

Gingerbread

By

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FADE IN

EXT. COVINGTON, GEORGIA - OUTSKIRTS

CARD: OCTOBER 31ST, 1972 - 2 A.M

EXT. HENRY RESIDENTS - FRIDAY MORNING

A strong gust of wind howls outside the large rundown house.

It's surrounded by trees that wave back and forth. The long tree branches scrap against the bedroom window that displays a cardboard cut out of a gingerbread man with a creepy drawn face.

INT. HALLWAY

The sound of strong breeze whistles through the dark hallway up to the bedroom door.

INT. TYRONE'S ROOM

The room has a dull and cold look. The off-white walls are discolored with a dingy look. A twin-size bed is positioned against the wall next to a old worn dresser.

A body quivers in underneath a quilt blanket in a fetus position; a soft innocent voice speaks out.

TYRONE

(Crying)

Why?

(Sniffs)

You promised me... You said that I didn't have to do it again. I won't! Please don't make me!

Suddenly, the body wrestles underneath the quilt blanket and then straightens out on its back. The body sits straight up liked a ghost; it gets out of bed and stands with the quilt that covers the entire body.

Out of nowhere, a strange mysterious voice that sounds like an old bitter woman with a southern draw that speaks in a loud wicked tone.

(VO)

You pathetic weakling! How dare you lie in bed balled up like a baby with your balls between your legs! You still have a lot to learn boy! You will take them to the learning tree and teach them that their cries won't be answered and their screams shall not be heard!

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE - PERIMETER - MINUTES LATER

The strong wind intensifies and picks up loose clay dirt from the ground; the thick reddish cloud circles rapidly around the house like a dirt devil.

Out of nowhere the imprint of an elderly woman's face forms from the loose debris. The voice screams.

TYRONE'S BEDROOM

TYRONE (O.S)

You will make those devils piss
out their own blood and drink it!
You will seek revenge on those pigs
that tortured and left you to die!
They're all the same pieces filth
that will not hesitate to defecate
in your face! You will do it Gingerbread!

The quilt blanket falls to the floor.

TYRONE HENRY (15) black male, slender build, stands still with a cold euphoric stare, his eyes rolled to the back of his head with a possess look.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyrone enters the bathroom. He closes the door quietly and then locks it. He walks over to the sink and stares into the stained mirror. His eyes are filled with tears that express anger, rage and pain.

He turns the hot water on. He plugs the drain and then uses a grey, dingy, washcloth to cleanse the dry blood stains from lacerations on his chest and arms. After a few swipes he submerges the washcloth into the sink. The water turns red.

Tyrone rubs his finger across the blood residue. He draws a gingerbread on the mirror.

Abruptly, someone pounds on the bathroom door.

EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CARL JAMES MACK better known as C.J (20's) male is a low life drug dealer and pimp.

He impatiently twists the doorknob angrily. He holds a small black whip in his left hand. C.J appears to be high and intoxicated as he staggers against the door.

C.J

(Yells)

Open the fucking door, boy!

C.J

(Yells)

You better not be in there with
any of my bitches begging for
some free pussy motherfucker!

INT. BATHROOM

Tyrone unlocks the door and then quickly steps back.

C.J. forcefully pushes the door open, it slams against
the wall. C.J. staggers awkwardly and grabs the door knob
to maintain his balance.

Tyrone stares at C.J with a fierce look.

TYRONE

Go fuck yourself!

C.J. grabs Tyrone by the neck and then slams him against
the bathroom wall. He wedges his forearm underneath Tyrone's
chin as he applies pressure. Tyrone tries to fight back
unsuccessfully.

C.J

(Laughs)

You got some balls now don't you?

C.J slaps Tyrone across the face with his free hand.

C.J

(Shouts)

Let's see how bad you really are!

C.J raises his hand behind his head ready to strike
Tyrone with a small whip; at the last second he stares at
the wounds on Tyrone's body. He slowly lowers his hand in
guilt.

The whip falls from his finger tips to the floor.

C.J suddenly grabs Tyrone by his throat with both hands
chokes him. He leans into Tyrone's face; his eyes
stare deeply into Tyrone's face.

C.J reaches underneath his tank top and pulls out small
caliber pistol from the waistband of his pants. He shoves
the barrel against Tyrone's lips. Tyrone struggles to get
away; his lips bleed from the force.

C.J

(Shouts)

You got something to say about
that, little nigga! Huh?! I ain't
got no sympathy toward your black ass!
I told you if your mother don't make
That money it's your ass!

Tyrone closes his eyes tightly with tears.

C.J. pulls the trigger back. Click.

Tyrone shakes out of fear; urine runs down his legs.

C.J. looks down and chuckles in amusement. He removes the weapon from Tyrone's lips and then squeezes his cheeks tightly.

C.J

(Shouts)

Look at me when I'm talking to you!

Tyrone glares at C.J as he waves the gun in Tyrone's face.

C.J

It would be in your best interest to keep your motherfucking mouth shut! Don't make the same mistake that your father did.

C.J releases his grip and exits the bathroom; Tyrone walks up to the mirror; he stares at the drawn gingerbread figure with an evil look.

TYRONE (O.S)

I'll take over from here.

EXT. TYRONE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Tyrone exits his bedroom. He quietly closes the door behind him. He turns to face the dark hallway. He looks over at the closed door across the hallway.

He hears the sound of bed springs screeches and squeaks; a woman's voice moans repeatedly; the sound of a strange males voice grunts in pleasure.

Tyrone turns and walks to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Tyrone stops at the desk and grabs his jacket and book bag. He stares at the dining room table which is strewn with empty alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia.

Tyrone passes through the living towards the front door; his eye catches someone lying on the floor; Tyrone stops.

Tyrone's mother TONYA HENRY (32), tall, slender build with long black hair lies unconscious on the floor in front of the couch. She's dressed in a long pink housecoat that exposes parts of her nude body underneath.

Tyrone kneels down at her side. He brushes her hair back.

Tyrone kneels down at her side. He brushes her hair back. He grabs her arm and notices the line of needle track marks near her wrist.

Tyrone hears the bedroom door open; he looks over the couch. He quickly kisses his mother on the cheek.

TYRONE
I'm doing this for you.

Tyrone gets up quietly and exits through the front door.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

From a distance a school bus travels down the sloped road. Tyrone sits on a wooden fence along the road. He wipes tears from his eyes using the sleeve of his jacket. He picks up his book bag from the ground as the bus stops in front of him.

The doors open.

INT. BUS

Tyrone slowly walks up the steps.

The bus driver CHARLES (60'S) greets Tyrone with a pleasant smile.

CHARLES
Good morning.

Tyrone walks past the driver and sits directly behind him.

Tyrone unzips the pocket on his book bag and removes a clear plastic bag of frosted gingerbread cookies. He opens the bag and takes out several, and eats them as he stares out of the window.

The students seated behind and across from Tyrone quickly move to the back of the bus.

The school bus is completely silent;

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

The bus travels down the rural road.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

MICHAEL CLARK (15), male, leans into the ears of ANDREW THOMAS (16), male, and PAUL WRIGHT, (15), male are seated in front of him.

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

Andrew and Paul look at each other, and then turn to face Michael.

ANDREW
Look, just keep your distance
from him. Don't talk to him,
don't look at him. Avoid him at
all cost.

PAUL
Trust us; he's someone you don't
want to mess with.

Puzzled, Michael looks at Andrew and Paul.

MICHAEL
Why?

Andrew snaps at Michael.

ANDREW
Because you just don't! No one
crosses the Gingerbread man!

Michael laughs and speaks a little too loud.

MICHAEL
The Gingerbread man!

Everyone around Michael gestures angrily at him to shut up.

They look intently at Tyrone, who continues to stare out the window. Andrew reaches across the seat and grabs Michael by his jacket and he pulls him close to his face.

ANDREW
Look asshole! If you want to sign
your death warrant, be my guest,
but don't do it around us!

MICHAEL
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I thought
you were kidding, honest!

PAUL
Well now you know we're not!

Andrew releases his hold and turns back to face the front of the bus.

Michael waits for a second, and then leans into Paul's ear.

MICHAEL

So...So did he like kill someone?

Paul turns back to Michael.

PAUL

Last winter several bullies from North High School beat the holy crap out of the Gingerbread man.

Andrew turns to Michael.

ANDREW

Deputy Patrick went looking for him. He was found naked and tied to a tree. They beat the holy shit out of him, whipped him like a runaway slave. The Gingerbread man had been left out in the cold for days.

Michael's mouth drops open.

PAUL

He was hospitalized for a month with pneumonia. They say he died and came back to life...twice!

Michael leans back against the seat with a blank expression. He leans forward again.

MICHAEL

But...Why do they hate him?

Andrew and Michael glance at each other.

Andrew replies mocking Michael's California accent.

ANDREW

In case you've forgotten, this isn't California dude!

PAUL

Welcome to Georgia, the home of the Confederate state.

ANDREW

And if you ain't white, you ain't right.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

INT. CLASSROOM 204 - 3RD HOUR

MRS. JUDY WILKINS, a conservative teacher (36), along with BECKY RICE (25) an assistant, passes out copies of the holiday school play. The students are excited as they talk among themselves.

Mrs. Wilkins stands at the front of the class; she holds a copy of the play. Ms. Rice stands next to her.

Tyrone sits in the back of the room with an evil look in His eyes.

MRS. WILKINS

Settle down class, settle down.
Please open to the first page to
the cast of characters, you'll
find your names assigned to the
characters you'll be playing.

The students quickly turn to the first page.

MICHAEL GRANT (15) white, eyes lit up with joy when he comes across his name on the page. He pumps his fist in approval.

MICHAEL

(Excited)

Yes! I'm playing the prince.

Sitting across from Michael is a cute, curly red-head named JESSICA PIERCE, a pretty, southern bell with freckles. She wears a pink sweater with white pants and white sneakers. She stares at him playfully; she has a crush on him.

Jessica leans over to Michael.

JESSICA

I think you would make a handsome
prince.

Michael blushes and smiles.

MICHAEL

Thanks! I see you're playing the
princess, so you know what that
means right?

Michael and Jessica move closer to each other.

JESSICA

(Smiling)

They share a kiss at the end.

TUCKER JONES (14) wears a black "Kiss" t-shirt and blue jeans with holes in the knees.

He sits behind Michael; he quickly yells out as he points at Jessica and Michael.

TUCKER

Gross! Mrs. Wilkins! They're talking about giving each other cooties.

The students laugh. Michael is embarrassed, his face turns red. He sinks down into his seat. Jessica rolls her eyes at Tucker.

Tucker gives Andrew, who sits across from him, a high five slap.

A brief smirk comes across Mrs. Wilkins's face as she shakes her head in amusement.

JESSICA

You're just mad that no one wants to kiss your crater face! It looks like the back of your grandmother's fat...

Mrs. Wilkins quickly interrupts as she holds her hands out for control.

MRS. WILKINS

Alright, that's enough from the both of you!

Jessica and Tucker glare at each other.

MRS. WILKINS

I'm expecting everyone to act like ladies and gentlemen. Remember, Mayor Jordan will be in attendance, so I expect all of you to be on your best behavior.

Tyrone angrily slams the copy of the play on his desk.

MRS. WILKINS

Tyrone, is there something wrong?

Tyrone slams his fist on the desk; everyone nervously stare at Tyrone.

TYRONE

Is there a reason why I'm not the Prince!?

Mrs. Wilkins tries to think of a good response. Frightened, she nervously rubs her hands together.

MRS. WILKINS

Um, well, that's because you'll be playing a special part.

Mrs. Wilkins quickly turns to Mrs. Rice for help.

MRS. RICE

That's right, you're going to be playing the part of the...the Gingerbread Man.

The students gasp at once, they stare back at Mrs. Wilkins in shock.

Mrs. Wilkins looks nervous, lost for words. She tries to play it off with a fake smile.

The students awkwardly turn to Tyrone.

Tyrone's eyes glare at Mrs. Wilkins.

MRS. WILKINS

Yes of course! We wanted to surprise you with this. The mayor himself requested that we give you a special part to play.

Ms. Rice jumps in again.

MRS. RICE

Your part is so important because you're going to be the star of the show.

Tyrone releases a huge smile that stretches across his face.

The students look at each other, confused by the announcement.

MRS. WILKINS

Alright class, please take out your arithmetic book for today's assignment.

Tyrone eagerly opens the math book on his desk. He smiles, unable to hide his emotion. He looks over to his left, stares at Jessica from head to toe.

Jessica feels uncomfortable by Tyrone's attention. She quickly looks away. Tyrone's smile quickly turns into an evil snarl.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - 5TH HOUR

A group of students: RYAN CLARK (16), BILLY DANIEL (15), CRYSTAL SUMMERS (16), BRIE ANDERSON (15), CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (16), TOM BOHANNAN (16), and ROBERT MILLS (15) wear navy blue sweat suits with the school's mascot of a golden eagle.

Billy looks up and notices Tyrone along the fence.

Billy turns and taps Ryan on the shoulder who sits on the bench next to him. Ryan turns his head back.

BILLY
Hey, didn't you tell me the next time you saw that black spook you we're going to kick his ass?

Everyone looks in the direction Billy points to. Ryan immediately stands up.

RYAN
Hell yeah, his ass is mine!

Everyone stands. Tom quickly steps in front of Ryan.

TOM
Wait a minute! Are you sure you want to do that? I mean...

BRIE
Remember what happened to those high school bullies that tortured him last year? They were all burned into crispy critters!

ROBERT
He got away with murder.

CRYSTAL
And he was never charged.

Ryan looks at everyone. He raises his voice in anger.

RYAN
Are you trying to tell me you're more afraid of him than me? You're all a bunch of pussies.

Everyone glances at each other speechless.

RYAN
I need to know who's with me and who's not!

Ryan steps into Christopher's face.

RYAN
What about you?

Christopher stares back uneasily.

RYAN
Yeah. I'm...I'm with you Ryan.

The students walk across the football field in the direction of Tyrone.

Brie glances at Billy.

BRIE
You just had to open your pie
hole, didn't you?

Billy shrugs his shoulders.

BILLY
I didn't think he would actually
go through with this. Honest.

Everyone stops. Ryan pushes Christopher forward.

Christopher hesitates for a second. He looks back at the group.

Ryan squints his eyes. His thin lips squeeze together tightly. He flashes his fist at Christopher who takes deep breath.

Christopher turns back. He walks closer, and stands behind Tyrone.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey boy!

Tyrone ignores him.

Christopher raises his voice.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey boy, I'm talking to you!

Tyrone giggles under his breath. Christopher turns back to the group again.

CHRISTOPHER
Now what?

Ryan points at Christopher.

RYAN
(Angrily)
Go kick his faggot ass!

Christopher turns back and extends his arm to grab Tyrone from behind.

Tyrone unexpectedly turns. He throws out a large rodent, which angrily has its mouth open, teeth showing.

Christopher screams. He throws his hands up in fear. The rodent's head enters Christopher's open mouth. Christopher screams hysterically at the top of his lungs.

The rodent chews through his tongue. He coughs repeatedly, and then vomits out the rodent and a large amount of blood.

The rodent takes off into the trees on the side of the field.

Everyone screams frantically.

Christopher falls to the ground in agonizing pain. He's chokes on his own blood.

Crystal vomits.

Billy passes out.

Brie hyperventilates and desperately gasps for air.

Ryan, Robert, and Tom take off in opposite directions.

Tyrone leans back against the fence. He stares at Christopher as he laughs hysterically.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE SCHOOL - LATER - DAY

Christopher lies on a transport stretcher; he moans and cries out in pain. His mouth is filled with gauze soaked in blood. A metal clamp hangs from his mouth.

The paramedics rush Christopher into the back of the ambulance. The paramedics jump inside with Christopher. The driver quickly closes the doors.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The school's Principal JOHN BRADLEY (50's) stands in front of the window. The school's psychiatrist, JANICE BARNES, (30's) and BENNY GORDON (40's) head of school security, are seated in front of his desk.

Principal Bradley shakes his head in disgust; he paces with his hands inside his pants pockets.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

(Angrily)

Please explain to me what the hell that kid was thinking!

Bradley turns to his staff.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

He used a fucking rat as a weapon. What kind of sick shit is that!?

DR. BARNES

Tyrone has a history of violent psychotic behavior. I don't think he's ever been treated by a doctor or psychiatrist.

Principal Bradley stops in his track with a scowl look.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

(Yells)

Psychotic behavior! You mean to tell me you knew about this and said nothing? I have a lunatic in my school for Christ sakes!

DR. BARNES

I didn't realize how severe his condition is. I'm not trying to make excuses for the boy, but I think you need to see this.

Bradley sits down behind the desk. Dr. Barnes opens Tyrone's medical file. She takes out the photos and hands them to Bradley; he puts on his glasses and views them one by one; his mouth drops open in shock. He is horrified. He drops the photos on the desk.

Bradley sighs deeply, shakes his head, and stares at Dr. Barnes.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

(Sighs)

Do you think child protection services know about this?

DR. BARNES

I don't think so. If they did Tyrone would have been locked up a long time ago. He needs to be committed immediately, with or without his parents' consent.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

I tried getting hold of his mother but there was no answer.

BENNY

I've heard several students harassing Tyrone about his mother working outside the strip club "Dixie Chicks." She has a boyfriend who's supposed to be the town's drug dealer and pimp.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Where is Tyrone?

BENNY

Roger is watching him in detention. That kid gives me the creeps.

Bradley picks up the telephone and dials.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Hi Steve, hey it's John... umm,
listen, I need you to come by the
school as soon as possible, we have
a serious situation here involving
Tyrone Henry.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Inside the small classroom with no windows, Security Officer ROGER SMITH (40's) falls asleep. His body leans back in a chair with his legs crossed on the desk.

In the back of the room, Tyrone quietly gets up from his seat. He walks towards the desk, his hand hangs down by his side gripping a very large pencil. He stops in front of the desk. Tyrone looks at the closed door and then back at Roger.

INT. CORRIDOR

The classroom door opens slowly. Tyrone stands in the doorway. His face and clothes are covered in blood. Tyrone exits the classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM

Roger's body is on the floor behind the desk in a pool of blood. The pencil is stabbed through his neck.

INT. CORRIDOR

Tyrone walks fast down the empty hallway, unnoticed.

INT. STAIRWAY

Tyrone runs down several flights of stairs in a mad rush.

He leaps from the steps down to the basement floor; he lands on his feet and then runs through the basement.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Tyrone runs through the corridor; he runs up to the door of the janitor's office. He turns the doorknob slowly. Tyrone finds the door unlock and opens the door unnoticed.

INT. MAINTENANCE OFFICE

Inside the maintenance office, Ryan stands in the middle of the workshop smoking a joint. He stares out the window as he watches the janitors with their leaf blowers blow the leaves across the school lawn.

Ryan re-lights the joint and inhales the marijuana, he exhales the smoke slowly.

Tyrone sneaks up from behind. Spying a coil of rope on the floor, he picks it up and wraps the ends around his hands.

Ryan continues to stare out the window.

Ryan inhales the drug deeply again.

Without warning, Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back and wraps his legs around his stomach. Tyrone loops the rope around Ryan's neck; he pulls back with a psychotic look.

Ryan struggles to slide his fingers underneath the rope. He desperately gasps for air in the struggle.

Tyrone pulls Ryan close to his body. He bites down viciously on Ryan's ear. He tears through the cartilage and blood gushes down Ryan's neck. Tyrone rips off a piece of his ear.

Ryan falls backward into the workbench and falls to the floor face down. Several tools, including a mallet, fall near his face.

In a blind rage Tyrone again jumps onto Ryan's back. He grabs him by the hair and slams his face into the floor repeatedly; he scratches Ryan's face repeatedly and draws blood.

Ryan screams.

Ryan is dazed; he tries to crawl towards the mallet. On the third try, he pulls the mallet tightly into his grip.

Ryan cries out loud. He swings the mallet as a weapon wildly behind his head. The hammer slams against the left side of Tyrone's face. Tyrone falls backwards off of Ryan's back. He clasps both his hands to his face as he wails in rage.

A large gash bleeds from Tyrone's face.

Ryan staggers to his feet and stumbles to the stairs.

Tyrone lunges at Ryan from behind and tackles him to the floor. Ryan's face slams into the cement floor. His front teeth fly out from his mouth covered in blood.

Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back again; Ryan uses his arms and legs to push himself up from the floor. He stands awkwardly supporting Tyrone's weight; he grabs hold of Tyrone's legs wrapped around his waist and moves backwards aggressively.

Ryan slams Tyrone's body into the storage shelves that collapse.

Various items fall on top of Tyrone's head. Ryan breaks free and quickly grabs the mallet from the floor. He turns.

Ryan screams and charges at Tyrone whose back is turned for a moment.

Tyrone turns back to faces Ryan; he holds a small metal container of an unknown liquid.

Tyrone throws the clear toxic liquid into Ryan's face.

Ryan drops the mallet; he covers his eyes in excruciating pain.

RYAN

(Screams)

Ah! My fucking eyes! It burns!
My eyes are burning! Fuck!

Tyrone picks up the mallet with both hands.

TYRONE

(Grunts)

Arrgh!

Tyrone strikes Ryan repeatedly in the face with the mallet.

Ryan stumbles backwards and falls into the janitor's work station; he bleeds from his mouth and nose.

Tyrone swings the mallet for the final time and connects with the back of Ryan's head.

Tyrone drags a disoriented Ryan by the hair and inserts his head between the teeth of the mounted table vice.

Tyrone presses his weight firmly against the back of Ryan's head. He quickly turns the steering knob. The large metal clamps press against the sides of Ryan's skull.

RYAN

(Cries)

Tyrone! Stop! Stop it! Let me
go! I'm sorry! I said I'm fucking
sorry! Let me go! Let me go!

Tyrone has a sadistic smile of satisfaction on his face. He grabs a power drill off to the left of the table; he positions himself directly behind Ryan who unsuccessfully tries to pull his head out from the table vice; the drill tip is pressed against the back of Ryan's head.

TYRONE (VO)

(Hissed)

You will now scream like the tormented
souls in hell.

FADE OUT

The sound of the power drill screams in an eerie high pitch that grinds through the back of Ryan's skull.

Ryan screams in the worst possible pain ever felt.

FADE IN

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE - 5PM

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tonya paces nervously in the living room with a cigarette. She is emotionally stressed but tries to remain calm.

Tonya walks to the window and peeks through the curtains. Suddenly the front door flies open.

Tyrone runs through the front door. His clothes are soiled in blood and dirt. He has a psychotic look in his eyes.

TONYA
(Excitedly)
Tyrone! What the fuck!

Tonya immediately rushes over to her son. Grabbing Tyrone by the hand, she pulls him into the room, searching his body for the source of the blood. She steps back from Tyrone and stares into her son's eyes, then at his clothes, horror dawns on her face.

TONYA
What the hell?!

Tyrone has a blank expression on his face staring at Tonya.

Tonya firmly grabs Tyrone's face with both hands.

TONYA
What did you do Ty?

Tonya grips her hands around Tyrone's arms tightly. She shakes his body vigorously.

TONYA
Who's blood is this? Is this why
the sheriff is looking for you?
Answer me damn it!

TYRONE (O.S.)
(Shouting)
Get away from him you bitch!

Tonya steps back in shock; she's unsure how to react.

TYRONE (O.S.)
You're nothing but a dried up filthy
whore that will fuck anything that
moves! Tyrone doesn't need you in his
life anymore, you've been replaced.

Tonya has a cold look on her face; her voice trembles in fear.

TONYA

Oh my God... Gingerbread.

Tyrone strikes Tonya with repeated blows to her face.

Tonya bleeds from a busted lip; she aggressively tries to restrain Tyrone by wrapping her arms around him.

TONYA

(Shouts)

Give my son back to me you
son of a bitch!

Tyrone violently shoves Tonya away from him.

Tonya loses her balance and falls backwards; she accidentally pulls Tyrone's sweatshirt off his body. Tyrone stands over Tonya with a stern look of evil on his face. Tonya gasps in horror at what is revealed.

She slowly crawls on her knees to Tyron; she painfully stares at the welts that cover her son's entire upper body. Her mouth quivers in pain as her hand trembles over her mouth.

Tonya hesitates at first but extends her hand to touch her son's body.

TONYA

(Softly)

I want to know who did this to my
baby!

Tyrone snatches his sweatshirt from Tonya's hands and puts it back on.

TONYA

Did C.J do this?

(Voice raise)

Did he?

Unexpectedly, the front door bursts open.

Tonya is startled. Tyrone remains calm as they both face C.J who walks inside and slams the front door shut.

C.J. approaches Tyrone pointing his finger in his face.

C.J

There's the motherfucker! You fucked
up big time you psychopathic bitch!
There going to lock you away for the
rest of your faggot life.

Tonya pulls Tyrone behind her. C.J. steps into Tonya's face; he grabs Tonya's neck and slams her body against the wall, and leans into her face.

Tonya angrily spits in C.J.'s face. She punches him several time in the mouth with all her might. She reaches up and pulls out a handful of C.J's hair.

TONYA

(Screams)

You son of a bitch! I'll kill you,
motherfucker!

C.J. slams Tonya into the wall several times to break free; Tonya's head bounces off the surface as she's thrown to the floor.

C.J. steps back, breathing hard; his lip is busted open. He wipes away the blood with his sleeve. He turns looking for Tyrone who has disappeared.

C.J

Shit! Where the fuck...

Tonya jumps up screaming as she lunges at C.J. again.

C.J angrily punches Tonya several times in the face. Tonya falls down. Her nose is broken as blood pours from her nostrils. C.J stands over her body, taunting her.

C.J

(Shouts)

Get the fuck up bitch!

C.J. grabs Tonya by her shirt lifting her up to her knees; he draws his fist back ready to knock Tonya's lights out.

C.J

I'm not done with you baby girl!

Suddenly the front door is kicked in.

MAYOR JARVIS JORDON (40's) enters followed by four of his HENCHMEN (20's) who stand behind him.

MAYOR JORDON

Now that's no way to treat a lady.

TONYA

(To Jordon)

Fuck you.

Mayor Jordon turns back to his men in amusement.

MAYOR JORDON

(Laughs)

Fuck me? We did that last night
remember? Just like a junky whore.

Mayor Jordon's men laugh.

MAYOR JORDON

I definitely enjoy the way you suck and swallow to start the night off, but that was pleasure, this is business.

Mayor Jordan walks around the living room.

MAYOR JORDAN

Your son has been spreading nasty rumors about my outside business -- things that are none of his concern. Rumors about his father's unfortunate departure. Accusations that he has certain tapes that could incriminate certain people in high places. And most of all he's a serial killer running loose on my streets.

Mayor Jordan pulls out a pistol from behind his back; he turns to his henchmen.

MAYOR JORDON

Find the boy and bring him to me, but I want him alive.

The henchmen spread out to search inside and outside the house.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

INT. JANITOR'S OFFICE

GUS RICHARDS, (50's), the school janitor, leads Sheriff STEVE O'BRIAN (30's) and the Sheriff's Deputies: DANIEL PATRICK (30's), MARCUS RUSSELL, SAM WALKER (20's), and LISA SIMPSON (20'S) down the metal stairs into the maintenance workshop.

Everyone stops in front of the yellow doors labeled "Storage."

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

(To Gus)

Has anyone else been down here?

Gus nervously holds his hat with both hands.

GUS

No, Sheriff, the building is completely empty!

O'Brian pulls out his firearm from his side holster. The sheriff officers follow his lead.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

On the count of three; One, two, three!

O'Brian kicks the door open.

STORAGE ROOM

Deputy Patrick shines the flashlight inside the room. A nude body sits in a chair in the center of the room. The sheriff officers enter and aim their weapons at the slumped male figure bound in a chair.

DEPUTY SIMPSON
Jesus H. Christ!

DEPUTY PETERSON
What in God's name...

Deputy Russell quickly turns his head away in disgust.

DEPUTY RUSSELL
I think I'm going to be sick.

Sheriff's O'Brian and Deputy Patrick glance at each other simultaneously, speechless. Slowly the sheriff officers stand around the body with scared expressions.

Deputy Patrick shines the light onto the dead victim. The head tilts backwards against the chair. Blood runs from the mouth down to his chest where the jagged word "Gingerbread" is carved into the flesh; blood drips from the wound. His bloody body is wrapped in barbwire.

The victim's limbs have multiple puncture wounds scattered across the arms, legs, and feet. The limbs are swollen and discolored.

Several sections of flesh are stripped away from the victim's thighs.

Deputy Patrick slowly moves the flashlight down to the victim's waistline. Everyone gasps in horror.

Sheriff O'Brian moves the light onto the victim's face which has deep lacerations made by a cutting tool.

O'Brian stands to the side of the victim. He cautiously grabs the victim's hair, lifting his head up to identify his face. The eyes are closed.

DEPUTY PATRICK
Do you recognize him?

Sheriff O'Brian looks at the officers.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
It's Ryan Clark!

Sheriff O'Brian shines the light between the victim's thighs.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Holy shit!

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

What in God's name...

The victim's penis has been tucked inside; groin removed.

Out of nowhere the victim's eyes snap open.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

(Shouts)

Shit!

Everyone jumps back startled.

The flashlight shines on the victim's face again. The eyes have been removed. Blood runs out of the gauged eye sockets.

The sheriff O'Brian takes a closer look.

The victim's bottom jaw suddenly pops open; the body suddenly jerks and vomits a sprout of blood into O'Brian's face.

BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Loading his revolver, Sheriff O'Brian storms out of the maintenance office. His uniform is covered in blood. Deputy Patrick follows O'Brian.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Wait a second Steve!

Deputy Patrick grabs Sheriff O'Brian's arm, turning his body around. They're facing each other.

DEPUTY PATRICK

This is not the way to handle this! You're still an officer of the law!

Pissed off, O'Brian inserts his weapon back inside his holster.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

(Raising his voice)

Are you serious? Did you see what happened to Ryan Clark?

DEPUTY PATRICK

Look Steve, I know your family is still grieving over the death of your nephew, but...

Sheriff O'Brian strikes the wall with a closed fist.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

Your damn right we're still grieving!
He killed Jacob a year ago today!
I'm going to take care of this the way
it should have been done. The way my
father would have handled things!

DEPUTY PATRICK

In case you forgot, our responsibility
is to uphold the law! Innocent
until proven guilty! That means
we're not in the vigilante business.

O'Brian stares deep into Patrick's face, his eyes widen with
rage.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

Well fuck you! Your consequences
and the law! I'm going to get
justice my way. Burn them all!

O'Brian abruptly turns away. He moves quickly down the
corridor with a look of retribution in his eyes.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The squad car travels down the dark abandoned road at a high
rate of speed.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Inside the squad car Sheriff O'Brian drinks from a bottle of
Jack Daniels. He removes his badge and throws it out the window;
he turns off the CB receiver.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

Fuck those niggers! Fuck'em all!
They all deserve to die! Burn in
hell, those filthy bastards! Burn!

O'Brian laughs out loud. He blows the car horn, yelling out
the window.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

I'm going to kill some! I'm going
to fry some black meat tonight!

The vehicle roars down the road.

The squad car turns off onto a dirt road. It moves slowly down a
dirt trail surrounded by trees. The headlights are turned off.

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The squad car stops in front of the residence. Sheriff O'Brian
looks around cautiously. He slowly circles around the premises.

The lights are off inside the house.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR

O'Brian turns the engine off and exits the vehicle wielding a shotgun. He walks onto the wooden porch that creaks. He aims the weapon at the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sheriff O'Brian kicks in the front door; he enters waving the shotgun from left to right. The living room has been ransacked.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
Sheriff's department!

O'Brian looks around the room. He notices a female body underneath the fallen entertainment cabinet. He bends over the body of Tonya Henry. Her face is badly beaten. Patrick checks for a pulse on her neck. She's unconscious, barely alive.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
You got off easy bitch!

Suddenly a loud crash comes from the kitchen. O'Brian quickly stands. He aims in the direction of the noise.

O'Brian looks down at the trail of blood leading to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

O'Brian enters the kitchen. He stands in front of C.J's body leaning against the side of the kitchen table.

C.J's beaten face slowly looks up at the double barrel of the shotgun. O'Brian leans forward.

C.J. coughs up blood that runs down his chin and stains his shirt. Blood flows through the nostrils of his broken nose. He's clutches the side of his stomach soaked in blood. He painfully breathes through his mouth.

C.J
(Weak voice)
Sheriff... I'm dying.

O'Brian smiles at C.J

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
Well, it looks like somebody beat me to the punch boy!

C.J gasps for air again.

C.J
 Fuck you pig...

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
 I will blow your fucking face off!

O'Brian shoves the end of the shotgun against C.J's head.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
 Where's the boy?

C.J. breathes deeply.

C.J
 Ask your boss. I was beaten and shot
 by his men who're out looking for his
 ass...

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
 And...!

C.J coughs repeatedly.

C.J
 Hospital...

O'Brian immediately exits the kitchen. He walks through the living room to the back rooms of the house in search for Tyrone.

C.J tries to crawl; he drags his body across the kitchen floor leaving a trail of blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sheriff O'Brian enters the living room and walks towards the front door.

C.J extends his bloody hand out to O'Brian.

C.J
 Don't leave me like this.

O'Brian stops. He turns to face C.J with a smile on his face.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN
 I didn't hear you say the magic
 word boy.

C.J shows a look of resentment.

C.J
 Suck my dick...

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE - SECONDS LATER

The front door is wide open.

Simultaneously, the cold intense flashes from the shotgun light the living room. The bone shattering blasts from the shotgun echo twice.

Silence for a second.

Sheriff O'Brian exits the house.

He walks to the rear of the squad car and opens the trunk. O'Brian removes two large canisters of gasoline; he quickly re-enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sheriff O'Brian pours the gasoline on C.J's and Tonya's bodies. He pours the entire canister from the living room through the hallway, covering the floor and walls.

O'Brian returns to the living room and opens the second canister. He walks into the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN

...and pours gasoline on the floor and walls. O'Brian sets the canister on the counter. He moves to the stove, pulling it away from the wall. O'Brian yanks out the gas line from the stove.

The sound of gas seeps out from the exposed end.

O'Brian immediately grabs the empty canisters and exits the house.

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE

Sheriff O'Brian throws the containers inside the trunk and slams it shut.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Sheriff O'Brian quickly jumps inside the squad car and starts the engine. O'Brian grabs the bottle of Jack Daniels from the dashboard and places it between his thighs.

O'Brian tears off the sleeve of his uniform.

The sleeve rips above the peace officer patch. He places the fabric inside the bottle. O'Brian eagerly reaches inside his pants pocket, pulls out a black Harley Davidson lighter. He nervously ignites the strip of clothing.

EXT. SQUAD CAR

Sheriff O'Brian steps out from the squad car and throws the bottle through the front door. The front room catches fire.

O'Brian quickly jumps back in, slams the car door as the engine roars.

The rear tires spin aggressively. The patrol car takes off racing up the dirt trail in a cloud of smoke.

EXT. HENRY RESIDENCE

Suddenly the house explodes in a huge fireball shooting large fragments violently in all directions.

EXT. SQUAD CAR

The squad car spins onto a county road and accelerates down the long isolated road that stretches into the darkness.

CARD: TWENTY YEARS LATER

EXT. F.B.I ACADEMY - QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON

EXT. MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL FIELD

F.B.I Agent JESSICA PIERCE now in her (30's), lines up on the far side of the line of scrimmage. Her teammates of federal agents take position. The agents stare at the Marine officers in a charity co-ed flag football game.

Jessica, now a very attractive woman with long red hair and freckle free, has a tough girl's demeanor. She clenches her fist inside her black gloves. She glares at her opponent with a bullish glare.

A Marine officer, black male, well built, standing 6'2", smiles in return. He eyeballs Jessica's physical appearance that is sculptured with curves in the right places.

Jessica quickly re-adjusts her ponytail. She pulls out her black tee-shirt from underneath her black F.B.I sweat pants.

MARINE OFFICER

Maybe you should go sit on the sideline. I wouldn't want anything to happen to that body of yours.

JESSICA

I was about to say the same thing about you.

The Marine Officer arrogantly stares at his body.

MARINE OFFICER

I don't think you can damage this chisel physique if I let you.

Jessica looks at Agent STEVEN THORNE (20's) in the quarterback position.

JESSICA

I was referring to your face.

Both sides of the bench scream encouragement. The cheers from the crowd grow intensely.

AGENT THORN

Blue thirty-two! Blue thirty-two!
Hut! Hut! Hike!

The football is snapped, the play begins; everyone moves aggressively jockeying for position.

Jessica runs an inside slant route, running ten yards out then cutting inside of mid-field. A Marine officer, male (20's), follows her route closely.

Agent Thorn scrambles outside of the pocket; he's pursued by several marine officers moving in quickly.

Jessica catches eye contact with Thorn, who's running to her left.

At the last possible second Thorn steps into the pass; his arm reaches back then launches forward. The Marine officers tackle Agent Thorn with a hard hit.

The pass is thrown. Agent Pierce catches the football with her right hand. She turns up field-- stiff arms the Marine officer in the face with her free hand. The Marine is taken off his feet.

Her teammates scream from the sideline.

Jessica quickly out-maneuvers the defense by executing a spin move around the first defender. She hurdles over the second defender who lunges towards her. She shakes the third defender with a quick stutter step followed by several junk moves that make the fourth and fifth fall face down.

Jessica runs full sprint towards the in zone; she quickly runs down by a tall MARINE (20's) female officer who sprints beside her, and grabs Jessica around her neck.

Jessica stiff arms the Marine in the mouth; she falls to the ground.

Pierce dives into the in zone.

The referees blow their whistles signaling touchdown.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Touch down! Number twenty-three
for the F.B.I.

The cheers from the crowd become louder.

The time clock on the score board expires to the final score; F.B.I 27, Marines 24.

The F.B.I agents celebrate inside the end zone with Pierce; she spikes the football into to the ground.

The Marines storm the end zone. They attempt to break up the celebration by pushing and shoving. The agents retaliate.

The muscular Marine moves towards Jessica aggressively. He pushes his way through the agents, bleeding from his mouth and nose.

Jessica picks up the football from the ground.

MARINE OFFICER

You broke my fucking nose!

Jessica grips the football in her hand. She leans into the Marine's face, then shakes her head in doubt.

JESSICA

Nah, it doesn't look broken to me.

MARINE

(Angrily)

Take a closer look bitch!

Jessica maliciously throws the football directly at the Marine's nose. The sound of his nose breaks. Blood splatters out from his nostrils. He quickly covers his face with the bottom of his tee shirt.

The female Marine punches Agent Pierce in the mouth. The Marines charge Agent pierce, the F.B.I Agents retaliate.

A brawl breaks out between the two teams, punches are thrown. The military police enter the field to restore order.

EXT. J EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING- CLARKSBURG, VA

CARD: NEXT DAY

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE- 11 A.M

Deputy Director NATHAN DANELS (40's) male sits behind his desk updating case statuses. Daniels glances at the door; he's anticipating someone to approach his office.

Someone knocks at the door.

DANIELS

(Firm voice)

Come in!

Daniels's female ASSISTANT (30's) opens the double doors.

Assistant Director MORGAN KRUSE (50's) male, well dressed, walks in. Jessica follows behind. Daniel's assistant closes the doors. The agents stand in front of Kruse's desk.

Daniels stops writing.

DANIELS
(To the Agents)
Take a seat.

Kruse and Jessica glance at each other as they take a seat in front of Daniels who stares at Pierce with a stern look.

He slides the three page assault report made by the military police to Jessica.

DANIELS
(To Pierce)
I don't know where to start Agent Pierce but your attitude, behavior and actions, has become the number one topic at the bureau.

Kruse quickly jumps in.

KRUSE
Sir, if I may...

DANIELS
No, you may not. It's pointless engaging in a war of words over your agent who disregards the policies and regulations of this agency.

Jessica lowers her head in disappointment.

DANIELS
But lucky for you someone else sees it differently.

Jessica looks up.

JESSICA
Sir?

Daniels opens the desk drawer; he takes out Jessica identification and weapon on top of a case file. He slides the contents to Pierce.

DANIELS
Believe me, if the decision was left up to me, Agent Pierce would be shoveling horseshit at every parade, circus, and carnival for the rest of her career.

JESSICA
Whose decision was it sir?

Daniels removes his glasses and sets them down on the desk.

DANIELS
Does the name Gingerbread mean
anything to you?

Daniels slides a photo to Jessica; she stares at it with
a haunted look.

The photo show the nude back side of a former classmate
CHRISTOPHER THOMAS'S (30's) body stapled to the outside door
of the basement; blood streams from the deep entrance wounds
made by the long construction nails. The word "Gingerbread"
is branded down the middle of his the back in a jagged font.

JESSICA
It's the name Tyrone Henry was known
as.

DANIELS
It was in an envelope underneath my
door this morning. He left his finger
prints on the photos to tell he's back.

KRUSE
Who is he after?

Daniels sides a series of photos of Jessica.

Jessica and Kruse stare at the photos.

JESSICA
(To Daniels)
These are photos of me at my senior
prom.

DANIELS
Because this case has to do with
your past, I was ordered to assign
you to this case. That's all.

Daniels picks up his pen and continues to write.

Jessica and Kruse simultaneously stand. She picks up the
items, and they walk out of the office.

A hidden section of the wall opens. A mysterious gentleman
(early 50's) wearing a black suit and tie, emerges from behind
the wall holding a lit cigar.

SMOKING MAN
It warms my heart to see people
get a second chance.

DANIELS

(Sarcastic)

I'm sorry. I didn't think people
like you had a heart.

The tall man walks up to Daniels's desk and takes a seat;
he puffs on the cigar.

SMOKING MAN

(Chuckles)

I actually can see the relationship
between you and your agent Deputy
Director.

Daniels sits up in his chair.

DANIELS

(Defensive)

You're way out of line. My relationship
as a deputy director to my agents,
is to make sure I get the very best
from them. That includes agent Pierce.

SMOKING MAN

Relax deputy director. I will see
to it that Agent Pierce does what
she's supposed to do. One of my
operatives will take care of the
problem that currently exists.
That's all that matters.

DANIELS

This means nothing to you, but despite
agent Pierce personal behavior she's
one of the best agents in this bureau.

SMOKING MAN

(Laughs)

A blind man can see it on your face.

The smoking man stands; he flicks his ashes on the desk.

SMOKING MAN

You work with a very attractive woman
who's gusty, feisty, and who probably
likes it rough. My advice to you is
to keep it in your pants until I'm
done with her. After that you can
burn the midnight hour with her as
long as you want.

Daniels jumps up from his chair.

DANIELS

(Serious tone)

Get the hell out before I personally
throw you out.

The smoking man puts his cigar out on Daniel's desk.

SMOKING MAN

Keep this in the back of your head
Deputy Director. I keep my friends
close and my enemies even closer.

The smoking man stands and walks to the hidden panel that re-opens.

The tall man exits the office into the secure corridor.

Daniels sits back into his chair with a look of concern.

EXT. COVINGTON GEORGIA MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - 4PM

A small twin engine jet lands on the damp runway.

OUTSIDE HANGER

SHERIFF PATRICK in his (mid 50's), stands next to Agent JASON STARKS (30's).

Agent Starks turns to Patrick.

STARKS

I understand that Agent Pierce has
inside knowledge of the serial killer
Gingerbread.

PATRICK

(Nods)

Imagine being in the exact same class
with a lunatic in every school you
went to. From first grade until his
disappearance in high school, Tyrone
Henry was known as Gingerbread. At
first I thought the name had something
to do with the fact that he's obsessed
with eating gingerbread cookies...

(To Agent Starks)

After what happened twenty years ago,
the name means something else.

Agent Starks opens the file folder, reading the case file.

AGENT STARKS

I'm trying to understand why
he was never charged for murders
of the North side students. Or a
police report on the accounts that
Tyrone Henry was a victim of a hate
crime. Bottom line there were no
arrest, no suspects, but only bodies.

PATRICK

Times were different back then.

PATRICK

I'm just a servant of the law Agent Starks. Asking too many questions back then could get you killed, badge or no badge.

EXT. TARMAC

Agent Starks and Sheriff Patrick walk towards the plane.

The passengers on board exit the aircraft.

Jessica exits the plane with a black bag in one hand and a black duffle bag on her opposite shoulder.

The cool breeze blows Jessica's hair away from her face that reveals her toughness and beauty.

Jessica walks up to Patrick and greets him with a hug.

PATRICK

Hello Jessica it's so good to see you again.

JESSICA

It's good to see you too Sheriff.

PATRICK

I wish this reunion was under better circumstances. but there's been another murder, Wilkin's resident.

JESSICA

Judy Wilkins? When?

PATRICK

Her body was found by her boyfriend about two hours ago. First Christopher Thomas now this. Mayor Jordan ordered not to enter the premises until federal arrive. That's where you come in. My men are at the residence to keep everyone away from the premises. If you're ready I can take you and Agent Starks.

JESSICA

Wait a second...agent who?

Jessica looks at Starks who smirks in return.

STARKS

I'm Agent Jason Starks, I've been assign to be your partner on this assignment.

Jessica pats Agent Starks on the shoulder playfully.

JESSICA

(Smiles)

I'm terribly sorry for the confusion
but your service won't be required
at this time. Thanks but no thanks.

Jessica rudely brushes past Stark's shoulder; she walks away.

STARKS

(Shouts)

Agent Pierce!

Jessica ignores the call and walks faster. Starks runs up to Pierce from behind. He forcefully steps in front of Pierce and blocks her path. They both stop.

STARKS

Wait a second! Maybe you have a
hearing problem, but...

JESSICA

(Attitude)

I heard you Agent Starks... Look,
the last thing I need is for some
tight-ass agent to get in my way
when shit hits the fan. Trust me
it will. So don't take it
personally, but I'm a bitch with
an attitude who shoots first and
asks questions later, like when
I'm in a better mood to hear the
bullshit.

(Steps in)

I'm not in the mood to hear it now.

Jessica starts to walk past but Starks cut her off again.

STARKS

(Very firm)

I didn't request to be your fucking
babysitter or chaperone. So, like
it or not, you're stuck with me
until the investigation is closed.
I was given strict orders from Deputy
Director Daniels, that I was to take
the lead of this investigation.
Are we clear?

Jessica takes a deep breath, looks towards the sky, and
throws her arms out.

JESSICA

(Sighs)

Fine! Whatever!

Sheriff Patrick walks by the agents.

He grabs Jessica's duffle bag off her shoulder. He quickly turns back to the agents.

PATRICK

Now that the two of you have kissed
and made up, we've got a killer to
catch!

Patrick opens the trunk of his squad car and places the duffle bag inside. He slams the trunk shut. He walks to the driver's side and gets in.

Jessica gets in on the passenger side.

The engine starts.

Starks gets in the back seat behind Pierce.

The squad car takes off.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Starks takes out his cell phone from the breast pocket of his overcoat. He flips it open and sends a text message. Starks looks up several times to make sure he's not being watched.

The cell phone displays the sent message "Waiting for further instructions. Do I proceed as plan?"

Starks presses the send key pad. Within seconds the reply message reads "YES."

EXT. WILKINS' RESIDENCE - 5PM

The large white two story colonial home sits on an acre of land and is currently being remodeled. The large front lawn is covered with pallets of building material, siding, ladders, scaffolds, and work tables.

Sheriff Patrick leads Agents Pierce and Starks across the front lawn surrounded by trees along the trimmed hedges. The residents of the neighborhood stand in the street as they watch curiously.

Deputies TOM BRYANT (30's), VERONICA MILLER (30's), RODNEY MITCHELL(30's), approach them anxiously from the other side of the lawn.

DEPUTY BRYANT

Sheriff, what the hell is going
on? The neighborhood is asking more
questions than I have answers to
give. Why are we here?

Sheriff Patrick hesitates for a second.

PATRICK

Tyrone Henry is back. He murdered Christopher Thomas two nights ago and we believe he murdered Judy Wilkins last night. I don't have a lot of detail to go on but--

Out of nowhere a speeding white van with the logo of channel 5 news pulls up and parks across the street in the neighbor's driveway. The residents of the neighborhood look on curiously.

The cameraman COREY GREEN (20's), male, and news reporter TINA RUSH (30's), exit the vehicle. They run to the rear of the van and open the back cargo doors. Corey grabs his camera and places it on his shoulder ready to roll; Tina grabs her microphone.

PATRICK

Damn it! That the last thing we need! We better get inside.

Everyone moves up the lawn towards the house. Jessica looks down at the grass; she notices the grass is soaked. Pierce quickly stops.

JESSICA

(Points)

Wait a second! Look!

Everyone stares at the lawn; it's flooded. The flood stream runs downhill on the short cut lawn. Everyone looks up at the house.

JESSICA

(To Starks)

It's coming from inside!

Patrick quickly turns to his deputies.

PATRICK

(To Bryant)

Get on the radio and get the fire department down here! And keep that damn reporter and cameraman off the grounds.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick run up to the house.

The reporter and cameraman are cut off by sheriff deputies.

The neighborhood residents move in closer.

TINA

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

The crowd mumbles in shock.

BRYANT

(Forceful)

This is neither the time nor the place Mrs. Shaw! I need you to stay back and let us do our job!

TINA

Is it true that Tyrone Henry has come back after twenty years?

The crowd's outburst of fear is heard.

MILLER

(Shouts)

Get Back!

Deputy Miller's hand covers the camera lens; she shoves the camera down to the ground.

POV CAMERA

The lens blacks out.

INT. WILKENS' RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

The power is out.

The atmosphere is dark and cold.

Sheriff Patrick shines the high beam flashlight through the thick dust that filters the area. Patrick walks up to the closed double doors. Agents Pierce and Starks stand behind with their weapons drawn.

Sheriff Patrick slides the doors open; he looks down and shines the light on the floor; the word "WELCOME" is spelled out in blood; it leaves a trail that runs to the top of the stairs.

PATRICK

Oh Jesus, he's been here.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick walk cautiously to the top of the stairs. The flashlight shines down the stairs.

STAIRWAY - TOP

The blood trail runs down the bottom of the stairway; a second word is painted in blood: "HOME".

Inside the blood filled "O" is a Gingerbread cookie.

Sheriff Patrick snaps a terrified look; Starks looks over at him.

STARKS

Maybe you should wait outside.

Sheriff Patrick takes a deep breath.

Jessica looks back at Patrick.

JESSICA

We can take it from here.

Patrick holds his hand out.

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!

STAIRWAY

Jessica, Starks, and Sheriff Patrick slowly walk down the stairs with their weapons aimed; everyone stops and squats at the bottom steps.

Jessica smells a strange scent; she looks back.

PATRICK

It smells like gasoline.

Jessica pulls out a small flashlight from her coat pocket. She shines the light across the spacious room that's been turned upside down.

The entire living room is destroyed; couches and chairs are flipped over with multiple slashes in the fabric and cushions. The remains of broken coffee and end tables, bookshelves and cabinets, picture frames, wall decorations, and antique items are scattered across the floor.

Out of nowhere a tied up nude female body is pulled out from behind an overturned couch.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick turn to the direction of the body that slides to a stop.

The word "FEAR" is carved on the victim's bloody stomach; the nipples on her blood-stained breasts are severed.

A silver cord extends from the victim's ankle to the next room behind.

Immediately Patrick shines the light on the body; Starks and Patrick look on.

JESSICA

(Excitedly)

It's Judy Wilkins!

PATRICK
My God, he's here!

Someone slowly pulls the body.

PATRICK
(Mumbles)
I'm going to kill you.
(Screams)
I'm going to kill you!

Patrick charges after the body like a mad man.

JESSICA
No!

Suddenly the body is pulled hard and fast out the living room and thru the dining room.

Patrick chases the body in pursuit.

KITCHEN

The body is dragged to the back of the kitchen.

STAIRWAY

The body slides through the open basement door; it slides and then stops.

Sheriff Patrick runs through the doorway; he trips on a trip cord and stumbles down the first couple of steps.

Jessica reaches out and grabs the back collar of Patrick's bomber jacket; she pulls him back.

Agent Starks shines the flashlight on the body that floats face down in a flooded basement, surrounded by broken glass.

The victim's hair drifts away from back of the head; a bomb sits inside the skull; the digital timer ticks backwards down to three minutes.

Suddenly a female voice cries out from underneath.

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

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick glance at each other taken off guard.

JESSICA
We got to get her out!

Jessica immediately holsters her weapon and then takes off her coat.

Starks shines the light between the steps; the light bounces off the flood waters.

Patrick radios through the static transmission to Deputy Bryant.

PATRICK

Come in Bryant! Move everyone back!
Call the bomb squad! We needs paramedics
and the fire department. We have a
live victim trapped in the basement.

STARKS

(Calls out)
F.B.I agents can you hear me? Are
you hurt!

Jessica walks down several steps down into the flood waters.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(Cries)
I'm tied to the support beam underneath
the floor! Please hurry!

Jessica braces her hand carefully against the wall; she takes another step down; the water level is at her breast.

JESSICA

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

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Will this work?

Without warning the staircase suddenly collapse and caves in; Jessica falls underneath. Her body doesn't resurface

STARKS

(Shouts)
Agent Pierce!

Pieces from the damaged stairs rise to the surface; Starks and Patrick quickly remove the broken sections to clear a path.

Starks dives underneath.

UNDERWATER

Agent Starks shines the flashlight in search of Jessica.

He catches a glimpse of a female nude body; it floats towards him with its head lowered.

Starks turns the body around; he lifts the victim's head; he shines the light in the face.

Starks is startled; air bubbles are released with a scream; he pushes away from the body; the victim's face is completely carved out to the back of the skull.

Out of nowhere Starks is surrounded by nude bodies of men and women. The victim's eyes and noses have been gouged out.

KITCHEN

Sheriff Patrick stands in the doorway with a look of grave concern.

PATRICK
Agent Pierce! Agent Starks!

Patrick shines the flashlight into the flood waters.

Suddenly, the two way receiver on Patrick's shoulder shoots out a loud frequency. Patrick is startled; he jumps back.

The message is muffled by loud static.

BRYANT (VO)
Sheriff Patrick, come in!

Patrick turns around to get a better signal.

PATRICK
(Calls)
Repeat that deputy.

A tall dark figure in a black executioners hooded robe slowly rises up from the doorway behind Patrick.

The unknown masked assailant reaches back with a large Bowie knife, the tip of the blade points downward.

PATRICK
(Calls out)
You're breaking up! Repeat!

Patrick turns around at the last second; the assailant lunges forward. Patrick blocks the overhand strike with his flashlight.

PATRICK
Shit!

The flashlight is knocked from his hand. The mask attacker forces Patrick back against the kitchen table in a struggle. The predator stabs Patrick in the chest cutting through the bomber jacket and uniform shirt; the blade is pulled out exposing a bullet-proof vest underneath.

The assailant comes down again with the blade. Patrick grabs hold of the assailant's wrist with both hands.

The attacker aims the tip of the blade inches from his face.

The killer and Patrick roll off the table to the kitchen floor.

The killer jumps on top of Patrick and punches him several times in the face, stunning him into semi-consciousness; he moans.

The stalker chokes Patrick with one hand; grips the large blade with the opposite hand raised above its head; the eyes of the unknown stranger are widen with rage.

Suddenly from behind, the assailant is shot in the back; the dark figure rolls off of Patrick and blends with the darkness.

Sheriff Patrick rolls to his knees; he coughs violently as he holds his throat; he draws his weapon.

SHERIFF PATRICK
Show your face you bastard!

Starks climbs up the partially intact stairs with Jessica on his shoulder.

Exhausted, Starks stumbles awkwardly; he lays Jessica across the kitchen table.

STAIRWAY

Suddenly, the body of Judy Wilkins resurfaces. The timer reads twenty seconds.

The cloaked slayer charges at from Agent Starks from behind and stabs him in the left shoulder blade; Starks screams in pain.

Jessica fires her weapon at the assailant.

The killer stumbles and falls backwards into the basement. A lit lighter is tossed from the killer's hand and lands on the kitchen floor.

A fire is ignited and burns a furious path across the kitchen floor and spreads throughout the house.

JESSICA
(To Patrick)
We gotta go!

Jessica and Patrick run over to Agent Starks and help him to his feet. Jessica places Starks's arm around her neck. Patrick wraps his free arm around Starks's waist for support.

Everyone exits the kitchen. The entire kitchen is engulfed in flames. The walls buckle inward. The ceiling collapses behind them.

LIVING ROOM

Sheriff Deputies Bryant and Miller race down the stairs into the living; they shine their flashlights into the smoke filled with room.

BRYANT
(Calls out)
Sheriff Patrick!

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick approach the sheriff deputies.

JESSICA
Get out of here! This place is about
To explode!

EXT. WILKINS' RESIDENCE

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

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, Bryant and Miller run out the front door down the wet grassy lawn.

The colonial home explodes into a huge ball of fire; the force from the blast sends everyone off their feet into the grass; the debris fragments of the house shoot in all directions.

The crowd of spectators immediately crouches down in shock. Firefighters run up the lawn with several fire hoses to extinguish the blaze.

EXT. NEWTON GENERAL HOSPITAL- 7PM

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Agent Starks sits on the exam table. DR. BRENDA WILSON (40's) inserts staples into Starks's shoulder blade.

Jessica enters the room with a gift bag.

Dr. Wilson applies several strips of medical tape to cover the wound.

DR. WILSON
I think that should do it. Now you're going to experience some pain and discomfort over the next several days, so I'll write you a prescription that should help.

JESSICA
(Jokingly)
So this mean he's going to live after all?

Starks stares at Jessica with a smile on his face.

STARKS
Sorry to disappoint you.

Dr. Wilson writes out a prescription.

DR. WILSON
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 physical shape.

Dr. Wilson hands the prescription to Starks.

DR. WILSON
Try not to get yourself killed, Agent Starks.

STARKS
I'll keep that in mind.

Dr. Wilson leaves the examining room.

Jessica hands Starks the gift bag.

JESSICA
This is for you.

Starks takes the bag. He pulls out a new dress shirt.

JESSICA
I know I came off like a bitch earlier, but you saved my life. Thank you.

Sheriff Patrick runs inside the exam room with a hysterical look on his face.

SHERIFF PATRICK
There's been another murder!

Jessica and Starks immediately follow Sheriff Patrick out of the exam room.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - 8PM

Muscle cars, pickup trucks, and Harley Davidson motorcycles fill the driveway. The sound of heavy metal music vibrates the house. The melodic metal of Metallica's "Sanitarium" cracks through the cold air.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Inside the smoke filled room downstairs, the visibility is low due to the dull glow of florescent red lights. A confederate flag hangs on the center wall. The party guests of men and women (30's) socialize by means of heavy drinking, marijuana usage, and loud music.

TABITHA COLSON (33) slams down a triple shot of tequila. She's drunk and having a good time with her FRIENDS (30's).

Tabitha's boyfriend MITCH WARNER (34) stands behind Tabitha with his arm casually wrapped around her waist.

Together they all raise their cups of beer in celebration.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - BACK YARD

Standing in the backyard are three of Tabitha's friends: JOSIE CLARK (20'S), BRENDA CARTER (30's), and FOSTER JONES (30) stand in front of the backdoor. Foster smokes a blunt; he passes it to Josie.

Josie takes a long drag, holds her breath for a few seconds, then blows it out. She attempts to pass it to Brenda who can barely stand. She staggers, falls into Foster's arms. Foster laughs as he quickly grabs hold of Brenda's body. He looks up at Josie who takes another drag.

FOSTER

(Laughs)

Sorry ass bitch! You can't run with the big boys.

BRENDA

Fuck you.

Brenda takes the blunt from Josie and takes a hit; she looks up with the blunt in her mouth and sees a dark mysterious figure that moves behind the tree line.

Armed with a high power assault weapon, the sinister figure walks in the clear towards the trio.

Josie drops the blunt out of fear; she takes a couple of steps back.

JOSIE

Who the fuck is that?

Foster and Brenda both look in the same direction.

FOSTER

I'll handle this prick.

Foster staggers towards the tall figure.

FOSTER

(Calls out)

Hey motherfucker! I think you're
at the wrong party!

The unknown assailant wears a black ski mask, military field jacket, and black pants; he aims the shoulder strap automatic weapon with a silencer attachment at Foster. The infra-red beam marks a target on his chest.

Foster immediately stops and starts walking backwards with his hands up. His face turns pale; he's scared, breathing heavy.

FOSTER

Okay man! It's cool! I don't live
here! Just relax!

Foster suddenly turns, trying to run. The assailant squeezes the trigger. Foster's body jerks, then staggers from the impact of bullets piercing his back. Blood spatters. Foster's arms flail outward; his body collapses face down on the concrete.

JOSIE

(Screams)

Oh my God! Oh my God!

BRENDA

What the fuck! Foster!

Josie and Brenda rush towards the backdoor. Josie shoves Brenda down; she grabs the doorknob. Shots are fired. Josie's body suddenly freezes against the door. Her eyes widen with intensity.

BACKDOOR

Josie stares through the window of the screen door; her eyes roll to the back of her head. Her mouth is open. Josie struggles to breathe as blood flows from her mouth.

Josie slides down the back window to her death.

EXT. BACKYARD

The killer approaches Brenda. She's cries frantically.

BRENDA

Just let me go! I won't say
anything! I swear to God I won't!

The tall figure lowers its weapon slightly. It stares deeply into Brenda's eyes.

The masked assailant speaks in a low baritone voice that sounds robotic.

ASSAILANT
Take off your shirt.

Brenda hands shake tremendously. She quickly removes her jacket and tee shirt.

ASSAILANT
Now take off your fucking bra!

Brenda cries out. She removes her bra dropping it on the grass.

The mask killer takes a couple steps closer.

Brenda continues to cry.

The killer's eyes glare in a sick hypnotic stare. The psychopath presses his finger against his lips.

ASSAILANT
Shhh...

Brenda backs up against the house.

ASSAILANT
Let me show you my vision of
true beauty.

The killer fires the automatic weapon.

The bullets penetrate Brenda's chest, blood splatters across her body. She collapses and dies with her eyes open.

The sinister figure walks to the back door, opens it, and enters inside; the backdoor slams shut.

INT. BACK STAIRWAY

The music is louder. The assailant walks up the stairs.

The hallway door opens slightly.

The killer quickly step back down and moves behind the wall leading down into the basement.

A "hot", drunk, REBECCA WALTON (30'S) staggers into the stairway.

Rebecca grabs the rail with both hands while leaning against the wall. She clumsily tries to walk down the stairs.

REBECCA
(Shouts)
Josie! Hey bitch, what the fuck
going on out there? You better
not be fucking Foster with his
ugly ass...

Rebecca laughs under her breath.

REBECCA
I'm going to fuck you.

Rebecca loses her balance; she falls on her ass and slides down the carpeted stairs.

REBECCA
(Laughs)
Ouch! I've cracked my ass.

The unknown assailant runs from behind the wall. The loud footsteps startle Rebecca.

REBECCA
Who the fuck!? Wait a minute!

The stalker holds a large hunting knife above its head.

Rebecca's eyes spring wide open in horror, as her body tightens in fear. She screams swings her arms in front of her face.

The killer stabs Rebecca in the arm; the blade pierces through her entire arm. Rebecca screams even louder.

The assailant pulls the blade out from Rebecca's arm. The evil force repeatedly stabs Rebecca in the chest with powerful over-hand strikes. Rebecca's white long sleeve shirt turns into a violent shade of red. She spits up blood on her last breath. Her body goes limp.

The killer grabs Rebecca by the throat, lifting her body off the steps; the assailant walks up the stairs facing the door.

The stalker slams Rebecca's body against the door. Her body hangs from the door. Her feet dangle motionless.

Suddenly, in a quick and powerful motion, the psychopath viciously spears the blade between Rebecca's eyes, holding her body up against the door.

The killer leans into Rebecca's face and sticks its tongue out seductively licking the blood around Rebecca's mouth.

INT. KITCHEN

The backdoor slowly opens where Rebecca's body hangs attached to the door. The intruder walks into the dark kitchen. The song "Wait and Bleed" (Slipknot) blasts through the surround sound speakers mounted high in the corners of the room.

The killer walks in a straight line through the kitchen towards the candlelit living room.

A party of adults relaxes comfortably on a large couch. A black glass tray of cocaine is passed around. Others stand behind the couch, smoking marijuana from a large bong.

A MALE (30's), redneck biker, takes the tray of coke. He snorts a line of coke through a rolled end of a one hundred dollar bill.

The biker leans back with his head looking up towards the ceiling. He sniffs several times, wiping his nostrils with his fingertips.

BIKER

Oh yeah, that's some good shit!

The biker stretches his arms out.

BIKER

I feel invincible...like a god.

The serial killer enters the living room unnoticed.

The villain shoots the biker in the chest with a five round burst. The party guests quickly jump up, screaming.

The biker leans back against the couch, bleeding from his chest. He's dies with his eyes open.

Fearful, everyone stares at the tall figure. Simultaneously, everyone tries to run towards the front door.

The killer fires the automatic weapon. The muzzle flashes in silence.

Everyone scatters in a state of panic; bodies stumble awkwardly from the impact of rounds.

The horrifying expression of pain is shown on the faces. Blood splatters from the multiple assault wounds.

A FEMALE (20's) is shot in the back several times; her body falls on the jagged edge of a glass table decapitating her head.

Bodies fall against the bookcases and walls, leaving streaks of blood as bodies slide to the floor. Others fall backwards into the wall-to-wall entertainment cabinet. The shelves collapse, the digital audio sound system falls to the floor.

The music continues to play. The volume is accidentally turned up to maximum. The living room is dark.

The last wounded victim, MALE (30's), bleeds through the back of his motorcycle vest. He drags his legs in pain as he grunts; he leaves a trail of blood on the hardwood floors.

The man screams. The loud metal music drowns out his voice.

The masked vigilante walks over to the victim, ejecting the empty magazine from his weapon. The clip falls to the floor. The glove fingers slides inside the right cargo pocket of the camouflage pants, pulling out a new loaded clip.

The magazine is slapped inside the weapon; it's locked and loaded.

The barrel of the weapon is pressed against the victim's face. A three round burst is fired into the man's face. Fragments of skin and bone explodes on contact covered in blood.

The killer stands on the top step. A gasmask slides over the ski mask.

The psychopath pulls the pins of two smoke grenades; the round spherical balls bounce down the hardwood steps into the party room.

The smoke grenades explode, releasing bright intense flashes of light followed by back to back thunderous boom. The smoke gas is released on detonation.

The killer walks down the stairs as the infra-red beam from the weapon streaks through the cloud of smoke.

The music suddenly stops.

The view from the top of the stairway shows the assailant standing at the bottom. The automatic weapon fires, the barrel flickers through a thick cloud of smoke. Voices scream throughout the room in chaos, confusion, and fear.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - 9PM

Neighborhood residents watch curiously from inside their homes. Patrol cars are parked in front of the Fischer residence.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

DEPUTY PAUL MITCHELL (20's) exits the house in a hurry with his hand covering his mouth. He bends over the railing; he vomits into the bushes.

Deputies Miller and Bryant exit the house; they stand on the porch with expressions of remorse, shock, and anger.

Deputy Miller walks to the opposite side of the porch. She wipes tears away with her fingers. Deputy Bryant takes several deep breaths with his hands on his hips, looking down in sorrow.

Sheriff Patrick exits the house slowly. He looks at each of his deputies with guilt in his eyes. He slowly walks down the stairs, taking off his hat and rubbing his hand through his hair.

Patrick looks up and notices the faces of the residents staring at him from their windows and front doors.

Patrick turns his back to the front porch. Jessica and Agent Stark exit the house; they walk down the stairs and join Patrick.

STARKS

Sheriff, we need you to get every available off duty officer in uniform immediately.

Patrick checks his watch.

PATRICK

I have seven more deputies out on patrol and another ten coming on duty in a few hours. Not to mention several more back at the station, if needed.

Jessica pulls out her cell phone.

JESSICA

Good, I'll contact the F.B.I field office to dispatch more agents.

STARKS

That won't be necessary Agent Pierce.

Patrick and Jessica glance at each other, then at Starks.

PATRICK

Are you serious? We need all the manpower we can get to catch this serial killer running loose!

Jessica turns to Patrick.

JESSICA

Excuse us for a moment sheriff.

Jessica and Starks walk to the side of the house.

JESSICA

Did you develop amnesia within the last couple of hours, because we have two crime scenes that will turn anyone's stomach inside out.

STARK

I understand that, but bringing in more agents will draw too much attention from the media. That's already happened once tonight.

Out of nowhere the white news van pulls up across the street, slamming its brakes.

STARKS

Make that twice.

T.V news reporter and cameraman exit the van. Tina has her microphone; she glances at Corey excitedly.

TINA

Roll that camera!

Corey places the camera on his shoulder. He turns on the camera light and then adjusts the lens.

COREY

We're good baby! Go!

Tina turns her head back several times at the camera.

TINA

(Excited)

This is Tina Rush with Channel 5 Eye Witness News reporting live from a second crime scene that may be linked to the serial killer, the Gingerbread man.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, Bryant, Miller and Mitchell quickly enter the street; they approach the reporter and cameraman.

Patrick angrily points his finger at Tina.

PATRICK

(Angry)

You got three seconds to turn off that Goddamn camera and get the hell out of here!

Tina shoves the microphone into Patrick's face.

TINA

The people want to know what happened here tonight, Sheriff. Why did the Gingerbread man target the Fischer family?

Sheriff Patrick looks lost for words for a second. His eyes lock on Tina's face.

PATRICK

You don't know a fucking thing! You're a second rate reporter who has a nasty habit of sticking her nose in other people's business.

Tina smiles sarcastically.

TINA

It's called doing your job sheriff.
How about you do the same before
another victim is murdered tonight.

Out of character, Sheriff Patrick lunges at Tina. He reaches out with both hands grabbing Tina's coat, pulling her body towards his in anger.

Jessica quickly jumps in; she tries to pull Patrick back. Tina screams out. The sheriff officers immediately rush in; they pull Sheriff Patrick off of Tina. Corey records the commotion.

TINA

Get the fuck off of me!

PATRICK

(Shouts)

Do you want my job!? You think
you can do this better than me!

From the opposite end of the street three black Chevy pickup trucks race up the block.

Everyone turns to the speeding vehicles.

The vehicles abruptly stop. The car doors fly open.

The agents, sheriff officers, reporter and the cameraman run over to the pick-up trucks.

The men inside the trucks suddenly exit arm with shotguns.

The sheriff officers quickly draw their weapons, aiming at the armed men in defense.

RANDOLPH TUCKER (60'S) steps in front of the truck. Sheriff Patrick cuts him off. Patrick immediately holsters his weapon.

He grabs the shotgun and Randolph's arm simultaneously. Patrick tries to hold him back.

RANDOLPH

Amy! Amy! I'm here baby!

PATRICK

Randolph! Randolph!

RANDOLPH

Amy! Can you hear me!

Randolph tries to break free. The shotgun falls from his hands to the ground.

PATRICK

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

Randolph suddenly stops fighting. His pale face stares
into Patrick's eyes in pain. Randolph shakes his head
"no" repeatedly. He breathes deeply with tears in his
eyes.

RANDOLPH

Get the fuck out of my way Dan!
My little girl needs me!

The reporter and cameraman approach Randolph.

TNA

It was the Gingerbread man. He
murdered Amy.

Randolph turns to the reporter.

The town's men glance at each other.

RANDOLPH

Is it true? Answer me Goddamn 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!

Patrick stands helpless, with a look of desperation.

Randolph bends down and picks up his shotgun. The town's
men quickly re-enter the pick-up trucks.

Randolph turns; he faces the houses across the street.
Randolph squints his eyes at the black mustang creeping
down the sidewalk. The muscle car moves slowly between
the parked SUV's and pickup trucks.

The driver's side window rolls down. The masked assailant
leans out the driver's side window, wearing a black body
suit with a black ski mask.

The serial killer aims an A-K 47 out the window.

RANDOLPH

Who the hell is...?

The loud crackling sound erupts as the assault weapon fires several rounds.

The rounds pierce Randolph's head, tearing off a large section of his skull. Everyone dives to the ground.

Randolph's lifeless body hits the ground.

The large back tires of the mustang burn rubber in a cloud of smoke.

Everyone fires at the mustang.

The rounds of ammo damage the parked vehicles.

The muscle car races down the sidewalk.

Jessica and Starks sprint down the street.

The pickup truck shifts into reverse, peeling backwards to Jessica and Starks who turn and face the rear end of the truck.

BILL ELLIOT (50's) jumps out the driver side.

BILL
Here! Take my truck!

Jessica jumps in behind the wheel. Starks jumps in the passenger side. The pickup truck drives in reverse down the street at a high rate of speed.

The mustang suddenly stops at the stop sign two blocks down.

The pick-up truck executes a three-sixty spin in the intersection.

The four wheel drive, two ton pick-up truck, accelerates down the next street.

INT. MUSTANG

The killer's hand adjusts the rear view mirror. The pickup truck closes in from behind.

The mustang's tires dig into the concrete burning more rubber. It releases a loud squealing in a cloud of smoke.

Jessica rolls down the driver side window. She extends her left arm out; shots fire from her weapon;

MUSTANG

Six rounds pierce and shatter the back window. The Mustang speeds away.

The Mustang veers onto the sidewalk; the pickup truck jumps on the sidewalk and closes in on the chase.

The Mustang makes a sharp right turn back onto the street; it fishtails around the corner between parked vehicles.

The pick-up truck ramps the uphill lawn of the corner house. The Chevy truck soars in mid-air over parked trucks. The vehicles land in the street and bounce against the parked SUV'S on the opposite side of the curb. The pick-up truck quickly accelerates.

The Mustang makes a right turn into the alley. From behind, the pick-up truck spins in hot pursuit. The vehicles race through the next several alleys at a high rate of speed.

The masked assailant slams on the brakes.

The muscle car slides to a stop. The car door opens. The assailant exits.

The assailant stands holding a high-power automatic weapon.

The pick-up truck suddenly stops.

PIERCE

(Shouts)

Get down!

Jessica and Starks simultaneously take cover under the dashboard.

The killer unloads a full clip into the truck. The front tires blow out. Heavy damage covers the front end. The front windshield shatters. The engine explodes in flames. Pierce and Starks exit the truck using the doors as a shield.

The killer takes off running through the resident's backyard.

Jessica immediately takes off after the killer in a foot pursuit.

The chase leads through several backyards of residential homes.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

The serial killer climbs over a chain-link fence. The assailant runs through the backyard.

Jessica sees the intruder enter the premises through the back door. The hallway light is on. Jessica runs up to the fence and climbs over, landing on her feet.

Jessica takes out her weapon; she maneuvers around the trees, moving closer to the house. She cautiously moves into the clearing.

Jessica notices three bodies lying on the concrete in a massive pool of blood. Jessica stares at the words written in blood on the back of the house, "I AM LEGION."

Jessica checks the pulses of the slain victims. She moves along the side of the house and stands next to the back-door.

Jessica looks inside. She sees the heavy bloodstains on the stairs and walls. The upstairs back door is wide open exposing the dark kitchen.

Jessica opens the screen door. She aims her weapon inside. She steps in closing the back screen door quietly.

INT. BACK ENTRANCE

Jessica takes out a mini flashlight from her coat pocket. She aims the light down the stairs leading to the basement. Her arm snaps forward pointing the barrel of the weapon up the stairs.

Jessica cautiously walks up the stairs. She shines the light inside the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jessica enters the kitchen; she proceeds forward waving her weapon and flashlight, sweeping her way through the kitchen.

Jessica suddenly stops. She senses that someone is behind her.

Suddenly Jessica turns aiming her weapon; her mouth drops open in horror. Jessica stares at the back door.

Rebecca's body hangs lifeless above the pool of blood. The handle from the large blade sticks out between her eyes.

Jessica stares at the message written in blood above Rebecca's head: "The guilty shall bleed." Below the message the victim's severed fingers create a three letter word stapled to the door: "GBM"

Jessica moves away from the door. She takes a deep breath. Her face drips with sweat. Jessica is visibly shaken at first, but she quickly shrugs it off with a determined look. She turns away from the door, moving towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jessica enters the living room cautiously. She steps over the dead bodies on the floor. She makes her to the stairway down to the party room.

Jessica turns in a circular motion. She shines the light around the room on the number of slain bodies with multiple gunshot wounds and covered in blood.

JESSICA
(Whispers)
Oh Jesus!

Unexpectedly, drops of blood drip on Jessica's face. She wipes her cheek with her fingertips and examines the wet fluid. Jessica looks up, shines the light on the ceiling.

The body of SARAH WILLIS (30's) bleeds from a deep laceration on the left side of her skull. Her eyes are extracted from her eye sockets.

Sarah's extremities have puncture wounds on both wrists and ankles attach to the ceiling. Sarah's mutilated body is position in a crucifix pose.

A bone chilling message in blood above Sarah's body reads: "The twisted rule the wicked."

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DARK - EARLY MORNING

INT. OFFICE - 2AM

Jessica sits on the corner of the desk with her head hung low. She rubs her temples with her fingertips.

Her eyes are closed tightly. Stress is on her face.

Agent Starks walks over to Jessica, he stands in front of her with two cups of coffee. He passes one to Pierce.

STARKS
Here, try some.

Jessica looks up and takes the cup; she smiles slightly.

JESSICA
Please tell me you've put some
whisky in this.

Starks smiles back; he sits on the desk across from Jessica.

STARKS
Sorry, just cream and sugar.

The sheriff's office door opens. The sheriff officers immediately exit the office. Sheriff Patrick exits the office last.

Jessica and Starks quickly stand.

Sheriff Patrick approaches the agents eagerly.

PATRICK
The Mustang was stolen. It belongs
to Monica...

Suddenly, all the phones in the office ring at the same time for a moment.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick look around the office suspiciously.

The phones stop ringing except for one.

The phone rings from a desk behind the agents.

Patrick hesitates for a second. He walks past Starks and picks up the phone. His eyes widen with fear.

He turns his head sharply at the agents. He motions his finger to the receiver.

Jessica and Starks rush over to Patrick. Patrick presses the speaker button on the phone. He hangs up the receiver.

GINGERBREAD (VO)

I wanted the Agents to know that
I'm going to kill five more people
before it's all said and done.

PIERCE

Tyrone, this is Agent Jessica Pierce. I went
to high school with you.

The killer breathes heavily through the speaker.

GINGERBREAD (VO)

That was twenty years ago, princess.
Everyone treated me like a sexually
transmitted disease. You devils
singled me out like an outcast.
You and your friend laughed and
spit in my face like I meant nothing!
Now who's laughing Jessica?

PATRICK

Tyrone, you need to listen to me
carefully.

Gingerbread screams through the speaker.

GINGERBREAD (VO)

I wish I could fuck you, Jessica!
I want to fill you with my rage,
my pain, my suffering!

Gingerbread laughs deeply; Jessica stares at the phone.

GINGERBREAD (VO)

I'm going to smear the face of
this town, starting with his
daughter Monica. Her flesh will
melt like hot butter. I promise.

A woman's voice screams hysterically in the background.

The phone disconnects.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION - 3AM

The assailant appears from behind the trees on the left side of the estate. The killer, dressed in black and wearing a black ski mask, walks along the front of the estate.

He carries a body inside a black body bag on his shoulders. The killer walks past the floodlights on the main grounds.

The assailant steps up to the front doors and enters a six digit code into the keypad.

The doors click. The assailant opens the doors and enters. The front doors close quietly.

Suddenly, a black Cadillac Expedition pulls up to the gates that slide open. The SUV drives up to the estate.

The lights turn off, the engine stops, and the car doors open.

EMILY JORDAN (40's) exits the passenger side holding a traveling bag. JARVIS JORDAN (60) exits the driver side with a second traveling bag. He walks to the other side of the SUV to his wife.

Emily leans into Jarvis's chest, wrapping her arms around him as they walk to the front doors. The code is entered.

The doors click. Jarvis opens the doors.

The couple enters closing the door behind them.

The living room light comes on.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Emergency lights flash on the dark abandoned road. A patrol cruiser speeds down the rain soaked road during a thunder storm.

INT. PATROL CAR

Sheriff Patrick is driving. Jessica is in the passenger seat and Starks is in the back seat.

PATRICK

When we found Ryan Clark, his body was mutilated in ways I've never seen...Steve snapped. I could see it in his eyes.. He wanted revenge.

Patrick glances at Jessica.

PATRICK

He was going to kill Tyrone and his mother that night.

JESSICA

Yes, O'Brian confessed, gets twenty years, case close.

Patrick shakes his head with a worried look on his face.

PATRICK

O'Brian admits that he put them both out their misery, after they were already fatally wounded. Someone else was there before him.

JESSICA

So O'Brian served time for a crime he technically didn't commit. Why?

PATRICK

He was paid to.

Jessica has a confused look.

JESSICA

By who?

Patrick glances at Jessica with a guilty look.

SHERIFF

Jarvis Jordan... I'm not proud of the things I've done, the lies I helped cover up, and the dirty I was paid to do. I thought I was able to put the past behind me. But after tonight, everything that Tyrone Henry has done, it's only a matter of time when he comes for me.

The squad car races down the abandon city streets.

EXT. THE MAYOR'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol car with flashing emergency lights pulls into the driveway stopping behind the SUV. Sheriff officers MARCUS YOUNG (30's) black and MONA COLSON (30's) exit the squad car.

The sheriff deputies run to the front entrance; the front doors open wildly.

Jarvis and Emily rush out the mansion with a scared look.

Emily is crying hysterically.

EMILY

Oh my God Louise! What kind of monster would do this to her!?
There's blood everywhere Jarvis!
Do you know something about this?
there something that you're not...

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

JARVIS

Everything is under control, just
get in the fucking car and shut
up!

Jarvis turns to the sheriff deputies.

JARVIS

Take her!

Deputy Young escorts Emily away. Jarvis angrily steps into Colson's face.

JAVRVIS

(Yells)

Where in the hell is Sheriff Patrick?
He left me a message that Tyrone
Henry was murdered. I come home to
find my house-keeper dead. Where
the fuck is he!?

COLSON

(Confused)

Sir, Tyrone Henry is still at large.
Sheriff Patrick instructed to take
you and your wife to a safe house
until your daughter is found.

Jarvis's face turns pale with terror.

JARVIS

(Scared)

He's got my baby girl!?

Jarvis immediately pulls out his cell phone that suddenly rings in his hand. Jarvis answers the call. Jarvis's eyes widen in terror. He steps backwards with a horrified look on his face. Jarvis suddenly turns facing the estate.

The sound of thunder crackles in the background.

JARVIS

He's inside! That sick bastard is
inside!

COLON

Stay here Mayor!

Colson draws her weapon and enters inside.

A dark blue muscle car, with black tinted windows, quickly turns into the driveway and stops. The doors open; two male HENCHMEN(30'S) wearing all black, exit the vehicle. The men run over to Mayor Jordan.

HENCHMAN 1

What do you want us to do?

JARVIS

That black bastard is inside.
When those good for nothing
deputies apprehend the mother
fucker, kill him! Burn the
fucking body! I want him dead!

HENCHMAN 1

We'll take care of it.

The men run up to the front entrance of the estate and enter.

EXT. ENTERING CITY LIMITS - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol cruiser splashes through the rain soaked streets at a high rate of speed.

PATRICK

Jarvis was the middle man of a drug deal set up by a F.B.I. agent Russell Jones involving drug dealers out of Miami. Tyrone's father George Henry worked for Jarvis on his casino river boat where he witnessed Agent Jones gunned down by the drug dealers who were working with Jarvis the entire time. Jarvis covered it up by framing George after he learned that he kept recorded tapes of their meetings.

JESSICA

That explains Tyrone's motive for revenge.

AGENT STARKS

(To Patrick)

Did you kill George Henry?

Patrick looks into the rear view mirror at Starks.

PATRICK

(To Starks)

I've done some bad things that I'm not proud of but I'm not a killer!
It was Sheriff O'Brian. Jarvis paid O'Brian a lot of money to kill George,
(Continue)

(Continue)
who was secretly recording meetings that involved the drug dealers and murdered agent. George was going to blackmail Jarvis who was laundering money for the drug dealers through his casino river boat.

Jessica glances back at Starks.

JESSICA
Did you know about this?

Starks looks at Pierce.

STARKS
No. I wasn't told anything, probably for good reason.

Starks turns to Patrick.

STARKS
Do you have proof of this meeting?

PATRICK
Jarvis has a set of photos of the undercover agent who was murdered during an arms deal last year.

Jessica is pissed off.

JESSICA
You son of a bitch! You helped cover up the murder of a federal agent?! What were you thinking?

Patrick angrily defends himself.

PATRICK
I didn't have a choice Goddamn it! What was I supposed to do Jessica? If I ran my mouth to the feds, Jarvis would have killed me and my wife... I didn't know anything until Jarvis showed me the photos!

STARKS
Where are the photos?

PATRICK
Jarvis has them stored in a safe inside his library.

JESSICA
He used them to blackmail the F.B.I.

Patrick glances at Jessica nodding his head.

PATRICK

Yeah. Russell worked for Jarvis. He paid him to take photos of an unauthorized drug deal between Agent Logan and drug dealers from Miami.

Starks looks at Pierce again.

STARKS

So Agent Logan was dirty after all.

Pierce rolls her eyes annoyed by Stark's comment.

PATRICK

Jarvis knew Logan was a fed. He told the South Americans who murdered him. Jarvis was unaware that Russell had incriminating evidence. Russell tried to blackmail Jarvis for millions.

The squad car accelerates down the streets racing through several red lights.

Pierce stares at Patrick.

STARKS

Russell is Tyrone's father?

Patrick glances at the rear view mirror at Starks.

PATRICK

Jarvis agreed to meet with Russell but didn't expect Tyrone to be with him. It was too risky for Jarvis to kill his son, so he paid some punks to keep him quiet. Unfortunately, Tyrone was put in a coma for two weeks. When he regained consciousness, he couldn't remember what happened.

Jessica shakes her head, staring at Patrick in disappointment.

JESSICA

I hope you're real fucking proud of yourself. Tonight's bloodshed is on your hands. If Tyrone remembers, he'll be coming after you Dan.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY 4AM

The patrol car pulls into the driveway.

INT. PATROL CRUISER

PATRICK

Oh Jesus no! Jarvis! What the hell
is he doing here?

Patrick shifts the vehicle into park, turning off the
lights and engine. Heavy rain continues to pour. Everyone
exits the squad car with their weapons drawn, and runs up
to the front entrance. The doors are wide open.

JESSICA

What is it sheriff? Talk to me!

PATRICK

I was supposed to send a text
message to Jarvis once Tyrone was
in custody. He left with Emily in
this vehicle.

Patrick turns on the flashlight and shines the light inside.

STARKS

Maybe you sent that message.

Patrick's eyes glare at Starks for a second. He proceeds
inside the estate followed by Jessica, then Starks.

INT. FOYER

Pointing her weapon, Jessica takes the lead moving inside
the dark foyer. Starks and Patrick follow from behind.
Pierce's flashlight shines on the beheaded body of the
housekeeper LOUISE BELL (50's) lying on the floor covered
in blood. Louise's head lies several feet away from the
body.

JESSICA

We've got bodies here!

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick move past the decapitated
body
into the corridor.

CORRIDOR

Jessica shines the light on the two henchmen lying on the
floor in pools of blood. The doors to the library are closed.

Jessica makes an observation by sniffing something strange
in the air. She quickly stares at the large double doors.

JESSICA

I smell something burning!

Starks steps up standing next to Pierce.

STARKS

It's coming from behind the doors!

Starks and Patrick runs up to each side the doors and grab hold of the doorknobs.

Jessica takes position aiming her weapon and flashlight at the door. She nods her head acknowledging she's ready.

Patrick and Starks bust through the doors.

Jessica's mouth drops open at the disturbing scene.

INT. LIBRARY

The body of an unknown female is in flames; it hangs helplessly from a long chain wrapped around the victim's neck.

Flames fall to the floor surrounding the word "Sheriff" written in blood. Patrick stares in a horrifying daze; he's too scared to speak. Sheriff Patrick stumbles backwards, falling down to the floor.

Jessica and Starks race back into the foyer.

Patrick's face goes numb staring at the burning body.

Jessica and Starks re-enter the library and wrap a long curtain around the scorched body. The fire is put out after several attempts to smother the flames.

Jessica looks at the victim's face; she notices an eyebrow piercing above the right eye. She reaches inside her coat pocket and pulls out a napkin. Pierce reaches up and pulls the piercing from the victim's face. Pierce examines the jewelry.

Jessica recognizes the end piece shaped like a heart.

Jessica appears stunned. She goes back to the body, staring at the face. The victim's skin is burned badly. Jessica uses the napkin to pull out the ear ring. Starks stands next to Jessica; he takes a close look at the earring.

JESSICA

Oh my God!

Jessica looks at the body, and then turn to Starks.

JESSICA

It's the mayor's daughter, Monica Jordon!

STARKS

That means Tyrone has them both.

INT. FOYER

Sheriff Patrick enters the foyer; he walks ahead of Jessica and Starks who follow from behind. Jessica yells at Patrick.

JESSICA
Sheriff! Sheriff Patrick!

Starks runs up to Patrick.

STARKS
You're not going anywhere until I
get some straight answers from you!

Starks grabs Patrick's left arm turning him around.

Unexpectedly, Patrick points his weapon in Stark's face. Jessica reaches for her sidearm.

Patrick yells out a warning to Pierce.

PATRICK
Do it Agent Pierce and I'll put a
hole in your partner's face!

Patrick steps back aiming his weapon at both agents.

Jessica removes her hand from the holster. Patrick shouts.

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. His eyes explode in rage as his teeth grind together.

PATRICK
No shit Sherlock! Did you happen
to see the name that was scribbled
on the floor?

Jessica slowly walks forward.

JESSICA
It's only a matter of time before
we catch him. I know it.

Patrick breaks down with tears in his eyes.

PATRICK
I'm through with this! Everything!

Starks glance at pierce.

STARKS
Everything like what!?

Patrick turns his weapon to Starks.

PATRICK
Jarvis knew Tyrone was coming back. He knew what was going to happen tonight. I just played along like I didn't know shit!

Jessica and Starks stare at each other in amazement.

JESSICA
So Jarvis hid like a fucking coward!

PATRICK
But I didn't call him. I don't know why he's back! So now you know. Jarvis murdered Tonya Henry and C.J. Mack.

Patrick backs up, moving towards the front entrance.

STARKS
You son of a bitch! You're gonna turn your back and allow this maniac to murder more people.

Patrick exits the foyer. He stops at the front doors. He stares at Jessica who looks at him in disgust.

Patrick turns and exits the estate.

Jessica and Starks run up to the front window of the foyer. The patrol car immediately backs out the driveway and accelerates down the quiet street.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Thunderous rain continues to pound the dark and abandoned road. The lone squad car speeds with urgency.

Jarvis and Emily are in the back seat. Jarvis is using his cell phone. He rocks back and forth. The Jordan's have a terrifying look on their faces. Emily is crying.

JARVIS
Come on baby, pick up the phone. Please! Pick up the phone... Please. Jesus don't let anything happen to my princess. I swear I'll kill him if anything happens to her.

Emily is hysterical; she turns with a furious look at Jarvis.

EMILY

If anything happened to my baby
I'm going to kill you son of a
bitch! This is your fucking fault
trying to play God with peoples lives!

Jarvis slaps Emily across her face.

JARVIS

You shut the fuck up!

Emily moves away from Jarvis; she covers her crying face.

Deputy Young glares through the rear view mirror.

DEPUTY YOUNG

I guess you feel like a real man.

Deputy Colson turns her head at Young, pointing her finger
in his face.

COLSON

Deputy Young, you're out of line!

Jarvis's facial expression changes into a smirk.
The remark takes him off guard for a second. He raises
His brows leaning his face up to the security grill.

Colson turns to Jarvis.

COLSON

Mayor I apologize for...

Jarvis motions his hand at Colson 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 do it permanently!

Deputy Young grips the steering wheel tightly.

DEPUTY YOUNG

The same way you did it to Tonya
Henry?

Jarvis shows a cocky smirk on his face.

Deputy Young turns off the siren and emergency lights.

Deputy Colson looks at Young.

DEPUTY COLSON

What the hell are you doing?

Deputy Young flash his weapon in Colson's face.

Young squeezes the trigger and the gun goes off. The bullet penetrates then exits Colson's head. The front passenger window shatters. Fragments of Colson's head splatter against the dashboard and front seat.

Emily screams hysterically grabbing Jarvis's arm.

Her body shakes uncontrollably. Jarvis braces his body against the backseat tightly. His mouth trembles open.

Jarvis breathes heavily. His eyes are locked on Colson's body that leans forward against the cross strap of the seat belt. Colson's head hangs down helplessly. The blood continues to flow from the bullet hole.

JARVIS

Oh my God, you're... Stop the car! Stop the motherfucking car! Pull over Goddamn it!

Jarvis tries to open the door. The back doors and windows are locked.

EMILY

Goddamn it! Open the fucking door!

Jarvis pounds his fists on the window repeatedly.

Emily stops screaming. Her eyes stare off in a catatonic state. Her body trembles in shock.

Deputy Young accelerates the squad car to 100 mph. Young angrily screams.

DEPUTY YOUNG

You drugged her! Beat her! Made her the number one whore in Covington. You murdered my family, you racist piece of shit! Your a dead man!

The squad car drives through the stop sign of the four-way intersection.

Suddenly a black armored truck with tinted windows, accelerates through the intersection plowing into the driver side of the squad car. The squad car flips over multiple times across the road, then slides to a stop.

The unconscious occupants are injured with cuts and bruises.

The black truck aggressively pulls up alongside the wrecked vehicle. Gasoline leaks from the tank.

The back door opens.

The mask assailant exits the truck and walks over to the passenger door of the squad car.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE - 5AM

INT. LIVING ROOM

BECKY PATRICK (50'S), white, sits on the recliner wearing a pink nightgown with matching head scarf. Her face is covered with night cream.

She drinks Jack and Coke from a glass. She's intoxicated, watching TV with her legs crossed that shake impatiently. Becky flips through the channels.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The patrol car skids into the driveway, and then stops abruptly. Patrick places the vehicle in park while leaving the engine running. He quickly exits the squad car. He runs to the side door of the house in a hurry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Becky jumps up from the recliner. Patrick enters the living room brushing past Becky. He heads to the front closet. Pissed off, Becky follows Patrick from behind.

Patrick opens the closet and grabs a duffle bag from the floor.

BECKY

Where the fuck you been? It's one o'clock in the fucking morning and you're now just waltzing your sorry ass in here.

Patrick turns and points his finger at her.

PATRICK

Back the fuck off!

Patrick abruptly moves past Becky, entering the bedroom. Becky charges after Patrick from behind, antagonizing him.

INT. BEDROOM

BECKY

Who is she Dan? Who's the bitch that's got your attention?

Patrick pulls open the dresser drawers. He takes his clothes and shoves them inside the bag.

BECKY

So who is she Dan? What's the name of the bitch your fucking?

BECKY

Is it somebody I know? Yeah, it is, you worthless piece of shit! Go run to your whore! I don't need you!

Patrick moves past Becky ignoring her comments; he enters the bathroom. Becky stands in the doorway.

BECKY

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 out!

Becky takes a sip from her glass. Patrick exits the bathroom carrying his shaving kit.

Becky spits in Patrick's face as he passes by. Becky laughs out loud.

Patrick suddenly turns, aiming his weapon at Becky's face.

Becky's laughter disappears as a look of death takes over. Patrick pulls the trigger of his 45 revolver. Becky's glass falls from her right hand and shatters on the hardwood floor.

Becky's face is blown apart. Her body falls, bounces off the bed, then slams to the floor on her back.

Patrick leans over Becky's body.

Becky bleeds out. She dies. Her eyes stare directly at Patrick. He grabs the duffle bag and exits the bedroom. Suddenly a loud thud is heard. A body falls to the floor.

The telephone rings three times.

On the fourth ring the answering machine is activated.

BECKY (VO)

Hi, Becky and Dan aren't home at the moment, so you know what to do.

The answering machine beeps.

The killer breathes through the answering machine.

He laughs.

GINGERBREAD MAN (VO)

You're a lucky woman Mrs. Patrick... I was going to make you vomit and taste your own blood rising through your throat.

The killer breathes louder then screams.

GINGERBREAD MAN (VO)
I wanted you to scream like the
demons in my head! Squeal like a
filthy pig! Then slaughter you
like cattle, bitch!

The killer is silent for several seconds.

The killer speaks in a calm tone.

GINGERBREAD MAN (VO)
But that's fine, Mrs. Rice. Dan
will suffer for the both of you!

The killer hangs up.

EXT. BACK WOODS - DIRT ROAD - MINUTES LATER

The Cadillac SUV bounces down the narrow dirt trail in
high pursuit.

Jessica is driving.

INT. SUV

JESSICA
There's an old barn house at the
end of this trail. Tyrone said
the beginning is the end for
everyone.

STARKS
So it begins where Tyrone's father
was murdered twenty years ago.

Out of nowhere the high beams from the oncoming black Hummer
blind Jessica who quickly shield her eyes.

Jessica cries out.

JESSICA
Shit!

STARKS
Look out!

Jessica reacts by swerving the SUV off the road, avoiding
the head-on collision.

The Hummer zooms past splashing mud on the SUV's windshield.

The SUV slides down into a murky ditch and suddenly stops.
Jessica immediately jumps out with the engine running. She
runs up the muddy embankment; she aims her weapon at the
moving target that disappears in the dark.

Starks quickly joins Jessica.

JESSICA
Goddamn it! It was him!

Starks shines his flashlight in opposite direction of the muddy trail. He sees the outline of old barn behind some trees at the end of the road.

Jessica jumps back inside the SUV. She shifts gears between reverse and forward.

The tires spin in the muddy water, struggling to climb out of the ditch.

Starks runs towards the barn shining his flashlight around the premises. He pulls out his weapon, and then squeezes his body between the openings of the large wooden doors.

INT. BARN

Starks move cautiously along the interior walls; he shines the light around the rundown premises. The interior structure is heavily damaged. The smell of mildew is very noticeable as Starks covers his nose with his sleeve.

The cold night air whistles through the holes in the walls. Rain falls from the damaged ceiling. The ground is gritty, saturated from the rain soaking the strands of hay.

Starks suddenly stops in front of a closed door where a light shines at the bottom. He grabs the doorknob turning it slowly. Starks whips the door open; it slams against the wall. He aims his weapon inside. He's astonished, almost speechless.

STARKS
Jackpot!

Starks enters the room.

INT. ROOM

Starks walks over to a wooden stand that consists of high tech surveillance equipment: digital camera, night vision binocular and goggles, GPS vehicle tracker, cell phone and voice changer, digital video recorder, digital phones, police scanner. The equipment is connected to a small battery generator.

Starks picks up the cell phone and looks through the cell log.

Jessica enters the room with her weapon drawn. Starks turns to her direction.

STARKS
You need to see this.

Jessica enters the room as she holsters her weapon. She examines the equipment. Starks continue to look around.

JESSICA

This explains everything, how Tyrone has been five steps ahead of us.

STARKS

Make that ten steps, look.

Starks hands the photos to Pierce. She looks at the top photo. Her mouth drops open in shock.

STARKS

When was this photo taken?

Jessica looks at Starks.

JESSICA

This was taken two days ago at a charity football game. He's been watching me all this time.

Jessica views all the photos.

STARKS

He's been one step ahead of us, anticipating every move we made.

Starks unzips the assailant's military duffle bag. He dumps the contents of canned foods, water, and medical supplies on the camouflage cot. He sees a folded piece of paper and grabs it.

Stark opens it. It's a drawing of the Gingerbread man. At the bottom of the page is two stick figures of a boy and girl. The names read Tyrone and Jessica.

Starks turns to Jessica holding out the worn piece of paper.

STARKS

Take a look at this.

Jessica turns and takes the piece of paper. She looks down to examine it for a second.

JESSICA

I remember this. Tyrone wanted to be the prince in the Christmas play twenty years ago.

STARKS

Is he telling us his next move?

Jessica looks up thinking out loud.

JESSICA
Ridge Middle School, that's
where Ryan Clark was murdered.

EXT. RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL

INT. MAINTENANCE OFFICE

Sheriff Patrick regains consciousness; his head starts to move.

The sheriff's eyes blink painfully as he stares into the blinding light of the high-power floor lamp pointed in his face.

The rest of the workshop is dark. Patrick is stripped down to his underwear. He struggles to break free; his wrist and ankles are heavily taped to the chair.

The body of the serial killer slightly comes to view. The masked face is hidden from the light.

The assailant grabs a mallet from the work table, grips the handle tightly. Patrick mumbles through his taped mouth. The stalker bends down to his knees.

Patrick's eyes close tight. He prepares for the worst; his body tenses.

The killer's powerful hand swings downward.

Patrick screams at the sound of his toes being broken.

The killer continues swinging. Patrick screams even louder.

The assailant stops and stands. Patrick cries out from the excruciating pain.

The killer places the mallet back on the table and grabs a handheld torch.

Patrick stares helplessly. He breathes hard; his body is covered in sweat, his face shows pain.

The serial killer turns on the hand-held torch. The flame is adjusted to a blue flame. He turns to Patrick who mumbles.

The bright flame scorches Patrick's chest; his skin burns like butter. His body shakes uncontrollably, rocking his body in the chair. His legs shake from the worst pain possible. Patrick's chest blisters and swells.

He screams to the top of his lungs again.

The torch is turned off.

The killer grabs the back of Patrick's head and presses the nozzle of the torch in the center of Patrick's forehead. Patrick's body shivers.

The killer throws the torch to the floor. The chair is turned around; Patrick's back is against the work bench facing the floor lamp.

The killer grabs Patrick's face and forces his head back inside the vice. The assailant presses the green button. The two large clamps close tightly against Patrick's skull.

The killer picks up the drill and stands over Patrick's body.

The drill tip is placed in the center of Patrick's forehead.

The killer adjusts the floor lamp with the light shining on top of Patrick's head. His shadow is cast on the wall. The killer removes the tape from Patrick's mouth. Patrick cries out.

GINGERBREAD MAN

I want to hear you scream.

Patrick screams at the killer.

PATRICK

Fuck You! You motherfucker! You son of a bitch! Fuck you!

The front view of the killer's shadow leans into Patrick.

Patrick cries out for the last time.

PATRICK

Oh God! Oh God don't!

The sound of the drill screams as the tip twists into Patrick's skull. The eerie sound from the drill grinds through Patrick's skull and into his brain.

Patrick screams to his death.

EXT. RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL

The black SUV slams its brakes as it stops in front of the school.

The agents immediately exit the vehicle. They run up the stairs and enter the school.

AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE

The agents approach the entrance of the auditorium with their weapons drawn. The doors to the auditorium are open. Blood is smeared on the floor that reads "Prince."

JESSICA
He's inside!

The agents enter.

AUDITORIUM

The agent's flashlights circle the dark hall. The agents move down the aisle carefully.

The killer's voice speaks through the speakers.

GINGERBREAD MAN
That's far enough agents.

The agents suddenly stop.

They scan the entire area shining their flashlights on the seats, isles, and stage.

GINGERBREAD MAN
Agent Pierce, would you please step to the microphone standing in front of you?

Pierce stares at Starks who nods his head in agreement.

GINGERBREAD MAN
Time is of the essence agents. There are two more lives at stake, more blood to be spilled.

Pierce steps to the microphone.

JESSICA
Where's Jarvis?

GINGERBREAD MAN
Welcome to the theater of pain. The mayor and his wife are getting ready for the last scene. It's the calm before the storm. Take a seat, sit back, and enjoy the show.

Starks moves through the rows of seats looking for the killer.

JESSICA
You'll never get away with this! The F.B.I will hunt you down until your caught; dead or alive.

GINGERBREAD MAN
It's the chance I'm willing to take. I wanted to kill you back in Virginia.

JESSICA

So why didn't you? You had the perfect opportunity, What stopped you from killing me?

The killer laughs.

GINGERBREAD MAN

Oh believe me, I wanted to Jessica. I chased you down like a dog. All I thought about was cutting your pretty little head off as time expired on the clock.

Pierce looks confused; she talks to herself.

PIERCE

Something is not right...

Pierce thinks for a second; she looks surprised. She realizes who the next target is.

JESSICA

My God.

STARKS

What? What is it?

The spotlight shines on center stage. The curtain rises. The body of a MICHAEL GRANT (30's) is tied to the chair unconscious. His face is bloody and badly beaten.

JESSICA

Michael!

BACKSTAGE

The killer lights the floor on fire. The flame burns on a trail leading to center stage.

STAGE

Suddenly, the entire stage erupts in flames. Michael's body is swallowed by the blaze. The stage curtains burn out of control.

Pierce quickly runs towards the steps leading to the stage.

Starks pulls Pierce back. The fire spreads too quickly. Michael's body is on fire.

The fire spreads rapidly to the walls and ceiling. The black smoke fills the auditorium.

The auditorium burns out of control.

HALLWAY

The agents exit the auditorium; they stagger into the hallway, coughing from the smoke that filters the corridor.

Agent Pierce runs up to the wall and pulls the fire alarm. The siren screams throughout the building.

EXT. RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL

The agents exit the school. The emergency sirens blare from fire trucks are approaching.

JESSICA

Get in! I know where he's got the mayor and his wife.

The agents immediately get inside the black SUV. It takes off accelerating down the street.

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE

INT. DINING ROOM

Tina and Corey sit in a booth next to a window.

Tina stares at Corey who's eating a plate of fish and grits.

Tina's face cringes at the way Corey is eating. Corey eats like a pig using his fingers to scoop up the fish and grits.

TINA

Seriously, do you have to eat like that in public?

Corey looks up with a confused look.

COREY

Like what?

Tina's cell phone rings. She picks the phone up from the table, answering the call.

TINA

Tina Roberts... What? Who the hell is this? Look asshole, if you want to play games, go play them with your mother! What!

Tina's expression changes, she sits up with urgency. She stares at Corey, who stops eating with a look of concern.

TINA

Yes. Yes. I know where it is, but...

The assailant hangs up. Tina closes her phone with excitement.

TINA

Holy shit that was him!

84.

Corey drops the fish on the plate. This time he has a Scared look on his face.

COREY

That was who?!

Tina stands reaching inside her purse. She pulls out some money.

TINA

Look, this is your one and only chance to ride the express elevator to the top. Are you in or not?

Corey thinks for a moment. He lowers his head trying to think this out. Tina leans into Corey's face.

TINA

The last time I checked; you have a wife and four kids. If that's not enough to convince you, then tell me how many black camera men do you see in Georgia?

Tina slaps money down on the table. She stands and walks out of the restaurant. Corey lowers his head into his hands in frustration. He looks over at the news camera sitting next to him.

Corey picks up the camera and walk out the restaurant.

EXT. THE HIDDEN DOOR STRIP CLUB

The black SUV slides into the lot parking behind the strip club. The Agents exits the vehicle with their weapons out. Suddenly the news van pulls up behind them. Tina and Corey get out the van.

They run up to the agents. Corey turns the camera on.

Jessica shoves the camera back.

JESSICA

Get the fuck out of here!

STARKS

You have no business being here!

TINA

Look, if you let us stay out here, I swear we won't try to interfere in any way. I swear. Please!

JESSICA

You're going to get yourself killed!

STARKS

Let them stay if they want to die.

Jessica angrily turns to Starks.

JESSICA

Are you insane?

Starks runs to the front of the building. Jessica follows from behind.

They both enter through the front doors.

INT. THE MONEY PIT ROOM

The main floor is dark. Jessica and Starks move past tables and chairs. The agents spread out, then split up moving in different directions.

Starks walk towards the locker room area. Jessica walk up stairs to the V.I.P lounge.

V.I.P ROOM

Jessica enters the lounge. She walks beside the bar looking in all directions. Suddenly she sees two bodies tied up and gagged on the V.I.P stage. Their bodies are strapped to the poles.

Jessica aims her weapon at the stage.

JESSICA

F.B.I!

Jessica runs to the stage. Jarvis and Emily's bodies are chained to the strip poles. They scream at Pierce through gags that cover their mouths.

The trap door suddenly opens quietly behind Jessica.

Jessica holsters her weapon then stands behind Jarvis. She unties the gag from the mayor's mouth; he freaks out in a rage.

JARVIS

There's a bomb strapped to the pole behind us! Get us out!

The assailant rises behind Jessica.

Jessica grabs the pad lock behind Jarvis's back.

JESSICA

Relax mayor! I'll get you and your wife out! I have to shoot the lock off! Hold still!

Jessica stands, reaching for her weapon.

86.

The killer grabs Jessica from behind. He stabs Jessica in the back of her ear with a loaded syringe. Jessica screams.

Jessica reaches back and elbows the assailant several times in the mid-section. The killer holds on, squeezing the plunger and ejecting the fluid into Jessica. Jessica drops her weapon. Disoriented, she collapses to the floor.

Jessica calls out.

JESSICA

Agent Starks!

The masked assailant leans over Jessica's body. He strikes Pierce several times in the face with a closed fist.

GINGERBREAD MAN

Remember what I told you?

The stalker grinds on top of Jessica's body, moving between her legs. The killer snatches the back of Jessica's head and kisses her on the lips.

Jessica tries to fight back, but the drug has taken affect. Her arms go limp. Jessica is drugged but manages to bite down on the killer's lip.

GINGERBREAD MAN

You fucking whore!

The assailant picks up Jessica's gun and shoots her in the left leg. She screams.

Jessica clutches her hands around her left thigh.

JESSICA

Goddamn You! My fucking leg! I'm going to kill your motherfucking ass!

Jarvis and Emily cry out.

The killer walks around Jessica's body and viciously kicks her several times in the face and stomach. Jessica rolls on her left shoulder; she coughs up a mouth full of blood.

The killer shoots Jessica in the right shoulder blade. Jessica screams out loud.

Jessica grabs her shoulder.

JESSICA

Fuck you!

GINGERBREAD MAN

Don't die on me. I might let you

live Agent Pierce.

87.

The killer looks down at Jessica.

GINGERBREAD MAN
I want to be your one and only
obsession for the rest of your
life. The way you were to me.

Jessica manages to crawl off the stage.

JESSICA
Is that the reason why you change
the way you look? You were ashamed
of who you are, what you've become.

The killer walks off the stage, facing the bar.

GINGERBREAD MAN
You wouldn't come close to
understanding why I did it.

The killer turns to Jessica.

GINGERBREAD MAN
It was to honor my mother, who
was taken away from me.

The assailant removes the ski mask; the long hair hangs down covering its face. The identity is hidden. The voice changer device is removed from the neck. The Gingerbread man now speaks in a natural female voice.

GINGERBREAD MAN
This is a gift for you, Agent
Pierce. The second key is hidden
downstairs.

The killer leaves a key on the bar counter.

GINGERBREAD MAN
You have less than five minutes
before the bomb detonates. The
next time we meet will be in
your nightmares... Don't let the
bed bugs bite.

The female assailant exits the V.I.P lounge through the back door.

Agent Starks staggers up the stairs, he's bleeding from his forehead and mouth. Starks calls out.

STARKS
Agent Pierce!

Jarvis shouts.

JARVIS

Get your ass over and get us the fuck out!

Starks runs over to Agent Pierce who's conscious.

JESSICA

Grab the key off the counter, get the mayor and his wife out.

Starks runs to the bar. He sees the key and grabs it.

He runs back on stage using the key to unlock Jarvis.

Starks unlocks the chains around Jarvis's body. He helps Jarvis to his feet. Jarvis runs over to Emily, kneeling at her side.

JARVIS

Get over here and shoot the lock off! We don't have time to look for a second key!

Starks rush over to the mayor. He suddenly strikes Jarvis several times over the head with the butt of his weapon.

Jarvis fall down to the floor.

Emily is shocked. She stares at Starks as he bends down and handcuffs Jarvis.

Jessica tries to crawl towards Starks.

JESSICA

Jason what the hell are doing?

Starks walks over to Jessica. He stands over her body.

Jessica grabs his leg.

STARKS

It was nice seeing you again.

Starks pistol-whips Jessica with vicious swinging blows to the head and face.

Starks picks Jarvis up who begs for his life.

JARVIS

Listen...Listen to me! I...I can get you anything you want. Money, guns, drugs, anything!

Starks drags Jarvis down the stairs.

Jarvis cries out.

JARVIS

Just don't kill me please! Don't
Kill me! Please! I don't want to
die! I'll do anything! I swear!

EXT. BACK DOOR

The back door swings open; Jarvis is push outside. He's
bleeding from a head wound. Starks follows behind.

Tina is facing the door; she jumps, turning to Corey who
places the camera on his shoulder.

TINA

Let's go!

Corey follows Tina.

TINA

Agent Starks can you tell us what
happened inside?

Starks points his weapon at Corey.

He fires a bullet through the camera lens shooting Corey
in the face. His body and camera fall to the ground.

Tina drops her microphone in shock. She screams.

Starks fire another round into the Corey's head; his body
shakes for a second.

TINA

Oh Jesus, Corey! Corey!

Tina turns and runs in the opposite direction.

Starks shoots Tina in the back of her head. Her body falls
face first into a puddle of mud.

Starks drags Jarvis to the SUV. Jarvis's face is sad,
numb, and motionless. Starks opens the back door and shoves
Jarvis inside. Starks slams the door. He walks over to the
camera and picks it up. He walks back to the SUV and gets in.

The engine starts; the truck backs up.

The vehicle takes off; it runs over Tina's body and drives
down the dirt road.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION

INT. LIBRARY

Starks shoves Jarvis into the library. He points the silencer
at Jarvis's head.

STARKS

Open the safe.

Jarvis moves to the wall safe behind his desk. He bends down and enters the three number combinations. He turns the handle and opens the safe.

Inside the safe is a large amount of money, stocks, bonds, and a large tan envelope with several rolls of film and cassette tapes sitting on top.

JARVIS

You see anything you want.
Anything! I can get it for you.

Starks shoots Jarvis in a three round burst to the heart. Jarvis bleeds out. His body leans back against the wall as he struggles to breathe. His body collapses to the floor and dies with his eyes open.

Starks moves to the safe. He pulls out a folded black bag from his coat pocket. Starks kneels down and takes the rolls of film, cassette tapes, and the envelope. He grabs the money and places it inside the bag.

Starks cell phone rings. He stands as he zips the bag closed. He pulls out his cell from his coat pocket, and answers the phone.

STARKS

Yes sir. I have the photos and negatives...There were only five tapes, one is still missing...

Starks shoot a round point blank range between Jordan's eyes.

STARKS

That problem has been removed. Agent Pierce has been dealt with. No sir Tyrone Henry is still at large. Do you want me to intercept?

Starks checks the time on his watch.

STARKS

Yes sir.

Starks hang up and puts the phone back into his coat pocket. He turns and exits the library.

EXT. COVINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

INT. ICU

Jessica opens her right eye slowly. She blinks a few times adjusting to the light coming from the window.

Her head is bandaged along with gauze taped over her swollen left eye. She has swelling on the left side of her face. Her jaw is wired shut. There's dried blood on her lips from stitches. Her right shoulder is in a sling. Her left leg is heavily bandage, resting on top of pillows.

Jessica is still groggy; she turns her head at Assistant Director Kruse who stands by her bedside with a look of great concern.

KRUSE

Jessica.

Jessica tries to talk through her wired jaw.

JESSICA

Where am I?

KRUSE

You're at the hospital in Covington.

JESSICA

What happen? How did I get here?

Kruse has a curious expression on his face.

KRUSE

What's the last thing you remember?

Jessica tries to think.

JESSICA

I...I don't know. I mean...everything seems to be blank or erased. I was playing a game or something. I...I don't.

KRUSE

How long ago was that?

JESSICA

I...don't...

Jessica falls to sleep again.

Assistant Director Kruse exits the room. Two uniform officers stand guard outside the room. Deputy Nathan Daniels walks up to Kruse.

DANIELS

Well?

Kruse shakes his head in disappointment.

KRUSE

She doesn't remember anything.

DANIELS

And she probably never will. Lab test shows that she's been ejected with a drug called Scopolamine.

KRUSE

Scopolamine? It's known as the Devil's Breath.

DANIELS

It's used in prevention of nausea and vomiting associated with motion sickness and recovery from anesthesia and surgery. The drug has a powerful side effect that can erase memories.

Kruse turns; he stares through the window looking at Jessica.

KRUSE

What do I tell her?

Daniels walks to the side of Kruse looking inside as well.

DANIELS

You tell her anything but the truth.

Kruse has a frustrated look on his face; he turns to Daniels.

KRUSE

Are you serious?

Kruse and Daniels move away from the window.

DANIELS

Mayor Jordan was found dead with with multiple gun wounds to the chest. Agent Pierce was shot multiple times, beaten, and then left for dead outside a strip club that was blown into pieces. The mayor's wife was strapped to that bomb; parts of her body were scattered into tiny pieces. We have nothing.

KRUSE

But what if she remembers?

Daniels steps into Kruse's face.

DANIELS

If that drug does its purpose by erasing memories, this is one she would rather forget.

KRUSE

And the investigation?

DANIELS

It never happened. When Pierce recovers, we'll reassign her to a different field office. This is coming from the top.

Daniels leaves.

Kruse takes one last look at Jessica who's sleeping. He leaves the ICU area.

A young attractive NURSE (20's) walks up to police officers and shows her badge. She's cleared and proceeds into the room.

The nurse closes the curtain; she walks over to the bed.

Jessica is sleep. The nurse walks to the bed. She lays the chart next to her body.

The nurse removes a syringe from her pocket. She lays it on the bed.

She disconnects the I.V line leading to Jessica's arm.

The nurse picks up the syringe and injects a drug into the line.

Seconds pass. The nurse pulls out the syringe, placing the plastic end piece in her mouth. She reconnects the line to the I.V.

The nurse places the syringe into her pocket.

She turns, walks up to the door, and turns off the lights.

The nurse exits the room. Jessica continues to sleep.

EXT. MORGAN, GEORGIA - LATE EVENING - OCTOBER 31ST

EXT. HENRY COUNTY ROAD

Torrential rain falls on a dark and gloomy night. Steve O'Brian, now 60's with grayish black shoulder length hair, a bit overweight, stands inside a phone booth in front of a closed gas station in the middle of nowhere.

Steve shivers from being cold and wet. He rubs his hands together for warmth.

Lightning flashes.

Steve sees the headlights of a vehicle approaching.

STEVE

Thank God!

Steve exits the phone booth. He runs across the street waving his arms frantically. A cab stops in front of him.

Steve opens the back door; he gets in, laughing in relief.

The cab drives off.

INT. CAB

Steve excitedly wipes rainwater from his face and hair; he sneezes on his arm.

STEVE

I don't know who you are, but
thank you! Thank you! Thank you!
I'm giving you a tip for this!

The female driver wears a black baseball hat low; her hair is pulled back in a long ponytail. She's wearing a black hooded sweatshirt and black jeans. In the seat next to her is a loaded three-eighty silencer.

GINGERBREAD MAN

You're lucky, I don't think anyone
else would be crazy enough to be
driving in this mess.

Steve laughs; the cabbie cracks the driver side window.

STEVE

Well, guess what cabbie? You are!

Steve takes out a cigarette and lights it.

The driver re-adjusts the rear view mirror. She has Steve in plain view.

GINGERBREAD MAN

Where to on this Halloween night?

STEVE

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 fuck
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 again.

GINGERBREAD MAN

What about your wife?

Steve suddenly stops laughing; his facial expression quickly changes to a puzzled look.

STEVE

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 this morning and never showed up.

The driver looks into the rear view mirror; her eyes stare at Steve with a look of cruel intensions in mind.

GINGERBREAD MAN

That's because Veronica is dead Steve. Her head was cut off.

Steve leans back speechless; he stares at the cabbie.

STEVE

Who the hell are you? How the fuck do you know about me?

The cabbie drives faster. Steve punches the security glass.

STEVE

Hey! Stop this cab motherfucker! I said stop the fucking cab, bitch!

The rain suddenly stops; the long stretch of road is dark and quiet. The cab pulls over to the side of the road.

The back window is slightly lowered; the cabbie exits the cab.

Steve screams at the driver as she walks to the back door, facing the window.

The driver pulls out a photo from her back pocket; it's a large photo of Russell and Tonya holding Tyrone at birth.

GINGERBREAD MAN

You've taken everything that matters in my life. Because of that, you will die in the same way my parents suffered.

The driver pulls out an old black Harley Davidson lighter and lights the photo.

GINGERBREAD MAN

I'm sorry about the smell of gasoline.

Steve's mouth drops open; he rubs his hand against the car seat. He covers his nose and mouth with his hand.

The driver tosses the burning photo through the cracked window. The back seat of the cab instantly bursts into flames.

Steve screams frantically; his body burns; the flesh and blood from his hands are smeared across the window.

The driver pulls out a gingerbread cookie from the pocket of her hooded sweatshirt; she takes a bite.

The driver walks across the street to a parked black Hummer.

The driver gets in, she starts the vehicle, and rolls down the window.

The driver hangs her arm outside the window. She tosses the cookie on the ground. The black hummer drives off into the night.

Suddenly the cab explodes into a large ball of fire.

Down on the ground, a partially eaten gingerbread cookie has a smile on its face.

FADE OUT

END