

"The Ginger Bread Man"

By

C.D. Harris

Email: [dethmic777@yahoo.com](mailto:dethmic777@yahoo.com)

Cell (612) 382-1951

FADE IN

EXT. COVINGTON, GEORGIA - OUTSKIRTS

DECEMBER 20TH, 1972 - 6 A.M

INT. TYRONE'S ROOM

The cold chill of December's winter sweeps through the run down house. Gusty wind howls outside the bedroom window. TYRONE HENRY (13) Black male, slender build teenager opens his eyes. They blink a few times. He struggles to rise out of bed. Tyrone grunts in pain as he sits up. He slowly and painfully wraps the thick quilt blanket around his slender framed body. He stands displaying a painful expression.

Tyrone walks across the room hunched over. He opens the door and exits his room into the hallway. His ashy feet walk across the cold wooden floor.

INT. BATHROOM

Tyrone enters the bathroom. He closes the door behind him quietly, without being noticed; without making a sound. Tyrone locks the door.

He stares into the stain mirror. His eyes are filled with angry, rage, and pain. Tears fall from Tyrone's face; he cries but tries to hold his emotions in check.

Tyrone quickly turns the hot water on. He inserts the rubber plug in the opening of the drain. The dingy wash cloth is submerged in the stain sink as steam rises from the water. Seconds later the wash cloth is re-submerged into the sink. The clear water turns into a dark shady cloud of red.

Tyrone stares at the wounds on his body. The welts cover his back, chest, and arms. Dry blood sticks to the wounds. His finger rub across his chest painfully.

Someone pounds on the bathroom door!

Tyrone is suddenly startled.

EXT. BATHROOM

CARL JAMES MACK a.k.a C.J (20's) white male with brown curly hair is a low life drug dealer and pimp. C.J. is tall wearing a white wife beater and tan slacks. He grips the door knob tightly, twisting it angrily. He's holding a small black whip in his left hand. He's high and intoxicated from a night out.

C.J shakes the door knob, he yells with a southern accent.

C.J

(Yelling)

Open the fucking door boy!

Tyrone unlocks the door from inside. C.J violently pushes the door open, he immediately enters. The door slams against the wall. He staggers, trying to maintain his balance; he intimidates Tyrone by standing over him.

Tyrone tries to move past C.J.

TYRONE

I need to get ready for school.

C.J pushes Tyrone against the bathroom wall. He places his forearm underneath Tyrone's chin, applying pressure against his neck.

C.J

(Laughing)

Oh! We got an attitude now?

Tyrone looks away from C.J.

C.J

(Shouting)

Look at me when I'm talking  
to you motherfucker!

C.J raises his hand ready to strike Tyrone with the whip.

Tyrone drops the quilt blanket exposing the welts in front of C.J.

C.J stares at the wounds for a moment; he hesitates then slowly lowers his hand with guilt. The whip falls from his fingertips to the floor.

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

C.J's left hand reaches underneath his wife; he pulls out a small caliber pistol from the waist band of his pants. He shoves the barrel against Tyrone's lips, he tries to turn away.

Tyrone's lips are bleeding.

C.J

(Shouts)

You got something to say about  
that little nigger! Huh!

(Angrily)

I ain't got no sympathy towards  
your black ass! Period! Bitch! I  
told you if your motherfucking  
mother don't make that money, I'm  
going to take it out on both your  
asses!

Tyrone close his eyes tightly; tears runs down his face.

C.J pulls the trigger back; click.

Tyrone's body shakes tremendously; urine on runs down his legs soaking his long johns.

C.J looks down then chuckles in amusement. He removes the weapons from Tyrone's lips, but quickly grabs his face squeezing his cheeks.

C.J raises his voice

C.J  
Look at me when I'm talking to you!

Tyrone's eyes open wide.

C.J waves the gun in Tyrone's face; he speaks softly.

C.J  
It would be in your best interest  
to keep your mother-fucking mouth  
shut! Don't make the same mistake  
that your father did. Talking to  
the wrong people will get you killed.

C.J releases his grip and exits the bathroom. Tyrone leans back against the wall; his body slides down to the floor, he cries.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUR LATER

Tyrone exits his bedroom closing the door behind him quietly. He's wearing black cords and black suede boots with a blue sweat shirt. He turns to face the dark hallway. He stares at the close door to his mother's bedroom.

TYRONE'S POV

He hears the screeching sound of bed springs squeaking.

A woman's voice moans repeatedly.

Tyrone stops. He quickly turns, walking towards the living room in a hurry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tyrone stops at the desk grabbing his jacket and book bag. He turns with tears in his eyes. He suddenly stares at the dining room table which is cover with alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia. Tyrone picks up a syringe with his back is turned.

His eyes are glazed; he stares into a distance for second. The syringe falls to the floor, the plunger is empty.

He storms towards the front door walking past the living room couch.

Tyrone immediately stops. He looks down at the floor where his mother TONYA HENRY (32) black woman, very attractive, tall slender body with long black hair lying on the floor facing the couch. She's semi-conscious wearing a long pink house coat exposing parts of her body underneath.

Tyrone kneels down by her side. He shakes her body, trying to wake her up.

TYRONE

Mom... Mom, Can you hear me?

Tyrone grabs her arm pulling her over to her back. He notices the line of needle track marks near her wrist.

Tyrone hears the bedroom door open. He looks over the couch and hears the voices of a women laughing.

Tyrone rubs his mother's hair gently. He kisses her on the cheek. He gets up quietly and exits through the front door.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

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

The doors open.

INT. BUS

Tyrone slowly walks up the steps.

The bus driver CHARLES (60'S) white male overweight with short brown hair greets Tyrone with a pleasant smile.

GUS

Good morning.

Tyrone walks past the driver and sits directly behind him.

Tyrone unzips the pocket on his book bag and removes the small clear plastic bag of frosted ginger bread cookies. He opens the bag and takes out several ginger bread cookies. Tyrone begins to eat them staring out of the window.

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

The student's faces displays fear as they stare at Tyrone speechless.

The school bus is silent.

Tyrone talks to himself, staring out the window.

Gus checks on Tyrone; he looks into the rear view mirror.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD

The bus continues traveling down the rural road.

MICHAEL CLARK (14) white male student, recently move from California leans into the ears of ANDREW THOMAS (13) white male and PAUL WRIGHT (14) white male who's seated in front of him.

MICHAEL

Hey Andrew, what's with the black kid up front?

Andrew and Paul stare at each other; they both turn facing Michael.

ANDREW

Look, just keep your distance away 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.

Michael looks at Andrew and Paul confuse.

MICHAEL

But why?

Andrew snaps at Michael.

ANDREW

Because you just don't! No one crosses the Ginger bread man!

Michael laughs and speaks a little too loud.

MICHAEL

The Ginger bread Man!

Everyone around Michael gestures at him angrily 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; he pulls him close to his face.

ANDREW

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

Michael reacts apologetically.

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 facing the front of  
the bus.

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

MICHAEL  
So...So did he like kill someone?

Paul turns back to Michael.

PAUL  
Last winter several high school  
bullies beat the shit out of the  
Ginger Bread Man.

Andrew turns to Michael.

ANDREW  
Deputy Patrick went looking for him.  
He was found tied to a tree. They beat  
the shit out of him, they whip him  
like a slave. The Ginger Bread Man  
was naked, left in the cold for days.

Michael's mouth drop opens.

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

Michael's 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 back in a mocking Californian surfer's voice.

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

PAUL  
Welcome to Georgia, the home of the  
Confederate state, no blacks allowed.

EXT. CLARK RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL

INT. CLASSROOM - ROOM 204

Inside the seventh grade classroom Mrs. JUDY WILKINS a conservative teacher (36) white female, medium height and build with short brown hair. Along with BECKY RICE a young spirit (25) attractive white female assistant with blonde hair are passing out copies of the holiday school play. The students are excited as they talk among themselves.

Mrs. Wilkins stands in the front of the class holding 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 is excitement.

MRS. WILKINS

Settle down class, settle down.  
If you 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 (13) male white eyes light up with joy when he came across his name. He pumps his fist in approval.

MICHAEL

(Excited)  
Yes! I'm playing the prince.

Sitting across from Michael is a cute curly red head name JESSICA PIERCE (14) a pretty young white girl southern bell with freckles. She's wearing 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, he smiles.

MICHAEL

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

Michael and Jessica move closer towards each other. Their eyes lock on each other.

JESSICA

(Smiling)  
They share a kiss at the end.

TUCKER JONES (14) white male who's wearing a black Kiss t-shirt with blue jean with holes in the knees sits behind Michael. He quickly yells out pointing at Jessica and Michael.

TUCKER

Gross! Mrs. Wilkins! There talking about giving each other cooties over here.

The students laugh out loud. Michael is embarrassed, his face turns red. His body sinks down into his desk. Jessica rolls her eyes at Tucker.

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

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

JESSICA

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

Mrs. Wilkins quickly jumps in holding her hands out.

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

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

MRS. WILKINS

Tyrone, is there something wrong?

Tyrone looks down at his desk and then glares at Jessica.

TYRONE

How come I'm not the prince?  
I wanted to be the prince!

Mrs. Wilkins tries to think of a good response. She nervously rubs her hands together frighten.

MRS. WILKINS

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

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

Ms. Rice speaks up.

MRS. Rice

That's because you're going to  
be playing the part of the...the  
Ginger Bread Man.

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

Mrs. Wilkins looks nervous, lost for words. She tries to play it off by smiling.

The students awkwardly turn staring at 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 takes out  
your arithmetic book for today's  
assignment.

Tyrone eagerly opens the math book on his desk. He's smiling unable to hide his emotion. He looks over to his left staring 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. PLAYGROUND - 5<sup>TH</sup> HOUR - GYM

A group of white students RYAN CLARK (14), BILLY DANIELS (14), CRYSTAL SUMMERS (13), BRIE ANDERSON (13), CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (14), TOM BOHANNAN (13), and ROBERT MILLS (13) are wearing navy blue sweat suits with the school's mascot of a golden eagle. They're on the track field stretching.

Billy sits on the grassy lawn stretching his legs. He looks up and notices Tyrone standing by the fence, alone.

Billy turns tapping Ryan on the shoulder who sits next to him.

Ryan turns his head back.

BILLY

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

Everyone looks in the direction where Billy is pointing. 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...

BREE

Remember what happen to those high  
school students that torture him  
last year?

ROBERT

They all disappear.

CRYSTAL

And their bodies were never found.

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

RYAN

Are you trying to tell me your  
more afraid of him than me?  
You're a punch of pussies.

Everyone glance 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 feeling uneasily.

RYAN

Yes. I'm...I'm with you Ryan.

The students walk across the football field moving towards Tyrone.

Brie glances at Billy.

BRIE

You just had to opened your pie  
Hole, didn't you?

Billy shrugs his shoulders.

BILLY

I didn't think he would actually  
go through this, honest.

Everyone stops, Ryan pushes Christopher forward.

Christopher hesitates for a second; he looks back at the group  
who looks on.

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

Christopher turns back. He walks closer, standing behind Tyrone.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey boy!

Tyrone is ignores him.

Christopher raises his voice.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey boy, I'm talking to you!

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

CHRISTOPHER

Now what?

Ryan points at Christopher.

RYAN

(Angrily)  
Go kick his faggot ass!

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

Tyrone unexpectedly turns. He throws a foul rodent that opens its  
jaws in slow motion.

Christopher screams. His mouth extends opened. He throws his  
hands up in fear. The rodent's head enters Christopher's mouth.  
Christopher screams at the top of his lungs hysterically. The  
rodent chews through his tongue. He coughs repeatedly, and then  
vomits a mouth full of blood that splatters on the rodent's fur.

Everyone screams frantically as they jump back.

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

Crystal vomits her lunch.

Billy passes out.

Brie hyperventilates.

Ryan, Robert and Tom takes off screaming in the opposite direction.

Tyrone leans back against the fence, he stares at Christopher laughing hysterically.

INT. THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER.

Christopher lies on a moving stretcher moaning and crying in pain. His mouth is filled with gauze soak in blood. A metal clamp hangs from his mouth piercing his tongue. The paramedics rush Christopher into the back of the ambulance. The men lift Christopher into the vehicle. The paramedic's partner jumps inside with Christopher. The driver quickly closes the doors. He runs to the driver side door and gets inside. The ambulance immediately drives off as the siren blares down the street.

INT. PRINCIPAL OFFICE - MINUTES LATER.

The school's Principal JOHN BRADLEY (50's) white male, average weight and height wearing a tan suite stands in front of the window. The school's psychiatrist JANICE BARNES (30') white female and BENNY GORDON (40's) white male head of school security are sitting in front of his desk.

Principal Bradley shakes his head in disgust while placing his hands inside his pants pockets. Bradley paces back and forth in front of the large window.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

(Angrily)

Can someone explain to me, what the fuck that kid was thinking of?

Bradley turns facing his staff.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

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

DR. BARNES

Tyrone has a history of violent psychotic behavior that's never been treated by a doctor or psychiatrist.

Principal Bradley scowls in anger.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

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

DR. BARNES

I'm not saying the boy is completely innocent, but I think you need to see something that could explain why.

Bradley sits down behind the desk. Dr. Barnes opens Tyrone's medical file. She takes out the photos and hands them to Bradley who puts on his glasses. He views them one by one; his expression pauses with a blank pale stare. His mouth drops open in shock. His expression shows horror and disgust. He drops the photos on the desk.

Bradley sighs deeply shaking his head, stares at Dr. Barnes

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Does child protection services know about this?

DR. BARNES

I don't think so. If they knew, something would of happened a long time ago. Tyrone is sick. 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 harass Tyrone about his mother dancing at the strip club "Dixie Chicks." She has a boyfriend who's suppose to be the towns 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 a phone number.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Hi Steve, hey its John... umm listen, I need you to come by the school, we have a serious situation involving Tyrone Henry.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the small classroom with no windows, security Officer ROGER SMITH (40's) white male falls asleep. His body leans back in a chair with his legs cross on the desk. His arms are folded; Roger starts to snore.

In the back of the room, Tyrone quietly gets up from his seat. He walks towards the desk holding a large pencil. His right hand is lower at his side gripping it tightly. He stops in front of the desk. Tyrone's eyes looks at the door then back at Roger.

INT. COORIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The classroom door opens slowly. Tyrone is standing in the doorway. His face and clothes are cover in blood. Tyrone exits the classroom. Roger's body is on the floor behind the desk in a pool of blood. The pencil is pierce through his neck.

Tyrone walks fast down empty hallway, unnoticed.

INT. STAIRWAY

Tyrone runs down several flights of stairs in a mad rush. He leaps from the fifth step down to the basement floor landing on his feet.

INT. BASEMENT COORIDOR

Tyrone walks through the corridor in a fast brisk motion. He stops in front of the janitor office.

His hand turns the door knob slowly, the door is unlocked. He pushes the door open quietly.

INT. MAINTENANCE OFFICE

Inside the maintenance office Ryan stands in the middle of the work shop smoking a joint. He stares out the window watching the janitors blowing leaves across the school's lawn. Ryan can hear the sound of leaf blowers blaring from outside.

Tyrone quietly walks down the metal stairs from behind.

At the bottom he ducks down, bracing his body against the section of the wall facing away from the stairs, his presence hidden.

Ryan re-lights the joint, inhaling the marijuana; he then exhales the smoke slowly through his mouth.

Tyrone sneaks up from behind. He sees a piece of cord on the floor. He picks it up and wraps the ends around his hands.

Ryan continues to stare out the window, watching the janitor's movement.

Ryan inhales the drug deeply into his lungs again.

Without warning Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back wrapping his legs around his stomach. Tyrone loops the cord around Ryan's neck. He strangles him with the cord. Ryan chokes from the attack.

Tyrone pulls back on the cord that digs into Ryan's neck tightly.

Ryan is choking. He tries to slide his fingers underneath the cord.

Tyrone pulls Ryan close to his body. He bites down viciously on Ryan's ear. He bites off Ryan's ear lobe through the cartilage. Blood is gushing down Ryan's neck.

Ryan loses his balance; he falls backward into the work bench and falls to the floor face down. Several tools including a mallet fall near his face.

In a blind rage Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back. He violently scratches his finger nails with both hands across Ryan's face.

RYAN  
(Screams)

The lacerations bleed, Ryan extends his arms out on several attempts to grab the tip of the mallet. On the third try, he pulls the handle inside the palm of his hands. Ryan grips the mallet tightly.

RYAN  
(Screams)

Ryan swings the weapon wildly behind his head. The hammer slams against the left side of Tyrone's face. Tyrone falls down. He painfully covers his face.

Tyrone has a large knot above his left eye that's welling.

Ryan staggers to his feet; he stumbles towards the stairs.

Tyrone lunges from behind tackling Ryan's legs. Ryan slams face first into the cement floor. His front teeth fly out from his mouth. Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back again. He grabs Ryan's blonde hair with both hands slamming his face into the concrete floor repeatedly.

RYAN  
(Grunts loudly)

Ryan uses his arms and legs to push himself up from the floor. He stands supporting Tyrone's weight. He grabs hold of Tyrone's legs around his waist and moves backwards aggressively. Ryan slams Tyrone's body into the storage shelves which collapse. Items from the shelves fall on top of Tyrone's head. Ryan breaks free and quickly grabs the mallet in front of him. He quickly turns.

Ryan screams and charges towards Tyrone whose back is turned.

Tyrone holds a metal container of paint thinner; he turns his body towards Ryan and throws the clear liquid fluid into Ryan's face.

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

RYAN

(Screams)

My eyes! My eyes! My fucking eyes  
are burning! I can't see! Help me!

Tyrone picks up the mallet with both hands. He swings it wildly towards Ryan's face. The hammer strikes the left side of Ryan's head as he tries to duck. Ryan stumbles backwards, Tyrone swings the hammer again, Ryan is struck in the chin.

Ryan's body crashes into the Janitor's work station. Blood exits from the nasty gash on his chin.

Tyrone swings the mallet for a third time connecting with the back of Ryan's head.

Ryan's head falls between the clamps of a mounted table vice. Tyrone drops the hammer and jump on Ryan's back from behind.

Tyrone presses his weight firmly against the back of Ryan's head. He quickly turns the steering knob. The large metal clamps quickly close on Ryan's skull applying massive pressure. Ryan cries out hysterically, trying to pull his head out.

RYAN

(Crying out)

Please Tyrone! Stop! Let me go!!  
I'm sorry! I said I'm fucking  
sorry! It hurts! My head hurts!

Tyrone shows a sick sadistic smile of satisfaction. He stares at the power drill sitting to the left of the table. He grabs the power tool and stand directly behind Ryan.

He presses the drill tip against the back of Ryan's head.

Tyrone pauses for a second, smiling. He squeezes the trigger. The hard grinding noise surrounds Tyrone. The blood and smoke rises from the back of Ryan's head. Tyrone closes his eyes and inhales the foul burning odor that curls his lips.

Ryan's body shakes uncontrollably for a few seconds, his screams fade into silence. The flow of blood streams from Ryan's nose and mouth. His eyes roll to the back of his head. Ryan's body stops moving.

INT. HENRY RESIDENTS - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING.

Tonya paces nervously in the living room while smoking a cigarette. She's emotionally stressed but tries to remain calm.

She's wearing a tan leather jacket, blue jeans brown shirt and tan boots. She peeks through the curtains of the front window when suddenly; the front door flies open.

Tyrone walks through the front door. His clothes are cover in blood and dirt. He has a psychotic look.

TONYA  
(Excitedly)  
My God Tyrone!

Tonya immediately rushes over to her son. She kneels down to embrace her son tightly with tears in her eyes. She stares into her son's eyes, then at his clothes.

TONYA  
What the fuck!

Tyrone has a blank expression on his face showing no emotion.

Tonya firmly grabs Tyrone's face with both hands.

Tyrone avoids making eye contact. Tonya's tone is serious.

TONYA  
What the hell did you do Ty?

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

TONYA  
Why are you covered in blood? Is this why the sheriff is looking for you? Answer me damn it!

Tyrone's blank expression turns to rage. He angrily pulls away from his mother's grasp taking several steps back.

TYRONE  
(Shouting)  
Those white devils tried to hurt me again! I hate them all!

Tonya immediately stands in anger; she paces throughout the room again pulling her hair back in frustration.

TONYA  
(Crying)  
Goddamn it Tyrone! I can't deal with this shit again.

TYRONE  
(Shouting)  
Then don't! You don't care! You'd rather shoot up and have every man in this town between your legs!

Tonya stops cold in her tracks. She stares at her son with rage in her eyes; Tonya storms at Tyrone grabbing his shirt violently. She reaches back and slaps her son hard, several times in the face.

TONYA

(Angrily)

Fuck you mother fucka! If I didn't give a shit about your black ass, I would of gave your ass up a long time ago! Do not fuck with me!

Tyrone retaliates by swinging his arms at his mother hysterically.

TYRONE

You fucking whore! I hate you!  
I hate you! You fucking bitch!

Tonya tries to wrap her arms around Tyrone's body.

TONYA

(Crying)

Stop fighting me!

Tonya grabs hold of Tyrone's Jacket and sweat shirt simultaneously as she pulls her son.

Tyrone forcefully pulls away from her grip.

Tonya falls backwards pulling off the articles of clothing from Tyrone's body.

Tyrone stood motionless, Tonya stares in horror.

She slowly crawls on her knees to Tyrone.

Tonya painfully stares at the welts that cover her son's upper body. Tonya gasps in shock, crying. Her mouth quivers in pain, her hand trembles as she covers her mouth in horror.

She hesitates, but extends her hand, attempting to touch her son's body.

TONYA

(Softly)

Who did this to you Ty? Tell me please! I want to know who did this to my baby!

Tonya takes a deep breath. Tyrone snatches his sweat shirt from Tonya's hands as he quickly puts it back on.

TONYA

Did C.J do this? Did he?

Tyrone stares deep into Tonya's eyes.

Suddenly the front door burst open.

Tonya and Tyrone are startled. They turn facing the front door. C.J walks inside slamming the door shut. He moves towards Tyrone pointing his finger in his face.

C.J

There's the mother fucker! Bring your punk as over here you fucking psychopath! I heard what happen at school today you sick bastard.

Tonya pulls Tyrone behind her.

C.J steps into Tonya's face grabbing her mouth with his hand aggressively. He slams Tonya's body against the wall; he leans into her body while yelling in her face.

C.J

(Yelling)

I am sick and tire of dealing with that black piece of shit you call a son!

Tonya vengefully spits in C.J's face. She fights back by punching C.J several times in the mouth. Tonya reaches up and pulls out a hand full of C.J.'s hair; she continues fighting.

TONYA

(Screams)

You son of a bitch!  
I'll kill you mother fucka!

C.J grabs the hold of Tonya's wrist; he slams her against the wall. Tonya's head bounces off the wooden structure. C.J pulls away and steps back. His lip is busted open. He wipes away the blood with his sleeve. Tonya lunges at C.J again.

TONYA

(Screams)

You bastard! How could you!  
How could you do this to my son!

C.J

(Shouts)

You fucking cunt! You wanna fight me like a man! Bring it bitch!

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

C.J

(Shouting)

Get the fuck up! I'm not done baby!

Tyrone appears, standing directly behind C.J.

Tyrone reaches back holding a large kitchen knife with both hands. He lounges forward; the blade pierce deep into C.J.'s back. He screams.

C.J.  
(Screams)

C.J.'s knees buckle from the excruciating pain. He reach behind his back trying to grab the knife.

EXT. CLARK RIDGE ELEMENTERY SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER.

INT. MAINTENANCE OFFICE - EVENING

GUS RICHARDS (50's) black male who's the school's janitor leads Sheriff STEVE O'BRIAN (30's) white male, Sheriff Deputies DANIEL PATRICK (30's) white male, MARCUS RUSSELL (20's) white male, SAM WALKER (20") white male, and LISA SIMPSON (20'S) white female, down the metal stairs into the maintenance work shop.

The sheriff officers follow Gus to the storage facility.

Everyone stops in front of the yellow doors.

O'Brian turns to Gus.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN  
Has anyone else been down here  
besides you?

Gus nervously holds his brim hat with both hands.

GUS  
No sheriff, the building is completely  
Empty!

O'Brian pulls out his fire arm from his side hoister; the sheriff officers follow his lead. O'Brian grabs hold of the door knob.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN  
Alright on the count of three; One,  
two, three!

O'Brian kicks the door open. Patrick shines the flash light inside the room. A nude body sits in a chair in the center of the room.

The sheriff officers aim their weapons at the slump figure. They move through the entrance walking towards the body; silently.

DEPUTY SIMPSON  
Holy shit!

DEPUTY PETERSON  
My God...

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 a scared expression.

Deputy Patrick shines the light onto the victim who appears to be dead. The head tilts backwards against the chair. The flow of blood runs from his mouth down to his chest. He's naked, wrapped in barb wire and covered in blood. The flashlight shines the words "GINGER BREAD," carved on the victim's chest. The victim's limbs have multiple puncture wounds covering the legs and feet. The limbs are swollen and cover in blood. Several large strips of flesh are missing from the victims upper thighs.

Deputy Patrick slowly move the flashlight down to the victim's waist line, everyone gasps in horror.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Holy shit!

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

What in God's name...

Everyone stare at the body in horror.

The victim's genitals have been removed.

Sheriff O'Brian moves the light on the victim's face that 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 forward to identify his face. The eyes are close.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Do you recognize him?

Sheriff O'Brian looks at the officers.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

It's Ryan Clark!

Deputy Simpson notices something else, she points at the victim.

DEPUTY SIMPSON

There's something in his mouth.

Sheriff O'Brian leans into the victim's face. He grabs a pen from his breast pocket of his uniform. He attempts to open the victim's mouth.

The victim's eyes suddenly open.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

(Shouts)

Holy shit!

Everyone jumps back startled.

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

The sheriff officers move closer. The victim's bottom jaw suddenly snaps open; the body suddenly jerks and vomits blood into O'Brian's face.

BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Sheriff O'Brian storms out of the maintenance office loading his revolver. His uniform is cover in blood. Deputy Patrick follows O' Brian in pursuit.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Wait a second Steve!

Deputy Patrick grab 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!

O'Brian inserts his weapon back inside his holster pissed off.

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 punches the wall with fist.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

Tyrone Henry's father murdered five people last year and got away with it! You're going to stand here and justified his son's actions because he was a victim of a harmless racial prank?

Patrick responds back in a stern tone.

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 and heads down the corridor moving in a fast pace with a look of retribution in his eyes.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The lone squad car travels down the dark quiet road at a high rate of speed. Inside the vehicle Sheriff O'Brian drinks from the bottle of Jack Daniels. He removes his badge throwing it out the window; he turns off all forms of communication.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

Fuck those niggers! Fuck them 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 barbecue me some black meat  
tonight!

The vehicle roars down the damp road.

Moments later 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. HERNY RESIDENCE

The squad car stops in front of the residence, O'Brian looks around cautiously. He slowly circles around the premises, the lights are turn off inside the house.

The squad car stops in front of the porch. O'Brian exits the vehicle wielding a shotgun. He walks towards the house stepping on the wooden porch which creaks. He aims the weapon at the front door.

O'Brian kicks in the front door in; he enters inside waving his weapon from left to right around the living room that's been ransacked.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN

(Calls out)

Sheriff's department! Is anyone home!

O'Brian moves through the room. He notices a body underneath the fallen entertainment cabinet. He bends over to view the body of Tonya Henry, her face was badly beaten. He checks her pulse. Tonya has a weak pulse. She's unconscious but alive.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN  
You lucky bitch!

O'Brian hears a loud crash coming from the kitchen. He quickly stands, aiming his shotgun in the direction of the noise.

O'Brian sees the trail of blood on the floor, leading into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

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

C.J slowly looks up at the barrels of the shotgun. O'Brian steps forward.

C.J coughs a mouth full of blood, running down his chin. He's holding the left side of his stomach. C.J is shot and bleeding badly. His face is severely beaten, his eyes are swollen shut. He painfully breathes through his mouth.

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

O'Brian moves closer, standing over C.J's body.

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

C.J gasps for air again.

C.J  
Fuck you...

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

O'Brian places the end of the barrels against the side of C.J's head.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN  
Where's the boy?

C.J breathes deeply trying to look up.

C.J  
How the fuck should I know? I was  
beaten and shot by men wearing ski  
masks. They're looking for Tyrone.  
That bastard tried to kill me.

SHERIFF O'BRIAN  
And!

C.J coughs hard.

C.J  
Get me to a fucking hospital!

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

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

O'Brian re-enters the living room walking 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 on his face.

C.J  
Suck my dick pig.

EXT. HENRY RESIDENT - SECONDS LATER

From outside, the front door is wide open. Simultaneously, the cold intense flash from the shotgun lights the living room; the bone shattering blast from the shotgun echoes loudly.

Silence for a brief moment.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM- MINUTES LATER

O'Brian pours the gasoline on C'J's and Tonya's bodies. He proceeds to pour the entire canister from the living room through the hallway, covering the floor and walls, leading inside of Tonya's bedroom.

O'Brian returns to the living room and open the second canister. He walks into the 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 the gas line from the stove. There is the sound of gas seeping out from the exposed end.

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

EXT. HENRY RESIDENT

O'Brian throws the containers inside the trunk and slams it shut. He quickly climbs 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, pulling out a black Harley Davidson lighter. O'Brian nervously lights the article of clothing that catches fire. He steps out from the squad car and throws the bottle through the front door. O'Brian quickly jumps back in, slamming the car door as the engine roars. The rear tires spin aggressively as the patrol car takes off racing up the dirt trail in a cloud of smoke.

In seconds the house explodes shooting large fragments violently in all directions. The large fire ball burns the atmosphere.

The squad car spins onto the county road, it accelerates down the long isolated road that stretches off into the darkness.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

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

MID AFTERNOON

EXT. MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL FIELD

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

Jessica, a very attractive woman with long red hair and freckle free has an intimidating demeanor of a bully. She clenches her fist inside her black gloves. She glares at her opponent with a bullish glare.

The marine officer, a black male, well built standing (6'2) smiles in return. He eye balls Jessica's physical appearance that is sculptured with curves in the right places.

Jessica quickly re-adjusts her pony tail. 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 side line. I wouldn't want anything to happen to that body of yours.

JESSICA

I was about to say the same thing.

The Marine Officer arrogantly stares at his body.

MARINE OFFICER

I don't think you can hurt this chiseled  
physic.

Jessica glances at Agent Steven Thorn, who's in the shotgun position.

JESSICA

No, 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 in physical motion.

Jessica runs a slant route running ten yards out then cutting inside of mid field. The marine officer white 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 violently.

The pass is thrown. Agent Pierce catches the football with her right hand. She turns up field; stiffs arming the marine officer in the face with her free hand. The marine is taken off his feet completely.

Her teammates scream from the side line.

Pierce 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 steps followed by several junk moves that made the fourth, fifth, and sixth defender fall face down.

Agent Pierce runs full sprint towards the in zone; she's quickly run down by a black female marine officer who sprints besides her trying to grab Pierce around the neck.

Pierce grabs the marine officer by her shirt turning her body around; she lifts the marine up and slams her to the ground with one hand; she leaps backwards 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 displaying the final score; F.B.I 27, Marines 24.

The F.B.I agents celebrate; they run toward the end zone, Agent Pierce spikes the football down to the ground.

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

The muscular marine moves towards Agent Pierce aggressively. He's pushes his way through the agents bleeding from his mouth and nose.

Pierce picks up the football from the ground.

MARINE OFFICER  
You fucking cunt! You broke my nose!

Agent Pierce grips the football in her hand tightly. She leans into the marine's face then shakes her head in doubt.

PIERCE  
Nah, it doesn't look broken to me.

MARINE  
(Angrily)  
Take a closer look bitch!

Agent Pierce maliciously throws the football directly at the marine's nose, a crackling sound is heard. Blood splatters from his nostrils. He quickly covers his face using the bottom of his tee shirt.

The black female marine punches Agent Pierce in the mouth. The Marines charges Agent pierce, the F.B.I Agents retaliates.

A brawl breaks out between the two teams, punches are being thrown. The military police enter the field, trying to break up the scuffle.

EXT. J EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING- CLARKSBURG, VA

NEXT DAY

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTORS OFFICE- 9 A.M

Deputy Director Nathan Daniels white male (40's) black hair well dress with a bold expression. He sits behind his desk updating case status. Daniels glances at the door, he is anticipates someone approaching his office.

Someone knocks at the door.

DANIELS  
(Firm voice)  
Come in!

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

Assistant Director Morgan Kruse (50's) black male well dresses walks in, Agent Pierce follows behind. Daniel's assistant closes the doors. The agents stand in front of Kruse's desk.

Daniels continues writing.

DANIELS  
(Firmly)  
Take a seat!

Kruse and Pierce glance at each other as they take a seat in front of Daniels. He stops writing; he stares at Pierce with a stern expression.

He slides the three pages assault report made the military police towards Pierce.

DANIELS  
I don't know where to start Agent Pierce but your attitude, behavior and actions has become the number one topic in 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's disregards the policies and regulations of this agency.

Pierce lowers her head in disappointment. Daniels stares at Pierce.

DANIELS  
But lucky for you someone else sees it differently.

Pierce looks up confuse.

PIERCE  
Sir?

Daniels opens the desk drawer; he takes out Pierce's identification and weapon sitting on top of a case file.

He slides the contents to Pierce.

KRUSE

So Pierce is being reinstated?

Daniels smiles for a second.

DANIELS

Believe me If the decision was left to me, Agent Pierce would be shoveling horse shit for the rest of her career.

PIERCE

Then whose decision was it, sir?

Daniel stares at Pierce.

DANIELS

Let's just say someone with a special interest in you. Understand this, everyone is watching you.

Pierce and Kruse simultaneously stand. She picks up the items; they walk out of the office. The doors close behind them.

A hidden section of the wall opens. A mysterious gentleman (early 60's) tall, thin appearance, with short grayish hair wearing a dark color business suit emerges from behind the wall, holding a lit cigarette.

The tall man walks to Daniel's desk and takes a seat.

Daniels is made uneasy by his appearance; he sits straight up in his chair clearing his throat.

The man crosses his leg while taking a drag from his cigarette.

DANIELS

I thought it was agreed, that we would never meet here under any circumstances.

The tall man takes another drag from his cigarette, and then exhales the smoke from his nose. He flicks the ashes to the floor. He looks at Daniels with somewhat of a smirk on his face.

TALL MAN

There's a meeting tonight. We are ready to proceed with the project. Your attendance is mandatory.

DANIELS

Mandatory by who?

TALL MAN

The organization, don't be late.

The tall man stands and walks to hidden panel that reopens. The tall man exits the office into the secure corridor. Daniels leans back into his chair with a look of concern.

EXT. COVINGTON MUNI AIRPORT - COVINGTON, GA

EARLY EVENING - LIGHT DRIZZLE

The small twin engine jet lands on the damp one way as it circles across the air strip. The aircraft slowly approaches the terminal where SHERIFF PATRICK older (mid 50's) slightly overweight with grayish hair stand next to Agent JASON STARKS (30's) well groom, tall, athletic build with dark hair and clean shaven. He's assigned from the F.B.I field office in Atlanta.

Agent Starks turns to Patrick.

STARKS

I understand Agent Pierce is from Covington?

Patrick

I've known Jessica's family for over fifty years or so. The family moved out west after a class mate of Jessica's, brutally murdered Ryan Clark. Another student was severely injured, losing his tongue. twenty years ago doesn't seem long.

Agent Starks opens the file folder reading the case file.

AGENT STARKS

I'm trying to understand why Tyrone Henry was never charge for the murder of Ryan Clark. But a warrant was issue in connection with the death of his mother Tonya Henry and her boyfriend C.J Mack.

Patrick rubs his chin glancing at Starks.

PATRICK

I'm just a servant of the law Agent Starks, No more no less!

STARKS

So twenty years later Tyrone comes back to Covington why?

Patrick slowly leans into Starks face.

PATRICK

If there's one thing I know, this town hasn't healed from the nightmare that has everyone still, sitting on pins and needles.

EXT. AIR STRIP- SECONDS LATER

Agent Starks and Sheriff Patrick walk towards the plane.

The Passengers on board exits the air craft.

Agent Pierce exits the plane carrying a black bag in one hand and a black duffle bag on her opposite shoulder. Pierce is wearing blue jeans and black leather motorcycle boots that match her long leather trench coat. Pierce's black Dream Theater tee shirt hangs freely from her curvy waist. The cool breeze blows her hair away from her face. It shows Jessica's toughness and beauty.

She walks up to Patrick extending her hand; Patrick replies by shaking her hand firmly.

PATRICK

Thank you for coming out as soon  
as possible Agent Pierce.

PIERCE

I understand that no one has enter  
the crime scene correct?

PATRICK

That's correct; unfortunately I  
don't have any info to give you.  
I have officers at the residence.

Pierce points at Agent Starks.

PIERCE

So who's the stiff?

Starks scowls at Pierce's comment.

STARKS

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

Pierce shakes her head in disagreement.

Pierce removes her sunglasses from her face placing them inside her coat pocket. She smiles with a look of arrogance.

PIERCE

(Smiling)

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

Pierce rudely brushes past Stark's shoulder; he glares back at Patrick who shrugs his shoulders in return. Pierce continues to walk.

STARKS

(Shout)  
Agent Pierce!

Pierce walks faster ignoring Starks.

Starks runs up to Pierce from behind. He forcefully steps in front of Pierce blocking her path, they both stop.

STARKS

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

PIERCE

(Raising her voice slightly)  
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 talk it personally but I'm a bitch with an attitude who shoots first and ask questions later, like when I'm in a better mood to hear the bullshit. I'm not in the mood to hear it.

Pierce tries to walk past but Starks cut her off again.

STARKS

(Very firm tone)  
Let's get something straight! I didn't request to be your fucking baby sitter or chaperone. So like it or not you're stuck with me until the investigation is closed. Are we clear?

Pierce takes a deep breath looking towards the sky. She throws her arm arms out mumbling out loud.

PIERCE

Everyone is watching me.

Sheriff Patrick walks past, grabbing Pierce's duffle bag from her shoulder, he quickly turns back towards the agents.

PATRICK

Now that everything is straightened out, we have work to do!

Patrick opens the trunk of his squad car placing the duffle bag inside. He then closes the trunk facing the agents with his hands out.

PATRICK

Let's go ladies and gents, Uncle Sam isn't paying you by the minute.

Patrick slaps the trunk. He walks to the driver's side door; he opens it and gets in.

Agent Pierce opens the passenger door and gets in.

The engine starts.

Starks follows behind getting in the back seat, he sits behind Pierce.

The squad car takes off.

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

The screen on the cell phone displays the sent message "Do I proceed with the execution?"

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

Starks closes the phone and place it back inside the breast pocket of his overcoat.

EXT. THE WILKINS RESIDENCE - HOUR LATER

The large white two story colonial home sitting on an acre of land is currently being remodeled. The large front lawn is cover 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 trim hedges. The residents of the neighborhood stood in the street watching curiously. Deputies TOM BRYANT (30's) tall muscular white male, VERONICA MILLER (30's) tall slender black female, RODNEY MITCHELL (30's) medium height and weight white male approaches them anxiously from the other side of the lawn.

BRYANT

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

Sheriff Patrick hesitates for a second.

PATRICK

There's been a homicide inside the residence.

A white van with the logo of channel 5 news pulls up and parks across the street in the neighbors drive way. The residents of the neighborhood look on. The camera man COREY GREEN (20's) black male and news reporter TINA RUSH (30's) white female short brunette hair exit the vehicle. They run across the street to the residents. The camera man places the camera on his shoulder.

Pierce turns to Patrick.

PATRICK

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

Everyone moves up the lawn towards the house.

Agent Pierce looks down at the grass, she notices the grass is  
soak. Pierce quickly stops.

PIERCE

Wait a second! Look!

Pierce points to the ground. Everyone stares at the lawn; it's  
flooded. The flood streams down the lawn.

Everyone stares at the house.

Pierce turns to Starks.

PIERCE

It's coming from inside!

Patrick quickly turns to his deputies.

PATRICK

Get on the radio and get the fire  
department here now!

Pierce, Starks, and Patrick immediately walk towards the house.

The reporter and camera man approach the sheriff deputies who  
immediately cut them off. The neighborhood residents move closer  
on the Wilkins's property.

TINA

Deputy Bryant has there been a  
murder at the Wilkins's residence?  
Can you explain what happened here?

BRYANT

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

REPORTER

What are you hiding from us deputy?

MILLER

(Shouts)  
Get Back!

Deputy Miller's hand covers the camera lens; she aggressively  
pushes the camera man back.

INT. WILKENS RESIDENCE - HALL WAY

From inside the house the atmosphere is chilling, black and cold.  
The power is out.

A dim mist filters throughout the house.

Sheriff Patrick leads the way shining his flash light down the hallway. Agents Pierce and Starks move cautiously behind with their weapons drawn.

INT. FOYER

Everyone stops at the top of the staircase. Sheriff Patrick shines his flashlight down the stair case. Patrick slowly walks down several stairs. He squats down shining the flash light into the living room.

Patrick's body shivers.

PATRICK  
What hell is going on?

Pierce quickly pulls out a hand held flash-light from her coat pocket. She turns it on then immediately moves down the stairs next to Sheriff Patrick. Pierce shines the light inside the room.

The light scrolls across the spacious room that's now under water. The furniture is destroyed; couches flipped over with multiple slashes in the fabric. Picture frames, wall decorations, and antique sculptures broken. It floats on top of the flood. The water appears to be chest high.

Pierce shines the light against the far wall of the room. She notice something.

PIERCE  
Sheriff over there!

Patrick shines the light on the far wall. His face turn pale, his mouth drops open in horror.

PATRICK  
(Frighten)  
Oh Jesus!

The word "GINGER BREAD" is carved jaggedly into the wall.

Pierce turns back to Starks.

PIERCE  
Come take a look at this.

Starks walks down the stairs, he stares at the far wall expose by the flash lights. He turns to Patrick with a suspicious look.

STARKS  
Tyrone Henry is behind this right?

Patrick glares back excitedly.

PATRICK

It's the same thing that was carved  
in Ryan Clark's chest!

Both agents stare at Sheriff Patrick curiously.

PATRICK

Let's get something straight! No one  
in this town has forgot what happen  
twenty years ago! The last thing we  
need is for now this nightmare is  
starting over again! It's him! I  
know it! I know it!

Starks leans into Patrick's face.

STARKS

Who told about the homicide?

PIERCE

(Excitedly)  
Shit! There's a body!

Pierce's flash-light shines on a corpse floating face down. The word "SHIVER" is carved on the victim's nude back. The body floats away into the next room.

Pierce immediately places the bottom of the flash light into her mouth. She quickly removes her leather trench coat throwing in up the stairs.

Starks glances at Pierce.

STARKS

I don't think that a good idea. The  
floors might be weakened by the weight  
of the water.

Pierce removes the flash light from her mouth.

PIERCE

It's called evidence Agent Starks.

Pierce moves down the stairs entering the flood room with her weapon drawn. Starks hesitates for a moment, he proceeds down the stairs follow by Sheriff Patrick.

Pierce, Starks, and Patrick move cautiously from the living room into the dining room. They enter the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Pierce shines her flashlight on the body. It floats through the open door leading into the basement. Pierce quickly points out.

PIERCE

There it is!

Pierce, Starks, and Patrick move towards the door way. Everyone stops. The nude body floats against the wall leading into the basement. The body is out of reach.

PIERCE

Shit! The entire basement is under water!

Pierce hands her flashlight to Starks; he shines the light on the body. Pierce cautiously walks through the doorway to the edge of the first step. She places her weapon back into the holsters. Pierce braces her free hand against the wall while reaching out with her right hand.

STARKS

Can you reach it?

Pierce steps down on the first step extending her body; she reaches out, her finger tip grazes the corpse's body.

PIERCE

Just a little bit more...

She reaches out again; a loud crack startles everyone, nobody moves. Everyone glances at each other with a look of shock.

PIERCE

(Loud whisper)  
Fuck!

Pierce tries to step backwards.

The staircase suddenly caves in.

PIERCE

(Screams)

Pierce falls; her body disappears underneath the water and doesn't resurface.

Starks screams out.

STARKS

Agent Pierce!

Large pieces of wood from the stairway rise up, blocking the basement's entrance.

Starks and Patrick quickly removes sections of the staircase dragging it into the kitchen.

Starks dives underneath.

INT. BASEMENT - UNDERWATER

Agent Starks swims into the basement. He shines the hand held flashlight, searching for Agent Pierce anxiously.

Starks shines the light that catches a glimpse of a female nude body. It moves towards Starks with its head lowered.

Starks turns the body around; the victim's head lifts up. Starks panics; he accidentally release air bubbles trying to move back. The victim's face is carved out deeply; the back of the victim's skull is exposed.

Starks is suddenly surrounded by the nude bodies of men and women. The victim's eyes and noses have been gorge from their faces.

INT. KITCHEN

Sheriff Patrick stands in the doorway; his facial expression shows a look of grave concern. He calls out.

PATRICK  
Agent Pierce! Agent Starks!

Patrick shines the flashlight into the water of the basement's entrance.

Patrick immediately reaches up to his shoulder pressing the button on his two-way receiver.

PATRICK  
Bryant! Miller! Come in!

Static crackles through the receiver. He calls out again.

PATRICK  
Can anyone hear me?

A Tall dark figure wearing an all black executioners hooded robe slowly rises from behind.

The unknown mask assailant reaches back gripping the large Bowie knife tightly. The tip of the blade pointed downward. The assailant lunges forward. Patrick simultaneously turns around. At the last second Patrick catches a glimpse of the unknown assailant. The flash-light shines into the killer's eyes.

PATRICK  
Shit!

The masked attacker repeatedly stabs Sheriff Patrick in the chest. The blade cuts through the bomber coat. Patrick is wearing a vest.

Patrick drops the flashlight. He grabs hold of the assailant's wrist with both hands pushing the tip of the blade away from his face. The assailant quickly maneuvers behind Patrick's body. The assailant's bicep wraps around Sheriff Patrick's neck tightly.

Patrick maintains his grip on the assailant's wrist. He tries to overpower the assailant. Patrick suddenly loses his footing, he stumbles backwards under water.

The killer holds Patrick's head underneath.

Air bubbles immediately rises to the surface.

The eyes of the unknown stranger widen.

A section of the kitchen floor cracks from the weight of the flood.

The assailant is suddenly shot; the body splashes backwards into the water.

Sheriff Patrick jumps up like a wild beast swinging his arms frantically; hysterically he coughs, choking, grabbing his throat while waving his weapon like a lunatic.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Fuck! Show your face you fucking  
bastard!

Starks leans Pierce against the floating appliance of the refrigerator.

Starks moves towards Patrick with his weapon drawn. He stops.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Did you kill him? Did you shoot  
that son of a bitch?!

STARKS

Sheriff, don't move.

The room is silent for a moment. Another loud crack is felt underneath the kitchen floor.

The cloaked slayer rises from behind, stabbing Agent Starks in the left shoulder blade.

STARKS

(Screams out)

Agent Pierce fires her weapon shooting the assailant in the back.

The body falls underneath and disappears.

The floor suddenly separates into pieces, everyone loses their balance. The walls begin to crack, and buckle.

AGENT PIERCE

(Screams)  
Get the fuck out!

Sheriff Patrick move towards the door way.

Pierce grabs Starks, placing his right arm around her neck. She wraps her free arm around his waist for leverage.

AGENT PIERCE  
Come Starks, move!

The agents move across the kitchen floor that splits underneath them. Pierce struggles to hold Starks up.

Sheriff Patrick runs back to the agents and place Starks arm around his shoulder. They pass through the dining room into the living room.

The walls buckle inward; the ceiling collapses behind them.

Sheriff Deputies Bryant and Miller race down the stairs into the living room. Bryant is carrying Pierce's trench coat.

BRYANT  
Sheriff!

Pierce, Starks, and Patrick moves towards the stairs.

PIERCE  
Get out! This place is about to collapse!

Everyone race up the stairs into the hallway. The structure of the house caves in behind them.

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENTS - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Sheriff Deputies and Local firefighters push the large crowd of spectators back as everyone gasp. The news camera man follows the reporter who continues to broadcast live. The roof of the large three stories, two-hundred year old colonial home caves in.

Pierce, Starks, Patrick, Bryant and Miller exit through the front door running down the wet grassy lawn. The colonial home explodes into a ball of fire, shooting out fragments of wood, brick and siding in all directions.

The force from the blast takes everyone off their feet; their bodies slam to the ground. The crowd immediately jumps back crouching down. Everyone cries out in shock.

The Fire fighters run up the lawn carrying fire hoses.

EXT. NEWTON GENERAL HOSPITAL

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Starks sits on the exam table. Dr. BRENDA WILSON (40'S) white female ER physician inserts staples into Starks shoulder blade. Agent Pierce enters the room holding gift bag.

Dr. Wilson inserts the last staple into Starks shoulder blade.

DR. WILSON

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

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

PIERCE

(Jokingly)

So this mean he's going to live after all?

Starks stares at Pierce with a smile on his face.

STARKS

Sorry to disappoint you.

Dr. Wilson glances at Pierce writing out a prescription.

DR. Wilson

Actually, it could have been a lot worse. The blade came pretty close in 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.

Pierce hands Starks the gift bag.

PIERCE

This is for you.

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

PIERCE

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

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

SHERIFF PATRICK  
There's been another murder!

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

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Muscle cars, pickup trucks and Harley Davidson motor cycles fill the drive way of 4560 Sherman Ave. The sound of heavy metal vibrates the house. The melodic metal of Metallica's "Sanitarium" cracks through the cold air.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Inside the smoke fill room down stairs, 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) wearing tee shirts and jeans socialize by means of heavy drink, marijuana usage and loud music. TABITHA COLSON (33) white female, curve body, blonde hair with green eyes wearing a black vest and blue jeans slams down a triple shot of tequila. She's drunk have a good time with her friends.

Tabitha's boyfriend MITCH WARNER (34) white male tall with a muscular build with a rugged look stands behind Tabitha with his arm casual wrap around her waist.

Together they raise their cups of beer in celebration.

EXT. RESIDENTS BACK YARD - MONENTS LATER

Standing in the backyard three of Tabitha's friends JOSIE CLARK (30'S) white female, BRENDA CARTER (30's) white female and FOSTER JONES (30) white male stand in front of the back door. Foster is smoking a blunt; he passes it to Josie who takes it.

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

FOSTER  
You can't run with the big boys.

BRENDA  
Fuck you.

Josie grabs the blunt from Brenda.

BRENDA'S POV

Brenda quickly turns her head staring at the trees in the back yard. She hears footsteps walking on wet leaves that cover the ground. The sinister figure is walking towards them armed.

Josie takes a couple of steps backwards.

JOSIE  
Who the fuck is that?

Foster and Brenda both look in the same direction.

FOSTER  
I'll handle this prick.

Foster walk towards the tall figure.

FOSTER  
(Calls out)  
Hey mother fucker! I think you're  
at the wrong party!

The unknown assailant wearing a black ski mask, military field jacket, and black pants 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 into his back, blood spatters. Foster's arms flail outward, his body collapses face down on the concrete.

JOSIE  
Oh my God! Oh my God!

BRENDA  
What the fuck! Foster!

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

INT. BACK DOOR

Josie's 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 over flows from her mouth.

Josie's slides down the window smearing streaks of blood.

The killer approaches Brenda, she's crying frantically.

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

The tall dark figure lowers its weapon slightly. It stares deep into Brenda's soul.

ASSAILANT'S POV

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

GINGER BREAD MAN

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.

ASSAILANT'S POV

The mask killer takes a couple steps closer.

Brenda continues crying.

The killer's eyes glare in a sick hypnotic state. The psychopath presses its index finger against the lips.

ASSAILANT

Shhh...

Brenda continues crying.

ASSAILANT

I let me show you my vision of true beauty.

ASSAILANT'S POV

The killer fires the automatic weapon. The bullets penetrate Brenda's chest, blood splatters across Brenda's body. She falls over backwards.

The sinister figure walks to the screen door and opens it. It walks inside closing the main back door quietly.

INT. BACK STAIRWAY - SECONDS LATER.

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

The hallway door opens slightly.

The killer quickly steps backwards moving behind the wall leading down into the basement.

REBECCA WALTON (30'S) a hot white female, long jet black hair, brown eyes with dimples staggers into the stairway drunk.

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

REBECCA

(Shouts)

Josie! Hey bitch what the fuck is 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 carpet stairs.

Rebecca laughs out loud.

REBECCA

Ouch! I've cracked my ass.

ASSAILANT POV

The unknown assailant runs from behind the wall. The loud footsteps startle Rebecca. She opens her eyes.

ASSAILANT POV

The stalker holds a large hunting knife in front of its body. The right arm rises above its head reaching back.

Rebecca's eyes spring wide open in horror, her body tightens in fear. She screams out loud.

REBECCA

Oh my God! No!

Rebecca swings her right arm in front of her face.

The killer stabs Rebecca in the arm; the blade pierces through her flesh.

REBECCA

(Screams)

The assailant pulls the blade 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 vomits a body full of blood, her body is limp.

The killer pierce the blade in Rebecca's left breast; it grabs Rebecca's 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 floor. Rebecca's feet dangle helpless.

The assailant pulls the knife from Rebecca's breast and stabs her several more times in a downward motion into her chest.

The killer lowers the knife at its side. Blood drips from the blade. The killer's hand grips tightly around the large handle of the knife.

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

The Ginger Bread Man leans into Rebecca's face; it sticks its tongue out and licks the blood around her mouth seductively.

INT. KITCHEN

The back door slowly opens with Rebecca's body hangs attach to the door motionless. The intruder walks into the dark kitchen. The fast and intense song of metal's Slip Knot; "Wait and Bleed," blasts through the surround sound speakers mounted high in the corners of the walls. The killer walks in a straight line through the kitchen towards the candle lit living room.

The party of adults relaxes comfortably on the large white suede sectional couch. A black glass tray of cocaine is being passed around. Others are standing behind the couch smoking marijuana from a large bong.

A white male (30's) long brown hair with the scruffy red neck biker appearance, takes the tray of coke. He places one end of the rolled one hundred dollar bill into his nose, the other end slides across a trail of coke as he sniffs deeply into his lungs.

The biker leans back, with his head turn to the ceiling.

The biker sniffs several times, wiping his nostrils with his finger tips.

BIKER

Oh yeah, that's some good shit!

The biker stretches his arms out.

BIKER

I feel invincible like superman.

The serial killer enters the living room unnoticed.

ASSAILANT'S POV

The villain shoots the biker in the chest, center mass in a five round burst. The party guests quickly jump, screaming. The man's body leans back against the couch, bleeding from his chest. He's dies with his eyes open. Everyone stares at the tall figure in distress. Simultaneously, everyone tried to run towards the front door.

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

Everyone scatters in a state of panic; moving in slow motion. One by one the bodies stumble awkwardly from the assault.

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

A white female (20's) is shot in the back several times; her body falls on the jagged edge of a glass end table. The force of the fall decapitates her head.

Bodies slam into the bookcases, against the walls leaving streaks of blood as the bodies' slides 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 max. The living room is dark.

The last wounded victim white male (30's) stubble shaven head is bleeding through the back of his motorcycle vest. He leaves a trail of blood on the hard wooden floors trying to drag his legs.

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 long fingers slide inside the right cargo pocket of the camouflage pants pulling out a new loaded clip.

The magazine is slap inside the weapon, it's locked and loaded.

The barrel of the weapon is press against the victim's face.

A three round burst is fired into the man's face, fragments of skin and bone explodes on contact.

VICTIM POV

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

The psychopath pulls the pins of two smoke grenades in its hands.

The round spherical objects bounce down the hardwood steps into the party room in slow motion.

The smoke grenades explode, releasing a bright intense flash of light, follow by a thunderous boom. The smoke gas is release on detonation.

The killer walks down the stairs as the infra-red beam 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 thick cloud of smoke. Voices scream throughout the room in chaos, confusion, and fear.

EXT. MACPHERSON RESIDENCE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Neighborhood residents watch curiously from inside their homes. Patrol cars are parked in front of the Macpherson's residence on the other side of town.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Deputy Mitchell exits the house in a hurry with his hand covering his mouth. He bends over the railing; he vomits in the bushes.

Deputies Miller and Bryant follow behind, exiting the town home. Their facial expressions show a look of shock, remorse and anger. Deputy Miller walks to the opposite side of the porch. She wipes the tears away with her fingers. Deputy Bryant takes several deep breaths with his hand 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 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 facing the front porch. Agents Pierce and Stark exit the townhome; they walk down the stairs.

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.

Pierce pulls out her cell phone.

PIERCE

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

STARKS

That won't be necessary Agent Pierce.

Patrick and Pierce glance at each other then at Starks.

PATRICK

Are you serious? We need all the man power we can get to catch this serial killer running lose!

Starks turns to Patrick.

PIERCE

Excuse use for a moment.

Pierce and Starks walk to the side of the town house.

PIERCE

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 but bringing more agents will draw far more attention from the media that's needed. That's already happen once tonight.

AGENTS POV

The agents suddenly turn toward the end of the street. A white news van pulls up slamming its brakes. The van stops in front of the townhouse.

STARKS

Make that twice.

T.V news reporter and camera man exit the van. Tina is holding the microphone, she glances at Corey excitedly.

TINA

Let's get that camera rolling!

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

This is Tina Rush with Channel 5 Eye Witness News reporting live from a second crime scene that could be link to the serial killer, the Ginger Bread Man.

Pierce, Starks, Patrick, Bryant, Miller and Mitchell quickly enter the street approaching the reporter and camera man.

Patrick angrily points his finger at Tina, his voice scowls out loud.

PATRICK

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 happen here tonight Sheriff. Why did the Ginger Bread Man target the Macpherson family?

Sheriff Patrick looks lost for words for a second. His eyes lock down 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 murder tonight.

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

Agent Pierce 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. The camera man records the commotion.

TINA

Get the fuck off of me!

PATRICK

(Shout)

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

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

Everyone turns facing the speeding vehicles approaching.

The vehicles abruptly stop. The car doors suddenly fly open.

The agents, sheriff offices, the reporter and the camera man run over to the pick-up trucks.

The men inside the trucks suddenly exit armed with shot guns.

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

RANDOLPF TUCKER (60'S) white male wearing a blue flammable shirt and blue jeans 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 shot gun falls from Randolph's hands.

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. Randolph shakes his head no repeatedly. He breathes deeply with tears in his eyes, crying.

RANDOLP

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

The reporter and camera man approach Randolph.

REPORTER

It was the Ginger Bread Man. He murder Amy.

Randolph turns to the reporter.

The town's men glance at each other.

RABDOLPH

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 time!

Patrick stands helpless with a look of desperation on his face.

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

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

POV MUJSTANG

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

The serial killer aims the A-K 47.

RANDOLPH

Who the hell is...?

The loud crackling sound from the assault weapon fires several rounds.

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

Randolph's lifeless body falls to the ground.

The large back tires of the mustang burns rubber into a cloud of smoke.

Everyone fires at the mustang.

The rounds of ammo damage the park SUV's.

The muscle car takes off racing down the side walk.

Agents Pierce and Starks sprint down the street shooting at the vehicle.

The Pickup truck shifts in reverse peeling backwards to Pierce and Starks who turns facing the rear end of the truck.

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

BILL

Here! Take my truck!

Agent Pierce jumps in behind the wheel, Starks jumps in the passenger side. The pickup truck moves in reverse, racing down the street in a high rate of speed.

The mustang suddenly stops at the stop sign.

The pickup 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 pitch in a cloud of smoke.

Agent pierce rolls down the driver side window. She extends her left arm out, aiming her weapon at the muscle car.

Shots fire from her weapons. The bullets pierce through the Mustang's back window with six bullets holes. The window shatters. The car takes off.

The mustang veers on the side walk; the pickup is closes in.

The mustang makes a sharp right turn; it fish tails around the corner.

The pickup truck jumps the sidewalk; it ramps the uphill lawn of the corner house. The Chevy truck soars in mid air, flying over parked trucks. The vehicles lands in the street bouncing against the SUV'S on the opposite side of the curb. The pick-up truck accelerates.

The Mustang makes a right turn into the alley. From behind the pickup truck spins in hot pursuit. The vehicles race through the next several allies at a high rate of speed.

The mask assailant slams on the brakes. The muscle car slides to a stop. The car door suddenly opens. The assailant exits.

POV PICKUP TRUCK

The Assailant stands holding a high power automatic weapon.

The pickup truck suddenly stops.

PIERCE

(Shouts)

Get down!

Pierce and Starks simultaneously take cover under the dash board.

The killer unloads the full clip into the truck. The front tires is blow out. Heavily damage covers the front end. The front windshield shatters into pieces. 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 back yard.

Agent Pierce immediately takes off after the killer in a foot pursuit.

The chase leads through several back yards of residential homes.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENTS - MOMENTS LATER

The serial killer climbs over a chain link fence. The assailant runs through the back yard.

POV AGENT PIERCE

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

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

Pierce notice three bodies lying on the concrete in a massive pool of blood. Pierce stares at the word written in blood on the back of the house, "I AM LEGION."

Pierce checks the pulses of the slain victims. She moves along the side of the house standing next to the back door.

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

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

INT. BACK ENTRANCE

Pierce 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.

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

INT. KITCHEN

Pierce enters the kitchen; she proceeds forward waving her weapon and flash light sweeping her way through the kitchen.

Pierce suddenly stops. She senses someone is behind her.

She suddenly turns aiming her weapons; her mouth drops open in horror. Pierce stares at the door.

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

Pierce stares at the message written in blood above Rebecca's head that reads; "The guilty shall bleed." Below the message the victims severed fingers create a three letter word staple to the door; "GBM"

Pierce moves away from the door; she takes a deep breath. Her face drips with sweat. Pierce is shaken with fear at first, but she quickly shrugs it off with a determine look. She turns her back to the door moving towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Agent Pierce enters the living room moving cautiously. She steps over the dead bodies on the floor. She makes her way around the perimeter of the room. Pierce circles her way to the stairway leading to the party room.

Pierce steps over the body at the top of the stairs. She walks down aiming her weapon in front of her body. She shines the light down stairs.

PIERCE

(Whispers)

Oh Jesus! What the fuck!

Agent Pierce turns in a circular motion. She shines the flashlight around the room. The light exposes the dead bodies on the floor cover in blood.

Unexpectedly drops of blood drips on Pierce's face. She wipes her right cheek with her finger tips and examines the wet fluid. Pierce stops and looks up shining the light on the ceiling. The body of SARAH WILLIS white female (30') blonde hair that is partially shaven. Her scalp bleeds from a deep laceration on the left side of her shave skull. Her eyes are extracted from her face. Sarah's extremities have puncture on both wrists and ankles. Her shapely nude body is attached to the wooden floor. Sarah's mutilated body is position in a crucifix position with stab wounds to her mid section.

The killer leaves a bone chilling message that drips in blood above Sarah's body. "The twisted rules the wicked."

EXT. SHERIFF STATION- HOUR LATER

INT. OFFICE

Agent Pierce sits on the corner of the desk with her head hanging low. She rubs her temples with her finger tips, her eyes are close tightly. The stress is on her face. Agent Starks walks over to Pierce standing in front of her. He's holding two cups of coffee as he passes one to Pierce.

STARKS

Here try some.

Pierce looks up and takes the cup, she smiles slightly.

PIERCE

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

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

STARKS

Sorry I don't.

The sheriff's office door opens. The sheriff Officers immediately exits the office. Sheriff Patrick exits the office last; he approaches the agents with his jacket in hand.

Agents and Pierce and Starks quickly stand. The sheriff officers exit the building.

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.

Pierce, Starks and Patrick look around the office suspiciously.

The phones stop ringing except one.

The phone rings from a desk behind the agents.

Patrick hesitates for a second. He walks pass Starks picking up the phone.

Patrick's eyes widen with fear. He turns his head sharply at the agents. He motions his finger to the receiver.

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

GINGER BREAD MAN (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 Jessica. I was in  
your eight grade class. Do you  
remember me?

The killer breathes heavy through the speaker.

GINGER BREAD MAN (VO)

That was twenty years ago princess.  
You along with everyone else treated  
me like a sexual transmitted disease.  
You devils laugh and spit in my face.  
The beginning will be end for everyone.

PATRICK

Tyrone you need to listen to me  
carefully.

The Ginger Bread Man screams through the speaker.

GINGER BREAD MAN (VO)

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

The killer laughs deeply.

Jessica stares at the phone.

GINGER BREAD MAN (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 voices screams hysterically in the background.

The phone disconnects.

EXT. THE MAYORS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The assailant appears from behind the trees on the left side of the estate. The killer dress in black wearing a black body suit and ski mask walks along the front of the estate. It carries a body inside a black body bag on its shoulders. The killer walks pass the flood lights in the ground unnoticed.

The Stalker steps up to the front doors and enters a six digit code into the key pad.

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

A Black Cadillac Expedition pulls up to the gates that automatically slide open. The SUV drives into the drive way up to the estate.

The lights turn off, the engine stops, and the car doors open. EMILY JORDAN (40's) white female with long brown athletic figure wearing a white sweater and blue jeans exits the passenger side holding a traveling bag. JARVIS JORDAN (60) white male, tall with short blonde hair comb back wearing a dark blue Nike warm up suit exits the driver side with a second traveling bag. He walks to the other side of the SUV next 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 inside closing the door behind them.

The doors close behind them.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - LATE NIGHT

The emergency lights flash on the dark abandon road. The patrol cruiser soars down the rain soak road during a thunder storm. Heavy rain falls.

INT. PATROL CAR

Sheriff Patrick is driving, Pierce 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 it in his eyes.. He wanted revenge.

Patrick glances at Pierce

PATRICK

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

PIERCE

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

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

PATRICK

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

PIERCE

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

PATRICK

He was paid too. Someone had to take the fall for the things that happen. This time it fell on Steve.

Pierce shockingly turns her head towards Patrick.

PIERCE

He took the fall for who?

Patrick stares at Pierce with a guilty look.

SHERIFF

Mayor Jarvis Jordan... I'm not proud of the things I've done. I struggle to put them behind me.

The squad car races down the abandon city streets.

EXT. THE MAYORS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol car pulls into the drive way stopping behind the SUV.

Sheriff Officers MARCUS YOUNG black male (30's) tall slightly husky frame and MONA COLSON black female (30') tall, slender build, attractive exits the squad car. They run to the front doors that open.

Jarvis and Emily rush out.

Emily is crying.

EMILY

Jarvis what the hell is going on?  
What about Louise she's still inside.

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

JARVIS

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

Jarvis turns to the sheriff deputies.

JARVIS

Take her to the car please!

Deputy Young escorts Emily to the squad car.

Jarvis steps into Colson's face angrily.

JAVRVIS

Where in the hell is Sheriff Patrick?  
He left me a text message that  
Tyrone Henry is in custody.

COLSON

Sheriff Patrick is on route. I was  
instructed to take you and wife to  
a safe house until your daughter  
is found.

Jarvis shows an ill look on his face that turns pale.

JARVIS

That bastard has my baby girl!?

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

The sound of thunder crackles in the background.

JARVIS

He's inside! That sick bastard is inside! He said he's going to kill our house keeper.

COLON

Stay here Mayor!

Colson draws her weapon and enters inside.

A dark blue muscle car with black tinted windows quickly turns into the drive way. The car stops. The doors open; two henchmen WHITE MEN (30'S) muscular build wearing all black exits the vehicle. The men run over to Mayor Jordon.

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!

HENCHMAN 1

We'll take care of it.

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

EXT. ENTERING CITY LIMITS - MOMENTS LATER

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

PIERCE

Why would O'Brian take the fall?

PATRICK

O'Brian was paid to be the sacrificial Lamb. Jarvis didn't want the media attention to interfere with his operation. He's been meeting with arm dealers from South America.

Pierce curiously glances back at Starks.

PIERCE

Did you know anything about this?

Starks glances back at Pierce.

STARKS

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

Starks turns to Patrick.

STARKS

Do you have proof of this?

PATRICK

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

Pierce has an alarm look on her face staring at Patrick.

PIERCE

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

Patrick angrily defends himself.

PATRICK

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

STARKS

Where's the photos?

PATRICK

Jarvis has them stored in a safe inside his library.

PIERCE

He used them to black mail the F.B.I.

Patrick glances at Pierce 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 glances 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.

EXT. STREET

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 regain consciousness, he couldn't remember what happen.

Pierce shakes her head staring at Patrick in disappointment.

PIERCE

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. MAYORS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

DRIVE WAY

The patrol car pulls into the drive way.

INT. PATROL CRUISER

PATRICK

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

Patrick shifts the vehicle into park, turning off the lights and engine. Heavy rain continues to pour.

Everyone gets out with their weapons drawn running up to the front entrance. The doors are wide open.

PIERCE

What is it sheriff? Talk to me!

PATRICK

I was suppose to send a text message to Jarvis once Tyrone is 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 follow by Pierce, then Starks.

INT. FOYER

Pierce takes the lead moving inside the dark foyer pointing her weapon in front of her. Starks and Patrick follow from behind. Pierce's flash light shines on the beheaded body house keeper LOUISE BELL (50's) white middle age female with short auburn hair lies on the floor cover in blood. Louise's head lies several feet away from the body.

PIERCE

We've got bodies here!

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

PIERCE

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 grabbing hold of the door knobs.

Pierce 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 that flies open. Pierce's mouth drops open at the scene.

INT. LIBRARY

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

Flames fall to the floor that surrounds 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.

Pierce and Starks race back into the foyer.

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

Pierce and Starks re-enter the library wrapping a long curtain around the scorched body. The fire is put out after several attempts to smother the flames. The stench of burn flesh and smoke is release from the charred body.

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

Pierce recognizes the end piece shape like a heart.

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

PIERCE

Oh my God!

Pierce looks at the body then turn to Starks.

PIERCE

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

STARKS

That means Tyrone has them both.

INT. FOYER - SECONDS LATER

Sheriff Patrick re-enters the Foyer; He walks in a fast pace. Agents Pierce and Starks walk up from behind. Pierce yells at Patrick.

PIERCE

Sheriff! Sheriff Patrick!

Starks runs up to Patrick from behind.

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. Pierce reaches for her side arm.

Patrick yells out a warning to Pierce.

PATRICK

Do it Agent Pierce and I'll put a  
hole in your partners face!

Patrick steps back aiming his weapon at both agents.

Pierce removes her hand from the holster. Patrick shouts.

PATRICK  
Now get the fuck back!

Pierce reacts calmly.

PIERCE  
Dan, this isn't helping us. We  
still have a killer running lose.

Patrick points his weapon back to Pierce. His eye explodes in rage as his teeth grind together.

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

Pierce slowly walks forward.

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

Patrick breaks down emotional with tears in his eyes.

PATRICK  
I'm through with this! Everything!

Starks glance at pierce.

STARKS  
Everything like what Dan?

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!

Pierce and Starks stare at each other in amazement.

PIERCE  
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 murder Tonya Henry and C.J  
Ferguson.

Patrick backs up, moving towards the front entrance.

STARKS

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

Patrick exits the foyer. He stops at the front doors staring at  
Pierce who looks back in disgust.

Patrick turns and exits the estate.

The car door slams, the engine roars, the tires squeal.

POV FRONT WINDOW

Through the front window Pierce and Starts witness the patrol car  
accelerates down the quiet street.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Thunderous rain showers continue to pound the dark and abundant  
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 baby pick up the phone please!  
Pick up the phone... Please Jesus  
don't let anything happen to my  
princess.

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

Emily

I swear to God if anything happen  
to my baby I'm going to kill you  
son of a bitch! This is your fucking  
fault!

Jarvis slaps Emily across her face.

JARVIS

You shut the fuck up!

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

Deputy Young glare through the rear view mirror.

DEPUTY YOUNG

I guess you feel like real man now.

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

COLSON

Deputy Young you're out of line!

Jarvis facial expression change showing a smirk on his face. The remark took 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 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 doing?

Deputy Young flash his weapon in Colson's face.

Young squeezes the trigger, the gun goes off. The bullet penetrates then exits Colson's head. The front passenger window shatters. Fragment of Colson's head splatters against the dash board and front seat.

Emily screams hysterically grabbing Jarvis's arm. Her body shakes uncontrollable. Jarvis braces his body against the back seat tightly. His mouth trembles open. Jarvis is breathing heavy. His eyes are lock 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 holes.

JARVIS  
Oh my God you're... Stop the car! The stop the mother fucking car! Pull over Goddamn it!

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

EMILY  
Goddamn it! Open the fucking door!

Jarvis pound his fists on the window repeatedly.

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

Deputy Young accelerate the squad car to 100 mph. Young angrily screams out loud.

DEPUTY YOUNG

You drug her! Beat her! Made  
her the number one whore in Covington.  
You murder my family you racist  
piece of shit! You're a dead man!

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

Suddenly a black armor Hummer accelerates through the intersection plowing into the driver side of the squad car that flips over multiple times across the road. The upside down squad car slides to a stop.

The unconscious occupants inside is injured with cuts and bruises.

The black Hummer with tinted windows aggressively pulls up alongside the wreck vehicle. Gasoline leaks from the tank.

The black door opens. The mask assailant exits the Hummer and walks over to the passenger door of the squad car.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENT - MOMENTS LATER

INT. LIVINMG ROOM

BECKY RICE (50'S) middle age average looking white female sits on the recliner wearing a pink night gown with matching head scarf. Her face is cover with night cream while drinking Jack and Coke in a glass. She's intoxicated watching TV impatiently with her legs cross that shakes freely. Becky flips through the channels.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The patrol car skids into the drive way then stops abruptly. Patrick places the vehicle in park while leaving the engine running. He quickly exits the squad car running to the side door of the house; he enters inside in a hurry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Becky jumps up from the recliner; Patrick enters the living room brushing pass Emily. He heads to the front closet as Becky follows Patrick from behind pissed off.

Patrick opens the closet door grabbing a duffle bag from the floor.

BECKY

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

Patrick turns to Becky pointing his finger at her.

PATRICK

Back the fuck off of me!

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? 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 back bone 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 passes by. Becky laughs out loud.

Patrick suddenly turns, aiming his weapon at Becky's face. Beck laughter disappears as a look of death takes over. Patrick pulls the trigger of his 45 revolver. Becky's glass fall from her right hand that shatters on the hardwood floor. Becky's face is blown apart. Her body falls; bouncing off the bed then slams to the floor on her back.

Patrick leans over staring at Emily.

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.

It laughs.

GINGER BREAD MAN (VO)

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

The killer breathes louder then screams.

GINGER BREAD 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.

GINGER BREAD MAN (VO)

But that's fine Mrs. Rice. Dan will suffer for the both of you!

The killer hands up.

EXT. BACK WOODS - DIRT ROAD - MINUTES LATER

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

Agent Pierce is driving.

INT. SUV

PIERCE

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

STARKS

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

Out of nowhere the high beams from the oncoming black Hummer blinds Agent Pierce who shields her eyes.

Pierce cries out.

PIERCE

Oh Shit!

STARKS

Look out!

Pierce reacts by swerving the SUV off the road avoiding the head on collision.

The Hummer zooms past slashing mud to the SUV's windshield.

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

Starks quickly joins Pierce.

PIERCE

Goddamn it! It was him!

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

Pierce jumps back inside the SUV. She shifts gears between reverse and forward. The tires spin in the muddy water struggling to climb out.

Starks runs towards the barn shining his flashlight around the premises. He pulls out his weapon then squeezes his body between the large doors that open slightly.

INT. BARN

Starks move cautiously along the interior walls; he shines the light around the run down premises. The interior structure is heavily damage. The smell of mildew is very noticeable as Starks cover his nose with his sleeve. The cold night air whistles through the holes in the walls. Rain drops continue to fall from the damage ceiling. The ground is gritty, saturated from the heavy rain, soaking the strands of hay.

Starks suddenly stop in front of a close door where a light shine at the bottom. He grabs the door knob, turning it slowly. Starks whips the door open that slams against the wall. He aims his weapon inside. He's astonished almost speechless.

STARKS

Jack pot!

Starks enters the room.

INT. ROOM

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

Starks picks up the cell phone looking through the cell log.

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

STARKS

You need to see this.

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

PIERCE

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

STARKS

You better make that ten steps, look.

Starks hand the photos to Pierce who takes them. She looks at the top photo. Her mouth drops open in shock. She can't believe what she's seeing.

STARKS

When was this photo taken?

Pierce looks at Starks.

PIERCE

This was taken two days ago at a football game I was in. He's been watching me every since.

Pierce views all the photos.

STARKS

He's been watching this entire investigation.

Starks unzips the assailant's military duffle bag. He dumps the contents of can 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 ginger bread 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. That was twenty years ago.

STARKS

Is he telling us his next move?

Jessica looks up thinking out loud.

JESSICA

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

The Agents immediately exit the room.

EXT. MIDDLE RIDGE JUNIOR HIGH - MOMENTS LATER

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 table lamp. It's pointed in his face. The rest of the work shop is dark. Patrick is strip down to his under wear. He struggles to break free, his hands and feet are heavily tape.

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

The assailant grabs the mallet from the work table. The hand grips the handle tightly. Patrick mumbles through the tape mouth. The stalker bends down to its knees.

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

The killers hand swings downward with power.

Patrick screams to the sound of his toes being broken.

PATRICK

(Screams)

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 grapes the hand held torch.

Patrick stares helpless. He breathing hard; his body is cover in sweat.

The serial killer turns on the hand held torch. The fame is adjusted to a blue flame. It 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 wheeled chair. His legs shake from the worst pain possible, he screams to the top of his lungs. Patrick's chest blisters.

PATRICK  
(Screams)

The torch is turned off. The killer grabs the back of Patrick's head pressing the nozzle in the center of Patrick's forehead. Patrick's body shivers. The killer throws the torch to the floor and turns the chair. Patrick's back is facing the lamp.

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

The killer picks up the drill, it stands over Patrick's body. The drill tip is place in the center of Patrick's fore head.

The killer adjusts the table lamp with the light shining on top of Patrick's head. The killer removes the tape from Patrick's mouth. Patrick cries out.

GINGER BREAD MAN  
I want to hear you scream.

Patrick screams at the killer.

PATRICK  
Fuck You! You mother fucker! You  
son of a bitch! Fuck you!

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

Pierce cries for the last time.

PATRICK  
Oh God! Oh God don't!

The sound of the drill twists into Patrick's skull. It makes an eerie noise that grinds into his brain. Patrick screams to his death.

EXT. MIDDLE RIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The black SUV slams its brakes stopping in front of the school.

The agents immediately exit the vehicle. They run up the stairs in pursuit. They enter inside the school.

## AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE

The agents approach the entrance with their weapons drawn. All the doors are open. Blood is smeared on the floor.

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.

GINGER BREAD MAN  
That's far enough agents.

The agents suddenly stop. They scan the room shining their flash lights on the seat and stage.

GINGER BREAD MAN  
Agent Pierce, would you please step to the microphone stand in front of you?

Pierce stares at Starks who nod his head in agreement.

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

Pierce steps to the microphone.

PIERCE  
Where's Jarvis?

GINGER BREAD MAN  
Welcome to the theater of pain. The mayor and his wife is 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 rolls of seat looking for the killer.

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

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

PIERCE

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

The killer laughs.

GINGER BREAD 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 expires on the clock.

Pierce looks confuse; she talks to herself.

PIERCE

Wait a minute...

Pierce thinks for a second; she looks surprise. She realizes who Tyrone really is.

PIERCE

Oh my God.

STARKS

What? What is it?

The spot light shines on center stage, the curtain rises. The body of a MICHAEL GRANT (30's) white male muscular frame is tied to the chair unconscious. His face is bloody and beaten.

PIERCE

Oh my God Michael!

INTERCUT

BACK STAGE

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

END OF INTERCUT

Suddenly, the entire stage erupt 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 pull Pierce back, the fire spreads too quickly.

Michael's body is chard.

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

The auditorium burns out of control.

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

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

EXT. MIDDLE RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL - SECONDS LATER

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

PIERCE

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 = MINUTES LATER

INT. DINING ROOM

Tina and Corey sit in a booth next to a window. She stares at Corey who's eating a plate of fish and grits.

Tina's face cringe 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 confuse look.

COREY

Like what?

Tina cell phone rings. She picks the phone up from the table, answering the call.

TINA ROBERTS

Tina Roberts... What? Who the hell  
is this? Look ass hole if you want  
to play games, go play them with  
your mother! What!

Tina expression change. 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!

Corey drops the fish on the plate. This time he has a scare look on his face.

Corey  
That was who?!

Tina stands reaching inside her purse. She pulls out some money turning to Corey.

TINA  
Look, this is your one and only chance to ride the express elevator to the top. Are you in or not?

Corey thinks about for a moment. He lowers his head trying to think this out.

Tina leans into Corey's face.

TINA  
The last time I've check, 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 the money down on the table. She turns walking 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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.

Pierce shoves the camera back.

PIERCE  
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!

PIERCE  
You're going to get yourself killed!

STARKS

Let them stay! Let's go!

Pierce angrily turns to Starks.

PIERCE

Are you insane?

Starks runs to the front of the building. Pierce follows from behind.

They both enter inside through the front doors.

INT. THE MONEY PIT ROOM

The main floor is dark. Pierce and Starks move pass the tables and chairs. The agents spread out then split up moving in different directions. Starks walk towards the locker room area. Pierce walk up stairs to the V.I.P lounge.

V.I.P ROOM

Pierce enters the lounge. She walks besides the bar looking in all directions. She suddenly sees two bodies tied up and gag, on the V.I.P stage. Their bodies are strap to the poles.

Pierce aims her weapon towards the stage.

PIERCE

F.B.I!

Pierce runs to the stage. Jarvis and Emily bodies are chain to the strip poles. They scream at Pierce through the gags that cover their mouths.

The trap door suddenly, but quietly opens behind Pierce.

Pierce holsters her weapon then stand behind Jarvis. She unties the gag from the mayor's mouth, he freaks out in a rage.

JARVIS

Jessica there's a bomb strap to the pole behind us! Get us out!

The assailant rises behind Pierce.

Pierce grabs the pad lock behind Jarvis's back.

PIERCE

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.

The killer grabs Jessica from behind. It stabs Jessica in the neck with a syringe.

JESSICA  
(Screams)

Jessica reaches back and elbows the assailant several times in the mid section. The kill holds on squeezing the plunger and ejecting the fluid inside Jessica's body. Pierce drops her weapon. She collapse to the floor disoriented.

Pierce calls out.

PIERCE  
Agent Starks!

The mask assailant leans over Pierce's body. It strikes Pierce several times in the face with a close fist.

GINGER BREAD MAN  
I remember what I told you over  
the phone.

The stalker grinds its body on top of Pierce, 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 drug but manage to bite the killer's lip who cries out.

GINGER BFREAD MAN  
You fucking whore!

The assailant picks up Jessica's gun and shoots her in the left leg.

PIERCE  
(Screams)

Pierce clutches her hands around her right thigh.

PIERCE  
Goddamn You! My fucking leg! I'm  
going to kill your mother fucking  
ass!

Jarvis and Emily cry out.

The Stalker walks around Pierce's body. It viciously kicks Jessica several times in the face and stomach. Jessica rolls on her on her left shoulder; she coughs up a mouth full of blood.

The killer shoots Pierce in the right shoulder blade.

PIERCE  
(Screams)

Pierce grabs her shoulder.

PIERCE  
Fuck you!

GINGER BREAD MAN

Now you bleed. I've decided to let  
you live Agent Pierce.

The killer looks down at Jessica who moves in great pain.

GINGER BREAD MAN

I want to be your one and only  
Obsession, for the rest of your  
life. The same way you were to me.

Pierce tries to crawl off the stage.

PIERCE

Is that the reason why you change  
you appearance? You were ashamed  
of who you were, what you become.

The killer walks off the stage facing the bar.

GINGER BREAD MAN

You wouldn't come close to understand  
why I did it.

The killer turns to Jessica.

GINGER BREAD MAN

It was to honor my mother, who was  
taken away from me.

The assailant removes the ski mask; her long hair hangs down  
covering her face. Her identity is hidden. She removes the voice  
changer device from around her neck. The Ginger Bread Man speaks  
in a natural female voice.

GINGER BREAD MAN

This one is a gift for you Agent  
Pierce. The second keys is hidden  
down stairs.

The killer leaves a key on the bar counter.

GINGER BREAD MAN

You have less than five minutes  
before the bomb detonates. The next  
time we meet, will be in your nightmare...  
Don't let the bed bugs bite.

The dark assailant exits the V.I.P lounge through the back door.

Agent Starks staggers up the stairs, he bleeding from his  
forehead and mouth. Starks call 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.

PIERCE

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 undo 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's eyes looks surprise staring at Starks who bend down and  
handcuffs Jarvis.

Pierce tries to crawl towards Starks.

PIERCE

Jason what the hell are doing?

Starks walks over to Jessica. He stands over her body.

Pierce grabs his leg.

STARKS

I'm sorry Jessica.

Starks pistol whips Jessica with four vicious blows to the head  
and face.

Starks picks Jarvis up; he begs for his life.

JARVIS

Listen...Listen to me! I...I can get  
you anything you want money, guns,  
drugs anything!

Starks escorts Jarvis down the stairs.

Jarvis is crying.

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 stumbles outside of the strip club. He 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  
happen inside?

Starks points his weapon at the camera. He fires a bullet through the camera lens shooting Corey in the face. His body and camera fall to the ground.

Starks fire another round to the head, his body shakes for a second.

Tina drops her microphone in shock, she screams.

TINA

Oh Jesus, Corey! Corey!

Tina turns and run in the opposite direction.

Starks shoots Tina in the back of her head. Her body dives face first, sliding into the dirt.

Starks pulls Jarvis to the SUV. Jarvis's face is sadden, 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 get in. The engine starts then backs up.

The truck takes off; it runs over Tina's body. The vehicles heads down the dirt road.

EXT. MAYORS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

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 reveal large amount of money, stocks, bonds and a large tan envelope. Sitting on top of the money is six rolls of film and several cassette tapes.

JARVIS

You see, anything you want.  
Anything! I can get it for you.

Starks shoots Jarvis in a three round burst to the chest. Jarvis bleeds out clutching his wounds. His body leans against the wall as he struggles to breathe. His body collapse to the floor.

Starks moves to the safe. He pulls out a folded black bag from coat pocket. Starks kneel down and takes the rolls of film, cassette tapes and the envelope. He grabs the money placing it inside the bag.

Starks cell phone rings. He stands as he zips up the bag close. He pulls out his cell from his coat pocket answering the phone.

STARKS

Yes sir. I have everything...That problem has been remove. I haven't seen Agent Pierce or Sheriff Patrick in the past hour. We got separated.

Starks checks the time on his watch.

STARKS

Yes sir, I'm leaving now.

Starks hang up and place the phone back into his coat pocket. He turns and exits the library.

EXT. COVINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - NEXT MORNING

INT. ICU - ROOM 314

Agent Pierce opens her right eye slowly. She blinks a few times adjusting to the light coming from the window. Her head is bandage along with a tape gauge over her swollen left eye. She has swelling on the side of her left jaw that wired. There's dried blood on her lips from where she receive stitches. Her right shoulder is in a sling. Her left leg is heavily bandage resting on top of pillows.

Pierce is still groggy; she turns her head at Assistant director Kruse who stands by her bed side with a look of great concern.

KRUSE

Jessica.

Pierce grabs her shoulder in discomfort.

PIERCE

Where are we?

KRUSE

We're at the hospital in Covington.

PIERCE

What happen? How did I get here?

Kruse has a curious expression on his face.

KRUSE

What's the last thing you remember?

Pierce tries to think.

PIERCE

I...I don't know. I mean...everything seems to be blank or erase. I was playing a game or something. I...I don't.

KRUSE

How long ago was that?

KRUSE

I...don't...

Pierce falls to sleep again.

Assistant Director Kruse exits the room. Two uniform officers stood guard outside the room. Deputy Nathan Daniel walks up to Kruse.

DANIELS

Anything?

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 propranolol.

KRUSE

What is it?

DANIELS

It's use to treat patients with high blood pressure. The drug can also be used to erase painful memories due to post traumatic distress order.

Kruse turns; he stares through the window of looking at Pierce.

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 serious look on his face; he turns to Daniels.

KRUSE

You're joking right?

Both men move away from the window.

DANIELS

Agent Pierce has been shot, beaten, and solemnized. Her body was found inside an abandon barn outside of Covington. This means someone took Pierce from wherever she was, treated her wounds then raped her.

KRUSE

But what if she remembers?

Daniels steps into Kruse's face.

DANIELS

If that drug does its purpose by erasing pain memories, this is one she would rather forget.

KRUSE

What about the investigation?

DANIELS

It never happened. When Pierce recovers, reassign her to a different field office. This is coming from the top.

Daniels leaves.

Kruse takes one last look at Pierce who's sleeping. He leaves the ICU area.

Seconds has past.

A young attractive nurse (20's) white female walks up to the officers showing her badge. She's cleared and proceeds inside the room.

The nurse closes the curtain; she walks over to the bed.

Pierce is sleep. The nurse walks to the bed. She lays the chart next to her body.

The nurse removes the syringe from her pocket. She lays it on the bed.

She disconnects the I.V line leading to Pierce's arm.

The nurse picks up the syringe and injects the drug in her line.

Seconds past, the nurse pulls out the syringe, placing the plastic end piece in her mouth. She reconnects the line back to the I.V.

The nurse places the syringe back into her pocket.

She turns, walks to the door, and turn off the lights.

The nurse exits the room. Pierce continues to sleep.

EXT. MORGAN, GEORGIA - CALHOUN COUNTY

HENRY COUNTY ROAD - LATE EVENING - OCTOBER 31ST

Torrential rain falls on a dark and gloomy night. STEVE O'BRIAN now (60's) with grayish black shoulder length hair, a bit over weight stands inside a phone booth in front of a close gas station in the middle of nowhere.

Steve shivers from being cold and wet. He rubs his hands together for warmth.

Lighting flashes.

Steve sees the head lights of a vehicle approaching.

STEVE

Thank God!

Steve exits the phone booth and back into the rain storm. He runs across the street waving his arms frantically. The cab stops in front of him.

Steve opens the back door; he gets in laughing in relief.

The cab drives off.

INT. CAB

Steve wipes the excess water from his face and hair excitedly. Steve sneezes on his arm; he's congested with a cold.

STEVE

I don't know who you are but thank  
You! Thank you! Thank you! For  
being out on a night like this.

The driver is wearing a black baseball hat low. The hair is pulled back in a long pony tail. She's wearing a black hooded sweat shirt and black jeans. The driver speaks in a natural female voice.

DRIVER

You're lucky because I don't think anyone else would be crazy enough to driving in this mess.

Steve laughs.

STEVE

Well guess what cabbie? You are!

Steve erupts in laughter.

The driver re-adjusts the rear view mirror from behind. She has Steve in plain view.

DRIVER

Where to on a 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 for good.

Steve laughs out loud again.

DRIVER

What about your wife?

Steve suddenly stops laughing. He has a puzzle look on his face.

STEVE

My wife? You mean my ex! Fuck that bitch I'll buy a new one! She was suppose to pick me up from prison this morning and never showed.

The driver eyes look into the rear view mirror.

DRIVER

That's because your wife Veronica is dead Steve.

Steve leans back speechless; he's taken by surprise.

STEVE

Who the hell are you? How the fuck do you know my named?

The cab drives faster. Steve punches the security glass.

STEVE

Hey! Stop this cab mother fucker!  
I said stop the fucking cab bitch!

The rain suddenly stops; the cab pulls over to the side of the road. The long stretch road is dark.

The driver cracks open the back window; she exits the cab.

Steve continues to scream at the driver. She walks to the back door facing the back window. The driver pulls out a photo from the back pocket; It's a large photo of Russell and Tonya holding Tyrone at birth.

GINGER BREAD MAN

You've taken everything that matter  
to me. Because of that you've created  
a new me.

The driver pulls out a black Harley Davidson lighter and lights the photo.

GINGER BREAD MAN

I'm sorry about the gasoline spill.

Steve's mouth drops open; he rubs his hand against the car seat. He sniffs the fumes of gasoline through his stuffy nose.

The driver tosses the burning photo through the crack window. The back seat of the cab instantly burn in flames; Steve screams frantically as his body burns in flames. The driver pulls out a ginger bread cookie from the pocket of her sweat shirt; she takes a bite.

The driver walks across the street to a parked black Hummer.

The driver gets in, starts the vehicle, and rolls down the window.

From behind the driver hangs her arm outside the window holding a piece of a ginger bread cookie. She tosses the cookies on the ground. The black hummer drives off into the night.

The cab explodes up close into a large ball of fire shooting out debris.

The ginger bread cookie has a smile on its face.

FADE OUT.

END.