

LOVES A KILLER

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DICK TURNER, a 20s, skinny Caucasian with afro hair and sparkled clothing speaks to the camera as he gyrates to the beat of the music. Across the screen flashes "Sweatin' with Dick Turner"

DICK TURNER

Hey, hey Hey-hey-hey, Let's sweat with Dick!
Come on ladies reach your hands out in the air, and shake what your momma gave ya! That's it, up and down!! You're doing great. You can do this. That's right! Shake it Mama, Don't you honey boo hoo on me! Do you want a macho man. I want to be your macho man. It's sweatin' with Dick!!

PULL OUT TO

INT. JT'S HOUSE- BEATRICE'S BEDROOM- DAY

GRANDMA BEATRICE, a feisty, voluptuous full figured woman in her 70s is standing in her bedroom watching the TV with Dick Turner on it. Shes following along to the exercises.

DICK TURNER

This aint no pony! We're doing the horse!!! Oh girl.... You making me sweat!!!

Dick Turner puts both hands out in front of him as if he's holding the reins on a horse, and then rocks his legs back and forth. Grandma Beatrice follows suit, and yells towards the door.

BEATRICE

So Maria, how's your grades this semester?
I heard about the murders on the news, so before you and JT head back to campus again, I'm gonna get you two pepper spray.

MARIA & JT, 20s step siblings, appear at the doorway. They watch Grandma Beatrice and giggle. WE HEAR Dick Turner on the TV.

DICK TURNER

Hey you! Yea, You focus... we're about to make it harder.. You want to go camping... ok, let's make it hot!! That's right get those giant appendages out in-front of you, and loosen up those lips, We're rubbing our sticks together, and blowing on the fire!

Dick Turner puts his hands in-front of himself again, fingers stretched, and makes his hands go back and forth, as if he's rubbing a stick quickly to lite kindling wood on fire. He blows on his hands.

MARIA

They're fine Grams. I'm passing. JT's not though. Surprised he hasn't gotten kicked out for public intoxication yet.

JT

Like that's going to stop us from murdering someone.

BEATRICE

Joshua, shut your mouth before I slap it! So help me Jesus.

Beatrice blows on her hands as she follows along to the video. JT exits the door frame and enters his bedroom.

Maria walks away from the door and heads downstairs. JT turns and sees Grandpa Leo walking down the hallway. Grandpa Leo stops in the doorway.

GRANDPA LEO

Cheating on me with that flaming skinny ass white boy again I see. Damn-it I gotta pee. I fuckin' hate getting old.

Grandpa Leo exits towards the bathroom down the hall, as Grandma Beatrice continues her exercises. Grandpa Leo yells from the bathroom.

DICK TURNER (V.O.)

Are you almost there, I'm ready to blow... let's climax together. That's right... oh yea, you're doing great. Keep the rhythm. You'll be a pro in no time! Are you ready!!! Let's do the money shot!!!!

Dick Turner while thrusting his hips in a back and forth motion, quickly shakes hand right fist in a downward/upwards motion, and then releases his fist, extending his fingers out wide. Grandma Beatrice follows.

GRANDPA LEO (V.O.)
Beatrice, my pee smells. Did I have asparagus? Come smell this.

DICK TURNER (V.O.)
Doesn't that feel good. Now be sure to clean yourself up with a towel, and take a shower. You deserved it!

Beatrice yells towards the door.

BEATRICE
I'm not coming to smell your damn piss. I just climaxed with Dick. It's time to cool down.
(talks to herself)
Some days I wish he'd just die. Save me the aggravation of strangling his stupid ass in his sleep.

GRANDPA LEO (V.O.)
Are you talking to me?

BEATRICE
You know some of us might need to use the john.

Beatrice turns off the DVD, bends over pick up a towel to dry herself. WE SEE somebody dressed in a black robe standing in the doorway as Beatrice bends over from through the mirror.

CUT TO

2 EXT. CHURCH/INT. BRUCE'S POLICE CRUISER- DAY

2

A tall, intimidating man, BRUCE, 50s, the Witherspoon Falls Chief of Police, is sitting in his police cruiser. TAMARA tries to open the passenger door, but it's locked. Tamara taps on the window.

BRUCE
(Rolls down the passenger window.)
Perps in the back.

TAMARA

Dad.

Bruce rolls up the passenger window as Tamara opens the back passenger door and gets in.

BRUCE

You know the rules. Business in the front. Party in the back.

TAMARA

Dad, that's for a mullet... What's up? Why all the charades?

BRUCE

Tamara, I'm gonna get down to it. What do you know about Brandon? Did he have any enemies at school?

TAMARA

No, I don't know, he didn't even go to Reese, at least I don't think he did. Why?

BRUCE

Don't hold back information from me, Tamara, or I can use it against you in court.

TAMARA

Come on, Dad, what, am I on trial here?

BRUCE

Everybody's a suspect, till we can crack this thing.

TAMARA

What are they stumped on this time?

BRUCE

Ya know what it's like? It's like what ya get when you wipe your ass too hard.

TAMARA

A rash?

BRUCE

No, the fucking one-ply shreds into pieces and all you're left with is shit on your hands.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That's what we got, Tamara, a fucking gibberish note that's worth shit 'cause we can't read the damn thing. I tell you though, whoever pulled these fucking murders off is smart, really smart, so smart they should be on the God-damn force.

TAMARA

Well, I don't know what to tell you, Dad... Can I go now?

BRUCE

Yeah, honey, get out of here. Do me a favor though, watch out for any terrorists.

TAMARA

(Gets out of the car and pokes her head in to speak.)

I don't think the murderer is a terrorist, Dad. Black, yes, but terrorist, no.

BRUCE

Oh, hold the fucking phone, Miss T'ang. Get back in this fucking car right now, so help me God.

(Tamara gets back in the car and shuts the door.)

You listen to me, and you listen good, Tamara, because I'm not going to fucking repeat myself, you hear me.

TAMARA

What?

BRUCE

If you weren't my daughter, I'd smack you so fucking hard.

TAMARA

I'm listening, Dad. What is it?

BRUCE

You have some fucking balls after everything our ancestors have been though, after Dr. King himself, God rest his soul, declared to the masses that he had a dream.

TAMARA

Dad.

BRUCE

Girl, don't you fucking interrupt me when I'm monologueing. After all we did for you, after our beloved country finally did something right for a change and bestowed the highest office in the land to my man, my man, and not to that stiff arm cracker who can't even scratch his ass if his life depended on it, cause Lord knows that last repo we had was a real piece of fucking work. You must have some balls, in this great nation of ours, after your Mother and I taught you right from wrong, after all this, after all this, you have the godforsaken fucking nerve to single out our kind, our kind, and blame him for such a heinous crime to humanity. I don't fucking think so.

The hearse driver signals to Bruce that the procession is ready.

TAMARA

Dad, with all due respect, the apple didn't fall too far from the tree.

BRUCE

I ain't fucking talking 'bout no apples, Tamara. I'm talking about how no brother in his right mind is gonna lynch a cracker, and kill off his friends while they're smoking weed... He's gonna join 'em.

TAMARA

Dad, if you look at the facts, so far no brothers have been hit. So the way I look at it, it's in the realm of possibilities, because in this town, at our school, I just don't see it happening.

BRUCE

You know, Tamara, You'll make a great officer one day.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Get out of here and go with the girls, the procession is about to start... Hey, I love you.

Tamara gets out and runs to Stacey's car. Tamara opens the passenger door and Laura reluctantly gets out and sits in back. Tamara makes hand motions as if to cuff Laura in the head, as the procession starts and the cars drive away.

FLASH TO

3 INT. JT'S HOUSE- DAY

3

JT (an alcoholic 20s University Student) dressed in a black medieval monk robe finely detailed with a flowing cowl and cape with undertones of blue, the hood draped over his head, stands in a doorway, as GRANDMA BEATRICE, 70s, overweight yet feisty & busty, wears a brightly colored exercise suit and sweats to an exercise DVD on the TV screen. JT enters the bedroom, and murders Grandma Beatrice with a knife stab to the throat. Beatrice falls onto the bed as blood gushes out, staining the white sheets. JT exits Beatrice's bedroom, with blood on his knife, and goes downstairs to grab a towel from the kitchen. MARIA, JT's step sister, 20s, slightly overweight, yet petite, is washing dishes, and doesn't notice JT grab the towel from the stove handle. JT turns the oven to 500 degrees, and then walks back upstairs and into the bathroom. Maria turns off the water, and heads up the stairs. She notices that Beatrice's bedroom door is open, and the bathroom door is closed. She looks into the bedroom and sees Beatrice's body cut up and blood all over the floor. Maria panics.

MARIA

Grandpa Leo, JT, come quick, Grandma Bea is dead. She's been murdered.

(She hears the toilet flushing.)

Grandpa Leo is that you? Grandpa Leo, are you ok? I'm coming in. Grandma Bea was murdered. We need to call the police. Grandpa Leo, now's not the time to be playing games. I don't want to see your third testicle again. It's bad enough the nurses aid had to look at it to pull the ingrown hair out.

Maria bangs on the bathroom door. It opens, Rellik is hiding behind the door. Maria walks inside and sees Grandpa Leo's throat is slashed in the bathtub. Maria screams.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 JT! Call the Police.

Maria runs into the hallway and bangs on JT's bedroom door.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 JT, open up. Grandma Bea and
 Grandpa Leo have been murdered.

JT, opens the door to his room. Maria screams. JT finishes taking off the robe.

JT
 What?

MARIA
 What do you mean what? Grandma Bea
 and Grandpa Leo have been murdered.

JT
 Stop fucking around.

MARIA
 Well, we have to call the Police.

JT
 Relax, you're probably just
 overreacting.

MARIA
 Overreacting? Look for yourself,
 they're fucking dead, JT.

JT
 Fine, I'll play your game, Just
 stop yelling, I have a headache.

JT looks in the bedroom, sees Beatrice sprawled out on the bed, covered in blood, and then looks into the bathroom at Grandpa Leo. Maria follows.

JT (CONT'D)
 Damn, that sucks. I'll go to the
 kitchen and call the Police.

MARIA
 How can you be so fucking calm?

JT
 I watch this shit on TV all the
 time, it doesn't bother me. You see
 one dead body, and you've seen 'em
 all.

MARIA
You're messed up!

JT leaves the bathroom and heads for the kitchen downstairs, while Maria goes in the bedroom and looks on in shock at Grandma Bea, she then turns around and walks into the hallway and screams at the sight of Rellik who frightens her.

4 INT. JT'S HOUSE-KITCHEN- DAY 4

JT looks at his watch.

JT
Fuck, I'm going to be late.

JT picks up the phone and dials 911, then leaves the phone off the hook on the counter, grabs an apple out of the fruit basket on the table and leaves.

5 INT. JT'S HOUSE- HALLWAY- DAY 5

Rellik walks slowly towards Maria.

MARIA
JT come on stop, you're scaring me.
I'm serious, we need to call the
police. You can take off the stupid
outfit. It's not funny anymore.

Rellik smashes Maria's head into a family photo, breaking the glass as she stumbles down the hallway, trying to get away. Maria screams again. Rellik pushes her down the stairs, and kicks her into the kitchen, where he opens the oven door. Maria struggles as Rellik grabs her hair and shoves Maria into the oven. Rellik turns the knob to clean, and locks the oven door. Rellik then reaches for the note in his bag and tapes the note to the oven door.

WE SEE it reads: "c eqwrng uvgru cyca, hktuv a fgwdng egpvta ngvvgt, vjgp wpwugf nkmg vjku, c dwppa tcddkv vtgcuwtg.

Rellik then leaves out the back door.

FLASH TO

EXT. CEMETERY- DAY

The funeral procession has arrived at the cemetery. Stacey, Laura and Tamara get out of the car, and proceed to walk towards the group of people who have gathered at Brandon's grave site. Branden is there with his parents.

TAMARA

So where's JT?

STACEY

He said he was on his way.

Another police cruiser pulls up to the cemetery, and OFFICER PATRICK, black, late 20s, attractive, gets out of the car, runs up to Bruce who is standing next to Tamara.

BRUCE

Tamara.

TAMARA

Yes, Dad.

BRUCE

I have to go with Officer Patrick to a call. It looks like the serial killer struck again. So, after the funeral, take the cruiser home, and no joyriding. Don't think that because I'm the Chief of Police, I'm immune to reprimand... I'll have Officer Patrick drop me off home later.

Bruce leaves the funeral with Officer Patrick.

TAMARA

Alright, Dad, no problem. I'll be careful.

Bruce gets in Officer Patrick's Police Cruiser, and with lights flashing they drive off as JT comes flying around the corner, practically driving into a tombstone.

STACEY

There's JT, I told you he'd show up.

TAMARA

Surprised he's not in a body bag yet, the way he drives.

JT

So where's the beer?

TAMARA

It's a funeral, asshole, there is no beer.

JT

Well, then, I'm glad I brought my own.

JT cracks open a beer from his back pocket.

TAMARA

JT, you may have had differences in the past with Branden, but can you fucking control yourself for one day in your life, for Brandon's sake?

JT

If you only knew.

STACEY

JT, be quiet, you're yelling.

JT

I'm drunk.

TAMARA

When are you not drunk?

JT

Bitch.

TAMARA

Dick

JT

Blow me.

STACEY

Guys, stop. shut up.

The group walks over to the grave site, and join the rest of the funeral procession. Branden's parents, MARSHA, PETER, and BRANDEN are there, as well as his friends and relatives. The PRIEST speaks.

PRIEST

We are gathered here today to put to rest Brandon Curkpatrick Love.
(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

While he left this world in tragedy, may he be forever remembered in our hearts and prayers as the boy and eventually the man we've all come to know and love. Let us not reflect upon his final days with us here on Earth, but remember the good times that we cherished in his better days. Give him, o Lord, your peace and let your eternal light shine upon him. Let us now bow our heads, and remember Brandon in our own special way.

JT

This is fucking dumb.

PRIEST

Son, can you show some respect for the deceased. This is a funeral.

JT

No shit, penguin.

Branden, visibly shaken with tears in his eyes, turns to JT.

BRANDEN

Why don't you just leave, before you're the one in the grave.

STACEY

Branden, stop, JT was just leaving, weren't you JT.

JT

Don't gotta tell me twice, I didn't want to be here anyway.

JT stumbles off.

PRIEST

This concludes the funeral services for Brandon Curkpatrick Love. May you all now go in peace, as we lower Brandon into his final resting place.

The guests at the funeral lightly place roses on Brandon's casket as it is lowered into its final resting place. And then leave the cemetery to their cars. The Priest consoles Brandon's parents and Branden and says his good-byes, then he too leaves the cemetery.

Stacey and Branden hug.

CUT TO

EXT. TAMARA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Tamara pulls up to the house in her dad's police cruiser and parks it in the driveway. Rellik, walks by, sees the cruiser, and then sneaks off into the night.

6 INT. TAMARA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

6

Tamara is pacing around the house, and keeps looking out the window. She notices JT's car as it speeds away.

TAMARA

I swear that fucktard is up to no good... You know what, Fuck it, I'm calling Stacey.

Tamara takes out her cell phone and calls up Stacey.

½ SCREEN CUT TO

7 INT. STACEY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

7

Laura answers Stacey's cell phone, while Stacey is painting her nails.

LAURA

Hello?

TAMARA

Laura, why do you have Stacey's phone.

LAURA

Because Stacey is painting her nails, duh!

TAMARA

What happened to driving my car back after the funeral?

LAURA

Oh, yeah, huh. I think I forgot.

TAMARA

Well, don't strain yourself, wouldn't want to give your brain an aneurysm.

LAURA
Is that like an S.T.D.?

TAMARA
Shut up, I'll come get it when Dad
gets home.

Tamara hangs up the phone.

BACK TO FULL
SCREEN

8 EXT. TAMARA'S HOUSE NIGHT

8

Officer Patrick drops off Bruce in front of his house, and
can see Tamara through the window.

OFFICER PATRICK
Don't forget your file, sir.

BRUCE
Maybe Tamara can break it? She's
gonna follow in my footsteps, you
know.

OFFICER PATRICK
Can I say, Sir?

BRUCE
Stop right there, Patrick, 'cause I
know what you're thinking, and the
answer's no.

OFFICER PATRICK
But?

BRUCE
Don't think I don't see the way you
look at Tamara, Patrick.

OFFICER PATRICK
I can't help it, sir, she excites
me.

Bruce looks down at Officer Patrick then quickly turns his
head.

BRUCE
Oh my god, Patrick, for Christ
sake, at ease.

OFFICER PATRICK
Sorry, sir.

BRUCE
Think grandmothers, puppies,
anything... Shit man, it's my
daughter we're talking about. I
can't take you fucking anywhere.
Standing at attention here,
knocking shit over there.

OFFICER PATRICK
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. I'll take
care of it right away.

BRUCE
Not in the car you won't.

Officer Patrick hands Bruce a file that has information about
the murders and drives off.

CUT TO

9 INT. TAMARA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

9

Tamara is sitting on the couch, flipping through the channels
on the TV.

BRUCE
Tamara? I'm home.

TAMARA
Hi, Daddy. I'm in the living room.

BRUCE
Where's your car?

TAMARA
Einstein struck again... Still
taking work home with you, I see.

BRUCE
It's important Tamara. This serial
killer is out there, and it's my
job to bring him or her to justice.
I think these notes are a clue.
Each one is slightly different
though, yet oddly the same.

TAMARA
Can I look?

BRUCE

I was hoping you would. Here, I've had my whole team look at 'em, and they can't come up with anything.

Bruce shows the file to Tamara.

TAMARA

So, what do you know so far?

BRUCE

I knew you'd jump right in. How's the job hunt coming? You know, graduation's right around the corner. Still thinking of police work?

TAMARA

I will have my criminal physiology major!

BRUCE

You know, I can get you on the force after college.

TAMARA

That's what I'm hoping for, Dad.... Father and daughter side by side, fighting crime, and kicking some ass.

Tamara looks at the notes.

BRUCE

It's just a bunch of letters.

TAMARA

It's not just random letters on a page, Dad. They were placed with care. Here, look at this page again,

(Tamara hands Bruce a page.)

there's commas, and periods.

BRUCE

Shit, you're right... fucking brilliant... chip off the old block.

TAMARA

Yeah, you can thank Mom for that!

BRUCE
So, what's it mean?
(Bruce pauses, looks
around.)
Did you hear that?

TAMARA
Yea, it's probably a deer or
something. You know how we're
destroying their habitat.

BRUCE
Well they should know better.

TAMARA
No we should know better. Look,
these letters are repeated here,
and here.

BRUCE
Okay, so it's words.

TAMARA
Well, yeah, but I've never seen any
language written like this before.

BRUCE
I wish your Mother was still alive.
She was always good at these kind
of brainteasers.

TAMARA
Dad, if there's one thing Mom
taught me, it's not to give up. You
shouldn't either. We'll catch that
stupid killer, no matter how smart
he or she is.

BRUCE
I know baby... it's just can we do
it in time before he strikes again?
Wanna go get your car?

TAMARA
I would fucking love you... well, I
already love you, but, you know.

Tamara goes around turning off the lights and TV.

BRUCE
Leave 'em on, we'll be back in a
few anyways. Keeps the perps away.

TAMARA

Daddy, you worry too much.

Tamara grabs her coat and heads out the door. Bruce locks up the house, and heads out the door. The news comes on the TV.

10 INT. NEWS CHANNEL 12 TV STUDIO

10

WEATHERMAN

Rain, rain go away... but will it ever come back? It seems like the childhood song is making Mother Nature take notice. The heat wave is here to stay, folks, at least for the next week or so. Let's take a look at the forecast for the weekend. High in the upper 60s with sun in the mix for tomorrow, and Friday looks to be the same. Heck, this weekend is anything but a washout. Word of advice though if you miss the rain, keep on singing. Back to you, Diane.

DIANE

Thank you, Steven. Hopefully my neighbors won't hear me in the shower. In other news, Could the recent murders that have plagued us for the past two weeks and the timely release of the new serial killer screenplay 'Love's A Killer' book be linked? More at 11.

CUT TO

11 EXT. REESE UNIVERSITY- DAY

11

Stacey is walking in a hurry. She sees Tamara and Laura on the lawn relaxing. Laura is reading 'Love's a Killer' very slowly.

STACEY

Hey, guys.

TAMARA

What's up, Stacey

STACEY

So, you know RUSocial.net?

TAMARA

Yeah, who doesn't? It's the school's social network, stupid.

LAURA

Oh, my God! This screenplay is about students at Reese University, and they are all named after us! This is so weird!

STACEY

Hi to you too, Laura.

LAURA

Oh, hi, Stacey. I didn't see you.

STACEY

But you heard me?

LAURA

Oh, yeah, but I was speed reading. Ya know, concentrating really hard on a group of words so you can read faster... This book is really amazing!

TAMARA

What's amazing is that you're still on the first page.

STACEY

(Looks at the book.)

It's fiction Laura, and it's crap. I don't know why you waste your time reading screenplays when real books are far more in-depth.

TAMARA

At least nonfiction writers type out all the description words, instead of pussyng out and forcing the director to imagine what the writer was thinking.

LAURA

This guy stalked people on the site, then killed them off from his friends list.

TAMARA

Will you put the fucking book down, and wait for the movie to come out. I don't want to hear the ending.

(MORE)

TAMARA (CONT'D)

We all know he deletes their fucking asses. Wham, bam, pop a cap in your ass.

STACEY

Guys, this is serious, we all added this Rellik as a friend on RUSocial, and people are winding up dead with notes stapled to their heads.

LAURA

Woah, I just read that.

TAMARA

Stop skipping pages retard. That's not how you speed read.

STACEY

Laura, you're not retarded. Don't listen to Tamara. I'm serious though, we all added this guy to our friends list, and now everybody's dying.

TAMARA

Stacey, you watch way too much TV. The only thing real about the urban legend, is that we both acted in Effrem's trailer about it for his film class, remember? It's probably just some fraternity prank. Besides, being so close to Halloween, I'm seriously not scared, and even if I was, and felt threatened, I would have told my dad. So, relax, nobody's gonna die. You're just delusional.

LAURA

I add everybody as a friend. Although not Rellik. I Don't want to end up like the kids in Love's a Killer. This shit is scary!

TAMARA

Yeah, well if it were real then you'd be the first to die. Killers always go after the dumb ones.

LAURA

The dumb ones are usually the killers!

TAMARA

You know what, keep reading! At this rate, you'll be done by next Christmas. Stupid Ass.

STACEY

Tamara, I'm serious, we all added this Rellik character to our friends list. And I just have a feeling that any friend of his is as good as six feet under.

TAMARA

Then why don't you just delete him from your friends list, before he deletes you for being a paranoid lesbian. Yea I went there.

STACEY

I told you that in confidence.

LAURA

Whoa! "Rellik" spelled backwards is "killer"

TAMARA

Yeah, and an anagram for fucktard is duck fart.

STACEY

Did you even check out his RUSocial page before adding him?

TAMARA

Wait, hold up. Did you?

STACEY

Well... no, but I'm not on his top eight.

TAMARA

Who has time to check up on these people. There's no harm in adding strangers on RUSocial. We all go to school together. I just thought his name was cool, so I added him, and went about my business.

LAURA

I just didn't think anything of it. I'm too busy planning what to do with all my money!

STACEY

Maria was on the list and now she's dead.

TAMARA

More like cooked.

STACEY

I'm serious.

TAMARA

Okay, so say your hypothesis is true, who else is on the list?

LAURA

(Reads from the book.)

Joey, Tamara, Andre, JT, Branden.

Tamara and Stacey look at Laura as JT comes walking into the courtyard, unbeknown to the group. Tamara takes the book from Laura and throws it in the trash.

JT

What's happening, ladies? Mind if I chill-lax with ya.

STACEY

JT, don't you even care that your grandparents and sister are dead?

JT

Yeah, I still can't believe it. It's crazy, ya know. I leave and they all get murdered. Fucking ridiculous if you ask me.

Just then one of the students pops a few balloons that they were carrying, while Andre is within earshot walking by. Andre turns to see and hears Tamara.

TAMARA

Jesus Christ. Now I gotta fucking pee.

LAURA

Ooo, I'll go with you. That way we can pee together.

TAMARA

And why does Stacey think you're attractive?

LAURA

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

Tamara and Laura leave the courtyard. Stacey glares at Tamara.

JT

Finally some alone time. Did you like how I

STACEY

Just take care of Joey so we can move on to phase three. And be careful this time. Tamara is getting nose, so we need to work quickly before she figures it out.

JT walks off. Stacey walks off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO

12

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- COFFEE SHOP

12

Tamara is in line for lunch, and Stacey is sitting at the lunch table with another Cryptoquote from the newspaper. Tamara calls her Dad.

TAMARA

Hey, Dad, I have news. Stacey figured out the murders. (pause) I think she's all set, Dad. (pause) Stop, Dad. (pause) Run a search for Rellik. (pause) Dad, it was a college film class film trailer I acted in. It's loosely based on an urban legend, but worry-wort over here is freaking out.

Tamara sits down at Stacey's table. Stacey is still working on the cryptoquote, while having lunch.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Joey Savage is on the list, and then me. Yes, I'm one of Rellik's top eight friends, after Joey. He's a kid here at Reese. I'm not worried, Dad. If he's dumb enough to mess with me, I'll stab him in the fucking eye, ok.

STACEY

What was that about?

TAMARA

I'm helping my Dad with the case.
He's on his way down.

STACEY

Oh, what'd you figure out so far?
Any leads?

(Stacey finishes the
puzzle.)

I solved it!

TAMARA

Solved what?

STACEY

Today's Cryptoquote in the paper.

TAMARA

What's a Cryptoquote?

STACEY

Oh it's a word puzzle. Each letter
stands for another letter.
Sometimes they're easy, other times
they're hard. You use the commas
and periods as clues to solve the
puzzles. And every day the letters
stand for different letters.

13 EXT. REESE UNIVERSITY- COURT YARD STAIRS- DAY

13

Joey is walking alone towards the stairs. Rellik comes flying out from the bushes, by the library. Rellik pushes Joey down the stairs. Joey lands at the bottom of the stairs, and cracks his head open. Blood is everywhere.

Rellik takes another note out of his bag with the stapler, and staples the note to Joey's head. WE SEE the note reads:"
tbivbbd ikb zndbj cq ewjibhw hcgm, ikb cpioceb znbj gkbgm, g
pdncd achincd ogpjbm g jinh, gdm jcebtcmw vcpdm la mbgm."

CUT TO

14 EXT. REESE UNIVERSITY'S ENTRANCE- DAY

14

Bruce and the rest of the police squad fly into the Reese University parking lot. Bruce is in charge, and tells his guys to scope out the school. The officers are dressed in civilian clothes so they blend in. Bruce heads inside as the men disperse.

15 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR.- DEAN'S OFFICE

15

DEAN opens his office door. WE SEE ANTHONY, an older, mid 30s, heavysset student is seen sitting nervously in the chair, beside Dean's desk.

DEAN
Don't you think of moving, I need
to speak with your professor,
before you're off the hook.

Dean turns towards the door, as Bruce walks by the office door. Dean sees the gun.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Hey, get back here! Just don't
shoot me, I haven't finished
restoring my car yet.

Bruce turns toward Dean.

BRUCE
Excuse me?

DEAN
You know campus policy has a zero
tolerance for guns. I have to expel
you. Wait, you're not a student
here. Whatever you're here for you
need to check in your firearm with
campus police.

BRUCE
I'm Police Chief McNeal, sir.
Please go back inside.

DEAN
Well, any police business has to be
cleared with Campus Police. So
either surrender your weapon now,
or wait here, and I'll call Campus
Police, to let them know you're on
your way.

BRUCE
Sir, you look like a teacher here,
so I'm not at liberty to discuss
what's going on with you... so I'm
advising you to go back wherever
you came from, and not worry your
little mind with police matters.

DEAN
Well, Police Chief McNeal, let me
tell you who I am?

BRUCE
You mean besides somebody
interfering with police business?

DEAN
I'm the Dean.

BRUCE
Well, Dean, nice to meet you. You
can go back to your class now. Only
one student? Is this what I'm
paying for? One on one learning for
Tamara?

DEAN
No, no, you don't understand, I'm
the Dean of this University, this
is my office, and this is one of
the students here, Anthony, who I'm
trying to discipline. Excuse me for
a moment.

Dean exits the office for a moment.

BRUCE
Does he always leave people hanging
by the balls?

ANTHONY
Yeah, he's a money chaser. Pay-
back's a bitch though, he'll get
his day.

Dean returns to the office.

DEAN
Thought it was a client.

ANTHONY
What'd I tell ya.

DEAN
Tell me what?

BRUCE
Well, Dean...

DEAN
Call me Marty.

BRUCE

Okay, Marty, can we talk in private, ya know, without the kid?

DEAN

Anthony, go wait outside my office. And if you see anybody who looks like a parent, with their kid, knock on the door.

ANTHONY

Who am I, your freaking secretary?

Anthony gives Dean a look, gets up and exits the office reluctantly.

DEAN

So, what's with the gun. It better be important, 'cause I don't have all day. Time is money.

BRUCE

We're tracking a serial killer, and we have reason to believe that your school's social networking site has been compromised, and the serial killer is on school grounds, maybe even killing as we speak, which is why it's important for me and my men to secure the grounds as quickly as possible, so we can contain the situation.

DEAN

That's absurd, Chief McNeal. My university is the safest it's been since Michael J. Citak rolled into town. Any violence on this campus is for the movies, I can assure you that.

BRUCE

Well, I hate to tell you, but this is no movie, dean. My daughter Tamara is on this so called list, and I'm taking this case very seriously.

OFFICER DANA radios to Bruce

OFFICER DANA (V.O.)

Sir, we have a situation.

BRUCE
Go ahead, Dana. Excuse me, dean.

OFFICER DANA (V.O.)
It looks like Rellik struck again,
sir.

DEAN
This can't be happening.

BRUCE
It is happening, dean. Can you
alert the faculty? We need to lock
down the campus.

DEAN
Do you know how big Reese
University is, Chief McNeil? Lock-
down is nearly impossible on such
short notice.

BRUCE
Get your police force on high
alert... And Dean, we want this guy
alive. It'll give closure to the
families if this guy is brought to
justice. The longer we wait, the
more innocent people are going to
die, and I don't want my daughter
being one of them. So we need to
hurry.

DEAN
Say no more. Do what you need to
do. I'll let University Police know
you're here.

16 REESE UNIVERSITY HALLWAY- OUTSIDE DEAN'S OFFICE

16

Anthony's ear is pressed up against the Dean's door. WE HEAR
Bruce talking.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Marty, we need to keep this
contained. The last thing we need
is mass hysteria. It'd be the
perfect diversion for the serial
killer to strike again.

ANTHONY updates his status message on RUSocial. WE HEAR
Dean's phone chirp.

DEAN (V.O.)
Oh Lord have mercy.

WE SEE Students burst out into the hallway from every door, slamming doors, running and screaming in panic down the hallway. Anthony knocks on the door, and then bursts in.

17 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY - DEAN'S OFFICE

17

Anthony stands in the doorway, as students keep running down the hallway behind him. He closes the door.

DEAN
You messed up, Anthony.

BRUCE
What the hell just happened.

DEAN
Genius over here, blabbed his mouth on our social network, and the entire campus population, and whoever else he's friends with read it.

ANTHONY
You know you're a real dick Marty.

DEAN
You're on your last straw Anthony, I will not ask you again to refrain from calling me Marty.

BRUCE
Okay, so let me see here, is this RUsocial thing like the equivalent of say typing a letter, and sending it with a stamp? You gotta forgive me, I'm not that familiar with all this newfangled computer jargon, but we did just upgrade our equipment down at the station. Tossed out the old typewriters, and brought in these fruity box things.

DEAN
Anthony, pack your dorm, you're leaving in the morning.

ANTHONY
But Dean, I didn't know.

DEAN

I don't have time for this,
Anthony, you're expelled, end of
discussion, I have clients coming
in twenty minutes and this place is
a mess. I have to clean, and
organize my music, so I can play
something soothing for the mom, and
I can't 'cause there's a serial
killer on the loose,

(Dean's phone rings.)

and my university is going to...

Dean answers the phone all sweet like in a lady's voice.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hello, thank you for calling Reese
University, this is the Dean's
secretary Danielle, who may I say
is calling? (Pause)
One moment please.

The Dean hangs up the phone. Anthony and Bruce stare at each other.

DEAN (CONT'D)

One university, two university,
three university.

The Dean stops counting as he feels Bruce and Anthony staring at him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

How else I supposed to impress
parents enough to give me tens of
thousands of dollars a semester,
when my desk is a mess, and this
place is in mass hysterics. I don't
have time for this Anthony. I'm
only one man, and some days I feel
like I'm running this whole
operation.

The Dean picks up the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for holding Mrs.
Handcock, This is Dean Arbuckle,
(pause) Yes I'm sure your son will
love it here. Skin flute? Yes we
have a University band he can join.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh that, yes, there's nothing to worry about, the students are practicing for Running Appreciation Day. Okay, I'll see you soon.

The Dean hangs up the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Do you want a job, you're expelled, so you have plenty of time. I can pay ya eight dollars an hour. I tell ya what, you work for me, and next year, I'll make you girls softball coach. Ya like girls right? Fix up my desk, and find me some relaxing music while I talk to Chief McNeal.

Dean walks out of his office and closes the door. Anthony is sitting in the chair dumbfounded and pissed off.

BRUCE

Fuck him pal.

Bruce exits the office, leaving Anthony sitting in the chair.

18

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR DEAN'S HALLWAY

18

Static is coming from Bruce's walkie-talkie, as The Dean is pacing.

OFFICER DANA (V.O.)

Sir.

BRUCE

Excuse me Marty. Go ahead, Dana.

OFFICER DANA (V.O.)

It's Tamara.

Bruce, weak in the knees, takes a seat.

BRUCE

Oh God, please no.

OFFICER DANA (V.O.)

Sir?

BRUCE

Does it look like she suffered?

Anthony opens the Dean's door, slams it shut and walks into the hallway.

ANTHONY

Ya know what Marty, I'm out. You can take the job, take this school, and that gun and shove it so far up your fucking ass, that when you blow the trigger, you won't even have time to clinch.

Anthony walks off.

DEAN

I think that went rather well.

BRUCE

Ya think?

DEAN

I'll call him Monday.

Anthony can be heard from down the hallway.

ANTHONY

Hope you hang by the balls, ya prick. Go stick your fuckin' head in a vice.

Anthony flips Dean and Bruce the middle finger as he walks away.

Static is heard from Bruce's walkie again.

TAMARA (V.O.)

It's Tamara. Where are you?

BRUCE

I'm in the dean's corridor... Does it look like she suffered?

TAMARA (V.O.)

No. Stay there.

Dean walk out from the office, as we see Bruce sitting on the floor with his knees up into his chest, and head resting on his knees. Dean is standing next to Bruce trying to console him. Tamara comes walking down the corridor holding the note.

DEAN

I'm so sorry, Bruce.

TAMARA

Dad.

Dean looks around confused, and doesn't put two and two together.

BRUCE
(Still with his head down
in between his legs.)
I can still hear her calling my
name.

DEAN
Chief McNeal? I think she's walking
towards us.

BRUCE
Don't patronize me. I just lost the
only family I had left.

TAMARA
Dad!

BRUCE
(Raises his head and sees
Tamara, gets up to his
feet, wipes his eyes to
embrace her.)
Oh my God, Tamara, I thought I lost
you.

TAMARA
You worry too much, you know that.
I'm fine.

BRUCE
But Officer Dana?

TAMARA
I borrowed his walkie. I was
walking with Stacey and we saw Dana
and Officer Patrick scoping out the
stairs. And that's when we saw
Joey, all humpty-dumpty at the
bottom... Ya know, Dad, I learned
something.

BRUCE
What's that?

TAMARA
Dying's not what it's all cracked
up to be.

BRUCE
Good 'cause I'm not letting you out
of my sight.

TAMARA

Dad?

BRUCE

This prick is not going to murder
the only family I have left.

TAMARA

Can I at least pick the officer
this time?

BRUCE

No, out of the question, I'm going
to watch you.

DEAN

You should listen to your father
Tamara, like you listen to me out
on the soccer field. We've been
there.

TAMARA

Thanks coach Dean, but what do you
always tell us, delegate and let
somebody else score for once.

BRUCE

Who'd you have in mind?

TAMARA

Officer Patrick.

BRUCE

Absolutely not.

TAMARA

Come on, why not?

BRUCE

Because, Tamara, he's not scoring
with my daughter, that's why.

TAMARA

He likes me, doesn't he?

BRUCE

He's not protecting you, Tamara.

DEAN

Chief McNeal, I have to go get this
university back in order. Do your
best to catch this guy, and keep me
posted.

Dean walks off in a hurry, and then yells back.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Tamara, soccer practice is canceled.

TAMARA
Dad, come on. He's not even my type.

BRUCE
If he tries to show you his gun, I want to know.

TAMARA
So, is that a yes?

BRUCE
Honey, Mom didn't die.

Tamara sits next to Bruce.

TAMARA
Whoa, what?

BRUCE
You know, I think Officer Patrick will make a great bodyguard. I'll go tell him myself.

Bruce gets up quickly and tries to walk off, but Tamara grabs his ankle.

TAMARA
Ambrose Merryweather McNeal!

Bruce turns around with tears in his eyes.

BRUCE
You sound just like your mother when you say that.

Tamara stands up.

TAMARA
Dad, what did you say about mom.

BRUCE
She was murdered, Tamara, and you were too young to remember. That's when I became a police officer.
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I swore to myself and Grams that when I graduated from the Academy, that I'd do my best to protect our family from then on, and not take our lives for granted. I'm so sorry I didn't tell you sooner.

TAMARA

So that's why you want to protect me now... Dad, I'll be fine, I promise, Officer Patrick loves me.

BRUCE

And that's supposed to make me feel better?

Bruce and Tamara embrace, and then walk down the hallway.

TAMARA

Here.

Tamara hands Bruce the note from the crime scene.

BRUCE

It's no good, we still don't know what these notes mean.

TAMARA

I do.

BRUCE

You do?

TAMARA

You're gonna feel stupid when I tell you.

BRUCE

The rest of the force and I already feel stupid.

Bruce and Tamara catch up with Dean who is in ear shot. Dean stops to look at his phone.

TAMARA

Cryptoquotes.

BRUCE

Crypto what?

DEAN

Cryptoquotes, oh, I do those all the time.

Bruce hands Dean the note.

BRUCE
Here, knock your socks off.

DEAN
I said I did them, I didn't say I
was good at 'em.

CUT TO

19

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR- CLASSROOMS

19

JT is walking to class, Students scream at the sight of Officer Patrick, in full uniform, running through the hallway with a gun. JT turns around when Officer Patrick is near him and Officer Patrick tackles JT to the ground.

JT
What the fuck.

OFFICER PATRICK
JT, you are under arrest for the murders of Brandon Love, Billy Moleski, Justin Kelman, Maria Turner, Beatrice Manindrag, Leo Namedaftercat, and Joey Savage. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you... Why are you crying?

JT
Your knee is in my bloody tallywacker, ya English prick.

OFFICER PATRICK
Where you're going, that should be the least of your worries.

Officer Patrick radios into Bruce through his walkie talkie.

OFFICER PATRICK (CONT'D)
Suspect is in custody, going to bring him in.

Officer Patrick yells to the students watching

OFFICER PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't you all have places to be.

The students disperse and scatter.

CUT TO

20 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR- HALLWAY- A FEW DAYS LATER 20

Stacey and Tamara are walking with books in their hands, as students are passing back and forth.

STACEY

How could you tell your father that JT is the serial killer.

TAMARA

All I said was that JT was probably the last person to see Joey alive.

STACEY

Yeah, but that doesn't indict JT as the killer. JT's not the killer. He's not even smart enough to be the killer.

(Stacey calls up
JEFFERSON.)

Jefferson, it's Stacey. Can you go down to the police station, and represent JT... I'm serious. They think he's Rellik... Okay, thanks.

Stacey hangs up her cell phone.

TAMARA

Stacey, he fits the profile, and that's probably why they picked him up.

CUT TO

21 INT. POLICE STATION- INTERROGATION ROOM

21

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES is interrogating JT. But JT is staring at her silently.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

What did it feel like to slash the throats of your own grandparents, and burn your sister alive? How about hanging Brandon Love, did it make you feel good to watch him and his buddies die? Can you still see him squirming?

(MORE)

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES (CONT'D)
You did it because he was taking
your girl, Stacey, didn't you?

Bruce enters.

BRUCE
Give it a rest, James, The kid's
attorney is here.

JEFFERSON, a mid 20s law student, enters the interrogation
room.

JEFFERSON
Officer, do you have any evidence
that paints my client at the scene
of any of these crimes?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
Well...

JEFFERSON
Do you have any proof that my
client, this 19-year-old struggling
student, that holds him, beyond any
reasonable doubt as the cold
hearted killer you're portraying
him to be?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
(Samantha looks at Bruce,
and Bruce shakes his head
no.)
Not at this time, counsel.

JEFFERSON
Then, if you don't mind, are we not
free to go?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
Umm... Yes, yes, yeah you're free
to go then. You may go.

BRUCE
Listen to me JT, if you give us any
hint of guilt, any twinkle in your
eyes when you look at my daughter,
that you're planning on killing
again, so help me fucking God I
will hunt you down, and kill you
myself.

JEFFERSON

Police Chief McNeal, don't take lightly that because I'm a law student, that I don't know the laws of this country. Mark my words, if if you ever threaten me or my client like this again, I will make sure that the Supreme Court hears of this little conversation, and that you and your whole squadron will be at the mercy of me, and whether or not I want your badges in my hand. Do I make myself clear, sir?

BRUCE

Yes, counsel.

JT motions to Jefferson to bend down so he can whisper in his ear.

JEFFERSON

Furthermore, my client expects a full public apology for the actions of this police force by the end of the day.

BRUCE

Anything else... rack of lamb? Baby back ribs, perhaps?

JEFFERSON

Have your fun, play games, make a mockery... but harass my client again Chief McNeal, and my father, the best damn criminal lawyer on the face of this planet, will be up your fucking ass so fast you won't have time to clinch.

JT is escorted out of the interrogation room by Jefferson.

BRUCE

He's good.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

I'm not gonna lie, he's better than me.

CUT TO

22 INT. POLICE STATION- INTERROGATION ROOM HALLWAY

22

JT plants a big kiss on Jefferson's mouth.

JT

Dude, you were freakin awesome.

JEFFERSON

Yeah, well I could have done without the kiss in public, but thanks. You know I just went against all my advisers to save your ass.

JT

What do you mean?

JEFFERSON

We're not supposed to act as legal counsel without passing the bar.

JT

Na, what you did back there, was fucking bad ass, man. If I was the dean, you'd be passing go, and collecting \$500.

JEFFERSON

Speaking of which.

JT

Yeah, about that...

JEFFERSON

You owe me, JT.

JT

Maybe later.

CUT TO

23 EXT. POLICE STATION

23

A swarm of press and protesters have gathered outside the police station, surrounding the entrance. JT walks outside the door, followed by Jefferson. The reporters call out JT to answer their questions.

TRENT DORFMAN REPORTER #1

JT, JT, Trent Dorfman for News Channel 12, how does it feel to be free today?

REPORTER #2

Did you do it?

Jefferson walks out from behind JT.

JEFFERSON

Ladies and gentlemen, my client, Joshua Turner, is innocent. The Police Department was quick to point fingers, and name names, but unfortunately for them, JT is not the murderer. We wish them the best in their statewide manhunt, and hope that the murderer, or serial killer as he/she is being called, is brought to justice and tried to the fullest extent of the law. Thank you. No further questions.

JT and Jefferson get into his car and drive off.

CUT TO

24

INT. JT'S HOUSE KITCHEN

24

JT is standing at the refrigerator with the door open. He is getting out produce to make a salad. JT turns on the TV in the kitchen so he can watch the news while making his dinner. LUCY LOLOTTA, from News Channel 12 is on the TV.

LUCY LOLOTTA

Good evening, everyone, I'm Lucy Lolotta. We're at the police station here where in a few moments, Police Chief McNeal is scheduled to issue a press release concerning the arrest and prompt release of possible murder suspect, Joshua Turner. Let's go to Diane in the studio now with an urgent report.

DIANE

Thank you, Lucy. Good evening everyone. Tonight we are saddened by the sudden passing of local Reese University student Joseph Brooks. Better known as Joey to his friends, Joseph seemed like a regular student, getting ready to embark on a life of

DIANE (CONT'D)

happiness and success after graduation. But behind the scenes, his studies, and his life told a different story. Let's go to Lucy now live at the police station who is standing by with Police Chief Bruce McNeal.

LUCY LOLOTTA

Thank you, Diane... Police Chief McNeal, what can you tell us about this case thus far?

BRUCE

As many of you are now becoming aware, there seems to be a connection between the murders and Reese University's social networking site RUSocial.net. The murder victims and other students have added this so-called person "RELLIK" as a friend, and now unfortunately have been sadistically picked off one by one, including the witnesses who were unfortunately in the wrong place at the wrong time. However, as in regards to the Joseph Brooks case, it turns out to be a troubled tale of not wanting to be murdered, and feeling alone in the world with nowhere to turn. Earlier today, after a reliable lead led us to a possible suspect in the killings, our prime suspect, Joshua Turner, has since been released due to a lack of plausible evidence against him. Therefore, we at the station are sorry for the trouble and emotional distress this may have caused him, and we send our heartfelt condolences to his recently passed loved ones. After Mr. Turner's departure, the station received a call from the family of Joseph, detailing a suicide note that was found left on his bed.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It seems as if Joseph, knowing that he was next on the hit list, couldn't take the horror of what waited him, so he sadly took his own life by throwing himself down the campus stairs to avoid the unthinkable death that foreseeably awaited him. For the rest of the students who are on this hit list, including my own daughter, securities are now in place to ensure their safety in the coming weeks and months, if need be, and we are confident that this serial killer will be caught, and brought to justice. That is all.

Bruce leaves the microphone, and walks back inside the police station

LUCY LOLOTTA

There you have it ladies and gentlemen, If you know any information that pertains to the whereabouts of Rellik, the RUSocial.net killer, please call the police station hot line.

JT

Blah, Blah, blah....

JT calls up ANDRE on his cell phone while sitting on his couch.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Hello

JT

Hey, shit head, what's happening?

ANDRE (V.O.)

Who's this?

JT

Your mother. Who do you think it is?

ANDRE (V.O.)

What the hell are you doing calling me, the police probably have your phones tapped.

JT

I'm on a prepaid cell. Were you just watching the news?

ANDRE (V.O.)

No, why?

JT

No reason, I'm calling in my favor. Meet me at my house tomorrow afternoon and wear Rellik's robe.

ANDRE (V.O.)

But I don't have it anymore.

JT

I don't care how you get it back from your little boyfriend, just get it and meet me at my house.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Fine, who are you taking out this time?

JT

Me.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Are you fucking crazy dude... you know the rules.

JT

The fucking PoPos are on my back, so I gotta throw em off my trail. I want to set it up so that it seems like I'm the next victim of Rellik, then when they least expect it, I'm going to take out Tamara. And then Stacey will have no choice but to spend time with me, 'cause all her friends will be fucking dead.

ANDRE (V.O.)

You're taking this thing way too far JT.

JT

Are you fucking kidding me, we started this, we are sure as hell going to finish it.

(MORE)

JT (CONT'D)

We didn't kill half of our friends
to leave empty handed. Our payay is
coming and this is necessary.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Yes I'm in. We better not get
caught

JT hangs up the phone, and talks to himself.

JT

This is going to be perfect.

CUT TO

25 INT. POLICE STATION- OFFICE

25

BRUCE

So Joey threw himself down the
stairs, and yet he winds up with a
note stapled to his head,
supposedly from Rellik.

OFFICER DANA

Maybe Rellik planted the note in
Joey's bedroom, then pushed him
down the stairs to make it look
like it was suicide.

BRUCE

But if he went to those lengths to
cover his tracks, why leave the
note?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

It's obvious that Rellik or whoever
did this is trying to tell us
something.

BRUCE

Any prints on the note?

OFFICER DANA

Nothing, Sir.

BRUCE

Patrick?

OFFICER PATRICK
 Tamara said that Stacey figures out
 the Cryptoquotes from the paper,
 Sir, and that she'll take a look
 for us.

BRUCE
 Well, what are we waiting for.

CUT TO

26 INT JT'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

26

JT receives a text from Stacey, "Thanks for the offer JT, but I'll be spending time with Tamara after school tomorrow, celebrating her bday."

JT calls up Andre on his cell phone. WE SEE split screen between JT's and Andre's bedrooms.

JT
 Dude, injure the eagles a no go.
 I'm taking out Tamara tomorrow.

ANDRE
 Dude, why the change of plans?

JT
 Because it's Tamara's birthday, I
 wanna give her a birthday surprise
 that will knock her dead.

ANDRE
 Can I at least help?

JT
 You know what? Yeah, that'll work
 out perfectly. Hit up the party
 store, get a bunch of birthday
 balloons and a card from
 Iwanttomakeyouapopupcard.com

ANDRE
 That's it?

JT
 And a needle. And don't forget to
 get the robe from Max.

ANDRE
 What are we doing?

JT hangs up the phone. WE SEE Andre's bedroom as full screen.

27 INT. ANDRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

27

Andre picks up the house phone and dials the number for JASON, a 20s clerk at the local store. Jason picks up the phone. WE HEAR Jason through the phone.

ANDRE

Jason?

JASON (V.O.)

Hello? Whose this?

ANDRE

I need to call in an order.

JASON (V.O.)

Where's it going?

ANDRE

Reese University, and it's being delivered to Tamara McNeal tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK

28 EXT. REESE UNIVERSITY - THE NEXT DAY

28

FADE IN

Jason, walks up to the school's entrance and signs in with security. Jason walks through the hallway with the balloons. He passes Officer Patrick who is standing outside a classroom. Jason stops, turns around and walks up to Officer Patrick.

OFFICER PATRICK

May I help you?

JASON

Um, Yeah, thanks. I'm looking for Tamara McNeal. I'm here to deliver these balloons and birthday card to her.

Officer Patrick takes out the birthday card to examine who it's from. He reads the card. WE SEE- "To Tamara, may your birthday go off with a bang!" Love, Your Secret Admirer

OFFICER PATRICK

I should have thought of that.

JASON

What?

OFFICER PATRICK

Nothing, She's in there.

JASON

Thanks.

Officer Patrick opens the door for Jason.

OFFICER PATRICK

She's the girl with the big curly hair.

CUT TO

29 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR.- BATHROOM HALLWAY 29

JT walks down the hallway and steps into the boys' bathroom. He sees the janitor cleaning the girls' room. WE HEAR the Janitor singing the "Startin Fresh" song.

JANITOR (V.O.)

That bitch I hope she friggin dies,
all she was was no good lies, she
told me that I was the one, but all
I was was her fun.

Moments later JT dressed as Rellik walks out from the boys' room and into the girls' bathroom, and locks the door.

CUT TO

30 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- ART CLASSROOM 30

Tamara is sitting in class, and Jason with the balloons comes walking in. He hands Tamara the card, and she reads it. Then as she is reading it, Jason takes a pin out from his pocket and hands Tamara the balloons. As she is holding them, Jason pops the balloons. Tamara screams, and Officer Patrick runs in and tackles Jason to the ground.

JASON

What the...

Tamara gets up from her desk and walks to the professor's table.

TAMARA

Unless you want to clean up piss from the floor, I expect you to give me the lav keys.

FLASH TO

31 INT REESE UNIVERSITY- GIRLS BATHROOM

31

The Janitor exits one of the stalls, and enters another one. He doesn't see JT dressed as Rellik standing there. Rellik startles the janitor as the janitor is cleaning the walls of the stall. Rellik forces the janitor's face towards the toilet water.

JANITOR

Oh God no, I haven't cleaned that one yet!

Rellik smashes the janitor's face into the toilet of one of the stalls giving him a swirlie. Rellik takes the plunger, and right as Rellik is going to kill the Janitor, he pleads

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Not my left eye!

Rellik jabs the plunger into the janitors' eye. The Janitor slumps down onto the toilet seat.

CUT TO

32 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- CLASSROOM DAY

32

Officer Patrick takes out his handcuffs and cuffs Jason while he is laying on the floor.

OFFICER PATRICK

Tamara, you can't leave. I have to watch you.

TAMARA

Well, I think I'm perfectly safe in the bathroom, Patrick. Besides you're not watching me pee. Take care of the perp, I'll be fine.

Officer Patrick walks Jason out of the room in handcuffs. And Tamara gets the keys from the professor for the bathroom. Tamara walks out the door.

CUT TO

33 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR- CLASSROOM HALLWAY 33

Tamara walks down the hallway towards the bathroom. Tamara turns the corner of the hallway and sees the janitor cart outside the bathroom.

34 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- GIRLS BATHROOM 34

Tamara uses the key to open the girls' bathroom door. She opens a stall and screams when she sees the janitor sitting on the toilet with the plunger jammed into his eye, and his face all bloody.

TAMARA

Oh my God, this is not fucking happening right now. This is not happening.

Rellik suddenly bursts out from one of the other stalls. Tamara screams, and looks on in horror as Rellik walks closer. Tamara slides down the wall with a petrified look on her face, as Rellik takes her face and smashes the back of her head against the wall. He then staples a note to her head with the words "l ahfhyi thlahidy wraw, seh uhtxarsdxy sx sedt shlthu, guxmhy seuxrfe seh ahyt xg sdzh, d jxrai yhqhu wahlth ehu." then leaves the bathroom.

Stacey walks into the bathroom and sees Tamara, and the janitor dead, takes the note off of Tamara's head, while holding her mouth so as not to puke, and leaves the bathroom.

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR- BATHROOM HALLWAY

Stacey walks over to the wall and leans against it, and calls 911 on her cell phone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911. What's your emergency?

STACEY

Can I speak to Police Chief McNeal, please.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is the wrong number for personal calls, ma'am.

STACEY

Listen, two people have been murdered, and I need to speak to Police Chief McNeal before I'm next.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Calm down, ma'am. Where are you located?

STACEY

In the morgue if you don't hurry the hell up.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

One moment... Thank you for holding, what's your emergency?

STACEY

I'm going to fucking die!!!!
Transfer me to Police Chief McNeal, now!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Okay, have a good day. One moment and I'll connect you.

BRUCE (V.O.)

This is Police Chief McNeal, what's your emergency?

STACEY

Finally! Mr. McNeal, it's Stacey Ringwold.

BRUCE (V.O.)

Stacey, Just the girl I wanted to see. Has Tamara spoke to you about the notes?

STACEY

Well, no, but I have a note right here?

BRUCE (V.O.)

Excellent.

STACEY

Sir, there's more to it than that?

BRUCE
So what can you tell me about them?
Did you solve it.

STACEY (V.O.)
Sir. It's about Tamara.

BRUCE
Oh, she's fine, Officer Patrick is
with her...

Officer Patrick walks through the door with Jason in
handcuffs.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Officer Patrick, what are you doing
here?

STACEY (V.O.)
She's dead, sir.

BRUCE
She's going to be dead when I get
home. I told her Officer Patrick
was to stay with her at all
times... Is she there with you?

36 INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- GIRLS BATHROOM

36

STACEY
Yeah, she's here, but...

BRUCE (V.O.)
Well, put her on the phone, I need
to talk to her.

STACEY
Sir, she's dead, and so is the
janitor. They've been murdered.

Stacey's phone goes silent.

37 INT. POLICE STATION

37

Bruce sits at his desk and cries, as Officer Patrick looks on
with Jason standing next to him in handcuffs.

OFFICER PATRICK

What's the matter sir, you look
upset.

Bruce jumps from his seat, and overpowers Officer Patrick, forces his hands on Officer Patrick's throat, as the other officers try to pull Bruce off of Officer Patrick. While Bruce lets Patrick have it. Jason just stands there helpless and handcuffed.

BRUCE

You selfish ignorant little shit.
My daughter was murdered under your
watch you fucking moron, and all
you can fucking say is you look
upset?

The other officers separate Bruce and Patrick.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of my sight,
Patrick, before I do something far
worse than strangle you.

OFFICER PATRICK

She can't be dead Sir, I caught the
perp, he's right here.

BRUCE

Obviously not, Patrick. Tamara is
dead, Stacey just told me, so get
this fucking joke out of here...

JASON

Can I go, I have more deliveries to
make.

BRUCE

Take this fucking prick, and get
him out of my fucking office
Patrick.

OFFICER PATRICK

Yes Sir.

Officer Patrick turns to leave with Jason.

BRUCE

Turn in your badge and gun when
you're done.

Bruce just stares at Officer Patrick. Officer Patrick gets the hint and closes the door to Bruce's office without saying a word.

38

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY- GIRLS BATHROOM HALLWAY

38

BRUCE (V.O.)
Stacey, you still there?

STACEY
Yes, I'm here.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Find the dean, and let him know.
Tell him, I'll take care of
notifying the ambulance.

STACEY
Mr. McNeal, there was a note on
Tamara's head.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Normally I'd say don't disturb the
scene, but with this case there's
some strange things going on with
the evidence so just hold onto it
for me.

STACEY
Can I come down to the station? I
don't feel safe here.

BRUCE (V.O.)
That's fine. I'll send a car for
you.

STACEY
Thank you Sir, I'll see you soon.

39

INT. POLICE STATION DAY

39

Stacey walks through the door, and runs up to Bruce, and gives him a huge hug. Stacey is still holding the note from Tamara's head. They embrace and share a moment.

BRUCE
Can you solve it?

STACEY
Yeah, I do these things all the
time.

BRUCE

Here, take a look at all of them,
maybe they're connected.

Bruce hands Stacey the file folder.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Think you can solve them?

STACEY

Yes, it'll just take me a few.

Stacey sits and solves the puzzles. WE SEE this as a montage.
Finally Stacey comes to the answers. She reads it aloud.

STACEY (CONT'D)

"Seven rows the outcome, the man
who did the deed. Two hundred years
in hiding, but now it's easily
seen. A couple steps away, first a
double century letter, then unused
like this, a bunny rabbit treasure.
Between the lines of mystery road,
the outcome lies ahead, a union
portion caused a stir, and somebody
wound up dead. A legend sealed in
pulp, the resolution to this
teaser, frozen through the lens of
time, I could never please her."

It sounds like clues to a mystery,
but I don't know to what.

BRUCE

I could never please her. Sounds
like a fling I had back in the day.

STACEY

Somehow, I don't think these notes
are about you.

BRUCE

Well, who do you think wrote them?

STACEY

I don't know, Mr. McNeil.

BRUCE

So you're telling me, you're smart
enough to decipher these
criptoquotes, and yet you don't
know what the fuck they say.

STACEY

Wait a minute. JT. I hate to say it, but he's been acting weird lately. He's been trying to hang out with me, but I've been spending time with Tamara, Branden and Laura, and ignoring him. Maybe he's behind this?

BRUCE

Wait a minute, you're telling me that Tamara was murdered because some fucktard has a hard-on for you? That same little douche who we had in custody before, and you called in his attorney to get him out.

STACEY

I know how it looks Sir, but I was sure it wasn't him. Maybe I was wrong. It sure makes sense though. I could never please her... surely sounds like him. I mean it's not Branden, his penis...

BRUCE

Okay, okay I don't need the details.

(to Officer Shirley)

Officer Shirley, bring fucktard in again.

STACEY

I'm sorry, Mr. McNeil, I didn't know.

BRUCE

None of us did, Stacey. JT fooled all of us.

STACEY

I feel horrible. I could have prevented the murders. If I had figured out the letters sooner, Tamara would still be alive.

BRUCE

But Tamara's note was a part of the puzzle. You did good. Now it's our turn to close the case. James, bring him in.

Officer Shirley walks out the door.

STACEY
 Wait. Let me call him. At least
 we'll be able to pinpoint his
 location.

Stacey takes out her phone and calls JT.

CUT TO

40

INT. REESE UNIVERSITY STORE- DAY

40

JT is standing in front of the Halloween costumes looking at the various costumes, when his phone rings.

JT
 Hello?

STACEY (V.O.)
 Hey, JT, what's ya up to?

JT
 Hi Stacey, nothing just picking out
 a costume for halloween.

STACEY (V.O.)
 You do know Halloween's not for
 another few weeks right?

JT
 Yeah, I know. I was just doing some
 thinking.

STACEY (V.O.)
 JT, listen, I know that you've been
 seeing me with Branden lately, and
 it's been making you jealous, and
 I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner,
 and it sucks that I'm doing it over
 the phone, but I don't want to be
 your girlfriend anymore. Branden
 and I are going steady. And I know
 what you're going to say, and will
 probably hate me forever, but just
 know that I think it's for the
 best.

(MORE)

STACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Branden's a great guy, after his brother's death he needs me, and I'm sorry to say, but he has his shit together, more so than you, and if this is a wakeup call, then so be it, because I have to do what makes me happy. And right now, it's dating Branden.

JT
 (yelling into the phone)
 Branden? You're dumping me for Branden? Branden's a fucking fudge packer! Him and Mr. Patterson are fuck buddies.

Branden, dressed in a hooded robe similar to Rellik's outfit, walks into the Halloween aisle, holding a machete and hears JT yelling.

BRANDEN
 You motherfucker!

JT turns to see who is yelling at him.

JT
 Hey Stacey, can we talk about this later, some fagot is trying to scare me... Dude, take the damn costume off,

(screams)

Branden enraged runs towards JT with the machete.

CUT TO

41 INT. POLICE STATION- SAME DAY

41

Stacey and Bruce are listening to the phone on speaker. WE HEAR JT screaming.

JT (V.O.)
 Oh fuck you Branden.

JT's phone drops to the floor. WE HEAR Branden chop JT's head off, and a Loss Control Officer screaming.

LOSS CONTROL OFFICER (V.O.)
 Sir put the machete down, and back away from the body. I will shoot you if necessary.

Branden runs. WE HEAR yelling.

LOSS CONTROL OFFICER (V.O.)
I need an officer, and an
ambulance, we have a fatality.

Bruce radios Officer Shirley.

BRUCE
Officer Shirley this is the Chief,
swing by the University store and
pick up the perp. Proceed with
caution.

CUT TO

42

EXT. STORE

42

The Loss Control Officer tackles Branden with his face pressed up against the wall. Officer Shirley drives up in the police cruiser with the lights flashing, gets out and speaks while handcuffing Branden.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and
will be used against you in a court
of law. You have the right to speak
to an attorney, and to have an
attorney present during
questioning. If you cannot afford
an attorney, one will be provided
for you. Do you understand these
rights?

BRANDEN
Mom?

Officer Shirley pulls off the hood from the costume, exposing Branden's face.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
Oh, what the heck Branden, how many
times do I have to tell you? You
can't keep doing this. You're lucky
Mrs. Peters dropped the charge on
Mr. Fluffers, or you'd really be
going to jail... What did he do
this time, steal something? We
can't keep turning a blind eye,
Branden. It's bad enough, your
brother was murdered.
(MORE)

OFFICER SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
 Before you know it, you'll be
 committing bloody murder.

LOSS CONTROL OFFICER
 He did, ma'am.

BRANDEN
 Mom, please, I can explain. I was
 next, it was either him or me.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
 Branden, shut up. If you talk to me
 now, whatever you say can be used
 against you in court.

BRANDEN
 Why can't you act like my mother
 instead of a stupid cop.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
 Branden, I love you, but I can't
 get you out of this. Not this time.
 Watch your head.

Branden's head is lowered as he enters the backseat of the
 police cruiser.

CUT TO

43 INT. POLICE STATION

43

Officer Shirley is sitting at her desk with her head in her
 hands as Officer PAUL, a young recruit just out of the
 academy, is looking through Branden's personal computer.

BRUCE
 Well, is it him?

OFFICER PAUL
 I don't know, Sir.

BRUCE
 The DA didn't issue a warrant
 because we don't know Paul. We
 didn't confiscate Branden's
 computer because we don't know
 Paul... Earn your fucking rank and
 find me the fucking proof, Paul...
 now!

OFFICER PAUL
 You know what, sir, I think I speak
 for the most of us when I...

BRUCE

Well, don't Paul, let the adults speak for themselves... Where's my fucking coffee?

Officer Paul exits. Samantha enters the room from the interrogation room.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

Chief, he's clean.

BRUCE

What do you mean he's clean, Sam? The fucking cum stain's guilty.

Officer Shirley stands up from her desk and walks towards Bruce. Her body language is defiant.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

You know what, Bruce, I'm sick of your attitude, your foul mouth, your raciest remarks, and most importantly, I'm sick of you. Whether Branden is Rellik or not, he's our son, and I didn't spend the past 15 years on this force to stand here and listen to your disrespect.

BRUCE

I don't fucking care if he is your son or not, he's a fucking murderer, Shirley.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Did you hear what I said, Bruce, Branden is your son.

BRUCE

You're telling me that that little shit stain of a prick is my son.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

I'm telling you Branden, and Brandon are your sons. Oh, just go to hell.

Officer Paul returns with the coffee.

OFFICER PAUL

Here's your coffee, sir.

Bruce grabs the coffee from Officer Paul.

BRUCE

No, Shirley, you see, fuck you, he's a motherfucking fucking Lewinski cum stain, and you know it.

(Bruce sips the coffee.)

You know it and I know it, so face the fucking facts.

(To Officer Paul)

Is this your first time making coffee, Paul?

OFFICER PAUL

No, Sir. It's my second.

BRUCE

Drink this.

Bruce hands Officer Paul his cup of coffee. Paul drinks it. Spits it out all over Bruce's shirt.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What the fuck, kid! I should ship your ass back to the academy for this.

OFFICER PAUL

Oh my god, Sir, I'm so sorry. Please don't send me back, Sir. Let me clean that up for you.

Officer Paul, goes to grab some napkins off his desk.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

It's not his fault.

BRUCE

The fuck it's not, Shirley.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

I'm talking about Branden.

Officer Patrick comes back with napkins and tries to soak up the coffee on Bruce's shirt.

BRUCE

What the fuck are you doing?

OFFICER PAUL

Cleaning you, sir.

BRUCE

We're not a couple of monkeys in a zoo, Paul. Go change the filter and make me a new cup of coffee.

OFFICER PAUL

Are you sure, Sir, 'cause I think I can get it all dried out.

BRUCE

Now.

Officer Paul leaves.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

The fact is, Bruce, he's our son, and he needs our help.

BRUCE

Oh, no, see you're wrong, Shirley, that boy is not our son! He's a mistake that's what he is. His mother probably dropped him on his head as a toddler, it's gotta be a fucking miracle that he passed the academy.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Branden, Bruce. Branden is our son. Brandon was our son, and now he's dead.

BRUCE

Branden can be the Dali Lama for all I care. He made his bed, and now he's gotta lie in it for the next twenty years, if he's lucky.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

I know he's not the murderer you think he is. It's all a misunderstanding, and I know you're bitter that Tamera was murdered. I can see that. It's eating you up inside that we can't catch the bastard who did it, and while Branden's a bastard, he's not Rellik.

BRUCE

Where's your proof, Shirley?

OFFICER SHIRLEY
I don't need proof, I'm his mother.

BRUCE
Do you want a raise, is that it?
'Cause you're not getting a fucking
raise.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
No, I don't want a fucking raise.

BRUCE
You want child support! That's what
you want, isn't it? You come in
here all innocent, pretending to be
all nice to me, wearing your
provocative clothes in the locker
room, knowing full well what you're
doing, for what? To get in my pants
and grab me by the balls for the
next eighteen years.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
It wasn't like that.

BRUCE
Oh, screw you. You know it was. You
were willing to screw anybody with
a dick, if it meant you'd climb to
the top. I just happened to be in
your way.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
Is that how you got to the top,
Bruce?

BRUCE
Let's not forget who's in charge
here. As long as I'm Chief, you're
to call me Sir or Chief McNeal, is
that understood. No more of this
nice guy bullshit.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
Okay, Chief McNeal, two can play
that game. You raped me.

BRUCE
Shut your mouth.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
No, I will not shut my mouth. You
brought this on yourself.

(MORE)

OFFICER SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
Did everybody hear me, Chief McNeal
raped me, twenty-one years ago.

BRUCE
She lying. You came onto me.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
Give up the charades, Bruce. You
and I both know what happened that
night. You told me to lie still and
that everything would be okay. That
you'd take care of me.

BRUCE
I was drunk.

OFFICER SHIRLEY
And I said no.

BRUCE
It doesn't matter what you said,
Shirley. If you think I raped you,
then you should have said something
sooner. You're too late. And I'm in
no mood to continue this discussion
in front of the whole squadron.
And, unless you show me a paternity
test that proves the fucktards are
my sons, you're not getting any
fucking support from me.

Officer Shirley slaps Bruce in the face. Bruce is visibly
angry, and grabs Shirley by the arms.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
What do you fucking want from me,
woman?

OFFICER SHIRLEY
Whether you like it or not, Bruce,
Branden our son, and we need to
protect him. Jack made me get a
paternity test a few years back, if
you really need the proof.

BRUCE
Open your fucking eyes, Shirley,
That boy in there, he's not your
son, and he's not my son, he's a
cold blooded killer. And by the
looks of his record, that's not
all. You and I both know, the judge
is not going to look the other way
this time.

Shirley breaks free from Bruce's grasp.

Shirley, we took an oath to uphold the law, no matter the consequence, family or not.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Yeah, we see how much good that did. Branden needs us, he's just confused.

BRUCE

It doesn't change the fact that he killed in cold blood, Shirley, why can't you see that?

OFFICER SHIRLEY

I can't deal with you anymore.

Shirley walks towards the door.

BRUCE

Where do you think you're going?

OFFICER SHIRLEY

To go be the mother I should have been a long time ago.

BRUCE

You leave this station and you're done, Shirley. I'm not standing for insubordination.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Then sit down.

BRUCE

You won't have a desk in the morning!

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Fuck the desk, and fuck you, I quit.

BRUCE

Shirley, you can't quit, I need you... I love you.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Oh now it comes out. Well, that's just too damn bad, now isn't it, Bruce. You're the one who got married, remember? That was your first mistake.

(MORE)

OFFICER SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

And I left Jack because I couldn't come to terms with my own infidelity, that was mine. Let's not kid ourselves and make a third.

BRUCE

That's not fair, Shirley, Molly wasn't a mistake, and you know it.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

No, but me thinking you'd keep your dick in your pants was. The only reason why you married Molly was because she was pregnant with Tamara, not because you loved her, but because you fucking knocked her up, after you knocked me up with twins. I'm fucking done, Bruce. I'm done.

Officer Shirley begins to take her belt and badge off.

BRUCE

Don't do it, Shirley. Don't throw away your life.

Officer Shirley stares at Bruce, tears well up in her eyes. She walks up to Bruce and hands him her badge and gun.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Unlike you, Bruce, this is not my life. This gun and this badge are worthless to me, because I failed to do what I swore to protect. My family failed because of me, Bruce. I devoted so much of my life to the force, that my own marriage failed, and my sons became fucking delinquents. I know you can't fathom it, but the force will be fine without me, and I don't expect you to understand my decision to leave the force after all these years, but as a parent, I haven't exactly been there, and it's time that I own up to my responsibilities as a parent. I have to do what is right for me and my family now. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go talk to Branden.

Shirley tries to enter the interrogation room. Bruce grabs Shirley by the arm.

BRUCE

The interrogation room is for...

Shirley glares at Bruce, who lets go of her arm. Shirley enters the interrogation room. The door closes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Is cum stain talking?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

You're really going to be stubborn, and not call him your son?

BRUCE

Keep your nose on your face, and just tell me what he said.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

Okay. Well, from what I gathered, JT and Branden fucked back in the day while doing gay porn with a Mr. Patterson, and JT was dating Stacey, who was cheating on JT with Branden. JT found out. So to sabotage Branden and Stacey's impeding relationship, in a jealous rage JT screamed out that Branden's a fucking fudge packer and he...

BRUCE

Get to the point, James. Did he confess to the murders?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

He blacked out, sir. Doesn't remember anything after JT yelling into the phone.

Shirley exits the interrogation room, she overhears the conversation.

BRUCE

Wait, My boy's a fucking fudgepacker.

OFFICER SHIRLEY

Oh, get a fucking life, bigot, I heard what you called him... Interrogation is over until I get him a lawyer.

Shirley exits the building.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
What's up her ass?

BRUCE
Looks like I am, I'm surprised
she's not calling me a rapist.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
You mean, again?

BRUCE
Watch it James. Go in there and
work your magic.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
But Shirley said she's getting him
a lawyer.

BRUCE
He's a grown man. Make him talk. I
still can't believe my son's a
fudgepacker.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
Well, look on the bright side, if
he was doing Stacey too, then at
least he's only half a fudge...

BRUCE
(cuts Samantha off mid-
sentence)
Samantha, I don't want to hear the
shitty details, go back in there
and get a fucking admission?

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES
Yes, sir.

BRUCE
Patrick!

Officer Patrick walks into the room.

OFFICER PATRICK
Yes, sir?

BRUCE
Find out all you can on this
Rellik. I want to know where he
sleeps, eats, shits and pisses.

OFFICER PATRICK
Sir, I thought I was off the force?

BRUCE

Well your stupid ass didn't go home
now did you?

OFFICER PATRICK

Do I really need to watch him pee?
Isn't that a little personal?

BRUCE

He made this personal when he
killed Tamara. I want him found,
alive, and then I'm going to kill
him.

OFFICER PATRICK

Yes, sir.

Officer Patrick leaves. Officer Samantha walks out of the
interrogation room.

OFFICER SAMANTHA JAMES

Sir, he won't talk, what do you
want to do?

BRUCE

Love's a killer... put his ass in
lock up. The judge will set bail in
the morning.

Bruce opens the interrogation room door. Branden looks up
from the table.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Look on the bright side, son, when
you get convicted, at least you'll
like it in prison...

Bruce slams the door shut.

CUT TO BLACK,
ROLL CREDITS, AS
THESE SCENES
PLAY ON THE SIDE

MONTAGE

BRANDEN (V.O.)

I got twenty years for JT's murder.
Am I bitter, that he told Stacey
about me and Mr. Patterson? Not
really. I did what I needed to do.

(MORE)

BRANDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For me, I mean for us, Matthew and
me. She came back to me eventually.
They always do.

44 INT. JAIL CELL- DAY 44
Branden, sitting in his jail cell, with the light shining
through the bars onto the floor. The time passes, as we see
the light from the bars, fade and come back.

BRANDEN (V.O.)
Ya know after you witness a murder,
you become numb to the fact, that
you're watching life vanish. I told
him killing them wasn't necessary,
that the plan would work without
them dying, but Matthew just kept
saying they were pawns in the game
of love.

45 INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE- NIGHT 45
Police Chief McNeal writing his letter of resignation,
clutching a photo of Tamara and him in one hand as he writes.

BRANDEN (V.O.)
I was sad to hear that he resigned.
But nothing could prepare me for
the onslaught of guilt.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- LATE AFTERNOON
Shirley Love, overwhelmed by her son's incarceration, sits in
her dimly lit bedroom, holding a gun. She puts the gun to her
mouth, as WE HEAR a gun shot. WE SEE blood and brains
splatter against the wall.

BRANDEN (V.O.)
They said, she did it because of
me. Matthew came to visit, to see
how I was holding up after Mom
died. He was happy to hear that
Stacey and me were getting married.
I just wish mom was still around to
see her baby boy tie the knot,
sadly for her it wouldn't have been
for long though. Matthew and I had
other plans. There were no more
murders from Rellik, after I was
incarcerated. Guess Bruce was
right, I was the killer.

46 INT. POLICE STATION- DAY 46
WE SEE Police Chief Samantha James, sitting at her desk, with the Rellik folder in her hands. She places the folder into the open file cabinet and closes it. WE SEE the cabinet, it reads: Cold Cases.

FADE TO BLACK

Finish end credits

FADE IN

47 EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE- NIGHT A FEW YEARS LATER 47

Dean is in the garage next to his house, fixing his latest classic car. The hood is opened, and Dean is peering into the engine, as WE SEE Anthony dressed as Rellik, standing in the garage doorway. Dean doesn't hear or see Rellik, due to the fact that the radio is on, and Dean is singing at the top of his lungs to the song "Love will knock you down".

DEAN

"You better be careful, you better
be cautious, you better be weary,
don't want to be jealous. You
better watch out now, this ain't no
fairy tale, don't lose your cool
now, love will ignite the flame.
Cause love, love, love. Love, love,
love will knock you down.

Rellik smashes Dean's face into the motor. Blood is dripping from Dean's face, as Rellik, pushes Dean's head into the vice grip, slowly wrenching it closed around his head, squeezing it. Rellik, looks around, sees a bag of soccer balls hanging up against the wall, and takes it down, ties the bag around Dean's waist and then hooks the bag along with Dean to the engine hoist, hoists him up in the air. Rellik takes out a stapler and a cryptic note from his bag, staples it to the Dean's head, and leaves him there to die as he exits the garage into the darkness.

THE END