

CRIMES OF PASSION

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SUBURBS - STREET - NIGHT

A plethora of police cars strewn across the street, a multitude of red and blue response lights blinding flashes through blackness. COPS everywhere, some knelt down behind open car doors, some lean over car roofs hand guns and rifles aimed toward the houses.

An armed Rapid Response Unit of about TEN COPS swarms onto the street.

More POLICEMEN descends upon the street, some with hand guns some with assault rifles, flashlights in their hands, the COPS search the front yards of houses in the neighborhood.

Yellow flashlight beams dance across the sidewalk and up towards to the front of the buildings. The distant hum of a helicopter above draws closer, louder.

Across the street, behind the police tape cordon, CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS take in the show, a network T.V. news reporter, PAGE TURNER, in her 30s, smart, professional, good looking too, bends down slightly, looks into a hand-held pocket mirror, some last minute makeup on her face, quick application of lipstick now.

A network T.V. news cameraman CAMERON MENZIES, CAM to his friends, late 20s, unshaven, baseball cap, jeans and baseball jacket with a camera over his shoulder, looks through the viewfinder, focuses the lens.

CAM

Come on Page, we ain't got all night!

Page rises and swings around to face Cam. Her eye-line gazes directly inwards towards the news camera lens.

PAGE

Okay, ready... Five... Four... Three... Two... One.... According to the officer in charge, David, a perpetrator is still at large in this vicinity... You can see behind me, police are searching the area... A canine unit has been called in.

(Pause)

The facts are these, David, this man is wanted for homicide, he's still at large, he's armed and he's dangerous...

A large clunk sound of a searchlight switches to the "on" position.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Muffled sounds of helicopter rotor blades whup, whup, whup, in the background.

Two POLICE OFFICERS swings a heavy spotlight around which is attached to the helicopter.

A long spotlight beam shines onto the street, a big yellow circle of light traces the ground then rises up and along the buildings faces.

INT. FRAYLING HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LEA FRAYLING and PETER FRAYLING, husband and wife, both in their mid 30s, sits huddled close at a kitchen table, fear in their eyes.

A disheveled guy, ANT. T. AGONISTIE, also in his mid 30s, unshaven, a psychotic scowl on his face, points a .45 revolver aimed straight at Lea and Peter. Sounds of a helicopter outside Ant, his attention momentarily grabbed, turns and stares out of the kitchen window.

A large blinding spotlight beam explodes in the front yard, the beam rises and shines into the kitchen window.

PETER

Your not gonna' get away with
this. What you gonna' do to us?
The cops are right outside...
they'll hear you...

Ant slowly turns from the window, his attention now firmly back on Peter and Lea, a serious look on his face.

ANT

If I cut your throat they'll hear
nothing... Just shut the fuck up,
alright!

Lea grasps her husband's hand tightly, a look of slight embarrassment on her face, a nervous blink in her eyes. Peter turns to Lea, smiles then swings slowly around to face Ant.

PETER

They'll come to the house, you
know! What'll you do then? Take
on the whole L.A.P.D.?

Silence. No reply. Ant stares through the window and out to the front yard and beyond.

A large spotlight beam scans the front yard and trails up to the window, blinding light rushes in the room.

Ant covers his eyes then turns, he laughs a sarcastic laugh.

ANT

Think that's bought us some more time...

(to Lea)

Why don't you make like the good little wife, and fix me a drink, bitch!

Lea, hesitates for a moment, slightly embarrassed, hurt. She composes herself, nods a "yes" and attempts to stand up but Peter pulls her back down beside him.

Ant lifts his gun and takes aim at Peter.

ANT

The bitch get's me a drink or you die first!

Peter continues to hold Lea beside him, his arm leans around her shoulder. Peter exchanges glances with Ant.

Ant glances back at Peter.

Ant's hand, a thumb quickly pulls back on the hammer on the .45 hand gun Ant stands, the .45 hand gun points directly at Peter, the sweaty trigger finger strokes the mechanism.

Lea breaks free from Peter's grasp, she ambles towards the refrigerator in the corner of the room.

Ant watches Lea open the refrigerator door then tuns back to face Peter.

ANT

What's your name?

Peter stares at Ant for a moment, his eyes look him over, up and down, piercing, searching. He doesn't give an answer then slowly turns away. Ignores him.

Ant is slightly amused, he laughs, a big grin on his face.

Lea approaches Ant, she carries a glass of water. Ant takes the glass from Lea, she's frightened, her hand shakes. Ant smiles, he enjoys this, then he motions with a head gesture to Lea, to go back to the kitchen table.

Peter stares at him, then he blankly turns away from him without a reply. This is amuses Ant, he steadies himself self, two feet apart, clutches his gun in a clenched grip.

Lea sits down at the table next to Peter.

Ant brings the glass up to his mouth and gulps the water down in one single action. Water spills down the sides of his mouth.

Lea stares at Ant, her face contorted with fear. She opens her mouth, about to say something, but stops in her tracks.

Ant sets the glass down, then steps around the table and approaches near to Lea.

ANT

You're kinda' cute.. What's your name?

Ant leans in towards Lea, lingers for a moment by her side. His face leans into Lea, he smiles, a snide grin, his glassy eyes stare at her.

ANT

Do I scare you? Hmm? Are you scared of me? Or is it the gun? Does it intimidate you?, Make you feel like your life is on the line? Good, that's the effect I'm after!

Lea turns away, her eyes closes tight, she is frightened.

Ant leans in a little further in towards Lea.

ANT

I've already killed somebody tonight! I've got blood on my clothes... Maybe that's what makes you feel uncomfortable?

Peter watches Lea, she hangs her head low, she is unable to watch then Peter, annoyed, quickly lifts his head and looks Ant straight in the eye.

PETER

Leave her alone!

Ant sniggers and springs briskly to his feet. He steps towards Peter and leans down beside him, points the gun in his face.

ANT

You've got a beautiful wife, there... How did a fuckin' prick, like you bag a bitch like her? Hmm?

Silence. No answer.

ANT

What's the matter? No more wise-
ass cracks?.

Ant breaths deeply then slowly moves away from Peter's face, he stands up and slowly strides around the table and picks up the empty glass and throws it violently on the floor.

The glass smashes into a million pieces on the kitchen floor.

Lea and Peter flinch. They both turn slowly towards Ant. Peter lifts his head, his eyes searches Ant for a moment.

PETER

Why don't you turn yourself in?
All this isn't worth...

ANT

I didn't come this far just to
turn myself into the fuckin'
cops!

PETER

There's no escape. You seen the
streets lately? It's fuckin'
pandemonium out there!

Ant glares into Peters eyes, he's pissed now!. He rushes around the kitchen table and thrusts the .45 revolver into Peter's face.

ANT

Shut the fuck up! I run this
fuckin' show! If you talk again,
I swear, I'll shoot the fuckin'
wife! Understand?

Lea's springs to life, she stands and slowly approaches Ant.

LEA

My name's Lea... He's Peter...

ANT

Peter? Ha... I had you as a
"Dick", myself.

PETER

Funny... I still have you as a
"Dick"!

ANT

That's the fuckin' spirit Peter!
Now you got some balls...

PETER
Better believe it, pal!

Ant steps back, he laughs out loud, he is highly amused.
Lea returns to her seat and rests her head on her hand.

PETER
So, what's your name?

ANT
How's knowing my name going to
change your current situation?

PETER
You burst into our home, flash
your gun and orders us around. I
think we have the right to know
your name.

ANT
There's no such thing as having a
right! Not during a "hostage
situation"! Sit there and shut
the fuck up!

Ant slowly tramps across towards the back yard doors.

Ant's reflection in the large glass double doors stares
back at him. He approaches closer to the doors and peers
through the glass.

PETER
Why are you doing this? Why did
you kill somebody?

Ant slowly brings his head around and glances across at
Peter.

ANT
She had it coming! She just
didn't know it.

LEA
What did she do to deserve that?

ANT
She was my wife.. She was fuckin'
somebody else! Thought I didn't
know, but I found out! Now she's
dead!

Suddenly Ant turns toward the window, his attention is
caught by something which moves outside in the back yard.
He quickly bolts away from the window and moves towards
Peter and Lea.

ANT
Okay, get up! Now!.

Ant forces Lea and Peter at gun point to stand up, he pushes the barrel of the revolver into Peter's back and pushes him forward.

Ant, Lea and Peter hastily make an exit out of the kitchen and into the next room.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SUBURBS - STREET - NIGHT

A large gathering of PEOPLE, residents from the neighborhood, have formed mingling outside the police cordon.

More people, in dribs and drabs, join the group, eager to witness the free show. They scurry around like insects, looking to get a better view, more action.

The media are all here now. More Vans, T.V. CREWS, CAMERAMEN, NEWS REPORTERS and JOURNALISTS all over the place.

Police squad cars sit bumper to bumper, emergency lights brightly flash - red and blue.

Canine units, with dog handlers, they search, sniffing through gardens and the sidewalks in a frenzied manner. The dogs pull their handlers this way and that way as they sniff along a trail.

Page stands by the rear of a news van with CAM the cameraman. She watches the crowds, her eyes light up with excitement.

PAGE
This is good shit!

CAM
Sure is! Hope he keeps this up... I'm gettin' some some fuckin' amazin' footage!

Page hops to her feet, walks a few feet away from the van, she inhales the night air, breathes deeply and smiles.

PAGE
Don't you just love this Job?

CAM
Fuckin' 'A'!

INT. FRAYLING'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lea and Peter sit with their backs against the cold stone wall. Ant sits on top of a washing machine, he cradles the revolver in his hand.

Peter looks up towards Ant, motions his head.

PETER

Anything gonna' happen here tonight? I... I mean, aren't you ever gonna' leave?

ANT

Look, when the cops leave, I'll leave! So just sit and make like a dummy, and shut the fuck up!

PETER

You know, sooner or later they'll figure out your here... And then they'll send the S.W.A.T. guy's in... Then what?

ANT

Fine by me... But if they take me down I'll take you two with me.

Peter shakes his head in disagreement, laughs under his breath to himself.

ANT

What's so funny?

PETER

This is senseless! You kill your wife, hope to get away with it and then come here... What the fuck for? I don't understand?

Ant slides down from the washing machine. A blank expression on his face, he strides towards Peter, grabs him by the scruff of the neck and pulls him up, he forces the gun to his head.

ANT

Keep it up and the basement will get a new paint job. Red! Understand?

Ant pushes Peter and he stumbles backwards and falls back onto a chair.

ANT

Sit there, and shut your fuckin' hole!

Lea reaches forward and pulls Peter back, she looks nervous and holds Peter close. Lea leers at Ant.

LEA

Please... Just go!

ANT

Shut up bitch! Don't make me tell you again! I'm done fuckin' with you two!

EXT. FRAYLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A canine unit searches outside the Frayling house. A couple of dogs sniff around the front yard then they sit, a signal they have located the target's scent.

A POLICE OFFICER un-clips a walkie-talkie from his leather belt then speaks into it.

POLICE OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)

Located the target. Advise. Over!

OFFICER ROSENBERG (O.S. FILTERED)

Sit tight! A S.W.A.T unit's on the way! Over!

INT. FRAYLING'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Silence.

Ant sits slouched against a wall.

Lea and Peter are huddled together, both are silent, they look scared.

A voice from a bullhorn echoes outside.

OFFICER ROSENBERG (O.S. FILTERED)

This is the Los Angeles Police Department! I know you're in there! If you don't come out with your hands up, I'm sending in the S.W.A.T. team. It's your call!

Ant bolts forward, his jaw drops open, he's caught off guard for a moment. He whips his revolver around to his front and climbs on top of the washing machine. He peeks through a small almost blocked out window.

Police units and S.W.A.T. teams everywhere. Blinding bright spotlights shine in through the window.

Ant leaps off the washing machine, holds the gun out in front of him towards Peter and Lea.

ANT
Time to die!

Ant motions with his gun for the pair to stand up. They hesitantly obey.

The voice from a bullhorn outside.

OFFICER ROSENBERG (O.S. FILTERED)
You've got five minutes to give yourself up! You've got a woman in there with you! Think about it, man!

PETER
I told...

ANT
Don't fuckin' say it! Get up the stairs, now!

EXT. FRAYLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

S.W.A.T. agents gets into position heavily armed with laser optic sights on their rifles. The dull footsteps thud on the front yard.

S.W.A.T. AGENT #1 brings a hand around to his ear, he pushes a small button on a head-set.

S.W.A.T. AGENT #1
(into head-set)
Alpha team in position.

S.W.A.T. COMMANDER (O.S. FILTERED)
Alpha team hold your position!
Keep your weapons locked in the safety position and await further instructions!

S.W.A.T. Agent #1 backs up closely to the wall signals his men to do the same. The team fall silent.

INT. FRAYLING'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ant forces Lea and Peter into the kitchen and slams the door shut behind him. He motions them to sit in the chairs.

Peter, in a chair, looks up towards Ant.

PETER
You know, that door's glass!
They'll see you, you dumb fuck!

ANT

Good! That's the plan! I can see them and they can see me! You just worry about your little missus over there!

Ant sprints to the back door, he hides behind the wall and peeks outside. His gun raised to his chest. Sweat trickles down his face.

ANT

Shit!

PETER

See! Your in deep shit pal! Give up now while you still got a chance!

LEA

Maybe they'll treat you better if you surrender. Give up...

ANT

I didn't want it to go this far. But now you've forced my hand!

LEA

Then give up before it's too late..

Ant's expression is bold and disconnected from Lea and Peter. Ant thinks for a moment

ANT

I didn't mean to kill her... I only wanted to talk, but she came at me... With this gun. We struggled and during the confusion I grabbed the gun and accidentally shot her...

PETER

Is that how she died? Well that's an accident...

ANT

All I wanted was to talk. I loved my wife so much. We've been together since high school

PETER

You got kids?

ANT

Little Jason, he's three now... I thought we had a strong marriage.
(MORE)

ANT (cont'd)
Then she comes home, tells me
she's seeing somebody else and
wants a divorce.

Lea and Peter exchange a look. Peter turns back to face Ant.

PETER
Did you find the guy she was
having the affair with?

Ant nods "no". He slowly brings his head up and looks directly at Lea and Peter.

ANT
It's like this! You're fuckin'
wife was sleeping with my wife!
She's a lesbian bitch! She
fucked my wife and now my life's
fucked!

An expression of horror on Peter's face, he can't take this new information in.

Ant pulls the trigger back and aim the .45 at Lea and fires six shots.

Six shots blast into Lea's chest, she falls to the floor like a rag doll.

Peter bends down by Lea's side, blood pours from the bullet entry wounds and covers her clothes in blood. He lifts his head and turns to Ant.

PETER
You didn't have to shoot her!

ANT
It's a crime of passion, it
happens everyday! So, kill me...

Ant turns around and starts off for the back door. Slowly and cautiously Ant extends a hand toward the door handle.

A sudden blast of gunfire rips through the kitchen window. Glass explodes inward towards Ant, this cuts his face and tears through clothes like a hot knife through butter.

He falls backwards, and staggers, more gunfire, bullets find their target, penetrates through his chest. He drops to his knees then keels over and falls flat on his face. His face leans to one side. Eyes open, a glassy stare of death.

FADE OUT:

THE END