everyone cheers.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Sabrina and Laurie sit at a table.

Laurie has a bottle of water in her hands.

Sabrina cracks open a pair of beers.

SABRINA

You can have a drink.

LAURIE

I've got Fargo in two months.

SABRINA

One drink now isn't going to--

LAURIE

It might.

Sabrina grabs Laurie's hands and squeezes them.

SABRINA

The new "Red River Plunge" comes out next week.

LAURIE

And you've got tickets.

SABRINA

Two hours of wrestling for two hours of a movie.

A SMOKER walks into the room smoking a large joint.

Laurie coughs.

LAURIE

Want to get some fresh air?

Sabrina nods.

They walk out, holding hands.

The Smoker takes a massive rip on his joint.

He exhales and looks down.

An Axe shines in his face.

He looks up and WHACK!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sabrina and Laurie make out by a shed.

The music stops.

They stop and look around.

HORSE FACE KILLER (O.S.)

Don't stop on my account.

The HORSE FACE KILLER emerges from the shadows.

He's well over six feet tall and ridiculously muscular.

Blood-soaked overalls hang off him.

A horse mask clings to his face.

An older fireman's axe is in his hands.

Fresh blood is on the blade.

Deeply etched marks indicating his kill count are burned into the handle.

A pair of BLOOD-SOAKED OVERALLS hang off his body, a HORSE MASK clings to his neck.

In his hands is an older AXE, covered in notches and blood.

Sabrina and Laurie look around in pure, abject terror.

They run inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The bodies of dead teenagers are all over.

Sabrina and Laurie sprint inside and look around.

Sabrina sees the bodies and screams.

Laurie grabs her hand.

LAURIE

What do we do?

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

SABRINA

My dad has a shotgun!

The women sprint upstairs.

The Horse Face Killer walks in slowly, observing them.

He taps his axe on the ground.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laurie and Sabrina sprint in sheer terror.

Sabrina looks around and spots an open door.

She grabs Laurie and pulls her inside.

The Horse Face Killer follows them slowly.

He stops and taps his axe on the ground.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina slams the door and locks it.

Both women search the room.

SABRINA

Where the hell is it?

LAURIE

Check under the bed!

WHACK!

The edge of Horse Face's axe peaks through the door.

Laurie opens the closet and looks around.

Sabrina searches under the bed.

She pulls out a pack of SHOTGUN SHELLS.

SABRINA

Where is it?

WHACK!

We can see the Horse Face Killer through the hole.

LAURIE

I don't--

WHACK!

A huge hole opens in the door.

Laurie pulls out a pump-action shotgun.

Sabrina tosses her the shells.

WHACK!

The door swings open, revealing the Horse Face Killer.

Laurie loads a shell into the shotgun and aims it at him.

Her finger presses the trigger.

Nothing.

HORSE FACE KILLER

You have to pump it first.

He hits Sabrina in the chest with the axe.

She falls to the ground, dead.

Laurie screams.

He pulls the axe out and points it at her.

Laurie pumps the shotgun and aims it at him.

The gun trembles in her hands.

He swings the axe at her.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (FIVE YEARS LATER)

Laurie looks around.

An older hooded sweatshirt hangs off of her.

She spots an UNDERCOVER COP leaning against a wall.

A handful of crinkled-up bills are in her hand.

LAURIE
Are you holding?

He nods.

She quickly hands him the cash.

He reveals a police badge.

Her knee connects with his crotch, her hands quickly tossing him to the ground with a Russian arm throw.

She sprints away from him.

He reaches up and grabs the hoodie.

It falls off, revealing scars and a USA Wrestling tattoo.

Laurie parkours over a fence.

The Officer is in hot pursuit.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

Laurie lands and looks around.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Freeze!

She turns and sees a POLICE OFFICER pointing a gun at her.

Her eyes turn behind her.

The Undercover is behind her, gun pointed at her.

Her hands slowly raise.

LAURIE
(under her breath)
Fuck me sideways.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)

Laurie is at the defendant's table.

An orange jumpsuit hangs off her.

JEFF TOLLIVER (40s, paralyzed) is in the back of the courtroom, sitting in an older wheelchair.

He has thin hair and a ratty beard.

His eyes focus on her.

A tablet computer is in his hands.

Jeff pulls up her Wikipedia entry

His eyes focus on a bolded line: "Only known survivor of the Horse Face Killer."

Laurie's attorney EZEKIEL COVINGTON (50s) walks up to her.

He's tall, handsome, and in an elegant suit.

EZEKIEL

Miss Bell.

LAURIE

How's my father doing?

EZEKIEL

Worried.

(looks at her intently)
And for good reason.

LAURIE

I don't need my sponsor right now,
I need my dad's lawyer.

BAILIFF

All rise!

Everyone rises.

JUDGE AMY BARRETT (50s) walks into the room.

AMY

Be seated.

Everyone sits down.

AMY (CONT'D)

Who's up first?

PROSECUTOR
Laurie Bell, your honor.

The BAILIFF hands Amy a file.

Her eyes look over it.

AMY
It looks like we've got assault of
a police officer and attempted
possession of a controlled
substance, Miss Bell.
(looks up, spots Laurie)
This isn't your first time in my
courtroom, I believe.

LAURIE
No, your honor.

EZEKIEL
Ezekiel Covington for the defense.

Amy turns her attention to Ezekiel.

AMY
Forgive me if I've asked this in
the past, counsel, but isn't this a
bit below your pay grade?

EZEKIEL
No forgiveness needed, your honor.
(beat)
She's a friend of the family.

AMY
If I remember correctly, the last
time you and I spoke your client
was supposed to attend Narcotics
Anonymous and not get into trouble.

Laurie looks away in shame.

AMY (CONT'D)
This looks like trouble.

EZEKIEL
Your honor, my client also has
extenuating circumstances regarding
her sobriety.

Amy looks at Laurie for a long moment.

AMY
The Horse Face Killer.

Images of Sabrina's death flash through Laurie's mind.

Laurie wipes a tear from her face.

LAURIE

I don't want to talk about it.

AMY

It's OK, dear.

Ezekiel turns to the PROSECUTOR.

EZEKIEL

A minute, your honor?

The Judge nods.

Ezekiel walks over to the Prosecutor.

They have a quick, hushed conversation.

The Prosecutor nods.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

My client had a relapse on the last anniversary of the event. In light of this, we will agree to pre-trial rehab and a year of probation.

AMY

Any objection?

PROSECUTOR

No, your honor.

Amy looks Laurie over for a long moment.

AMY

I hope this is the last time you are in my courtroom.

LAURIE

Me too.

AMY

The next time you are here, Miss Bell, you won't be leaving for a very long time.

LAURIE

I understand, your honor.

EXT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Laurie and Ezekiel exit.

EZEKIEL

There's a meeting that starts in an hour at Saint Pete's.

LAURIE

I haven't slept since I got in there, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL

Have you eaten anything?

She looks away.

He reaches into his wallet and takes out a handful of bills.

She grabs them from him.

LAURIE

I'll go to Chipotle and then sleep the rest of it off.

EZEKIEL

Let's go together.

LAURIE

I'll call you later and tell you how it went, OK?

Jeff exits the courthouse.

His eyes are focused on Laurie.

EZEKIEL

We need to talk about a rehab facility, Laurie.

LAURIE

Do I have to?

EZEKIEL

It's part of why you're not in jail for tuning up a cop.

LAURIE

Just find something and tell me when to show up.

Laurie walks away.

Jeff follows her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Laurie sits in front of Sabrina's grave.

The headstone reads "Beloved Daughter."

Jeff wheels up to her.

A bouquet is in his hands.

JEFF

This is a waste of your talents.

Laurie turns and looks at him.

LAURIE

I'm trying to mourn.

JEFF

I almost didn't recognize the girl who was a Par Terre away from being the youngest U.S. women's freestyle champion ever.

A DRUG DEALER approaches her in the distance.

LAURIE

If you're working on a "where are they now" piece on victims then--

Jeff tosses the flowers on the grave.

Laurie spots a sawed off-shotgun in his lap.

The Dealer turns around and sprints away.

Jeff's eyes follow him.

JEFF

It's how they look at you, right?

LAURIE

Pity and relief, in some order.

JEFF

They're just happy it didn't happen to them... but they can't say it.

LAURIE

Car accident?

JEFF

The Sledgehammer Slasher.

Laurie looks at him for a long moment. She nods.

LAURIE

Everyone said to pray, maybe I could forgive him for it.

JEFF

You don't need that.

LAURIE

I'm not in the mood for whatever bullshit you're selling.

JEFF

It's sad to see that you let him turn you into a victim.

LAURIE

I didn't ask to be jacked up on morphine and then given Oxy to deal with the pain.

JEFF

And you've used it to avoid every single thing about your life since.

LAURIE

It can be helpful.

Jeff reaches into his pocket.

He pulls out a small jewelry box and hands it to her.

She opens it up, revealing an older pendant of Saint Raguel, the Archangel of Justice.

Laurie looks away, embarrassed.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

My mother had a long speech about how justice will find a way. She gave it to me right before she died and well... you know.

JEFF

I want to offer you a choice. You can take it, and walk away, or you can listen to an offer.

She looks at the box and then at Jeff for a long moment.

Laurie nods.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY (ONE HOUR LATER)

Boxes marked "computer equipment" are all over.

Laurie pushes Jeff in his wheelchair into the room.

LAURIE
Nice Bat Cave.

JEFF
Welcome to one of the perks of
generational wealth.

She looks around.

JEFF (CONT'D)
According to the FBI, there are
around two thousand active serial
killers in America that we know of.

LAURIE
They're all costumed freaks now.

JEFF
Once the Yellow Shoe Strangler got
a movie deal the world changed.

LAURIE
Someone in rehab asked me for my
autograph. He was a big fan of the
Horse Face Killer.

JEFF
How'd you handle it?

LAURIE
I broke his jaw in three places.

He smiles.

JEFF
I'm putting together a computer
program that'll find guys like *him*.

LAURIE
Are you qualified to do that?

JEFF
I have master's degrees in metadata
collection, particle algorithm
development, and quantum computing.

LAURIE
So why not go to the FBI with this?

JEFF

Because they want a level of justice and we both know they need to be put down like the animals they are.

LAURIE

So what, you point and I click?

JEFF

Something like that.

LAURIE

I'm probably not your first choice to be the hammer. I mean I'd find a guy like Jack Reacher and--

JEFF

Men like that view everything as a nail because they're hammers. Cold, unthinking, unfeeling. You know what it's like to see the ones you love taken from you. When they give up, you'll be there.

LAURIE

They told me that somehow this was all part of *his* plan.

(beat)

Like somehow this is all going to turn out amazing and I just didn't quite understand the intricacies of watching her die like that.

JEFF

I can send you to the best rehab place in the country.

LAURIE

And then what?

JEFF

There are monsters in this world, Laurie. You need to be ready to face them.

LAURIE

I just want him.

JEFF

When I find him, you can look him in the eyes as you twist the knife.

Laurie smiles.

Begin montage:

Laurie sobers up in rehab.

Jeff shows Laurie a small, sparse apartment.

A dartboard is on the wall.

A sketch of the Horse Face Killer taped to it.

Laurie practices hitting it with darts and then knives, axes, and all sorts of edged weaponry. She becomes an expert.

She watches TV.

Stories about COSTUMED SERIAL KILLERS pop up. They're treated as a combination of curiosity and celebrity.

A notepad is on a small table. It's quickly filled with extensive notes on their methods, psychology, and mannerisms.

Laurie goes to a gym. She goes from frail to powerful.

Male MMA Fighters spar with Laurie. She goes from punching bag to the meanest mother fucker in the room.

End montage.**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

An extraordinary amount of monitors are all over.

Several servers are underneath a large desk.

Jeff types on a keyboard.

Laurie walks in. Her face is full, her eyes bright white.

JEFF

How does it feel?

LAURIE

Every day is hard.

Jeff turns to her.

JEFF

And it won't get easier from here on out, either.

LAURIE

How does your system work?

JEFF

This server sifts through gigabytes of data from social media, law enforcement databases, and the dark web to come up with a name and what they've been doing. They go bump in the night. We'll bump them back.

Laurie laughs uncontrollably.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny?

LAURIE

Professor Broom from Hellboy?

Jeff looks at her oddly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Sabrina was into comic books. She made me go to all those movies.

JEFF

I didn't know that.

LAURIE

You should put it in one of those computers so you don't forget.

JEFF

I have your first assignment.

LAURIE

Is it him?

JEFF

There are so many more than Horse Face out there. If you start taking chess pieces off this board, maybe he'll show himself.

LAURIE

Or maybe he'll show up tomorrow.
(looks to the door)
Send that to the FBI and--

JEFF

Think of all of the people who've been hurt because of monsters like them. If we can do some good in this world, we have to.

Jeff takes out a large Duffel bag from under the desk.

He opens it up and hands it to her.

She looks inside.

Her eyes spot a small bundle of cash and a file folder marked "The Monster of Atlanta."

Laurie takes out a small flip phone.

LAURIE

I think I still have my iPhone.

JEFF

That has enough software in it to let anyone with a brain find you so you are going to need to learn how to read a map.

LAURIE

Where's my gun?

JEFF

I've got a sledgehammer out back. Dispose of it when you're done.

LAURIE

That's... not what I was expecting.

JEFF

The police, FBI, and everyone else with a badge will be on us as soon as the bodies start dropping.

LAURIE

And I can't leave a signature or anything else behind.

JEFF

That's how police make cases against these guys.

LAURIE

I'll call if I get lost.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY

Laurie exits, a brand new sledgehammer in her hands.

An older white van is parked in the distance.

She walks towards it.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie gets inside and places the bag on the passenger seat.

She opens up the folder and combs through it.

The MONSTER OF ATLANTA (40s) is nearly seven feet tall, comically muscular, and is the ugliest human being alive.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (THREE DAYS LATER)

Trees as far as the eyes can see.

Several dozen logs are embedded in the ground.

A large SUV pulls up and parks by them.

The Monster of Atlanta is behind the wheel.

He exits the SUV.

The ground seems to shake as he walks to the rear.

He opens the rear door and pulls DONNA THOMAS (early 30s, prostitute) out of it with one hand.

She's been badly beaten up. Her arms and legs are tied behind her back. Duct tape covers her mouth.

He throws her to the ground and stares at her.

MONSTER OF ATLANTA
Your ride ends here, whore.

SNAP!

The Monster looks around.

His eyes spot Laurie emerging from the darkness.

Her hands grip the sledgehammer tight.

They lock eyes for a long moment.

Fear and panic briefly come on her face.

Laurie screams and swings the sledgehammer at him, connecting flush on his jaw.

He hits the ground with a THUD!

Laurie looks around and spots Donna.

A large hand grabs Laurie's ankle and grips it.

Laurie turns and sees the Monster glaring back at her.

He flips her, ass over teakettle.

She lands face-first on the ground.

The Monster stands up, his jaw dislocated.

He casually pops it back in place.

Laurie watches his foot kick her in the ribs.

She screams in pain.

Donna looks around in sheer terror.

Laurie rolls away and spots the sledgehammer.

She picks it up and cautiously gets to her feet.

He motions for her to attack.

She swings the hammer at him.

His massive hand grabs it.

She tries to pull it away from him but can't.

MONSTER OF ATLANTA (CONT'D)

You just ruined my evening, bitch.

Her eyes watch as his big hand punches her in the face.

Laurie hits the ground with authority.

He tosses the sledgehammer into the distance.

His hands grab her legs and toss her into the darkness.

Laurie lands near the hammer.

She grabs it and looks up.

Her eyes focus on the Monster approaching her.

Her body tenses up as he gets closer.

The air exits his body.

He looks down to see the sledgehammer embedded in his chest.

Blood pours out.

The Monster collapses to the ground.

She places her foot on his face and yanks the sledgehammer out of him.

Her eyes focus on his face.

WHACK!

The Horse Face mask appears over it.

Pure fucking rage comes over her.

The sledgehammer smashes his face, killing him.

Laurie hits him again. *And again. **And again. And again!***

She stops and looks at Donna.

Donna has passed out.

Laurie quickly unties her.

She drops the sledgehammer and sprints away.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Laurie's face and clothing are covered in blood and viscera.

Her foot pushes down on the accelerator as hard as it can.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

She takes her phone out and calls Jeff.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Stories about the Monster of Atlanta's death from every news channel are on the monitors.

A Pizza Delivery Box is on his desk.

Mariachi music lightly plays in the background.

Jeff stares at the monitors.

His phone buzzes with Laurie's call.

He answers it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

JEFF

Have you cleaned up?

She looks in the mirror.

Her hand instinctively wipes her face.

LAURIE

I'll find a truck stop.

JEFF

They have the sledgehammer.

She mouths a profanity under her breath.

LAURIE

He was down and I just saw... him.

(beat)

There isn't a manual for this.

JEFF

Here's everything you need to do from here on out. Find a second-hand store and get what you need. Pay cash and don't use your real name to anyone you meet. Burn every single thing that ties you to what has been done.

Laurie smiles.

LAURIE

Who's next?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A white cloth is over the Monster's body.

Local LAW ENFORCEMENT is everywhere.

FBI AGENT PAUL DRAKE (50s) and a local SHERIFF walk up to the body.

Drake is an old-school lawman with a walrus mustache and a bowler hat. He's smoking a high-end cigar.

GEORGIA SHERIFF

Whoever did it didn't leave much of his face in one piece.

Drake stops and looks at the body.

The cigar falls out of his mouth.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (TWO YEARS LATER)

Super: Dane County, Wisconsin.

Cornfields are all over.

Older solar lights are scattered across the lawn.

A window is half open.

The curtains are closed and the lights are on.

The BLACK PANTY SLASHER (40s) creeps towards the house.

He's short, balding and has rotting yellow teeth.

A pair of lace black panties hang out of his back pocket.

CRUNCH!

The Slasher looks down and sees a broken solar light.

He spots a tree and sprints behind it.

SANDRA FERGUSON (50s) opens the curtains and looks around.

She closes the curtains after a cursory glance.

The Slasher takes out the panties and caresses them.

BLACK PANTY SLASHER
(quietly)
You will wear them soon.

Laurie's van is parked in the distance.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Laurie lies prone on the roof, calmly watching the Slasher through a pair of old binoculars.

Her cell phone is pressed against her ear.

Several bolts are in her back pocket.

A loaded crossbow is within arm's reach.

LAURIE
(quietly)
Target acquired.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The monitors are filled with information about the Black Panty Slasher, his victims and local police channels.

A bag of fast food is on the desk.

Next to it is a smartphone on speaker.

Jeff looks at it and nods.

JEFF

Take him.

The phone hangs up.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Slasher puts the panties back into his back pocket and takes a deep breath.

He turns.

The air drives out of his lungs instantly.

His eyes look down to see a bolt in his chest.

Blood pours out of the wound.

He collapses to the ground, clutching the wound.

A phone falls out of his pocket.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra drops a pair of knitting needles to the floor.

A shotgun is mounted on the wall.

Her eyes focus on it.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie sprints to the Slasher's phone.

She disables the password protection.

The faint sound of Sandra calling 911 is heard.

Laurie turns to the Black Panty Slasher.

She hits him in the face with the butt of the crossbow.
Blood pours out of his now broken nose.
Laurie sees the Bolt. She grabs it and twists it around.
The Slasher howls in pain.

BLACK PANTY SLASHER
YOU FUCKING BITCH!

LAURIE
Does your mother know you talk--

He passes out. Laurie groans loudly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Way to suck the joy out of this.

He grabs her hand tightly.

The Slasher tries to move her but can't.

Laurie yawns.

Her hand grabs a bolt from her back pocket.

Her other forearm presses down firmly on his throat.

He gasps for air, his hands slowly falling to the ground.

She looks at the bolt and measures him.

A slight smile comes over her face as he fades away.

THUMP!

The bolt goes through his eye, killing him instantly.

Blood splatters all over Laurie's face.

A door opens in the distance.

Laurie pulls the bolt in his head out.

She wipes it off on his corpse and puts it in her pocket.

Her eyes spot the panties. She places them in his mouth.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Choke on those, prick.

Laurie pulls the bolt in his chest out forcefully.

A shotgun cocks.

Laurie turns and sees Sandra pointing the shotgun at her.

Sandra looks at the corpse and then at Laurie.

The shotgun falls out of her hands.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Could you let the cops know that's
the Black Panty Slasher?

Sandra's eyes spot the corpse.

She's dumbstruck.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
He's got trophies under his bed in
a brown box. You can't miss it.

Sandra looks at the shotgun and then at Laurie.

Laurie sighs and points the bloody bolt at Sandra.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
I'll come back and beat your whole
family to death with a puppy if you
tell anyone I was here, understand?

Sandra looks at the body and then at Laurie. She nods.

Laurie walks away.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A white sheet covers the body of the Slasher.

SHERIFF DANE HOLCOMB (50s) observes the situation. He's short, bald with a graying beard.

LOCAL WISCONSIN LAW ENFORCEMENT is everywhere.

Sandra sits in an ambulance.

A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY guards her.

Laurie watches from the van's rooftop with her binoculars.

From a distance FBI BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE UNIT AGENT MAURA BAXTER (late 20s) observes the scene excitedly.

She's an All-American blonde.

Paul Drake emerges from the shadows shortly thereafter.

He looks at the scene with disdain, reaching into his pocket.

Drake takes out a cigar and a lighter.

PAUL DRAKE

This is your first time in the field, rookie, and there's a corpse within walking distance.

MAURA BAXTER

(almost giddy)

There are two thousand active serial killers--

PAUL DRAKE

(dismissively)

That we know of.

MAURA BAXTER

--and now someone's hunting them.

PAUL DRAKE

Thomson wanted this profile done yesterday. We shouldn't be here.

MAURA BAXTER

There's a certain sort of magic about being in the field for a case like this.

He lights the cigar up and takes a puff.

A News Van pulls up to the scene.

PAUL DRAKE

The office is cleaner.

MAURA BAXTER

We're seeing a sea-level shift.

PAUL DRAKE

It's just a dead psycho.

A REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN exit the van and quickly approach the crime scene.

MAURA BAXTER

I remember the Yellow Shoe Strangler's interview on CNN when I was in college.

PAUL DRAKE

Imagine the sort of loser who got inspired by that.

MAURA BAXTER

I changed my major from marketing to criminal justice on the spot because of it.

PAUL DRAKE

That interview inspired a whole generation of pains in my ass.

The News Crew is directed far away from the scene.

MAURA BAXTER

This is the fourth in a row with significant similarities.

PAUL DRAKE

The only thing in common is the victim. There is no signature.

Sandra gets into the Ambulance with the EMT.

He closes the doors behind them.

MAURA BAXTER

Maybe their signature is that they have no signature.

PAUL DRAKE

That's deeply meta.

The ambulance takes off.

MAURA BAXTER

You were first on the scene for the Monster of Atlanta, right?

PAUL DRAKE

This was different.

MAURA BAXTER

How so?

PAUL DRAKE

We had to reconstruct his skull.

Laurie's van drives away.

MAURA BAXTER
He was one of them.

PAUL DRAKE
The Monster was personal.

MAURA BAXTER
And this was what, then?

PAUL DRAKE
A mob hit.

MAURA BAXTER
I don't see the difference.

PAUL DRAKE
The Monster had postmortem damage
to the skull.

MAURA BAXTER
He could've just been the first.

PAUL DRAKE
Everybody on the whiteboard has a
clean, professional sort of death.

MAURA BAXTER
Is that your expert opinion?

PAUL DRAKE
None of them were done the same
way, either. Hitters always have a
pattern, always.

EXT. REAR OF BIG BOX STORE - NIGHT

The vehicles of DRIFTERS, EX-CONS, FUGITIVES, and the like
are parked all over. Most are rusted and old, some stolen.

Laurie's van parks far from them.

She exits from it and walks to the back.

A screwdriver and a license plate are in her hands.

Laurie unscrews the license plate.

Over fifty marks are underneath it.

Laurie scratches another in.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A cot is welded onto one side.

A military blanket and pillow cling to it.

A makeshift desk is welded onto the other.

A milk crate with a handful of tools, including a lock pick kit, sits in the middle.

A mariachi band record, partially covered in a brown bag, is underneath the crate.

A small pile of clothes peak out of a brown paper bag.

News articles about the Horse Face Killer are taped around the van. "WHY ME" is written in black ink on several of them.

Laurie enters and locks the door behind her.

Her hands quickly place places the screwdriver and license plate into the milk crate.

She sits down on the bed and falls asleep quickly.

EXT. DANE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JOURNALISTS surround the entrance.

Drake and Baxter walk through the crowd.

Several reporters spot them and fire off questions.

Baxter turns to say something.

Drake puts his hand on her shoulder.

They walk towards the front entrance.

The Sheriff walks outside, a note card in his hands.

He's instantly surrounded.

SHERIFF DANE

I will not be answering questions.
(reading)

We can confirm that the serial
killer known as the Black Panty
Slasher has been found dead.

Questions fly at him.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A local newscast has Sheriff Dane on one of the monitors.

REPORTER (V.O.)
We heard there was a witness.

SHERIFF DANE (V.O.)
I cannot confirm or deny that.

Jeff presses mute on his monitor. He mouths a profanity.

He types furiously on his keyboard.

News articles pop up all over the monitors.

All have one thing highlighted: "Unnamed witness."

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Three monitors are on a cheap desk.

On the monitor to the right is a Twitter Feed following #BlackPantySlasher. It's exploding with comments.

On the monitor to the left is a monitor with the deaths of several other SERIAL KILLERS over the past year.

In the middle is a Dark Web Video Call with ten people on it. Every video feed is black.

Watching everything is BLAKE WHITE (30s). He's tall and wears thick horn rim glasses.

He's a serial killer known as the Apple Valley Strangler.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
We all have to come to grips with the fact that he's real.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
I need all the info you can get me on her as soon as you can.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
As if my life depended on it.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
It very well might.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - DAWN

Laurie tosses and turns, sweating profusely.

She wakes up and looks around the van in a panic.

Her hands grab the edges of the cot.

LAURIE

It's just a dream.

(closes her eyes)

It was JUST a dream.

She looks down. Her shirt is soaked.

Laurie stands up and takes her shirt off.

Two massive older scars on her collarbone stand out.

Her hand puts the shirt into a trash bag.

Laurie grabs a t-shirt out of the brown paper bag.

She puts it on.

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Jeff stares at a monitor with an internet crawler up.

The search bar reads "Black Panty Slasher."

A calendar marked "Significant Moments" is on another.

He calls Laurie.

LAURIE (V.O.)

What?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

JEFF

Good morning to you too.

LAURIE

Sorry... rough night.

JEFF

Next week is the tenth anniversary
of your... unpleasantness.

LAURIE
Nice euphemism, Jeff.
(thinks for a moment)
Did you write it down or something?

JEFF
I have a calendar.

LAURIE
That's not creepy at all.

JEFF
I monitor your overall health to
make sure we don't get caught.

Jeff types on his keyboard.

A photo of the BIG RED KILLER, aka RICHARD SAUNDERS (30s)
comes onto the screen.

He's well over six feet tall and ridiculously handsome.

LAURIE
I couldn't get him alone.

JEFF
There was a witness.

LAURIE
I handled her.

JEFF
For now.

LAURIE
Guess who's got an unlocked phone
used by the Black Panty Slasher?

Jeff looks around, stunned.

JEFF
That's good... the algorithm will
be that much better because of it.

LAURIE
He texts in code.

JEFF
I'll see if the AI can crack it.

The words "BIG RED KILLER" pop up on Jeff's monitors.

A handful of crime scene photos come up on the screen.

All of them feature brutally murdered young women, their bodies cut up in a ritualistic manner.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hungry?

LAURIE

Starving.

JEFF

See you at Triangle.

Jeff presses a button on his keyboard.

A laser printer goes off in the distance.

INT. DANE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTIES and WORKERS are all over.

Drake and Baxter sit in front of the reception desk.

Maura stares at her phone.

Drake is asleep, snoring.

Sheriff Dane walks up to the reception desk.

MAURA BAXTER

Sheriff Dane!

The Sheriff turns to her.

He takes a deep breath.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

I'm Maura Baxter.

(nudges Drake)

This is my partner, Paul Drake.

They show the Sheriff their badges.

PAUL DRAKE

(groggily)

We're from the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit.

The Sheriff looks at them suspiciously.

SHERIFF DANE

The Milwaukee County sheriff told me how the FBI botched the Summer Fest Slasher.

PAUL DRAKE

Those were different agents. We're here to take a look and compare it to what we have.

SHERIFF DANE

The FBI has a penchant for fouling up cases, no offense.

PAUL DRAKE

None taken.

SHERIFF DANE

So how can Dane County assist the Federal Bureau of Idiots?

MAURA BAXTER

Where is the witness right now?

SHERIFF DANE

What witness?

MAURA BAXTER

I saw a woman in an--

SHERIFF DANE

Maybe you did, maybe you didn't.

MAURA BAXTER

What about the body?

SHERIFF DANE

You'll need a court order for that.

Drake nudges her. She glares at him.

PAUL DRAKE

Brass has us on a wild goose chase.

Drake and the Sheriff look at each other.

PAUL DRAKE (CONT'D)

Give us ten minutes and I'll owe you one.

Drake hands the Sheriff his card.

The Sheriff looks at it for a moment and then sighs loudly.

SHERIFF DANE

You can look but you can't touch.

EXT. ZOO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Richard and JULIA DREXEL (20s) walk out.

She tightly grasps his arm.

JULIA DREXEL
(slurring)
I swear I usually don't drink this
much. I normally--

RICHARD SAUNDERS
(under his breath)
It wasn't the wine.

He looks both ways and then pulls her into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia leans against a wall, her arms around Richard.

She smiles at him seductively.

He smiles back. It's creepy and evil.

She looks into his eyes: there's nothing there.

Panic comes over Julia's face... before she passes out.

Richard grabs her foot and drags her body away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

Rats scurry about a rusted-out dumpster.

The van pulls up.

Laurie exits the rear with a garbage bag in one hand, and a can of gasoline in the other.

A road flare is in her back pocket.

Laurie throws the can and the bag into the dumpster.

She lights the flare.

Her eyes focus on the dumpster for a long moment.

Her hand tosses the flare inside.

A wall of fire emerges from the top of the dumpster.

INT. TRIANGLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everything is older and well-maintained.

CUSTOMERS are scattered throughout.

A YOUNG BOY in a wheelchair and his FATHER eat dinner.

Jeff is near them.

A cup of coffee is in front of him.

A folder and an envelope are at his side.

The Boy reaches for the salt shaker and knocks his fork to the ground. He sighs out of self-pity.

FATHER
Give me a moment.

JEFF
Don't.

They both turn and see Jeff.

FATHER
Excuse me I--
(sees wheelchair)
Oh.

Jeff stares at the boy intently.

JEFF
The only currency in this world is
strength. The sooner you realize
that, the better.

Laurie walks in with a record in her hand.

She spots Jeff and walks over.

The Father throws some cash onto the table.

He stands up and wheels his son away.

Laurie sits down across from Jeff.

LAURIE
What'd you say this time?

JEFF
He was acting like a victim.

LAURIE
You can't save everyone.

JEFF
I saved you.

She places the Black Panty Slasher's phone on the table.

Jeff puts it in his pocket.

He spots the record and smiles.

LAURIE
You don't seem the type.

JEFF
It reminds me of her.

Jeff pushes the envelope and folder to her.

LAURIE
What about *him*?

JEFF
Braxton Majors said the Horse Face
Killer is a government conspiracy
to seize people's guns, blah blah
blah. The only new thing is he's
accusing Hillary Clinton of being
behind it these days.

She grabs the folder and looks at it.

LAURIE
It's light.

JEFF
Finding anything on him was hard.

LAURIE
That's a change.

JEFF
This one is smart, don't get cocky.

LAURIE
So was the last one.

JEFF
This one is different.

Her eyes close the folder.

EXT. TRIANGLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Laurie walks to her van.

She sees a DARK FIGURE standing next to it.

Her hand curls into a fist.

LAURIE

You've got ten seconds to move.

The Dark Figure strikes a match and lights up a small cigar, revealing Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL

Hello to you too, Miss Bell.

Laurie's fist relaxes. She looks around.

LAURIE

Can we talk in private?

Ezekiel nods.

INT. LAURIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mattress is on the floor.

A small dresser has a box of mail from her father on it.

Ezekiel and Laurie walk in.

She reaches into her pocket and hands him a dollar.

EZEKIEL

God has a funny sense of humor in how he put us together.

LAURIE

I was laughing my ass off when a guy in a horsehead murdered my girlfriend in front of me.

Ezekiel spots the boxes.

EZEKIEL

I didn't--

LAURIE

I know.

He picks a box up and hands it to her.

EZEKIEL

I figured you could use someone to talk to. I relapsed when I went to Claudia's grave.

LAURIE

I'm clean.

EZEKIEL

Your father called me the other day. He misses you.

LAURIE

I'll find a moment... sometime.

EZEKIEL

Can you find a moment to pray?

Laurie throws the box angrily into the corner.

LAURIE

I tried talking to God over the years. His voicemail is full.

EZEKIEL

It doesn't mean you stop calling. Part of sobriety is--

LAURIE

Where was your God when--
(stops herself)
We have this argument every time you're here.

EZEKIEL

When was your last meeting?

LAURIE

Two nights ago in Wisconsin, before I put down the Black Panty Slasher.

Ezekiel turns away, mortified.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

There's a great wing place right by Madison that you have to try.

EZEKIEL

How can you be so casual about it?

LAURIE

You're my attorney.

EZEKIEL

Just because you can tell me does not mean you have to. Or should.

(turns to her)

I found a therapist who specializes in people who've gone through the sort of trauma you have.

LAURIE

I'm not interested.

EZEKIEL

Please give him a chance.

She motions to the door.

LAURIE

I haven't slept in a couple of days, so if you wouldn't mind.

Ezekiel leaves.

Laurie locks the door and lies down on her bed.

She quickly falls asleep.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff connects the Black Panty Slasher's phone into his system with a USB cord.

The phone powers on.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blake sleeps in his chair.

Empty takeout boxes are scattered all over.

BING!

Blake looks up.

On his center monitor he sees a terminal notification of an unauthorized user hacking into the phone.

A video of Jeff typing comes up.

Blake takes a screenshot.

A self-destruct code come up on the right monitor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Phone EXPLODES!

Jeff stares at it, shocked. He turns to his monitors.

Everything is blank.

After a moment they reboot.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

A large plywood board is tagged with graffiti.

A red Prius drives up and parks by it.

Richard exits.

He walks to the board and rips it off, walking inside.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - DAY

A makeshift sacrificial altar has been set up using tables, desks, and parts from a cubicle.

Dried blood, some of it fresher than others, is everywhere.

Richard walks in.

He kneels and looks up to the ceiling.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

I shall give you another sacrifice!

He stands up and walks over to a desk.

His hand opens up a drawer.

Inside it is a strange mask and a large knife.

An unlisted phone number calls Richard's cell phone.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)

We've got a face.

Richard grips the phone tightly.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

Who's next?

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)

Be cautious out there

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (NEXT DAY)

Super: Somewhere between Chicago and Lincoln, Nebraska

Laurie's van is parked in-between semi-trucks.

TRUCKERS and LOT LIZARDS mill about.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie eats a sub sandwich in the driver's seat.

A bottle of water is near her.

She turns the radio on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The DOW is down ten points on early
trading so far based on--

A breaking news jingle blares.

Laurie puts the sandwich down, her eyes focused on the radio.

NEXT RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This morning police discovered the
body of Julia Drexel on the side of
the road. Eyewitnesses say her body
was cut up in a ritualistic manner.

Laurie turns it off. She opens the folder.

A picture of Richard falls out.

She frantically looks through the folder.

Her hands take out a sheet of paper marked "Timeline of BRK."

Her eyes focus on it for a moment.

Her hand frantically grabs her cell phone. She calls Jeff.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The monitors have Richard Saunders and information about
Lincoln, Nebraska, all over them.

Jeff has Chinese takeout in front of him.

His phone rings with Laurie's call.

JEFF
Are you there yet?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

LAURIE
Julia Drexel.

Jeff types.

A handful of news articles pop up about her murder.

The words "Big Red Killer" keep coming up.

JEFF
How far are you from Lincoln?

Laurie looks around and takes a deep breath.

LAURIE
A couple of hours.

JEFF
No time like the present.

She hangs up and gets into the driver's seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN (NEXT MORNING)

Laurie's van pulls onto the exit for Lincoln, Nebraska.

EXT. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA - DAY

Laurie's van drives through the city.

Laurie's van passes LINCOLN POLICE CRUISERS and LINCOLN POLICE OFFICERS everywhere.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Labeled parking spots surround it.

Laurie's van pulls up and drives slowly around the building.

Laurie looks at the spot labeled 5D. It's empty.

She drives past it.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The lights are off.

A sign in the window indicates the store is closed.

The store hours are 9am to 9pm.

Laurie's van parks up front.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie turns the radio off.

She reaches into the cargo hold and grabs the BRK folder.

Opening it up she goes through it until she finds a sheet of paper marked "supplies."

It has one address listed: the store in front of her.

She crumples it up and throws it in the back.

Laurie takes out her phone and calls Jeff.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Everything about Julia Drexel is up on Jeff's monitors.

Jeff looks at them intently.

JEFF

Tell me something good.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURIE AND JEFF

LAURIE

Lincoln PD is all over.

JEFF

We need to find his kill room.

Jeff looks at a monitor.

LAURIE

How bad is it out there?

Police chatter from Lincoln PD is off the charts.

JEFF

Very.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

An empty red-eye flight.

Drake and Baxter are in the back.

She writes "Victim #12?" on a notepad marked "MKH."

He's reading a novel about fly fishing.

MAURA BAXTER

I'm wondering about something.

PAUL DRAKE

The U.S. Attorney General won't get into a pissing match over this.

He puts the book down and turns to her.

MAURA BAXTER

You were on the Horse Face Killer task force, right?

PAUL DRAKE

And the Yellow Shoe Strangler plus three others.

MAURA BAXTER

That's a lot of time chasing these guys over the years.

PAUL DRAKE

They were all the same, too.

MAURA BAXTER

Didn't someone survive the Horse Face Killer?

Paul thinks for a moment.

PAUL DRAKE

Laurie Bell. That was a tragedy.

MAURA BAXTER

I'm shocked you remembered.

PAUL DRAKE

She walked out of the hospital with a major substance abuse problem.

MAURA BAXTER

Have you followed up with her since it happened?

PAUL DRAKE

About two years ago it was an
arrest for possession.

MAURA BAXTER

That's disappointing.

PAUL DRAKE

It was coupled with the assault of
a local cop.

MAURA BAXTER

What if the person behind this was
one of their victims?

PAUL DRAKE

Laurie Bell doesn't have it in her.

MAURA BAXTER

I'm talking big picture.

PAUL DRAKE

That's Bruce Wayne, not your girl.

MAURA BAXTER

Say a Bruce Wayne type has that
kind of money. Does he do it?

PAUL DRAKE

I would hope not.

MAURA BAXTER

But what if?

Paul shakes his head.

PAUL DRAKE

You're talking a lot of time and
money to fund one guy--

MAURA BAXTER

One serial killer.

PAUL DRAKE

--one guy with a hard-on for bad
men who go bump in the night.

(beat)

Between us, I'd pray this guy stays
in the shadows and lets us clean up
after him. It's easier.

He picks his book back up.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

ANGELA SMITH (60s, the owner) opens the front door.

Older glasses and an ugly sweater cling to her.

Laurie exits the van and walks towards the front door.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Everything inside is old.

A bell rings as Laurie walks in.

Laurie spots a clothes rack and walks over to it.

She pulls off a handful of hooded sweatshirts and t-shirts.

Angela spots Laurie.

ANGELA SMITH

Can I help you find something?

Laurie holds them against her and places several back.

She takes out six pairs of similar-sized jeans from a pile.

LAURIE

One of these will fit.

Angela looks at her oddly.

Laurie spots a thermos and hands it to Angela.

Angela grabs a small bag and places everything inside.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Do you happen to have any old records in stock?

ANGELA SMITH

To your right.

Laurie spots a box of records.

She grabs an older mariachi band record.

LAURIE

The prop house I work for wants something unique looking.

Angela points to an old sign that says "Exotic Items!"

Laurie looks around and her eyes open wide.

There are weapons everywhere.

Angela looks at her confusedly.

Laurie grabs an antique sword off the shelf.

ANGELA SMITH
My husband collected these.

Laurie studies it and hands it back to Angela.

LAURIE
Do you have anything... bigger?

Angela grabs a handle in a box.

She pulls but can't get it out.

ANGELA SMITH
It's always heavier than you think.

Laurie grabs the handle and pulls out a Japanese war club.

It's about three feet long, circular, and made of thick oak wood with silver rivets.

Angela marvels as Laurie handles the weapon.

Laurie's hands seem to be made for it.

LAURIE
I never would've thought I'd find a Kanabo here.

ANGELA SMITH
I thought someone bedazzled a baseball bat.

LAURIE
Samurai warriors used these in mounted combat in Feudal Japan. This is a good replica.

ANGELA SMITH
How can you tell?

The younger woman points to the rivets.

LAURIE
These are all uniform. Do it by hand and they won't be uniform.

Laurie moves around and swings it.

She smiles and hands a large wad of cash to Angela.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

Angela hands the bag to Laurie.

ANGELA SMITH
My card is in the bag. If you need anything in the future, let me know. We have a FedEx downtown so I can ship anywhere now.

LAURIE
You are wonderful. Thank you.
(looks around)
This is weird but... I need to find a particular type of meeting.

ANGELA SMITH
My husband was a friend of Bill W.
Are you his friend, too?

Laurie nods.

ANGELA SMITH (CONT'D)
Saint Patrick's on Third Street.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - DAY

Video of Jeff's basement is on all three monitors.

No one is there.

Blake pulls up the "Recent" folder.

All of Jeff's information on the Big Red Killer comes up.

He downloads it and sends it to an email listed as "H."

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Laurie's van is parked down the street.

Space 5D is still empty.

A SECURITY GUARD watches from the front door. After a moment he looks at his watch and walks down the street.

Laurie jumps out of the van and walks to the front door.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door lock slowly opens up.

CLICK!

The door opens up, revealing Laurie.

A lock pick kit is on the floor next to her.

She grabs it and walks inside.

Laurie shuts the door behind her.

She spots his laptop.

Her hands place a thumb drive in the USB port.

The thumb drive glows red.

A door gently opens.

Laurie spins around, her hand in a fist.

A small cat walks out of the bedroom and up to Laurie.

It rubs itself on her leg.

Laurie pets it for a moment.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Laurie walks in and looks around. She opens the closet.

Several suits and dress shirts are hung on a rack.

Everything is neat and perfectly organized.

She pushes the pile to one side, revealing a shrine to the Big Red Killer.

Numerous dating profiles are tacked into the wall. Each one has a lock of hair in a small plastic bag.

She reads each, moving her hand down.

Laurie's foot moves a shoe out of place. She doesn't notice.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Laurie walks in and looks at the thumb drive. The light is blue. She takes the drive out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laurie walks to an elevator.

It opens up, revealing Richard with a bag of groceries.

They catch eyes.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

Would you mind?

She moves out of the way.

Richard walks out and past her.

His eyes spot his door.

He looks at it, briefly first and then much more intensely.

Laurie walks into the elevator.

She presses the door close button repeatedly.

He turns around and looks at her.

Her hand turns into a fist.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

I'm Richard in Five D. I believe we
did laundry together a while back.

LAURIE

I'm... uh... Sabrina... in four C.

She presses the close door button again.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

It's nice to officially meet you,
Sabrina from four C.

The elevator doors close.

Richard takes his phone out and calls the front desk.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Security? Someone just broke into
my apartment.

(beat)

She's in the north elevator.

Richard hangs up.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Several RESIDENTS mill around.

The elevator opens up and Laurie exits.

She makes a beeline to the front door.

The Security Guard looks up from his desk and spots her.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, miss?

She walks faster.

He stands up and approaches her, his hand on a nightstick.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

EXCUSE ME!

LAURIE

Walk away, please.

SECURITY GUARD

I need you to stop right there.

He takes the night stick out as Laurie turns to him.

The Residents stare at them.

Laurie sees the nightstick. Her hand turns into a fist.

He approaches her.

WHAM!

She connects flush to his face with a spinning wheel kick.

He hits the ground, hard.

The nightstack lands by her feet.

She kicks it away and sprints outside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Laurie sprints to her van and gets inside.

The sound of police sirens pierces the air.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie starts the engine.

Nothing.

She tries again.

Nothing.

Through the windshield we see a police car in the distance.

Laurie starts the engine.

It roars to life.

She puts it in gear and drives away.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens, revealing Richard.

He quickly closes it behind him and looks around.

His cat walks up to him, rubbing itself against his leg.

Richard spots his laptop and sprints over to it.

He turns it on and runs a security check.

Richard sprints into the bedroom.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Richard looks around.

His eyes turn to his closet.

He focuses on the out-of-place shoe.

Richard takes his phone out and calls an UNLISTED NUMBER.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
The boogeyman is looking for you.
They know everything about you.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
I just saw her.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
Her?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A handful of POLICE CRUISERS pull up to the building.

Laurie's van disappears down the road.

A Police Cruiser follows her.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY (DRIVING)

Downtown Lincoln is visible through the windshield.

Laurie sees the Police Cruiser in her rear-view mirror.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A police sketch that looks like Laurie is on one monitor.

The security guard's statement to the police is on another.

Another has Richard's laptop screen on it.

Richard and VANESSA SIMPSON (early 30s, thin, classically beautiful) message each other on a dating app.

Jeff calls Laurie.

JEFF

What the hell happened?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURIE AND JEFF

LAURIE

I went apartment hunting.

Jeff types.

Downtown Lincoln, Nebraska, comes up on a monitor.

A Green Dot labeled "Laurie" appears.

Laurie takes a left.

She spots Saint Patrick's Church.

A sign indicates the Narcotics Anonymous meeting is soon.

Jeff's eyes follow Laurie on the monitor.

She pulls in and parks.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to hole up for a couple
of hours in a meeting.

The Police Cruiser slowly drives past.

Her eyes follow it in the rear-view mirror as it drives away.

JEFF
It makes you a sitting duck.

LAURIE
This would be easier if I could use
a laptop or go to a cyber café.

JEFF
And that makes every alphabet
agency monitoring web traffic that
much easier to find us.

LAURIE
Find me, you mean.

Laurie opens the glove box.

A weathered first-meeting sobriety chip falls out.

She looks inside and sees several dozen first-meeting
sobriety chips inside.

Her hands pick up the older chip.

Her eyes look at it intently.

She places the chip back into the glove box.

JEFF
The fewer people who see you--

LAURIE
I've got a meeting.

Laurie hangs up and closes the glove box.

EXT. SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH - DAY

ADDICTS mill about outside.

Laurie exits the van and walks inside.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

An older sign with "Narcotics Anonymous Meeting" written on it is by the door.

A table with a large container of coffee and donuts is on one side of the room.

RAY (40s, group leader, thick Kentucky accent) stands in front of a group of addicts seated in folding chairs.

Among them are INGRID (early 30s) and THOMAS (early 20s).

RAY

Let's get started.

No one notices as Laurie walks into the room.

She spots the coffee and makes a beeline over to it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Lincoln chapter of Narcotics Anonymous. My name is Ray and I'm an addict.

Laurie fills up her thermos.

ADDICTS

Hi, Ray!

Laurie looks around.

She spots both exits.

RAY

We've got some old friends and some new ones here today.

(beat)

Thank you for helping me maintain my sobriety.

(beat)

Let us give a moment of silence for the addict who still suffers.

Laurie grabs a donut and wanders towards the back.

She takes a bite out of it.

It's pretty good.

RAY (CONT'D)

So who wants to share?

EXT. CHURCH REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Ray smokes a cigarette as Laurie wanders out back.

RAY
First time?

LAURIE
Just passing through.

RAY
We hand out chips at the end.

She nods.

LAURIE
I'd rather talk to people I'll see
again, you know?

RAY
This is a very understanding crowd.

LAURIE
I'm not sure about that.

RAY
I think you'd be surprised.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Thomas is in front of the group.

THOMAS
So my ex called me today. The only
time she ever calls is for my kid.
(beat)
It wouldn't be so bad but the
factory just cut overtime. I'm
barely making ends meet as is and
it's always more!
(looks around)
I thought about finding my old
dealer and then I opened my
wallet... and my chip fell out.

Everyone claps.

Laurie looks around.

Thomas sits back down.

RAY

Thanks for sharing, Thomas.

(looks at Laurie)

I know this isn't your usual meeting, Laurie, but you're more than welcome to share. You don't have to if you don't want to.

THOMAS

Can she chip in for the donuts?

LAURIE

Pardon me?

THOMAS

If you aren't going to share you can at least kick in.

INGRID

This isn't the time or place.

Ray coughs.

Everyone turns to him.

RAY

No one has to share if they don't want to, in particular someone new.

Laurie looks around.

Everyone looks at her with warm, friendly eyes.

LAURIE

Fuck you Tom... I'll share.

She stands up and looks around. This is hard for her.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm Laurie and I'm an addict.

ALL

Hi Laurie!

LAURIE

It's been five years next week.

Everyone claps.

She groans lightly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I hate these things. Everyone's happy you're sober and I always thought "Why are you happy to be sober, you're supposed to not fuck up." Then I became an addict and it all made sense.

(beat)

Being clean is hard. That first time after I sobered up and needed a fix, I mean FUCKING NEEDED IT, and I didn't call my dealer was a small victory.

(beat)

We need those small victories to help us manage it.

(beat)

I haven't shared in a long time.

(beat)

Ten years ago someone wearing a horse mask killed my girlfriend in front of me. I barely survived and part of me wishes I hadn't. It was the pain that started it.

Addicts sit up and focus on her.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

They gave me a morphine drip and I didn't know how to handle it when they cut me off. So I did what I had to do and my life didn't get better at all.

(tears come down her face)

Once the pain went away I still hurt. Being high was the only thing that made me feel normal. I could take three Oxy and it felt like Sabrina was there with me.

(wipes her face)

I sobered up and she died again.

(takes a deep breath)

I tried moving on. My mother set me up with this nice guy named Mitchell. He didn't notice I was high. We had sex and my first thought was I cheated on her. I called my dealer and then... life happened to get me sober.

(beat)

I've been clean ever since.

She looks around.

Jaws are agape.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Laurie sits back down towards the back.

Tears resume pouring down her face.

Ray walks up in front of the group.

RAY

Thanks for sharing, Laurie.

Thomas walks over and grabs a donut.

He goes over to Laurie and hands it to her.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie sits on the cot.

Her eyes are bloodshot.

Her phone rings.

JEFF (V.O.)

He's meeting someone tonight.

Laurie wipes her face.

LAURIE

I'm on it.

JEFF (V.O.)

Are you OK?

LAURIE

No.

He hangs up.

She stares at the phone.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard looks at his wall of photos.

Vanessa's profile is freshly tacked up.

His fingers linger over her photo.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - NIGHT

Richard and Vanessa are by a window.
Appetizers and a bottle of wine are in front of them.
Vanessa's glass is full and untouched.
Laurie's van is parked down the block.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - LATER

Richard and Vanessa walk out of the bar, arm in arm.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
Can I walk you to your car?

VANESSA
Sure.

They walk to the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vanessa and Richard walk towards his Prius.
Richard gently puts his hands on her face. They kiss.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie grips the Kanabo tightly, her eyes focused on them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Richard looks around and puts his hands in her hair.
He grips it tight.
Fear comes over Vanessa's face.
He violently slams her head against a nearby car.
She's out cold.
He picks her body up and throws it into his trunk.
Richard whistles.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - NIGHT

The Prius passes Laurie's van.

Laurie's van roars to life and follows them down the road.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Richard's Prius pulls up to the entrance.

Richard exits and walks towards the trunk of his Prius.

It opens up, revealing an unconscious Vanessa.

Laurie's van pulls up in the distance.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie reaches into the back, grabbing for something.

Her phone rings.

The Caller ID says "Ezekiel" but she doesn't see it.

LAURIE

WHAT?

EZEKIEL (V.O.)

Is everything OK, Laurie?

She mouths a profanity.

LAURIE

(through gritted teeth)

I'm fine.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)

Where are you?

LAURIE

You said you didn't want to know.

Laurie's hand grasps something.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)

That's not good.

LAURIE

It never is.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Richard takes Vanessa's body out and puts her over his shoulder. He spots Laurie's van.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)
Call the police.

He walks inside.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie yanks the Kanabo up and hangs up.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Red mood lighting emanates from the ceiling.

Artifacts are freshly placed on the walls.

Vanessa is strapped to the altar.

She wakes up and looks all over the room.

Her hands pull against the restraints.

Nothing.

Her breathing shallows, her eyes darting everywhere.

Richard walks in and stares at her.

He's wearing his mask and a loincloth, the knife in his hand.

She sees him... and then the knife.

VANESSA
I don't want to die!

He cuts a lock of her hair off.

Vanessa turns white.

Footsteps get closer.

Richard smiles.

Laurie runs into the room and swings the Kanabo at him!

He easily dodges it.

She watches as Richard catches her flush with a punch.

Laurie stumbles backward, dropping the club.

Richard looks at her. He tilts his head in recognition.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
Sabrina from four C.

Vanessa looks around.

Laurie kips back up to her feet and puts her hands up.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
He told me you were coming.

An uppercut drops Laurie to the ground.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
I thought you'd have more spunk.

Laurie quickly gets back up.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
I spotted your tail early, too.

She throws a high kick that he catches with his left hand.

He throws her leg down and punches her.

Laurie hits the ground with a thump.

Her eyes spot the Kanabo.

Richard kicks it away.

Laurie springs to her feet and charges at him.

Her eyes watch as a knee lands flush on her ribs.

She crumples to the ground, gritting her teeth in pain.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Those boots have to be hell on your
feet, running and kicking.

Laurie gets back up, her hands at her side.

He throws a perfect front kick that lands flush on her jaw.

Laurie lands face first.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

That baseball bat isn't a proper
weapon when someone's got the drop
on you. I would use my knife but
that's only for the ceremony.

Laurie stumbles back to her feet.

She takes her hoodie off and throws it to the ground.

Her hands motion for him to fight.

He smiles and motions for her to attack.

She charges him, throwing wild punches.

He easily ducks them and tackles her to the ground.

His hand pins her face to the floor.

Richard measures the distance with his eyes.

WHAM!

He punches her.

WHAM!

He hits her again.

WHAM!

Another fist busts her eyebrow open.

He puts his finger in her eyeball, pressing her face into the
floor with authority.

She screams in pain.

Richard lets her go and stands up.

His eyes focus on his knife.

Laurie tries to stand up but can't.

He grabs the knife and lunges at her.

She latches onto his hand, holding his hands steady.

He slowly pushes the knife towards her.

They struggle as he puts his weight into it.

Laurie bites his hand.

Richard screams in pain, the knife falling to the ground.
She throws up her legs and locks in a tight triangle choke.
Her legs squeeze with everything they have left.
He gurgles quickly and drops to his knees.
Laurie grips his wrist tightly and squeezes.
His shoulder slowly begins to separate as he groans in pain.
Richard explosively stands up and slams her to the floor.
The wind is driven out of her lungs.
She gasps for air.
Richard falls backward and away from her.
He stands up and spots the Kanabo.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
You've got spunk.

Laurie rolls over and watches him pick up the Kanabo.
Her right hand touches Richard's knife.
He stands over her, the Kanabo high above him.
Laurie grips the knife tightly.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Trellnor, hear my--

Laurie springs up and stabs him in the chest.
The Kanabo bounces off the floor.
Richard tries to reach for it but can't.
He falls.
Laurie rolls away.
Her eyes spot the Kanabo.
She grabs it and uses it to get back to her feet.
Richard tries to stand up but can't.
He spits out blood as he lies on his back.

Laurie summons all her strength and hits him square in the nuts with the Kanabo.

He screams in pain.

His hands come up into the air.

LAURIE
Do you want mercy?

His hands turn into double middle fingers.

Laurie hits him in the face with the Kanabo.

His body twitches for a moment.

Richard's dead.

He's dead.

Laurie turns and sees Vanessa.

There's an instant, palpable attraction between them.

Laurie goes over to her and stops.

She swings the club at Richard's face.

Blood spatters everywhere.

VANESSA
WHAT THE SHIT?

LAURIE
Every time you think they're dead
they always come back for one more
round. It's annoying.

Laurie takes a deep breath.

Shock waves of pain scream through her body.

She grits her teeth in pain.

Her eyes focus on Vanessa in an angry, violent way.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Nod if you never saw me.

Vanessa nods, pure fear in her eyes.

Laurie points to Richard's body.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

That's the Big Red Killer. He's got
a shrine in his bedroom closet.

(coughs up blood)

The cops will handle the rest.

Laurie unties Vanessa.

She takes a step and falls to her knees.

Her hands use the club to get back to her feet.

Vanessa puts her arm around her and helps her back up.

VANESSA

You need to get to a hospital.

Laurie shrugs the arm off.

LAURIE

I'll be fine.

Laurie limps away, using the Kanabo as a cane.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Large white boards with pictures of dead serial killers on
them are everywhere.

We see pictures of the BROWN RIVER KILLER, THE SACRAMENTO
BEAST, and many more.

Photos of The Black Panty Slasher are freshly taped onto it.

The Monster of Atlanta has a #1 by it.

Laurie's sledgehammer is wrapped in an evidence bag on top of
several evidence boxes.

Baxter stares at the board.

Drake walks in and spots her.

Baxter walks over and picks up the sledgehammer.

MAURA BAXTER

This sledgehammer killed the
Monster of Atlanta in Georgia.
Guess where it came from?

PAUL DRAKE

Atlanta, Georgia?

MAURA BAXTER
 Suburban Chicago.
 (beat)
 Someone stole it from the shed of a
 guy in a wheelchair and it winds up
 there. I wonder how.

PAUL DRAKE
 No one wanted to know why back
 then. We just took the win.

FBI AGENT RACHEL ORVILLE (30s) sprints into the room and
 looks around.

ORVILLE
 PAUL!
 (spots Paul)
 They found Big Red!

Drake's eyes open wide.

PAUL DRAKE
 I wish I could've been there when
 they put the cuffs on.

ORVILLE
 Thomson has an emergency all hands
 in an hour. Spread the word.

PAUL DRAKE
 My old partner probably busted him.
 I have to see how he did it!

Drake takes out his phone.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Richard's corpse has a white sheet over it.

Law Enforcement from the FBI, Nebraska State Police, and
 local Lincoln Police officers are all over in what would be
 gently called a jurisdictional cluster fuck.

An FBI AGENT bags Laurie's sweatshirt.

Richard's phone rings.

Everyone in the room turns to it.

The Caller ID says "Drake."

Everyone stares at it.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff studies the remnants of the Black Panty Slasher's phone.

A monitor flashes red.

A picture of Richard Saunders and "Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation" comes up.

Jeff turns his attention to it.

JEFF
Fuck me sideways.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blake drinks from a large soda.

On the left monitor is a Twitter feed for #BigRedBigDead and #MKH. Tweets are being put out at extraordinary rates.

On the right monitor is the profile of a local MINNESOTA COLLEGE STUDENT (19, female).

Everything about her, from her school schedule to her sleeping patterns, is littered over the screen in browsers.

On the middle monitor Jeff types.

Blake calls Horse Face.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
Big Red is down.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
It's time to lure her out.

Horse Face hangs up.

A file marked "Bible" comes up on Blake's screen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Laurie's van drives away from Lincoln.

EXT. LINCOLN TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Laurie's van pulls in.

A sign indicating clean showers stands out.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff dials Laurie frantically.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

The phone rings.

Laurie sees "Jeff" on the Caller ID and sends him to voicemail. She exits the van.

INT. TRUCK STOP SHOWER - NIGHT

Laurie walks in and locks the door behind her.

Every step is painful.

Laurie walks into the shower stall and turns the water on.

Blood and sweat go down the drain.

She takes her shirt off, revealing bruises and cuts.

Laurie drops it on the floor and recoils in pain.

COUGH!

She spits on the ground.

It's mostly blood.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie's phone has a half dozen missed calls from Jeff.

Jeff calls again.

INT. LARGE FBI ROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of FBI AGENTS, SUPERVISORS, and VARIOUS PERSONNEL. Drake, Orville, and Baxter are up front.

LUKE THOMSON (50s, FBI Special Agent in charge) walks in and the room goes dead quiet.

The lights dim and a projector screen turns on.

Pictures of the crime scene come up.

LUKE THOMSON

Ladies and gentlemen... tonight we
end the manhunt for the masked
killer known as the Big Red Killer.

Cheers and claps break out.

Thomson waves his hand.

A picture of Saunders at the crime scene comes up.

Silence.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)

He's been identified as Special
Agent Richard Saunders.

Drake stares at the screen.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)

One of the locals leaked photos of
the crime scene to the press as
well as BRK's identity.

A news agency's website reads "Big Red Killer taken down by
Masked Killer Hunter?"

Photos of Saunders' trophy room come up.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)

Lincoln PD closes seventy-five
cases tonight. We are going to be
opening up one.

Baxter turns to Drake. She's excited.

He glares back at her.

ORVILLE

Do we have a witness?

LUKE THOMSON

She's with LPD right now. They will
be cooperating with us.

Pictures of the Big Red Killer's victims come up.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)

The President has said our number
one priority is to find *him*.

Murmurs and whispers go throughout the room.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie sleeps soundly.

Her face is bruised and swollen.

A black eye peeks out from underneath the covers.

Her phone has two dozen missed calls on it.

EXT. REAR BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAWN

The van is parked nearby.

Laurie exits in fresh clothes.

A large garbage bag is in her hands.

The handle of the Kanabo peeks out of it.

She walks over to a dumpster and throws everything inside.

Ezekiel calls her.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)

Meet me at Mars. Noon.

He hangs up.

She walks back to her van.

A garbage truck pulls up to the dumpster.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ezekiel eats a burger and fries far from anyone.

Laurie finds him and sits down.

He stares at her bruised face.

LAURIE

You should see the other guy.

Ezekiel touches her face. She recoils in pain.

EZEKIEL

You need to go to a hospital.

LAURIE

They'll assume I'm some battered woman and send me to a shelter. One call from a social worker and--

EZEKIEL

The world is looking for you.

He hands her his phone.

It's open to a web search for "Masked Killer Hunter."

There are thousands of results.

Her jaw drops.

LAURIE

Oh shit.

EZEKIEL

They aren't fucking around.

(quietly)

None of the results point to you or someone like you. Not yet at least.

LAURIE

I've been careful.

EZEKIEL

As your lawyer, I'm going to advise you not to tell me anything else right now. If you're disposing of evidence of a crime then I am duty bound to report it to the police.

LAURIE

So what can you tell me?

EZEKIEL

This ends soon.

LAURIE

Not without him.

EZEKIEL

It won't be your choice.

Ezekiel reaches into his pocket and takes out a business card. He places it in front of her.

LAURIE

This isn't a suggestion, huh?

He nods.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A mostly-eaten delivery pizza is on Jeff's desk.

Near it is a folder is marked THE BIBLE RIPPER.

It's on top of the mariachi album from Nebraska.

On one monitor is BRAXTON MAJORS (50s, conspiracy theorist, always shouts) on a news set.

"The Real Truth with Braxton Majors" is on the marquee.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.)

I told you people that this was
real and not some made-up fantasy
from internet trolls using 4chan to
spread rumors!

Jeff pulls up a handful of articles about the death of Richard Saunders.

He pulls up Reddit and sees a "Masked Killer Hunter" Subreddit overflowing with theories.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

First, they put the chemicals in
the water to make these killers and
now they're sending in hit squads
to cover it up!

Jeff pulls up news articles about Vanessa.

She's listed as a possible witness.

Her social media profiles come up.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This so-called Masked Killer Hunter
is a CIA hit squad designed to
cover the truth up!

He pulls up the Lincoln Narcotics Anonymous website.

Ray is listed as "Meeting Leader."

All of his social media profiles come up.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After the break, I'll share how the
so-called Masked Killer Hunter
leads back to Hillary Clinton!

Angela's social media information comes up.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The conference room has photos of the Big Red Killer crime scene all over it.

A crudely drawn picture marked "Masked Killer Hunter" is freshly taped onto it.

The Masked Killer Hunter is listed at 6'5, 265 pounds, and is an average-looking man.

Drake stares at it.

Baxter walks in.

MAURA BAXTER
Can't believe it either?

PAUL DRAKE
You think you know someone.

He turns to Maura.

She hands him a picture.

MAURA BAXTER
The witness claims a "huge fucking guy" tried to leg strangle the Big Red Killer before stabbing him.

He looks at it quickly and then intensely.

PAUL DRAKE
That bruise pattern should be wider, right?

Paul puts it down.

MAURA BAXTER
So you're buying into my theory?

PAUL DRAKE
Right now someone is shoveling bullshit and I need to know who's on the business end.

MAURA BAXTER
We need to go to Lincoln.

He nods.

INT. EZEKIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ezekiel sits behind his desk.

He stares at his computer screen for a while.

Pictures of the Big Red Killer crime scene come up from a news website.

He picks up the phone on his desk and dials the Illinois State Bar Association.

ISBA ANSWERING SERVICE (V.O.)
 You have reached the Illinois State
 Bar Association Ethics Hotline.

Ezekiel hangs up. His cell phone rings with a blocked number.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A handful of PSYCH PATIENTS sit around a large waiting room.

A Picture of DOCTOR MAXWELL JENKINS (40s, handsome) is on a wall. Laurie sits near the back, far from everyone.

She looks around and walks out.

A RECEPTIONIST walks into the room and looks around.

RECEPTIONIST
 Laurie Bell?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jeff's phone rings with a call from Laurie.

LAURIE (V.O.)
 I'm ready.

JEFF
 Meet me at Triangle in an hour.

She hangs up.

INT. THOMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Thomson stares at filled-out Authorization Paperwork.

Maura sits across from him.

Drake stands towards the rear of the office.

LUKE THOMSON
This is beyond your scope.

MAURA BAXTER
I've got a hunch, sir.

Thomson puts the paperwork down.

LUKE THOMSON
This doesn't lead anywhere good.

MAURA BAXTER
Give me twenty-four hours in
Lincoln and I'll get something.

LUKE THOMSON
OK, what do you expect to find?

MAURA BAXTER
Maybe he got a parking ticket, or
maybe one of the half dozen crimes
on the local police blotter that
didn't result in arrests was our
guy. No one is that clean.

LUKE THOMSON
I can't authorize this right now.

PAUL DRAKE
Sir, she's onto something.

Drake hands Thomson a photo of the leg bruise.

LUKE THOMSON
Maybe he skipped leg day.

PAUL DRAKE
Or maybe someone is pointing us in
the wrong direction on purpose.

Maura reaches into a suitcase and takes out a file marked
"Monster of Atlanta."

MAURA BAXTER
How about Grand Rapids, Michigan?
(hands file to Luke)
Two years ago a prostitute with a
drug problem somehow managed to
kill the Monster of Atlanta.

Thomson opens the file up and looks at it.

PAUL DRAKE

I was there, sir. She could barely walk much less brutally murder a man like him. Local PD wanted the win, nothing more.

LUKE THOMSON

(looks at Maura)

What do you think she'll say?

MAURA BAXTER

That she knows who MKH is.

Thomson puts the folder down.

He signs the authorization paperwork and hands it to her.

LUKE THOMSON

You've got twenty-four hours.

Maura and Drake nod.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Laurie intensely stares down the highway.

On the passenger seat is a folder marked "Bible Killer."

A well-worn road map of the Midwest is underneath it.

EXT. MICHIGAN HOME - DAY

Drake and Baxter walk to the front door.

PAUL DRAKE

I hope you're right on this.

MAURA BAXTER

So do I.

Both approach the door. Deep breaths.

KNOCK KNOCK!

The door opens up and Donna is on the other side.

A Shotgun is in her hands.

DONNA THOMAS

You've got twenty seconds.

MAURA BAXTER
We're with the FBI.

Donna looks over them closely.

DONNA THOMAS
Badges, please. Slowly.

Drake and Baxter take out their badges and show them to Donna. Underneath their jackets are holstered pistols.

MAURA BAXTER
We're here to talk to you about the
Monster of Atlanta.

Donna places the shotgun into a large pot.

DONNA THOMAS
Did he come back to life?

PAUL DRAKE
He's still dead.

MAURA BAXTER
We know you didn't kill him.

DORNA THOMAS
And I pray every single day that
you never find that girl. She's a
god-damn hero.

SLAM!

Maura and Drake look at the door and each other.

PAUL DRAKE
That was fun.

Maura thinks for a moment.

MAURA BAXTER
That girl?

PAUL DRAKE
It'd make sense from the bruise
pattern, potentially.

MAURA BAXTER
Call the Lincoln office and see if
they have anything out of the
ordinary from the day of.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A laser printer hums in the distance.

One of the Monitors changes from general news coverage into a terminal. Hundreds of lines of code flash by.

The monitor returns to normal.

Jeff wheels back in with Chinese Takeout.

Footsteps get closer.

Jeff reaches underneath his desk for his shotgun.

JEFF

Whoever is here--

A DARK FIGURE approaches from the shadows.

Jeff takes the shotgun out and aims it at him.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

A knife appears in the Dark Figure's hands.

EXT. MICHIGAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and Drake walk back to their car.

Drake opens the driver's door.

PAUL DRAKE

It could make sense.

MAURA BAXTER

When's our flight tomorrow?

PAUL DRAKE

Eight.

MAURA BAXTER

Let's try to connect the dots.

PAUL DRAKE

Thomson might shit himself if this turns into what you think it is.

Both get inside the car.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The Dark Figure wipes his boots on the lawn.
Fresh blood is ground into the dirt.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jeff's body is on the floor.
Two dozen stab wounds are in it.
His phone rings.
The Caller ID says "Laurie."

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - DAY

Laurie sits on the cot, her phone in her hands.
An older Chinese Nine Ring Sword is on her desk.
A Mariachi Band Record is underneath it.

LAURIE

You must be doing something amazing
to ditch my call this time.

(looks at the record)

The clerk at the pawn shop said the
album I got was one of two hundred
pressings. It must be rare or
bad... I'm not sure which. You'll
have to let me know, I suppose.

(beat)

This one is being brazen about his
stalking. It's almost too easy. I
took some Advil so I'll be fine if
it doesn't turn into a scrap.

She hangs up.

INT. MICHIGAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Drake and Baxter sit at a small table in front of laptops.

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe it was a slip of the tongue?

MAURA BAXTER

Do you ever confuse anyone's
gender, Paul?

PAUL DRAKE
Maybe it was a metaphor.

MAURA BAXTER
Or maybe the Monster of Atlanta was
the first victim of MKH.

He motions for her to continue.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)
Serials are always sloppy at first
because they're developing their
pattern, right?

PAUL DRAKE
Right.

MAURA BAXTER
But it's always a pattern. Someone
studying them would realize that.

PAUL DRAKE
They left the sledgehammer behind.

MAURA BAXTER
Again, sloppy, like a first kill.

PAUL DRAKE
Nothing matches after that.

MAURA BAXTER
Because they learned. Suddenly
bodies are being dropped and we
have nothing. No one will put it
together because these guys are
evil fucks. Someone is going to do
something to them. Turns out it was
one person.

PAUL DRAKE
Let's say I buy it. Now what?

MAURA BAXTER
Someone has to have vast resources
to find these guys but enough tech
know how to stay off the grid.

PAUL DRAKE
A good meal will help get the
juices flowing, I think.

EXT. LARGE MICHIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The BIBLE KILLER (40s) watches from inside a truck.

He's tall with a dad bod and thinning hair fashioned into a mullet. A brand new Bible is in his hands.

We see several MICHIGAN TEENAGERS drink and party through a bay window.

Laurie's van is down the street.

The Bible Killer exits his truck with torn-up pages in one hand and a butcher knife in the other.

He walks towards a gate to the backyard.

Laurie exits the van and follows him discreetly.

EXT. MICHIGAN BAR - NIGHT

Empty beers are in front of Paul and Maura.

Drake looks around. His eyes spot the house party.

Maura is glued to her phone.

PAUL DRAKE

Did the President say something
stupid again?

She hands her phone to him.

He looks at it and his eyes open wide.

MAURA BAXTER

She goes off the grid and all these
guys wind up dead. It has to be.

PAUL DRAKE

I think you're taking what she said
a little too hard.

MAURA BAXTER

She said girl, not woman. The first
one was not that long ago and
Laurie isn't that old.

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe she just relapsed and is dead
in an alley somewhere?

MAURA BAXTER

Then why are there articles and forum posts of the legendary Laurie Bell getting her act together?

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe it was too much for her.

MAURA BAXTER

You get her in shape, point her in the right direction and you've got someone who blends in. We've all said it has to be a man because--

PAUL DRAKE

We assume someone who's taking them out is a man.

(beat)

Most serial killers are men, too.

MAURA BAXTER

So a woman hunting them down? No one thinks of that.

PAUL DRAKE

I talked to her enough to know that she didn't have it in her then.

MAURA BAXTER

Did she have any history of violence?

Paul thinks for a long moment.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

Better question. What's the one thing she'd want more than anything else in the world?

(beat)

Revenge.

PAUL DRAKE

Then why her? That's where you lose me, Maura.

MAURA BAXTER

Let's say you're going to turn someone into MKH... are you going to recruit the scrawny weakling from drama class or the freak athlete? There's a world of hurt between being in shape and being athletic, too, or else Mister Olympia could beat up a UFC champ.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Music bumps from inside the house.

Two TEENAGERS make out by a shed.

The Bible Killer throws the pages by their feet.

They don't notice.

He emerges from the shadows with the knife.

BIBLE KILLER

Hear these words, sinners, and
repent thy sins in front of the
LORD YOUR GOD!

They turn and see him.

Their jaws drop in abject terror.

BIBLE KILLER (CONT'D)

Hellfire and BRIMSTONE await--

SLICE!

Blood pours out of his neck,

His head falls off and hits the ground with a thud.

His body collapses to the ground.

Laurie is behind him.

A layer of blood is on her sword.

The Teenagers scream in terror.

LAURIE

He's got a shrine in a shed--

The music stops.

Her eyes turn to a sliding glass door.

All she hears is her heartbeat.

A cold sweat comes down her brow.

The Horse Face Killer emerges from inside, axe in hand.

Blood drips off it.

The teenagers scream.

EXT. MICHIGAN BAR - NIGHT

Maura and Drake hear them.

PAUL DRAKE
That's twice.

MAURA BAXTER
It's not good.

PAUL DRAKE
Call the locals. I'll check it out.

He sprints to the house.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurie points to the gate behind her.

The teenagers sprint past her.

Laurie takes a deep breath and steels herself.

Horse Face cracks his neck to the left and to the right.

He yawns and slowly approaches her.

Laurie throws a spinning wheel kick he easily dodges.

She grips her sword harder and swings wildly at him.

He ducks and blocks every single try.

THUMP!

A big front kick from him sends her flying backward.

HORSE FACE KILLER
I expected more out of you.

LAURIE
I'm just getting started.

She kips up and swings the sword wildly at him.

He blocks it casually.

SNAP!

Part of the blade flies off and into the yard, leaving a jagged edge.

He swings the ax wildly at her.

She easily ducks it and goes to stab him.

WHACK!

A big right hook drops her to the ground.

Both of Horse Face's hands grip his ax as he swings it down.

She rolls out of the way.

THUMP!

He swings and she rolls out of the way again.

THUMP!

She rolls out of the way again.

WHACK!

An elbow lands flush on her face.

Laurie's nose breaks, blood pouring out instantly.

She stabs him in the ankle and Horse Face falls to his side.

Laurie rolls backward, towards the house.

Horse Face looks her in the eyes and pulls the sword out. He throws it away casually and glares at her.

She motions for him to fight.

He smiles and throws the ax down, walking her down.

Laurie puts her hands up and throws a right.

Miss.

A left.

Miss.

Horse Face effortlessly dodges as every strike she tries hits nothing but air. He catches her hands and headbutts her.

She drops her to the ground, blood pouring out of her nose.

His eyes measure her face and he brutally knees her.

Laurie falls backward, groaning in pain.

She looks up and sees Horse Face.

His back is to the sliding glass door.

She slowly stands up.

He smirks at her.

Her eyes focus on him.

Laurie feints a right hand and Horse Face puts his hands up.

She ducks and catches him in a perfect double-leg takedown.

CRASH!

She drives him through the sliding glass door.

INT. MICHIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A handful of DEAD BODIES are all over.

Laurie and Horse Face fly into the room.

Glass flies everywhere.

Horse Face moans in pain.

Glass is stuck in many parts of his back.

Laurie looks around and spots a coffee pot.

She grips it tightly and swings it at Horse Face's head.

THUMP!

She swings it over and over. He puts his hands up to block.

CRACK!

The pot breaks on his forearms.

Horse Face grabs Laurie by the throat and stands up with her.

His hands slowly squeeze the life out of her.

She kicks him in the nuts as hard as she can.

He howls in pain and drops her to the ground.

WHACK!

Horse Face kicks her in the ribs.

Laurie stumbles back outside.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurie hits the ground. She looks around and spots the ax.

She crawls to it.

Horse Face emerges and kicks her in the ribs.

She screams in pain.

He kicks her again.

She rolls.

Her eyes spot the broken piece of her sword.

Horse Face grabs the ax.

Drake sprints into the backyard, gun drawn.

He sees Laurie, lowering it for a moment.

His jaw drops.

PAUL DRAKE

What the--

THUMP!

The ax flies into Drake's head.

He falls to the ground, dead.

Horse Face smiles and turns to Laurie.

His eyes watch her plunge the shard into his heart.

Horse Face lets out a primordial scream.

Laurie stabs him repeatedly.

Horse Face falls to his knees.

She rips his mask off.

The Horse Face Killer is Doctor Jenkins.

Laurie stabs him in the heart.

She stares into his eyes as she plunges the shared into him.

He howls in pain.

LAURIE
This is for her.

She twists it.

Horse Face lets out a howl of pain and dies.

She lets go of his body, watching it for a moment.

Her hand rips the shard out and stabs him again.

Horse Face is still dead.

Maura sprints in with her gun drawn.

MAURA BAXTER
Freeze!

Laurie turns and sees Maura.

She spots her badge on her hip and puts her hands up.

Maura puts her pistol away. She grabs Laurie's wrist with one hand, the other reaching for handcuffs.

Laurie tosses her to the ground.

Maura gets up to see Laurie's knee smash into her face.

Laurie shakes her knee out.

Maura is out cold.

Laurie turns around and sprints into the darkness.

Moments later several GRAND RAPIDS POLICE OFFICERS show up.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - LATER

GRAND RAPIDS POLICE surround the area.

CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL are all over.

Maura has a blanket over her shoulders as she sits on the porch. Her eye is massively bruised and blackened.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY (DAYS LATER)

Laurie knocks on the front door.

Nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A chalk outline of Jeff's body is on the ground.

Laurie walks in and looks around.

She quickly walks up to his computer and types on it.

Her fingers type in "Jeff Tolliver."

Articles about his death come up.

Tears pour out of her face.

She grabs the keyboard and presses a button.

A password comes up.

She types in "Professor Broom."

It accepts it.

Video footage of Jeff's murder comes up.

Her eyes focus on it.

EXT. EXEKIEL'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ezekiel has a full trash bag in his hands.

His eyes are bloodshot, dark circles are around his eyes.

Laurie appears out of the darkness, startling him.

EZEKIEL

I have a front door.

LAURIE

Yes, you do.

Silence.

EZEKIEL

I saw the news. How did it feel?

LAURIE

Good.

EZEKIEL

I heard about him. I'm sorry.

LAURIE

Thank you.

EZEKIEL

I was contacted by a lawyer for his family. He left you a considerable amount of money.

LAURIE

I don't want it.

EZEKIEL

It's enough to go anywhere you want and start a new life.

She looks at him deeply.

Her body tenses up.

LAURIE

He recorded it.

Ezekiel looks at her and sighs.

EZEKIEL

I told him about everything bad I did during a therapy session. He said if I didn't do it, he'd ruin me professionally and personally.

(beat)

They would've hurt my family and I couldn't let that happen.

LAURIE

I could've done something.

EZEKIEL

You can barely take care of yourself, Laurie.

Silence.

LAURIE

Are you going to turn yourself in?

EZEKIEL

You wouldn't be here for that.

Ezekiel reaches into his lower back, taking out a pistol.

She moves her hand forward, revealing a machete.

LAURIE

I don't want to do this.

EZEKIEL

Then walk away.

LAURIE
Not for him.

He aims the gun at her.

EZEKIEL
Don't make me do this.

LAURIE
He deserves justice. Which type he gets is up to you.

EZEKIEL
What about the people you killed?

LAURIE
They got what they deserved.

EZEKIEL
What about Sabrina?

LAURIE
What about her?

EZEKIEL
Do you think she's happy to see what you've done in her name?

LAURIE
When he wants to talk to me about all the lives I took, I'll gladly ask him why he needed to take her.

EZEKIEL
What about all the talk about God not listening?

LAURIE
I'm OK with what I've done.

He looks at her and then at the gun.

EZEKIEL
I have a pretty good idea where I'm going to see you next.

EXT. EXEKIEL'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Laurie's van is parked in the distance.

BANG!

Laurie emerges and walks to her van.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Jeff's Grave has freshly planted flowers on it.

He was a beloved son and husband.

Laurie looks at it, a tear in her eye. She wipes it away.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I met him once.

Laurie turns to see her father approach her.

He hasn't aged at all.

A large, sealed envelope is in his hands.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

He stopped in six months ago to have his will redone. The man was very particular and made me hold on to this "just in case."

LAURIE

I'm sorry I--

ANDREW

After everything that happened, I think I understand.

Silence.

LAURIE

I don't know what to say.

ANDREW

I buried my best friend and I saw a figure in the woods with red hair.

LAURIE

I didn't do it.

ANDREW

The police think you did.

LAURIE

He killed my friend.

ANDREW

One of his neighbors saw you and the van. I'm assuming you're at least a suspect by this point.

She goes to say something.

He puts up his finger.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
The less you say, you hear me.

Laurie nods.

He hands her the envelope.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
There was a sealed note with this.
I was surprised that you were the
one to get it.
(beat)
Don't open it in front of me.

LAURIE
Did anyone else stop by?

ANDREW
A woman from the FBI. She said if
you turned yourself in they might
go easy on you.

LAURIE
Did she say anything else?

ANDREW
They said a lot of things I didn't
want to hear, honey.

LAURIE
If they catch me--

ANDREW
There's a burner in the glove box
and some other things.

Andrew tosses her his keys and motions into the distance.

LAURIE
Why?

ANDREW
You're still my daughter, even if
they call you a stupid name.

Laurie looks into the distance.

Maura and an FBI STRIKE TEAM slowly creep up.

LAURIE
I love you, dad.

ANDREW
I love you too, kid.

Laurie sprints past him.

Maura and the FBI Strike Team charge towards her.

Watches as they rush past him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Laurie takes out her father's keys.

She presses the door unlock button.

An older Dodge Charger beeps.

Laurie gets inside and starts the engine.

It roars to life.

The Charger drives away.

After a moment Maura and the strike team emerge.

She looks around.

The team looks at her.

FBI STRIKE TEAM MEMBER
What do we do, Special Agent
Baxter?

Maura takes a deep breath.

MAURA BAXTER
The Masked Killer Hunter is number
one on the FBI's Most Wanted List.
Let's act accordingly.

EXT. RURAL TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (LATER)

Laurie sits in front of the Charger.

An empty energy drink and the remnants of some gas station
food are on the ground.

A burner phone and a tablet computer are on the hood.

She opens the envelope.

A thumb drive labeled "targets" and \$10,000 is inside.

Laurie plugs the thumb drive into the tablet computer.

A video of Jeff comes up.

JEFF (V.O.)

Hey kid. If you're seeing this,
then shit happened and I hope you
made sure whoever did it gets what
is coming to them.

A terminal comes up on the screen.

JEFF (V.O.) (CONT'D)

From here on out you are on your
own in this crazy world. If you
need to continue, the next target
will come up. If you got *him* before
I recorded this, then I get it too.

A photo of the Apple Valley Strangler comes up.

Laurie taps the screen.

Everything about his life comes up.

She clicks on his address.

A GPS comes up. She's four hours away from him.

Laurie throws everything onto the passenger seat and gets
into the Charger.

She starts the engine.

It roars to life.

Laurie drives away.

FADE OUT.