Gingerbread

Revision 1

By

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Original Concept
EXT. HAITI BEACH - NIGHT

CARD: HAITI 1910

Under a full moon, a clan of MUSCULAR HAITIANS (30’s), jog in formation, carrying a long wooden stake on their shoulders. On the stake are four White American Hostages, MALE HOSTAGES #1, #2 & #3 (20’s) and a FEMALE HOSTAGE (30’s), naked with their wrists and ankles tied hog style.

Their faces and bodies are painted with dried blood from inflicted cuts in the shape of voodoo symbols.

Their lips are stitched shut, crying and mumbling, trying to plead for their lives. The Haitians disappear into the woods. The faint drumming of a hypnotic beat and tongue chanting echoes in the background.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

HAITIANS DRUMMERS (30’s), sweat as they beat faster with power in each stroke. Trees around them are saturated in black sap that runs across the bark freely.

HAITIAN FOLLOWERS (ages vary), worship decapitated head pieces, praying, speaking in native tongue, possessed, showing the whites of their eyes, shaking and twitching in an outbreak of convolutions.

A pit, filled with blood. A large tree close by, drips black sap from its thorns into the pit.

The Haitians tie MALE HOSTAGES #1 & #2 and the FEMALE HOSTAGE to the trees dripping in black sap. They look at the pit, horrified.

The Haitians lift MALE HOSTAGE #3 above their heads.

The Drummer’s beat shifts into a head banging drum roll.

Hostage #3 gasps his last breath, ripping through his sewed bleeding lips, then is thrown head first into the pit.

The drumming stops; everyone is silent.

In a state of shock, the Hostages are unable to blink, trembling from head to toe as the blood in the pit moves in ripples as if something is preparing to rise from it.

NANA crawls out the pit, tall, nude, curvaceous young body, wearing a head piece of a Queen Cobra. It’s mouth is closed and her face hidden beneath it.
Without hesitation, the Haitian followers pray, whispering in a fast chant.

Nana stands up, the mouth on the snake head piece opens by itself, exposing her face, a beautiful Haitian woman (30’s). She walks up to Male Hostage #1 and playfully scratches her long nails down his chest, burning his flesh, growling.

**NANA**

Are you here to bring back what was stolen from me, white boy?

Nana seductively leans in, sliding her hands down his chest, making him jerk unexpectedly.

**NANA (CONT’D)**

Did you?

The sound of flesh ripping, a violent jerk reaction. The eyes of Male Hostage #1 burst, splattering Nana with BLOOD.

Nana pulls back her bloody hand, gripping his heart. Nana turns to her followers, holding up her closed hand, igniting into flames.

The Haitians howl, rejoicing. The drums play a haunting beat.

Nana takes off the head piece, passing it to a Haitian standing by. Her long hair falls down covering her breasts.

She walks up to MALE HOSTAGE #2, covering his mouth with her bloody hand.

**NANA (CONT’D)**

Revenge is sweet but leaves a bitter taste in the belly of infidels.

Male Hostage #2 tries to break free, in pain, suffocating as Nana manifests a serpent from the palm of her hand and into his mouth, stretching out his cheeks, gagging. It slides down his throat, flexing the muscles in his neck.

Nana pulls her hand back and stares down at the Female Hostage, holding a replica voodoo doll of her.

**NANA (CONT’D)**

Good, you’re scared, child. But this is nothing, nothing compared to the place I’m going to take you.

Smoke rises from the doll. The Female Hostage grits her teeth as she feels the same burn.
NANA (CONT’D)
I will retrieve what was stolen
from my people. Something that does
not belong to you white devils!

Female Hostage’s body is engulfed in a raging inferno. She
screams as the flames absorb her body to ash.

NANA (V.O.)
You take that message back to the
master devil. A warning sent by
Goth!

Nana holds the burning doll in her hand, admiring the
flames.

NANA
Your time will come, I know - Nana
always knows.

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EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLECARD: COVINGTON, GA. OCTOBER 31st, 1997 - 5 AM

The strong autumn wind howls outside the large rundown
Brothel House.

4

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

A brown cardboard cut-out of a Gingerbread man with a
demonic snarling face colored in red marker is taped against
the window from inside.

5

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Autumn breeze whistles through the cracked walls in one
direction leading up to a closed bedroom door.

6

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished, rundown with badly chipped
and cracked walls. A twin size bed is positioned in the
middle of the room. The outline of TYRONE’s body quivers in
a fetal position underneath the blanket.

TYRONE
(crying)
Why? You promised me. You said I
don’t ever have to do it again!
Why?
Suddenly, Tyrone wrestles wildly in a tense struggle for control. After a few seconds, the struggle stops. Tyrone sits straight up, quilt covering his body like a ghost. He gets out of bed.

NANA (V.O.)
You pathetic weakling! How dare you lie in bed like a baby with your balls tucked between your legs like a coward! You have a lot to learn, Gingerbread!
(raised voice)
YOU WILL TAKE THOSE DEVILS TO THE LEARNING TREE! TEACH THEM THAT THEIR CRIES WON’T BE ANSWERED BY GOD AND THEIR SCREAMS WILL ECHO IN HELL!

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

The blustery winds intensifies, picking up the loose red clay and grit from the ground. The dust cloud rotates in a circular motion around the house forming a funnel of dirt.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The quilt blanket falls to the floor. Tyrone (15) black male, tall, slender build with bizarre facial twitches stands motionless in a deep cold euphoric expression. His eyes roll to the back of his head displaying a demonic stare.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Tyrone’s grandmother NANA (very old) bedridden, with matted corn rolls appears frail and weaken.

She can barely open her eyes turning her head at Tyrone who’s at her bed side in tears, holding her hand in comfort. She replies with a smile, squeezing his hand tight.

NANA
Tyrone?

TYRONE
(crying)
I told you to call me Gingerbread.

NANA
Gingerbread?

Nana licks her finger and scribbles a heart symbol on his cheek.
NANA (CONT’D)
You’ll always be Tyrone Henry to me!

TYRONE
Mom says you’re dying.

Nana looks away, her mind drifts in thought.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
I don’t want you to leave me, Nana.

NANA
Death opens doors for us to exist in the after life.

Nana looks back at Tyrone.

NANA (CONT’D)
You’ll never be alone, my grandson.

(soothing)
If you open the door, I’ll come inside.

10 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large crowd of FAMILIES and FRIENDS are gathered at the burial site of Nana. With a blank look on his face, Tyrone stares at the coffin looking sick, feeling lost. The PRIEST continues reading from the bible.

PRIEST
Our father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come, your will be done, on Earth, as it is in heaven...

(close on Tyrone)
...but deliver us from evil.

Bitterly, Tyrone stares at the Priest.

11 INT. ATTORNEYS OFFICE - DAY

Seated at a conference table is Nana’s ATTORNEY. He gives Tyrone an unique well crafted gingerbread house.

ATTORNEY
I promised Nana to give this to you. She said you have a sweet tooth for Gingerbread.

Fascinated, Tyrone stares at the front door.
TYRONE
It’s Nana’s house.

NANA (V.O.)
If you open the door, I’ll come inside.

Tyrone looks up from the gingerbread house with a slight grin.

12 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

In the dark, sitting on the bed in his underwear, Tyrone stares at the gingerbread house on the floor. The door cracks open.

NANA (V.O.)
If you open the door, I’ll come inside.

Tyrone’s eyes roll to the back of his head. He leaps off the bed, landing on the gingerbread house and smashing it.

Like a deranged maniac he shoves hand-fulls of smashed gingerbread pieces into his mouth, gagging and chewing the awful taste, black cream oozing from the gingerbread, blackening his mouth and lips.

In agony, clutching his throat with both hands, Tyrone spits up black saliva, drooling on his hands, struggling to breath.

He collapses on the floor. A stream of smoke rises from his mouth as if a spirit is escaping from him. Suddenly, Tyrone’s eyes snap open.

13 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY – NIGHT

The PROSTITUTES (20’s to 30’s) are standing outside their bedrooms staring at Tonya’s closed door, listening to C.J. losing his temper on Tonya.

C.J. (OS)
I want my money, bitch! You think I’m playing? You better think again, bitch!

C.J. slapping Tonya is heard through the door.
INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, C.J.’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Crying, a bruised and bloody Tonya crawls up, leaning against the wall. C.J. picks up her purse, going through her items.

C.J.
I don’t give a damn about your punk ass son being sick! You work for me, not him!

Frustrated, he throws the purse down, walks to her dresser and pulls out drawers, throwing her clothes out. Shaken, Tonya stands up. He reaches inside the drawer looking for something.

Tonya leans against the wall looking like a complete mess with mascara running down her face. She wipes away the blood from her mouth with her sleeve, pleading to C.J.

TONYA
Just let me go! Please C.J., there’s something wrong with me, something ain’t right! I’ve been having these fucking headaches, I feel dizzy all the time, and I can’t remember anything from yesterday!

C.J. pulls out a taped envelope flashing it at Tonya.

TONYA (CONT’D)
I’m begging you to let me go!

C.J. walks over to Tonya, dropping the money on the bed and pulling out a loaded syringe from his coat pocket.

C.J.
You wanna go somewhere? You looking to take a little trip sweetie? I got that for you.

Out of fear, Tonya moves away from C.J., sliding back against the wall.

TONYA
No! I don’t want it!

C.J. lunges over at Tonya who tries to fight back but is over powered. He injects the drug into her neck, easing Tonya down to the floor in a sitting position with her head down.
C.J.
Look at me - Look at me!

Tonya stares at C.J., looking and feeling rejuvenated and healed, a twinkle in her eye. C.J. strokes her cheek.

C.J. (CONT’D)
Now, I want you to get up, go back to the club, and shake your money making ass I own till the wheels fall off. Got it?

Tonya nods mechanically.

C.J. (CONT’D)
Go make that money, baby girl.

Tonya gets up, exiting the room.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tonya walks past the Prostitutes who look on quietly.

C.J. (V.O.)
(yelling to prostitutes)
Get back to work!

The Prostitutes rush to their rooms terrified.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

C.J. stands up hearing a faint whisper in his ear.

NANA (V.O)
The devil will cry.

C.J. jerks around checking the room. He stares at the bed pushing it aside. A gingerbread cookie resembling C.J. stares at him.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunrise

From a window, a ray of sunlight shines from the hallway. Tyrone exits the bedroom closing the door behind him.
INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Tyrone looks to the left side of the hallway at the row of closed bedroom doors.

He hears the pleasures of moans coming from various WOMEN having sex. The sound of bed springs squeaking out of rhythm. The sound of horny MEN grunting in satisfaction.

NANA (V.O.)
Whores Gingerbread, just like your mother. The devil has poisoned their souls with lust. Listen to them fornicate like filthy animals.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Tyrone grabs his book bag and jacket from the table, which is strewn with empty alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tyrone walks towards the front door. His mother, TONYA HENRY - (32), lies on the floor in front of the couch. She is beautiful, tall slender build with long black hair. She is unconscious and wearing a housecoat with nothing underneath, exposing parts of her nude body.

Tyrone kneels down at her side, brushing her hair back gently.

Tyrone pulls the throw off the couch, covering Tonya.

TYRONE
She’s still my mother, Nana.

Tyrone licks his finger drawing a symbol on her cheek, gets up, walks out the front door.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Tyrone sits on a wooden fence in front of an abandoned house.

In the distance, a School Bus approaches.

The Bus stops in front of Tyrone. The doors open.
INT. BUS – DAY

Slowly, Tyrone walks onto the Bus.

THE BUS DRIVER greets Tyrone with a smirk.

BUS DRIVER
Let’s move it, I ain’t got all morning.

Tyrone takes a seat behind the Driver. He unzips the pocket of his book bag, removing a clear plastic bag of frosted gingerbread cookies. He takes a cookie out and eats it, staring out the window in silence.

STUDENTS seated directly behind and across from Tyrone, quietly move to the back of the bus.

The Bus is completely silent as it sets off.

EXT. RURAL ROAD – DAY

The School Bus drives along the road.

INT. SCHOOL BUS – DAY

MIDDLE SECTION

MICHAEL CLARK (15) leans over and catches the ears of ANDREW THOMAS (15) and PAUL WRIGHT (15) who sit in front of him.

MICHAEL
(California accent)
Hey Andrew, what’s with the black kid up front?

Andrew and Paul glance at each other turning back towards Michael.

ANDREW
Look, just keep your distance from him. Don’t talk to him. Don’t look at him.

PAUL
Trust us, you don’t want to fuck with that crazy motherfucker.

MICHAEL
What’s his name?
ANDREW
They call him the Gingerbread Man.

Michael laughs out loud.

MICHAEL
The Gingerbread Man? What kind of name is that?

PAUL
Shut up! Geez man, do you want him to hear you?

ANDREW
Seriously, don’t mess with him.

Michael stares at him, a grin of curiosity in his face. Staring out the window, Tyrone talks to himself as he eats the cookies. Quickly, Andrew grabs Michael by his shirt collar pulling him close to his face.

ANDREW (CONT’D)
Look asshole! If you want to die, be my guest, but don’t fuck with him around us!

Andrew releases his hold on Michael turning back, facing the front of the bus. Michael waits for a second, leaning back into Paul’s ear.

MICHAEL
So he’s like sick or something? I mean, shouldn’t he be locked in a nut house, wearing a straight jacket or some type of shock therapy?

Paul turns to Michael.

PAUL
He’s a serial killer.

With a look of disbelief, Michael continues to smirk.

MICHAEL
Bullshit, prove it?

PAUL
(to Andrew)
Tell him...
ANDREW

Ok...

EXT. JARVIS DEALERSHIP, LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Driven by anger, Tyrone swings a crowbar busting out the headlights and windows of expensive luxury cars, he pours gasoline in the front seats.

ANDREW (V.O.)
I can’t say for sure what started it, but one thing is for sure, Gingerbread was out for revenge!

Using a burning rag on a stick, Tyrone ignites the fires and then runs across the street to his parked bike leaning against the side dumpster of a corner store. Like a bomb, the cars detonate into exploding fireballs, shooting out flying debris in a chain reaction.

Smiling, Tyrone admires his work, takes off riding his bike away from the scene.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Casually, Tyrone is riding his bike eating gingerbread cookies while humming "Sweet Gingerbread Man."

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Deep within the woods and surrounded by an electrical chain link fence a foot high, is the ranch style compound sitting on several acres of land. A slow moving SECURITY PATROL CAR circles the compound.

INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT

The SECURITY GUARD, overweight is smoking a joint, drinking a beer, and listening to country music, not paying attention.

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tyrone runs behind the patrol car up to the security key pad entering a pass code, entering the facility.

INT. MATRIX LABORATORY, STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Tyrone steals vials of experimental serum out the storage containers in a refrigerator, filling his back pack, zips it shut, and throws it on across his shoulders. He runs between various work stations, turning on the Bunsen burners and releasing gases.
EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, WINDOW - NIGHT

Tyrone climbs out of the lab window, leaning back against the side of the building. He takes out a Molotov Cocktail from his back pack lighting the cloth with a lighter.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

Hey!

At the end of the building the Security Guard shines a flashlight and takes chase after Tyrone.

Quickly, Tyrone steps back like a quarterback throwing the lit bottle through the window. He pulls his bike from behind the bush riding off in a burst of speed.

The Security Guard pulls his fire arm, shooting at Tyrone as he penetrates the fence through a man made slit, disappearing in the woods. The lab blows up in a powerful explosion knocking the security guard off his feet.

Stunned, the Security Guard makes an emergency call on his radio.

SECURITY GUARD

203 to Dispatch! There’s been an explosion <BEAT> I need fire & rescue sent to West Wing...

The lab explodes again.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Wearing his reading glasses, Mayor JARVIS JORDAN (40’s) is signing paper work, answering the telephone on the second ring.

JARVIS

Yes - what?

Jarvis stops writing, taking off his glasses, looking very alarmed.

JARVIS (CONT’D)

When? What the hell happened? What the fuck am I paying you for?
Where’s O’Brien? You tell that useless fuck be there in fifteen minutes!

Jarvis slams the phone, running out the office.
EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT

The remains of west wing of the ranch is burned down to the ground, surrounded by DEPUTY SHERIFFS and local FIRE FIGHTERS.

The FIRE MARSHALL (40’s) gives O’BRIEN a dirty plastic bag taking a look inside.

O’BRIEN
That son of a bitch!

Driving up in a sports car and getting out, Jarvis runs up to O’Brien and deputies demanding answers.

JARVIS
(screaming)
I want the motherfucker who’s responsible for this buried 12 feet deep! I want names O’Brien! Who’s trying to fuck me!

O’Brien opens the bag showing Jarvis the contents inside.

JARVIS (CONT’D)
I want that cookie eating bastard dealt with! He’s gotta be working with that trailer trash reporter Tina Rush! Deal with it!

Jarvis jams a folded envelope into O’Brien’s chest, taking it, as Jarvis storms off to look at the damages. He unfolds the envelope marked "Classified," on the back is well drawn picture of Mayor Jarvis in the form of a bleeding gingerbread.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Deep in the woods, an unconscious Tyrone is viciously beaten, tortured, and tied to a large tree branch by his hands above his head hanging off the ground in his underwear.

Two local HUNTERS (60’s) stand speechless staring at the body.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Mayor Jarvis figured the best way to deal with the threat was to make Gingerbread’s death look like a hate crime.
INT. HOSPITAL ICU – DAY

Attending MEDICAL PHYSICIAN (50’s) and NURSES (30’s) revives an unconscious Tyrone using a defibrillator.

DOCTOR

Clear!

The Nurses step back. Tyrone’s body jerks in response of the electric shock. The EKG monitor registers a pulse.

ANDREW (V.O.)

He died and came back to life three times.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE – DAY

Local town thugs GAGE O’BRIEN (17) and his CREW (16 to 17) are hanging out, smoking cigarettes, and drinking soda pop in front of a store trying to impress a group of GIRLS (16 to 17) in a parked convertible.

ANDREW (V.O.)

The town rumor is that the sheriff’s son Gage, and his butt fucking buddies did this. Believe it or not but that’s how black people are treated in the dirty south. I don’t agree with it, but that’s the way it is.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT – DAY

Dressed in black, Tyrone, wearing a matching back pack rides up to the doors, sliding to a complete stop. He unzips his pack filled with tools, taking out a crow bar, breaking off the padlock, entering inside.

INT. GARAGE HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR – DAY

In a fit of rage, Tyrone turns over storage shelves, flammable storage lockers, and barrel drums filled with fluids, spilling through the cratered floor down to the first floor.

INT. GARAGE HOUSE – 1ST FLOOR – DAY

Tyrone is standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on fire, admiring the flames running through his fingers.

NANA (V.O.)

We’re going to burn all the rats in one hole!
EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Tyrone is riding between abandoned steel refinery buildings, being chased by Gage’s crew in hot pursuit.

Out of nowhere, Tyrone is blindsided and tackled to the ground by Gage, slightly overweight with curly hair jumping to his feet kicking him in the stomach.

GAGE
Come on you black piece of shit!
Get up!

The crew of bullies catches up, jump off their bikes, grabbing Tyrone by his arms picking him up.

GAGE (CONT’D)
Hold him!

One of the bigger bullies, BULLY #1 (17) applies a vice grip full nelson on Tyrone. Gage delivers several hard blows to his mid section making him cough hard.

BULLY #1
You better mind your master boy!

BULLY #2 & #3 laugh in amusement. Anxiously, Gage rubs his fist ready to rumble.

GAGE
Check his pockets.

Bullies #2 & #3 check Tyrone’s pockets. Bully #2 pulls out a plastic zip bag of weed from his jacket.

BULLY #2
Oh shit! Jackpot!

BULLY #3
Well hello, Mary Jane!

TYRONE
Give it back, you fucking devils!

Gage kicks Tyrone in the groin making him fall to the ground holding his crotch in pain. Gage takes the bag of weed, examining it.

GAGE
Since I’m the sheriff’s son, that gives me the right to confiscate this illegal substance and put it to use, bitch!
Gage and his crew kick Tyrone several more times, riding off behind the building.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE – NIGHT

The room is surrounded by old wooden crates and drum barrels. The floor is soaked and gritty. Gage is ready to light the joint placing it between his lips.

GAGE
Give me a light.

Bully #1 gives gage a book of matches.

BULLY #1
There’s a couple left.

Bully #2 is looking around the warehouse.

BULLY #2
Aye, are you sure it’s okay to smoke in here.

BULLY #3
Stop being a pussy, it’s cool.

EXT. STORAGE GARAGE – NIGHT

Tyrone secures the sliding doors with a chain and lock. He runs, getting inside an old tow truck facing the garage.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE – NIGHT

Gage lights the joint, throwing the lit match to the ground.

INT. TOW TRUCK – NIGHT

Waiting in anticipation, Tyrone is eating gingerbread cookies. Suddenly, the entire garage blows up in a powerful fireball explosion.

In the driver seat is a gingerbread cookie resembling Gage.

ANDREW (V.O.)
There were no witnesses, and the only piece of evidence at the scene was a gingerbread cookie.

END OF FLASHBACK
EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. JUDY WILKINS, a conservative teacher (36) along with BECKY RICE (25) an attractive assistant, pass out copies of the school play to the STUDENTS, who talk amongst each other with excitement.

Tyrone sits in the back of the class, fiddling with his fingers obsessively and with an evil look in his eyes. Mrs. Wilkins stands at the front of the class.

MRS. WILKINS
Settle down, settle down class.
Please open to the first page to the cast of characters - you’ll find your names assigned to the parts you’ll be playing.

The Students turn to the first page. NICHOLAS GRANT (15) athletic build, pumps his fist in approval after finding his name.

NICHOLAS
Thank you stage gods, I’m playing the prince again!

Sitting across from Nicholas is young JESSICA PIERCE (15), a curly red head with freckles, stares at him playfully. She leans over to Nicholas.

YOUNG JESSICA
They got it both right this time.

Nicholas blushes with a smile.

NICHOLAS
The part I’m going to like is the ending.

YOUNG JESSICA
You mean when we kiss.

TUCKER JONES (15), a chunky teen with acne issues, sits behind Nicholas. He yells out.

TUCKER
Mrs. Wilkins, you might wanna tell Romeo and Juliet that we’re doing a G-rated play and not a porn flick.

The STUDENTS laugh.
YOUNG JESSICA
You’re just mad that no one wants
to kiss your crater face - it looks
like the back of your mothers fat
ass!

The Students burst out laughing even louder. Mrs. Wilkins
claps her hands to gain control of the class.

MRS. WILKINS
Alright, alright that’s enough from
both of you.

Jessica glares at Tucker, flipping him the middle finger.

MRS. WILKINS (CONT’D)
I’m expecting everyone to act like
respectable ladies and gentlemen.
Remember, Mayor Jordan will be in
attendance, so I expect all of you
to be on your best behavior.

Abruptly, Tyrone slams a book on top of the desk. Everyone
turns gasping at him.

TYRONE
Why am I not in the devils play?

Mrs. Wilkins gulps. The class turns to her.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Why can’t I be the prince who
kisses Jessica in front of
everyone?

The classroom remains completely silent. Young Jessica turns
to the front scared.

Mrs. Wilkins looks frightened, nervous, rubbing her hands
together.

MRS. WILKINS
Well, um, that’s because um, you’ll
be playing a special part.

Mrs. Wilkins turns to Mrs. Rice as she steps up to the
class.

MRS. RICE
That’s right, you’re going to be
playing the role of the - the
Gingerbread Man!
The Student body gasps at Mrs. Wilkins. Even Mrs. Wilkins looks aghast.

**YOUNG JESSICA**
I cannot believe Mrs. Rice just suggested that.

Tyrone narrows his eyes and grins devilishly.

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**EXT. TRACK FIELD – DAY**

A group of students stretching out on the grassy lawn; RYAN CLARK (16), CRYSTAL SUMMERS (16), BRIE ANDERSON (15), CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (16), TOM BOHEMIAN (16), ROBERT MILLS (16), and BILLY RICE (15).

Billy looks up seeing Tyrone along the fence line on the far end of the field. He turns tapping Ryan on the shoulder stretching next to him.

**BILLY**
Hey, didn’t you tell me the next time you saw that black spook, you were going to kick his ass?

Billy points to Tyrone walking down field. Everyone looks in the same direction. Ryan stands up.

**RYAN**
Hell yeah, his ass is mine!

Everyone stands. Tom steps in front of Ryan.

**TOM**
Wait a minute! Are you sure you want to do that?

**BRIE**
Remember what happened to Gage and his crew.

**ROBERT**
Burned crispy critters beyond recognition.

**CRYSTAL**
And he got away with it.

Ryan stares at everyone, raising his voice in anger.

**RYAN**
Are you telling me you’re more afraid of him than me? You’re all a bunch of pussies.
Ryan step into Christopher’s face.

    RYAN (CONT’D)
    What about you?

Christopher looks unsure of himself.

    CHRISTOPHER
    Yeah. I’m - I’m with you Ryan.

47  EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD – DAY  47

Brie, Billy, Crystal, Robert, Tom, Christopher and Ryan walk in the direction of Tyrone.

Brie elbows Billy in the shoulder.

    BRIE
    Why did you have to open your pie hole?

Billy shrugs his shoulders with guilt.

    BILLY
    I didn’t think he would actually go through it.

Everyone stops near the fence line.

Ryan pushes Christopher forward.

Christopher hesitates for a second looking back at Ryan who squints his eyes, squeezes his lips tightly and flashes his fist in a threatening manner.

Christopher takes a deep breath as he walks up to Tyrone from behind.

    CHRISTOPHER
    Hey, nigger!

Tyrone ignores Christopher but his eyes tell a different story. Christopher turns back to the group.

    CHRISTOPHER (CONT’D)
    Now what?

    RYAN
    (yelling out) )
    Go kick his black ass!

Christopher moves closer, grabbing Tyrone by the back of his jacket, turning him around.
Out of nowhere, Tyrone throws a large RODENT with its jaws fully extended into Christopher’s face.

Christopher screams with his arms flying outwards. The head of the rodent enters inside his mouth, biting down on his tongue. Squirting blood runs down his chin.

BRIE
Oh my god.

BILLY
What’s he doing?

Everyone jumps back in horror.

In a fit of panic, Christopher screams at the top of his voice, the rodent clawing his face, gagging, choking on his blood.

With all of his might, Christopher pulls the rodent out tearing off a piece of his tongue in the process. Out of shock, he falls to his knees vomiting a combination of blood and digested lunch.

The rodent, with part of Christopher’s tongue in mouth, runs off into the tree-line of the woods.

Christopher rolls on the ground in agonizing pain with his hands over his mouth. The heavy flow of blood leaks between his fingers. Crystal vomits.

Billy passes out falling to the ground. Brie hyperventilates, desperately gasping for air.

Ryan, Robert, and Tom take off running in separate directions.

Tyrone leans back against the fence, laughing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT ENTRANCE – DAY

FEMALE PARAMEDIC & MALE PARAMEDIC wheel Christopher on the stretcher moaning in discomfort and crying. His mouth is filled with a blood-soaked gauze held by a metal clamp.

Christopher is loaded into the ambulance. Paramedic #1 jumps in with Christopher. Paramedic #2 slams shut the back doors.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE – DAY

Principal JOHN BRADLEY (50’s), stands in front of the window watching the ambulance driving off with the siren blaring.

School psychiatrist, DR. JANICE BARNES and head security officer BENNY GORDON are seated in front of the principal’s desk.

Upset, Principal Bradley shakes his head in disgust pacing behind his desk with his hands in his pockets.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
For Christ sakes, please explain what the hell that kid was thinking of? He used a fucking rat as a weapon to chew out a student’s tongue!

DR. BARNES
I’ve evaluated Tyrone. Without question he has severe psychotic disorders.

BENNY
More like demonic possession if you ask me.

Principal Bradley stops with a scowl look.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
Psychotic disorders! Demonic possession! You mean to tell me this lunatic has been running loose in my school and no one knew anything about his mental health?

DR. BARNES
I’m afraid not. I will say that Tyrone has been dealing with this from a very young age.

Frustrated, Principal Bradley sits down behind the desk, rubbing his hands over his face.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
Did you get a hold of his mother?

DR. BARNES
No, their phone is disconnected.
PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
What about her place of employment?

BENNY
I’ve heard several students mention that Tyrone’s mother works at the strip club "Dixie Chicks" during the day.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
Wonderful. Where’s Tyrone?

BENNY
Roger is watching him in detention. I hate to say it, but that kid gives me the creeps.

Principal Bradley picks up the phone dialing out a number.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY
You and I both - hey it’s John - um listen, I need you to come by the school as soon as possible, we have a serious situation involving Tyrone Henry.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION CLASSROOM - DAY

Small classroom with no windows. Security officer ROGER (50’s), is asleep behind the desk with his legs up.

At the back of the room, Tyrone slowly gets up from his seat, walking quietly up to the desk with his hand behind his back. He grips a large pair of scissors, looking at the closed door and then back at Roger.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, OUTSIDE DETENTION ROOM - DAY

The detention door opens. Tyrone stands in the doorway with his face and clothes covered in blood. He exits the room turning down the hallway.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Roger lies on the floor behind the desk in a massive pool of blood with the scissors pierced through both sides of his neck.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Unnoticed, Tyrone runs full sprint.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STAIRWAY - DAY

In a mad dash, Tyrone runs down the stairs.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BASEMENT - DAY

Tyrone leaps from the steps down to the basement floor, running through the corridor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY

Tyrone stands outside the door, turning the door knob slowly, the door opens. He walks up to the railing of the stairway looking down.

BOTTOM SECTION - WORK SPACE

Ryan stands in the middle of the work shop smoking a JOINT, staring out the window.

Outside, the JANITORS are cutting the lawn.

From behind, Tyrone picks up a coil of rope off the floor, wrapping the ends around his hands.

Ryan continues staring out the window taking a long deep drag from the joint.

Without warning, Tyrone jumps on Ryan’s back looping the rope around his neck, wrapping his legs around his waist, pulling back with a sick psychotic look of desperation.

NANA (V.O.)
Kill him Gingerbread! Kill the Devil!

Ryan is choking, grabbing the ends of the rope, struggling to breathe.

Viciously, Tyrone bites down on Ryan’s ear ripping off a piece of cartilage. Blood gushes down the side of his neck.

They both fall backward against the storage shelves collapsing on top of them. Several miscellaneous items, including a metal mallet falls to the floor.

Ryan flips Tyrone over his shoulders down to the concrete floor. He dives for the mallet grabbing it.
In a blind rage, Tyrone jumps on Ryan, grabbing a hand full of hair, repeatedly slamming his face into the cement floor.

Ryan’s bloody front teeth fly out from his mouth. He screams, twisting his body, swinging the mallet striking Tyrone across the head, knocking him backwards to the ground bleeding from a head wound. Ryan staggers to his feet screaming.

**RYAN**

You’re dead, nigger!

Aggressively, Ryan charges Tyrone with his back turned holding the mallet high above his head with both hands.

At the last second, Tyrone spins around, slicing Ryan’s face with a knife.

In excruciating pain, Ryan drops the mallet covering his face with both hands. Blood spews from Ryan’s face. Blindly, he screams, trying to feel his way stumbling in a circle lost.

**RYAN (CONT’D)**

Ah! My fucking face! I can’t see! Help me! Someone fucking help me!

Tyrone picks up the mallet from the floor, moving around Ryan in circles.

**NANA (V.O.)**

Kill the fucking devil! The devil needs to die! Kill the fucking devil!

(Shouting)

THE DEVIL NEEDS TO DIE!

Repeatedly, Tyrone strikes Ryan across the head. He stumbles backwards into the work station next to a mounted table vice.

Tyrone grabs a dazed Ryan by the hair, turning his body face first inside the teeth of the table vice.

Firmly, he presses his weight on top of Ryan’s back side turning the knob on the steering wheel, closing the large clamps tightly against Ryan’s skull.

**RYAN**

STOP IT! STOP IT!

*** Reaching across the table, Tyrone picks up a plugged in power drill with a long drilling bit. ***
*** With a sadistic smile on his face, Tyrone presses the drill bit against the back of Ryan’s neck. ***

*** The buzzing sound of the drill twists grinding through Ryan’s skull. All we see is Tyrone’s face being splattered with blood. Ryan screams in a high pitch squeal for a several heart pounding seconds. The sound of his throat vomits in a mixture of blood and saliva in a gurgling manner. ***

57 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM – DAY 57

Tonya paces nervously, smoking a cigarette to calm her nerves.

    TONYA
    I can’t believe you pulled this shit again, Tyrone. The entire town is probably out looking to kill you – and there’s nothing I can do to protect you anymore. I can’t handle this anymore – I’m sorry.

Tonya grabs her coat from a chair.

Tonya walks over to the couch, grabbing her packed duffel bag.

Suddenly, the front door flies open. Startled, Tonya jumps back dropping her bag.

Tyrone stands in the doorway breathing hard.

    TONYA
    Tyrone, what the fuck!

Tyrone walks inside the living room, slamming the front door shut.

    NANA (V.O.)
    Going somewhere, Coco?

Tonya’s face turns white as a ghost in fear, unable to comprehend what she just heard.

    TONYA
    Oh my God. The only person... Nana?

With a devilish grin, Tyrone walks up to Tonya.

    NANA (V.O.)
    That’s right, Coco. This past year I’ve been with my grandson, guiding
NANA (V.O.)
and protecting my Gingerbread from
those white devils. And now,
everyone is going to pay for what
they did to him.

Tonya thinks out loud.

TONYA
(to Tyrone)
It was you -- you’ve turned my son
into a killer!

With rage in her eyes Tonya walks up to Tyrone.

TONYA (CONT’D)
You’ve got the entire town looking
for my son! Do you realize they’re
going to kill him. How could you do
this to my son, you evil bitch!?

NANA (V.O.)
You should be thanking me for
giving a weak boy the back bone he
needs against those devils.

Tonya grabs hold of Tyrone’s arms.

TONYA
I want my son back god damn it!
GIVE HIM BACK TO ME!

Tyrone laughs at Tonya.

NANA (V.O.)
Give my grandson back to a filthy,
dried up whore? No, Gingerbread
doesn’t need a junkie whore in his
life. I will take care of him.

Unexpectedly, the front door flies open. C.J. walks into the
living room towards Tyrone.

C.J.
There’s the fuckin’ psycho... You
don’t have to worry about spending
the rest of your life in prison.
They’re going to hang your
black-ass from the same tree where
they left you to die, nigga.

Tonya steps in front of C.J., pleading for her son’s life.
TONYA
C.J. listen to me. I know this is going to sound crazy but Tyrone didn’t do this by himself. You got to believe me.

C.J.
Bitch! Get the fuck outta my face with that bullshit, I ain’t fallen for that!

TONYA
I - I know it sounds fucked up but its the truth! She spoke to me! If you only give me a chance to...

C.J. viciously back hand slaps Tonya across the face. She falls on top of the coffee table shattering the glass and breaking the frame into pieces.

C.J. pulls out a pistol from the waist band of his pants pointing the weapon at Tyrone staring back unafraid.

Unnoticed, Tonya grabs a broken table leg with a number of nail exposed on the end.

C.J.
(to Tyrone)
Don’t worry Tonya, your son and I are going to finish the ass-whipping I started days ago. Today, you were short on my money. So I’m gonna tap dance on your punk ass son just like a slave master – just like the last time.

In a flash, Tonya grunts, hammering C.J.’s foot with the table leg, piercing the long nails through his shoe. C.J. screams in pain. He accidentally fires a single round from the pistol shattering a table-top vase into pieces.

TONYA
(shouting) )
RUN TYRONE!

Without hesitation, Tyrone takes off running into the hallway. C.J., off balance from his injured foot, fires several shots at Tyrone.

C.J.
Mothafucka!
INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Telepathically, the bed slides across the floor, Tyrone hops over it, blocking the door. Tyrone removes a loose floor board in the center of the room taking out rolls of money, cassette tapes, and vial capsules into his book bag.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tonya charges at C.J., swinging the table leg at his head. C.J. ducks under the attack, comes up pistol whipping Tonya in the face with a back handed blow.

Tonya is knocked down to the floor. Her cheek bone is cut, bleeding, and badly swollen. A pissed off C.J., grabs Tonya by her hair dragging her body across the floor pressing the barrel of the pistol against her temple.

C.J.
I’m gonna splatter your fucking brains all over this floor if you don’t call him back bitch!

Suddenly, the front door is kicked in. MAYOR JARVIS JORDAN (40’s) slick black hair combed back with a deep southern accent walks inside the living room. He’s followed by four of his HENCHMEN (20’s) armed with shot guns.

JARVIS
Now that’s no way to treat my prized possession.

C.J. let’s Tonya go glaring at Jarvis.

TONYA
Fuck you!

An amused Jarvis turns back to his men laughing.

JARVIS
Fuck me? Yeah, been there done that...
(to Tonya)
I had to brag to my boys on how talented you are. Maybe if you cooperate, I’ll let them sample a piece.

Jarvis walks around the living room.

JARVIS (CONT’D)
But right now, I’m here about business. Something that your son
JARVIS (CONT’D)
continues to stick his nose into.
Your boy has something that belongs
to me and I’m gonna get it back,
one way or another.

60 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY

The School janitor GUS RICHARDS (50’s), leads Sheriff
O’BRIEN (30’s), Sheriff Deputies DANIEL PATRICK (20’s),
MARCUS RUSSELL (20’s), SAM WALKER (20’s), and LISA JONES
(20’s), down the metal stairs through the maintenance work
shop to the back restricted area.

61 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A large puddle of BLOOD sits underneath the closed double
doors.

       O’BRIEN
              (to Gus)
       Has anyone else been down here?

Nervously, Gus fumbles his hat between his fingers.

       GUS
       No sheriff, the building is
       completely empty.

O’Brien draws his service weapon. The deputies follow his
lead with anticipation. He opens the unlocked doors.

Flashlights shine on the blood trail leading to a slump nude
body of Ryan, tied in barbed wire to a chair. The body is
badly tortured and covered in blood.

       DEPUTY RUSSELL
              (gasp)
       Jesus H. Christ.

Disgusted, Deputy Jones turns her head away.

       DEPUTY WALKER
       I think I’m going to be sick.

O’Brien and Patrick glance at each other speechless.

Slowly, the deputies walk up to the body.

BODY
Ryan’s head is tilted back against the chair. Blood flows from the mouth down to the chest. The jagged word "GINGERBREAD" is carved across the stomach. There are multiple puncture wounds on the arms, legs, and feet bloody, swollen and discolored.

Patrick shines the light on Ryan’s badly beaten face. His forehead bulges from several drilled holes. Patrick grabs Ryan’s hair, lifting the head up for everyone to see. His eyelids are closed.

PATRICK
Do you recognize him?

O’Brien leans into the victim’s face.

O’BRIEN
(gasping)
It’s Ryan Clark.

Ryan’s eyelids flick open. The eye balls are missing, blood runs out from the eye sockets.

Everyone jumps back startled.

O’BRIEN
What in God’s name...

O’Brien storms out of the maintenance room, Patrick runs up from behind.

PATRICK
Wait a second, Steve!

O’BRIEN
Back off Daniel! This is personal!

Patrick grabs O’Brien arm, pulling him face to face.

PATRICK
This is not the way to handle this. You’re still an officer of the law. If you go after Tyrone Henry like this, not only will you destroy your career, but you’ll spend the rest of your life behind bars. Is that what you want?

O’BRIEN
Did you see what happened to Ryan Clark? Do not preach to me about consequences! I’m not going to let that bastard get away with murder again!
PATRICK
I know your family is still
grieving over the death of your son
Gage, but...

O’BRIEN
You’re damn right we’re still
grieving! I’m going to take care of
the son of a bitch the way it
should have been done – the way my
father would have handled things.
Burn them all to hell!

Abruptly, O’Brien walks away with a look of retribution in
his eyes.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD – NIGHT

9 p.m. A lone squad car drives down the dark abandoned wet
road at high speed.

INT. SQUAD CAR – NIGHT

O’Brien drinks from a bottle of Jack Daniels, removing his
badge and throwing it out the window. He turns off the CB
radio.

O’BRIEN

I’ll show ’em!

Drunk, O’Brien blows the car horn yelling out the window.

O’BRIEN

I’M GOING TO BURN SOME DARK MEAT
TONIGHT!

EXT. DIRT ROAD – NIGHT

Slowly, the squad car drives down hill with the headlights
off.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE – NIGHT

The squad car pulls up and stops in front of the wooden
porch.

O’Brien exits the squad car leaving the engine running. He
carries a loaded shotgun.

O’Brien looks through the front window. It is dark inside.
He walks to the front door.
INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door is kicked in. O’Brien moves in waving his shotgun across the ransacked living room.

O’BRIEN
Sheriff’s department! Come out with your hands up!

O’Brien spots the nude body of Tonya Henry underneath an overturned cabinet.

Her bloody face is badly beaten. He checks for a pulse on her neck, Tonya is dead.

O’BRIEN
You got off easy, bitch.

Suddenly, the silence is interrupted by an overturned table coming from the kitchen.

Quickly, O’Brien stands, aiming the shotgun in the direction of the noise. He notices the trail of blood on the floor and slowly follows it.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

C.J. leans against the side of the kitchen table, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the stomach.

O’Brien walks up to him, his gun poised at him.

C.J.’s beaten face looks up at the barrel of the shotgun, coughing up a mouth full of blood. He struggles breathing through his bloody nostrils from a broken nose, clutching the side of his stomach in extreme pain.

C.J.
(weak voice)
Help me - I’m dying.

O’BRIEN
(smiling)
Well, it looks like somebody beat me to the punch, boy.

Painfully, C.J. gasps for air.

C.J.
Fuck you, pig.

O’Brien shoves the double barrel shotgun against C.J.’s chin.
O’BRIEN
Where’s the boy?

C.J. coughs.

C.J.
Ask your boss. His men did this to me. They raped Tonya - left me to die.

O’BRIEN
And you’re telling me this because...?

Immediately, O’Brien leaves the kitchen in search of Tyrone.

C.J. drags his body across the kitchen floor into the living room.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

O’Brien exits the hallway, back into the living room. C.J. extends his bloody hand out for help.

C.J.
Sheriff.

O’Brien stops, turning to face C.J. with a smile on his face.

O’BRIEN
I didn’t hear the magic word, boy.

C.J. snarls with a look of resentment.

C.J.
Suck my dick.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH – NIGHT

The front door is wide open. The cold intense flash from the shotgun lights the path of the doorway. The loud blast echoes in the background.

Quickly, O’Brien exits the house running to the rear of the squad car. He opens the trunk, removing two gasoline canisters. He runs back inside the house with them.
INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
O’Brien pours gasoline on C.J. and Tonya’s bodies, the overturned furniture, and floor.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT
O’Brien splashes gasoline on the walls and floor, throwing the one gas can.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT
O’Brien moves the stove out from the wall, yanking out the gas line. The sound of gas seeps out from the exposed end.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT
O’Brien exits, pouring the rest of the 2nd gas can down the front steps.

I/E. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT
O’Brien lights the gas with a lighter, a trail of flames crawls up into the front door.
Immediately, the front room catches fire.
O’Brien jumps back into the squad car, shifting it into gear and spins away aggressively.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT
The speeding squad car drives up the trail.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT
The house explodes into huge fireballs, lighting up the night.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT
The squad car spins off the dirt trail, accelerating down the isolated road fading away into the darkness.

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - STREET SIDE - NIGHT
TITLE CARD: 20 YEARS LATER
A pizza delivery car pulls up and parks across the street.
The PIZZA MAN (20’s) exits the vehicle carrying an order of pizzas, walking across the street, up the steps to the front door, and rings the door bell.
PIZZA MAN
Why these people are ordering pizza is beyond...

From behind, Tyrone, now known as GINGERBREAD (35), dressed in all black fatigues wearing a skull cap, stands up behind the pizza man shocking him with a cattle prod to the back of the neck as he falls to the porch.

He pulls the pizza man off to the side and picks up the boxes as the hallway light from the inside is turned on.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the vanity, an unrolled sleeve of medical instruments are covered in blood with fragments of tissue and bone.

Gingerbread walks down the line of deceased senior members of the WILKINS FAMILY (50’s to 60’s) tied to their chairs.

Judy Wilkins’ HUSBAND (50’s) eyes are extracted from its eye sockets, leaving streaks of blood running down his face, dripping off his chin.

Her SISTER (50’s) ears have been sawed off with a foot long needle piercing through the ear canal.

Her BROTHER (60’s) nose is cut completely off exposing the nasal cavity, still bleeding.

Her youngest BROTHER (50’s) entire bottom jaws is ripped off hanging to the side like a chin strap covered in blood.

Gingerbread stands in front of Judy, her mouth and lips is glued shut, quivering and crying in fear. He slides his hands under her dress between her legs.

Out of fear Judy flinches at his touch, he leans into her ear.

GINGERBREAD
You wanted me to play The
Gingerbread Man? Fine, I’ll do it.
It will be a performance that
everyone will talk about for the
rest of their lives... ending with
yours.

Gingerbread removes his hand pulling Judy’s head back by the hair, shoving and squirting drops of super glue in each nostril pinched together.
In a state of panic, Judy struggles, shaking and rocking her body trying to breathe, her hands balled tightly, her eyes roll the back of her head, her body jerking, suffocates and dies.

80 EXT. FOOTBALL GAME, PARK, VA – DAY

The huddle breaks with a hand clap for motivation.

F.B.I Agent JESSICA PIERCE now in her (30’s), long red hair, slender build, and freckle free is a gorgeous woman with a tom boy’s demeanor.

Jessica lines up at the lines of scrimmage with her teammates of FEDERAL AGENTS (20’s to 30’s), taking their positions across from the MARINE OFFICERS (20’s to 30’s), for the final play.

Jessica is glaring at MARINE #1 on defense.

    MARINE #1
    Maybe you should sit this one out
    on the sidelines. I wouldn’t want
    anything to happen to your pretty
    face or that sexy body.

    JESSICA
    I was going to say the same thing,
    but I see that you’re lacking those
    qualities yourself.

Marine #1 frowns at Jessica.

    MARINE #1
    We’ll see about that!

Jessica looking at Agent STEVEN THRONE (30’s), as the quarterback slot.

    JESSICA
    Tell me how you feel after this
    play tough guy.

81 EXT. PARK TABLES, SIDELINE – DAY

A few SPECTATORS and FAMILIES are watching by the trees. A near by PHOTOGRAPER (male) is taking pictures.
EXT. FOOTBALL SIDE LINE - DAY
F.B.I team yell in encouragement.

EXT. FIELD OF PLAY - DAY
The REFEREES take their position.
Agent Thorne CALLS OUT a play behind center.

AGENT THRONE
Blue thirty - two! Blue thirty -
two! Hut! Hut! Hike!

The football is snapped, the play begins, offense and defense are jockeying for position.
Jessica runs a ten yard up field, cuts inside on a slant route.
Marine #1 follows her route tightly.
Agent Thorne scrambles outside the collapsing pocket on a bootleg run.
Marine Officers #2, #3, and #4 blitz through the offensive line in pursuit for the quarterback sack.
Jessica runs across mid field.
Agent Thorne sees an open window, steps into pass play, throwing a last second tight spiral pass.
The Marine officers #2, #3, and #4 tackle Agent Throne hard to the ground.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, MID FIELD - DAY
Jessica catches the football, turning up field, stiff-arms Marine #1 in the face, taking off his feet.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, SIDE LINE - DAY
F.B.I agents screaming from the side line.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY
Quickly, Jessica out-maneuvers the defense, spinning around Marine #5; hurdling over Marine #6 missing the tackle; shaking Marine #7 with quick stutter steps; executing several moves around Marines #7 & #8 falling to their faces.
Jessica runs full speed down the middle of the field. MARINE #9 (a female in her 20’s) chases Jessica down, grabbing her around the neck.

Jessica turns, stiff-arms Marine #9 underneath her chin breaking the hold.

Jessica dives into the end zone and scores the winning touchdown.

From behind, the referees blow their whistles, signaling touch down.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, STANDS – DAY

The AGENTS celebrate.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE – DAY

The photographer is taking pictures.

The F.B.I Agents celebrate with Jessica.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE – DAY

Head Referee#1 blows his whistle and signals game over.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE – DAY

Pissed off, the Marines charge up to Jessica, breaking up the celebration.

Marine #1, bleeding from his nose, angrily marches up to Jessica and stands in her face.

MARINE #1
You broke my fucking nose!

Jessica grips the football in her hand and leans into the face of Marine #1, shaking her head in doubt.

JESSICA
Nah, it doesn’t look broken to me.

MARINE OFFICER
Take a closer look Bitch!

Maliciously, Jessica throws the football directly at his nose splattering blood in all directions from his nostrils.

Marine #1 quickly bends over in pain, covering his face with the bottom of his tee shirt.

In a flash, Jessica turns, smacking Marine #2 in the mouth.
The Marines attack Jessica - the F.B.I Agents retaliate in an all out brawl.

EXT. J EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING BUILDING - DAY
Subtitle: CLARKSBURG, VA - OCTOBER 30TH - 9 A.M

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Director DAMIEN LEBRE (50’s), is sitting behind a desk writing report info in a case file. He looks at the closed doors anticipating someone to knock.

There’s a knock at the door.

LEBRE

Come in.

Assistant Director MORGAN KRUSE (early 40’s), well dressed walks in first, Jessica follows behind closing the doors.

They stand in front Lebre’s desk.

LEBRE (CONT’D)

Take a seat.

Jessica and Kruse sit down.

Lebre slides an assault report to Jessica.

LEBRE (CONT’D)

Let me start by saying, I have serious problems with the negative publicity this bureau has been subject to because of your actions Agent Pierce.

(leaning back)

And now your latest stunt has the Marine Corps wanting your head on a platter. You’re lucky criminal charges won’t be filed against you - again.

KRUSE

Sir, if I may...

LEBRE

(to Kruse)

Save it.

(to Jessica)

It’s pointless to make an argument on behalf of an agent who continues to disregard the policies and regulations of this agency.
Lebre opens the desk drawer, taking out Jessica’s identification and weapon and placing them on top of a case file on his desk.

KRUSE
So you’re reinstating Agent Pierce?

LEBRE
Believe me, if the decision was up to me, Agent Pierce would be shoveling horse shit from here all the way back to Georgia...<BEAT>
Which is where you’re headed to.

With a curious reaction, Jessica and Kruse glance at each other.

Lebre slides the items to Jessica.

JESSICA
I’m going back to Georgia, why?

LEBRE
Gingerbread.

KRUSE (V.O.)
But why come back after 20 twenty years when he’s presumed dead?

LEBRE
Revenge.

Lebre turns the monitor towards the agents as a recorded video feed plays back.

INT. STAIRWAY BASEMENT - NIGHT (VIDEO FEED)

POV CAMERA: The camera’s light is on. Slowly Gingerbread walks down the long flight of steps.

The aggressive gnawing and screeching sound of rats in the background growing closer.

GINGERBREAD
Nana always told me to keep my friends close.

He stops, placing a large rat on the steps running down into the darkness.

GINGERBREAD (CONT’D)
But to keep the devils closer.
Gingerbread walks down shining the camera light on the nude body of former classmate CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (30’s) heavy set, his stapled face against the basement door with blood streaming from his deep penetrating wounds on his arms, legs. The jagged font "GINGERBREAD" is branded down his spine.

On the floor chewing on his bloody feet and toes are a pack of hungry rats soiled in his blood.

Visibly shaken Jessica tremble in deep thought staring off into the distance.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN, WASHINGTON D.C. – DAY

A senior black ops agent code name OZ (50’S) well dressed in a business suite and trench coat, sits on the park bench over- looking the Potomac River.

Walking up from behind, an associate code name RAZOR-X (40’s), well dressed in a black suite, tie and dark shades take a seat next to Oz.

RAZOR-X
I understand an urgent matter has arose. I thought it was made clear from our last meeting that you had everything under control.

Oz feeds the pigeons around his feet.

OZ
Until now. That’s why I need you on this.

Oz pulls out a medium size envelope from his coat pocket, giving it to Razor-X with the word "Gingerbread" scribbled in blood.

RAZOR-X
When did you get this?

OZ
It was delivered to me this morning by mail courier to my home.

Razor-X tears open the envelope pulling out the contents of a gold compact disk, small strips of film, and a small medical vial capsule filled with fluids. He stares at vial capsule.
OZ (CONT’D)
Yes, he has everything that can expose our entire operation in its final stage. It seems like my direct orders to shut down operations in Covington were ignored.

RAZOR-X
I’ll take care of the problem. Maybe the next time you’ll.

Razor-X puts the contents inside the breast pocket of his over coat.

OZ
There’s also a local news reporter he’s been in contact with. The same reporter that worked with his father twenty years ago. We can’t afford the press leaking this out to the world. She must be dealt with and anyone else he’s been in contact with! <BEAT> He cannot get his hands on the book! Are we clear!?

RAZOR-X
Crystal – Like I said, the matter will be taken care of, immediately. I’ll keep you posted.

Razor-X gets up walking away.

In the palm of his hand, Oz holds up a small vial filled with a black serum.

INT. SWIMMING POOL – DAY – FLASHBACK

Through the large bay windows, the sun shines on the back side of Young Jessica diving off the high platform, executing a twisting dive into the deep end of the pool.

Mysteriously, the steel shutter closes over the bay windows blocking out the sun.

Suddenly the ceiling lights are turned off. Young Jessica rises up to the surface, looking around the pool area with a sense of urgency in the dark, looking up at the announcer’s booth waving her hands.
YOUNG JESSICA
(calling out)
Hey, Someone is still in the pool!
Coach Petersen!

The pool-lights turn off, the pool area is completely dark.

NANA (V.O.)
(etching whisper)
Jessica!

Suddenly, a loud splash crashes in the water from behind.

Frantically, Young Jessica swims to the edge of the pool
pulling herself out.

At the last moment, Tyrone grabs Young Jessica’s ankle
pulling her underwater in a struggle, bubbles of air pops at
the surface.

INT. POOL SIDE - DAY

By her hands, Tyrone drags a semi conscious Young Jessica
into the women’s locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

By her ankles, Tyrone drags Young Jessica face down on the
floor into the showers.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY

On her back, Young Jessica is inside the outline of a
gingerbread figure, surrounded by burning aroma candles.

Tyrone hovers over her, shaking lose bones in his hands,
rolling the loose fossils on her stomach.

NANA (V.O.)
(to Young Jessica)
Nana has something to show you.

EXT. EXIT DOORS - DAY

Through the pane window, the corridor’s lights are out
except for the exit light above the doors.

Scared beyond reasoning, Young Jessica’s voice screeches at
a high pitch running towards the exit.

She slams into the door, vigorously shaking the handle in a
panic, the door flies opens,
The RATS cover Young Jessica’s body like a fur coat with a tail from head to toe, squirming on top of each other, scratching, clawing, growing, and biting.

YOUNG JESSICA
(screaming repeatedly)
Get them off of me!

100 EXT. DRIVERS ED COURSE - DAY

Young Jessica is screaming, runs out between the parked cars and into the course lane.

Suddenly, the car brakes squeal hitting Young Jessica, causing her head to slam on the car hood knocking the rats off, she falls backwards slamming the back of her head into the pavement.

The rodents run into the wood-line. Young Jessica is bleeding from her eyes and mouth, her body covered in rat bites.

101 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Young Jessica is heavily sedated as DOCTORS (40’s to 50’s) perform brain surgery to relieve pressure.

102 INT. ICU - NIGHT

Young Jessica is in an induced coma with her head wrapped heavily in bandages, connected to a breathing tube and lines running to various machines and IV’s in her arm.

END OF FLASHBACK

103 INT. TWIN ENGINE JET - DAY

Jessica snaps out of her nightmare.

104 EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, COVINGTON, GA - DAY

6 p.m.

A small twin engine jet wheels up on the damp runway. The passengers exit.

Jessica exits last, carrying a black duffel bag on her shoulder. The Sheriff of Covington, DANIEL PATRICK, (50’s) walks with Special Agent JASON STARKS (30’s). They greet Jessica with a hand shake.
PATRICK
Welcome home Agent Pierce. I wish this reunion was under better circumstances.

JESSICA
We’ll have time to catch up after Tyrone Henry is caught.

PATRICK
Alright then, let’s make it happen. Now if you and Agent Starks are ready...

JESSICA
I’m sorry Agent who?

Jessica stares down Starks from head to toe.

STARKS
I’m Agent Jason Starks, I’ve been assigned to be your partner on this manhunt.

Jessica walks up to Starks playfully patting him on his shoulder.

JESSICA
I’m terribly sorry for the misunderstanding but your services won’t be required at this time. Thanks, but no thanks.

Rudely, Jessica walks by Starks glancing back at Patrick for an explanation.

Patrick shrugs his shoulders confused. From behind, Starks runs up to Jessica.

STARKS
Agent Pierce!

Jessica stops, turning back with a smirk on her face.

STARKS
Wait a second! Maybe you didn’t hear me right...

JESSICA
No, I heard you loud and clear. Look, the last thing I need is for a rookie to get in my way when shit hits the fan. Trust me, it will. I
JESSICA

don’t want to be responsible for
you getting shot in the process, so
don’t take it the wrong way. I
shoot first and then ask questions
when I’m in the mood to hear the
bullshit.

STARKS

I didn’t request to be your fucking
baby sitter or chaperon. You have
your orders and I have mine. So
like it or not you’re stuck with me
until Tyrone Henry is either locked
up or dead. Are we clear?

Shaking her head, Jessica gives in.

JESSICA

Fine, its your funeral.

From behind. Patrick almost out of breath runs up to Jessica
and Starks.

PATRICK

(excited)

I just got a call from HQ! There’s
been another murder!

(to Jessica)

Its Judy Wilkins!

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - EVENING

SUNSET - 8PM

The large three story colonial home is sitting on the corner
acre of land surrounded by large trees. The exterior
structure is currently being remodeled. The front lawn is
clutter with pallets of building materials, power tools,
ladders, scaffolds, and various work tables.

The squad car, containing Patrick, Jessica, and Starks,
pulls up parking across the street behind another patrol
car.

Curiously, the residents of this quiet community stand in
their doorways and front lawns watching.

Immediately Patrick, Jessica, and Starks run across the
street.

Deputies TOM BRYANT (20’s), VERONICA MILLER (30’s), RODNEY
MITCHELL (30’s), approach anxiously from the properties
front lawn.
DEPUTY BRYANT
Sheriff! What in the hell is going on? The entire neighborhood is asking more questions than I got answers.

DEPUTY MILLER
Apparently everyone has received an anonymous phone call that Judy Wilkins is dead. Is it true?

Frustrated, Patrick glances at his deputies hesitating to answer at first, but finally responds.

PATRICK
(sighing)
Its Tyrone Henry, he’s back in town.

The deputies keeping their emotions in check, gasping under their breaths in terror.

DEPUTY MITCHELL
Did he murder Christopher Thomas?

JESSICA
Yes and there will be more if we don’t stop him.

PATRICK
(to deputies)
Agents Pierce and Starks are from the F.B.I, leading this manhunt to capture Tyrone Henry. We don’t have a lot of details to go on but --

Out of nowhere a speeding news van with the logo of channel 5 news pulls up to a screeching halt in the middle of the street.

The camera man COREY GREEN (20’s), chubby, and news reporter TINA RUSH (40’s), attractive, jump out running to the back of the van.

Corey opens the cargo door, grabbing his camera and placing it on his shoulder.

Tina picks up the microphone.

PATRICK
(to agents)
Damn it! That’s the last thing we need. We better get inside before
PATRICK
the whole world knows what’s going on.
(to deputies)
No one is to come on this property.
This is an official crime scene, absolutely no one!

The Deputies move to the edge of the lawn, standing guard.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick rush up the hill towards the house. Suddenly, Jessica stops, looking down at the soaked lawn covering her boots.

JESSICA
(pointing down)
Wait a second! Look!

Starks and Patrick look at where Jessica is pointing. The flood waters run down hill past their feet.

STARKS
It’s coming from the house.

Patrick turns to his deputies.

PATRICK
(to deputies)
Get on the radio and get the fire department down here! And keep everyone back!

Jessica, Starks and Patrick run up to the front doors, entering inside.

EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

Curious, the neighborhood residents move in closer. Tina and Corey run up to the deputies.

TINA
Deputy Bryant! I received an anonymous tip that members of the Wilkins family were murdered. Can you verify that?

Immediately the crowd mumbles in fear.

DEPUTY BRYANT
This is neither the time nor place for this Mrs. Rush! I need you to stay back and let us do our job!
TINA
Is it true that Tyrone Henry faked his death and is now back after twenty years?

The crowd’s fear intensifies.

DEPUTY MILLER
(shouting)
Get back or you’ll be arrested for trespassing!

POV CAMERA: Deputy Miller’s hand covers the camera lens shoving the camera down to the ground.

The camera blacks out.

107 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 107

The power is out.

Patrick leads the way, shining the high beam flashlight through the cold mist filtering the hall.

Jessica and Starks follow behind.

FRENCH DOORS

The doors slide open. Patrick shines the light on the bone chilling word "WELCOME" spelled in blood on the floor.

PATRICK
He’s been here.

Jessica smells a strange but familiar odor.

JESSICA
(to Starks)
I smell gasoline.

STARKS
I smell it to. It could be a trap.

Patrick shines the light down the steps, following a trail of blood down at the bottom of the landing.

A second word "HOME" is scribbled in blood. Inside the letter "O" is a gingerbread cookie.

Terrified, Patrick takes a deep breath shaking.
JESSICA
(to Starks)
I think we can take it from here.
(to Patrick)
Why don’t you wait outside?

Patrick holds out his hand, regaining his composure.

PATRICK
No – I’m the Sheriff of this town.
I have a job to do.
(to Jessica)
I want to get that son of a bitch
and end this nightmare!

Slowly, Jessica, Starks, and Patrick walk down the stairs
with their weapons drawn. They stop at the bottom of the
steps.

Jessica pulls out a small hand held flashlight from her coat
pocket and turns it on.

108  INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM – NIGHT  108

The flash light shines on flipped over couches and chairs
with multiple slashes in the fabric and cushions.

The broken remains of coffee tables, end-tables, book
shelves, cabinets, picture frames, wall decorations, and
various antiques are scattered across the floor.

The walls are heavily damaged with large puncture holes.

The nude, full figure body of JUDY WILKINS with a rope tied
to her neck is pulled out from underneath an over turned
couch. The rope line extends into the back room.

The flashlight shines on the large carving of the word
"FEAR" across the victim’s thigh.

Jessica shines her light on the victim’s face.

JESSICA
Its Judy Wilkins!

Slowly, the rope drags the body across the floor.

PATRICK
He’s inside the house.
(mumbles)
I’m going to kill you – do you hear
me?
(yelling out)
PATRICK
I’M GOING TO KILL YOU,
MOTHERFUCKER!

Patrick chases after the body like a madman.

JESSICA
Sheriff no!

109  INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The body is pulled hard and fast from the living room into
the empty back room.

Patrick runs through the room. From behind, Jessica and
Starks follow in pursuit.

110  INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The body is dragged across the floor.

111  INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The body is pulled through the open door way.

Patrick runs through, tripping on a rig cord on the steps,
losing his balance, falling forward.

At the last second, Jessica reaches out grabbing Patrick by
the collar of his jacket, pulling him back inside the door
way.

Starks shines the light into the basement.

The body floats face down in the flood waters filled with
broken glass. The victim’s hair floats away from the back of
the neck; a digital timer inserted inside the body ticks
down to three minutes.

Suddenly, a female voice cries out for help.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
Somebody help me! I’m trapped
underneath!

With a sense of urgency, Jessica, Starks and Patrick glance
at each other.

JESSICA
We got less than three minutes to
get her out.

Immediately, Jessica holsters her weapon taking off her
jacket. Starks shines the light between the steps.
STARKS
I can’t see where she is.
(calling out)
F.B.I. Agents, can you hear me? Are you hurt?

Patrick radios through the static transmission on his receiver attached to his shoulder.

PATRICK
Come in Bryant! I need you to move everyone back! Contact bomb squad and the paramedics! We have a live victim trapped in the basement!

Jessica carefully steps down into the flood waters surrounded by sharp glass fragments.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
I’m tied to the support beam underneath the floor! Please hurry!

Jessica braces her hand carefully against the basement wall, taking another step down. The water level is up to her breast.

JESSICA
(calling out)
I need to know where you are! Can you make some noise?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
Will this work?

Without warning the staircase collapses, Jessica falls underneath disappearing.

STARKS
(yelling)
Pierce!

Pieces of the damaged stairs rises up to the surface. Immediately, Starks jumps into the flood waters.

112
INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN – NIGHT

Patrick stands in the doorway shining the flashlight into the flooded waters.

PATRICK
(calling out)
Agent Pierce! Agent Starks!
Suddenly, the two way receiver on Patrick’s shoulder whistles out a loud frequency pitch startling him.

PATRICK
    Shit!

DEPUTY BRYANT (O.S)
    Sheriff Patrick come in!

Patrick turns away from the doorway to get a better reception to radio back to his deputy.

PATRICK
    Come in Bryant!

From behind, Gingerbread, dressed in a black hooded Klansman robe, rises up from the doorway armed with a large bowie knife. Quietly, he walks up to Patrick, reaching back with the tip of the blade pointed downwards ready to strike.

PATRICK
    (calling out)
    You’re breaking up! Repeat that!

At the last second, a frustrated Patrick turns back around. Gingerbread lunges forward with an over hand strike.

Patrick blocks the long blade with his flashlight, being forced back against the large kitchen table.

In the struggle, he kneels Gingerbread in the mid-section, pulling out his firearm.

In a flash, Gingerbread slashes Patrick through the sleeve of his jacket, cutting through his wrist and drawing blood.

Patrick drops his weapon crying out in pain.

Gingerbread connects with a sweeping right hook across Patrick’s jaw. He falls back on top of the table semi conscious, bleeding from his mouth.

Gingerbread jumps on top of Patrick, choking with one hand, reaching back with the knife in the opposite hand above his head.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)
    Our souls will drown in the lake of tears!

Suddenly, Gingerbread is shot in the back, falls down to the floor, disappearing behind the table.

Patrick falls to his knees coughing.
Exhausted, Starks staggers into the kitchen from the
doorway, holding Jessica by her waist and laying her down to
the floor.

Jessica crawls up to Patrick picking up his firearm
whispering into his ear.

JESSICA
Stay down.

Cautiously, Starks circles around the kitchen table with his
firearm searching for Gingerbread.

Out of nowhere, Gingerbread jumps out from behind the
refrigerator stabbing Starks in the shoulder.

Starks falls against the kitchen chairs grunting in pain.

Jessica jumps up shooting five rounds into Gingerbread’s
chest. He falls backwards through the back kitchen window.

A lighter falls to the floor, lit.

In seconds, the kitchen burst into flames spreading across
the kitchen floor, appliances, walls and ceiling.

113 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The body of Judy Wilkins floats up to the surface. The timer
ticks down to thirty seconds.

JESSICA
(shouting)
WE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUT!

Jessica lifts Starks across her shoulder. Patrick wraps his
arm around his waist exiting the burning kitchen engulfed in
flames.

The walls buckle inward. The ceiling collapses behind them.

114 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Deputies Bryant and Miller run down the stairs with
their flashlights, surround by heavy smoke.

DEPUTY BRYANT
(calling out)
SHERIFF PATRICK!

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick run up to the sheriff deputies.
PATRICK
GET OUTTA HERE! THIS PLACE IS GOING
to blow!

115 EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE – NIGHT

STREET SIDE

Sheriff Deputies and local firefighters push the large crowd
of spectators back.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and deputies Bryant and Miller
exit the premises running down hill across the lawn.

JESSICA
(yelling)
GET DOWN!

Immediately, the large crowd of spectators move back with
excitement.

COLONIAL HOUSE

The three story home detonates into a massive fireball
explosion shooting burning debris in all directions throwing
Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and deputies across the lawn.

Firefighters from various fire departments run uphill armed
with fire hoses to extinguish the blaze.

116 EXT. HOSPITAL – NIGHT

Dusk – 8 p.m.

117 INT. HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM – NIGHT

Starks is sitting on the examine table. DR. BRENDÁ WILSON
(40’s) inserts staples into his shoulder.

Jessica enters the room holding a gift bag standing by the
open doorway.

Dr. Wilson applies several strips of medical tape over
Starks’ wound.

DR. WILSON
I think that should do it. Now,
you’re going to be in some pain and
discomfort over the next week or
two, so I’ll write you a
prescription for pain medication –
that should help.
Jessica walks around the examining table standing next to Starks.

JESSICA  
(joking)  
So this means he’s going to live after all?

Starks turns to Jessica with a grin.

STARKS  
Sorry to disappoint you.

Dr. Wilson writes out a prescription.

DR. WILSON  
(to Jessica)  
Actually, it could have been a lot worse. The blade came pretty close to severing the nerves in his shoulder. It’s a good thing your partner is in good shape.

Dr. Wilson gives the prescription to Starks.

DR. WILSON (CONT’D)  
Try not to get yourself killed catching your man, Agent Starks.

STARKS  
I’ll keep that in mind.

Dr. Wilson exits the examining room.

JESSICA  
Consider this a peace offering.

Jessica gives Starks the gift bag taking out a brand new dress shirt. Starks carefully puts on the shirt.

STARKS  
I appreciate that. Look, I’m sorry if my presence here set you off the wrong way. I mean, I would have reacted the same way if I felt someone stepping on my toes.

JESSICA  
No, I’m the one who came off like a bitch earlier. You saved my life, thank you.

Urgently, Patrick runs inside the exam room.
PATRICK
There’s been another murder!

Without hesitation, Jessica and Starks exit the examining room behind Patrick.

118 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

9 p.m. The line of Muscle cars, pickup trucks, and Harley Davidson motorcycles fills the driveway and front yard.

"SANITARIUM" (METALLICA)

119 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY BASEMENT - NIGHT

The visibility is low due to haze of heavy smoke drowning out the glow of florescent blue lights in the ceiling.

A confederate flag hangs on the center wall behind a custom made oak bar.

TABITHA COLSON (30’s) slams down a triple shot of Tequila.

She’s drunk, having a good time with friends and her boyfriend MITCH WARNER (30’s), standing close behind with his arm wrapped around her waist. Together they all raise their glasses of beer in a toasted celebration.

The party guests of MEN (20’s to 30’s) and WOMEN (20’s to 30’s) socializing by means of heavy drinking, marijuana, loud metal music.

120 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Standing on the patio is JOSIE CLARK (20’S), BRENDA CARTER (30’s), and FOSTER JONES (30) sharing a blunt.

Josie takes the blunt from Foster, takes a big hit holding her breath for a few seconds, then blowing it out. Brenda, drunk as hell, stagers into Fosters’ arms dropping her cup of beer.

Foster laughs holding Brenda up, squeezing on her ass.

FOSTER
(to Josie)
I told you her drunk ass can’t run with the big boys.

BRENDA
(disoriented)
Fuck you.
Brenda takes another hit from the blunt facing the tree line.

121 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The dark outline of Gingerbread’s body walks between several trees armed with a shoulder strap automatic assault weapon with a laser sighting.

    JOSIE
    (pointing)
    Who - who the fuck is that?

CLEARING

Dressed in all black military fatigues and ski mask, Gingerbread walks towards the patio.

    FOSTER
    This asshole is taking this
    Halloween shit too far? I’ll handle
    this prick.

Foster walks up to Gingerbread, flexing his muscles.

    FOSTER (CONT’D)
    Hey motherfucker! You’re a day
    early on this Halloween bullshit?

Gingerbread clicks the fire selector from semi to automatic, aiming the infra red beam center mass at Fosters’ chest, squeezing the trigger. A five round burst of ammunition spits out in silencer mode.

Violently, Foster’s body jerks wildly from the impact of hollow point rounds, spattering blood in all directions. His body collapses face down on the grass.

    JOSIE
    (Screams)
    OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! BRENDA! WHAT
    THE FUCK! FOSTER!

In a mad dash, Josie and Brenda run up to the back door. Josie shoves Brenda down to the ground grabbing the doorknob.

The barrel of the weapon fires a three round burst.
INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK DOOR – NIGHT
Josie clinches her body tightly up against the glass door.
Her intense eyes are locked wide open staring directly into
the back hallway. Slowly, her eyes roll to the back of her
head, smearing a trail of blood from her mouth down the
glass door sliding to the ground.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO – NIGHT
Gingerbread stands in Brenda’s face with her back against
the side of the house crying.

BRENDA
(sobering)
Please, just let me go! I won’t say
anything! I swear to God I won’t!

Gingerbread presses his index finger against Brenda’s crying
lips.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)
Shh – convince me whore devil.

With shaky hands, Brenda takes off her jacket and tee shirt
exposing her large breast with her hands down at her sides.
With a smile, Gingerbread takes a step back admiring the
view.

BRENDA
Do you like what you see? I’m – I’m
a dancer at Dixie Chicks.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)
So was Tonya Henry twenty years
ago.

BRENDA
I – I can make you feel real good.
I know what men like you want. I’ll
do anything for you.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)
You swear on your life?

BRENDA
I swear on my life! Anything!

GINGERBREAD (O.S)
(smiling)
I believe you.
Gingerbread fires a single bullet between Brenda’s eyes falling backwards against the house splattering blood, brain matter, and skull fragments, staining the exterior structure while standing.

124 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK STAIRWAY – NIGHT 124

The music is playing louder.

Gingerbread walks up the stairs.

Suddenly, the back door to the kitchen opens slightly.

Immediately, Gingerbread quietly swoops back down the steps ducking behind the wall leading down into the dark basement.

REBECCA WALTON (30’S), attractive, drunk, staggers into the hallway grabbing hold of the stair rail with both hands. She leans her body against the wall, clumsily, walking down the stairs.

    REBECCA
    (Shouting)
    Josie! Hey bitch, what the fuck are you doing out there? You guys better not be fucking without me!

Rebecca takes the next step, losing her balance and falling down to the bottom of the stairs.

    REBECCA (CONT’D)
    (laughing)
    Shit! I’ve cracked my ass and I can’t get up.

Gingerbread, armed with a large bowie knife runs out from behind the wall.

Overwhelm with terror, Rebecca backs up against the steps waving her arms in front of her face.

    REBECCA (CONT’D)
    WHAT THE FUCK!

Gingerbread lunges on Rebecca piercing the large blade into her arm, Rebecca screaming at the top of her lungs.

He yanks out the knife, thrusting the blade deep into Rebecca’s chest with repeated over hand strikes soiling her shirt in blood. In a final gasp, Rebecca’s body goes limp dying on the steps.

Gingerbread grabs Rebecca by the hair dragging her body up the steps next to the back door.
INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Slowly, the back door opens. Gingerbread walks inside the dark kitchen.

"WAIT AND BLEED" (SLIPKNOT)

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A party of ADULTS (20’s to 40’s) sit comfortably on the suede living room set. A black glass tray of cocaine is being passed around.

A scruffy REDNECK BIKER (30’s), takes the tray of coke snorting lines through the rolled end of one hundred dollar bill. The Biker leans back looking up at the ceiling wiping his nostrils with his fingertips.

BIKER
Oh yeah, I feel it. That’s some good shit, straight from Columbia!

The Biker stretches his arms out feeling relaxed.

BIKER (CONT’D)
Man, I feel so invincible I could stop a bullet like Superman.

Out of nowhere, the Biker is shot in the chest in a rapid five round burst falling face first into the coffee table.

The party guests quickly jump up, screaming in a state of panic.

Gingerbread steps up firing his assault weapon with the muzzle flashing in silence. Blood splattering in mid air, bodies stumble awkwardly against the walls, bookcases, cabinets, and furniture. The facial expressions of death are frozen.

A young FEMALE (20’s) is shot in the back, loses her balance, and falls on the jagged edge of a broken glass table.

A wounded victim, MALE (30’s), bleeding through the legs of his leather pants drags his body across the hardwood floor in a trail of blood to the top of the stair way leading to the party room.
Gingerbread walks over to the wounded man ejecting the clip from his weapon. The glove fingers pulls out a new magazine from the cargo side pocket, slapping it in, locked and loaded. He fires three round burst in the back of the wounded man’s head shattering fragments of his skull covered in blood.

Gingerbread slides on a custom made gas mask with a detachable night vision lens over his mask face.

127 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS – NIGHT
Two grenades bouncing down the hardwood steps side by side.

128 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM – NIGHT
The flash grenade detonates in a thunderous boom releasing an intense flash of light. The party crowd scrambling blindly in a state of chaos screaming. The smoke grenades explodes into a thick gaseous cloud swallowing the entire room.

Standing at the bottom of the stairway, Gingerbread activates the infra-red beam, the assault weapon fires, the barrel flickers like firecrackers through a thick cloud of smoke.

Voices scream, bodies running throughout the blood shed of violence.

129 EXT. HAMPTON RESIDENCE – NIGHT

DEPUTY PAUL MITCHELL (20’s), nerd, exits the house in a hurry with his hand covering his mouth. He bends over the front banister vomiting into the bushes.

Deputies Miller and Bryant exit the house in silence with mix emotions of remorse, shock, and anger.

Deputy Miller walks to the opposite side of the porch wiping her tears from her eyes. Deputy Bryant stands in place taking several deep breaths with his hands on his hips, looking down in deep sorrow.

Patrick exits the house. Slowly, he walks down the steps with his head down in shame. He looks up, seeing the faces of the neighborhood residents staring back from their front windows and doors in silence.

Jessica and Starks exit the house joining Patrick.
JESSICA
Sheriff, you need to call in every available off duty officer.

Patrick checks the time on his watch.

PATRICK
I - I have seven more deputies coming on duty in a few hours.
(to Jessica)
I don’t think I have enough man power to end this.

Jessica takes out her cell phone.

JESSICA
I’ll contact the F.B.I field office to dispatch more agents.

STARKS
That won’t be necessary Agent Pierce.

Jessica and Patrick turns to Starks.

PATRICK
Have you lost your fucking mind!? We need all the manpower to catch this bastard running loose on my streets!

JESSICA
Too many people have died because he’s bent on getting revenge. I’m not going to allow Tyrone Henry the satisfaction in thinking he’s going to win this.

STARKS
You need to understand we’re fighting against a man on his home turf. I guarantee if you bring in more agents the body count will increase. I don’t think you want that kind of blood shed on your hands Agent Pierce.

JESSICA
It’s what we get paid to do even if it comes to that Agent Starks!
STARKS
This man isn’t your average
everyday serial killer, he’s
motivated, highly trained and
skilled in tactical and combat
warfare. We must stay one step
ahead of him. We must remain
focused.

130 EXT. STREET SIDE – NIGHT
Out of nowhere the news van pulls up across the street.

STARKS
I think its time we use the media
to our advantage.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exit the van. Tina has her
microphone in hand, glancing back at Corey excitedly.

TINA
Roll the camera!

Corey places the camera on his shoulder turning on the
camera light and adjusting the lens.

COREY
We’re good baby! Go!

Tina starts her report turning back to the camera.

TINA
(excited)
This is Tina Rush with Channel 5
Eye Witness News reporting live
from a possible fourth crime scene
that may be linked to the serial
killer, Tyrone Henry.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and sheriff Deputies run into the
street to confront Tina and Corey.

An angry Patrick points his finger in Tina’s face.

PATRICK
You got three seconds to turn that
damn camera off and get the hell
out of here before I arrest both
your narrow asses!

Tina shoves the microphone in Patrick’s face.
TINA
The people want to know sheriff! Why did Tyrone Henry target the Hampton family? Why did he skin their bodies hanging them upside down from ceiling fans, spinning and bleeding out to their deaths? Why did he cut out their eyes, tongue, and ears?

Patrick’s angry eyes are locked on Tina.

PATRICK
YOU DON’T KNOW A FUCKING THING BITCH! YOU’RE A SECOND RATE REPORTER WITH A NASTY HABIT OF STICKING YOUR FUCKING NOSE IN BUSINESS...

Sarcastically, Tina smiles.

TINA (interrupting)
It’s called doing your fucking job sheriff, something you know nothing about! Or do you care to share with the world the real reason why Tyrone Henry is back in town.

Curiously, the neighborhood residents stand on their front lawns, stare at Patrick who looks back speechless.

TINA (CONT’D)
Come on Sheriff, I want you to air the towns dirty laundry about the cover up involving Mayor Jordon’s secret operation, Project Devil’s Breath.

Out of character Patrick loses his temper and lunges at Tina, choking her with both hands.

Quickly, Jessica and the sheriff deputies jump in pulling Patrick off of Tina screaming at the top of her lungs. Corey records the commotion

TINA (CONT’D)
GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!

PATRICK (yelling)
YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOUR TALKING ABOUT YOU STUPID WHORE! ALL
PATRICK
YOU’RE DOING IS MAKING THE
SITUATION WORSE FOR EVERYONE,
SPREADING LIES ON TOP OF LIES –
ARREST HER ASS! ARREST BOTH OF
THEM!

131  EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

From the opposite end of the street three black Chevy pickup
tucks racing up the block. The vehicles abruptly stop with
the car doors flying open.

Men exit out of the trucks armed with shotguns. The sheriff
officers quickly draw their weapons aiming at the armed men
in defense.

RANDOLPH TUCKER (60’S) chubby, steps out in front of the
truck walking towards the house determined.

Immediately, Patrick cuts him off.

RANDOLPH
Don’t try to stop me Sheriff!
Where’s my Amy?
(calling out)
Amy! I’m here baby!

Immediately, Patrick holsters his weapon. He grabs hold of
Randolph’s shotgun, holding him back.

PATRICK
I can’t let you go in there!

RANDOLPH
Amy! Can you hear me!
(to Patrick)
Get the hell outta my way Dan!

PATRICK
Randolph! Listen to me!

An emotional Randolph tries to break free.

PATRICK
No Randolph, you don’t want to go
in there. She’s gone.

Randolph stops fighting, his pale face stares away with pain
in his eyes shaking his head, breathing heavily.
RANDOLPH
I don’t believe you! I want to see for myself!

Tina and Corey walk up to Randolph.

TINA
Your daughter was murdered by Tyrone Henry.

In shock, Randolph’s men glance at each other mumbling under their breath.

RANDOLPH
(to Patrick)
Is it true? Answer me damn it!

PATRICK
Listen to me Randolph! I swear to God we will catch him! He will pay for everything he’s done.

Randolph pushes Patrick aside.

RANDOLPH
And then what!? Watch him get away with murder like 20 years ago? Not this time Dan! Not this fucking time!

Randolph snatches the shotgun out of Patrick’s grip.

RANDOLPH (CONT’D)
Stay the hell outa my way! We’ll handle this!

Patrick stands helpless. Quickly, Randolph’s men re-enter the pick-up trucks.

Randolph walks up to the driver side door.

132
EXT. SIDE WALK – NIGHT

Across the street, a BLACK MUSTANG slowly creeps between the parked SUV’s and pick up trucks along the curb.

Randolph squints his eyes at the muscle car stopping directly across from him.
I/E. MUSCLE CAR / STREET - NIGHT

The tinted window on the driver’s side rolls down; Gingerbread leans out armed with an AK-47 aiming between the parked vehicles.

RANDOLPH
Who the hell is that?

Without warning, a single round is fired from the assault weapon.

Immediately, the neighborhood residents dive to the ground screaming.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick and the deputies duck for cover behind the pickup trucks. Randolph is shot in the head blasting off a large portion of his forehead splattering blood and skull fragment in all directions. His body falls back against the truck.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick and Deputies fire back at the Mustang damaging the parked vehicles.

The large back tires burn rubber in a cloud of smoke, accelerating down the sidewalk at top speed.

Jessica and Starks run down the street, shooting at the Mustang.

From behind, a 4X4 PICKUP TRUCK shifts into reverse, peeling backwards up to Jessica and Starks facing the rear end.

FRANK ELLIOT (50’s), jumps out the driver side.

FRANK
Here! Take my truck!

Jessica jumps in behind the wheel. Starks gets in the passenger side. The pickup truck takes off in reverse down the street high speed.

EXT. JUNCTION, STOP SIGN - NIGHT

At the end of the next block, the mustang stops at the corner.
EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A block behind, the pick-up truck spins into forward drive accelerating down the next block.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Gingerbread adjusts the rear view mirror seeing the pickup truck closing in from behind. The sound of the Mustang’s tires squeal with power.

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jessica and Starks fire their weapons outside the driver and passenger windows.

EXT. MUSTANG REAR END - NIGHT

Piercing rounds completely shatters the back window with bullet holes. The Mustang speeds away.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK - NIGHT

The Mustang veers onto the sidewalk. The pickup truck jumps on the curb closing in on the chase.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK 2 - NIGHT

The Mustang makes a sharp turn jumping back on the street side, fishtailing around the corner, accelerates down the street.

The pick-up truck ramps the uphill lawn of the corner house, bouncing against the parked SUV’s on the opposite side of the curb.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The muscle car slides to a stop. Gingerbread exits out moving to the rear of the car aiming the AK-47 assault rifle.

The pick-up truck stops several feet back.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

    JESSICA
    (yelling)
    Get down!

Jessica and Starks crouch down behind the dashboard.
Gingerbread unloads a full clip of ammo into the truck’s front end. The body suffers heavy damage covered with bullet holes shattering the front windshield. The front tires are blown out. The hood flies open as the engine explodes into a cloud of black smoke.

Jessica and Starks exit the truck using the doors as shields firing back.

Gingerbread takes off running through a back yard, followed by Jessica on foot.

MONTAGE

The chase leads through the various backyards of residential homes.

143 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD – NIGHT

Gingerbread climbs over a chain-link fence running between the trees through the backyard. Jessica runs up to the fence seeing Gingerbread entering the house through the back door.

Immediately, Jessica climbs over landing on her feet. She takes out her weapon maneuvering around the trees and across the clearing of grass.

144 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO – NIGHT

Jessica cautiously runs up to the three bodies lying on the ground in a massive pool of blood. She stares at the words on the concrete written in blood, "IN THE NAME OF GOTH."

Realizing they’re dead, Jessica moves along the side of the house up to the back-door. She shines the flashlight inside seeing the heavy bloodstains on the stairs and walls.

The upstairs back door is wide open.

145 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN – NIGHT

Jessica walks through the opened doorway holding her weapon and flashlight sweeping through the dark kitchen.

Unnoticed, the back door closes in silence.

Suddenly, Jessica stops, hearing a dripping noise from behind, she spins aiming her weapon and flashlight at the door gasping in horror.
Rebecca’s body hangs lifeless above the pool of blood. The handle from the large Bowie knife extends out from between her crossed eyes covered in blood. Above her head is the disturbing imagery of her severed fingers stapled to the door forming the word "Gingerbread."

Jessica backs away taking a deep breath, keeping her composure in check, she remains determined.

146 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS - NIGHT

Cautiously, Jessica walks down to the party room surrounded by the cloud of smoke thinning out.

147 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica stares at the massacre of dead bodies scattered across the floor soaked in blood.

   JESSICA
   (whispering)
   Oh Jesus.

Out of nowhere, blood drips down on the side of Jessica’s face. She wipes her cheek, shining the light up on the ceiling.

The body of SARAH WILLIS (30’s) bleeding from a deep laceration wound on the side of her skull. Her eyes are extracted out from her eye sockets. Her extremities have puncture wounds on her wrists and ankles, nailed to the ceiling crucified.

Above Sarah’s body in blood reads: "The twisted rule the wicked."

148 INT. SHERIFF’S STATION, OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

11 p.m.

Jessica is sitting on the desk with her head hung low rubbing her temples with her fingertips. Her eyes are closed tight showing the signs of stress on her face.

Starks walks up giving Jessica a cup of coffee.

   STARKS
   Here...

Smiling gingerly, Jessica takes the cup.
JESSICA
Any whiskey?

Starks smiles back, sitting on the desk across from Jessica.

STARKS
Sorry, just cream and sugar.

Suddenly, the Sheriff’s office door flies open. Immediately, Deputy Officers depart from the office exiting the floor.

Eagerly, Patrick exits the office walking up to the agents.

PATRICK
We got a serious problem. The Mustang Tyrone Henry was driving belongs to Monica.

Suddenly, all the phones on the office floor ring at same time.

Suspiciously, Jessica, Starks, and Patrick stare at the phones. After a few seconds, the phones stop ringing except for the one in front of Patrick.

DESK

The phone continues ringing, Patrick hesitates for a second, picking up the receiver, listening to the caller.

NANA (V.O.)
I want you to know that I’m going to fuck you up with extreme prejudice pig.

Out of fear, Patrick’s eyes flare open turning to the agents. He motions his finger at the receiver pressing the speaker button on the phone, setting the receiver down on the desk.

NANA (V.O.)
But before you die, I want the Agents to know that I’m gonna kill more people in the most brutal way imaginable.

JESSICA
And then what? Disappear for another twenty years? I’m sorry to disappoint you Tyrone but that’s not going to happen. It ends tonight, dead or alive, it’s your choice.
Gingerbread breathes heavily through the speaker phone.

    NANA (V.O.)
    No princess, it just the beginning for you. You see a lot has change
    over the span of two decades. I’ve changed for the better, something
    you’ll learn to appreciate. Back then you white devils treated me
    like a sexually transmitted disease, an outcast. Now who’s
    laughing Jessica? Your turn will come in a painful lesson about the
    meaning of true love.

    JESSICA
    You will lose Tyrone. I guarantee it.

    NANA (V.O.)
    (laughs)
    Can you guarantee the life of a
    woman who’s flesh is going to melt
    from her bones like hot butter?

A hysterical young woman’s voice screams in the background.

    NANA (V.O.)
    Remember princess, every beginning
    has a tragic ending, that much I
    can guarantee!

The phone call is disconnected.

149    EXT. MAYOR’S MANSION – NIGHT

Gingerbread carries a body inside a body bag over his
shoulders walking along the front entrance of the estate,
passing the ground flood lights.

FRONT DOORS

Gingerbread enters the security code on the mounted key pad
unlocking the doors, enters inside, closing the doors behind
him.

150    EXT. MAYOR’S MANSION, DRIVE WAY – NIGHT

A Black Cadillac Expedition drives through the security
gates, parks in front of the main entrance turning off the
engine and head lights.
JARVIS JORDAN now in his (60’s), exits the driver side of the vehicle with his wife EMILY JORDAN (40’s). Jarvis walks to the passenger side of the SUV next to Emily wrapping his arms around her waist.

JARVIS  
(to Emily)  
You see, there’s nothing to worry about. Everything is taken care of, trust me.

Jarvis kisses Emily on the lips, she leans against his chest wrapping her arms around his waist walking up to the front doors.

FRONT DOORS

Jarvis enters the security code on the key pad unlocking the doors. The couple enters inside closing the doors behind them.

151 INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The lights are on. After a few moments, Emily screams hysterically.

152 EXT. COUNTY ROAD – NIGHT

The patrol car’s emergency lights flash on the dark abandoned road. The cruiser speeds down the rain soaked street.

153 INT. PATROL CAR – NIGHT

Patrick is driving. Jessica is in the front passenger seat. Starks is in the back seat between them. He leans into Patrick’s ear.

STARKS
I think it’s time for you to tell me what I need to know sheriff. Tyrone Henry didn’t come back just to kill a few more people. These murders were nothing but a diversion. You know what he’s after. Take me to it before he finds it and disappears again.

Patrick glances at Starks through the rear view mirror.

PATRICK
I don’t know what the hell your taking about!
Starks shoves the barrel of his weapon in the back of Patrick’s neck.

    STARKS
    Let’s try this one more time sheriff.

    JESSICA
    (to Starks)
    What the hell you’re doing?

    STARKS
    (to Jessica)
    You have your orders Agent Pierce, I have mine.
    (to Patrick)
    I’m not going to ask again.

Saddened, Patrick looks at Jessica.

    PATRICK
    I’m sorry Jessica. I didn’t turn out to be the man you once knew.

154 INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Taking inventory in the cooler, ROLLINS HENRY (30’s), good looking, clean cut and wearing glasses is doing a beer count.

    PATRICK (V.O.)
    Twenty year ago, Rollins Clark worked for Jarvis as club manager at Dixie Chicks. After earning his trust, Jarvis promoted Rollins to handle some of his more confidential affairs.

Mayor Jarvis, greeting Rollins with a firm hand shake and a smile, giving Rollins a government file marked "CLASSIFIED."

    JARVIS
    Now, I’m trusting you’ll keep this on the down low between us right?
    It’s best we keep town business to ourselves.

From the breast pocket of his blazer, he gives Rollins a smaller envelope. Rollins examines the currency of ten thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. At first, Rollins appears reluctant in accepting the money.
ROLLINS
I - I don’t know about this Mayor. What you’re asking me to do sounds illegal. I mean, I don’t want any problem with the feds.

JARVIS
You have nothing to worry about. I just need you to be at the lab making sure those chemical containers are disposed of properly. I need you to make sure that happens.

Rollins shakes Jarvis’ hand again.

155 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY

Jarvis is given a certified check in the amount of fifty million dollars by a BUSINESS MAN (50’s) carrying a black brief case.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Matrix laboratories, a contracted pharmaceutical company receives federal funding to develop a series of test drugs that would be used to fight against terrorism.

156 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A group of SCIENTISTS (40’s to 50’s) are running tests, ejecting drugs into rodents.

157 INT. SECURITY WINDOW - DAY

Rollins, an armed security guard scans the ID badges of scientists and lab personnel entering the facility.

He signs for the delivery of various equipment and supplies.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Rollins was in charge of security and certain daily operations.

158 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Jarvis gives C.J. a small box of experimental serum with a cash envelope.

JARVIS
Make sure you get this to the pharmacist, just in time to be
JARVIS
administered as the flu vaccination
that starts tomorrow morning.

C.J. opens the box examining the bottled drug labeled "DEVILS BREATH."

PATRICK (V.O.)
It was a perfect operation until
Jarvis started using the drug for
his own personal gain.

159 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A mindless RESIDENT (40’s) walks in the middle lane of
oncoming traffic, nearly being hit by swerving vehicles
blowing their horns causing multiple accidents.

160 EXT. STREET, DEAD END - DAY

A speeding vehicles drives through the guard rail and jumps
the cliff, crashing at the bottom of the rocks, bursting in
flames.

161 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a blank expression, an ELDERLY MAN (70’s) sits on his
recliner chair staring at the wall.

PATRICK (V.O.)
The early stages of the drug wasn’t
safe to be used on people. The side
effects gave people permanent
memory loss. Jarvis was using the
drug to control the people of
Covington. That’s how he remained
mayor for years.

162 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

News reporter TINA RUSH interviews several VICTIMS (30’s to
40’s) who claim to have been ejected with the drug showing
their needle tracks in their arms that became infected.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Tina rush got involved when she
received phone calls of people
suffering from memory loss she knew
was injected with the drug.
INT. NEWS VAN - DAY

Tina tapes a wired microphone to Rollins chest and gives him a hand held camera.

PATRICK (V.O.)
She convinced Rollins to go undercover to get dirt on Jarvis.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Dressed in all black, Rollins steals various drug vials, takes pictures of top secret files, steals floppy disks from computer terminals, and confiscates surveillance tapes.

INT. LABORATORY CLOSET - NIGHT

Rollins secretly records a top secret meeting of SCIENTISTS (40’s to 50’s) and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS (40’s to 50’s)

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tied down to the bed C.J. injects a resisting Tonya with the drug.

A group of paying CUSTOMERS (30’s) enters the room closing the door

PATRICK (V.O.)
That’s when Rollins made the worst mistake of his life.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT

With a smirk on his face, Jarvis tosses the incriminating photos back at Rollins. Immediately, Rollins leaves. Jarvis makes a phone call.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Rollins threatened to black mail Jarvis after he found out what happened to Tonya. He threatened to go public if Jarvis didn’t pay him five million dollars.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Rollins carrying a suite case leads Tonya and Gingerbread to a room outside of town. In an unmarked vehicle, Patrick, dressed in plain clothes spies on the family with a pair of binoculars.
PATRICK (V.O.)
I was paid extra to keep tabs on the family.

Patrick radios Jarvis on their whereabouts.

PATRICK (V.O.)
They were planning on leaving town.

169 EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT
A sedan pulls up parking next to Jarvis’ sports car. Rollins gets out, entering inside the barn.

170 EXT. BARN HOUSE - DAY
Multiple squad cars are parked out front with the barn doors open.

171 INT. BARN HOUSE - DAY
Rollins’ nude burned body hangs from a noose wrapped around his neck.

172 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
SHERIFF DEPUTIES search the hotel room with Jarvis standing in the door way looking on.

JARVIS
I don’t give a damn if you tear this room apart! I want that evidence found!

173 INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, OFFICE - DAY
Jarvis looks through his mail when he sees a disturbing envelope marked "GINGERBREAD’S REVENGE" in blood with an empty drug vial tapped to it.

PATRICK (V.O.)
That was the first of many death threat aimed at Jarvis that could expose his involvement but more important, Project Devil’s Breath.

174 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY
A crew of hired MOVERS (20’s) are loading various sized equipment on flat bed trucks with equipment
EXT. RIVER FRONT - NIGHT

WORK CREWS (30’s) are dumping barrels of hazard chemicals.

EXT. MATRIX TECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT

The ranch compound is set on fire.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A fleet of semi-trucks drive out of town.

PATRICK (V.O.)
The project was shut down and moved
to a undisclosed location.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE MAYOR’S MANSION, DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

The flashing lights of the patrol car parks behind the SUV. Immediately, Sheriff Deputies MARCUS YOUNG (30’s) and MONA CARLSON (30’s) exit the squad car running up to the front entrance of the estate.

The front doors fly open. A scared Jarvis and Emily exit. Emily is a crying mess.

EMILY
(to Jarvis)
Oh my God, Louise! What kind of monster would do this to her!? There’s blood everywhere, Jarvis! What the hell is going on?

Jarvis turns to his wife grabbing her arms with both hands.

JARVIS
Just get in the fucking car and shut up!
(to Deputy Young)
Take her!

Deputy Young escorts Emily away. An angry Jarvis steps into Deputy Carlson’s face, grabbing his uniform shirt.

JARVIS (CONT’D)
Where in the hell is Sheriff Patrick!? He left me a fucking message that Tyrone Henry is dead. <BEAT> I come home to find my house-keeper dead in my living room!
DEPUTY CARLSON
Sheriff Patrick instructed me to
take you and your wife to a safe
house until your daughter is found.

Overwhelmed with fear, Jarvis’s face turns pale.

JARVIS
Monica? He’s got my baby girl!?

Jarvis’s cell phone rings in his hand answering the call.
His eyes blink with a sense of urgency.

THUNDER ECHOES.

JARVIS (CONT’D)
Oh God, he’s inside! That sick
mother fucker is inside my house!

DRIVE WAY

From behind, a dark blue muscle car with tinted windows
turns into the driveway parking next to the patrol car. The
doors open, two male HENCHMEN (30’S) wearing all black exit
the vehicle and run over to Mayor Jordan.

HENCHMAN #1
We got your message.

JARVIS
That bastard is inside and he’s
kidnapped Monica. Make the
motherfucker talk, what ever it
takes until she’s found. Then burn
his black ass to ashes!

HENCHMAN #2
We’ll take care of it.

JARVIS
(to Carlson)
We gotta find my daughter now!

Jarvis and Deputy Carlson run to the patrol car and get in.

Henchman #1 and #2 pull out their firearms, run up to the
front entrance of the estate, and enter.

The patrol car backs out of the driveway and drives away.

The Sheriff’s patrol car pulls into the driveway parking
behind the SUV.
INT. PATROL CRUISER - NIGHT

PATRICK
Oh Jesus no! Jarvis! What the hell are you doing here?!

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick exit the squad car with their weapons drawn, running up to the opened doors of the estate.

JESSICA
Talk to me, sheriff!

PATRICK
Something went wrong, damn it! Jarvis wasn’t supposed to come out of hiding until I made contact with him.

STARKS
Tyrone wanted us to come here.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

The flashlights shine on the gruesome nude body of the HOUSEKEEPER (50’s). Her dissolved body is liquified from the face, torso, and upper extremities saturated in a pool of sulfuric acid and blood across the floor.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The bodies of the Henchman #1 and #2 are face down in a massive pool of blood.

Jessica shines the light down on a blood trail leading down the corridor.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

The blood trail stops at the closed double doors. Jessica, Starks, and Patrick stand a few feet back. Smoke is filtering out from underneath the doors.

JESSICA
There’s something burning inside!

Starks and Patrick run up to each side of the doors, grabbing the doorknobs.

Jessica takes position, aiming her weapon at the door, nodding she’s ready.

Patrick and Starks kick the doors open.
INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

The nude body of the Mayor’s Daughter, MONICA JORDAN, unrecognizable, engulfed in flames, hanging helplessly from a long chain wrapped around her neck like a chandelier. The flesh burns off into flakes of fire falling to the floor forming the word "SHERIFF."

A younger picture of Patrick burns on the floor in the center of the flames.

Horrified, Patrick stumbles backward, falls down to the ground, staring at his burning picture speechless.

Jessica and Starks enter the library with a long curtain. They wrap it around Monica’s scorched body, smothering the flames.

Jessica looks at Monica’s badly burned face, noticing an eyebrow ring piercing above the right eye. She reaches inside her coat pocket, pulling out a pair of tweezers and removing the jewelry from her face.

Shining the light to examine the jewelry, Jessica recognizes the end piece of the piercing shaped like the head of a penis.

JESSICA
Oh my God!

Jessica looks at the burned face for a few seconds, turning to Patrick.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
It’s the Mayor’s daughter, Monica Jordon.

STARKS
Shit. He’s got Jarvis and his wife.

INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, LIBRARY FOYER - NIGHT

Urgently, Patrick walks in a fast pace through the foyer. Starks runs up to Patrick from behind.

STARKS
Where in the hell do you think your going?

Starks grabs Patrick’s arm, turning him around. Unexpectedly, Patrick points his weapon in Stark’s face.
Jessica runs up to Starks from behind, reaching for her sidearm, but stops short.

PATRICK
Do it Jessica and I’ll put a hole in your partner’s face!

Patrick steps back, aiming his weapon at both agents. Jessica moves her hand away from the side holster.

PATRICK
Now get the fuck back!

Jessica reacts calmly.

JESSICA
Dan, this isn’t helping us. We still have a killer running loose.

Patrick points his weapon back to Jessica, grinding his teeth together.

PATRICK
No shit Sherlock! Did you happen to see the name that was burning in flames? IT WAS MINE!

Slowly, Jessica approaches Patrick.

JESSICA
It’s only a matter of time before we catch him, Dan. We need to stick together on this.

Emotionally, Patrick breaks down crying.

PATRICK
I’m through with all of this! Everything! I can’t do this shit anymore!

STARKS
Everything like what?

Patrick aims his weapon back at Starks.

PATRICK
Jarvis knew Tyrone was coming back! He knew Tyrone was coming to kill us and expose the project! Twenty year ago, after the murder charges against Tyrone were dropped, the government ordered Jarvis to
PATRICK
destroy everything relating to
Devil’s Breath. But Jarvis
continued making the drug and
selling it on the black market. He
was going to make billions of
dollars selling it to our foreign
enemies.

STARKS
Where does he keep the drug?

PATRICK
Inside a safe in the library.
Everything regarding the project is
in there, including the book.

STARKS
Just give me the combination and we
can end this.

PATRICK
I suggest you find Jarvis before
Tyrone does, because I don’t have
it!

(to Jessica)
Like I said, I’m not the man you
thought I was.

185 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

1 a.m.

Thunderous rain showers pound the dark abandoned road.

A lone patrol car is speeding with urgency.

186 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Jarvis and Emily are in the back seat. Deputy Young, is
driving. DEPUTY CARLSON is in the front passenger seat.

Nervously, Jarvis - using his cell phone - rocks back and
forth. Emily is crying.

JARVIS
Come on Monica, pick up the damn
phone! Please Jesus, don’t let
anything happen to my princess. I
swear, that motherfucker is going
to pay if he touches her.

Furiously, Emily turns to Jarvis.
EMILY
If anything has happened to my
baby, I’m holding you responsible,
you son of a bitch! This is all
your fault trying to play God with
peoples lives! You’re going to get
our daughter killed you bastard!

Without thinking, Jarvis slaps Emily across the face hard.

JARVIS
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Emily moves away from Jarvis, covering her face with her
hands, crying out loud.

Deputy Young glares at Jarvis through the rear view mirror.

DEPUTY YOUNG
I guess that makes you feel like a
real man, huh?

With a fierce look, Deputy Carlson points her finger in
Deputy Young’s face.

DEPUTY CARLSON
You secure your mouth, deputy!

With a smirk on his face, Jarvis raises his eye brows,
leaning his face up to the safety grill.

Deputy Carlson turns back to Jarvis.

DEPUTY CARLSON (CONT’D)
Mayor, I apologize...

Jarvis motions his hand at Deputy Carlson to remain quiet.

JARVIS
You’re damn lucky I don’t make you
pull over so I can slap the black
off your ass, boy! So do yourself a
favor and shut the fuck up before I
take off my belt, pull down your
britches, and have a flash back of
the good o’ days with a nigger cop!

Jarvis gives off a cocky smile.

Deputy Young grips the steering wheel, turning off the
police siren and emergency lights.
DEPUTY CARLSON
What the hell do you think you’re doing?
(to Jarvis)
Your honor, I will personally see to it that Deputy Young faces disciplinary actions for his behavior.

Without hesitation Deputy Young pulls out his firearm from his side holster and shoots Deputy Carlson in the head through the temple. The bullet exits out the passenger window, shattering it on impact. The blood, brain matter, and skull fragments splatter across the front seat, windshield, & dashboard.

Hysterically, Emily screams, grabbing Jarvis’s arm and shaking uncontrollably.

Jarvis braces his body against the backseat, tightly trembling in horror.

The lifeless body of Deputy Carlson’s body hangs, leaning against the cross strap of the seat belt motionless. The flow of blood exits from the bullet wound with her eyes open.

Jarvis is in shock.

JARVIS
Oh my God! You’re working with Tyrone Henry! STOP THE CAR! STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

Desperately, Jarvis tries opening the locked window and door.

EMILY
(to Jarvis)
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

Jarvis pounds his fists on the window. Emily stops crying, staring away in a catatonic state, her body trembling in shock.

Deputy Young accelerates the squad car over 100 mph on the speedometer.

DEPUTY YOUNG
(shouting)
You pimped Tonya Henry out to every swing dick in Covington! You made her your personal whore you
DEPUTY YOUNG
murderous bastard! I was in love
with her before Rollins came into
the picture! I was suppose to marry
her and you took that away from me!
Now its your turn to pay you racist
piece of shit!

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Deputy Young’s Patrol Car runs a stop sign.
Out of nowhere, a black armored truck with tinted windows
ploughs into the driver side of the squad car, flipping it
over multiple times across the road until it slides to a
full stop upside down.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Jarvis and Emily are unconscious with various cuts and
bruises on their faces.
A bullet is fired through the driver side window shooting
Deputy Young in the head.
Aggressively, the black armored truck pulls up alongside the
wrecked patrol car.
Gingerbread exits, pissed off. He walks up to the back
passenger door, kicking out the window.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, TRAILER LOT - NIGHT

2 a.m.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BECKY (40’S), sits on a recliner drinking Jack and Coke from
a glass. She’s intoxicated, watching TV with her legs
crossed, shaking impatiently, flipping through the channels
with the remote in hand.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Patrick’s patrol car skids into the driveway stopping
abruptly.
Quickly, he exits the squad car and runs up to the side door
of the house, entering inside.
INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a hurry, Patrick walks through the living room up to the front closet, opening the door, grabbing a military duffel bag off the floor.

Pissed off, Becky jumps up from the recliner walking up to Patrick from behind with her drink in her hand.

BECKY
Where the fuck you’ve been? It’s two o’clock in the fucking morning and you’re now just waltzing your sorry ass in here like you own the fucking place! Who the fuck do you think you are?

Patrick turns, pointing his finger in her face.

PATRICK
Back the fuck off BITCH!

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abruptly, Patrick enters the bedroom. Becky charges after Patrick from behind, antagonizing him even more.

BECKY
Who is she, Dan? Who’s the bitch that’s got all your attention?

Patrick pulls open the dresser drawers, taking out his clothes and shoving them inside the duffel bag.

BECKY (CONT’D)
Answer me when I’m talking to you, you sorry ass! What’s the name of the bitch you’re fucking?

Patrick moves past Becky ignoring her.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Patrick enters the bathroom, carrying his duffel bag over his shoulder.

Becky stands in the doorway, taking a sip from her glass.

BECKY
Is it somebody I know? Yeah, it is. You’re a worthless piece of shit motherfucker! Go run to your whore! I don’t need you!
Patrick loads his bag with person hygiene items.

BECKY (CONT’D)
Yeah that’s right! Pack your shit
and get the fuck out! I don’t need
a sorry ass man with no fucking
backbone in my life! GET THE FUCK
OUT!

Becky takes a sip from her glass drink.

Patrick exits the bathroom.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Becky spits in Patrick’s face. She laughs out loud.

Without warning, Patrick turns around, aiming his fire arm
in Becky’s face. She stops laughing.

BECKY
You ain’t got the balls,
motherfucker.

Patrick pulls the trigger of his revolver.

FLOOR

The glass falls down shattering on the hardwood floor.

The bullet splits a large hole through Becky’s chin. She
falls on the bed, bouncing off, down to the floor on her
back bleeding to death.

Patrick stands over Becky’s body, shooting her in the head
for good measure. Becky dies staring directly into his eyes.

Patrick grabs the duffel bag, exiting the bedroom. Suddenly,

BLACK

A loud THUD, a body falls to the floor.

The telephone is ringing, the answering machine picks up.

BECKY (V.O.) (CONT’D)

Hi, Becky and Dan aren’t home at
the moment, so you know what to do.

The answering machine beeps. Gingerbread is breathing
through the speaker phone laughing.
NANA (V.O.)
You’re a lucky woman Becky. I was
going to make you taste your own
blood rising up through your
throat.

Gingerbread’s yelling out.

NANA (V.O.)
I WANTED YOU TO SCREAM LIKE THE
LOST SOULS IN HELL! SQUEAL LIKE A
FILTHY PIG BEGGING TO BE
SPARED! THEN SLAUGHTER YOU LIKE
MINDLESS CATTLE WITH NO FUCKING
CLUE!

Gingerbread is silent for a second speaking in a calmer
tone.

NANA (V.O.)
But that’s fine, Becky. Consider
yourself lucky. As for Dan, the
suffering will be ten fold!

Gingerbread disconnects the call. In the background, the
front door opens slamming shut from behind.

196 EXT. BACK WOODS – NIGHT

DIRT ROAD

The Cadillac SUV bounces the narrow dirt trail in high
pursuit.

197 INT. SUV – NIGHT

Jessica is driving. Starks sits beside her.

JESSICA
There’s an old barn house down the
road close to where Sheriff Patrick
lives. Tyrone said something about
the beginning will lead to the end.

STARKS
So it begins where Tyrone’s father
was murdered twenty years ago.

JESSICA
It would also be the one place I
would hide out to avoid being seen
by anyone.
Out of nowhere the high beams of an oncoming black Hummer blinds Jessica. She shields her eyes.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
Hold on!

The Hummer zooms by splashing mud on the SUV’s windshield. Jessica struggles, swerving off road and down into a murky ditch.

198
EXT. BACK WOODS - NIGHT

Immediately, Jessica jumps out, running up the muddy embankment, aiming her weapon at the back of the moving Hummer disappearing in the dark.

Starks stands next Jessica.

JESSICA
Son of a bitch! It was him!

Starks shines his flashlight in the opposite direction seeing the outline of an old barn house behind some trees at the end of the road.

199
I/E. SUV - NIGHT

Jessica shifts gears between reverse and forward.

200
EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Aggressively, the tires spin in the muddy waters struggling to climb out of the ditch.

201
EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT

Starks walks up to the barn house, shining his flashlight around the premises, drawing his weapon. He squeezes his body between the opening gap of the large wooden doors closed.

202
INT. BARN - NIGHT

Starks moves along, shining the light around. The musty atmosphere is saturated by a thick mist of mildew dimming the light radius.

He covers his nose from the unusual strong odor with his sleeve. The cool night air whistles through the multiple holes in the walls. Rain drops fall on top of old farming equipment and machinery from the damaged ceiling. The ground is gritty, saturated from the rain soaking the old strands of hay.
Starks stops next to a closed door with a light glaring out from the bottom. Cautiously, he grabs the doorknob turning it slowly.

The door is whipped open slamming back against the wall.

INT. BARN, ROOM - NIGHT

Starks walks past the portable floor lamp over to a wooden table consisting of high tech surveillance equipment: digital camera, night vision binocular and goggles, GPS vehicle tracker, phone scanners, voice changer and a portable battery generator.

He picks up the cell phone, paging through the call log. The name of "Tina Rush" shows as the last call entry. He pockets the cell phone. Jessica enters the room with her weapon drawn.

STARKS
Like I said, calculating and very organized.

Jessica examines the equipment.

JESSICA
This explains how Tyrone has been one step ahead of us.

Starks picks up a group of photos from a second table viewing them.

STARKS
Make that two steps, look.

Starks hands the photos to Jessica staring at the top photo of herself running with the football in a game.

STARKS
When was this taken?

Jessica looks at Starks.

JESSICA
The other day at a charity football game.

Jessica thumbs through the various game photos of herself.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
He’s been watching me the entire time.
Starks unzips Gingerbread’s military duffel bag, dumping out the contents of canned foods, water, and medical supplies on the camouflage cot. He picks up a folded piece of construction paper, opening it.

He turns to Jessica holding out the piece of paper.

**STARKS**

Does this mean anything?

Jessica takes the paper examining it.

The title page is "The Gingerbread Massacre". Under the title is a well drawn theater stage surrounded by flames. The high school head shot of Nicholas Grant is attached to a stick figure body tied to a chair in the center of the flames. At the bottom of the page are two stick figures of a boy and girl surrounded by black hearts.

With an alarmed look on her face, Jessica realizes what the message means.

**JESSICA**

Shit! He’s going to kill my ex boyfriend Nicholas Grant.

(to Agent Starks)

He’s going to set him on fire!

204 EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Jessica and Starks jump in the SUV parked outside, driving off in a hurry.

205 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

3 a.m.

206 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE SHOP - NIGHT

Patrick semi-consciously moves his head slow and groggy. His eyes blink, painfully staring directly into the blinding light of the high-power floor lamp positioned in front of him.

He’s stripped down to his underwear struggling to breath from his bloody nose. His wrists, stomach, and ankles are heavily taped to the chair. His lips are glued together.

Gingerbread walks into view standing behind the floor lamp. He grabs a mallet from the work table gripping the handle tightly. He bends down on his knees in front of Patrick’s feet.
Patrick mumbles with his eyes closed tight, preparing for the worst in a tense posture back against the chair.

   NANA (V.O.)
   Let me know if this hurts.

Maliciously, Gingerbread repeatedly pounds Patrick’s toes with a violent swing of the iron mallet.

Patrick screams from the physical torture of his toes being broken, digging his fingers deep into the hand rest of the chair.

Gingerbread stops, standing over Patrick who weeps in excruciating pain. He throws the mallet back on the table grabbing a hand held torch, turning it on, adjusting the neon blue flame.

Covered in sweat, Patrick stares helplessly at the torch, mumbling at Gingerbread.

Gingerbread holds the torch against Patrick’s nipple, burning his skin like melting butter.

In a high pitch mumble, Patrick screams in torturous pain, his flesh sizzles under the extreme heat, his legs quiver in agony of the worst pain ever felt.

Gingerbread applies the intense flame on the opposite nipple making Patrick screams again in a high pitch growl.

His discolored chest swells into a large discolored blister.

Gingerbread turns the torch off, grabbing the back of Patrick’s hair and shoves the hot nozzle against his glued lips.

Patrick shivers from the contact.

Gingerbread throws the torch down to the floor. Armed with a box cutter, he cuts an opening slit between his lips, bleeding from the incision.

Shaking wildly, Patrick cries out.

   PATRICK
   FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER! YOU SON OF A BITCH! I SWEAR TO GOD YOU BETTER MAKE SURE I’M DEAD CAUSE I’M GONNA CUT YOUR BLACK ASS INTO PIECES!

Suddenly, Patrick is spun around in the chair facing the brick wall. The floor lamp is positioned behind his head casting an over sized shadow of his body.
Gingerbread’s shadow stands over Patrick, holding a cordless power drill, squeezing the trigger. The eerie sound of the drill spins freely.

Patrick cries out for the last time.

PATRICK
Listen to me, Tyrone! You need me!
I can take you to Jarvis! He murdered your mother and father! I had nothing to do with it! I swear to you, I never wanted any part of this! You got to believe me! Please Tyrone don’t kill me!

The shadow of Gingerbread points the long drill bit down on top of Patrick’s head, grabbing him by the back of hair with his opposite hand in a tight grip.

PATRICK
GOD...! HELP ... ARGH...!

The shadow of Gingerbread leans against the drill, spinning the long drill bit through Patrick’s skull all the way down to the drill’s chuck.

The shadow pattern of blood shoots out from the wound onto the wall and shadows.

207 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

4 a.m. The Black SUV jumps the side walk slamming its brakes in front of the school’s main entrance.

Immediately, Jessica and Starks exit the vehicle running up the stairs entering inside the school.

208 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The agents running up the open entrance with their weapons drawn. The blood on the floor that reads "The Prince of Death."

They share a confirming glance. Cautiously, the agents walk along the far opposite sides of the walk way, shining their flashlights on the empty seats and aisles.

Gingerbread’s voice speaks through the PA speakers.

GINGEBREAD (O.S)
That’s far enough agents.

The agents stop. The flashlights shines up on the stage.
GINGERBREAD (O.S) (CONT’D)
Agent Pierce, please step up to the microphone standing in the center aisle.

Jessica glances at Starks. He shrugs, then nods in agreement.

Jessica walks across the aisle up to the standing microphone.

JESSICA
Where’s Nicholas?

NANA (V.O.)
He’s getting ready for his grand finale. But don’t worry Jessica, I plan on giving you a curtain call that will last forever, until death do you part. But the time has expired on your knight in shining armor.

JESSICA
Take me as your hostage and let Nicholas go.

NANA (V.O.)
In due time darling but first...

In the background, an organ plays an opera type theme.

NANA (V.O.)
Welcome to my theater of pain. The Mayor and his wife are getting ready for their final scene. It’s the calm before the storm. Take a seat, sit back, and enjoy the show.

Suddenly, the curtain rises. The spotlight shines on the body of a NICHOLAS GRANT (30’s) tied to a chair, unconscious. His face is badly beaten, bloody, and swollen, stripped down to his underwear with a twenty dollar bill taped to his chest. At his feet is a pile of one dollar bills.

JESSICA
Jesus...
(yelling)
NICHOLAS!

BACKSTAGE
In a flash, the floor is set on fire, burning a trail across the floor to the stage.

Jessica jumps up, pulling herself up on the ledge. At the last second, Starks runs up from behind tackling Jessica down to the ground.

Quickly, the trail of fire spreads out into wide flames, shooting up into a burning inferno. The entire stage is engulfed in fire. Instantly, Nicholas is swallowed by the blaze.

The flames shoot out spreading to the curtains burning out of control upwards on the walls and ceiling. Black smoke fills the auditorium.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jessica and Starks stagger against the wall coughing repeatedly from smoke filtering out into the hallway.

Jessica pulls the fire alarm. It echoes throughout the building.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jessica and Starks race down the stairs up to the SUV. The sound of multiple emergency sirens are approaching.

JESSICA
I know where he’s got Jarvis and his wife!

STARKS
Where?

JESSICA
The strip club. Dixie Chicks!

Immediately, the agents jump inside the SUV, driving off accelerating down the street.

INT. RESTAURANT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

5 AM

Tina and Corey sit at a booth next to a window. Tina’s face cringes at Corey eating a plate of fish and grits like a pig using his fingers to scoop up the fish and grit into his mouth.
TINA
Seriously, do you have to eat like that in public?

Corey looks up confused.

COREY
Like what?

Tina’s cell phone rings, she picks up.

TINA
Tina Rush.

Tina’s expression changes. Sitting up with urgency, she stares at Corey who stops eating with a concerned look.

TINA (CONT’D)
Yes. Yes. I know where it is, but...

The call is disconnected. Tina ends the call with excitement.

TINA (CONT’D)
Holy shit, that was him again!

Worried, Corey drops his fish on the plate.

COREY
That was who?

Tina stands reaching inside her purse.

TINA
Who do you think? Tyrone Henry, we gotta go!

Corey hesitates for a moment, wiping his hands on a napkin.

COREY
Look, I got a bad feeling about this. I mean, how do we know he’s not setting us up to be killed next.

Tina rolls her eyes taking out some money from her purse.

TINA
Look, this is your one and only chance to ride the express elevator to the top. Are you in or out?
Corey thinks for a moment lowering his head in doubt. He’s not sure if he wants to go. Tina leans in his face.

    TINA (CONT’D)
    If it makes it any easier, the last time I checked you have a wife, four kids and a fifth one on the way.

    TINA (CONT’D)
    If that’s not enough motivation to convince you, tell me how many black camera men do you see in Georgia?

Tina slaps money down on the table, walking out of the restaurant.

Corey watches her leave, frustrated. He looks over at the news camera sitting next to him. He picks up the camera walking out the restaurant.

212 EXT. STRIP CLUB, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dixie Tricks Strip Club

The Black SUV pulls up in the lot parking in the back of the strip club. Jessica and Starks exit the vehicle with their weapons out.

Suddenly, the NEWS VAN pulls up behind them.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exit the van, running up to the agents.

Corey turns the camera on. Jessica shoves the camera back.

    JESSICA
    Get the fuck out of here!

    TINA
    (to Starks)
    Look, if you let us stay out here, I swear we won’t try to interfere in any way. I promise. Please!

    JESSICA
    Have you lost your fucking mind? You’re going to get yourself killed!
STARKS
No, let them stay. This works out better this way.

JESSICA
(to Starks)
What?

Starks runs around to the front entrance of the building. Jessica follows behind.

213  EXT. STRIP CLUB, FRONT ENTRANCE – NIGHT

The front door is wide open.

STARKS
(to Jessica)
Ready?

JESSICA
Yep...

Jessica and Starks enter inside.

214  INT. STRIP CLUB, THE GOLD MINE AREA – NIGHT

The main floor lighting is dimmed. Cautiously, Jessica and Starks walk past several individual dancing stages.

They split up, moving in different directions. Jessica walks up stairs.

215  INT. V.I.P LOUNGE – NIGHT

Jessica walks beside the bar looking in all directions.

In plain view, the bodies of Jarvis and Emily are chained to the strip poles screaming at Jessica through tied mouth gags. Jessica aims her weapon at the stage.

JESSICA
F.B.I.!

Jessica runs up to the stage, pointing her weapon. She unties the gag around Jarvis’s mouth.

JARVIS
There’s a bomb strapped to the pole behind my wife! You gotta hurry up and get us out!

From behind, the trap door opens. Gingerbread climbs out unnoticed.
Jessica grabs the padlock behind Jarvis’s back.

JESSICA
I’ll get you and your wife out! I have to shoot the lock off first!
Hold still!

Jessica stands, ready to shoot.

From behind, Gingerbread wraps his arm around Jessica’s neck, injecting the loaded syringe of a black serum behind her ear.

Jessica screams in a struggle, firing a single round into the ceiling. Gingerbread grabs hold of her wrist.

Immediately, the drug takes effect. Jessica drops her weapon on the platform stage. Disoriented, she collapses to the floor in front of Jarvis rolling on her back.

A speechless Jarvis stares in shock.

Jessica’s speech is impaired calling out.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
Starks! Agent... dow...

Gingerbread bends down, leaning over Jessica’s body. He strikes Jessica several times across the face wearing a pair of brass knuckles. The entire side of Jessica’s face is slashed, bruised, and swollen.

Gingerbread picks up Jessica’s gun.

NANA (V.O.)
Remember when I said I’ll love you till death do us part?

Gingerbread fires a shot into Jessica’s thigh bone, crying out in pain, rolling on her side.

Emily screams through her mouth gag.

Gingerbread circles around Jessica’s body.

NANA (V.O.)
I wasn’t lying about that, but sometimes love hurts, and I need to show you how much pain I felt over the years, princess.

Out of anger, Gingerbread viciously kicks a helpless Jessica several times across the face bleeding from a broken jaw and nose. He continues kicking her in the ribs.
Painfully, Jessica deeply gasps for air drooling out a stream line of blood from her mouth.

NANA (V.O.)
Love comes with a painful price.

Gingerbread fires a second round into Jessica’s shoulder, grunting from the bullet wound, she passes out cold.

JARVIS
(crying)
Tyrone please! You made your point! She’s suffered enough. Just let her be!

Gingerbread aims the gun at Jarvis.

NANA (V.O.)
(to Jarvis)
That’s part of the game white devil! You should know this better than anyone. Don’t tell me you didn’t feel the same way when you beat and raped Tonya Henry to her death.

Jarvis is overwhelmed with guilt, crying.

NANA (V.O.)
(to Jessica)
If it’s meant to be, princess, I’ll be there to comfort you through the nightmares that will torment your dreams for years to come.

Gingerbread exits the V.I.P lounge through the back emergency door.

216 INT. STRIP CLUB, STAIRWAY - NIGHT

An injured Starks stumbles up the stairs in a daze, bleeding from a nasty wound on the side of his head. He calls out.

STARKS
Agent Pierce!

With urgency, Jarvis shouts.

JARVIS
GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! WE DON’T HAVE MUCH TIME!

Starks sees Jessica’s body on the dance stage. He runs over to her checking for a pulse.
JARVIS (CONT’D)
FUCK HER SHE’S DEAD! GET US OUT BEFORE THE BOMB DETONATES! AGENT STARKS

STARKS
I’m sorry, Jessica.

Starks stands behind Jarvis, shooting the lock off and freeing Jarvis.

Immediately, Jarvis moves next to Emily, turning back to Starks.

JARVIS
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!? HELP ME FREE MY WIFE!

Starks strikes Jarvis across his forehead with the butt of his firearm, knocking him out cold.

STARKS
You and I have unfinished business to conclude.

217 EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The back door swings open. In handcuffs, Jarvis is pushed outside, bleeding from a nasty head wound.

Starks follows from behind with his weapon aimed at him. Sitting on a crate, Tina jumps up, turning to Corey, placing the camera on his shoulder ready to roll.

TINA
Let’s go!

Corey follows Tina’s lead running up to Starks with microphone in hand.

TINA (CONT’D)
Agent Starks, can you tell us what happened inside?

Starks walks up to Corey, shooting him in the head. His body and camera fall to the ground.

Frantically, Tina drops her microphone in shock, Corey’s blood on her face.

Jarvis stands motionless, visibly shaken. Starks fire a second round into Corey’s heart.
TINA (CONT’D)
Oh Jesus, COREY! COREY!

Tina turns running away.

Starks steps up, shooting Tina in the back of her head, falling face first into a large puddle of mud.

Starks grabs Jarvis by the back of his neck, dragging him over to the SUV.

Jarvis’s face is numb and still.

Starks shoves Jarvis inside the back seat of the SUV, slamming the door shut. He picks up the camera, gets back inside the SUV, driving off and running over Tina’s body down the dirt road.

218 INT. STRIP CLUB, VIP LOUNGE – NIGHT

With tears in her eyes, Emily Jordan leans back against the dance pole with a blank expression.

BOMB

The timer ticks down to two seconds.

219 EXT. STRIP CLUB, SECOND STORY WINDOW – NIGHT

In the last seconds, Jessica leaps through the office window, shattering glass in mid air.

The building detonates in a powerful explosion throwing Jessica across the parking lot landing on the ground surrounded by burning debris.

220 INT. MAYOR’S MANSION, LIBRARY – MORNING

SUNRISE

Starks shoves Jarvis behind his desk, pointing his weapon with a silencer attachment at Jarvis.

STARKS
Open it!

SAFE

Jarvis kneels down, entering a digital three number combination. He turns the steel handle pulling the door open.
Inside is a large amount of money, stocks, and bonds. A large tan envelope with several rolls of film, CD disks, and a container consisting of 24 serum vials on top of a large old book.

JARVIS
Please let me explain! I was planning to destroy everything.

Starks shoots Jarvis in a three round burst to the heart, bleeding out. His body collapses to the floor, dying with his eyes open.

Starks moves to the safe, pulling out a folded black bag from his coat pocket. He kneels down emptying out the safe. His cell phone rings as he takes out a large but old book made out of human skin with voodoo designs on the cover, placing the contents inside the bag.

Starks stands, zips up the bag, and pulls out his cell phone from his coat pocket answering the call.

STARKS
Yes sir. <BEAT> I have everything.  
<BEAT> That problem has been removed. Agent Pierce is dead.  
<BEAT> Yes I have the book. <BEAT> No sir, Tyrone Henry is still at large. Do you want me to intercept?  
<BEAT> Understood, I’ll be at the airport within the next hour.

Starks checks the time on his watch.

STARKS
Will do.

Starks ends the call exiting the library.

EXT. COVINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL – DAY

TITLE CARD: OCTOBER 31ST

INT. ICU – DAY

Slowly, Jessica opens her good eye, blinking a few times adjusting to the room lights. Her head is heavily bandaged with gauze taped over her damaged eye. Her jaw is wired shut surrounded by the swelling on her face, dried blood stains her lips. Her shoulder sits in a sling, her leg is heavily bandaged, elevated on top of pillows.

Kruse stands by her bedside. Jessica looks at him mumbling through her wired jaw.
JESSICA
Where am I?

KRUSE
You’re at Covington General Hospital.

JESSICA
How did I get here? What happened?

Kruse takes a seat next to Jessica.

KRUSE
What’s the last thing you remember?

Jessica tries to think.

JESSICA
I - I don’t know. I mean -
everything seems blank or missing -
I don’t...

KRUSE
Do you remember anything about the
case you were on?

JESSICA
I - can’t think - don’t - know...

Jessica falls under from the medication.

223 INT. HOSPITAL, LOBBY – DAY

Kruse exits the room. Two uniformed POST GUARD officers stand outside the room.

Deputy Director Lebre walks up to Kruse.

LEBRE
Well?

Kruse shakes his head in disappointment.

KRUSE
She doesn’t remember anything.

LEBRE
And she probably never will. Lab test shows that she’s been injected
with a heavy drug called Scopolamine.
KRUSE
Scopolamine?

Lebre and Kruse walk away from the room.

LEBRE
Project Devil’s Breath is an experimental drug designed to permanently erase memories. Agent Pierce was injected with a heavy dose that should of killed her. She’s lucky to be alive.

KRUSE
What the hell happened in Georgia? Mayor Jarvis was found dead in his mansion. His wife was killed in a bomb explosion at a strip club where Agent Pierce was left for dead.

LEBRE
And Tyrone Henry is still at large. I know, we have nothing. The investigation is officially closed.

Kruse is upset.

KRUSE
You can’t be serious! After what Jessica has been through, you’re willing to dismiss it as if nothing happen! Hell no!...

LEBRE
Deal with it Kruse because that’s exactly what we’re going to do!

Kruse sighs – amazed at Lebre.

LEBRE
Look at it this way, when Agent Pierce recovers, we’ll reassign her to a different field office and pretend this never happened. <BEAT> It’s not my decision but I have my orders to follow, so do you.

KRUSE
And you’re okay with that?
LEBRE
GO HOME KRUSE, there’s nothing more you can do.

Lebre walks away with Kruse looking back. Kruse walks away.

Razor-X disguised as a doctor walks up to police officers showing his I.D badge. He clears protocol and enters the room.

224 INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Jessica is sleeping.

Razor-X walks up to the bed, laying a medical chart down next to Jessica. He takes out a syringe from her pocket laying it next to the chart, disconnecting the I.V line connected to Jessica’s arm.

Razor-X injects the drug into the line. Seconds pass.

He pulls out the syringe placing the plastic end piece in his mouth, reconnecting the I.V line, placing the syringe back into her pocket.

RAZOR-X
I’ll see you soon.

Razor-X walks up to the door turning off the lights, exits the room.

Suddenly, Jessica’s eye snaps open.

225 EXT. HENRY COUNTY ROAD, MORGAN, GEORGIA - DAY

SUBTITLE: OCTOBER 31st, 5 p.m.

Torrential rain showers fall late afternoon. A yellow cab sits on the side of the road.

226 INT. CAB - DAY

Gingerbread is sitting behind the steering wheel, wearing the previous gear and ski mask from earlier, covered in blood.

NANA (V.O.)
You’ve done well Gingerbread! I can hear the devils screaming in the lake of fire. Their spirits are being tortured by the children of the lost souls. You know what needs to be done to embrace closure. Kill
NANA (V.O.)
the devil of all devils! Kill him,
Gingerbread, and his soul becomes
mine! This will connect the life
line of my essence through your
mind, body, and soul.

Suddenly, Gingerbread grips the steering wheel grunting in
excruciating pain.

227  EXT. CAB - DAY

The driver door opens. Gingerbread staggers out falling down
to his knees crawling away from the cab, stopping in the
middle of the road.

The heavy rain storm soaks his entire body.

SUDDENLY, he vomits out a pool of black ooze coming out of
his nose and mouth, gagging.

The ski mask is pulled off. Long black silky hair hangs down
covering her face.

From behind, Nana stands up. Her long wet hair whipped back
looking up towards the sky.

Nana, tall, curvaceous young body, takes in a deep breath

Slowly, she walks back to the cab, taking off the top layers
of clothing down to her white tee shirt soaked by the rain
water exposing her large breasts.

Nana re-enters the cab driving away.

228  EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

HENRY COUNTY ROAD - 10 PM

Heavy rain showers continues to pour.

229  INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

O’BRIEN, now (60’s) with grayish black shoulder length hair,
a bit overweight, shivers from the cold and wet. He rubs his
hands together for warmth.
EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

The headlights of an oncoming vehicle approaching.

O’BRIEN
Thank God!

Steve exits the phone booth, running across the street waving his arms frantically.

The vehicle drives past, splashing a large puddle of rain water in his face. Steve throws up the middle finger.

O’BRIEN
Fuck you, motherfucker!

From behind, the high beams of a second cab stops. Steve turns around shielding his eyes from the glare. The car horn blows.

The driver side window rolls down slightly, a sexy female voice yells out.

NANA (O.S.)
Are you going to stand there all night?

Steve runs to the back door getting in. The cab drives off.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Excited, Steve wipes rain water from his face and hair with his fingers, sneezing on his arm from a bad cold.

O’BRIEN
I don’t know who you are honey, but thank you! Thank you! Thank you!
I’m giving you a fat tip for this!

Nana, wearing a black hooded sweat shirt with a baseball cap covering her head is armed with a loaded .380 revolver with a silencer attachment in her lap. She speaks in a sexy voice.

NANA
Consider yourself lucky. I don’t think anyone else would be crazy enough to be out in this mess.

Steve laughs.
O’BRIEN
Well, guess what sweetheart? I am!

Steve takes out a cigarette and lighter. Nana adjusts the rear view mirror.

NANA
I’m sorry, but this is a smoke free cab.

Steve sniffs through his stuffy nose.

O’BRIEN
(chuckling)
No problem, baby girl, I can wait until you drop me off.

NANA
So where to on a Halloween night?

O’BRIEN
Well, since I’m a free man with twenty million dollars to spend, take me to the first bar you see. I want to get drunk and fucked by the first woman I see tonight. And if it’s not too much to ask, some fucking breakfast in the morning before I leave her ass.

Steve laughs out loud.

NANA
What about your wife?

SUDDENLY, Steve stops laughing, his facial expression quickly changes to a puzzled look of confusion.

O’BRIEN
My wife? Oh you mean my ex! Fuck that bitch! I’ll buy a new one! She was supposed to pick me up from prison today but never showed.

Nana stares into the rear view mirror with a look of cruel intentions in mind.

NANA
That’s because Veronica is dead. Someone chopped her fat fucking head off.

Steve leans back, speechless, staring at Nana.
INT. CAB - NIGHT

Nana drives faster.

O’BRIEN
Motherfucker!

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

DOLLY OUT

Nana walks back to the open car door, raising the back window shut, smashing the Molotov Cocktail against the dashboard.

Flames quickly spread from the front to the end of the cab. Frantically, Steve screams with his body on fire. The combination of burnt flesh and blood from his hand smears across the window.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

DOLLY OUT: PHOTO

A burning family picture of Rollins and Tonya Henry with Tyrone at birth.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

DOLLY OUT

The hummer drives off into the night.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

DOLLY OUT

In a flash, the cab explodes into a large ball of fire. A partially eaten gingerbread cookie with a smile on its face lands on the ground smoking from the explosion.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

DOLLY OUT

Kruse leaves hospital.
EXT. TIDAL BASIN, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY
DOLLY OUT
Oz & Razor-X sit on a bench, Oz feeding the pigeons around his feet. They are joined by Starks.

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT
DOLLY OUT
A crew of hired Movers load various sized equipment on flat bed trucks with equipment.

EXT. RIVER FRONT - NIGHT
DOLLY OUT
Work Crews dump barrels of chemicals.

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - STREET SIDE - NIGHT
DOLLY OUT
Police surround the residence, flashing police lights glimmer on the yellow police line surrounding the property.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT
DOLLY OUT
Police surround the residence, flashing police lights glimmer on the yellow police line surrounding the property.

INT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY
Kruse looks on while a small FBI team investigates the empty lab.

INT. ICU - DAY
DOLLY OUT
From an empty hospital bed to an open window leading out to the parking lot.

END