

Candy

Inspired by the Houston Mass Murders

Written By
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Based on the Non-Fiction Novel
"The Man with the Candy"
by Jack Olsen

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TITLE CARD: **Texas, 1973**

The grating sound of metal digging into earth is heard OVER BLACK as a slew of OMINOUS VOICES slur together.

OMINOUS VOICES(O.S)
What's so hard to understand? You
have to kill a man to be a man and
that's the long and short of it.

The rhythmic digging is accompanied by the clinking and clanking of metal chains.

OMINOUS VOICES(O.S)
Once a murderer, always a murderer.

The cocking of a gun joins the other sounds.

OMINOUS VOICES(O.S)
Wayne, what are you doing? No!
Wayne please don't! No! No! No!

The voices and sounds mesh together into one blood curdling scream.

The blackness turns into:

INT. THE HEIGHTS DINER - DAY

The piercing dark eyes of WAYNE HENLEY(17) stare into nowhere.

He sits at a table near the front of the diner with TWO other teenage boys. His poor complexion, haphazard hair, and disheveled attire makes him stick out of the crowd.

RICKY, a well groomed lad, looks at him with curiosity.

RICKY
Wayne?

WAYNE
What?

RICKY
You even on this planet?

WAYNE
Hardly.

RICKY
I've been calling your name for the
last minute.

WAYNE
I'm just tired.

A long haired stocky boy named TOM speaks.

TOM
How many beers did you drink?

WAYNE
Not enough, I can tell you that.

Ricky looks through the windows of the restaurant and spies
a pretty, young, busty girl by the name of TANYA, heading
toward the entrance of the diner.

RICKY
Is that Tanya coming in here?

Wayne drunkenly jumps up.

WAYNE
Where!

Smiling, he knocks on the window to grab her attention. She
looks at him from the outside and waves. He waves back.

RICKY
Let's hope she talks 'bout
something other than Blake.

WAYNE
Shut up Ricky, she's been through a
load of problems, you don't even
know.

Ricky shrugs his shoulders as Tanya walks up to the table.

TANYA
Hey guys.

WAYNE
Hey Tanya, how you been?

TANYA
Better, have y'all heard anything
from Blake?

Ricky rolls his eyes.

WAYNE

If I heard anything from him you'd be the first person I'd run and tell, you know?

TANYA

I know, mind if I sit?

WAYNE

Yeah, I mean no, no, sit.

Tanya sits down in the chair next to him.

RICKY

So what are the plans?

WAYNE

Plans? Plans for what?

RICKY

You ought to be kidding me Wayne. The plans for this weekend.

WAYNE

You think of the plans.

RICKY

I don't give a shit what we do as long as we do something.

TOM

We'll just do my plans. Can you get your mom's car?

RICKY

Probably, where's David been? I haven't seen him in ages.

TANYA

Y'all didn't hear? David's getting married, he got his girl pregnant and everything.

Wayne seems unsettled by this remark.

RICKY

Damn, I miss that car of his.

TOM

Are you going to actually hang with us this time Wayne?

WAYNE

I'll go.

RICKY

That's what you said last time and the time before that and the time-

WAYNE

Well, I mean it this time.

RICKY

We all don't spend time together like we use to. Now you're always out and about with Corll.

WAYNE

So what are we doing this weekend?

RICKY

He's old enough to be your pop.

WAYNE

He's no way old enough! You're a fucking taint, Ricky, you ought to learn how to count.

RICKY

What did you call me?

WAYNE

A fucking taint.

RICKY

What the hell is a taint?

WAYNE

Stick your hands down your pants and feel that little space between your balls and your asshole. That's what you are.

Tom and Tanya erupt in joyous laughter.

RICKY

Awfully funny Wayne, but I could just as easily call you a drunken smelly sack, but I won't cause that's not that point.

WAYNE

What is your point?

RICKY
You never hang with us.

WAYNE
I'm hanging now!

RICKY
Only to eat and to chat and to call
me a taint, but we could go have
some real fun like we use to.

WAYNE
We're getting to old for that shit.
I gotta start growing up sometime.

Wayne pulls out a cigarette his shirt pocket.

RICKY
You call the way you are now grown
up?

WAYNE
Nope.

Wayne stands up and puts the cigarette between his lips

WAYNE (CONT'D)
But it's a start.

EXT. THE HEIGHTS DINER - DAY

Wayne stands opposite of Tanya, puffing his cigarette, he
listens to her speak somberly.

TANYA
I miss Blake so much. I don't know
what to think.

Wayne puts his hand on Tanya's shoulders.

WAYNE
Tanya, listen to me. Blake's not
coming back.

In anger, Tanya yanks his hand off her shoulders.

TANYA
Don't you say that Wayne Henley!
You don't know that for certain.

Wayne turns away and eyes a WHITE VAN parked along the curb.

WAYNE

Why is Dean here? I ought to be going, I'll see you later, alright?

Tanya nods her head. Then watches Wayne as he runs over to the van, opens the passenger door, and gets inside.

EXT. TANYA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne quickly gulps down a beer that is in his hand and chucks it into the neighbor's yard before stumbling up the porch of Tanya's simple home.

He knocks on the door and waits for a moment, but there is no answer. He jumps off the porch and trips over a rock.

WAYNE

Fuck.

He continues to the side of the house to a small window.

INSIDE THE WINDOW: Is Tanya's excessively pink bedroom. She lays on her bed with her face buried in a pillow, crying.

BACK OUTSIDE: Wayne gently taps on the window until Tanya walks over and opens it.

TANYA

(whispering)

What are you doing here?

WAYNE

Just wanted to check up on you.

Tanya looks at him with tender eyes.

TANYA

Come on, hop in.

INT. TANYA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wayne and Tanya sit a small distance apart on her bed.

WAYNE

Your dad still hollering at you?

Tanya nods her head.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know a thing or two about asshole dads. Mine once pointed a

(MORE)

WAYNE(CONT'D)
loaded gun right toward my face and
pulled the trigger, I kid you not.

Tanya puts her hand on Wayne's leg.

TANYA
Thank you for being my friend.

WAYNE
It's not that hard of a thing to
do.

Tanya wraps her arms around Wayne, and hugs him tightly.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Tom's waiting for me by the
laundromat. We're going to Dean's,
you wanna come?

Tanya pulls away from Wayne and nods her head.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wayne leads Tanya and Tom onto the beige carpet of the rather messy house. Tanya takes a sip from the can of beer she holds as she looks around the living room:

She sees two dingy couches, a chair, a coffee table, a side table with a lamp, an ashtray, and past the counter into the small kitchen area.

WAYNE
Dean?

Wayne advances forward into the house.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Dean, you home?

Out from the dark hallway walks DEAN CORLL: a thirty-year old, dark haired, thinly built, tall man.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Sorry we're so late.

Looking bloodless, Dean stares at Tanya.

DEAN
Wayne, come here.

WAYNE

What for?

Dean raises his obscure voice.

DEAN

Now!

Dean walks back down the hallway. Wayne sighs and turns to Tom and Tanya.

WAYNE

Hold tight, I'll be right back.

Wayne walks down the dark hallway after Dean.

Tanya and Tom stand in an awkward silence for a few moments.

TOM

Have you ever been here before?

TANYA

No, have you?

Tom shakes his head and right then Dean comes out of the dark hallway, anguished. He throws his arms up in the air.

DEAN

Well, what the fuck are we waiting for? Throw me one of 'em beers you got.

Tom takes his backpack off his shoulders, unzips it, and pulls out two beers. He throws one to Dean and keeps the other to himself.

Dean catches the beer, opens it, and chugs.

TOM

Come on Tanya, chug yours down too.

Tom cracks open his beer and gulps it down. Tanya looks down at her can before she wraps her lips around it and begins to swallow the rest of it.

Wayne walks out of the shadow ridden hallway, looking uneasy.

The three of them finish their beers at the same time. Dean crushes the can with his hand and throws it to the ground.

DEAN
Have you ever huffed?

Tom shakes his head.

DEAN(CONT'D)
You want to?

TOM
It's a party, ain't it?

DEAN
Wayne, do me a favor and go grab
the paint.

WAYNE
Dean, we don't need to get that
fucked up-

DEAN
Why the fuck not? I'll get it my
fucking self.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT-LATER

On the floor, an acrylic spray paint can drips out fluid
onto a crumbled up paper bag.

Dean sits on the chair with his dark eyes looking crazed.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a cigarette.
While he lights it up he eyes Tom, sleeping on the couch.

At the opposite side of the room, Tanya stands, fascinated
at the way the window curtains drape. She moves them gently
with her hand, giggles, steps backward, and trips into
Wayne's arms.

WAYNE
Whoa there!

Wayne supports her back up to her feet.

TANYA
Oh Wayne, your such a good friend.

Tanya strokes Wayne's hair with her hand while Dean stares
in disgust.

TANYA(CONT'D)
Such a good, good friend.

Dean snuffs out his cigarette into the carpet.

BLACKNESS

FADE IN:

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wayne's eyes slowly open to find that he is on the floor with his legs tightly bound with rope. His hands are being cuffed by Dean to a large plywood board that lays in the corner of the room.

WAYNE

Dean?

Dean has no response as he finishes handcuffing him.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Dean, what are you doing?

DEAN

Shut up.

Wayne's eyes follow Dean as he walks across the plastic covered carpet to the bed where Tanya and Tom sleep, bound and gagged with rope.

Dean goes to the a nightstand, turns on the small portable radio, and picks up a .22 caliber pistol.

DEAN(CONT'D)

You really blew it bringing that girl.

WAYNE

No Dean, you don't have to do-

DEAN

Shut up! I'm gonna fix you Wayne, I'm gonna fix you good.

WAYNE

No, unlock me. I'm your friend I've been your friend.

DEAN

You're not my friend! You brought her here. You ruined everything! Now I have to kill you! Now I have to kill all of you!

Dean cocks the pistol and points it at Wayne.

WAYNE

Calm down!

Wayne looks at Dean directly in the eyes.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

You just got yourself worked up.
Unlock me Dean. I'm real sorry.
I'll do anything! I'll help you
kill them. Just let me go, please.

The terror in Wayne's eyes hits Dean. He gets on his knees, sets the gun on the floor, pulls out a set of keys from his pocket, and sets Wayne free.

Dean throws the handcuffs across the room, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a switchblade knife, and cuts the ropes off Wayne's legs.

DEAN

I'm sorry.

Dean scoots closer to Wayne and wraps his arms around him.

DEAN(CONT'D)

I'm so sorry Wayne.

Dean pulls away from Wayne and hands the blade over to him.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Here. Cut off her clothes while I
mess with Tom.

Wayne hesitantly makes his way to Tanya while Dean disrobes to his underwear and darts to the bed.

Wayne slowly uses the blade to cut off Tanya's jeans. Her eyes suddenly open, staring at Tom as he is slowly being undressed by Dean.

Wayne stops cutting.

WAYNE

Hey Dean, why don't you let me take
the chick out of here? She don't
wanna see you do that.

Dean ignores him. Wayne, angered, thoughtfully looks over to the gun on the floor.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Dean, I gotta piss.

DEAN

Hold it.

WAYNE

Well, I can't fuck her right if I
gotta piss this bad!

Dean gets onto the bed.

DEAN

Well, then piss and come right
back!

Wayne charges over and grabs the gun off the floor and
points it at Dean.

WAYNE

Stop it! Back off!

Dean steps off the bed.

DEAN

You're gonna kill me Wayne? Then do
it. Just do it! I want you too.
Shoot me! Shoot me!

Wayne puts his finger on the trigger

DEAN(CONT'D)

Come on, do it! I want you to fuck
me up!

Dean screams at the top of his lungs and charges toward him.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Just do-

Wayne pulls the trigger; a bullet rips through Dean's chest.
As he collapses to his knees Wayne pulls the trigger again,
sending another bullet into his shoulder. Wayne fires one
last bullet into Dean's head.

BLACKNESS

TITLE CARD: **Winter of 1971**

FADE IN:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A more youthful looking Wayne rings up a counter full of groceries for an elderly, heavy-set, FEMALE CUSTOMER.

WAYNE

It'll be fifteen, seventy-five
ma'am.

The customer opens up her purse and fiddles around for money as Wayne, impatiently, looks up at the clock on the wall.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BATHROOM - DAY

Wayne stands in front of the sink in the single-person bathroom staring at his reflection in the mirror.

He leans in, getting a closer look at his greasy complexion. He brushes his face with his fingers until he comes across a pimple on his brow.

Using both of his index fingers; he pops it.

WAYNE

Ow, dammit.

Wayne wipes off the blood and puss off with his hand, then turns back on the sink, and continues to wash his face.

EXT. RECRUITING CENTER - DAY

Wayne walks up to the dinky brick building that has an oversized American flag hanging over it.

INT. RECRUITING CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

A stern Navy RECRUITER fiddles with paper work behind a desk in the minimalistic office.

There is a knock at the door.

RECRUITER

Come in.

The door opens and Wayne walks in.

WAYNE

Afternoon, sir.

RECRUITER

Ah, Elmer, good afternoon, take seat.

Wayne takes a seat.

WAYNE

It's Wayne.

RECRUITER

Sorry?

WAYNE

Call me Wayne, please. Not even my mother calls me Elmer.

The Recruiter nods his head, opens a drawer in the desk, pulls out a clip board, and flips through the papers attached to it.

RECRUITER

Well, Wayne, we got some bad news for you.

Wayne's face drops.

WAYNE

How you mean?

The Recruiter looks down at the clipboard.

RECRUITER

It says here that you dropped out of Hamilton in the eighth grade.

WAYNE

So?

RECRUITER

Are you planning on finishing your schooling?

WAYNE

I gotta work for my family.

RECRUITER

The Navy doesn't accept anyone who hasn't completed their middle school credentials.

Wayne appears to be hurt by the this.

WAYNE

Um...

He thoughtfully pauses.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Sir, I might look stupid, I may sound stupid, but I promise you, I'm not stupid. Just give me a chance.

The Recruiter looks at Wayne with sympathy.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Please.

EXT. BOULEVARD PARK - DAY

MIKEY WHEELER, a fifteen year old boy with a face that could brighten anyone's day sits with Wayne on a dilapidated bench that overlooks the ordinary park.

WAYNE

I'm too damn stupid Mikey.

MIKEY

Well, you're the smartest dude I know.

Wayne chuckles.

WAYNE

Not after tonight. I'm gonna get myself trashed rotten.

MIKEY

With who? Ricky?

WAYNE

Well, Ricky will be there, but David's picking me up in an hour.

Mikey's jaw drops.

MIKEY

You're kidding me, right?

Wayne shakes his head.

MIKEY(CONT'D)

I haven't seen him in over a year, at least!

WAYNE

You wanna come along?

MIKEY

Oh I wish, but I promised my mom that I'd look after the little brother tonight.

WAYNE

Damn.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Wayne and Mikey walk at a slow pace down the decrepit street.

MIKEY

I wonder what he's been up to, where he's been?

The two boys stop in between two neighboring homes: On the LEFT is a shabby, teensy, brick home. On the RIGHT a peaceful looking bright yellow home.

WAYNE

I'll fill you in on everything tomorrow.

MIKEY

Alright, see ya man.

Mikey heads to the yellow house on the right.

WAYNE

See ya.

Wayne walks to the house on the left.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne steps inside the cramped house and is greeted by a little seven year old boy named BOBBY.

BOBBY

Wayne! Can you play? I'm building a fort and I need help.

WAYNE

In a minute, I promise.

BOBBY

Alright, I'll be waiting.

Bobby bounces down the hall into his room and out from the kitchen walks WAYNE'S MOTHER.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Bobby, keep it down! I just got your brother to sleep.

She sighs, rests her hands on her wide hips, and looks at Wayne graciously.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(CONT'D)

How was work?

WAYNE

Work was work, nothing more nothing less.

Wayne steps into the tiny kitchen, picks up an envelope that sits on the stained counter, and pulls out the paper inside.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

That's the check your father sent.

He looks at it with disgust.

WAYNE

This is only one hundred.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

It's something, at least.

WAYNE

It's shit, that's what it is.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Watch your mouth! Imagine if Bobby were to hear you.

WAYNE

Sorry ma'am but that's not even half of what he's suppose to send.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

I know, I know, but we'll manage for now. Once Jacob starts primary school I can get a job for myself and then you'll be mister navy recruiter. Won't ya?

Wayne looks down, ashamed.

BOBBY(O.S.)

Wayne! It's been a minute!

The irritating noise of a baby crying comes out from the hall.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Bobby Henley, I told you to be quiet!

She shakes her head.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

I ought to smack his butt black and blue.

Wayne smiles at his mother as she makes her way to the sobbing infant.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne eagerly paces the front porch till a green corvette pulls up into the driveway. Behind the wheel, with "Prince Valiant" blond hair, and circular glasses is DAVID BROOKS(17).

DAVID

Wayne fucking Henley!

Wayne sprints over to the car.

WAYNE

David! Where the fuck have you been man?

He playfully punches David's shoulder.

DAVID

Been doing work for this guy.

WAYNE

This car dude, it's unbelievable. How did you afford a thing like this?

DAVID

I just scratched up my pennies. Now get the hell in here, we're going to the High Island.

EXT. HIGH ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT

Near the shore of the narrow beach David, Ricky, and Wayne sit around a bonfire with two other teenage girls, EMILY and JULIA.

DAVID

Okay, I'm sparking this up now.

David holds up a joint and puts it in between his lips.

JULIA

I can't smoke without having a drink first.

David sparks up the joint.

DAVID

It's in my car still.

JULIA

Ricky and I will go get it.

Ricky's eyes widen.

RICKY

Yeah, we can go get it.

David exhales a bunch of smoke and hands the joint over to Emily.

DAVID

Alright, but if ya'll aren't back in two minutes I'm coming over there.

David sticks out his keys and Julia snatches them out of his hand.

JULIA

Oh shut up.

Julia grabs Ricky's hand and they both walk off.

DAVID

I swear there better not be a scratch!

Emily scoots closer to David.

EMILY

That car you got is beautiful.

DAVID

Thank you. When was the last time we did something like this Wayne?

WAYNE

Oh man I can't even remember.

EMILY

That means it must of been a good time, right?

Emily squeals out an annoying laugh as Julia and Ricky approach the campfire with numerous containers of alcohol in hand.

RICKY

Now we can get this party going.

DAVID

Alright, give me that bottle.

Ricky tosses David a pint of bourbon.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Wayne, have at that beer, you've been too quiet.

Wayne enthusiastically grabs a beer and cracks it open.

WAYNE

I just don't know where I'd be if it wasn't for beer.

RICKY

Still in school.

Ricky breaks out into laughter until Wayne throws him a wicked glare.

EMILY

You know what kills me?

Emily runs her fingers through David's hair.

EMILY(CONT')

The fact that David's got thicker hair than me.

David awkwardly smiles.

DAVID

It just grew back to where I like it. Last summer my dad practically

(MORE)

DAVID
threw me into the barber's chair
and told them, "Give him a boys
haircut!"

RICKY
(sarcastically)
I think its pretty David.

Julie cracks open a beer and raises it in the air.

JULIA
What are we toasting to? We have to
toast to something.

RICKY
We don't have to.

Wayne looks over at the calm tide.

WAYNE
To the High Island.

JULIA
To the High land.

Everyone else joins in and clash their drinks together.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Of the drunken chaos of the night: Chugging booze, breaking
bottles, chain smoking, and skinny dipping.

INTER CUTS WITH:

With heavy, bloodshot eyes, Wayne drives David's Corvette
down a narrow road as David lays, passed out in the
passenger's seat. The car swerves back and forth then slowly
pulls off into the shoulder.

INT. DAVID'S CORVETTE(PARKED) - DAY

Wayne and David sleep with their bodies twisted into the
small space. David turns and his foot pokes into Wayne's
ribs. Wayne shoots up and looks around, surprised by his
surroundings.

WAYNE
Shit.

Wayne grabs David by the shoulders and shakes him.

WAYNE
Dave, wake up!

David slowly awakes and pushes Wayne away from him.

DAVID
Ugh, what?

WAYNE
What time is it.

David adjusts his glasses then looks at his wristwatch.

DAVID
Quarter past noon.

WAYNE
Shit! We gotta go I'm late.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Wayne follows a walrus looking man by the name of MR. MASON around the isles of the store.

WAYNE
I'm sorry Mister Mason, I swear to
you it won't happen again. I just
lost track of time.

Mr. Mason seems uninterested in Wayne as he labels random items on the store shelves.

MR. MASON
Please Wayne, if I have to hear any
more of these excuses.

WAYNE
I had to babysit the little
brothers I couldn't-

Mr. Mason stops labeling and looks directly at Wayne.

MR. MASON
Is that why you smell like nothing
but beer and puff.

Wayne, with a guilty expression, looks down at his feet.

MR. MASON(CONT'D)
Go bother someone else with your
bullshit.

WAYNE

But-

MR. MASON

Enough!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wayne stomps down the street aggressively puffing on a smoke. Coming onto a small intersection he passes a WHITE VAN, idling near the curb. He crosses the street and to his bewilderment the van slowly follows him.

Wayne picks up his pace and continues forward, giving an occasional glance behind him.

Reaching the next block, Wayne quickly crosses the street and turns down another block, but the van still follows. Throwing his arms up, he stops and faces the van.

WAYNE

Stop following me, fuck head!

The van screeches to a stop and the passenger window slowly rolls down to reveal David, smirking at him.

DAVID

Who you calling a fuck head?

Wayne sighs in relieve.

WAYNE

Christ David, what the hell man?

DAVID

Did we scare you?

WAYNE

No, I just thought I was gonna have to kick some creep's ass.

DAVID

You're a little on the edge this morning, aren't cha? You hungover?

WAYNE

I got fired.

DAVID

Oh shit, I'm sorry dude. We got the cure for the blues here.

Wayne walks up to the van and looks inside, getting his first glimpse of Dean, who sits behind the wheel with a lit cigarette dangling from his lips.

DAVID(CONT'D)
Wayne, meet Dean Corll.

Dean nods his head at Wayne.

WAYNE
Hey, David was talking about you last night.

DEAN
Only good things I hope.

WAYNE
Mostly, ha!

DAVID
Come on get in here, we're gonna party it up.

David reaches back and pushes open the sliding back door.

WAYNE
Alright.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sitting around the circular table David, Dean, and Wayne sip on beer and toke on a joint while playing cards.

DAVID
I don't got shit.

David sets down his card.

DAVID(CONT'D)
We should be playing Hold'em.

WAYNE
I got two pairs.

Wayne confidentially shows off his cards.

DEAN
Flush.

WAYNE
Bull.

Giving a devilish smirk, Dean flips over his card revealing a perfect flush.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Damn.

Dean chuckles as he collects the cards and shuffles them.

DEAN

We can play Hold'em now, to pacify David.

DAVID

Don't matter what we play, you're still gonna kick my ass.

DEAN

That's right.

WAYNE

How'd you get so good?

DEAN

Well, in the Army this is all we had to do to pass the time, ya know.

Wayne's eyes light up with excitement.

WAYNE

You're in the Army?

DEAN

Was. I was in the Army, but I got myself a piece of shit for a heart so I got an honorable discharge.

WAYNE

Well, at least you got that far, the Navy won't even take me. They think I'm not smart enough.

DAVID

Are you smart enough?

WAYNE

(jokingly)

Fuck you.

They all laugh.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
I'm smarter than you.

DAVID
That's probably true.

Wayne glances over at the television sitting in the living room.

WAYNE
I don't wanna sound like a rude house guest or anything like that, but I noticed you got a t.v.-

DEAN
I got two of them.

WAYNE
Two?

DEAN
The other one is in David's room.

WAYNE
All we got at my place is beaten up radio.

DEAN
Have at it, turn on what you want.

Like an eager child, Wayne bounces over into the living room and clicks on the television.

WAYNE
How'd you afford two t.v.'s?

Dean stands up and chuckles.

DEAN
Fixed them like new. I am an electrician, you know?

David looks at Dean bitterly and pulls him aside.

DAVID
(whisper)
What are you doing?

DEAN
(whisper)
There's no rush.

Dean grabs his beer off the table and joins Wayne next to the television.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With bloodshot eyes, Dean and Wayne lay sprawled out on the floor, staring at the ceiling.

WAYNE

I'm too fucked up to go home.

DEAN

The couch is always open, you know?

WAYNE

You're a cool dude Dean. David should've introduced me sooner.

Dean sits up.

DEAN

Yeah, where is David anyways?

David's voice yells out from the hallway.

DAVID(O.S.)

I'm taking a leak then going to sleep.

Laughing, Dean prances over to the kitchen.

DEAN

We are in desperate need of some tunes.

He switches on the small radio on the counter and turns it to a slow 1960's Motown song. The song hits Dean and he dances slowly around the room to it.

WAYNE

Not my idea of a party tune.

Wayne flips over to his stomach to watch Dean dancing.

DEAN

Why not?

WAYNE

This is music my mama listens too.

DEAN

What's wrong with that?

WAYNE

Just old school, I guess.

DEAN

Old?

Dean comes to a stand still.

DEAN(CONT'D)

How old do you think I am?

WAYNE

Shit I don't know, thirty-five?

DEAN

I'm twenty-nine, do I really look that old?

WAYNE

There is a bit of grey in your hair, its no big deal man.

Dean frowns and clicks off the radio.

DEAN

I'm going to bed, goodnight.

Dean charges down the hall, straight into the very last room and slams the door shut.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A puddle of drool has collected on Wayne's forearm as he sleeps awkwardly on the couch. David stands at the edge of the couch, staring at Wayne questionably.

DAVID

Wayne, wake up.

Wayne doesn't move, David pokes at his chest.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Wayne!

Wayne's eyes open and he gives out an exaggerated yawn.

WAYNE

Morning.

DAVID

You're still here?

WAYNE

What time is it?

DAVID
Six-thirty.

WAYNE
Shit, why wouldn't I still be here?

Out from the hallway, enters Dean, wearing his work uniform complete with a "Houston Electric" name tag on the front pocket of the shirt.

DEAN
I'm running early, Wayne if you want a ride home now you can grab one with me, it'll save David gas.

Wayne sits up and stretches.

WAYNE
Sure.

Dean opens the front door.

DEAN
Well, come on.

Wayne stands up and walks to the door.

WAYNE
Give me a ring later David.

David nods and watches them walk out with an unsettled stare.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne sits on his porch drumming a simple beat on his thighs. He glances over at the neighboring house and spots Mikey walking into the front door.

WAYNE
Hey Mikey.

Mikey takes a step out of his house and looks at Wayne.

MIKEY
Hey.

WAYNE
What's going on?

MIKEY
Just getting back from school.

WAYNE
Oh man, that's lame.

Mikey chuckles as he walks up to Wayne.

MIKEY
What's so great about what you're doing?

WAYNE
Nothing I guess, just waiting.

MIKEY
For what?

WAYNE
Dean.

MIKEY
Who?

WAYNE
Oh shit, I still gotta introduce you to him. He's a dude, a real cool dude, met him about a month ago. Here he is right now.

Dean's van pulls into Wayne's driveway.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Gotta go, see ya.

MIKEY
See ya.

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The white van pulls into the driveway of the humble looking home and Dean and Wayne both step out.

DEAN
Go and grab David for me, would ya?

WAYNE
Yeah.

Wayne runs into the house while Dean opens the two back doors of the van.

DAVID
What you want?

Dean turns and smiles at David standing in the doorway.

DEAN
Come here I got you something.

DAVID
I'm watching t.v.

DEAN
Just get over here, it's for your
birthday.

David reluctantly walks to the back of the van.

DAVID
You said you were giving me cash
for my birthday.

DEAN
Well, I thought you might like this
better.

Dean reaches into the back of the van and pulls out a coiled
garden snake.

DAVID
A snake?

He smiles at the reptile as Dean hands it over to him.

DEAN
I remember you saying that you
always wanted one, but your mama
wouldn't allow it. I got a cage for
it and everything.

David looks at Dean affectionately.

DAVID
I love it, thank you.

Dean chuckles and tussles David's hair.

DEAN
Anything for you.

David looks the snake in the eye and then kisses it on it's
scaly cheek.

EXT. DEAN'S CABIN - LAKE SAM RAYBURN - DAY

Dean and Wayne sit on a rickety dock that resides at the bottom of a narrow hill where a diminutive cabin rests.

Dean hooks a fresh worm onto the line of his fishing pole.

WAYNE

What lake is this?

Dean casts the line into the shimmering water.

DEAN

This? This is Sam Rayburn.

From the cabin, out walks David, down the hill, toward the dock, wearing swim trunks, and holding a case of beer.

DEAN(CONT'D)

It's a man made impoundment, you know?

WAYNE

No kidding?

David reaches the dock, sets down the case, and pulls out two cans.

DAVID

These ones are colder than the shit we brought. Dudes catch.

He tosses one can to Wayne and the other to Dean.

WAYNE

You're not having one?

DAVID

Nah, I'm getting wet.

Wayne cracks open his beer while David walks to the end of the dock and cannon balls into the water. He quickly reemerges to the surface.

DAVID

Goddamn its cold!

WAYNE

Does it feel good though?

David shrugs, then continues to float on his back.

DAVID
I guess it ain't so bad, I'm
starting to get use to it.

Wayne takes another gulp of beer before standing up.

WAYNE
Shit, I'm getting in.

Dean subtly stares at Wayne as he strips down to his
underwear, as he reels in the fishing line.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Don't you hook me Dean.

Wayne gives Dean a smirk, then dives in..

Dean cracks open his beer and slowly drinks it as he eyes
Wayne, swimming under the surface of the glistening water.

EXT. DEAN'S CABIN-LAKE SAM RAYBURN-DAY-LATER

On the dock, with his eyes closed, Wayne, lays on his back,
letting the sun soak up the moisture on his body.

Dean cautiously lets his eyes pour over Wayne's body. Then,
with his eyes still closed-

WAYNE
Can I have a smoke?

INT. DEAN'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Dean sits behind the wheel with a look of thoughtfulness.
Wayne, now fully dressed, sits in the passenger seat,
looking out the window at the cabin.

WAYNE
What is taking David so long?

DEAN
He's probably washing off that lake
water. You can come here anytime
you want, you know?

WAYNE
Really.

DEAN
My parents aren't together and even
if they were they're too rusty to
(MORE)

DEAN
be coming up here anymore. Why let
it go to waste, you know?

WAYNE
Yeah, can I have a smoke?

Dean reaches in his pocket, takes out his pack of cigarettes
and hands one to Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Thanks man.

Wayne lights up the cigarette.

DEAN
You know that kid that lives next
to you?

WAYNE
Mikey?

DEAN
His name don't matter.

Wayne gives a perplexed look.

EXT. DEAN'S CABIN - DAY

With his hair still damp, David exits the cabin. His eyes
widen as he looks to the van and spots Dean talking to a
muddled looking Wayne.

David quickly picks up his pace until he reaches the van and
slides open the back door.

Wayne is startled by David's sudden appearance.

DAVID
Sorry, that took an eternity.

David slides the door shut.

INT. DEAN'S VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Dean drives in a constrained manner while Wayne somberly
stares out the window with pondering eyes.

David curiously glances at the two of them, then sighs.

INT. THE HEIGHTS DINER - NIGHT

David and Wayne sit opposite of one another at a booth. Wayne's hand wraps around a Coke bottle as David slurps down a tall milkshake.

DAVID

I didn't want him to ask you, I fucking told him not to.

WAYNE

Why?

DAVID

You don't want a burden on your back, do you Wayne? Because that's all it is. It don't matter how much money you get, it cannot get rid of it.

David slides the tall glass away from himself.

WAYNE

This is how you live, like this?

David looks down ashamed.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm still awfully drunk. I wasn't talking down to you.

DAVID

Dean's not in the right mind.

WAYNE

No shit.

DAVID

I ain't joking around Wayne. Listen, I'm saying this as a friend, just stay away, okay.

Wayne stares down at the table.

WAYNE

I was thinking that he was queer.

DAVID

He don't talk about it. He still talks to this old girlfriend of his, what's her damn name?

David rubs his brow, thinking.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Sarah, he talks to her on the phone all the time. He could of found a better chick to play pretend with, though. She's already got herself some kids, plus she's blind in one eye.

WAYNE

Why her?

DAVID(CONT'D)

Because she talks to his mama, and if there is one thing Dean is scared of it's his mama.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne steps through the front door of the dimly lit house. As Wayne advances into the house, he sees his mother sleeping on a rocking chair.

He smiles at her then walks to the kitchen table and picks up an opened envelope sitting at the center of the table. He opens it, pulls out the check that is inside and reads it.

ON THE CHECK: The amount written is "\$50.00"

Wayne glares at the check for a moment, then sets it back on the table.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne walks out the front door, down the lawn, to the curb, and sits on it.

WAYNE

Goddammit.

He reaches in his pocket, takes out a cigarette, lights it, and continues to forcefully smoke it while staring at the cement in a daze.

Walking out from the backyard of the Wheeler's home is Mikey carrying two small garbage bags. He makes it to the curb and notices Wayne.

MIKEY

You alright there Wayne?

Wayne snaps out of his stare and looks over at Mikey.

WAYNE

Just a long day, you know?

Mikey nods and tosses the bags onto the curb.

MIKEY

Yeah, talk to you later.

Mikey starts to walk back toward his house. Wayne's face ponders for a moment, then turns to Mikey.

WAYNE

Hey Mikey.

Mikey turns around.

MIKEY

Huh?

Wayne hits his cigarette.

WAYNE

What are you doing tomorrow?

He exhales.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dean, Mikey, and Wayne sit around the kitchen table playing a game of cards. A small pile of money rests at the center of the table.

Wayne hits the joint that is burning in his hand, exhales, then sets his cards face down on the table.

WAYNE

I ain't got shit.

Dean throws his cards down as well.

DEAN

Me either.

Mikey sets down his hand to reveal a full house.

WAYNE

Now how in the hell are you kicking both our asses?

Wayne hands the joint to Dean as Mikey takes the few bills and coins and stuffs them in his pocket.

MIKEY

I ain't gotta clue. I'm so stoned
too and I gotta pick up my brother
from the county pool in a hour.
Then go with him to his game.

Dean hands the joint to Mikey after hitting it.

DEAN

What kind of game?

MIKEY

Baseball.

DEAN

You're into baseball? I got a ball
signed by Babe Ruth, you know?

Mikey coughs on smoke.

MIKEY

No shit.

Mikey continues to cough so hard that his eyes close, Dean
gives Wayne a nod.

MIKEY(CONT'D)

That's gotta be worth a whole bunch
of dough, how did you get a hold of
something like that?

WAYNE

Dean's got himself lots of weird
shit, like-

Wayne gets out of the chair, walks up to a kitchen drawer,
opens it and pulls out a pair of heavy duty chrome handcuffs
with a set of keys.

Mikey looks intrigued.

MIKEY

Handcuffs? Why do you have
handcuffs?

DEAN

Found them.

Wayne continues to put them around his own wrist.

MIKEY

Where?

DEAN

Once you've been around as long as
I have you'll be surprised at what
you find.

Wayne sits back down with his hands now cuffed. Mikey hands him the joint, he grabs it with one hand, and tosses the keys to Mikey.

WAYNE

Unlock me.

Wayne continues to smoke the joint as Mikey uses the key to unlock each hand.

MIKEY

I bet not many people can say
they've hit a joint while cuffed.

Wayne laughs, then holds up the cuffs.

WAYNE

Wanna try em' on?

Mikey laughs, sets the key on the table, and lifts up his hands.

MIKEY

Sure.

Wayne cuffs Mikey then hands him the joint.

MIKEY(CONT'D)

Ol' Ricky is gonna be jealous once
I tell him about this.

Wayne gazes at Dean, then grabs the key off of the table while Mikey takes a hit.

Mikey takes the joint out of his mouth, exhales, and hands it to Wayne, whom puts it out in a nearby ashtray.

MIKEY(CONT'D)

Alright get these damn things off
me.

Wayne looks away from Mikey and clicks on the radio on the kitchen counter.

MIKEY(CONT'D)

Wayne, what-

Mikey is interrupted by the clasp of Dean's hand over his mouth. He lifts Mikey straight up in the air.

He squirms and kicks but Dean doesn't even flinch as he carries the boy down the hall and into his bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

Wayne walks into the living room and looks down the hall at the closed door.

Wayne moves over the couch, lays down on his back, and stares up into the ceiling.

The music stops...everything is silent...he closes his eyes.

EXT. SILVER BELL BOAT STORAGE - NIGHT

Dean's white van is parked in a narrow dead-end lane along side and L-shaped array of steel boat sheds labeled "1" through "30".

David leans against the bumper of the van. Smoking a cigarette, he gazes at his surroundings with a flashlight. He takes a few glances every so often at the open doors of shed number "11" where a small stream of light comes out of.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - NIGHT

It is a rather large space, enough to easily fit a decent size yacht. Yet, there is no yacht in sight.

By the dim light of a hanging lantern inside the shed, a bicycle, numerous garbage bags, some cardboard boxes, water jugs, and two stacks of lime can be seen; all sitting on a soil ground covered by strips of black carpet.

In the corner of the shed, Wayne and Dean stand in a shallow grave, digging. They toss dirt into a pile at the edge of the grave where the body of Mikey lays wrapped head-to-toe in black garbage bags.

Dean tosses his shovel across the shed.

DEAN
That's good enough.

As he steps out of the grave so does Wayne. With his foot, Dean rolls Mikey's body into the grave.

Wayne immediately begins to shovel dirt over Mikey's body.

DEAN
No, no, no, fucking stop that.

WAYNE

What?

Dean yanks the shovel out of Wayne's hand and tosses it on the ground.

DEAN

Gotta put lime on it or else it'll
smell like fumarole in a sulfur
pit.

Dean walks over to the stack of lime.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Come on.

Wayne walks over and helps Dean lift the sheet of lime off the stack and set it into the grave.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Alright, now we fill it up.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

David and Wayne stand by the curb, conversing with a sleek looking boy that is roughly their age, this is KEVIN.

KEVIN

I just moved here a week ago.

DAVID

That's why I've never seen you
before. We don't get many new faces
in The Heights.

David pulls out his pack of cigarettes, and offers Kevin one.

KEVIN

No thanks. What do y'all usually do
around here?

WAYNE

Well, usually you're born, you go
to school for awhile, you drop out,
you get a meaningless job, you
produce others just like you, then
you die.

Kevin chuckles.

KEVIN

I meant for fun, what do y'all do for fun?

WAYNE

For fun? We party.

David looks at the road and spots Dean's van approaching.

DAVID

You want to party?

The van pulls up to the curb. David gets into the passenger side, as Wayne slides open the back door.

KEVIN

I don't know, I told my mom I was just catching a movie.

Wayne steps into the back of the van.

WAYNE

Dean's got a phone at his house you can call her once we get there.

Kevin ponders for a moment.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Well?

Kevin shrugs his shoulders.

KEVIN

Alright.

Kevin walks into the van.

WAYNE

That's what I'm talking about.

Wayne slides the door shut.

MONTAGE

-David, Dean, and Wayne partying at Dean's house with some other younger teenage boys.

-Dean handing Wayne a fifty dollar bill.

-Wayne giving his mother money, her hugging him.

-David, Dean, and Wayne riding around in the van, drinking and picking up boys.

-Wayne and Dean digging in the boat shed.
-Dean handing Wayne a twenty dollar bill.
-Picking up more boys.
-Partying
-Digging in the boat shed.
-Dean handing Wayne a ten dollar bill, Wayne looking dissatisfied.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE WHEELER'S HOME - DAY

Wayne sits on the front porch of the bright yellow house, smoking a cigarette.

A dingy Dodge pulls up into the driveway. Wayne quickly takes his cigarette out of his mouth and flicks it away.

As soon as the car goes into park, Bobby jumps out of the back seat and runs to Wayne holding a large picture.

BOBBY

Wayne, look at this.

Wayne stands up once Bobby reaches him, Bobby shows him a picture of a hand-drawn turkey.

WAYNE

Thats pretty rad.

Bobby puts his hand over the turkey.

BOBBY

I used my hand.

Wayne smiles and pats Bobby's back.

WAYNE

Why don't you go show it to Mama.

Bobby runs off the porch to Wayne's home. Wayne smiles then looks over at MRS. WHEELER, a frumpy, pudgy, middle-aged woman, who is just now stepping out of the car.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Thanks ma'am for bringing Bobby home.

Mrs. Wheeler turns around to look at Wayne.

MRS. WHEELER
Glad too. Is your mother feeling
any better?

WAYNE
A little.

MRS. WHEELER
That's good.

Mrs. Wheeler opens the trunk of the car and starts to pull out brown bags filled with groceries.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Let me give you a hand.

Wayne wobbles over toward the car, Mrs. Wheeler gives him a curious look. When Wayne reaches the car he can read her thoughts.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Yes, I've drank a few beers, I
apologize.

MRS. WHEELER
Don't worry-

Mrs. Wheeler hands him a paper bag.

MRS. WHEELER(CONT'D)
That's your business.

INT. THE WHEELER'S HOME - KITCHEN

In the well decorated cozy kitchen, Wayne sets down two large bags onto the dining table. Mrs. Wheeler walks in after and sets down a single bag.

MRS. WHEELER
Thank you Wayne.

WAYNE
Oh its no problem Ma'am. Have y'all
heard anything from Mikey?

Mrs. Wheeler sighs.

MRS. WHEELER
Not a word, have you?

WAYNE

No'm

Wayne shakes his head and has a seat at the kitchen table.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

I know how you feel Mrs. Wheeler,
you and Mr. Wheeler, you know?

Wayne slurs more and more becoming less comprehensible.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

I'm really, really, you know sorry
for y'all, my heart just goes out
to you.

Mrs. Wheeler smiles, takes a seat across from Wayne, and sets her hand on his.

MRS. WHEELER

Thank you Wayne, that means a lot,
you saying that.

Wayne nonchalantly pulls his hand out from under Mrs. Wheeler's.

WAYNE

But to tell you the truth ma'am I
really, really, don't believe any
thing's happened to Mikey.

MRS. WHEELER

Well, Wayne, its been nearly four
months, you'd think in this time we
should've heard something about
him. I feel like someone in The
Heights knows what happened.

Wayne doesn't flinch, he just stares at Mrs. Wheeler with caring eyes.

WAYNE

You know I hung up a bunch of them
reward posters. Mikey can still be
right around here. Sometimes the
parents can't see the kids and the
kids can't see the parents.

MRS. WHEELER

I don't think he's anywhere in
Houston because someone would have
said something. The more time goes
on, the more I think something-

Her eyes get misty.

MRS. WHEELER(CONT'D)
-bad must of happened.

WAYNE
Well, he could be right under nose
and you wouldn't even know it.

Mrs. Wheeler shakes away her tears.

MRS. WHEELER
I hope that's right Wayne.

She pats her hand on Wayne's arm.

MRS. WHEELER(CONT'D)
I just hope thats the way it is.

EXT. THE WHEELER'S HOME - DAY

Wayne walks out of the house, closing the door behind him, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small square envelope, opens up the mailbox, sets the letter inside, closes the mailbox, and walks away.

The house sits alone for a few moments then the MAIL MAN walks up the porch of the home, opens the mail box and sets a bundle of mail inside.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM- DAY

Dean sits on the couch, putting a folded note inside of a unmarked envelope. Wayne walks into the front door.

WAYNE
Hey.

DEAN
You put the letter in the mailbox?

Wayne closes the front door before crossing through the living room over into the kitchen area.

WAYNE
All done.

DEAN
No one see you?

WAYNE

Nope.

Wayne walks to the fridge, opens it, takes out a beer, and takes a long drink.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

I'm slicker than guts on a skinning knife.

Dean then licks the envelope shut.

DEAN

You knew where the last one lived right?

WAYNE

I ain't doing it.

Dean gives Wayne a puzzled look.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

I ain't dropping off no letters, or nabbing up any more boys. Not for five dollars. It's bullshit! I don't even know if I got all the fifteen hundred.

DEAN

Maybe you should of kept track of it.

WAYNE

It's hard when it comes in bits and pieces, Dean! I can't do your dirty work for nothing, its not gonna happen.

Dean clears his throat, sets down the letter.

DEAN

I'm falling a little behind, Wayne. They cut my hours and I got some of my bills to pay.

Wayne shakes his head.

DEAN(CONT'D)

What's in your hand?

WAYNE

Beer.

DEAN

My beer, that I payed for, that you took out of my fridge. And I pretty sure thats a pack of cigarettes in your pocket, that I got for you. Where did you sleep last? On this couch, that's where. Don't act like I don't do nothing for you Wayne.

Dean holds the envelope in the air.

Wayne sighs, snatches the envelope out of Dean's hand, and walks out the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

It's a beautiful summer day. Julia and Emily walk along the sidewalk with Ricky, who slowly rides his bike next to them.

EMILY

I went knocking on Billy's door the other day and his mom told me he just went and ran away.

RICKY

Why in the hell would he runaway his folks spoil him rotten.

EMILY

She said he sent her a letter explaining everything, about how he got a job out in Colorado. It just don't seem like a Billy thing to do.

Julia looks forward at the Henley's house.

JULIA

Oh God, Wayne's out on his porch.

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY

You wanna cross the street?

Julia shakes her head.

RICKY

What's wrong with ol' wasted Wayne?

From the porch, Wayne sees them approaching. He throws his arms up in the air, beer can in hand.

WAYNE

Hey!

RICKY

Hey there Wayne.

The three of them stop in front of the Wayne's lawn.

WAYNE

Guess what?

Wayne stumbles to them.

RICKY

What?

WAYNE

I've been drinking this one beer
for a whole hour. I'm making it
last.

EMILY

You cutting back some?

WAYNE

Trying to.

Wayne looks inside the beer can for a second then a surge of excitement crosses him.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

What are y'all doing on the fourth?

Julia gives Wayne an annoyed look.

JULIA

We told you already Wayne.

Wayne appears not to remember.

JULIA(CONT'D)

We already made our plans.

WAYNE

Come on, it'll be real fun. Y'all
can come and bring everyone you
know. Dean's got a whole house and
a lot of room were we can shoot off
fireworks and drink all day. Its
cool, everything's real cool, you
know?

JULIA
We just can't Wayne.

Wayne looks hurt.

WAYNE
Yeah...yeah.

Dean's van pulls up into Wayne's driveway.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Gotta go.

Wayne stomps off toward the van.

RICKY
See you Wayne.

Wayne opens the passenger door of the van, chugs down the rest of his beer and throws the can into the street.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

Wayne sits on a dingy couch with two other teenage boys, JAMES and ERIC.

JAMES
I thought this was suppose to be a party.

WAYNE
It will be-

David sits on a chair, watching a Sci-fi serial on the television.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
and it'll be well worth the wait.

Eric looks over at the other side of the room where David's pet snake slitters around in a glass tank.

ERIC
Is that a snake, David?

DAVID
Yeah, wanna see it?

David energetically jumps over to the tank and carefully pulls out the snake and wraps it around his neck.

ERIC
He's pretty cool.

DAVID
Well, he's a she and her name is
Prudence. Either of you wanna wear
her?

JAMES
Fuck no, those things creep me out.

ERIC
Shit, give it here.

David takes the snake off his neck and wraps it around
Eric's.

WAYNE
That ain't shit. You wanna see
something really cool?

Wayne reaches behind him and pulls out a gun from underneath
his shirt.

JAMES
Oh shit, that's awesome.

ERIC
Is that a twenty-two?

WAYNE
Twenty-two.

JAMES
Is it loaded?

WAYNE
Nah.

James reaches over to touch the gun, but Wayne pulls away.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ah, no touch.

JAMES
Oh come on man.

WAYNE
Hey listen, we got a few beers in
the fridge. Why don't you grab
them.

JAMES

Alright.

James walks out of the room and down the hall into the KITCHEN.

He opens the fridge and takes out three beers. Balancing them in his arms, he carefully walks back down the hall and stands in the the door way of David's room.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Catch!

James throws a can at Wayne, catching him off guard, the can hits Wayne in the chest causing him to jump and accidentally pull the trigger of the gun, sending a bullet straight to James's face.

James's flies out of the door and into the wall, leaving a bloody mess.

WAYNE

Shit!

Eric stares, frozen at the sight James's bloody body.

DAVID

What the fuck Wayne! You said it wasn't loaded.

WAYNE

I lied!

DAVID

Why?

WAYNE

I don't know, I didn't want the asshole to get trigger happy, alright.

DAVID

Oh so you go and get fucking trigger happy!

Wayne sets the gun on the couch and walks to the doorway and looks down at the dead boy's body.

WAYNE

Oh Goddamnit.

Eric quickly grabs the gun points it at Wayne.

ERIC
Don't move Wayne, or I'll blow your
knee caps out.

David stands and Eric turns and points the gun at him.

ERIC(CONT'D)
Don't you fucking move either.

David puts his hands up.

DAVID
Hey its all going to be-

ERIC
Shut the fuck up!

Wayne takes a step closer to him.

ERIC(CONT'D)
I ain't playing around!

Eric points the gun back at Wayne.

WAYNE
Listen Eric, you don't even know
how to work that thing.

ERIC
I shoot my dad's rifle all the
time, I know a thing or two about
guns.

Wayne eyes David and slowly walks closer to Eric.

ERIC(CONT'D)
Back off, Wayne!

Eric cocks the gun.

ERIC(CONT'D)
I fucking mean it!

As soon as Eric's focus is completely on Wayne, David
POUNCES on top of Eric, bringing him to the ground.

David grabs Eric's hand that holds the gun then manages to
work his finger onto the trigger and force Eric's hand to
point the gun at his own face.

BLACKNESS

A gunshot is heard.

FADE IN:

A close-up of Eric's lifeless neck as David's snake slitters away from it, through a puddle of blood.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SILVER BELL BOAT STORAGE - NIGHT

The sounds of crickets and shovels hitting soil are heard in the background. David sits on the ground next to the parked van, staring into the dirt with a guilt-ridden face.

From the open doors of shed number "11", Dean peaks his mud matted face out to look at David.

DEAN
Everything looking good.

David just remains staring at the dirt in a daze.

DEAN(CONT'D)
David!

David snaps out it.

DAVID
Yeah, yeah it's all good Dean.

David sighs and looks back down at the dirt.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - NIGHT

Wayne pats down the dirt of a freshly covered grave, turning, his eye catches something on the ground.

WAYNE
Dean, what's that?

Dean walks back into the shed and looks over at the area Wayne is referring to.

DEAN
Did you put that one there?

WAYNE
No.

Dean bites his lip in anger.

DEAN
David! David!

David peeps his head into the shed.

DAVID
What?

DEAN
Get in here.

After taking one step in, Dean grabs David by the neck and forces him to look down at the corner of the shed.

DEAN(CONT'D)
You see that, you fucking see that?

David pulls himself out of Dean's grip.

DAVID
Don't shove me!

DEAN
What did I tell you, huh? What did I fucking tell you!

DAVID
I thought I dug deep enough, I swear.

DEAN
You just don't care, do you? You want us to get caught you fucking piece of shit.

Dean pushes David onto the ground.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Fix it!

Dean snatches the shovel out of Wayne's hand and throws it down at David.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Or I'll fucking fix you.

WAYNE
I can help-

Dean holds up his hand.

DEAN
Shut the fuck up and go wait in the
van.

Wayne, confounded, steps out of the shed.

DAVID
Are you gonna help me?

DEAN
(mimicking)
Are you gonna help me?

Dean hocks a loogey then throws David a look of disgust before walking out of the shed.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Fucking faggot.

Stunned, David looks down at the tiny, decomposing fingers that gently poke out of the dirt surface.

INT. DEAN'S VAN(PARKED) - NIGHT

Wayne lays asleep in the back while David, with a dirt-covered face, watches Dean lock up the storage shed through the windshield.

David shakes his head while Dean steps into the van.

DEAN
I'm sorry, I was out of line.

Dean takes his hand and pats David's head, then kisses him on the cheek.

DEAN(CONT'D)
I'll make it up to you, I promise.

David remains staring forward, repulsed.

INT. THE HEIGHTS DINER - DAY

Wayne shuffles through the glass doors and spots the back of Julia as she sits at the counter by herself.

He smiles at the sight of her, brushes his unkempt hair, lifts up the bottom of his shirt, and wipes off his oily face with it.

WAYNE

Julia?

Julia spins around with a smile, but it soon fades as she realizes it is Wayne.

JULIA

Wayne? Hi.

Wayne takes a seat on the stool next to her.

WAYNE

What are you doing all alone?

JULIA

I won't be alone for long.

Julia takes a drink from her Coke that sits on the counter.

JULIA(CONT'D)

Emily's headed this way. I was just getting a soda.

Wayne stares at her, she looks away.

JULIA(CONT'D)

You smell like beer.

Wayne smells his sleeve.

WAYNE

Yeah, I spilled some on me earlier. Hey you know what, Julia, how about going to the lake?

Julia gives Wayne a confused look.

JULIA

Stop playing around.

WAYNE

Who says I'm playing around?

JULIA

Y'all got everyone talking, David, Dean, and you.

Wayne shrugs his shoulders.

WAYNE

Talking about what?

JULIA
Come on, no girls ever around,
spending all your time together.

Wayne looks thrown of balance.

WAYNE
I don't understand.

Julia chuckles.

JULIA
You're a harlequin with acne Wayne
Henley.

She walks out of the diner, leaving Wayne looking completely
lost.

WAYNE
What the hell?

Wayne sighs as a WAITER approaches him.

WAITER
Can I get you anything?

WAYNE
Water.

WAITER
Alright.

The waiter walks off as Tanya, looking radiant, sits down
right next to Wayne.

TANYA
Hi.

Wayne looks around as though a girl so pretty wouldn't
acknowledge his existence.

WAYNE
You taking to me?

TANYA
Yeah, how've you been Wayne?

WAYNE
I'm sorry, but do I know you
because-

TANYA

I'm Tanya, Tanya Jones. We went to elementary school together. We use to play in the sandbox together, practically everyday.

Wayne's eyes widen.

WAYNE

Tanya! Oh yeah! You look so-

He looks down at her chest.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

different.

The waiter returns with Wayne's water and gleefully smiles at Tanya.

WAITER

Hey Tanya, you ordering something?

TANYA

I'm just waiting on Blake.

WAITER

That's what I figured, he'll be out soon.

The waiter walks away and Tanya looks over at Wayne.

TANYA

So what have you been up to Wayne?

WAYNE

Shit, been bored out of my mind lately. Hey you wanna go do something, like go down to the High Island or-

Before Wayne can finishing speaking, a handsome, James Dean-esque, young man named BLAKE, comes to Tanya's side and kisses her on the cheek.

BLAKE

How you doing, baby.

TANYA

Fine.

Wayne's face drops.

TANYA(CONT'D)
Wayne, this is Blake, my boyfriend.

BLAKE
Howdy Wayne.

Wayne nods coldly at Blake.

BLAKE
Let's get out of here Tanya. I don't think I can stand another second in this joint.

TANYA
Alright, see you around Wayne.

WAYNE
See ya.

Jealously hovers over Wayne as he watches Blake and Tanya walk out hand in hand.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is silent.

On the couch, David lays asleep, wearing only his underwear.

The silence is disrupted by Wayne fumbling through the front door.

WAYNE
Hey.

David jumps up out of his sleep, with a look of shock. The moment he sees Wayne he sighs in relief before speaking in a slurred voice.

DAVID
Oh shit.

David sits back down on the couch and rest his feet on the coffee table in front of him.

DAVID(CONT'D)
Oh man, you just about scared the piss outta me.

Wayne closes the front door before crossing through the living room, into the kitchen.

WAYNE

You got some cold feet David.

David rubs his face with force, his hair is a mess, his face is droopy, and his eyes are half closed under his lopsided glasses.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Were you passed out?

David laughs.

DAVID

I think so.

Wayne laughs back at him, walks to the fridge, and opens it.

WAYNE

Is Dean here?

DAVID

He went to S-S-S-Sarah's.

Wayne gives David an odd look while he takes a can of beer from the fridge.

DAVID(CONT'D)

She wanted to talk he said.

Wayne cracks the beer open.

WAYNE

How wasted are you?

DAVID

More wasted than you.

Wayne takes a sip of beer, walks over to the kitchen table, turns on the radio, then leans on the counter facing David.

WAYNE

You're in your drawers, you know?

David looks down and laughs at this discovery.

DAVID

So I am.

He removes his glasses and wipes the lenses with the edge of his underwear.

DAVID(CONT'D)

It's just so fucking hot in here.

David reaches over to the side table and picks a pack of smokes. He lights a cigarette, then lays back on the couch.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Why don't the air work?

WAYNE

Short in the wire.

DAVID

Dean's an electrician. Why hasn't he fixed it?

WAYNE

Probably just hasn't got to it yet.

A look of thoughtfulness comes across David's face.

DAVID

You ever wonder that maybe Dean doesn't really go to work, that maybe he's just got himself a shirt with a name tag on it and he spends his days somewhere else. Like maybe he's got another place somewhere with dudes just like us that do the same thing for him.

WAYNE

Why wouldn't he tell us about them?

DAVID

Cause every other word that comes out of his mouth is a Goddamn lie.

David reaches down to the floor, pick up his jeans and fiddles around inside the pockets.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Why would he tell us he ain't got enough money to pay us when he can afford this?

Out from the pocket he pulls out a small baggy filled with a white powder and dangles it in front of him.

WAYNE

Where did you find that?

Wayne takes a seat next to David.

DAVID
I went snooping.

David holds up his index finger to his lips.

DAVID(CONT'D)
Shh...

Wayne grabs the bag out of David's hand and examines it.

WAYNE
This is why you're so fucked up?

DAVID
Just one of the many reasons.

David snatches the bag back.

DAVID(CONT'D)
Wanna do some?

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

On the coffee table, the empty baggy sits along with a curled dollar bill. Wayne and David sit close together on the couch both fascinated by a stream of smoke that rises out of the ashtray.

WAYNE
This shit hits you hard, don't it?

DAVID
Straight to the brain, it's like I
just got punched in the face.

Wayne chuckles, makes a fist, and gently brushes it across David's face.

WAYNE
Boom.

David looks at Wayne with a lascivious stare. He gently brushes Wayne's face with his hand then leans into his neck and continues to kiss it.

Wayne does not know what to make of it, he closes his eyes and rubs David's head. They proceed to forcefully kiss, then fall back onto the couch.

Wayne presses himself onto David, loosens his belt and lowers his pants while David removes his underwear. They go onto have rough intercourse.

Wayne finishes, looks David in the eye, jumps off the couch, pulls up his pants, and storms out of the room into the bathroom.

David sits on the couch naked, he aggressively rubs his head then pulls his underwear back on. He takes a deep breath, grabs the burning cigarette out of the ashtray, lays back on the couch, and smokes it slowly.

The front door opens and Dean walks in. He looks around the house perplexed by David and even more perplexed by the curled dollar and empty baggy on the table.

DEAN

What's going on?

David makes no effort to look at Dean.

DAVID

What's it to you?

Dean closes the front door, walks more into the living room, and points at the table.

DEAN

Was that my shit?

DAVID

Yeah.

DEAN

You went through my room?

DAVID

Where did you get it from? I thought you hated all the flaming bitches in Montorse.

DEAN

It's none of your business. Have you been having a good time here, all by yourself?

DAVID

I've been having a great time...with Wayne.

DEAN

What's that suppose to mean?

DAVID

It's none of your business.

Dean storms off into the kitchen and turns off the radio.

DEAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

DAVID

What the fuck is wrong with me!
What the fuck is wrong with you?
You murdering mother fucker asking
"What the fuck is wrong with me?"
Fuck you!

(Beat)

I'm barely holding my sanity here
Dean, I can't live with myself. I
now know how it feels to do what
you do and I don't understand how
you do it. And I don't want too.
It's fucked up! You're fucked up.

DEAN

You're no better.

DAVID

Say whatever horse shit you want,
whatever makes you feel better.

David grabs his jeans off the floor, and puts them on.

DAVID(CONT'D)

You're a liar, a cheat, a lunatic,
you're someone I'm scared of.

DEAN

Why would you be scared of me?

Dean walks over and grabs David by his bare shoulders.

DEAN(CONT'D)

You have no reason to be scared of
me. I wouldn't ever hurt you David.

DAVID

What are you talking about!

David shrugs out of Dean's grasp.

DAVID(CONT'D)

You already have. I hurt so, so
much. I can't be here I can't stay
here, I don't wanna, I don't wanna
be.

DEAN

Then fucking leave! Stop talking
and go! I know you won't because no
one else wants you.

DAVID
I'll find someplace.

DEAN
Where David? Where? With your mama where she'll call you a failure or with your dad where he'll call you a faggot. You were miserable with them when you were fourteen your gonna be even more miserable with them now. I know you too well David.

David pushes Dean out of his face.

DAVID(CONT'D)
You don't know me. You can't figure me out, no one can figure me out, even I can't figure me out.

David puts on his shirt and heads to the exit but Dean runs over and blocks the door. David grabs for the doorknob but Dean latches onto his hand.

DEAN
No please, I want you to stay. I really, really, do. I'll give you money, this is what it's all about, ain't it? I'll find a way I promise just please stay.

David pulls his hand out of Dean's grip and attempts to force Dean out of the way.

DAVID
I don't want your fucking money.

David attempts to force Dean out of his way, but Dean grabs him and forces him down on the ground.

DEAN
Just listen to me.

David kicks and squirms.

DAVID
Let me go! Let me go!

DEAN
You have no one else but me!

Dean clutches his fist and punches David in the face.

DEAN
No one fucking else but me.

David frantically attempts to guard his face.

DAVID
Stop it! Dean, you're hurting me!

David kicks Dean away from him and heads to the door, but Dean snatches him up by his waist and lifts him into the air.

DAVID(CONT'D)
Put me down, let me go!

While in Dean's arms David clutches his fist and punches Dean's face...weakly at first.

DAVID(CONT'D)
You fucking-

A stronger punch, Dean withstands it.

DAVID(CONT'D)
asshole.

David throws the strongest punch he can give and blood flies out of Dean's nose. Dean throws David off him and into the door.

A look of pain crosses David's face after his back hits the solid wood of the door. He quickly gets up and gives Dean one last searing look before walking out of the house.

Dean wipes the blood that oozes out of his nose with his sleeve, storms down the hall, to the bathroom door. and bangs on it with all his might.

DEAN
(Screaming)
Wayne! Get the fuck out of there!

IN THE BATHROOM

Wayne sits on the closed toilet seat, his head in his hands.

DEAN(O.S.)
Wayne!

The door bangs again.

WAYNE
Gimme a damn second!

DEAN(O.S.)
I don't got a damn second now open
the fucking door.

Wayne doesn't respond.

DEAN(O.S.)
Wayne!

With a loud CRACK, the door flings open and Dean stands
there, winded.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Do you have fun, taking everything
that's mine, then running your
fucking mouth about me? David's
gone-

WAYNE
I heard, leave me alone.

DEAN
You're not leaving too are you?
Just say you're not leaving that's
all I need to hear.

Wayne stares at Dean blankly.

DEAN(CONT'D)
(screaming)
Stop fucking looking at me like
that!

With great force, Dean punches the wall.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Why do you look at me like that?

WAYNE
What are you talking about? Just
leave me the fuck alone.

DEAN
How can I get you to stay? Money?
You want my money, here-

Dean reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small crumbled
up ball of dollar bills.

DEAN(CONT'D)

This is all I got on me and it's
all yours.

He sets the money on the sink.

WAYNE

Just leave me alone.

DEAN

Well, remember Wayne, you're a
murderer and running away from me
or anything else you do in your
useless pathetic life isn't going
to change that.

Dean stomps out of the room, leaving Wayne, trembling.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The sun gleams off the marquee of the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER - DAY

Slumped down on a velvet covered seat near the screen, Wayne
stares up at the black and white film. Appearing
uninterested, he fidgets his legs to get comfortable.

TANYA(O.S.)

Blake not here.

Wayne's eyes widen when he hears this familiar voice. He
tilts his seat back and peers between the rows, getting a
glimpse of Tanya and Blake, who sit a decent distance away.

BLAKE

Come on, we're all alone.

Blake kisses Tanya's neck gently.

TANYA

What if someone shows up?

BLAKE

No one is coming.

Tanya gives in and kisses Blake back. As they continue to
make out Blake's hand slowly rises up her skirt.

Wayne leans forward, unsure of himself, he reluctantly leans back again and peeps through the rows.

His eyes run up and down Tanya and Blake while their love making intensifies.

Biting his lip, Wayne's eyes never leave them as he sticks his hand down the front of his jeans.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - DAY

Tanya stands, alone, eying an extravagant movie poster on the wall. She looks over at the theater doors and spots Wayne, stumbling out.

TANYA

Wayne?

He smiles and approaches her.

TANYA(CONT'D)

You were in the theater?

WAYNE

Yeah, were you?

Tanya, with a worried look, nods her head

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Shit movie, huh?

TANYA

Well, I quite liked it.

WAYNE

Yeah, it was alright.

He nervously smiles.

TANYA

I didn't see you in there at all.

WAYNE

Same here, you alone?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Blake stares at himself in the mirror. He attempts to pat down a cowlick at the back of his head, but he gives up on it and walks out of the bathroom, back into the LOBBY.

He spots Wayne and Tanya talking. While he glares at Wayne's flirtatious posture, an angry snarl crosses his face.

He quickly stomps toward the two of them, and grabs Tanya's hand.

BLAKE
Come on let's go.

WAYNE
See you Tanya.

Blake let's go of Tanya's hand and gets alarmingly close to Wayne's face.

BLAKE
Stay the fuck away from my girl
Henley.

TANYA
Blake!

Tanya pulls Blake away from Wayne.

TANYA(CONT'D)
I'm sorry Wayne, he didn't mean it.

A evil look gleams in Wayne's eye as he watches them leave.

TANYA(CONT'D)
(To Blake)
What has gotten into you, huh?

EXT. THE HEIGHTS DINER - NIGHT

Blake stands in the doorway of the vacant diner. He flicks off the lights then shuts and locks the door.

He heads toward his black Mustang that is parked in the the nearly empty parking lot next to Dean's van.

He reaches his car and places his key in the lock when the van door slides open.

WAYNE
Hey!

Blake jumps and grabs his chest at the sight of Wayne, who stands in the back of the van.

BLAKE
Holy shit, Wayne! Are you trying to
give me a heart attack?

Wayne smirks.

WAYNE
Maybe.

BLAKE
What do you want?

WAYNE
Listen I feel really awful about
earlier. Tanya is just my friend
and I don't want you to be getting
the wrong idea.

BLAKE
I already talked to her about it.

WAYNE
Well, I wanna make it up to you. My
friend Dean here.

Dean leans back so his head barely peaks out of the back
door.

DEAN
Hey.

WAYNE
He's got a twelve pack in here and
a eighth of green back at his
place. Why don't you come and play
some cards and bullshit with us?
You'll see that I'm not such bad
guy.

BLAKE
Some other time.

WAYNE
Oh come on man.

BLAKE
I can't, Tanya is waiting on me.

WAYNE
You can call her once we get there,
she won't mind. You can follow us
there if you want or you can hitch
a ride with us and Dean can-

BLAKE

No, Wayne.

Blake turns the key and opens his car door.

WAYNE

Now hold on a mother fucking second.

Blake slams his door shut and gets in Wayne's space.

BLAKE

You better watch that mouth of yours Henley because I'll knock your bony ass right down to the ground!

WAYNE

Hey! Hey! We're cool dude! I'm sorry, "Fucking" and every other variation of the word "Fuck" is just a part of my everyday vocabulary. I just wanted to see if you wanted to join me in a smoke before you got on your way.

Blake takes a deep breath and steps back.

BLAKE

Sure. I'm sorry Wayne, I've just had a rough day at work.

Wayne hands Blake a smoke.

WAYNE

We've all had one of those. Do you got a light of your own?

BLAKE

No.

WAYNE

Here.

Wayne reaches into the van yanks out a BASEBALL BAT and SLAMS it into the side of Blake's head.

Blood splatters across the white van as Blake falls to his knees. Wayne throws the bat into the van, grabs Blake by the hair, and drags him into the back of the van.

He slides the door shut and the van starts up and leaves.

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake's lifeless body lays slumped over, handcuffed to the large plywood board in the corner of the room. As his blood drips onto the plastic covered carpet, Dean and Wayne lay on the bed, a few inches apart, sprinkled in blood.

DEAN

I get them butterflies, you know?

Dean grabs his stomach.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Every time their eyes roll back I feel so alive, so complete, so high. Do you feel the same?

WAYNE

I don't have anything to say.

Dean stands and strips off his clothes.

DEAN

I gotta get this blood out of my hair.

After removing his underwear, Dean walks out of the room and into the bathroom, leaving Wayne thoughtfully staring at the ceiling.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Dean lets the steaming water pour over him as small amount of blood collects around the drain. Contemplative, Dean scrubs his body, then biting his lip he calls out.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Wayne!

WAYNE(O.S.)

What?

DEAN

You can open the door.

Through the frosted, translucent shower doors Dean sees Wayne peek his head into the room.

WAYNE

What?

DEAN

You ought to take a shower too,
probably got blood all in your
hair.

WAYNE

I'll wait until you get out.

DEAN

They'll be no hot water once I get
out, you should get in now.

Wayne says nothing and walks out the room, slamming the door
behind him.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Wayne?

Dean turns off the water, opens the shower door, grabs a
towel, and wraps it around himself.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Wayne?

He walks out of the bathroom and down the hallway, steam
coming off his body.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Wayne?

He searches around the house but Wayne is nowhere in sight,
Dean sighs and plops down onto the couch.

EXT. BOULEVARD PARK - DAY

Tanya, looking a wreck, sits on a bench with a sympathetic
looking Wayne.

TANYA

It doesn't make any sense, he would
have called. His mother went to the
police and they just said he
must've ran away, that, that's what
all these boys have been doing, but
that's not Blake he not the type to
run away. What reason would he have
to leave, other than me.

WAYNE

Don't think like that.

TANYA

Why shouldn't I? No one likes me why should he. I don't know what to do, I can't stand being at home, my dad is losing it I swear. The more I think about it the more and more I don't wanna live anymore.

WAYNE

Don't say that Tanya, I want you to live for a long time.

Tanya sniffs.

TANYA

I gotta blow my nose.

WAYNE

You can use my sleeve if you'd like.

Wayne offers Tanya his sleeve and Tanya smiles warmly at him.

TANYA

Its alright.

Tanya looks up at the trees thoughtfully.

TANYA(CONT'D)

Maybe Blake has the right idea. I wish I could run away from all this, go somewhere else, somewhere better. I can only wish though, right?

Wayne ponders at Tanya's wishes.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - DEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wayne's legs poke out from underneath Dean's bed. In walks Dean, looking at him, confused.

DEAN

Wayne?

Wayne pulls himself out, holding a five dollar bill, he looks up at Dean, disgusted.

WAYNE

Five bucks, found it under here, in a box with your sex stuff. Is there

(MORE)

WAYNE
any more around, might as well tell
me now before I tear the place to
bits and pieces looking for it.

DEAN
There's nothing.

Wayne stands.

WAYNE
Yeah, well I wish I could believe
you Dean, but you are one lying
mother fucker, aren't you? Is it in
here?

Wayne opens up a the top drawer of Dean's dresser and
rummages through it.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Next to your cuffs or is it hiding
in the fucking floorboards? Where
the fuck is it!

Wayne pulls out the whole drawer and throws it at Dean, who
dodges it then bolts to Wayne. Clutching his hand around
Wayne's neck, he forcefully slams him against the wall.

DEAN
You think money is going to help
you? It's not, it won't make you
any less of a useless fucking
drunk. There is no money, there
never was any money. I gave you all
I had to get you wrapped around my
finger and now you're fucked beyond
fucked.

WAYNE
I'll tell.

DEAN
You tell on me you're telling on
yourself. Now pick this fucking
mess up or I'll-

Wayne spits on Dean's face and Dean squeezes his hand around
Wayne's neck with a vicious stare.

WAYNE
Oh I know that look. You're gonna
kill me, aren't you? Well, go on,
fuck me up! It'll make no

(MORE)

WAYNE
difference, you're a dead man
living, once they find out what you
did to their boys they'll-

Dean has had enough and throws Wayne by his neck onto the floor.

DEAN
Get the fuck out of my house.

Wayne doesn't move.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Now! Get the fuck out of my house!

Dean grabs Wayne up by the neck of his shirt and drags him down the hallway.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Fucking useless drunk mother
fucker.

Dean lets go of Wayne and pushes him at the front door.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Go now!

Wayne says nothing as he walks out of the house.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Asshole, fucking asshole!

Dean gives out a scream and punches the wall while he makes his way into the kitchen and plops down at the kitchen table.

Dean sits in silence as a sheath of fear lays across on his face.

WAYNE(V.O.)
You're a dead man living.

As he nervously taps his fingers on the table, his eyes wander around the room, they catch a glance at the car keys that are sitting on the counter.

He sighs, walks to the table, grabs the keys, and exits the house.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY

The boat shed remains nearly the same as before, the only difference is that Blake's car is parked in the middle, partially dismantled.

Dean combs through the entire area with one hand holding a rag over his face and the other, slowly pouring a bottle of bleach on the dirt surface.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY - LATER

Dean remains holding the rag over his nose as he sprays the air with a can of disinfectant.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY - LATER

Dean uses a rusty screwdriver to pry the license plate off of Blake's car. He proceeds to bend the plate in half with his hands.

EXT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY

Sweat drips down Dean's face as he holds the bent license plate underneath his armpit while closing the padlock over the shed doors.

From behind Dean, a soft woman's voice is heard.

MRS. MINER(O.S.)
Mister Corll?

Dean, startled, jumps and turns around to find the round, middle-aged, MRS. MINER, smiling a few feet in front of him.

DEAN
Mrs. Miner, you gave me quite a scare right there.

Mrs. Miner smiles.

MRS. MINER
I apologize, How are things?

DEAN
Things?

Dean nonchalantly hides the license plate behind his back.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Things are okay.

MRS. MINER

Tending to your shed I see.

DEAN

Just making sure its all spic and span and such.

MRS. MINER

That's nice. I actually saw your van parked over here and decided to collect this month's rent now instead of having to pester you about it later.

Dean walks to his van as Mrs. Miner watches him.

DEAN

Oh Mrs. Miner I completely forgot. Listen, I'll be back next week with the rent plus interest. Heck, I might even need to rent out another shed.

Dean opens up the van door.

MRS. MINER

Sounds good to me, now you keep yourself safe, you hear.

Dean nods his head and gives her a vivacious smile before hopping into the drivers seat, and closing the door.

INT. DEAN'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Dean smokes a cigarette while staring out the passenger's side window.

OUT THE WINDOW: Wayne and Tanya stand across the street in front of the diner.

BACK IN VAN: Dean sighs, rolls down his window and flicks his cigarette butt out.

The passenger door opens and Wayne steps in, closing the door behind him.

Wayne doesn't look over at Dean, Dean sighs and starts the car and continues to drive.

DEAN

How are you?

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE

Where are we going?

Dean stops the van and puts it in park.

DEAN

Right here.

Wayne looks out the window.

WAYNE

Around the block? Are you fucking kidding me?

Wayne opens the door to get out.

DEAN

Wait.

Wayne looks over at Dean and sees that he staring at the ground.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Just listen to me for a second

Wayne begrudgingly shuts the door.

WAYNE

What?

DEAN

There are things you don't know about me, there are things no one will ever know about me. You hate me, I hate me. I'm in a cloud, just here, an outcast, ugly, and old. I want another life but it ain't gonna happen. I've tried so many times.

Wayne sharply stares at Dean.

DEAN(CONT'D)

Fifteen hundred for one tonight, and I ain't gonna force you, if you wanna then you wanna, if you don't, you don't.

WAYNE
Fifteen hundred?

Wayne lets the offer soak in.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
You swear to me?

DEAN
Yeah, I swear. Now get out of here,
I've got someplace to be.

Wayne glares at Dean for another moment, nods his head, then steps out of the van.

EXT. DEAN'S CABIN - DAY

The sun reflects off the glistening Lake Sam Rayburn, where two YOUNG BOYS splash and play in. Sitting on the grassy hill, near the cabin is Dean and SARAH.

Sarah is thirty-something year old woman, with a full head of curly red hair, pale skin, and one eye with no pigment. She wears a bright floral dress that clashes with Dean's drab attire.

SARAH
Its beautiful, ain't it?

Dean looks at the ground unresponsive.

SARAH(CONT'D)
The smell of nature, the warmth of the sun, the sounds of the lake, the singing of the birds. Oh if only the boys could be raised in a place like this.

Dean lights up a cigarette and Sarah looks at him, disappointed

SARAH(CONT'D)
You've been smoking a lot more, haven't you?

Dean nods his head.

SARAH(CONT'D)
Any who, I've been thinking...too much probably, but I was thinking why don't we get back together?

DEAN

What?

Sarah puts her hand on top of Dean's.

SARAH(CONT'D)

I don't know why we're not together
in the first place. We don't have
to get married, we can just be
together.

Dean barely opens his mouth.

DEAN

I-

SARAH

I miss you being around.

Sarah puts her hand on Dean's face.

SARAH(CONT'D)

Your smile.

Dean seems uncomfortable by her hand.

SARAH(CONT'D)

We could come up here and settle
down with the boys, there's that
cute little school down the road.
We can be happy.

Sarah leans in and kisses Dean on the cheek. Dean shoots an
offended look at her and stomps away.

SARAH(CONT'D)

Dean wait.

She turns and watches Dean walk away.

SARAH(CONT'D)

Dean!

She turns back and buries her face into her hands.

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The white van pulls into the drive way and parks. Dean
stumbles out of the van and up toward the house.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean sits at the kitchen table, snorting up a line of cocaine with a dollar bill. He rubs his nose then cracks opens a fresh bottle of bourbon and slugs it down.

After slamming the bottle back down, he flicks it with his finger tip, fascinating himself by the clinking sound it makes.

The phone rings, Dean jumps up and answers it with a slurred voice.

DEAN(IN PHONE)
Hello? Hello?

Sarah's calm voice is on the line.

SARAH(O.S.)
Dean?

Dean sighs and plops down on the the couch.

DEAN(IN PHONE)
Sarah, it's you.

SARAH(O.S.)
You don't sound right.

DEAN(IN PHONE)
That's because I ain't right. I
just drank a whole bottle.

Sarah's voice seems concerned.

SARAH(O.S.)
You have high blood pressure,
that's the worst thing you can do.

DEAN(IN PHONE)
I know it.

SARAH(O.S.)
Dean what's wrong with you? You
said hardly a word today, it ain't
like you.

DEAN(IN PHONE)
I can't explain.

SARAH(O.S.)
I'll understand.

Dean gets agitated and jumps off of the couch.

DEAN(IN PHONE)

No! You won't, you couldn't, you wouldn't. I gotta let you go.

SARAH(O.S.)

Dean please-

Dean hangs up the phone. He wobbly stands up and walks down the hallway into David's room.

Inside the room the only source of light comes from the television. On the screen are the SMPTE colors bars accompanied by a high pitch tone.

Dean falls into the chair and stares into the screen.

A droplet of blood lands on Dean's hand. He looks down at it, then back up at the ceiling. With the tilting of his head another droplet falls onto his face, then slides down his cheek like a tear. More and more droplets begin to fall through out the whole room till it is soon raining blood.

The only thing heard is the high pitch tone of the television. Dean stands up, soaked from head to toe in blood. He screams but no sound comes out, he rubs is face manically as more and more blood falls on him.

The sounds of Wayne's distorted voice is heard off-screen.

WAYNE(O.S.)

Dean?

Dean's eyes open, a bright white underneath a sea of red.

WAYNE(O.S.)

Dean?

Everything STOPS.

The room returns to its original state.

Dean stands, pale, flustered, and with sweat dripping down from his wet hair.

WAYNE(O.S.)

Dean, you home?

He takes a deep breathe, looks down at himself then walks out of the room through the dark hallway and into the living room where Wayne, Tanya, and Tom stand.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Sorry we're so late.

Dean stares at Tanya with no emotion.

DEAN
Wayne, come here.

Dean turns to walk down the hallway.

WAYNE
What for?

Dean raises his voice.

DEAN
Now!

Dean walks down the hallway and into the television room,
Wayne soon joins him.

WAYNE
What's with you?

DEAN
You weren't suppose to bring any
girl? Goddamn you, you ruined
everything.

WAYNE
She had no place to go.

DEAN
You think I give a fuck? I don't
give a flying fuck!

Dean jabs Wayne in the chest with his fingers.

WAYNE
You can still do your thing she
won't even notice.

DEAN
You're so stupid Wayne! Why do you
have to be so fucking stupid? Of
course she'll notice. She'll-She'll

Dean stutters and grabs his hair flustered.

DEAN(CONT'D)
Fuck you.

Dean storms out of the room.

DEAN(O.S.)
Well, what the fuck are we waiting
for?

ABRUPT CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

Over black the sound of Dean's voice echoes.

DEAN(O.S.)
Come on, do it! I want you to fuck
me up!

His voice raises.

DEAN(O.S.)
Just do-

The sound of three gunshots abruptly interrupt Dean.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

Wayne's oily, vacant face, stares at the dead body of Dean Corll, laying a few feet in front of him.

A pool of blood slowly forms around the freshly deceased man. Wayne falls back against the wall, drops the gun out of his hands, and rubs his temples with his fingers.

The sound of muffled dialog comes from the opposite side of the room.

Wayne, in a frenzy, jolts up and sprints to the bed where Tanya and Tom lay bound and gagged.

Tanya's glossed over eyes never stop wandering while Wayne gently peels off the tape from her mouth.

WAYNE
I'm so sorry Tanya.

Wayne continues to untie her feet and arms.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Still in a euphoric state of mind, Tanya is barely responsive as she slurs out her words.

TANYA
Oh Wayne, stop playing around.

WAYNE
I ain't playing around, don't move.

Wayne moves over to Tom, who still remains passed-out, and continues to untie him.

TANYA
Is this for real?

Tanya uses the bed for support as she stands and stumbles across the room.

WAYNE
Tanya lay down, okay.

TANYA
But I gotta pee.

Unaware of where she is stepping, she trips over Dean's body, and topples over, but catches herself with her hands. She giggles, then pushes her self back up and examines her hands.

TANYA
Now how did they get all covered in ketchup?

Confounded, Tanya stares into her blood soaked hands.

Wayne looks over at her.

WAYNE
Go wash your hands Tanya.

Tanya looks at Wayne, uncertain, she takes a glance at the floor where she fell and makes direct eye contact the Dean's dead eyes. She frantically looks back at her hands, back into the eyes, back to her hands, then gives out a terrified scream.

Wayne rushes over to her side, grabbing her shoulders he attempts to calm her.

WAYNE
Calm down.

TANYA
He's dead, he's fucking dead.

Tears stream down Tanya's face.

WAYNE

Calm down!

TANYA

Oh God! Oh God!

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway sits in an eerie silence.

At the end of the hall, Dean's bedroom door remains open, his lifeless legs hang halfway across the doorway.

911 DISPATCHER(O.S)

911, What's your emergency?

WAYNE(O.S.)

Y'all better come right now, I
killed a man. Twenty-Twenty Lamar
Drive.

INT. POLICE CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

The siren wails as the lone police officer turns into the drive way of Dean's house. Through the windshield he can see Tanya, Tom, and Wayne sitting on the front porch.

INT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A group of police officers and detectives sit around a rectangular table looking through window at a dazed looking Wayne as he holds a plastic slate while getting his mugshot taken.

Through the door walks in DETECTIVE MULLIGAN, he greets the room with a wave of his hand and then eyes Wayne.

MULLIGAN

How old is he again?

Another detective by the name of SHORT stands up next to Mulligan.

SHORT

Seventeen, his name is Elmer Wayne
Henley Junior. He's lived in
Houston Heights his whole life,
dropped out of school in the eighth
grade but he's got himself an I.Q.
over 125 though.

MULLIGAN

We know his relationship to the victim yet?

SHORT

Close friend, that's all we got from the the other boy and the girl.

MULLIGAN

Alright, let me talk to him.

INT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A handcuffed Wayne sits as though he has no bones in his body at a metal table. Through the door walks in Mulligan, carrying a clipboard.

MULLIGAN

Hello Elmer, I am Detective Mulligan with the Houston Police.

Wayne looks a mess, dark circles have formed around his red eyes and the brilliant lights of the room gleam off his acne ridden face.

WAYNE

Call me Wayne, please. Not even my mother calls me Elmer.

MULLIGAN

Well, Wayne, the story you told us matched what Tanya and Tom told us and we sent them back to their parents-

WAYNE

Does that mean I get to go home now?

MULLIGAN

No Wayne, you and I are going to have a little chat first.

WAYNE

Alright.

Mulligan takes a seat across from Wayne.

MULLIGAN

We are going to have to chat about your friend Dean.

WAYNE

Who?

MULLIGAN

Dean Corll...the man you just shot
and killed.

WAYNE

Oh yeah.

Wayne rubs at his head.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I apologize, I'm so gone, you know?

MULLIGAN

Try to do your best. Tell me about
Dean Corll, the type of person he
was.

Wayne's tiny pupils stare at Mulligan.

WAYNE

He's got a warehouse full of
bodies.

MULLIGAN

A what full of bodies?

WAYNE

I can show you, I can show you his
warehouse of bodies.

EXT. SILVER BELL BOAT STORAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

A parade of Police cars and news vans clutter around the
area.

EXT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY

A burly prison trustee snaps off the lock of the shed with a
large pair of pliers.

Detective Short stands next to an emotionless Wayne.

SHORT

Point out the spots and the prison
trustees will start to dig.

Wayne shakily steps toward the shed, pushes open the tall
doors, and takes a step inside. His face turns pale and he
takes a step back..

WAYNE

On the far right and far left
sides.

Short nods.

SHORT

Alright bring them in.

Wayne staggers out of the doorway with a look of hopelessness as a line of prisoner trustee's march in holding shovels and wearing bright orange jumpsuits.

INT. BOAT SHED NO. 11 - DAY

Camera bulbs flash as a trustee pulls out a body wrapped in a plastic shroud out of the dirt.

EXT. SILVER BELL BOAT STORAGE - DAY

Just outside the two large doors of vacant shed number "30" Wayne sits in sorrow on the gravel with his cuffed hands resting on his lap.

A chubby finger gently taps on Wayne's shoulder. That finger belongs to KARL a round, balding, middle-aged man with a detective badge pinned onto the collar of his spiffy brown suit.

WAYNE

What'd you want?

KARL

Figured you'd want one of these.

Karl waves a single cigarette in Wayne's face. Wayne smirks at the sight of it, grabs it out of Karl's hands, and puts between his lips.

WAYNE

Thanks.

Karl kneels down, pulls a lighter out from his shirt pocket, and ignites Wayne's cigarette.

KARL

No problem.

WAYNE

What's your name?

KARL

Karl.

WAYNE

Karl what?

KARL

Just Karl.

Wayne nods his head reassuringly.

WAYNE

I'd introduce myself but I know
that you already know who I am.

Wayne gives the detective a condescending look before he
tilts his head back down.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

They haven't let me use the phone.
I wanna call my mom before she
hears all this on the radio.

KARL

I wish I could help with that
Wayne, but we've got to stay right
here.

Karl looks around the storage yard, and over at shed number
"11" where news reporters still flash their cameras at the
trusties digging inside.

Karl spots a car with BIG NEWS stamped on the side of it, a
reporter runs up the car, hops inside, and picks up a phone
that is attached to the dashboard.

Karl looks back at the gloomy Wayne.

KARL

I can get you a phone.

EXT. "BIG NEWS" CAR - DAY

Karl, Wayne, and a male REPORTER stand outside the car door.
The reporter opens the car and pulls out the phone which is
connected to a coiled cord that lets the phone reach five
feet out the door.

REPORTER

Here, it's ringing.

The reporter hands the phone to Wayne, he takes it.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Make sure you talk real loud cause they won't be able to hear a damn thing you're saying unless you speak up.

Wayne puts the phone to his his ear and looks over to the side of him and sees a cameraman filming him. He covers the side of his face with his hand.

There is an answer...

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hello?

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

Is mom there?

BOBBY (O.S.)

Who?

Wayne raises his voice.

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

Mom!

There is a muddled sound through the line, soon Bobby's voice is replaced by the gentle voice of Wayne's Mother.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Hello, who is this?

Wayne covers the side of his face with his hand and leans on the side of the car.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Hello?

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

This is Wayne.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Wayne? Yes, this is Mama baby.

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

Mama...

His voice cracks.

WAYNE (CONT'D) (IN PHONE)

I killed Dean.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Wayne?

The woman sobs.

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

Ma'am?

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Oh, Wayne, you didn't!

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

Yep, Yes'm.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Oh, God. Where are you?

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

I'm-

Wayne's Mother sobs uncontrollably.

WAYNE(CONT'D)(IN PHONE)

It's alright, It's alright.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Where are you?

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

I'm out at his warehouse.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Where?

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

Out at that warehouse he keeps.

WAYNE'S MOTHER(O.S.)

Can I come out there?

Wayne gives Karl a questionable look.

WAYNE(IN PHONE)

Yeah, yes.

Karl shakes his head decidedly.

KARL

No.

Wayne pulls the phone slightly away from his mouth.

WAYNE

She can't?

Wayne puts the phone back near his mouth.

WAYNE (CONT'D) (IN PHONE)

No, you can't come Mama.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Why?

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

I'm with the police, Mama.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

When can I see you?

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

Later Mama, later I promise you'll see me. I gotta let you go.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

I love you.

Tears swell in Wayne's eyes.

WAYNE (IN PHONE)

I love you too Mama.

Wayne holds the phone up to Karl, who takes the phone and places it back in the news car.

EXT. SILVER BELL BOAT STORAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

A whole mass of reporters stand along the side of a dirt path which leads to a road where the police car is parked. The crowd is rather silent until the presence of Wayne and Karl is noticed.

NEWS REPORTER 1

There he is!

As Wayne walks slowly to the car, flashes of cameras brightly shine into his face. The reporters have to yell over one another so their questions are heard.

NEWS REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

Wayne what happened here?

With his eyes still red and face still damp Wayne answers the questions in a singsong voice.

WAYNE
Boys were buried.

NEWS REPORTER 1(O.S.)
Why were they buried here?

WAYNE
Dean decided he wanted to have sex
with 'em. They wouldn't let him, so
he killed 'em and brought 'em here
and buried 'em.

NEWS REPORTER 2(O.S.)
Why here Wayne?

WAYNE
No answer.

NEWS REPORTER 3(O.S.)
How many more bodies do we have out
here, Wayne?

WAYNE
None.

NEWS REPORTER 3(O.S.)
Are you sure of that?

WAYNE
I'm not totally sure. None to my
knowledge.

NEWS REPORTER 4(O.S.)
Were you aware what was going on
for the last couple years?

WAYNE
Yes, sir.

NEWS REPORTER 5(O.S.)
How many boys did Dean kill?

WAYNE
I can't total it.

NEWS REPORTER 3(O.S.)
Did he pay you to bring the boys to
his house?

WAYNE
Suppose to.

NEWS REPORTER 6(O.S.)
Did he pay you any?

WAYNE
Some.

NEWS REPORTER 7(O.S.)
Do you know where the bodies might
be buried on the High Island?

WAYNE
I can give 'em an area.

NEWS REPORTER 7(O.S.)
What area?

Wayne gives an annoyed expression.

WAYNE
That's between me and the police.

NEWS REPORTER 8(O.S.)
Do you have a lawyer?

WAYNE
Somewhere.

NEWS REPORTER 9(O.S.)
Wayne, are you sorry about all
this?

WAYNE
Yes, sir.

NEWS REPORTER 10(O.S.)
How were the boys killed?

Wayne mimics shooting a gun with his cuffed hands.

WAYNE
Shot, choked.

NEWS REPORTER 10(O.S.)
With a twenty-two?

WAYNE
Twenty-two.

NEWS REPORTER 11(O.S.)
What happened previous to the
killings?

WAYNE
He had sex with 'em.

NEWS REPORTER 1(O.S.)
Any torture?

WAYNE
Mostly just picking.

NEWS REPORTER 12(O.S.)
Described for us.

Wayne gives disgusted look.

WAYNE
No details!

NEWS REPORTER 3(O.S.)
Are you under any duress?

Wayne looks befuddled.

WAYNE
What the fuck is duress?

NEWS REPORTER 3(O.S.)
Any stress, any force?

WAYNE
No these police have been awfully nice to me.

NEWS REPORTER 13(O.S.)
How do you feel about this whole ordeal, Wayne?

WAYNE
Pretty grotesque.

NEWS REPORTER 14(O.S.)
Wayne, is there any more bodies in there?

WAYNE
In where?

NEWS REPORTER 14(O.S.)
In the woods.

WAYNE
Not to my knowledge.

NEWS REPORTER 14(O.S.)
Who would know Wayne?

WAYNE
Dean Corll.

The reporters scream out more questions but they all blur into one incomprehensible yell as Wayne finally reaches the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Wayne calmly stares out the window in the backseat of the car with his cuffed hands resting on his lap.

Karl, behind the wheel, looks into the rear view mirror to catch a glance of Wayne.

KARL
I really don't understand you, you seem like such a nice guy. I just don't get how you got involved in all these killings.

Wayne gives a Karl an obscure look.

WAYNE
Well, if you had a daddy that shot at you, you might do some things too.

Karl looks at Wayne with a hint of curiosity.

WAYNE(CONT'D)
Can I have another smoke?

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The police car sits parked in front of the police station. A group of reporters surround the car's back window which is partially opened.

Through the cracked window, Wayne sits with his head down in his hands, a small line of smoke from his cigarette rises above him and out the window.

NEWS REPORTER 15(O.S.)
What did Dean want you to do?

Wayne sighs, his words are muddled and tearful.

WAYNE

He wanted to pay me to find the boys and bring 'em to him, help him do his thing, then kill 'em and help bury them.

NEWS REPORTER 15(O.S.)

How much would he pay you per person?

WAYNE

I don't know.

Still with his hands over his face, Wayne tosses his cigarette butt out the window.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

He said fifteen hundred dollars once.

Wayne sets his head back down.

NEWS REPORTER 15(O.S.)

Fifteen hundred dollars a person?

WAYNE

That's what he said.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Wayne now stands outside the police car. An orgy of microphones surround his face, which he covers with his hands.

NEWS REPORTER 16

What did he tell you about the location out there?

WAYNE

He told me he had Mikey Wheeler out there.

NEWS REPORTER 16

What did he say about Mikey?

WAYNE

He said he killed him and buried him out there.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The cell is small, windowless, and dark. Wayne lays on a dirty, stiff mattress, which is just big enough to fit his body.

His body shivers as he curls up on the bed.

INT. POLICE STATION - VISITING ROOM - MORNING

The visiting room is cramped, like a waiting room with tables. Next to one of the tables, Wayne and his mother stand hugging.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Oh Wayne.

The woman pulls away from her son and gives him a melancholy smile before the two of them take a seat at the table.

WAYNE

How've you been mama?

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Haven't slept a wink, your brothers miss you, they want you to come home.

With glossy eyes, Wayne nods his head.

WAYNE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

WAYNE

I think I'm sick mama.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Sick? Have you told no one? We can get you some medicine and-

WAYNE

No I mean sick-

Wayne rubs his temple with his index finger.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

-in here.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

I'm sure we can get you some help for that.

WAYNE

I gotta tell them everything mama.

Wayne's Mother looks perplexed by her son's words.

WAYNE'S MOTHER

What you mean "everything"?

WAYNE

Just everything!

WAYNE'S MOTHER

Oh Wayne.

WAYNE

You can be happy for me cause I'll
be able to live with myself.

He nervously laughs.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I can finally live.

INT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind the spotless desk sits David. Sitting across from him is Detective Mulligan, resting his fingers on a typewriter.

Detective Short paces around the table smoking a long stogy.

MULLIGAN

What's your full name?

DAVID

David Owen Brooks.

Mulligan types everything David says.

MULLIGAN

Age?

DAVID

Nineteen.

Short clears his throat and puts his cigar out in an ashtray before speaking.

SHORT

Alright, David tell us about you
and Dean, how you two came to know
each other.

DAVID

I met Dean 'bout six years ago, when he was managing his mama's factory across from Helms elementary. He'd give us kids candy and rides on his motorcycle. That's when we became friends until my family broke up and my mother and I moved to Beaumont.

(Beat)

You see, my family, they don't like me very much so I kept coming back to Houston to visit and whenever I did, I'd see Dean.

MULLIGAN

Where you aware that Dean was a homosexual at that time?

David discreetly nods.

DAVID

He'd pay boys five or ten bucks for them to come over and let him do it to them. They would come and go but I stayed.

SHORT

David, did you ever see anything to suggest that Corll was bothering these kids, hurting them?

David, uneasy, nervously fidgets.

DAVID

He was living out of an apartment near the Orphanage and I'd been staying with him for a while, long enough for him to gimme a key to the place. One time I was suppose to be gone all day, seeing my mother, but it didn't go over well, so I headed back early. I unlocked the door and there were two boys, real lil' ones, tied to a board on the floor in the living room. Their eyes were open but they weren't moving and they had blood all over them, down there.

(Beat)

I froze, I couldn't move or think or breathe then Dean came in from the back, naked with blood covering

(MORE)

DAVID
 his face and he yelled, "What the fuck are you doing!" and I said "What the fuck are you doing!" and he said "Having fun." I started to panic and cry, Dean calmed me down and told me that he'd get me something real nice if I kept quiet. The next day there was a 1969 green corvette sitting in the parking lot and it was just for me.

SHORT
 Did you know those two boys personally?

DAVID
 No sir.

SHORT
 Were they buried out at his storage shed. Henley says there are other graves by Lake Sam Rayburn and on the High Island. Could they be there?

DAVID
 I don't know.

MULLIGAN
 Do you have any idea of other boys that he might have killed?

DAVID
 No sir.

SHORT
 No? You lived with him for nearly six years and you're telling us you didn't see a damn thing? They've found over twenty bodies out there, you know?

DAVID
 I've heard.

David takes a moment and collects his thoughts.

DAVID(CONT'D)
 If there was a killing Wayne and Dean did it. I seen Dean with a few of them boys that went and disappeared, maybe he killed them, maybe he didn't, I wouldn't know.

Mulligan and Short share a concerning look.

INT. KARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Wayne sits on a chair across from Karl's desk, where Karl sits, reading a newspaper.

WAYNE

I understand the papers have been saying some wrong things.

Karl looks over at Wayne, takes out the front section of the paper and hands it Wayne whom gleefully takes it.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Lookee here.

Karl looks up from the sport section of his paper.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Why, this makes Tanya sound like a whore! That's unfair, that's not true.

Wayne reads some more then shakes his head with disgust.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Isn't that the most disgusting thing you ever saw?

KARL

What?

WAYNE

They printed my name without the "Junior" on it. Look!

Wayne holds the paper up and points to his printed name.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Calls me Elmer Wayne Henley. Elmer Wayne Henley! That's not me, that's my daddy!

The phone rings, Karl sets his paper down and answers it.

KARL(IN PHONE)

Karl speaking.

(Beat)

Alright...fill me in on it later.

Karl hangs up the phone.

KARL(CONT'D)

That was Detective Short over at Homicide, he says he has a David Brooks-

Wayne eyes light up.

KARL(CONT'D)

in there making a statement about Dean and yourself.

Wayne sighs folds up the newspaper, and sets on his lap.

WAYNE

Well, thats good cause I can tell you the whole story now.

Karl looks perplexed.

KARL

What are you talking about?

WAYNE

Man it's hard. It ain't like on T.V. I choked one of 'em boys and he turned blue and gurgled and I just couldn't kill him. He just wouldn't die.

Karl's mouth drops.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

I had to go get Dean to help finish him off. Had to do two or three of them like that.

KARL

Two or three?

WAYNE

I once put a gun in a boys mouth, wiggled it around for a bit, finding the right spot, you know? Then I pulled the trigger. I went to school with that boy.

Wayne has a bitter realization.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

(to himself)

I went to school with that boy.

INT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Still in the same spots, Mulligan hands David over his typed statement, which is several pages thick.

MULLIGAN

Now read this over carefully before
you sign it.

David grabs the statement and glances over it.

MULLIGAN(CONT'D)

If there's anything I got twisted
up just tell me and we'll correct
it.

A phone rings in the background.

SHORT

I got it.

Short walks off-screen. Mulligan nods his head and returns his focus to David.

MULLIGAN

If everything is all good, sign
right at the bottom.

Mulligan takes a pen out of his shirt pocket and sets in front of David.

SHORT(O.S.)

Mulligan?

MULLIGAN

Yeah?

SHORT(O.S.)

Come here.

Mulligan stands up from his chair then speaks to David.

MULLIGAN

Stay put.

Mulligan walks away. David glances through the papers, sets them down on the table, and stares into them.

Mulligan and Short walk back to David.

MULLIGAN(CONT'D)

What's the matter? Did I get it
wrong?

David shakes his head.

DAVID

I'd just like to talk to my father first.

SHORT

David, are you sure you don't want to try and tell us the truth?

DAVID

I *am* telling the truth.

MULLIGAN

Are you David? Are you telling us the whole truth?

DAVID

Yes!

SHORT

Why don't you stop spitting out bullshit.

David is taken back by aggression in Short's voice.

DAVID

Why are you talking to me like this? I don't understand? I'm...I'm here. If I killed anybody why would I be here?

MULLIGAN

Who said anything about you killing anybody?

DAVID

I know what you're doing, you're trying to break me. Why are you trying to break me? I've never hurt anybody!

SHORT

Henley says otherwise.

DAVID

Wayne's a liar. Was he still drunk when you talked to him, stoned? Was he running on fucking fumes? If you've heard the whispers on the streets you'd realize that Wayne's been out of his mind for quite sometime.

SHORT

Henley's story adds up and yours
doesn't. Tell us the truth David,
make it easier on yourself.

David looks utterly helpless as tears roll out of his eyes.

DAVID

Most of them boys weren't good
boys, no great loss. I brought them
to him, I saw them get killed and I
helped bury them, but Dean said
he'd take care of me. He promised
he'd take care of me.

Short and Mulligan stare at David in silence as he has a
complete breakdown.

DAVID(CONT'D)

Can I see my daddy, please.

SHORT

Come with me.

David stands up and follows Short out of the room. Mulligan
grabs the statement off of the table and tosses it into a
trash can.

INT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - MESS HALL

David and his father sit at a steel table in the lonely mess
hall.

David's blankly stares forward while the distressed look of
his FATHER grows more and more. The man stands up and
abruptly kicks the chair he was sitting on across the room.

This leads into a SERIES OF SHOTS:

- David signing his real statement.
- David getting his fingerprints recorded.
- David getting his mugshot taken.

EXT. HIGH ISLAND - BEACH - MORNING

A police car pulls up to the beach. Karl steps out of the
front door and opens the back. Wayne walks out wearing a
county jail jumpsuit.

Wayne takes a minute to look around at his surroundings:

The beach is sizzling in the Texas sun, a mass of reporters take photos and video from behind a police guarded gate.

Wayne spots David sitting on the sand, watching the police bringing in a large bulldozer onto the beach.

KARL

Go have a seat I'll come get you
when we need you.

Wayne nods his head then walks toward David without David's knowledge. It's not until Wayne sits on the sand next to him does he notice him.

WAYNE

I told 'em everything David.

DAVID

Me too.

WAYNE

What a rush huh?

David looks at Wayne frigidly as Karl walks up to them.

KARL

Alright you two ready to show us
the spot?

David turns his stare away from Wayne and to Karl.

DAVID

It's where the highway bridge
changes, just beyond, and down
along the grass line.

WAYNE

Here I'll show y'all.

Wayne stands up, dusts off his sandy hands, unzips his jumpsuit, and lowers the top half.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You can stay put David. Whew-

The sun reflects off of the beads of sweat dripping down Wayne's chest.

KARL

Sure is hot one today ain't it?

Wayne and Karl continue to walk together down the shoreline.

WAYNE

Shit, I could use a beer. You should go buy us a six pack.

KARL

Wouldn't that just be dandy, what would the press think If I bought beer for a murdering minor?

WAYNE

They'd think you were a pretty cool dude.

KARL

I'm sure they would.

The two of them reach the shore near the end of the highway bridge. Wayne looks up at the crowd of reporters that has gathered at the top of the bridge.

WAYNE

You see that block, the cement one in the grass.

Wayne points at the large block that sits near the base of the bridge in a grassy patch away from the sand.

KARL

Yep.

WAYNE

That's where they're at.

KARL

Alright.

Karl waves his hand over, two other officers run over, shovels in hand, and go with Karl to the cement block.

Wayne turns away from the bridge and looks at the glistening lake, the blue water riding in small waves pushes a long stick ashore.

Wayne walks over to it and picks it up. He turns around and looks back at the reporters.

REPORTER

Point out the grave Wayne!

Wayne looks at the stick and smiles.

WAYNE

Yes sir, yes sir!

Wayne lifts the stick and points it at the grave where Karl and the other officers dig.

Wayne's expression changes at each flash of the many cameras, as a deep realization covers his face.

DARKNESS

FADE IN:

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR(PARKED) - DAY

Looking out the car window, a two story brick building sits on the corner of a busy street.

On the first level of this building is a local gift shop, pictures, postcards, and candy hang in the window. A stairway at the side of the building leads to the second story which is covered in flowers.

Mulligan sits in the drivers seat as Short sits in the passenger seat smoking a cigarette.

MULLIGAN

You ready?

Short sighs as he exhales smoke.

EXT. GIFT SHOP/MARY WEST'S APARTMENT - DAY

The two detectives walk up the side stairs to the second level of the brick building. They pass the array of bright flowers as they walk to the door of the apartment.

At the door, Mulligan knocks twice. They wait a moment then the door opens revealing MARY WEST a middle-aged, strong jawed, woman. She looks reluctant when she finds the two men on the other side of her door.

MULLIGAN

Excuse me ma'am, but we're looking for a Mrs. Mary West.

Mary snaps back an answer before Mulligan closes his mouth.

MARY

You're talking to her.

Mulligan smiles politely at the woman.

MULLIGAN

Hello Mrs. West I'm Detective
Mulligan this is Detective Short
we're here to-

MARY

I know why you're here, no need to
explain. Come on in.

INT. MARY WEST'S APARTMENT - DAY

The small apartment is grandmotherly tacky. Mulligan and Short sit next to one another in separate chairs in the living area.

Mary sets a tray with two cups of coffee down on the small table between the two detectives, then takes a seat on a chair facing Mulligan and Short.

Mary picks up a coffee cup that is sitting on the table next to her and begin to sip it. She sighs for a moment, looks down into her cup and then speaks.

MARY

I assume you're here to talk about
my son?

SHORT

Just a few questions Ma'am.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

It burns me up that the papers are
publishing stories about
twenty-seven dead boys. Dean was
killed, too, you know? But they
don't count him! It's not a
twenty-seven dead boy deal, its a
twenty eight dead boy deal!

Mulligan and Short stare at Mary in disbelief.

SHORT

Ma'am, in cases where the
perpetrator is deceased at the time
of the discovery of the victims
they are usually not included in
the body count.

Mary looks at Mulligan coldly.

MARY

You guys, the television reporters, the newspaper writers, the psychiatrist, y'all are trying so hard to convince the whole world that my Dean was a homosexual, a murderer.

Mary shakes her head and sets her cup back down on the table.

MARY(CONT'D)

Dean was good, not some goody-good who hides behind a church, but just generally good. He spread no rumors or made no lies. He did not chose his friends, they choose him and the boat shed was always at their disposal! The police found no bodies in anyplace he lived or worked, did they? Do you know if they told the reporters that when they dug up his backyard they found a dead dog that Dean loved?

MULLIGAN

No Ma'am

Mary looks as though she didn't even hear Mulligan's answer.

MARY

Did they put the dog back where he buried him?

Her voice cracks as tears start to run down her face.

MARY(CONT'D)

Or does it even matter!

Mary wipes he tears off with her sleeve before she stands and moves over to a window in the corner of the room. She stares out the window, the sunlight pours in on her.

MARY(CONT'D)

I ain't never heard Dean use the Lord's name in vain...never! He was no sex maniac, he's just seen to many broken hearts, broken homes and now my Dean has to go down in history as a sadistic murderer.

Mary crosses her arms and looks down at the wooden floor.

MARY(CONT'D)

Did you know Dean was three hours
away from being a Christmas baby?

The detectives shake their heads.

MARY(CONT'D)

No? Of course not, these reporters,
these journalists, they always
focus on the negative, on the lies
never the facts. I've yet to read
about how much of a gentle person
Dean was, how he'd never cut his
mother down, never talk back to
anybody, how he let everyone do as
they pleased.

Mary looks out the window again, the sun beautifully shines
down upon her face.

MARY(CONT'D)

Evil is not an entity but the
misuse of a power in which itself
is good.

Mary closes her eyes.

MARY(CONT'D)

I see Dean. He's all robed in
white, there's a bright aura around
him.

Mary opens her eyes again, looking directly into the
sunlight.

MARY(CONT'D)

He's gone through the veil into
another life-

Mary turns toward the two detectives.

MARY(CONT'D)

and I hope its a better one.

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD:

David Owen Brooks was sentenced to 99-years in prison.

Elmer Wayne Henley Jr. was sentenced to six 99-year
sentences.

To this day they remain in prison, with little chance of parole.

End Credits