

"EVIDENCE"

Will holds all the evidence needed for the conviction one of the most vicious serial killers in years. Held in the wrong hands, there would be a series of dangerous events and the rise in the body count.

A phone rings in the dark; seconds later it stops.

MAN
(Exhausted and Frustrated)
Hello...

MYSTERIOUS VOICE
(Using Voice Modulator)
I know where you can find the photo
album you seek.

FADE IN:

EXT. AFTERNOON - CITY STREET

Will is casually walking down the street toward his inner city apartment with his camera hanging over his shoulder, on a hot, sunny afternoon. He likes to think of himself as an aspiring photographer, of which his work he obsesses over when he gets inspired by the perfect specimen. Will is a slender man of 25. With his short dark hair and his pale white skin, he sticks out like a sore thumb in this mostly Hispanic filled neighborhood. As he gets closer to home he begins to recognize some of the passer byes and always gives a friendly nod.

NEIGHBOR
Hola.

He walks up the stairway to his building and checks the mail; empty. He closes the box and continues to make his way to his 3rd floor dwelling.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

As he approaches the door he begins to hear rustling coming from inside. Will peaks in the forced open door to see a couple of figures tearing his apartment to bits.

HOBBS
(Frustrated)
That book has to be around here
somewhere.

Will's eyes open when the book is mentioned.

MILLS
Maybe it's over here.

Will jumps at the sound of his TV smashing to the ground.

HOBBS

Let's check the kitchen.

The two men exit the front room and head into the kitchen. Sensing this is his chance to get in unnoticed, he quietly sets his camera by the door and pushes the door open, just to have it creak as he is doing so. He stops and freezes in hopes that no one heard the noise. Crashing starts pouring out of the kitchen as pans and plates are thrown everywhere. Realizing the men heard nothing, Will continues his pursuit toward the book.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT

He slips through the front door and creeps like a cat through the remainders of his living room, tip toeing his way to the hallway and into a huge walk-in closet. He slowly closes the door behind him. He pulls the string on a hanging light. Will pushes the top half of his nicer clothes aside to make some loose boards visible on the wall. He carefully pulls them out and grabs a dark maroon photo album. Will turns the light off and peaks back out the door. He quickly pulls his head back in when a third man appears from his bedroom heading toward the kitchen.

MILLS

(Winded)

There isn't anything in the kitchen or living room boss.

HOBBS

Yeah, we tore those rooms apart.

Will hears a new, yet familiar voice speak next.

THOMPSON

(Angry)

I know, everyone knows. The whole block could hear you. We were supposed to come here, find the book and take the evidence back with us, and you clowns are just having a good ole time destroying this house, not even paying attention to all the freaking noise you're making.

Will hears the sound of a chair being picked up.

HOBBS

Did you find anything?

THOMPSON

The cleanest black room I've ever seen. Hobbs, check that closet in the hall.

Will begins to sweat, knowing if he is caught it's the end of his life as he knows it.

WILL

(Whispers)

Shit!

Will bursts through the door to see only one of the men coming his direction from the left; a big, burly man dressed in a nice black suit and blue tie.

HOBBS

Someone's got the book!! He is heading for the front...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Will runs down the hall and out the door as the two other men begin their chase. He slams the door shut in attempt to slow them down. The top hinge breaks causing the door to block the exit for the followers. Will tears down the stairs only to look up and see the men fling the door aside and continue right after him.

EXT. CITY STREET

Will hits the front door hard with his shoulder and tosses it wide open, then darts across the street to an alleyway. The followers pursue him with persistence.

THOMPSON

(Pointing)

There he goes. You guys go that way, I'll cut him off at the end of the alley.

(Urgently)

Don't let that book get away.

Two of the men start following him down the alley while Thompson jumps into his plain black car. Will hears the squealing of the car tires as he runs on the uneven gravel. He grips the book tightly in his right hand as he pulls further away from his overweight pursuers.

HOBBS
(Shouts)
Come back kid!

Will sees the black car come flying up to block the alleyway seconds before he arrives. He adapts quickly, leaps and rolls over the hood, stumbling to the hot pavement. He launches himself to his feet and into the busy street as the man gets out of the car drawing his gun.

THOMPSON
(Yells out)
Stop Will or I'll blow your head
off!

Will continues to run, completely ignoring the threat with a slight smile. It's wiped from his face quickly as Will nervously squints when he hears the firing of gun shots. Terrified, he never looks back and throws every bit of energy he has left into getting away. He disappears out of sight as the two tired men reach the third.

HOBBS
(Breathing heavily)
Did you get him?

THOMPSON
What the hell do you think? Go!

The men try to navigate through the oncoming traffic to get back on track. Horns blare out and profanities are yelled by drivers left and right as the men disturb the flow. They finally make it to the alley, only to see Will is no where in sight.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CAMERA STORE

Will enters to see the friendly and lovable Isabelle dusting off the small assortment of cameras. Isabelle is the owner of the camera shop's daughter whom Will started visiting a few months back while working on another shoot. Her bright green eyes, amazing tan skin and flawless face are what grabbed his attention when he came in that day for some film and has been coming around ever since to chat. Once he saw Isabelle he knew she would be his next model, if he could ever get her to go along with it.

WILL
 (Hurried)
 Let me get that Wittnauer 35MM...

ISABELLE
 Will?

WILL
 ...and a couple rolls of film.

Isabelle grabs the camera off the shelf and sets it on the counter.

ISABELLE
 (Concerned)
 What's the matter Will?

WILL
 (Out of sorts)
 Had...had some men in my apartment.

ISABELLE
 Men? What were they doing...

WILL
 Looking for something...

ISABELLE
 What?

A sweaty hand print remains on the cover as he sets the photo album on the counter.

WILL
 This.

ISABELLE
 Your photo album?

Will nods.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 That seems a little odd...
 (Reaches for album)
 ...what's in it?

Will quickly pulls the book close.

WILL
 (Nervously Concerned)
 Just some of my artwork....work...

ISABELLE

Why would anyone want your photos?

WILL

A couple months back on a shoot, I witnessed...

(Replays it in his head)

...I didn't even know what I was taking pictures of, all I could remember was being amazed at the horror I had just witnessed...

(Begins to daze off)

...it was absolutely ama...

ISABELLE

Will!

Will comes back from his spaced out state.

WILL

But I didn't just get pictures of the victim, I got pictures of the killer as well. He laid right next to her...

She covers her face with her hands.

ISABELLE

(Shocked)

That's horrible!

Isabelle walks over and gives Will a comforting hug.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Do you know who he is?

WILL

Yeah I know who he is and people want these pictures badly...

ISABELLE

(Eagerly)

Who!

Will puts the photo album down and puts his hands on her shoulders.

WILL

(Caring)

Isabelle, it's far too dangerous to let you know.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

If these people even knew you were with me your life would be in serious danger. They will stop at nothing to get it.

ISABELLE

Why don't you go to the cops?

WILL

I tried once, but the cops work for him.

Will glances out the showcase window to see his pursuers heading their way.

WILL (CONT'D)

They're coming!

Will drops to his hands and knees.

ISABELLE

Hide!

Will crawls to the back room where Isabelle is pointing. A few moments later Hobbs and Thompson enter to the ringing of a bell hanging above the door. Isabelle stands with a nervous smile.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Is there something I can help you gentlemen with today?

Hobbs wanders around by the showcase window while Thompson approaches the counter.

THOMPSON

(Smiling)

Well, I'm hoping you can, miss...

He pulls out a picture of Will.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Have you seen this man?

ISABELLE

(Shakes head)

No...no sir.

THOMPSON

That's good for your sake. But it doesn't help us any.

He notices the camera and the film.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
(Curiously looking around)
Helping a customer?

ISABELLE
(Timidly laughs)
Oh no, just doing some cleaning.

Thompson picks up the camera and pretends to take a picture of her.

THOMPSON
Click, Click...

Isabelle pretends to be entertained as she poses. She is forced to remain calm when she notices the photo album sitting at the other end of the counter while she models. She attempts to distract their attention as Hobbs continues to wander closer to the book.

ISABELLE
You know sales are slow.
(Flirtatious smile)
Interested in anything you see big
boy?

Hobbs notices her sexy body language and quickly turns toward her.

HOBBS
(Looks her body up and
down)
Oh yeah...

THOMPSON
(Interrupts)
Settle down you stray dog.

Thompson points at the door.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Cool down outside big boy.

Thompson sets down the camera.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
If you see anything let us know.

Isabelle smiles and nods.

ISABELLE
Of course.

Thompson gives the place one more look through, noticing the book and points.

THOMPSON
 (Curious)
 Do you sell a lot of those.

He starts walking toward it, as Isabelle quickly walks over to him and puts her hands over the top of it.

ISABELLE
 (Nervously)
 Oh no. We've had this very book for over 5 months now...
 (Giggles uneasily)
 ...Actually I was getting ready to throw it in the trash.

THOMPSON
 In the trash?
 (Motions in his direction)
 Well if you're just gonna throw it away...

Isabelle hugs the book tightly.

ISABELLE
 (Quick/Flustered)
 NO!
 (Composes herself)
 I...I mean I can't. My dad...you see my dad never allows us just to give things away...I was just kidding about the trash...he'd kill me...
 (Laughs awkwardly)

Thompson shrugs.

THOMPSON
 How much?

ISABELLE
 Thirty-five dollars.

THOMPSON
 (Shocked)
 Thirty-five dollars...WOW! No wonder you guys aren't doing good business. The prices are too high.

ISABELLE
 Yeah...that's my dad.

Thompson turns and walks toward the door.

THOMPSON
(Still walking)
Remember, if you see anything.

The bell rings as the door opens and closes. Isabelle watches the men closely. Thompson gives a smile and a wink just before he disappears past the window with Hobbs and Mills.

ISABELLE
(Sigh of Relief)
Okay, they're gone.

Isabelle gets curious to see Will's artwork and begins to open the book.

WILL
Thanks!

He grabs the book out of her hand.

WILL (CONT'D)
I thought I was busted. If they would've known I was here they would've taken you too. They're ruthless.

ISABELLE
(Questioning)
The one guy looked like a detective.

WILL
I told you the guy has cops working for him.

ISABELLE
Yeah, but...a detective?

WILL
(Irritated)
Detective, cop. Same dang thing!

A frustrated Will walks over to the camera and throws it along with the film and the photo album in a bag he pulled from the back room.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...it's just I've been under a lot of stress.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I lost my camera, my house was torn apart, my current shoot is thrown off schedule and now you're questioning me?

ISABELLE

Sorry Will...

WILL

I should be sorry for putting you in all this danger...

He goes to the window to see if the coast is clear.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'll be outta here in a second...

Will goes to the door and peers through the window looking left and right down the road.

WILL (CONT'D)

(Smiles)

Looks clear.

He waves good bye and walks out the door. Isabelle watches as he disappears into an alley across the way. She stands staring out the window with concern.

ISABELLE

Take care of yourself Will.

At that moment Will reappears running full speed to the camera shop yelling.

WILL

(Eyes filled with fear)

Run!

Isabelle slowly backs from the window. Will bursts in.

WILL (CONT'D)

They are right behind me!

Panicked, Isabelle stumbles back tripping over her feet. Will scoops her up.

WILL (CONT'D)

C'mon...we need to go now!

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The pair run out the back door in an instant to her car. From pure terror, Isabelle fumbles around with her keys and they fall to the ground. Will runs over to the driver's side and picks up the keys.

WILL
I'll drive, get in!

Without hesitation Isabelle darts over to the other side and jumps in.

INT. ISABELLE'S CAR

Will fires up the car and slams it into drive, squealing the tires as he drives off. He floors it through town, weaving in and out of traffic. Isabelle looks back to see the chasers.

ISABELLE
Which car is theirs?

Will continues to drive without a response, sliding around the next intersection. Isabelle slides into Will.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Whoa....

Will nudges her off without losing focus of the task at hand.

WILL
Trust me, they're there.

They continue on, running stop lights and causing minor fender benders along the way. Finally they make it to the freeway.

WILL (CONT'D)
(Sighs)
We should be alone now.

He turns and smiles at Isabelle with a sense of relief. She returns the gesture then lays her head back in a comfortable manner.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

The two pull up to an old farmhouse a little over 100 miles away. Isabelle notices the house has seen better days with its falling shudders, chipping paint and collapsed porch.

ISABELLE
Whose place is this?

Will drives to the shocking nice garage and stops the car.

WILL
Used to me my grandparents, but
they both passed a long ways back
and I inherited it.

EXT. DUSK - WILL'S HOUSE

Will exits after he grabs his bag from the backseat; shortly Isabelle follows.

ISABELLE
(Laughs)
The garage the only thing you fixed
up in this dump?

WILL
It's where I do my work.

Isabelle begins to fidget.

ISABELLE
Well...does it have a bathroom?

WILL
(Chuckles)
Yeah...
(Points)
Go in there, down the hall. It's
the first door on the right.

Isabelle smiles and scurries to the house. Just before she enters, she turns to see Will enter the garage.

ISABELLE
Thanks for helping me...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE

ISABELLE
(Whispers to herself)
Pewww...

The house is as bad on the inside as it is on the out. She walks down the hall toward the bathroom and glances over into the living room to see the whole floor is missing.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Geesh Will, you think you could do some work.

She locates the bathroom and opens the door to be somewhat blinded by the setting sun through the window. She blocks it with her hands and enters, closing the door behind her. To her excitement the toilet is actually clean, unlike the rest of the rust and dirt scattered bathroom.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Least he added some toilet paper.

While Isabelle is in the middle of taking care of her business, she catches the glimpse of a shadow on a wall peering in the window behind her. She turns quickly to have some sort of flash blind her for a moment. Once her eyes clear she sees some dried out old trees blowing tiredly in the wind.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Damn sun...

She finishes her business and goes out to the garage.

INT. WILL'S GARAGE

Isabelle slowly pushes open the garage door.

ISABELLE

Will?

She advances to the middle of the room to notice spotlights scattered along the ceiling and walls strategically setup around a plush red couch and black fluffy rug. She notices the case from the camera Will took from her shop is sitting on a workbench, empty along with the photo album. She walks over and begins to open it as the temptation to see what's inside has overwhelmed her.

WILL

(Confident)

You don't want to do that.

Isabelle jumps, knocking the book to the ground, opened.

ISABELLE
(Timidly laughs)
Will...you...you startled me.

WILL
Sorry...

ISABELLE
Um, how long are we going to stay
here?

Isabelle notices Will has the camera in his hand dangling
from a neck strap as he walks closer to her.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Were you taking pictures?

WILL
I was just testing it out.

ISABELLE
(Irritated)
In the bathroom?

WILL
(Laughs)
You have to admit it's the best
scenery around.

ISABELLE
(Disgusted)
I need to go...

Isabelle storms past Will only to have him slam the door shut
when she attempts to open it.

WILL
(Pleading)
No need to go...I was just foolin'
around.

Isabelle attempts to push him out of the way with no success.

WILL (CONT'D)
Why do you want to go?

Isabelle drives her elbow into his side with one last attempt
to leave.

ISABELLE
Move Will, you're freaking me out.

Rage fills his eyes as he grabs her by the throat. He squeezes tightly for a moment with pleasure then tosses her to the pavement.

WILL
(Creepy)
You could be a star!

Tears begin to fill her eyes as she tries to scramble to her feet, only to slip on the open photo album.

WILL (CONT'D)
Go ahead and look at your
potential...

Isabelle looks to where Will is pointing and sees the photo album is wide open, with multiple pictures of her. One close up of her face, another one of her getting out of her car and the third is her changing in front of a window.

ISABELLE
(Fearfully insistent)
I don't want to be a star. I just
want to go home.

Will walks over and sets the camera on the ground and attempts to comfort her by placing his hand on her back.

WILL
Now c'mon. There...there.

She pulls away from his unsettling touch as she puts her head in her hands, crying out.

ISABELLE
Please Will...Please let me go
home.

He rubs the top of her head, then leans in to kiss it.

WILL
Okay. If you don't want to be a
star in one of my shoots that's
fine. I will take you home.

He slowly helps her to stand.

WILL (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to frighten you. I
just thought you'd be as excited as
me.

Straightens up her blouse.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's not everyday someone has an opportunity like this fall into their lap.

He grabs her chin and forces her to look into his estranged eyes. She forces her head down letting out a scream of terror. Will quickly glances down to see what the fuss is about, to see a picture. A bloody mess of a brunette girl with her ears and nose cut off.

WILL (CONT'D)

Now you've done it. I told you not to look in the book, but you wouldn't listen.

Will fiercely tugs at her hair, whipping her into the workbench, collapsing to the cold ground. He bends down and picks up the photo album.

WILL (CONT'D)

(Shakes Head)

I was an amateur then. She was one of my first ones.

(Walks closer)

I thought she had the model look.

(Smacks himself playfully in the forehead)

I was wrong. I realized for her to be the ultimate success she would need to have her ears and nose fixed.

He grabs her cheeks with his free hand.

WILL (CONT'D)

But of course she was hesitant, like you.

She lets out a grunt as he squeezes tighter around her face and shoves her over to the couch.

WILL (CONT'D)

Well needless to say, my cutting skills aren't as good as my photography skills.

Will forces her to sit up so he can take a seat next to her, to share his work with her. He puts his arm around her.

WILL (CONT'D)

This one here I was just plain sloppy with...I was trying to give her a chin tuck and I slipped and sliced her throat, then I watched her life drain out of her eyes.

(Insanely smiles)

It's really quite amazing to see.

Isabelle squirms in terror as he continues. Will sees the terror in her eyes.

WILL (CONT'D)

(Shocked)

What, Isabelle? You already told me you didn't want to be a model. I have no desire to harm you. Look at you, you're perfect.

He runs his cold, pale finger down the side of her young tan face.

WILL (CONT'D)

(Smiles Devilishly)

You are just a perfect work of art.

Will carries the book over to the workbench to pick up the camera. He walks back in her direction

WILL (CONT'D)

I just want to make beautiful artwork.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DAY - POLICE STATION

Detective Johnston is sitting at his desk reading a file marked Will Thomas with various pictures of cut up young women. The phone ringing by Will's lost camera disturbs him from his concentration.

WILL (V.O.)

Hello Detective.

Thompson begins to glare.

THOMPSON

Hello...
 (Disgusted)
 Will.

WILL (V.O.)

(Jokingly)
 You guys almost got me yesterday.

THOMPSON

Almost, but now we have a face to go with your album.

WILL (V.O.)

I guess you did see me this time. So it's a good thing Isabelle helped me out or you might have finally gotten your hands on me after all these years...

(Pauses)

But wouldn't it be a crime to lock up such a great artist?

THOMPSON

(Fuming)

You're a murderer, not an artist!

WILL (V.O.)

Now, now. No need for such harsh words...

(Sympathetic)

I couldn't imagine being that close...that close...not getting what you want.

Thompson forces himself to settle down.

WILL (CONT'D)

If you'd only have picked up the photo album for \$35 detective. Oh so close.

Thompson stays silent with defeat in his eyes as a proud and victorious laughter comes from the phone.

WILL (CONT'D)

(Sincerely curious)

Would you like to see some of my latest masterpiece?

Thompson looks to the past victims and closes his eyes in disappointment.

WILL (CONT'D)
(Voice Modulator)
You there detective?

FADE OUT.

WILL (CONT'D)
(Voice Modulator)
Detective?

THE END.