

**64**

Written By  
Tristen Webb

OVER BLACK

SUPER: 64

FADE IN:

On indistinct chatter from male voices. They seem to be having a good time.

**EXT. PARK NEAR WOODS - LATE NIGHT**

SUPER: 1990

We see three friends, LUE, NICK, and ANDY, in their late 20's partially dressed in military fatigue. They sit atop a picnic table surrounded by empty beer cans and liquor bottles.

We come in towards the end of a story.....

NICK  
That's hilarious!

ANDY  
I know and Johnny comes running out and runs right into it!

They all laugh simultaneously. Then, silence.

LUE  
So.....

NICK  
(to Lue)  
Don't you have a kid?

LUE  
That's neither here nor there.

NICK  
You know you're insane right, Lue?

LUE  
Not clinically.

A beat. Nick states his claim.

NICK  
Well I don't think so man. I'm kinda working my way back in good favor with Julie.

Lue and Andy look at each other, shocked. They turn to Nick.

LUE  
I didn't know Julie was in the  
business of taking back deranged,  
sorry excuses for a human being.

They chuckle.

NICK  
(humored)  
Yea she apologized for that.

ANDY  
And?

NICK  
Annndd I stopped reading her  
journal.

LUE  
(chuckling)  
That's great.

ANDY  
Isn't she dating like some 18 year  
old?

Nick's cell phone rings. He takes it out of his jacket pocket.

NICK  
Sshhhhhh.....

The phone covers nearly the whole side of his face, as it's one of the first models. Nick twists his body away from the others. He answers.

NICK  
Hello...Hey Julie I'm in the  
movies right now, can I call you  
when I get out...okay... bye.

ANDY  
Starting it out on the right foot  
huh.

LUE  
Gotta love Nick.

NICK

Please. She doesn't love him.  
She's probably at that trust fund  
bastard's house right now.

LUE

So that's where you got the phone.

Nick smiles.

ANDY

You two belong together.

NICK

Yea well last time I waited too  
long to try and patch things up.

He points to his military fatigue. Marines.

NICK(CONT'D)

....I ain't letting that happen  
again.

LUE

Fair enough.

ANDY

Cheers boys!

Big chug from all three.

ANDY(CONT'D)

Alright let's roll.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME**

Nick walks toward his car. He takes another sip from a beer  
bottle, then taps the opening to his forehead as a goodbye  
salute. A car engine starts. It's Andy's. He drives off.

Nick turns around and unzips his pants to a leek. His head  
tilts back.

NICK

(relieving)

Mmmmm...

He zips his pants back up. Slightly staggering but  
determined, he turns and continue to his car.

In the b.g. an outline of a light grey mask emerges.

Nick staggers along. Sipping the last half of his bottle.  
Finally he makes it to his car. Parked close to the woods.  
He sets the bottle on the ground, unlocks the car door,  
then carelessly plops down in the driver's seat.

NICK

Yes!

**INT. CAR - CONTINUED**

Nick slams the door shut....It's quiet.... All of the windows  
are frosted with minimal visibility. However, through the  
drivers side window, something seems to approach.

He looks at the windshield.... Frosted.

Better fix that. Nick begins to insert the key, but drops  
them. He searches blindly, using only his hand.... Murmuring  
a country song under his breath.

After a moment, he finds the keys.

NICK

Ah ha! Thought you got away?

Sticks the key in the ignition.... Turns it to start when.....

A ROAR of heavy metal blasts through the speakers.

Nick jumps out his skin and quickly turns the music  
off...This sobers him a little...he puts his palms in his eye  
sockets and slowly takes a deep breath.

NICK

Alright! Get it together.

Nick'S POV.

He flicks on the headlights, then the windshield wipers  
and...

Suddenly, a figure appears.

It stands there. Tall...menacing...an indistinguishable grey  
blob where a face should be.

Nick squints his eyes. He knows who this is. Smirks.  
The figure slowly walks around to the driver's side window.

Unthreatened, Nick begins to roll down the window.

NICK  
Randy what in the....

CRASH!! The Figure's hand breaks through the glass and wraps around Nick's throat.

Terrified, Nick hits, scratches, and claws at The Figure.

The Figure is not phased by any of this. It looks down at the ground and sees the empty beer bottle.

Getting desperate, Nick honks the horn. Frantically!  
Honking for his life...

The figure, still strangling, picks up the bottle.

Breaks it on the side of the car.

Then, RAMS it into Nick's head.

Nick's arms slowly stop moving. Blood gushes from the side of his face.

From behind we see the figure step back, examining its work.

The dead body of Nick...impelled beer bottle in his face...  
lifeless, in the driver's seat.

**EXT. COLLEGE APARTMENTS - EARLY MORNING**

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

Sunshine caresses the side of an all brick apartment building. Oak trees, run down grass, and bushes provide the landscape.

**INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUED**

A male's room. Masculine... Messy... College memorabilia and provocative posters decorate the walls.

While music softly plays through computer speakers, subtly, among the chaos of clutter, we notice an individual asleep on a futon crammed in the room.

This is DERRICK PICHENS - 22, handsome, athletic. He slowly opens his eyes. A dreamy blue.

Derrick turns over on his side, facing the bed. Something peaks his interest.

He wrinkles his forehead then raises his head to see over. To his delight, a large bulge underneath the comforter. He smiles.

Slowly, he removes the blanket covering him, tip-toes over to the bed, and leans over the frame of...

RACHAEL - 22, pretty brunette. She is on her side, fast asleep.

Derrick softly peels the comforter from her body, while slowly climbing on top of her.

He starts kissing her: on her cheek, shifts the hair from her neck, kisses her there.

Rachael senses are stimulated by this. His warm, sensual kisses. She begins to smile enjoying the moment, but gradually her smile fades.

RACHAEL  
You can stop now.

DERRICK  
(still kissing)  
What?

She turns over on her back, making Derrick raise up on his arms. His face drops. Trails of dried up mascara tears stain Rachael's face.

She shifts him off of her then sits up on the side of the bed, whipping her eyes.

RACHAEL  
Not what you expected?...Well  
neither was last night.

She wants him to say something, anything. But he, speechless, guilty, doesn't know what to do. Or say.

She walks into the bathroom and closes the door. He rolls onto his back and stressfully exhales. Damn.

RACHAEL(O.S.)  
I just wanted you to understand  
how I feel. You know? It can work!

She pauses, waiting on a response from Derrick. Nothing.

The faucet turns on. He stops a love song playing on the computer...flops back on the bed...closes his eyes. If only he could wish this moment away.

The faucet turns off and Rachael steps out. Face, clean... emotions, exposed. Derrick attempts to salvage the moment.

DERRICK  
Look Rach... I...

Derrick's cell phone rings and interrupts.

He looks at Rachael, then, the phone, then back at Rachael. Reluctant. Damn it.

Finally, he picks up the phone and looks at the caller id.

DERRICK  
It's my mom.

He answers.

DERRICK  
Hey, mom.

A beat. He listens...slowly his face saddens, his head drops...

#### **EXT. CEMETERY - RAINY MORNING**

A depressing and gloomy morning. In the middle of a large cemetery, a small group of mourners, dressed in black, shelter themselves with darkest of umbrellas.

In the middle of the front row, Derrick comforts his mother, GRACE PICHENS - a spiritual 50 year old, as she cries. She rests her head on his shoulders.

Extreme pain and sorrow pours from everyone's eyes, except Derrick's. His eyes stare off into a space, distant, a place of uncertainty.

In the b.g. a MINISTER reads from the bible.

MINISTER  
For you will not leave my soul  
among the dead or allow your godly  
one to rot in the grave....

Derrick looks at the headstone. It reads top: FEAR NOT AND LOVE YET. Center: Here Lies James Pichens. Bottom: 48 wonderful years.

#### **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY**

The mood of the house is grim, obviously, but the inside still speaks of comfort; a sense of spiritual nurturing.

Family pictures and Christian artifacts hanging on the walls. This is a house of love.

Several grievers, including Rachael sit around Grace and hold small paper plates topped with comfort food. Derrick stands off to the side and stares through a window. It's been a long day.

He rouses out of his daze and turns to glances at picture on the wall.

Derrick walks over to the picture to get a closer view. A younger him, posing gleefully with his late father.

He stares at it, intently, absorbing that very moment.

A hand gently touches him on his shoulder. He turns.

RACHAEL

I'm sorry. I just came to see if you were ok.

DERRICK

Yeah.

She embraces Derrick, warming and loving. His security blanket. They hug there for a moment.

**EXT. GRACES'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Grace hugs the remaining grievers as they leave.

GRACE

Thank you, for everything you've done. God bless you.

The grievers walk down the pathway and Grace closes the door.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - CONTINUED**

Rachael sits on a living room chair and reads the program from the funeral. Across the way, Derrick stands in the family room and looks at a wall of pictures.

Grace watches him in the doorway.

GRACE

Did you eat something?

DERRICK

I'm not hungry.

GRACE

You know you're father used to do this.

She moves toward Derrick.

GRACE(CONT'D)

He would stand there for hours. Just staring. As if he were trying to remember each one of those moments.

Derrick laughs at a picture he see's of himself in a Halloween costume. He's little. Not even 1 years old. A Jason mask, covers almost half his body.

GRACE(CONT'D)

That was your first Halloween.

DERRICK

I don't even remember half these pictures... There's grandpa. I see one where's...

GRACE

(cutting him off)

The other. Your father never got an opportunity to get close with him. As he got older he tried. He did! But, it was just an unfortunate result of being too young with children. He went off to the military and pretty much tried to forget your father ever existed. Yet still, your father forgave him.

She gestures towards a cross on the wall.

GRACE(CONT'D)

He thought it was important for them to get reacquainted. As did I. But..... Lord knows, I prayed for them. Both. Just like I do for you. Every night.

Derrick barely cracks a smile.

She smiles and turns his head to give him a kiss on the cheek. Rachael steps in the doorway, hesitant.

RACHAEL

Excuse me Mrs. Pichens, sorry I didn't mean to intrude but Derrick, your phone has been vibrating non-stop. I didn't know if it was an emergency.

She hands the phone to Derrick. He opens it. TEXT MESSAGE: RESEARCH FOUND PARTYING ADDS 10 YRS. 2 LIFE. TANNER'S 10PM 2NITE.

Derrick smiles of some relief.

GRACE

It's ok if you want to be with your friends now.

DERRICK

Mom, no I don't...I don't think that's the best idea. It's okay.

GRACE

Oh Derrick. I loved your father. Very much. And I know you did too. But he was a very sick man, was for a long time. It's a blessing he lived this long.

Grace starts to gently steer them out of the room.

GRACE(CONT'D)

Plus you wouldn't know how to comfort old lady style, anyway.

**IN THE LIVING ROOM,**

GRACE(CONT'D)

Sheryl and Auntie Donna are coming back to join me in a gorge fest. On the menu, cakes and pies.

They turn and smile, apprehensive.

GRACE

(sincere)

It's ok... I will be ok. Come now, gather your things. I'll fix your plates.

Grace exits into the kitchen. Derrick and Rachael begin to collect their belongings.

**EXT. GRACE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUED**

Rachael hugs Grace with to go plates in hand.

RACHAEL

Goodbye Mrs. Pichens. Again I am very sorry for your loss.

GRACE

Oh no need be child. Even though it hurts, I take solace in knowing that he's in a better place.

Rachael turns and walks towards the car. Derrick passes her, walking from the car to the front door.

He walks up to his mother, barely able to look her in the eyes. She gives him a big hug.

As he pulls away, she slides a piece of paper in his hand. He looks at it.

It is an address: GRANDPA PICHENS- 847 COUNTY LINE ROAD.

GRACE

I know you're hurting. Go and visit him. It might help the healing.

He kisses her on the cheek.

DERRICK

Love you.

He back pedals away from her and fades into the night.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUED**

Derrick positions himself in the driver's seat while Rachael sits in the passengers. They reverse out of the driveway.

Derrick opens his cell phone and makes a call.

DERRICK

Cole, hey what's up...Yeah I'm ok. What's going on at Tanner's... Nah it's cool, I could use a little break from things right now...Alright we'll go home and change and I'll see you there.

**EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT**

Music blares from the two story Sigma Alpha house. Party goers overflow out onto the balcony and front lawn.

**INT. FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUED**

The atmosphere is filled with inhibited party goers of all races. They entertain themselves as they dance, chug beer, and play drinking games.

Derrick leans in a doorway sipping a beer. He watches the dance floor, almost therapeutically.

**INT. FRAT HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUED**

Jam packed. Standing room only in this spacious, traditional kitchen. An assortment of liquor bottles and juices fill the counter tops.

Rachael and JENNIFER - 22, bubbly cheerleader type, maneuver their way through the crowd to refill on their drinks. They yell over the music.

JENNIFER

Did he ever explain why?

RACHAEL

He was about to when his mother called about his father.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah Cole told me about that. How is Derrick handling it?

RACHAEL

Keeping everything inside. Like usual.

JENNIFER

Tell me about it. Cole's just as bad. If I every want him to shut up or give me some space, I just ask him a serious question.

Rachael laughs.

JENNIFER(CONT'D)

I'm serious. It works until I really want an answer to something.

Rachael smiles, masking uncertainty. Jennifer knows it's a cover. She assures Rachael.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He'll come around Rach, and you guys are gonna get married and have a bunch of kids that I can spoil rotten.

Rachael looks around, absorbing the environment. She wakes up out of the moment.

RACHAEL

Whatever. I don't even want to talk or think about it any more.

JENNIFER

Well let's hit the dance floor then girl.

They hold hands above the crowd and dance their way of out the kitchen.

**INT. FRAT HOUSE - COMMONS - CONTINUED**

Derrick sees Jennifer and Rachael enter the room where majority of the party goers are. The dance floor. He catches eye contact with Rachael. She looks good.

He follows them with his eyes, until, his view is interrupted by COLE, frat boy, all-American blonde. A little older than Derrick but still his right hand man. He greets Derrick.

COLE

What's up Dee! Glad you made it.

DERRICK

Yea man. This madness is kinda taking me away from my own craziness. Everything is so....

He hand gesture his frustration.

COLE

I bet.

DERRICK

Oh and thanks for the flowers too, my mom loved'em.

COLE

Oh yea no problem man. I talked to the brothers and there was no question. You're like family to us.

SHAUN, a drunk party goer yells as he spots Derrick and Cole.

SHAUN  
 Cole and Pichens baby!  
 back again! Yo we got the  
 kegs in the back.  
 (softer)  
 And Pichens, I didn't eat  
 anything tonight so I'm ready for  
 you now baby. Your ass is grass  
 tonight.

COLE  
 Not right now Shaun.

SHAUN  
 Chill out Frat. I'm talking to the  
 king of the keg.

DERRICK  
 It's alright Cole. Let me finish  
 this and I'll find you when I'm  
 ready.

SHAUN  
 Alright. And you better come find  
 me too. Proceed.

He walks away.

SHAUN(O.S.)  
 Revenge is a Biotch!

Derrick and Cole stare at him. Indifferent.

COLE  
 What an idiot, so anyway you ready  
 to stop holding up this wall?

Derrick takes sip of beer. Cole takes the hint.

COLE(CONT'D)  
 Let's go then.

Derrick follows Cole.

A popular song plays in the party. Everyone in the party  
 gets into the song.

Derrick walks onto a small stage that is set up on the  
 floor. Cole stands behind him while the crowd chants.

CROWD

Dee! Dee! Dee! Dee!.....

COLE

Gotta start off slow.

Cole lifts Derrick from behind and tosses him into the crowd. Derrick crowd surfs.

Meanwhile, Cole takes off his shirt, grabs two champagne bottles, shakes them up and launches into the crowd... spraying champagne on everyone.

**EXT. JOGGING PATH - NIGHT**

The noise from the party is no longer heard. A female jogger and her black Lab, run the trails of the nearby woods. The trail is well lit by tall standing lights along the path.

She listens to her IPOD while she runs. A small container of mace dangles next to an asthma pump on the back of her shorts with each stride.

She turns the corner, focused on her strides.

Sweat beads on her forehead...running with the pace of the music.... comfortable in her rhythm... the Lab keeps pace, panting, but in shape. He's done this before.

Suddenly the dog stops. He senses something. He sniffs the ground for a scent.

She jogs in place to keep up her heart beat. Compares her pulse to her stopwatch. 120 bpm. Right where she wants.

She gently yanks the dog by the chain.

JOGGER

Come on boy. Come on.

The dog obeys and they continue down the path when.... Abruptly, the dog stops again. This time, eating something. He gets her full attention now.

JOGGER

What're you doing boy? What's wrong.....

She takes out one earpiece. Kneels down.

A FIGURE stands in the bushes next to her. It's the one from before.

She doesn't notice.

JOGGER

...NO! Come on boy we gotta go.

The dog spots The Figure. He attack barks, vicious. He's more aware of the threat than she is.

She tries to calm him down but he's in full protect mode. Then suddenly, a hair raising, chill crawls up her spine.

She feels a presence behind her, reaches for the mace behind her back, turns her head slowly to reveal...

Nothing... Only the path she just traveled...trees, blowing in the wind. She turns to the bushes, a hollow darkness, where the figure stood...until...

OUT jumps The Figure...landing on top of the jogger, knife drawn... a pale mask, a Lewis chessman...she wails out a cry from her terrified soul...the Labrador hurdles onto the figure in a vicious attack of protection.

The Lab knocks The Figure off the jogger. The knife, barely scrapes her face from a thrust that was clearly intended for deadly results. She's free...

She rolls over, lifts on her feet, and darts off into a dead sprint in less than a heartbeat. Her eyes frantic-horror struck.

She looks back. The Figure has the Lab by the throat and breaks it's neck. He goes limp.

Hysterical. She runs as fast as she can. Increasing her distance from The Figure.

**EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE JOGGING PATH - CONTINUED**

She slows down at in intersection of other paths, barely able to catch her breath.

A mixture of panic, fear and exhaustion. She reaches around for her asthma pump and takes a puff.

Her eyes squint as she scans her surroundings. This is unfamiliar territory.

She tries to hold herself up...places her hands on her hips...HER CELL PHONE! She almost forgot. She opens it and dials 911.

OPERATOR  
Nine one... wha eii.....gency

JOGGER  
Hello yes I'm on the Hopman trail..

OPERATOR  
Nine one...hel...one there?

JOGGER  
Yes I'm here, I'm here, please can  
you hear me?

OPERATOR  
Hel...o...

She checks the signal strength. One bar. She hangs up. Her eyes shift as her thoughts race. There is another way!

She quickly sends a text: CALL 911 IM IN PARK

LEAVES CRUNCH! She jumps. Time to get out of the open.

Not far off the path, she creeps into the woods and squats behind a tree. She can see the intersection where she is.

Silence... The CRUNCHES become closer. Her heart beats faster. She closes her eyes in sheer terror, but not for long.

Slowly, she opens her eyes, peeks her head around the tree and.....

A squirrel. Just a squirrel, runs around on the path. She exhales. Turns around on the tree...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Her cell phone goes off.

JOLTED! She fumbles to turn the sound off...opens the phone... Text reply: WHAT? SERIOUS? She resends the original text.

Leaves crunch. She looks up. A sign on another path reads: Restrooms and Exit- 1/4 miles. Hope at last.

She Closes the phone.

Gently, quietly, stands up...

THE FIGURE stands behind her.... She steps.

JAM! A knife goes into the side of her neck. She falls to her knees, shocked, gushing blood.

THUD! Her face hits the ground. The Figure stands. Her cell phone rings.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - GRASSY NULL - DAY**

College students sprawl out around the open space. Some play catch with a football or frisbee, others lay out on blankets and read...

Derrick and Cole, fresh out of class, walk along a concrete path in the grass.

COLE

Alright so, what's going on now?

DERRICK

Yea I don't know. We'll see. All I know is that Rachel's still waiting on an answer.

COLE

For what?

DERRICK

Well you know how I got that job offer in California at the last career fair.

COLE

Mmm Hmm.

DERRICK

Well I was telling her that I haven't decided if I was gonna accept it or not and she got upset. I guess she assumed that I would just go with her to New York.

COLE

While she is in med school?

DERRICK

Yeah. So as I was explaining this to her, she starts talking about our relationship and how we would stay together. If we would stay together. I mean of course I considered it in my thought process. We've been together fours years but....

Cole looks confused. It's obvious this is Cole's first time hearing this.

COLE

You don't want to stay together?

DERRICK

I do. Yes and No. I mean I love Rach.... I do, but I don't know if I'm ready to change my plans for her just yet.

COLE

What. Were you leaning towards accepting it.

DERRICK

Yea kind of.

COLE

Sounds like you've made up your mind already.

Derrick considers this.

DERRICK

But then again, she's smart and funny and beautiful. She could be the one. And I don't want to be the idiot that passes that up. Wishing it was me married to her, instead of some, fag.

COLE

Deep! I'm just glad it's you, and not me.

Derrick realizes the stress of this situation again.

DERRICK

I don't know..... Hey what are you doing later.

COLE

Nothing.

DERRICK

Cool.

COLE

Why? What's up.

DERRICK

Let's go and visit my grandfather.

COLE

Your grandfather?

DERRICK  
Yea, on my dad's side.

Not what Cole had in mind.

COLE  
Okay...We're getting drinks first  
though.

Jennifer runs up from behind and jumps on Cole's back. He quickly gathers himself, used to this stunt.

JENNIFER  
What's new boys.

DERRICK  
Hey Jen.

JENNIFER  
Hello Derrick.  
(to Cole)  
And stallion?

COLE  
You having a good day or what?

JENNIFER  
Always, when I see you.

Rachael walks up. Smiling.

DERRICK  
Hey babe.

They kiss.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUED**

Derrick and Rachael hold hands while they walk on the sidewalk. Close behind, Cole has his arm wrapped around Jennifer's neck, whispering in her ear.

RACHAEL  
How was class?

DERRICK  
Sucked! I don't know how Professor Sherman expects us to write not one but two, two research papers this semester and take four exams. He's nuts.

RACHAEL

Well babe we're getting ready to graduate, so the workload is gonna get heavier.

DERRICK

Well I need to do like that girl on clueless. I'm sure professor Sherman's single. He looks like that liger from Napoleon Dynamite.

RACHAEL

(almost chuckling)  
Derrick!

DERRICK

That's what I need to do, find somebody with little to no, standards and play cupid.

COLE

Who you guys talking about?

RACHAEL

Professor Sherman.

COLE

Oh Yea that guy's awful. He sucks at life.

Jennifer slaps Cole on the chest.

COLE

What, he does.

Cole and Jennifer start to argue, flirtatiously. In so doing, it causes Derrick and Rachael to look at each other and smile. Remembering the days when their love too, was less complicated.

Meanwhile, a female student - 20's, walks from the opposite direction. She stops Rachael to talk. The group also stops.

FEMALE STUDENT

Hey, Rachael did you get the notes from yesterday....

Cole looks at his watch.

COLE

Alright, I gotta go to the library for tutoring.

JENNIFER  
Okay. I'll walk ya.

Cole shakes hands with Derrick.

COLE  
Alright man, just hit me up later.

JENNIFER  
Bye Rach. I'll call you.

Rachael waves goodbye then continues to converse.

DERRICK  
So you don't' get A's in partying  
huh Cole.

COLE  
Nice try, C average. I'm the one  
doing the tutoring....

They walk off. Jennifer under Cole's arm.

DERRICK  
Riiiiight.

Cole sticks up his middle finger and mouths the words "Blow me" to Derrick. Derrick laughs.

For a moment, he watches them walk away, until his attention is distracted by a group of girls in the distance. And one girl in particular.

This is KELLY BAYERS - 20, with a body and a smile that would give a holy man sinful thoughts. Their eyes connect.

RACHAEL  
Derrick! Derrick!

Derrick wakes out of his zone.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
They're gone. I know you miss him,  
but we'll see them again.

Derrick laughs it off.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Three kids: TOBY-8, JASON-8, MICHAEL-9, ride their bikes on the side of the road. They ride in a straight line, one behind the other.

A car approaches slowly from behind, then carefully passes around the boys. Michael, the last in line, sprints ahead of the other two.

MICHAEL

Ready, go!

TOBY

Hey! Cheater!

Toby and Jason sprint to catch up.

MICHAEL

I'm not cheatin, you're just slow.

They race down the road...an intense game of who's the fastest...flying by huge, old fashioned, country homes with acres of land...

JASON

Look! There's one.

Jason points across the street to a steep grassy slope off the side of the road. It is the extension of a front yard. The boys cross the street and zoom down.

Continuously, up the steep incline they pedal, then turn around and coast back down.

Michael separates himself from the others and rides close to the house whose yard they're in. It sits back, almost a quarter of mile from the street.

He spots something on the ground by the side of the house. We can't see it.

MICHAEL

Hey guys, look at this!

Jason and Toby ride over.

JASON AND TOBY

Whooooa!

They gawk in curiosity.

TOBY

What is it?

JASON

I seen one of those in a book.

A huge rusty bear trap sits, sunken in the high grass, by stairs leading up to a side door.

MICHAEL

Touch it!

JASON

I'm not touching it! You touch it.

TOBY

Is it dead?

MICHAEL

It's not a animal you idiot. It's a claw. For catching bears'n stuff.

TOBY

But we don't have bears around here.

JASON

Then what's it for?

Inside the house, all the lights are off. From behind a screen door, on the side of the house, we see The Figure, watching. We cannot see its face.

JASON

Come on let's just go. I'm hungry.

MICHAEL

Me too.

Jason and Michael turn their bikes around to leave but, Toby doesn't move. He focuses in on something in the Bear trap.

JASON

Come on Toby, let's go.

(beat)

What is it?

The boys hop off their bikes and bend over for a closer view when....

OUT STEPS THE FIGURE FROM BEHIND THE HOUSE...feet away from the boys....their attention, stuck on the trap....

TOBY

Looks like it's already caught something....

They zero in, closer...and closer...when...

HONK! HONK!

A supped up pick-up truck with a train horn sits on the road. TOBY'S MOTHER, a young country thing, yells out the driver's side window.

TOBY'S MOTHER

Toby! Jason! Michael! Get your hind parts in here right now. I've been looking all over for you!

The Figure is gone. Michael turns to Toby.

MICHAEL

Shoot! Your mom.

They pick up their bikes and haul tail to the truck.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Grace caters to the plants in her house. She water's them, checks under the leaves, checks the soil... In the b.g, a TV sounds of the local news.

ANCHORWOMAN

Police do not know much at this point about the missing woman. All they know is that the woman was a regular here, at the Hopman jogging trail, just east of town. Three days ago, her boyfriend received a text from her, asking him to call 911. He hasn't heard from her since.

Grace walks over to the plants near the TV

ANCHORWOMAN

A Detective Sanchez released a statement earlier this morning.

Grace pauses for a moment to take a look at the TV

ON TV DETECTIVE SANCHEZ, a chubby Hispanic, speaks to news reporters behind several microphones.

DET. SANCHEZ

As of right now our investigation is ongoing. We are using the best resources we have to solve these crimes. E Until that time comes, I urge everyone not to take these events lightly....

Grace reacts to the detective's statement.

She continues with her upkeep by the window when, she notices a car pull into her driveway.

Derrick steps out from the driver side and Cole from the passenger side. Her face lights up.

They walk up to the front door and knock. She opens it.

GRACE

There's my strapping young men.

She hugs them.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUED**

An old fashion kitchen. Derrick and Cole sit at the table stuffing their face with food. Grace attends to the pots on the stove.

GRACE

Did you boys hear about the missing girl?

DERRICK

No. Who is it?

GRACE

A local girl. A jogger. She was last heard from a few days ago from her boyfriend. She was on the Hopman trail. Isn't that close to where you stay Cole.

COLE

No ma'am. I moved out of there two years ago.

GRACE

Well just be careful. There's a lot psycho's out there. The lord blessed you with judgment so, use it.

They listen half-heartedly.

DERRICK

Well I do still have the last thing dad gave me.

That's not the response she was looking for.

GRACE

Like I told your father, guns have their limitations.

DERRICK

Don't worry. I haven't fired it.  
And I don't plan to.

That eases Graces.

COLE

This is delicious Mrs. Pichens.

GRACE

Why thank you Cole. How is your  
mother doing by the way?

She pulls up a chair and sits with them.

COLE

She's doing well. Still working at  
the hospital.

GRACE

Really? How long has it been now?

COLE

Coming up to ten years.

GRACE

Wow! That's great. But you're not  
trying to follow in her footsteps  
right?

COLE

Sort of. I prefer the animals.

GRACE

Veterinary school?

COLE

Yes ma'am...

Derrick listens and eats. Proud of his friend.

GRACE

Congratulations!!

COLE

Thank you!

GRACE

I'm told that is one of the  
hardest schools to graduate from.

COLE

More drop outs than Med school.

They all share in the moment. Then something puzzles Grace.

GRACE

What about Jennifer?

COLE

Oh she doesn't finish for another year. Then she'll apply for grad school.

GRACE

And Derrick, honey, have you decided what you were gonna do?

Derrick shakes his head.

DERRICK

Not at all.

GRACE

Did you pray about it?

DERRICK

Sort of.

GRACE

Well it's either you did or you didn't.

DERRICK

Things have just been really difficult right now you know with dad and school...

GRACE

Well, that's when you need to the most.

DERRICK

It's just, not my first instinct.

GRACE

I was just like you. Your father, until recent was just like you. It's human nature to try to, do things on our own. Solve our own problems. But, there's more to this world than us. And there's more to our problems than just to satisfy our egos with a feeling of self reliance. We can't do it all on our own.

Derrick listens, but it doesn't touch him like she'd hoped. Cole adds his thoughts.

COLE

Yea but my man's gonna be alright. I mean no offense Mrs. Pichens, I hear you loud and clear but, Derrick's just going through a rough patch right now. It happens to all of us.

GRACE

Oh yes indeed, I agree it happens to everyone. But there is meaning behind it. The whole point of those trials is to learn something. To bring you closer to the one in charge. And by doing so you become a stronger person. A lot of times, all you need to keep you from going crazy, is a little faith. Believing and trusting that God is gonna work everything out for your good. That way when it happens again or similar circumstances arise, you're better prepared, more equipped for the fight. The point is, not to come out the same person as when you went in.

A deep moment. Derrick and Cole sit back in their seats, unsure of what to say. Grace hones in on their discomfort.

GRACE

But I didn't mean to get preachy on you boys so... What brings you this way?

Derrick, back to normal.

DERRICK

Umm, we are going to visit grandpa Pichens.

GRACE

Good. Good. Did something happen to your car. I didn't recognize you when you pulled in.

DERRICK

Yeah, I'm borrowing Rachael's. Mine is in the shop 'til tomorrow.

GRACE  
Oh....that's right.

DERRICK  
Well, we're gonna get going mom...

Derrick stands out of his chair and picks up everyone's plates. Cole assists him.

GRACE  
Well thank you for stopping by.

**EXT. GRACE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUED**

Grace hugs the Cole as he stands in the doorway.

GRACE  
It was good seeing you again Cole.

COLE  
Same here Mrs. P.

He walks back to the car. She hugs Derrick.

GRACE  
I love you Derrick. I can't say  
that enough. And no matter what,  
I will always be praying for you.  
But don't you let it stop at that.

He takes a deep breath, sporting a half smile. Barely, inspired.

DERRICK  
Ok mom.

He kisses her on the cheek.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Love you.

Derrick walks to the car.

**INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Rachael leans on the wall at the end of a long hallway, wearing medical scrubs. We can tell by the frustration in her voice, the conversation is not going her way.

RACHAEL  
....well yea I kinda do... I had to  
cut back on my hours here because  
of school...yes...  
(more)

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

...my check engine light has been on for three months...you know it must be a big deal if I'm calling you for help...Yes!...and I can't afford to fix that...She's already working two jobs to help me with school...no, Tripe A only works if you pay it monthly.....well if you can't help me just say you can't don't lie...I'm not it's just, frustrating, you say one thing and your wife says something different...she is not my mother...

A black female CO-WORKER peeks her head through a door adjacent to where Rachael stands. She whispers to Rachael...

CO-WORKER

Mr. Bob!

Rachael acknowledges the co-worker.

RACHAEL

Dad. Dad! I have to go....

Rachael hangs up the phone, teary eyed, but not crying. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and try's to re-gather herself into work mode.

**INT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUED**

Rachael enters in the door from the hallway. She hurries through the lobby to where the bedrooms are located.

Rachael musters up a smile, hoping no one senses the instability of her life right now. She makes it to the room. Before entering she pauses a second, then, opens the door.

NANCY, an older, no nonsense head nurse, is already helping MR. BOB into his bed. He is frail, barely able to support himself.

Rachael scurry's into the room and attempts to assist.

RACHAEL

Nancy, oh thank you so much, I'm sorry that took much longer than I expected.

Nancy continues to maneuver Mr. Bob as if Rachael never said a word.

They finally situate him in his bed. Nancy grabs his chart and begins to write. The silence torments Rachael. Finally.

NANCY

This is the third time this week.

RACHAEL

I know, I'm really sorry...

Nancy closes the chart emphatically.

NANCY

That's not gonna cut it. You do good work around here, that's why you're still here! Don't make me regret that decision.

All Rachael can do is stand there and take it. Nancy doesn't care. She walks out, leaving Rachael with Mr. Bob.

MR. BOB

You're O.K. kid. Keep your head up. I sure as hell wish I could.

Rachael appreciates the humor.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

The sun beams down on a shirts and skins pick-up basketball game played by college students.

Outside the lines, more students prepare for their turn. A few girls dispersed along the sideline, eyeball the beefcakes..... Just another hang out spot for the students on campus.

On the court Derrick and Cole compete in an intense battle. Filling out their team is JAMAL, ANDREW, and DANNY....athletic college students.

Andrew penetrates baseline from the corner. A defender steps up. Andrew floats the ball to the basket in an attempt to shot over the defender.

SWAT! The shot is blocked and knocked back to Derrick.

Derrick catches the ball behind the three point line. He dribbles once then blows past his defender.

In the paint, he quickly bounce passes to Jamal, who finishes the play with a monster dunk.

JAMAL

15- 14, game point!

The other team takes their time with the ball. They dribble up the court methodically... patient, waiting for something to open up.

The offense tries desperately to free themselves from their defender. Finally a man breaks free and pops open for the three. They pass it. He shoots. SWOOSH!! Nothing but net. Game over.

The winners celebrate. Derrick's team stands on the court in disbelief. They walk over to the bleachers and sit, obviously upset and exhausted.

DERRICK  
 (to Danny)  
 It's alright. Next time just  
 switch. Switch on everything.

Danny accepts the criticism.

DERRICK(CONT'D)  
 He won't make that with a hand in  
 his face.

DANNY  
 That was my bad.

They all try to catch their breath.

COLE  
 That was a good game though.

ANDREW  
 Yea for you guys. You got Jamal  
 dunking on everybody, Derrick  
 draining three's, Cole and Danny  
 dominating inside and out. I  
 probably wouldn't have scored on  
 Helen Keller.

They all laugh.

JAMAL  
 And yet you seem surprised at  
 that.

ANDREW  
 Again, we all know basketball is  
 not my thing.

DANNY  
 And what is your thing?

ANDREW  
Ask your girl...

They all chuckle at Andrew's cheap shot....

JAMAL  
Ooh! No points for originality.  
Still leaves you scoreless.

COLE  
(to Andrew)  
That's the best shot you've taken  
all day.

DERRICK  
I'm afraid Helen might've blocked  
that one too.

This brings out an uproar of laughter from the group.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

A sign on the classroom door reads: Tutoring and Private  
Study Mon-Thurs 2pm-6pm.

Students sit sprinkled throughout the room, receiving  
tutoring, studying....

In the middle of the room Rachael sits at a table for six,  
by herself. Her attention struggles to stay on the books in  
front of her.

Jennifer walks into the room and sits at the table.

JENNIFER  
Hey where've you been, I called  
you like 3 times.

RACHAEL  
I've been in here all afternoon.

JENNIFER  
Did you hear what happened?

RACHAEL  
What?

JENNIFER  
Between Tiffany and Eric?

Rachael shakes her head. Somebody else's problems are not even a second thought right now.

RACHAEL  
I don't care about them.

JENNIFER  
Oh, well just trying to keep you in the loop.

RACHAEL  
I'm so out of the loop it's not even funny. And the best part is I don't even care anymore.

JENNIFER  
Well, you were never one for gossip anyway.

RACHAEL  
It's not that. It's my dad.

JENNIFER  
He won't help.

RACHAEL  
Nope.

Jennifer pauses for a moment. Familiar with the workings of Rachael's family.

JENNIFER  
That skank?

RACHAEL  
Yup!

JENNIFER  
Does Derrick still have your car or is he planning another not really gay but sort of is, trip with Cole.

RACHAEL  
What do you mean? He went to visit his grandfather.

JENNIFER  
Yea he took Cole. I swear those two just...

This is news to Rachael. Jennifer stops mid sentence after she notices her expression.

JENNIFER(CONT'D)

He didn't tell you they were going?

Rachael doesn't answer. She can't answer. Her anger builds leaving her speechless.

Jennifer, realizing what she might have caused, tries to rationalize.

JENNIFER

Calm down Rachael.

Rachael sits back in her chair. She can't believe it. She begins to quickly pack her belongings.

JENNIFER(CONT'D)

Rach, he probably forgot...Or didn't think it was a big deal.

RACHAEL

Big Deal? He didn't even ask me Jennifer. He made it seem like they were just going to some random place. Not to meet someone who could be important in his life.

As Rachael scoots away from the table, her chair screeches. All the students look at them. Rachael could care less while she loads the remainder of her belongings.

Jennifer plays it off to the students in the room.

JENNIFER

(whisper)

Sorry.

Jennifer stands up with Rachael and follows her out.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

Derrick and his team continue to hangout on the bleachers. Now, other students have joined the group.

The ball busting carries on.

ANDREW

Jamal you went like 8 for 20...if I shot 20 shots I'd have 20 points too. You're not that good!

JAMAL

This guy is clearly overestimating  
his skills.

They all laugh. Shaun approaches the group from the crowd  
of spectators.

SHAUN

What's up people?

They acknowledge him...

SHAUN

Yo, did you guys here?

He peaks their interest.

COLE

About what?

SHAUN

About that chick. The jogger.

DANNY

The one that was missing?

DERRICK

Oh yea, my mom told me about it.

SHAUN

They found her body in Duffer  
Park. Throat slit from ear to ear.  
Something shoved into her head  
like a hat or crown. And her face  
mashed in and carved.

This grosses out some FEMALE STUDENTS sitting with them... a  
couple of bleached blondes.

FEMALE STUDENT #1

Oh good, the plastic surgeon from  
hell.

FEMALE STUDENT #2

That's disgusting!

SHAUN

(to female student #2)  
Kinda makes you rethink that work  
you were gonna get huh.

They all laugh. She punches him in the arm.

SHAUN

But the weird thing is that, she is not the only person they found like that. I heard they found a girl by Sandy river a few months ago, almost exactly the same way. Different people like that over the past 20 years. Almost 60 people. Mangled.

DERRICK

Why the hell are you telling us this?

SHAUN

So if you hear a loud noise you don't go investigate like a dumbass!

FEMALE STUDENT #1

I heard it may have something to do with chessboard or a checker board.

SHAUN

That's a new twist on things. Sick huh. Offing people for some sort of evil chess game.

ANDREW

That's a stupid reason.

FEMALE STUDENT #2

Is there a good one?

ANDREW

Yea. Being blonde in a scary movie!

They all burst out laughing.

COLE

Don't take it out on her because you couldn't score.

SHAUN

But the real question is, who are they playing against?

Derrick continues to listen to the conversation, until a voice from behind interrupts.

WOMAN'S VOICE(O.S.)

Good game.

Derrick turns around, familiar with this innocent voice.  
It's Kelly.

DERRICK

Thanks, Kelly, I played alright.

KELLY

I saw you making shots. That is  
still the object of the game,  
right?

Derrick tries to hide his flattery.

DERRICK

Yes but, we still loss. How long  
were you watching?

KELLY

Long enough.

They look at each other, almost in their own world while  
the others talk around them.

**EXT. CAMPUS BULDING - DAY**

Out from a campus building, Rachael and Jennifer step. They  
stand in the doorway. Not far from the courts. Not far from  
Derrick and Kelly.

Rachael shakes her head in disbelief. A sarcastic grin  
tells it all.

She pretends to ignore this and walks in Derrick's  
direction. In plain eye view. Jennifer knows not to follow  
her this time.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - BASKETBALL COURTS - CONTINUTED**

Derrick, barely able to take his eyes off Kelly, glances up  
and spots Rachael walking past him.

DERRICK

Oh, you'll have to excuse me.

He runs after Rachael.

DERRICK(CONT'D)

Hey Rach...Rachael... wait up....

She keeps walking. He walks faster to keep up.

DERRICK

Jeez, slow down.....what's wrong...are you mad or something?

She keeps walking. No response. Derrick thinks to himself. What could be wrong?

DERRICK(CONT'D)

You're not mad because I was talking to her.

RACHAEL

Oh please, you know me better than that. She's not a threat!

DERRICK

Then what is it? What's wrong?

Rachael stops.

RACHAEL

Did you borrow my car to take Cole and meet your grandfather?

DERRICK

Yea.

Pissed....She can't even talk. She just turns and walks. He follows right behind her.

DERRICK

You're mad at that. Cole and I have always gone places without you, or Jennifer. I didn't think you would care.

RACHAEL

No! Why would I. Why would I want to go with my boyfriend who, I don't know, I LOVE, and share in the first ever meeting of his grandfather. Why wouldn't I want to do that.

(beat)

I mean was I even a consideration?

DERRICK

Well I didn't think....

RACHAEL

That's the problem sometimes Derrick, you don't think! You didn't think I'd care about that.

(more)

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

You didn't think to tell me  
earlier that, you doubt New York.  
And this relationship...

Derrick grabs her by the arm and stops her.

DERRICK

Whoa, whoa, that's not fair. You  
know what I've been going through.

RACHAEL

Derrick, with all do respect to  
your father's passing, I'm sorry.  
I really am. But you knew I would  
be there for you. No questions  
asked.... We all have our problems.  
We all go through stuff. Or is  
that something you didn't  
think about.

She turns to walk away. Derrick follows her.

DERRICK

You already know how much I care  
about you. How much I love you.  
I already told you that...what else  
do you want from me?

Rachael stops. As does he.

RACHAEL

How bout showing me Derrick...how  
about you show me...!

She storms off. Leaving Derrick with that thought.

**EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The night is calm and quiet. Only a slight wind creeps  
through the trees every now and then.

**INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME**

Jennifer's bedroom matches her personality....cute...girly.

She sits in front of a vanity mirror and brushes her hair.  
She has on her pajamas, but doesn't look ready for bed.  
In fact, she looks like she is prepping for something else.

A photo on her mirror stops her from brushing. It is of  
Cole, herself, Derrick, and Rachael, all smiles in  
restaurant booth. She smiles, a nostalgic moment.

She continues to groom and after a few strokes, her hair is exactly the way she wants it.

Satisfied, she goes over to lie in her bed...turns on the TV...a rare showing of *Scream*. The garage scene.

As soon as she gets comfortable, she reaches for her drinking glass on the nightstand, empty. Just great. Time to refill...

**INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUED**

Jennifer flicks on the lights, as she walks through the apartment and to the kitchen sink.

Hovered over the sink, she turns the faucet on and fills up the glass. The apartment is quiet, almost eerie. She hums a tune to dispel that feeling.

The glass is finally full. She grabs a couple ice cubes from the freezer, then turns out the light....

A SILOHOUETE OF A MAN stands behind the closed blinds in the living room...illuminated by the porch light....

The eerie pose looks familiar. It's *The Figure*. She doesn't see him.

She turns the light back on...walks over to a basket of magazines on the counter and grabs one...turns the lights back off...*The Figure* is no longer there.

Back to her room she walks, turning off each light.

**INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUED**

Jennifer sets her glass on the nightstand then gets comfortable again, thumbing through magazine pages....  
A SHADOW walks past her window...again she doesn't see it...

The wind blows gently outside. You can just hear it over the TV. Jennifer stops at a page.....begins to read then, stops. Something doesn't feel right. She mutes the television.

It's silent until...LEAVES CRUNCH by her window. She turns her head...that grabs her full attention.

She focuses in on the window then.....

DING DONG!! She jumps. The doorbell startles her..

She walks to the front door and checks the peep hole. She opens the door. Cole stands waiting to see her face.

COLE

Hey!

JENNIFER

Hey.

Jennifer lets him in. As she closes the door behind him, The Figure is seen in the distance. Watching. Waiting.

JENNIFER(CONT'D)

That doorbell just scared the shit out of me!

Cole laughs, then mocks her scariness.

COLE

Ahh! Ahh! Cole help me. Please save me.

JENNIFER

Shut up!

He approaches her seductively. Whispers in her ear.

COLE

But I do apologize. Next time I'll try to scare these off.

He forcefully pulls her pajama pants down. She hops into his arms and kisses him. He carries her back to the room.

DERRICK(O.S.)

Everything is fine... as good, as it can be...

**INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Derrick paces in his room, on the phone. Unsure of his emotions, better yet, of what he wants from this conversation.

DERRICK

No I didn't know that.....well school is sort of keeping me busy so I haven't really.....psalms what.... Okay thanks...no, you're rights... Rachael fine...umm... mom, I gotta go... I call you tomorrow, O.K.....Love you to....

He hangs up the phone. Fully aware of the one call he has to make, but this time, say what he needs to say.

He flips the phone open. ON PHONE: REDAILING RACHAEL.

It rings. Voicemail.

DERRICK

Hey...umm...It's me again...you were right. About everything. And I'm sorry. About everything. If you could find anyway to forgive me, I just..... Please, please call me back. I'm at home.

He hangs up. Hoping for a successful outcome.

**INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Jennifer lye's on the bed, exhausted. Cole is up and about, getting dressed.

JENNIFER

Why don't you just stay? We can set my alarm.

COLE

You know I want to. More than anything. But this is big time tomorrow and board members are going to be there. I don't want to take any chances.

Jennifer pouts. Her version of the sad puppy dog. Cole notices it. He laughs it off. Those puppy dog eyes aren't getting the best of him.

COLE

This could be a major factor in determining what school I get in to.

Jennifer brakes face. She knows. She's proud of him. He leans over to give her a kiss.

COLE(CONT'D)

I'll make it up to you.

She flips the covers off, and hops out of bed, sporting one of his long T-shirts. He sits on the bed, buckling his jeans.

JENNIFER

Have you talked to Derrick?

COLE

Yeah.

JENNIFER

Rachael was pretty upset today.  
For the first time, I'm actually  
worried about them.

She sits at her vanity mirror.

COLE

I think she got to him this time.  
But he won't stay in trouble for  
long though.

JENNIFER

Oh yea?

COLE

Yep, I helped him with his apology  
plans.

Jennifer turns around. Intrigued by his comment.

JENNIFER

Really?

She walks over and stands in front of him.

JENNIFER(CONT'D)

What are they?

COLE

I can't tell you that.

JENNIFER

Why?

COLE

Cause I might have to use it one  
day.

JENNIFER

Oh no, no, no Romeo. Yours is  
gonna be ten times better.

She gives him a kiss.

He smiles then grabs her hands. Honesty in his eyes. Sure  
of himself and their relationship.

COLE

Hey. I'm sure it's popped in your  
head since the whole Derrick and  
Rachael thing but uh, don't  
worry...o.k.

This brings a smile to Jennifer's face.

JENNIFER

Alright, I guess you can go now.

She pulls him by the hand and leads the way to the front door.

**EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR**

Cole steps out but, before he walks off, turns around to give Jennifer another kiss.

COLE

I'll call you afterwards.

He turns and walks off. Jennifer watches him for a moment, then closes the door.

**EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT**

Cole wrestles with his keys in his pocket as he approaches his truck. A red F-150. He opens the car door....

A hand reaches from behind and yanks Cole's head back by his hair.

It's The Figure...Cole sees him from a reflection off the small window behind the driver side.

The parking lot lights make it clear. The mask, huge eyes...indifferent expression....evil....

Cole, in his attempt to fight back pulls the keys from his pocket. His cell phone pops out with it. It falls to the ground.

The Figure drags Cole in the headlock position. He can't scream. Cole feverishly tries to jab the keys into The Figure's face.

That's enough! The Figure throws Cole into the bushes.... takes out a knife...Cole stops The Figure's deadly thrust....

With the other hand, The Figure grabs Cole's throat...pressing down...slowly, squeezing the life out of him. Cole squirms violently... until... he's dead.

The Figure looks at Cole, breathing heavy.

Cricket's chirp wildly in the night.....

He turns his head to the apartments. He's not done yet.

**INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - SAME**

A toilet flushes. Jennifer opens the bathroom door and turns off the light.

She has a new glow about her now. As she climbs onto the disheveled bed, she notices something on her nightstand, it's Cole's wallet. He definitely needs this.

Jennifer grabs the cordless phone sitting on her nightstand and starts dialing.

She fiddle's with the wallet while she waits for Cole to pick up.

Voicemail. She hangs up, gathers the half empty glass of water and other small trash, then walks to the kitchen. Only the light from her room illuminates her path.

She places the cup in the sink and throws the trash away. Better try again. She presses redial...opens the refrigerator and pulls out an apple, a big and juicy one....

Just before she bits into it, a noise, from a distance distracts her. She twists her head to listen. It sounds like a cell phone.

What the hell! She redials then listen's intently. It is his phone. She peeks out the blinds.

Cole's truck, gone. The tiny light from his cell phone, can be seen clearly.

She open's the front door, a bit leery. The phone stops ringing and goes to voicemail. The light on the ground goes off. It's his phone alright.

The breeze slightly picks up. She walks from her apartment attentive...keeping her head on a swivel...snatches the phone off the ground then heads back to her apartment.

**INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUED**

Jennifer walks in. She places the phone and wallet on her nightstand. The apartment seems quiet...peaceful.

She walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower. To add to her security, she closes the room door.

As she walks back into the bathroom, she pulls the t-shirt over her head and closes the bathroom door.

**INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Steam fills the bathroom like a dense fog. The water continues to pour over Jennifer's body. She stands there, soaking in every hot water drop.

Clean, she turns the shower head off. Her eyes a little tired now and her hair, drenched. She rings it out, pulls the shower curtain back.

Jennifer reaches over to the towel rack to her left. Not to get her floor soaked, she wraps one around her head and the other around her body.

She steps out and stands in front of the mirror, wipes it to check the towel. The mirror doesn't stay that way long. She wipes it again....every thing's in its place. She opens the door.

THE FIGURE stands there. She screams in shock. The Figure holds up a knife...thrusts down....

**INT. RACHAEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Rachael wakes up to a blaring alarm. She turns it off, then lays there a second. Her eyes stare off.

She reaches over and picks up her cell phone. ON CELL PHONE: 3 NEW VOICE MAILS, presses a button, ON CELL PHONE: 3 MISSED CALLS FROM DERRICK. She rolls over in her bed. Wanting to hear his voice.

**INT. RACHAEL'S BATHROOM**

Rachael brushes her teeth with her ear glued to the cell phone. We hear Derrick's message.

DERRICK  
(from phone)  
If you could find anyway to  
forgive me, I just..... Please,  
please call me back. I'm at home.

She pauses in mid-brush. The vulnerability in Derrick's voice is something she rarely hears. She absorbs every word of it.

The automated VOICEMAIL OPERATOR speaks.

VOICEMAIL OPERATOR  
End of messages. If you would like  
to delete this message, press...

Rachael hangs up. She takes a deep breath, sensing what's next. The phone call. But not yet. She continues brushing.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

A broken down car with its hood propped up, sits on the side of the road. It's Rachael's car. She's on the phone.

She steps out the car with her nurses scrubs on. A cloud of smoke pours from the engine. She waves the smoke out of her face, then speaks into her phone.

RACHAEL

I'm sorry, could you repeat that?

WOMAN

(from phone)

I said I do not see you in the computer as a Triple A member. Would it be under another name or address?

RACHAEL

No...

WOMAN

Would you like me to call a towing service truck in your area?

RACHAEL

How much would a tow cost?

WOMAN

I'm not sure. It would depend on the company.

RACHAEL

Not cheap though huh?

WOMAN

Probably not.

That shoots down Rachael's spirit.

WOMAN

Is there anything else I can help you with?

RACHAEL

No. Thank you.

She hangs up. Hot and bothered.

The frustration on her face is unmistakable. Plus, sounds of the cars speeding by don't help.

She checks under the hood again. Nothing but metal and chaos. Way beyond her expertise. A puff of smoke shoots at her face. The icing on the cake.

She storms back to the driver's seat. Slams the door shut.

**INT. RACHAEL'S CAR**

A beat. Rachael sits there a moment. It might be time to make that call. She stares at her phone. A bit hesitant. But she goes for it. She picks up the phone and calls him.

It rings.

On the road, a red truck approaches from behind. It looks familiar It's Cole's. Rachael waits on the phone for an answer.

The truck zooms by. Only a glimpse of The Figure, a dark shadow sits in the driver's seat. Rachael looks up as it passes. She doesn't think twice.

DERRICK  
(from phone)  
Hello?

RACHAEL  
Hi.

DERRICK  
Hey.

An awkward silence. INTERCUT WITH --

**INT. DERRICK'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Derrick sits on his futon with a textbook in his lap. They wait for each other to speak. Rachael goes first.

RACHAEL  
What are you doing?

DERRICK  
Not much, studying for Sherman's exam.

Rachael begins to speak but Derrick continues.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Um, did you get my messages?

RACHAEL

Yes.

DERRICK

Well I meant every word.

RACHAEL

I know.

Derrick stands up and walks about his room.

DERRICK

I mean, things have just been screwed up lately and I know sometimes I don't help my own situation, instead I make things worse....

RACHAEL

Babe.

DERRICK

I know I haven't been the best boyfriend lately....

RACHAEL

Derrick, that's not true.

DERRICK

Well?

RACHAEL

No, it's not. I didn't mean to hint at that either.

DERRICK

I do feel like I've started to take you for granted a little. Not being able to see what's right in front of me. That's not me.

Rachael empathizes with him.

RACHAEL

You're just struggling with, trying to figure out how to handle things, just as I am. That's all yesterday was about. It's obvious we could both use some work at it...Hell as we speak, I'm sitting on the side of the road in my only means of transportation.

DERRICK

What?

RACHAEL

Yes. My car broke down.

DERRICK

Do you need me to come get you?

RACHAEL

No, it's o.k. You can finish studying. I called Jennifer.

DERRICK

Is she coming to get you?

RACHAEL

I left her a message.

Derrick stands in the middle of his room.

DERRICK

Rachael it's no big deal. I'm not gonna let my girlfriend sit on the side of the road.

RACHAEL

Derrick, it's o.k. Isn't the exam tomorrow? I don't want you to screw that up because of me. Besides, Jennifer usually calls right back.

DERRICK

Well where are you?

RACHAEL

About a mile onto county line road.

DERRICK

County line road?

RACHAEL

Yea. I was leaving work and it clunked out on me. Probably for good this time.

DERRICK

That's not too far from where my grandfather stays.

RACHAEL

Huh?

DERRICK

Yea he doesn't stay far from where you are probably. Actually I think I left the directions in your car.

RACHAEL

Really?

She searches the car. Backseat, nothing. Console, nothing, passenger seat, nothing. She Pulls open the glove compartment. The directions sit on top a stack of papers.

RACHAEL

Oh here they are!

She pulls them out. ON THE PAPER: GRANDPA PICHENS - 847 COUNTY LINE ROAD. She looks up. The closest mailbox to her reads 846. The house is not far at all. Within walking distance.

DERRICK

I'm just gonna come and get you.

RACHAEL

Derrick no it's fine, seriously. I can handle this. I'll just go introduce myself, tell him my situation, and see if he can help.

Derrick's sigh can be heard through the phone.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

If not, then by that time I'm sure Jennifer will be here.

DERRICK

Your independence kills me sometimes.

Rachael smiles a moment then, back to the topic at hand.

RACHAEL

Are we gonna finish talking later?

DERRICK

I'd like to. Your place or mine?

RACHAEL

I'll call you.

DERRICK

I love you. Be careful. And call me immediately if you can't get anybody.

RACHAEL

I will. I love you.

She hangs up.

**INT. DERRICK'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Derrick hangs up. He sits on his futon again and places the school book in his lap.

He tries to study but can't. He stares off. This progress, this growth, in his relationship takes his focus away.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - CONTINUED**

Rachael walks along the side of the road, slowly approaching the address written on the sheet of paper.

She stops. Across the street from the house.

A two story, rotting, farm style house is her destination. It sits far off from the street. With a slope leading off the road to the beginning of the front yard. The same front yard the little boys were in.

The house has no mailbox. She looks back at the one she passed.

It's too far to read the numbers. But, she knows it read 846. She looks at the paper. This is the house.

A red truck sits in front of the house. Rachael thinks nothing of it, other than, someone must be home.

She runs across the street and down the slope into the front yard. Destination, front door. The sun shines on the house. It creates a beautiful backdrop. Almost giving it a serene, approachable, appeal.

She walks past the truck, then stops. Wait a minute. She gives it another look. This can't be Cole's. She looks through the window.....

A grey fabric interior. Nothing special. She feels silly. Why would Cole be here anyway? She heads up to the front door.

**INT. COLE'S TRUCK**

A blood stained picture of Cole and Jennifer Iye's on the driver's side floor.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE - FRONT DOOR**

Rachael walks up the steps to the front door. The wind picks up a little. She moves her hair out of her face and gives the front a few knocks.

She waits for someone to answer. Nothing happens.

She knocks a few more times then, waits. Again, nothing. This is starting to look like an unsuccessful trip.

SQUEAK! BANG! She turns her head to the left.

SQUEAK! BANG! The sound of a screen door opening and slamming shut. She walks down the stairs and around the left side of the house. To the back.

A large sprawling back yard. Endless dead grass.

SQUEAK! BANG! She listens, pinpointing its location. She walks around the back of the house to the right side.

SQUEAK! BANG! A clear eye view of the screen door, opening then shutting. She walks up the steps leading to the screen door.

The house is open.

RACHAEL

Hello?

Rachael grips the screen door handle. She holds it partially open.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

Hello?

She starts to open it but decides against it.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

(to self)

Don't be stupid Rachael. It's a big house.

She closes the screen door and gives it harder knocks.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

Is there a Mr. Pichens here?

She turns around and waits.

A SHADOWY FIGURE MOVES IN THE HOUSE....

Rachael takes out her cell phone and opens it to make a call. This is getting nowhere.

She walks down the steps around to the front of the house; not noticing the bear trap that rests close to the steps.

**IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE,**

Rachael walks around with the phone to her ear... voicemail. It's Jennifer's. She looks back at the house then pauses.

The front door is wide open. She hangs up the phone. That door was definitely closed before. Someone must be leaving.

She walks to the front door, anticipating seeing someone there...she looks at the door. Not a soul....

She walks up the stairs and stands in the doorway. The house is empty. No furniture. Nothing. It's impossible for the door to have opened by itself. She walks in.

RACHAEL

Hello! Is anybody here? The front door was wide open.

Rachael tenses up. She walks through the room...from the structural layout, a living room...turns right and...

SQUEAK! BANG!

Rachael jumps. Someone stands at the end of the hallway. She can barely make them out. It's dark where the face should be.

Rachael collects herself.

RACHAEL

Oh I'm sorry. You scared me.

She catches her breath.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Um, you don't know me but I'm Derrick's girlfriend, Rachael.

The shape begins to walk towards Rachael.

Rachael continues, unsuspecting.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

I was having some trouble with my car, and he said it would be cool if I stopped by. It's just up the road.

No response. That's a little creepy.

RACHAEL(CONT'D)

Would you be able to help?

No response again. That's definitely creepy. She squints her eyes to focus better on his face. It's a mask. It's The Figure.

Her eyes widen and.....

**INT. POLICE STATION - DUSK APPROACHING**

The police station is highly active. Phones ring off the hook....arresting officers question perps....locals sit and wait to report crimes.....

In the middle of the station, two men sit across from each other. Both of their desks pushed together to make one. Similar to the desks surrounding them.

Detective Sanchez listens on the phone. His name plate looks old and weathered. Piles of paper cover his desk. He's a busy man.

DET. SANCHEZ

Yes ma'am. I understand that it's been three weeks, but you have to understand also that.....

The person on the other end cuts him off. He listens to them talk. A sip of coffee keeps him attentive.

Suddenly a stack of papers are placed in front of him. The hand on top of those papers belongs to DETECTIVE MURRAY, his younger, as-a-matter-of-fact type, partner. His name plate looks fresh and new. Indeed, the new guy to the job.

He looks at Det. Sanchez, anxious for the call to end. Sanchez, not wanting to be rude, waits for the right moment to wrap the conversation.

DET. SANCHEZ

Absolutely, and we've got our guys working hard for that information.  
(more)

DET. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)  
As I mentioned before, stolen property especially in your case, automobiles, takes time. We don't want to arrest the wrong people, wasting your time, my time, and tax payer's dollars. You have my word that I'll call you when we have new information....thank you.

He hangs up.

DET. MURRAY  
Mrs. Pollack?

DET. SANCHEZ  
You know it.

DET. MURRAY  
What I put in front of you will make you forget all of your annoying phone calls today.

Sanchez picks up the papers.

DET. SANCHEZ  
What is it?

DET. MURRAY  
What does it look like to you?

Sanchez stares at a picture. A close up of a chess figure. The LEWIS CHESSMAN: WITH A HAND ON THE CHEEK AND A DEATHLY, BLANK EXPRESSION.

Behind the chessman picture, a sketch drawing similar to the chess piece.

DET. SANCHEZ  
It's the same picture as the witness description.

DET. MURRAY  
Almost exact. One of the boys on street figured it out. It's a Lewis Chessman. That one's the queen piece.

DET. SANCHEZ  
And they say playing games will get you nowhere.

Sanchez ponders the correlation between the pictures.

DET. SANCHEZ  
The media nailed this one.  
Chessboard killer huh.

DET. MURRAY  
What are you thinking?

DET. SANCHEZ  
I think we're dealing with a  
complete and utter lunatic. Maybe  
even psychotic... this is the most  
anybody's figured out from this  
case.

Murray agrees with that, but has his own thoughts instead.  
He stares at the pictures in front of Sanchez.

Sanchez takes notice.

DET. SANCHEZ  
I want to know what the new guy is  
thinking?

DET. MURRAY  
Truthfully, from what I've seen, I  
wouldn't even give him those human  
characteristics. We might have  
surpassed that.

DET. SANCHEZ  
You're probably right.

Murray continues in thought.

DET. MURRAY  
So we're going with chessboards?

Sanchez scans through the pictures. Each sketch matched  
with the actual picture of the Lewis chessmen.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Honestly, I don't know. I just  
don't want to believe that there's  
evil like that in the world.  
Giving him a killing pattern,  
humanizes him.

A phone in front of Murray rings. He answers.

DET. MURRAY  
This is Murray.....

Murray writes on a piece of paper.

DET. MURRAY (CONT'D)  
....Thank you.

Murray hangs up. Sanchez looks up from the pictures.

DET. MURRAY (CONT'D)  
That was county. I think we may  
have a family link.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Really?

DET. MURRAY  
A close friend of the first  
victim. Traced all the way to a  
Grace Pichens.

DET. SANCHEZ  
I don't think I know a Grace.

Murray thinks to himself. He's had run-ins with a Pichens.

DET. MURRAY  
I know her son.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Let's get some addresses and take  
a visit.

#### **INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Rachael wakes up on the basement floor, groggy, unaware of her surroundings. She looks around for some understanding. A clue. Anything. Only the moonlight from a rusted window aids her.

Voices can be heard from a distance. It sounds like two men talking. Muffled. Like from a TV....

CLING! CLING! She looks up to see chains hanging from the ceiling. Some sort of make shift death trap. Blood splatter on the chains look black. Fresh. They've been used recently.

It's time to get the hell out of here! She starts on her search for an exit. Feeling her way through.

She scans the room, the only things visible are a work bench, a few tools hanging from the wall...a do it yourself type home workbench. She turns around.....

A door. It has a small window that lets a speckle of light in. It must lead to the outside. She crawls over to the door. Reaches for the handle. It doesn't have one.

It must be a push door. She pushes. No budge. She puts her back on the door and uses her feet to push harder. Same result. Damn it!

Rachael spots her purse on the floor. The remnants of it anyway. It's turned inside out. The contents scattered around it.

She crawls over to the contents. Feeling then tossing... Nothing... She picks up her wallet. Tosses it...

RACHAEL  
Come on, come on.....

She finds her cell phone!....flips it open....NO SIGNAL! Damn it! She tosses it.

CRREEEEEEAK! Rachael freezes. What the hell was that! Quietly, she picks up her purse. Turns it upside down.

Nothing...

CRREEEEEEAK!! She whips her head to the left. Another door with stairs leading up to it! This door leads into the house, and the sound, must be the floor boards! Somebody's out there...

Rachael crawls over to the work bench. Her eyes, stay glued to the door. She reaches up, searches. A knife! She grabs it, then tip-toes over to the stairs and up to the door.

She places her ear next to it and reaches for the door knob... twists it slowly..... not to make a sound.

Ever....so....gently, she pulls the door open. One eye barely peeks through. Nothing but hallway. Dark hallway, with open doors...

She softly closes the door. That's not going to work. There's got to be another way.

She tip-toes back down the stairs....climbs atop the work bench to try the window. She can see the ground outside. It's eye level to her. But the glass, thick. She checks the window, it's sealed. She's not getting out this way.

The only way out, for sure, is on the other side of the door...through the house. She turns around then....

In the corner, she notices a shape. The outline of a body.

She hops of the table and quickly finds her cell phone... opens it.... shines the light in that direction....

It's Jennifer! Oh God! She looks damn near catatonic.

RACHAEL  
(softly)  
Jenn!!!

Rachael scurry's over. She shakes Jennifer's shoulders.

RACHAEL  
Jenn come on, we have too...

Jennifer's head rolls off and hits the ground. Rachael jolts backwards. Screaming into her hand...

Her eyes begin to water. She looks away...unable to bare the sight when....

CRREEEEEEEEAK!!! This time it's, louder. Closer. She quickly finds the knife and holds it for dear life. There'll be two headless bodies if she doesn't leave.

Scared out of her mind, she heads towards the door. Her hands tremble as she makes her way up the stairs.

First things first. She takes a peek through the crack on the bottom. Nothing. No movement. She puts her ear up to the door. The house is quiet.

She reaches up and feels the knob. But before she turns to open it, an onslaught of emotions come over her. Scariness, fear, doubt. She starts to cry. A somber moment...

Finally, she pulls herself together. She wipes her eyes and with every courage bone in her body, twist the door knob. Cracking the door open.

**INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY**

Rachael looks through and waits a moment. No movement.

Now is her chance. She opens the door. An inch at a time. Just enough for her to slide through. Knife in hand.

She crotches in the corner near the door. The end of the hallway she stood earlier. Tense. Collecting her strength. She finally stands. Ready...

Gently, lightly, carefully, Rachael shuffles down the hall. Her back, glued to the wall. The first open door on her side approaching...

She squeezes the knife grip. Strict terror in her eyes.

Rachael steps over to the opposite side of the hall...plants her back to it and continues to shuffle...her body now facing the open door...an empty room...one down, two to go...

Rachael continues to shuffle. The next open door approaching. She crosses over to the opposite side again....another empty room.

The moonlight becomes brighter. It fills up this area of the house. A window must be nearby. A big one at that. Maybe the kitchen.

She approaches the third and final open door in the hallway, on the opposite side. A partially opened door on her side. It's opened outwardly. A closet.

Hesitant, she takes a step when, the floor board creaks beneath her...she stops....

CRREEEAK!!! From another portion of the house. Instinctively, she slides into the closet. Leaving it cracked open. As it was originally...

She watches, waits. Her brown eyes glimmer in the moonlight...she waits....

Suddenly, somebody walks past the closet door. It's The Figure...creeping through the house.....sheer fright screams from Rachael's eyes.

The Figure stops...walks towards the moonlit room. Rachael can see his shadow. The Figure just stands.

This is it. Rachael senses the moment.

An image of Jennifer flashes in her mind. Dead...decapitated. This may be her only shot at The Figure and an escape.

She clutches the knife, then...

Blasts through the closet door, knife above her head, deadly intent in her eyes....

The Figure quickly turns and stops Rachael's thrusts.

She karate kicks his gut. Her hands are free now, but the knife falls. The Figure grabs her throat. He clutches, with a vice grip squeeze.

Rachael falls to her knees. Grabbing her throat. The Figure, chokes the life out of her with every second.

She's losing this battle. Her hand drops her hands and feels...the knife!

She picks it up and....

Plunges the knife in The Figure's thigh...pulls it out, then jams it in his shoulder. The Figure falls to his knees.

Rachael slides back and sidekicks him in the face. He's down. She darts towards the moonlight. The only light in the house...

It leads her through the kitchen and out the screen door.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUED**

Rachael quick steps down the stairs. Headlights approach on the not too distant street.

SNAP!!

RACHAEL  
Aaahhhhhhhhhhh.....

Rachael falls to the ground and screams in agony. The car, zooms past.

She grabs at her leg. It's caught in the bear trap. She can't stop now.

Rachael digs deep to muster any strength she has left to lift herself up. Her face tells it all. The pain! The fear!

She hobbles through the grass, towards the street. Her last chance.

**INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY**

The Figure pulls the knife out of his shoulder then, drops it on the ground.

He stands up and walks towards the kitchen. Unaffected. Not missing a step.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUED**

Rachael hobbles as fast as she can. In the b.g. The Figure is seen exiting out the screen door. Rachael looks back and sees him.

She's not getting away. The Figure picks up a pitchfork and sprints towards Rachael. A deadly chase...

Rachael pushes forward. She can't go any faster.

RACHAEL  
(screaming)  
HEEEELP!.....OH GOD PLEASE,  
SOMEBODY HELP ME!.....

The Figure closes in.

In the distance, another set of headlights round the corner, headed her direction. Her eyes light up.

The Figure gets closer.

She gives it one last push. She's almost there.

She reaches out and....

The pitchfork jabs through her chest, jerking her forward. Rachael drops to her knees. Her eyes bugged in shock. She wheezes for air.

Before the car can get close, she drops, dead, on her face.

#### **INT. CAR**

As the car whizzes past, The Figure, just stands. Only the pitchfork handle is seen sticking up from the ground.

#### **INT. DERRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Derrick drools on his school books in a deep sleep.

Ding Dong! The doorbell rings. He doesn't flinch. A slight pause. Ding Dong! It rings again, this time jolting him out of his sleep.

He gets up slow, walks to the front door and opens it. Danny walks in. A book bag around his shoulders.

DANNY  
Hey man. I forgot my key.

Danny throws the book bag on the couch then notices Derrick's eyes.

DANNY(CONT'D)  
Oh did I wake you?

DERRICK  
You can say that.

DANNY

My bad.

DERRICK

Nah, I was supposed to be studying anyway.

(yawning)

What time is it?

DANNY

Ten.

Danny turns on the TV then sits on the couch. A female NEWSREPORTER speaks.

NEWSREPORTER

It is still not clear if the police have arrested any suspects. Authorities say that this latest killing is similar to several over the past couple of years and may go back further than that.

Derrick looks through some mail on the kitchen table. Not even giving the report a thought.

NEWSREPORTER(CONT'D)

And get this John, they are starting to believe that there is more behind the killings, and that even though none of the victims knew each other, there is and I quote "some evil game being played and we are all just pawns" Police are urging everyone to be very aware of their surroundings, not to be alone at night, and be particularly careful when talking to strangers....

Derrick walks back to his room. He sits down on the bed and checks his phone. No missed calls. He picks up his text book and starts reading. Danny walks in.

DANNY(CONT'D)

Did you eat yet?

DERRICK

Earlier.

DANNY

Dude I'm freaking starvin', you wanna go get something?

Derrick's stomach growls. They look at each other.

**EXT. COLLEGE TOWN DINER**

Derrick and Danny sit at a table outside a local diner. Other customers sit outside as well. They look young. Around Derrick and Danny's age. Probably college students.

Derrick chomps down on a burger and a shake. Danny bites into a greasy chili cheese hotdog.

DANNY

How long were you studying?

DERRICK

I don't know. Like four hours, off and on.

DANNY

Hmm.

DERRICK

I can't look at another word.

DANNY

The brain can only take so much.

DERRICK

Yea I'm probably done for the night.

Derrick watches Danny engulf the last of his dog.

DANNY

Mmmmm...

DERRICK

I don't see how you and Cole can eat that slop.

DANNY

Are you kidding me, I could eat these bad boys all day.

DERRICK

I guess, if you like studying on the toilet.

DANNY

I wouldn't have a problem with that. It's quiet, no distractions, private. I think more people would be productive if they worked out of the bathroom.

Derrick laughs to himself. What the hell is this guy talking about.

DANNY

I'm just saying, don't knock me for trying to be productive and stay regular at the same time.

DERRICK

You're really talking about this?

Danny realizes how dumb the topic is.

DANNY

I'm a little tired.

DERRICK

(balling up trash)  
A little retarded?

Derrick picks up his tray and walks over to the trash can.

He waits in line behind a woman. Blonde hair. She empties her trash and turns around. It's Kelly.

KELLY

Hey!

DERRICK

Hey! What's up?

Derrick empties his tray and places it on top of the garbage can. They move over to the side it.

KELLY

What, is this like the third time in two days I'm running into you?

DERRICK

It's a small world.

KELLY

A small town.

Derrick shoves his hands in his pockets.

DERRICK

So, are you here with friends?

KELLY

Yeah, a group of us are sitting over there.

She turns her head to a group of college aged girls seated outside.

KELLY(CONT'D)  
You work over in the college of  
business?

DERRICK  
No, I'm a business major.

KELLY  
Oh ok. Well ever since we had  
intro to business together I've  
been thinking...

Derrick senses what's about to happen. He cuts her off.

DERRICK  
Um, I'm involved with someone.

KELLY  
What?

DERRICK  
I have a girlfriend that I'm in  
love with.

Kelly looks at Derrick confused. Her look confuses him.

KELLY  
Well that's great but, it's not  
what I wanted to ask you.

Kelly suddenly realizes Derrick's presumption.

KELLY(CONT'D)  
Did you think I was gonna ask you  
out?

DERRICK  
Uh. You weren't?

KELLY  
No.

DERRICK  
Oh I'm sorry, it just seemed like  
there were some, flirtatious vibes  
between us.

KELLY  
Just now?

DERRICK  
Lately. Every time I've seen you.

KELLY  
From me or from you? Because I've never flirted with you.

Derrick thinks to himself. Maybe there weren't any. He feels like an idiot now.

DERRICK  
Wow. I'm sorry...I...I'm sorry. This is really embarrassing now.

Kelly laughs it off.

KELLY  
It's ok. That's not the first time that's happened to me. I get it from my mother.

Derrick eases up a bit.

KELLY(CONT'D)  
No, I'm interested in pursuing a double major and business is one of my considerations. I was wondering if you could give me a tour and tell me the in's and out's of the program. Or if not you, maybe someone else? Someone real. Someone in the program, who won't just tell me what they think I want to hear?

DERRICK  
You know what, I'll help you any way you need to now. After what I just did.

She smiles.

KELLY  
It's ok. My boyfriend won't hold it against you. Was that your girlfriend walking away with you near the basketball courts?

Derrick chuckles to himself, thinking back to that moment.

DERRICK  
Yes.

KELLY  
Seemed pretty intense. You guys  
must really care for each other.

Derrick smiles.

KELLY(CONT'D)  
I guess we're the lucky ones. As  
crazy as this world is.

DERRICK  
I guess so.

In the b.g. Kelly's FRIENDS appear.

FRIEND  
Kelly come on, let's go.

Kelly turns to them then back to Derrick.

KELLY  
I gotta get going.  
(walking away)  
But the next time I run into you,  
we'll discuss more about the  
program, right?

DERRICK  
Yes! Yes we will.

Kelly leaves with her friends. Derrick walks back over to  
his table. Danny stares at him.

DERRICK  
What?

DANNY  
Who was that?

DERRICK  
An old classmate.

DANNY  
That was the longest garbage can  
conversation I've ever seen.

DERRICK  
What are you trying to say?

Danny raises his eyebrows. You know what.

DERRICK  
No. I don't do that.

DANNY  
Well good for you.

Derrick looks at his cell phone.

DERRICK  
Are you ready to go?

DANNY  
Yea it's bout time we head back.  
Somebody's waiting to give us  
their money.

Derrick looks at him confused.

**INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Derrick and Danny sit glued to the TV with video game controllers in their hands. Along with Jamal and Andrew. A handful of college aged men and women surround them. The women look as if they don't want to be there.

WOMAN  
(to another)  
This is stupid. Why am I even  
here.

Derrick and Danny dart out of there seats in celebration.  
ON TV SCREEN: WINNER

DERRICK  
That's what I'm talkin' bout!

They chest bump and yell.

DERRICK AND DANNY  
Two hundred dollars baby!

DANNY  
Thank you and goodnight!

ANDREW  
What are you talking about. It's  
not over. It's the best three out  
of five.

DERRICK  
It's pretty much over. You guys  
are down two to zero.

JAMAL  
It ain't over baby, start it up.

DANNY

Ask and ye shall receive.

Derrick's cell phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket, anticipating Rachael. ON PHONE: INCOMING CALL FROM MOM.

He answers.

DERRICK

Hey mom.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Derrick's car pulls up in front of the house. He gets out and walks up to the door.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE**

Grace sits on the couch with the Minister from the funeral. Two other men stand....Detective's Murray and Sanchez.

Derrick walks through the front door. He recognizes one of the detective's faces, unfortunately. He walks over and greets his mom with a kiss on the cheek, curious to know what's going on.

He acknowledges the minister with a head nod.

DERRICK

Sir.

GRACE

Derrick this is Detective's Murray and Sanchez.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Hello Derrick.

DERRICK

Detective Murray. You got a promotion.

Grace looks confused.

GRACE

You know this man?

Derrick eyeballs Detective Murray.

DERRICK

We've been introduced.

GRACE

Derrick they're...

DETECTIVE MURRAY  
(intruding)  
We're here just to ask a couple of  
questions. That's all.

DERRICK  
About what?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ  
Derrick, have you heard of Laura  
Morgan?

DERRICK  
No.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ  
What about Dustin Taylor?

DERRICK  
No. Who are these people and why  
do you keep asking if I know who  
they are?

DETECTIVE MURRAY  
How about Lucious or Lue Pichens?

Derrick stares daggers at Murray.

DERRICK  
He's my grandfather. Why?

GRACE  
Derrick, they think your  
grandfather is some chessboard  
killer.

DERRICK  
A chessboard killer! What the hell  
is this. That doesn't even sound  
real.

GRACE  
Watch your language young man.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Be that as it may, we have reason  
to believe that your grandfather  
may be associated with a number of  
killings over the last 20 years.  
64 to be exact. Possibly starting  
with a Mr. Nicholas Mays in 1990.  
Your grandfather's best friend.

Derrick shakes his head. He doesn't believe one word.

DET. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

This is all after careful analysis of the evidence. There was a slippage in the investigation and your grandfather was never questioned. So the murders continued. Chessboard killer, that's the media mainly but it makes sense. 64, the number of spaces on a chess board. All of the victims carved, mutilated, positioned to what they think are to look like chessboard figures.

DERRICK

Did you put him up to this Murray?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

That's not how it works.

DERRICK

This is the reasons that you have or you've concocted.

GRACE

Derrick, have some manners.

DERRICK

Where's the concrete evidence?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Other than that, we are not at liberty to say.

DERRICK

Of course.

GRACE

Derrick!

Detective Murray's heard enough.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

(darkly serious)

Have you seen him Derrick..... Have you seen his, evil..... What he has done to his victims? The fear that screams from the eyes of their lifeless bodies. This isn't a game. It's real. And it's right at your door steps.

Spooked. This drastically shifts the mood in the house. Grace tries to hide her now arising terror.

DET. SANCHEZ

We have no known address for him.

Derrick's not buying the Detective's approach. He starts to get upset.

DERRICK

Do you know who you are talking about? You are talking about my father's father. My recently deceased, father's father. Who was a great man.

Grace tries to gather her thoughts.

GRACE

Look, I think we all need to just, calm down a bit.

DERRICK

Mom, do you see what they are trying to do?

GRACE

Derrick!

Grace gets frustrated with him. He's not helping at all. She quickly calms herself.

GRACE(CONT'D)

I'm sorry Detectives. This, couldn't have come at worse time.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Yes ma'am, we understand.

MINISTER

Grace I probably should go now.

GRACE

No!

She addresses the detectives.

GRACE(CONT'D)

Maybe you should come back another time.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Ms. Pichens...

GRACE

Mrs...Pichens...and I think it's time for you gentlemen leave. Please.

Detective Sanchez grabs the arm of Det. Murray. They've definitely overstayed their welcome. It's time to go.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ  
We're sorry ma'am.

Grace walks them to the door. Det. Sanchez reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a business card.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ  
You will call?

Grace nods then closes the door.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY**

Detective Murray and Sanchez walk back to a car. An unmarked Crown Victoria. They get in.

DET. MURRAY  
That went well.

DET. SANCHEZ  
You were right. We'll talk to Chief tomorrow about setting up a tail on him. ASAP.

Detective Murray nods in agreement.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Grace stands facing the door.

GRACE  
I'm sorry. I just needed for you to stay.

She turns and looks at the Minister. He looks at her, understanding why now.

GRACE  
Derrick how did you know those men?

DERRICK  
I just know Murray. I've never met the other one.

GRACE  
How do you know him?

It's not a good reason. Derrick knows it. This is not the time to tell it.

DERRICK

Let's just say he's been to our  
campus more than enough times.

Grace wants to get upset but she can't. There is bigger  
news on her plate. She stares at a cross on the wall.

DERRICK

How did my dad find him?

GRACE

I suppose he knew who to ask.

DERRICK

Who did he ask?

GRACE

I don't know. I guess it wasn't  
important anymore after he found  
him.

The minister sits on the couch uneasy. As if he's ready to  
release whatever he's been thinking. Finally, he speaks.

MINISTER

He was a murderer from the  
beginning, not holding to the  
truth, for there is no truth in  
him. When he lies, he speaks his  
native language, for he is a liar  
and the father of lies. You belong  
to your father, the devil, and you  
want to carry out your father's  
desire. John eight verse forty  
four.

GRACE

James was never like that.

MINISTER

Of course not.

He turns to the cross on the wall.

MINISTER(CONT'D)

For he died so we would not have  
to be slaves to it...I knew James.  
He was a great man as indeed you  
stated Derrick. But for some  
people, even with the bondage and  
pain starring them in their face,  
don't turn away. They want it.

(more)

MINISTER(CONT'D)

That might be why your father  
couldn't get close with him. Too  
much love in his spirit.

GRACE

Derrick, didn't you and Cole go  
visit him.

DERRICK

Yes. But he wasn't there. Just an  
old house.

MINISTER

There is something James wanted me  
to keep secret. However, I feel  
this is no time for secrets.

Grace and Derrick are all ears.

MINISTER(CONT'D)

James was starting to think  
something was wrong. He new this  
man was his father, but any time  
he looked into his eyes. Darkness.  
Nothing but, impenetrable  
darkness. He didn't want to say it  
but I knew what he was thinking.

Derrick attempts to understand what he just heard.

DERRICK

Wait a minute. Let me get this  
straight, you're saying that not  
only is my grandfather some mass  
chessboard killer, but that he is  
the devil?

MINISTER

No son. I'm merely suggesting that  
your grandfather is or maybe, pure  
evil in human form.

The Minister's scary accusation weighs heavy on Grace and  
Derrick.

GRACE

I don't know what to say.

The Minister attempts to comfort her.

MINISTER

A thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly. John ten verse ten.

DERRICK

This doesn't make since. Isn't he too old?

MINISTER

How old do you have to be to be a murderer?

DERRICK

But isn't he like eighty something?

GRACE

No, remember after your father's funeral I told you he was young when your father was born. Barely 15 yrs old.

DERRICK

That's how old my dad was when I was born. That makes him what?

They all calculate in their heads.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

52.

This still doesn't make since to Derrick. He rests his hands on his hand. Soaking everything in. Rachael just went to his grandfather's house for help. He looks at his cell phone. 12 O'CLOCK. Still, no missed calls.

DERRICK

I have to go mom.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek then rushes out.

GRACE

Wha.....Derrick!.....

He closes the door.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY**

Derrick quickly walks to his car. He takes out his phone and speed dials. It rings...voicemail. It's Rachael's. He hangs up.

He gets in his car then backs out of the driveway.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Derrick's headlights shine as they roll into the driveway off the street. The same driveway, the same house that Rachael walked to. Cole's truck, gone.

**INT. DERRICK'S CAR**

Derrick holds his cell phone to his ear. He stops not too far from the street and turns off his head lights.

DERRICK  
(in to phone)  
Hey Cole, it's me. Call me back as  
soon as you get this. No jokes.

Derrick hangs up.

He sits for a moment, looking at the house. Unsure of what he's about to get into. A cross dangles from his rearview mirror. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

He opens his glove compartment. The light in the compartment shines on a gun. On top of it, a picture.

Derrick picks up the picture. It is of his mom, dad and himself. They look happy.

He turns it over. On the back reads: I AM THE GATE; WHOEVER ENTERS THROUGH ME WILL BE SAVED. HE WILL COME IN AND GO OUT AND FIND PASTURE. JOHN 10:9. LOVE, MOM.

Derrick looks at the gun-- a 9mm, puts the picture back on top of it and closes the compartment.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUED**

Derrick steps out the car and closes the door. Not trying to be quiet. He looks at the house. A Dark and lifeless shell.

The night sounds of the birds and insects fill the air. He walks up the stairs to the front door and gives it a couple of knocks.

No answer.

He knocks a little harder. Nothing.

He steps back from the door and down the stairs.... glances over the windows of the house. Motionless. He's not getting anywhere. Not tonight.

He looks at his watch. It's late. 1:04. Too late for an old man. He scans the windows one last time.

A CURTAIN MOVES UPSTAIRS. Someone's inside. Derricks rushes back to the door and bangs this time.

DERRICK

Hello! Mr. Pichens. It's Derri...

The door squeaks open slightly. Derrick stops.... He calls up to the window.

DERRICK

Hello...the door is open.

He slowly opens the door completely. The moonlight brightens old fashion furniture in the room.

He hesitates to step in, but does so, cautiously.

DERRICK

Hello?

**IN THE HOUSE,**

No response. This is weird.

DERRICK

It's Derrick. Your grandson. I'm sorry to wake you.

Derrick begins to walk through the room.

DERRICK(CONT'D)

I came by earlier this week and left some pictures under your door. Of my father. Your son....I left my number on the back.

Derrick searches the walls with his hands. A light switch! He flicks it up and down. Broken.

He turns down the main hallway. Stops. A staircase sits at the end of it; open room doors each side.

A quick look back. Everything remains still. He turns back.

RACHAEL

(faint)

Derrick.

Derrick looks down a small adjacent hallway. Rachael sits leaned up against the wall. She's alive. He runs to her.

DERRICK  
Rachael! Oh my God.

Her shirt is blood soaked.

DERRICK(CONT'D)  
What happened?

Derrick touches her lightly on her stomach, her legs, her arms. He has no clue what to do.

Rachael grabs his shirt. Weak. Clinging to life.

RACHAEL  
I can't. He's.....

DERRICK  
What? What? What is it?

Tears start to roll down her face.

RACHAEL  
Derrick.

DERRICK  
Where are you bleeding?

He frantically searches her.

RACHAEL  
I'm sorry....

Rachael begins to choke on blood.

DERRICK  
No. No. No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Hold on Rachael. Just hold on.

Derrick attempts to lift Rachael.

DERRICK(CONT'D)  
Come on.

A cracked door behind Derrick opens a little.

DERRICK  
Ok. Let's go.

He finally gets her on her feet.

The door opens all the way. A shape becomes visible.

THE FIGURE steps out.

Rachael's eyes widen. She sees him.

RACHAEL

Derrick!

He turns around.

The Figure SWINGS his arm....slicing Derrick's throat from ear to ear.

Derrick clinches his throat. The blood overflows from behind his hand. Rachael cry's....

RACHAEL

Derrick!

She lunges at The Figure in a weak attempt to save Derrick. The Figure tosses her to the ground.

Derrick uses whatever strength he has to fight back. It's no use. The Figure brushes it off. Derrick slides off The Figure to the floor.

Rachael and Derrick look each other in the eyes. There's nothing she can do. No way to save him. She crawls down the hall. Keeping an eye on Derrick. Her love. Dying.

The Figure raises his arm for the final strike....

RACHAEL

Noooooo.....

The knife thrusts into Derrick's stomach. Rachael crawls backwards around the corner. Down the hallway with the stair case at the end.

She looks left and sees the open front door. It's too late to turn around. She'll never make. She thinks fast.

Rachael takes off her shoe and tosses it down the hallway. It hits the bottom of the staircase. She then, crawls into one of the rooms, but leaves the door open. Don't want to make it obvious.

The Figure watches as Derrick's life slowly bleeds away. He yanks the knife out of Derrick's stomach.... turns to see, the hallway is empty.

The Figure walks down the hall. Slow. In no hurry. He stops at the end of the hallway. The front door is still open. He looks down the hallway with the staircase. A shoe sits at the bottom of it.

He starts down the hallway. Towards the shoe.

**INT. THE FIGURE'S HOUSE - ROOM**

Rachael can hear his foot steps. They get louder with each step. She quietly presses herself up against the wall. Not to be seen if he walked by. She winces in pain, in fear.

The Figure walks by the room. His steps become softer. He's walking away. Rachael listens.

CREAK! CREAK! CREAK! CREAK! He's walking up the stairs. He fell for it. She continues to listen to his foot steps. He's nowhere close. She slowly peeks her head out the room.

All clear!

She crawls out of the room and down the hallway. Covering as much ground as she can, as quick as she can.....into the living room. Only a few more feet and she's out free.

She slides through the moonlight and...She's here. She made it. She looks at the stairs leading into the front yard. Derrick's car. Yes! One more look, just to be safe.

She turns around. No one behind her. She looks back outside. Starts to crawl...

Suddenly, The Figure grabs her leg and slides her back in. He slams the door shut.

Rachael crawls away. Faster than before. But getting nowhere.

The Figure walks up behind her, grabs her shirt, and rolls her over. Rachael looks up at him, terrified out of her mind.

He straddles her....takes off the mask....it's pitch black where his face should be. He raises his foot, then....

Stamps down on her throat... pushing harder and harder. A subtle grunt with each press. Rachael has no chance.

She grabs The Figure's leg. No effect. Finally her hands fall. She's dead. The Figure hovers over Rachael when.....

RACHAEL(V.O.)  
(whisper)  
Derrick!

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Derrick opens his eyes. He sits in his car in the driveway. What in the hell! He imagined it.

A cross dangles from his rearview mirror.

He wipes his face and opens the glove compartment. The gun rests on top a stack of papers. No picture over it. He grabs the gun and closes the compartment.

Time for the real thing. He opens the door. But before he steps out, takes one last look at the cross. There's no way he can win without it. Not without him on his side.

He snatches the cross then puts it in his pocket.

#### **EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Derrick cautiously approaches the house. Gun in hand. He eyes all the windows. Still. Just as he imagined before. He walks up the front door steps. Slow, steady, gripping the gun tighter with each step.

He stops in front of the door. It sits there closed. Waiting to be opened.

An owl hoots in the b.g. Derrick turns his head to the street. Pitch Black. Everything about him tenses up.

He checks the door knob. It's unlocked. Slowly he twists the door knob and opens it. The room is basically empty. Only two chairs and a table in the middle.

Nothing like he imagined.

#### **INT. HOUSE**

Derrick walks in. Quiet. Barely able to hear his own steps.

A car passes by on the street. He turns. The red tail lights disappear in the night.

He turns to the table. Something sits on top of it. He walks over to get a better view. A chessboard. Half the pieces are missing.

In the middle of the board, random pictures. He picks one up. Three marines pose with their gear. It's Nick, Lue, Andy. This means nothing to Derrick. He has no idea. He puts it down.

Derrick recognizes the next picture. One that he brought over. It is of him and his family. He slides it over...

The next picture grabs his attention. He picks it up. It is a picture of Rachael, Cole, Jennifer, and him. Red lines drawn across their faces. He didn't put that there.

Derrick's eyes widen in fright. This is as real as it gets.

DERRICK

What the Fu...

CRREEEEEEAK! He drops the picture, then places two hands on the gun. Where in the hell did that come from! He looks into the house. What he can see if it.

Slowly, he inches through the room, towards a dark hallway. Every sense on high alert.

Headlights from a passing car brighten the hallway for a second. Derrick turns and again, watches the tail lights fade in the dark.

He cocks the gun... Now he's ready. He looks to his left. A Pitch Dark room. Nothing's there...turns to his right. Moonlight from the kitchen shines.....open room doors...nothing like he imagined.

Rachael might be in here. He inches his way around the corner and down the hallway...

**IN THE HALLWAY,**

Derrick listens...watches, for anything. Leaving little to no detection with every step.

Two small specs of light grow larger behind him.

Headlights, from a car rounding the street.....

Derrick turns to peak at each room as he passes.

Suddenly, the headlights brighten the room...

A SHADOW stands in the room behind him. THE FIGURE. Derrick remains focused on what's in front.

The light dissipates. So does the shadow.

The Figure walks out into an adjacent room.

Derrick stops. To his right, the kitchen. He senses something.

He swings around, searching with his eyes. Only the light that shines through the front door.

He turns back and continues to inch along...sneaking a look as he passes each room.

DERRICK  
(whisper)  
Rachael!

Finally, at the end of the hall. He stands. In front of a closed door. The only closed door in the hall. Must mean something.

Derrick ready's himself... adjusts his grip on the gun...palms the door knob then, swings the door open.

An empty basement. Derrick pokes his head down. Nothing but a dirt floor and a workbench.

DERRICK  
(whisper)  
Rachael!

He waits. No one's down there. She's gotta be here somewhere.

He turns around and walks back down the hallway. Careful. Not to make a sound.

In front of him, an open door to his right. No biggie....

Suddenly, The Figure walks out.

Derrick aims the gun.

DERRICK  
Oh Shh....

The Figure grabs the barrel and pushes it away from his face.

POW! A shot fires.

The Figure grabs Derrick by the face then walks him backward.

BAM! He rams the back of Derrick's head into the wall.

BAM! Derrick attempts to lift the gun.

BAM! BAM! Derrick drops the gun. He's out. Cold.

**INT. BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT**

Derrick's POV

Blurred. The room slightly spins as he attempts to awake. The Figure walks in front of Derrick to the work bench.

Derrick black's out.

He wakes up again. Vision still blurred. This time, The Figure stares back at him. Face to face. Unmasked. Scruffy. Pitch black eyes. No white in them. No good in him.

Derrick looks away. He notices his gun on the work bench. Its parts anyhow. The Figure has dismantled it into its individual pieces.

He turns back to The Figure, who is putting on his mask.

DERRICK

Why are you doing this?

The Figure stands up and walks over to the work bench. A pitchfork, the same one used on Rachael, leans on it.

Chains dangle above him.

Derrick sits tied to a chair, in the middle of the basement. Fully conscious now. Terrified. He yells.

DERRICK

Why are you doing this?

Derrick looks at the window. It's almost morning. He jerks at the chains that tie him to the chair. They don't budge.

The Figure stands over the work bench, looking down at the chessboard. He moves pieces around. Seemingly strategizing his next deadly move.

Derrick shakes at the chains much harder. The chains move a little. He twists his wrists back and forth. The tightness of the chains causes them to bleed.

Derrick talks through the pain.

DERRICK

Look. I'm sorry. Whatever I did.  
I'm sorry. You don't want to do  
this.

The Figure makes no attempt to acknowledge him. It's as if he's talking to a brick wall. Derrick's voice starts to tremble.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.....please....

Derrick holds his head down. He knows the minimal chance he has. He continues to twist his wrists. Now dripping blood.

DERRICK

Your son was a great man.

The Figure stops moving. Apparently listening.

Derrick continues.

DERRICK(CONT'D)

I wish you could have seen him.  
How he turned out. He tried so  
hard to keep the same thing from  
happening to me. I never knew my  
mother. All I knew was Grace. And  
you were part of the past he  
wanted to forget. But wanted back  
so bad.

Derrick looks up.

DERRICK(CONT'D)

I know you were young. Confused. I  
think that's why he forgave you,  
and never gave up on you. Truth be  
told, he had to understand it.  
Because the same thing happened to  
him. At the same age.

(grimacing)

I was born.

A beat. Derrick snuffles then holds his head down. It's  
over. He accepts his fate.

The Figure looks at a knife on the work bench. It sits next  
to the chess board. He looks at the chess pieces and...

Grabs the knife headed for Derrick. He holds it across his  
body to swing through...but Derrick blocks the swing with  
his right hand. His left hand and feet still tied. The  
Figure swings again...misses..

Derrick has tossed himself on the ground. Aggressively  
squirming. Trying to worm his way out. Dust fills the air...

The Figure reaches over. Derrick turns the back of the  
chair to hit his arm. His feet come free. The Figure raises  
the knife. Derrick turns around and...

Swings his left hand, still attached to the chair, striking  
The Figure's knife hand. Derrick swings his arm again.  
Hitting The Figure's body. The chair cracks a little.

Derrick swings again and again. Jerking his hand with each  
swing. The Figure falls back with each blow. Finally...his  
arm is free....

Derrick turns and bolts for the door. The Figure grabs the knife and dashes after him.

Derrick barely makes it up the steps when...The Figure lunges and slashes Derrick's calf muscle. He screams.

DERRICK  
Aaahhhhhh!!!

Derrick kicks at The Figure. The knife drops. He kicks again. The Figure stumbles. Derrick turns up for the stairs when his progress abruptly stops.

The Figure has his leg. He pulls Derrick down. Derrick's face smacks each step then the ground.

The Figure pulls him away from steps.

DERRICK  
Aaahhhhhh!!!

Derrick writhes on the ground in pain.

The Figure picks up the knife.

Derrick sees him coming and...kicks The Figure in the balls!

The Figure stumbles back. This barely takes the breath out of him. He quickly gathers himself...looks down.

Derrick sees it had little affect. His eyes widen. This is no ordinary man. Derrick begins to crawl backward. The Figure looks up at him.....calculating..

Derrick glances over. The pitchfork....!

The Figure observes Derrick's retreat. He's got him right where he wants him. He slowly walks towards Derrick.

Derrick stops. In line with the pitchfork.

The Figure steps....

Derrick rushes over to the pitchfork. The Figure quickly raises the knife with a running start then....

His arm gets caught in the chains hanging from the ceiling. He jerks to free himself.

Derrick's face, braced for impact, rapidly recovers. He realizes what's happened.

He immediately grabs the pitchfork. The Figure frees himself.

JAM!! Derrick thrusts the pitchfork into the abdomen of The Figure and walks him backwards.

The Figure swings the knife at Derrick head. But it doesn't reach. Derrick is too far on the pitchfork.

Derrick thrusts it deeper as they walk back. The Figure continues to swing desperately.

The Figure's back, slams into the wall. Derrick knocks the knife out his hands....yanks the pitchfork out.....The Figure lunges forward as a final attempt....

JAM! Derrick plunges the pitchfork through The Figures neck and into the wall.

Derrick screams.

DERRICK  
SON OF BITCHHHHHH!!!

The Figure twitches.....grabbing at the pitchfork....blood spews out from under the mask. He's too weak to pull it out.

The Figure slowly, stops, moving until... nothing. No movement. He's dead.

Derrick watches as The Figure's body goes limp. He breathes heavy. Adrenaline still running high. Unremorseful at the fact that he just killed his grandfather.

DERRICK(CONT'D)  
Checkmate you son of a bitch!

A beat. Derrick catches his breath. He realizes this is as unthreatened of The Figure he could be. It's still just a man under that mask.

He reaches to pull the mask off but, accidently knocks The Figures hand off the pitchfork.

Derrick pulls his hand back. He's not worth it. No need to see his face. Derrick takes a deep breath then wipes his face.

While gathering his bearings, Derrick turns and notices some materials on the ground in the corner....a cell phone... he recognizes those contents...

He slowly walks over to them. It becomes clearer. He starts to tear up. That's Rachael's cell phone.

He kneels down and picks up the wallet. A picture wallet. The first picture, Rachael and Derrick. Together. Smiling.

Derrick can't hold his emotions in now. He starts crying. He flips through a few more pictures. Yup, that's Rachael's wallet alright. And those are the contents from her purse.

The room is more lit now from the arising morning sun. A small window in a door behind Derrick, reflects the light of day. The night is over.

He holds the pictures to his chest and continues to cry.

**SCENE STARTS TO FADE WHEN.....**

BOOM!!! Out of nowhere the door behind Derrick slams open.

He doesn't have time to turn around all the way. Another masked figure VIOLENTLY attacks him.

Derrick attempts to fight back. He has no chance....

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN

Blurred, out of focus first responder lights.

SUPER: THE POLICE FOUND OUT THERE WAS A SECOND CHESSBOARD KILLER TWO DAYS LATER.

DERRICK PICEHNS WAS FOUND IN DUFFER PARK THE MORNING OF HIS INCIDENT. HE WAS STILL ALIVE.

THE SECOND KILLER HAS YET TO BE FOUND.

FADE OUT