

The Ambrose Incidents

By Frank D. Wilson

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

At the table sit a laid-back MAN smoking a cigarette and a WOMAN who is obviously irritated by it. The woman keeps staring outside the window as if to ignore him.

A WAITRESS walks up to the table, coffee mug in hand.

WAITRESS

Can I get you two sweethearts some more coffee?

The man motions "no" with his hand to the waitress. She pours a fresh cup for the woman.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Rain showers down heavily as patrons slowly exit a small town diner. Eventually the shot focuses on two seemingly ordinary people sitting at a table closest to the window.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

As he finishes his cigarette and puts it out in the ash tray, the man SNAPS his finger at the woman to get her attention.

MAN

You still awake?

WOMAN

Yeah, I'm just thinking.

MAN

Let me guess. Having second thoughts?

WOMAN

No, I'm just a little nervous.

MAN

Here, these help.

The man offers her a cigarette from his pack.

WOMAN

No thanks. I don't smoke.

MAN

Trust me, after all this is over-you will.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Loud yelling can be heard coming from this particular house. Arguing is a married COUPLE and the two can be seen through the open kitchen window from this shot.

As the fighting continues, a mysterious SHADOW is cast onto the lawn.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A CIGARETTE is LIT as the argument continues.

GREG, the twenty-something husband, takes a deep INHALE before hanging his head between his shoulders over the sink.

HANNA, the beautiful yet irate wife, looks at him in disbelief.

HANNA

So, you're smoking again? That's fucking pathetic, Greg.

GREG

Oh, will you just shut up for a goddamn minute? Maybe if I wasn't so stressed out all the time, I wouldn't need this shit.

HANNA

What's that supposed to mean?

GREG

What do you think it means? Jesus, if it's not some bullshit at work, it's you nagging the hell out of me when I'm home.

HANNA

And when is that? You're never here anymore!

GREG

What do you want me to do? Quit my fucking job? What is your problem?!

HANNA

My problem is that my husband is a lying asshole.

GREG

Just be quiet, okay. Please!

Greg TOSSES his cigarette butt out of the kitchen window.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, the discarded cigarette butt lands on the grass. Moments later, a BOOT enters the shot and STEPS on it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Back at the table, the man and the woman are finishing up their respective cups of coffee.

MAN

I'm going to make a suggestion to you if I may.

WOMAN

And that would be?

MAN

Loosen up. The worst is still to come, I promise.

WOMAN

Somehow, that didn't help much.

MAN

Didn't think it would. That withstanding, I've noticed that we've been sitting here for damn near an hour and you haven't so much as even told me your name. We're going to be spending a lot of time together from here on out and it would be nice to know the name of my new best friend.

WOMAN

Danielle.

MAN

Danielle, I'm Elijah. Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?

DANIELLE

I guess not.

Danielle tries not to smile but ends up giving in.

ELIJAH

The key to any good relationship--especially this one--is communication. Never forget that.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg is sitting down at the kitchen table drinking a beer

while Hanna leans against the refrigerator.

HANNA

So, what else have you been lying to me about? You fucking that Lindsey bitch at work?

GREG

What?! Here we go again with this shit. How many times do I have to convince you that there is nothing going on?

HANNA

Until I believe it. You think I'm a goddamn idiot, Greg? She calls the house, you know?

GREG

So-fucking-what? She's my supervisor.

HANNA

What's so goddamn important that she's calling at nine-thirty at night?

GREG

How should I know? Work stuff?

HANNA

Oh my god, you are such a piece of shit.

Suddenly a loud GRINDING sound is heard.

Greg turns around in his seat.

GREG

What the hell was that?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, the source of the grinding sound is revealed through a shot of a SLEDGEHAMMER being dragged against concrete.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah lights another cigarette.

ELIJAH

Sure you won't enjoy one? Takes a little bit of the edge off, you know.

DANIELLE

Positive. I'm sure I'll deal just fine.

ELIJAH

Suit yourself. Anyway, tell me what's on your mind. We've been burdened with somewhat of an overwhelming task and I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't just a little bit worried about the whole situation.

DANIELLE

I just want to get it over with and go back home.

ELIJAH

Home, huh? That's a good one. I use to have this perfect image of home. No questions asked. But now? I don't know. It's all just a bunch of smoke and mirrors if you ask me.

DANIELLE

Guess I kind of know the feeling. This whole experience has been a little surreal to say the least.

ELIJAH

What, finding your way to this diner? Look, I'm going to play it straight with you for a moment. Things are about to get real uncomfortable real quick. This isn't going to be a cake walk, sweetie. I assure you of that. Once we leave this place...once our pleasantries are out of the way and whatnot, it's time to go see just how scary a place this world can be.

DANIELLE

Are you just trying to be an ass?

Elijah chuckles then puts out the cigarette in the ash tray.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Greg cautiously takes a step out of the door and onto the first step of the back porch. As he canvases the immediate area with his eyes, a LIGHT BULB illuminating the majority of the backyard BLOWS OUT leaving the scene blanketed in

darkness.

HANNA (O.S)

That better not be that fucking  
slut, Greg!

GREG

Will you please cut that shit out?  
Maybe I should be fucking Lindsey.  
Would that make you happy?

Out of nowhere, a BLADE SLAMS down into the top of Greg's  
foot, pinning him to the wooden porch step.

As blood spurts from his foot, Greg falls back onto the  
porch, SCREAMING in agony.

Hanna RUSHES to the back door to see what is happening.

HANNA

Jesus Christ, Greg! What's going  
on?

GREG

I don't know! Just get the fuck out  
of here, Hanna. Go inside and call  
the cops.

HANNA

Oh my God, baby, but your foot.

From the shadows, an unknown ATTACKER appears dragging along  
a sledgehammer.

GREG

Go, damn it! NOW!

Hanna runs back into the house and SLAMS the door shut.

The attacker LIFTS the sledgehammer and walks closer to  
Greg.

ELIJAH (VOICE-OVER)

Let me be as subtle as I can about  
this. You are going to see some  
things that you can't handle. I can  
already tell. Some real insane  
shit, you know, and you're going to  
have to bite your teeth and keep  
going no matter what.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hanna RUNS to the PHONE on the wall and picks it up and  
begins DIALING 911. After a second, she realizes that there

is NO DIAL TONE.

HANNA

No way! This is not happening!

Hanna furiously SLAMS the phone against the wall.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The attacker stands in front of Greg's downed body, towering over him.

GREG

Who are you?! What do you want?

The attacker rests the hammer on his shoulder for a moment.

His face is hidden by the dark but an evil SMIRK becomes visible in the MOONLIGHT.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Honey, you think things are bad now because you got a little homesickness going on? You haven't seen anything yet. Get ready for some real twisted visuals that you aren't going to witness back home on the Big Man's plantation.

The attacker CRACKS Greg's knee to pieces with the sledgehammer.

Greg SCREAMS out in pain again.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hanna frantically SEARCHES through her PURSE until she finally finds her CELL PHONE.

Greg's SCREAMS can be heard in the background.

Hanna calls 911.

HANNA

Hello?! I need help right now!

OPERATOR (O.S)

Slow down, honey. What's the emergency?

HANNA

Somebody just stabbed my husband in our backyard! I don't know who it is, but I think he's trying to rob us! Please hurry!

EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The attacker PULLS the blade out of Greg's foot then proceeds up the steps.

He KICKS open the backdoor.

DANIELLE (V.O)

You may not think that I'm ready for this, but despite my worry, I understand what must be done. I've got a lot of stake in this whole ordeal and I'm one-hundred percent dedicated.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hanna is sitting against the locked bathroom door CRYING hysterically.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Well, well. It sounds like you got more heart than I give you credit for. Good, you're going to need it. So, you miss him?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah looks down at Danielle's HANDS.

DANIELLE

What are you talking about?

ELIJAH

I just noticed that you keep showing that ring finger a lot of attention. As if something should be there--like a ring, perhaps.

DANIELLE

Yeah, it's a long story.

ELIJAH

Aren't they all?

EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The attacker grabs Greg's shirt and continues to walk into the house PULLING him along.

Greg tries to FIGHT BACK but the attacker SMASHES the back of his head against the ground.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The attacker drags Greg into the kitchen and leaves him in the middle of the floor.

He exits the room to find Hanna.

GREG

Don't touch her, you bastard!

INT. HOUSE - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT

The attacker walks up to the door and tries to turn the knob to open it but it is locked.

He PUNCHES the door.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Let me tell you a tidbit about affairs of the heart, Danielle. I'm sure you know that old saying "Love is blind", right?

The attacker repeatedly HITS the door before abruptly stopping.

DANIELLE (V.O)

Sure.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah removes a MANILA FILE FOLDER from his INSIDE COAT POCKET and places it on the table.

ELIJAH

Well, love isn't blind. Its vision is just fine. We see what we want to see and even when we see something we didn't want to see, we just pretend it was never there. Now, I don't know your particular situation nor am I attempting to judge you, but I thought that might help you out for what it's worth.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hanna, cradled in a ball near the toilet, is terrified; STREAMS of TEARS run down her face.

HANNA

Leave me alone! Please just stop!  
Greg, where are you?!

A few thunderous THUMPS echo off the door before it gives way and BURSTS OPEN.

Hanna SCREAMS in fear for her life as the attacker enters the small bathroom.

As he lurks closer, Hanna begins THROWING random objects-HAIRSPRAY, BRUSHES, ETC.-at the attacker.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg crawls and makes it to a nearby wall to prop himself against. Blood continues to POUR from his injured leg and foot as he grimaces in pain.

ELIJAH (V.O)

We live and base our lives on faith. That should be more than evident by now. But sometimes we put our faith in the wrong things. Sometimes it's people and it's a hard reality to face that the one's that you care for may ultimately be the one's that betray you.

Greg pulls out his CELL PHONE and begins DIALING. On the DISPLAY SCREEN, the name shown is "LINDSEY".

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The attacker is now standing over Hanna who is backed into a corner of the bathroom. His face is still obscured from the light, leaving only his mouth and parts of his nose to be seen.

Hanna's loud cries turn into soft, desperate WHIMPERS.

HANNA

Please don't do this. The police will be here any second. You can take whatever you want. I promise I won't tell them what you look like either. Just don't hurt me.

The attacker takes his RUGGED and SCARRED hands and BRUSHES Hanna's wild hair from her face.

Hanna is completely horrified. She cringes as the attacker touches her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah opens the file and SLIDES it across the table to Danielle.

ELIJAH

Moving back to business and in case

you had forgotten since arriving  
back in the Old Land, here is our  
mark.

Danielle takes a look at the file.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM-NIGHT

The attacker hasn't moved an inch. He PETS Hanna's hair  
while she CRIES uncontrollably.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
One of the sickest, most twisted  
sons of bitches you ever want to  
meet...

The attacker slowly backs off of Hanna.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
His first victims in quite a long  
series of brutal massacres were  
none other than his very own  
family. How sweet.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg remains propped against the wall but is now engaged in  
a conversation on his cell phone.

GREG  
(Whispering)  
...I don't know what's happening.  
This maniac just stabs me for no  
reason and bashes in my fucking  
knee with a damn sledgehammer. I  
think he's still busy with Hanna so  
I'm going to try to sneak out.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hanna SOBS as it seems the attacker is about to leave and  
spare her life.

DANIELLE (V.O)  
There are thousands of sick freaks  
walking the planet. What makes this  
guy such a high priority?

ELIJAH (V.O)  
I guess you don't read the fine  
print, do you?

Suddenly, the attacker grabs the sledgehammer and FLIPS it  
around to reveal that the opposite end has been ground to a  
spear-like POINT.

Before Hanna can react, though, the attacker charges and IMPALES her through the CHEST and into the wall.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
See, usually people like this guy  
get what's coming to them in the  
end, but he's apparently not so  
usual.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg CLOSES his cell phone and places it on his lap. He takes a deep breath and gets ready to make his escape.

The cell phone RINGS. It's LINDSEY.

GREG  
Damn it, you stupid slut. You're  
going to get me fucking killed.

With those words said, the SPEAR END of the sledgehammer is driven down through the cell phone and subsequently into Greg's GROIN.

Greg CRIES OUT as blood SPRAYS from his lap.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
See, after his bloodthirsty tenure  
on this Earth was complete, our  
subject here managed to pull off  
the big David Copperfield and  
escape the worst incarceration  
known.

The attacker walks over to the KNIFE DRAWER and removes a CARVING KNIFE.

He slowly walks back over to Greg who is writhing in agony and close to going into shock.

From Greg's POINT OF VIEW, the attacker kneels down in front of him and, still hiding his face, cracks a grin then violently YANKS the sledgehammer out of Greg's CROTCH.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
Drake Davenport: Remorseless serial  
killer and the first man to ever  
escape the gates of Hell.  
Impressed?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Danielle studies the file on Davenport as the realization sinks in.

DANIELLE

I think I'm going to be sick.

ELIJAH

If I were you I would feel the same way. To think, you gave up time in paradise to return to this dump and hunt a sadistic mass murderer in the name of Heaven. You must have some good incentive from the Man.

Danielle runs her fingertip around her RING FINGER.

DANIELLE

I do.

Elijah takes out another cigarette and lights it.

ELIJAH

So do I, sweetie.

DANIELLE

And what would that be?

Elijah then pulls out a GLOCK .45 and places it on the table.

ELIJAH

I like to shoot shit... in the name of The Lord, of course.

DANIELLE

Oh course.

Danielle takes a final look at the file then stares out the window as the rain continues to pour.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Agonizing CRIES ECHO from the house as we slowly ZOOM OUT to show the first of many POLICE CARS arrive. They will soon realize that they are far too late.

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

It is a bright and sunny morning at this lower-income housing complex. Carefree CHILDREN play amongst each other at the PLAYGROUND and near water sprinklers. The scene focuses on two small kids chasing one another with WATER GUNS. One of the kids attempts to spray the other but misses and hits the PANTS of a STRANGER.

KID  
Sorry, mister.

The shot PANS up from the kid's vantage point to reveal that the stranger is Elijah, who is accompanied by Danielle.

ELIJAH  
It's cool, little man.

Elijah smiles at the kid and pats him on the shoulder, sending him on his way.

ELIJAH  
I've always loved kids. How about you?

DANIELLE  
I never really thought about it but sure.

ELIJAH  
I take it you never had any of your own.

DANIELLE  
No.

ELIJAH  
Me neither. Boy, if I could go back though.

Elijah removes a NEWSPAPER from his back pocket.

The HEADLINE reads: "HUSBAND AND WIFE BRUTALLY SLAIN; NO SUSPECTS"

DANIELLE  
So, you think that's our guy?

ELIJAH  
Can't be sure.

DANIELLE  
Well, you're carrying around that paper so you must think it has something to do with this case.

ELIJAH  
No shit. It's called research. Maybe it's something or maybe it's nothing. Like I said, I can't be sure at this moment.

DANIELLE  
Man, you are a dick. How did you

wind up in Heaven anyway?

ELIJAH

I ate my vitamins and said my prayers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Jumbled chatter echoes throughout the lunch room as students wait in line to be served their meals and assemble at their respective tables.

At one certain table sit PAUL, the free-spirited skater, and VANESSA, the uncertain and somewhat shy cheerleader. Both seem out of place together as made obvious by the awkward stares from their peers.

PAUL

So, are we still on for tonight, babe?

Vanessa quickly looks around the area in a paranoid manner.

VANESSA

(whispering)

Be quiet, Paul. I don't want the whole school knowing what we do. And yes, we are still on for tonight.

Paul surveys the same immediate area and SHRUGS nonchalantly.

PAUL

Fuck them. Anybody with goddamn common sense has put two and two together and at least noticed that we hangout more than usual. Why do you even care?

VANESSA

Because I do, Paul. I don't want people thinking I'm a slut or anything just because you and I have our fun. Eddie is still my boyfriend.

PAUL

You should really take a note or two from your "platonic" friend here. I could give a retarded ferret's nut sack what these fascist posers think.

A nearby GUY interjects into the conversation.

GUY

Hey, dude, who are you calling fascist?

PAUL

(to Guy)

Obviously you, you conformist bastard. Eat my prick and don't interrupt me when I'm talking to a lady. Rude fucker.

GUY

Go to Hell.

PAUL

Sure, it seems like a nice place. I'm afraid I won't be able to go however until I complete my task of sodomizing your mother with the tenderest of love.

The guy starts LAUGHING and he and Paul SHAKE HANDS before the guy turns his attention elsewhere.

VANESSA

What the hell? You know him?

PAUL

No, not really. He apparently respects the timeless art of insult-battling and knows when he has been bested.

VANESSA

Oh my god, you are such a goof. Are you ever serious?

PAUL

Rarely. You know why?

VANESSA

Why?

PAUL

Because life is supposed to be spontaneous. That's my point. None of this shit matters at all. God's little social experience called life is what we are living through. Who says you have to play by the rules? Throw a fucking monkey wrench in the plan or something. We're all going to die, anyway. Just a matter of when and how bad

ass you go.

VANESSA

Wow, I didn't know I had been hanging out with such a philosophical person.

PAUL

Be a smart ass all you want, babe, but just think about it. You make your decision based on what? The opinions of people you won't even know in a decade? And your insecure boyfriend. Don't even get me started.

Suddenly, Paul is JERKED from his seat by a larger male student, EDDIE QUINN, who is Vanessa's boyfriend.

EDDIE

How about I get you started, you little faggot?

Eddie SLAMS Paul to the ground.

Vanessa JUMPS up from her seat.

VANESSA

EDDIE! Stop it! Are you out of your damn mind?

EDDIE

(to Vanessa)

You fucking this pathetic piece of shit, Nessa?!

VANESSA

You're insane.

PAUL

(to Eddie)

What if she is, Edmond? Maybe she got tired of the one-pump chump and found a real man.

VANESSA

Shut up, Paul!

Eddie PUNCHES Paul in the face.

EDDIE

(to Paul)

Stay away from my girlfriend! Understand that, loser?

PAUL

Not at all. Hey why don't you suck  
my dick while you got me down here?  
You being such a bitch and all.

Eddie STOMPS Paul in the chest before angrily walking off.

VANESSA

Eddie!

EDDIE

Shut up, Nessa. If I find out you  
and that dick head are together  
again then that sissy bastard is  
dead. As a matter of fact, if I  
find out you been fucking him, he's  
dead tonight!

Paul finally STANDS up.

PAUL

(to Vanessa)  
He so full of shit.

EDDIE

Try me, asshole.

Eddie STORMS out of the cafeteria as fellow students whisper  
and converse about what just transpired.

VANESSA

I can't believe you, Paul.

PAUL

(sarcastic)  
Sorry, I didn't mean to get my ass  
kicked and stand up for myself like  
I did.

VANESSA

You know what I mean.

PAUL

Yeah, yeah. So, we still on for  
tonight?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Blinding daylight shines off of the numerous police cars  
that surround the crime scene of the grizzly double murders  
from the previous night.

After walking passed a barrage of curious onlookers,  
disturbed neighbors and worrisome reporters, DETECTIVE  
MAXWELL REYNOLDS ducks under POLICE TAPE and prepares for

another strenuous day at work.

Detective Reynolds approaches a UNIFORMED OFFICER before entering house.

REYNOLDS

What do we know so far, Williams?

OFFICER WILLIAMS directs Reynolds' attention to the back porch steps.

WILLIAMS

This looks to be the initial point of attack. The perpetrator struck with either a pocket knife or some sort of hand-made shank.

Williams points to the bloodied HOLE in the wooden step.

REYNOLDS

This son of bitch knew how to inflict some pain alright, didn't he?

WILLIAMS

Oh, we're just getting started.

REYNOLDS

It gets better?

Williams next identifies an indentation in the second step. BLOOD and BONE FRAGMENTS can be seen amongst the CRACKED WOOD.

WILLIAMS

It seems that the knife was used to hold the victim in place while another blunt object--I'm guessing an aluminum baseball bat or metal pole or something--was used to smash his knee for whatever reason.

REYNOLDS

Besides causing probably the most pain imaginable, it subdued the victim, allowing him to move on to his next task I take it.

WILLIAMS

Speaking of which, follow me and I'll introduce you.

REYNOLDS

Wow, this should be a treat.

Reynolds looks around and observes the neighborhood.

REYNOLDS

Damn shame, you know, Williams?  
This is some fucked up shit to be  
happening in a place like this.

WILLIAMS

Amen, brother. Amen.

Williams and Reynolds enter the home.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Danielle and Elijah walk up to an apartment. Elijah uses a  
KEY and opens the door.

DANIELLE

Why are we here?

ELIJAH

That's a question that I've been  
asking for the majority of both my  
lives.

DANIELLE

I mean, why are we at this  
particular location, jerk?

ELIJAH

Oh. This is where we will be living  
for the next few days, week, months  
or years that it takes for us to  
catch this psycho. So get  
comfortable.

DANIELLE

I doubt that's possible.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Danielle and Elijah enter the small, cramped apartment and  
remove their JACKETS.

Elijah immediately JUMPS onto the couch and reclines while  
Danielle takes to the back to scout the rest of the living  
space.

She returns.

DANIELLE

One bedroom and one bed? Are you  
kidding me?

ELIJAH

Hey, don't blame me. We were given  
this room by the Homeland, sweetie.  
I guess the Lord does work in  
mysterious way.

Danielle SIGHS then walks back to the bedroom.

ELIJAH

You know there are perks to being  
human again, right? Maybe that  
single bed can help us discover  
those perks.

Danielle returns with a PILLOW and BLANKET.

DANIELLE

I guess you'll never know. You're  
sleeping on the couch. Get  
comfortable.

Danielle THROWS the pillow and blanket at Elijah, HITTING  
him in the face. Danielle walks to the bedroom.

ELIJAH

Shit.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Detective Reynolds and Officer Williams arrive at the sight  
of a bloody male corpse propped against the wall.

WILLIAMS

Greg Jenkins, twenty-seven years  
old, investment banker. As you can  
see here, Mr. Jenkins did not have  
a very enjoyable last few moments.

They pay particular attention to the golf ball-sized  
PUNCTURE WOUND in Greg's pelvis.

REYNOLDS

I image not.

WILLIAMS

What do you think could have done  
this?

REYNOLDS

(hesitates)

Get back to me on that.

Reynolds examines the victim's PUNCTURE FOOT.

WILLIAMS

I'm thinking six to ten-inch blade.

REYNOLDS

Sounds about right.

WILLIAMS

Man, what in fuck's sake does a guy do to deserve something like this?

REYNOLDS

Something I probably can't afford.

WILLIAMS

Well, as far as we can tell there is nothing missing.

REYNOLDS

No. A pretty mess like this one? Whoever did this wasn't after the money. This is something completely on the other side of the street.

WILLIAMS

Sex crime?

REYNOLDS

Possible. Could be professional. Hell, could be anything. I watched some documentary shit last night about this loony bastard that carved holes in his elderly neighbors for kicks. Went ten years like this until he finally turned himself in tripping off peyote. Writes a full confession including precise locations of the bodies. Never flinched, this fruit loop fuck. He was glad he had done it. That's the anything I mean.

Reynolds notices METALLIC FRAGMENTS on Greg's lap.

REYNOLDS

What do have here?

WILLIAMS

I don't know. Looks like it used to be a phone maybe.

REYNOLDS

Okay. Do me a favor and go get CSU over here to get those samples. More than likely is his cell and it may be vital in helping us close some of these loose ends.

WILLIAMS

No problem, man.

REYNOLDS

Also, if you see Patton out there, tell him to stop flirting with the schoolgirls and get me phone records for all of the Jenkins' lines. Cell, home, work, hell I don't care if he's got to search pay phones.

WILLIAMS

You got it.

As Officer Williams exits the house, a WOMAN wearing BUSINESS ATTIRE walks in.

REYNOLDS

Lieutenant Stacy, how are you, today?

LT. STACY

Look at this place and take a fucking guess as to how I'm doing.

LIEUTENANT ERICA STACY, the rude, brash, but highly experience and intelligent fifteen year veteran walks up to Detective Reynolds and removes his CIGARETTES from his shirt pocket.

LT. STACY

Don't mind if I do, Max. Might I add that it is so nice for you to join us this morning; only a few hours late, too?

Lt. Stacy pulls a cigarette from the pack with her teeth then returns the pack to Reynolds' pocket.

REYNOLDS

You know that gets me going, right, boss?

LT. STACY

Keep it in your pants. You're on the clock for god's sake.

REYNOLDS

So, that means when we are off, then--

LT. STACY

Fuck off. Now, come on, I have to get you up to speed on your case.

Follow me to the Misses.

Lt. Stacy and Detective Reynolds exit the kitchen as the CSU team enters to tend to the body.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The day is turning to dusk as a PICK UP TRUCK pulls up to the shady, poorly-kept motel. TWO TEENAGERS get out of the truck and head to the room.

INT.MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

The door open and in walk Paul and Vanessa. As soon as they shut the door, the two begin KISSING and FALL onto the bed.

VANESSA

Look, I know I've been annoying, but I can't help it. I just don't want Eddie to find out. He would be so pissed.

PAUL

Oh well. Eddie's a fucking douche bag and you know it. The guy treats you like shit and expects you to always be there for him.

VANESSA

It's complicated, Paul. People don't understand.

PAUL

What's there to understand? You know what I understand? You're here with me right now and not him. That explains enough to me.

VANESSA

Yeah, I bet you think you're the big shit now, don't you?

PAUL

What can I say besides "yes"?

VANESSA

Well, don't get too cocky. Nobody can know about this, no matter how blatant you think we are.

PAUL

That's cool with me-for the time being at least. And speaking of cocky, why don't you reach in my pants and grab my ego?

Paul and Vanessa start LAUGHING then return to making out on the bed. The two remove their CLOTHES while they roll around the bed.

Suddenly, a loud SCREECH is heard from outside.

PAUL

Oh, fuck no. That better not be what I think it is. Not my new paint job.

Paul HOPS up from the bed and RUNS towards the door.

As soon as the door opens, Paul is PUNCHED in the face.

Eddie has arrived.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds sits on the edge of his bed with a BOTTLE of WILD TURKEY WHISKEY right next him on the NIGHT STAND.

In his hand is a CASE FILE from an investigation.

As Reynolds skims through the papers, he grabs the bottle and takes a huge SWIG.

The shot PANS around the room to show various NEWS ARTICLE CLIPPINGS posted on the walls.

The articles pertain to different unsolved murders from the past.

Reynolds takes another gulf of the whiskey before removing a CIGARETTE and LIGHTING it.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Paul is doubled over, holding his face as Eddie begins to enter the room.

EDDIE

You really thought I was fucking around with you, huh, queer?

VANESSA

Stop, Eddie! Stop, goddamn it!

EDDIE

You feeling sorry for him, Nessa? Well, fuck you too, then.

Distracted by Vanessa, Eddie fails to notice Paul as he SWINGS a PUNCH that hits Eddie in the JAW.

PAUL

What now, bitch? You like that  
shit, do you?

Eddie STUMBLES backwards into the doorway before Paul reels  
back and KICKS him in the CROTCH.

Eddie FALLS to his knees.

Paul is about to strike Eddie but Vanessa RESTRAINS him.

VANESSA

That's enough, Paul. Cut it out  
already.

PAUL

(to Eddie)  
What's wrong? Did I hurt your  
vagina, Ed?

EDDIE

(coughing)  
Screw you.

Eddie slowly stands up and backs out of the door.

EDDIE

This shit isn't over, man.

PAUL

It is for tonight.

Vanessa buries her face in her palms in embarrassment.

VANESSA

I can not believe this is  
happening.

EDDIE

(to Vanessa)  
I hope this punk ass was worth it,  
Nessa. You're both fucking done  
with.

Eddie walks out of the room.

After a few seconds, there is the sound of a car door  
SLAMMING followed by TIRES SCREECHING.

Paul turns to Vanessa, who is still rattled, and cracks a  
smile.

PAUL

(laughing)

Did I just kick his ass?

Vanessa lets out a SNICKER, breaking her dismal disposition.

VANESSA

It seems that way I suppose. What do you want, a cookie?

PAUL

No, I have a better idea.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Through the opened door, Vanessa and Paul can be seen laughing as they head outside.

Several feet away, a shadowy figure vaguely emerges from a dark corner of the building,

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elijah is sitting on the couch, DIGGING through STACKS of PAPERS. Danielle walks in.

ELIJAH

Enjoy your nap?

DANIELLE

Sorry.

ELIJAH

Don't be. It's quite an adjustment traveling between planes of existence. Besides, you need your rest and you might as well get it while you can.

DANIELLE

So, what are you doing?

ELIJAH

This is a bunch of background information I was able to dig up on Davenport when I went through public records.

DANIELLE

You find anything helpful?

ELIJAH

Nope. Mostly just the same bullshit I knew when I got the assignment.

DANIELLE

So, we're still at square one?

ELIJAH

I'm afraid so, sweetie.

DANIELLE

That's just great.

ELIJAH

You would think that the Kingdom of Heaven would give us more than a folder and an outdated picture to go off, wouldn't you.

DANIELLE

At least you have a gun.

ELIJAH

Yeah, well I had to buy this when I got here. Truth is I don't even know if I'm allowed to have it.

DANIELLE

I got the feeling that God probably wouldn't be too keen on the idea.

ELIJAH

That's why I didn't ask. Besides, we have to murder someone. What am I supposed to use, a stone? Am I Moses or some shit? This is the future, toots.

DANIELLE

Don't call me that.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The shot follows the man that can now be rightfully assumed as Drake Davenport as he slowly creeps from the dark corner. His face, as usual, is hidden but his features are distinguishable. He approaches the vehicle and GRIPS his sledgehammer with both hands.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK-NIGHT

Paul has his head reclined back against the rear window as Vanessa's head BOBS up and down in his lap.

PAUL

Oh shit! This is fucking amazing.  
Don't stop. Please, please, please  
don't.

Vanessa momentarily lifts her head up.

VANESSA

You better let me know when you  
come. I hate swallowing.

PAUL

Okay, whatever. Keep at it.

Vanessa returns to her position as Paul begins to CLAW  
against the seat in pleasure.

PAUL

Alright, here's your warning. It's  
definitely on the way.

EXT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Davenport turns his weapon so that the SPEAR-END faces the  
door of the passenger side. He rears back and JAMS the  
hammer through the door, TEARING through the metal.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Paul's eyes are HUGE, locked on the SPIKE that has just been  
driven through the TOP of Vanessa's HEAD. He is too shocked  
to scream or even utter a word. Not that he has time to.

The driver's side window SHATTERS as Davenport's MASSIVE  
HANDS grab Paul by the NECK and viscously SNAPS it like a  
twig.

Davenport releases the lifeless head allowing it to fall to  
rest on the STEERING WHEEL HORN.

The deafening BUZZ of the HORN continues as Davenport fades  
into the night.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CELL PHONE RINGS.

A CLOCK next to the bed shows that it is now THREE  
THIRTY-FOUR A.M.

Detective Reynolds, nearly finished with the bottle of  
whiskey, reluctantly answers his cell phone.

REYNOLDS

Reynolds. What is it, now?

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds arrives at the fresh crime scene,  
steaming cup of COFFEE in hand.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS and FORENSICS UNITS are conversed next to

a pick up truck.

Near the commotion and in Reynolds immediate view is Lt. Stacy smoking a CIGARETTE and PACING back and forth.

REYNOLDS

So, what's the damage?

LT. STACY

We've got two teens apparently stopping by this shithole to fool around but neither received the "happy ending" that they were after.

REYNOLDS

That's quite a twisted sense of humor you got there. This should be lovely.

Reynolds and Stacy approach the vehicle.

Reynolds shakes his head in disgust then kneels down next to the open driver's side door and deceased BODIES. He surveys the kids' mutilated frames then turns his attention to the HOLE in the door as well as the one in the female victim's head.

REYNOLDS

Any weapons found; prints?

LT. STACY

Nothing.

REYNOLDS

Great.

LT. STACY

From what we can make out, the attack was done while these two here--Paul Nathans and Vanessa Harris--were engaging in oral sex. The attacker used a sharp, blunt object like a spear or spike and somehow penetrated the metal door and impaled Harris.

REYNOLDS

You have got to be shitting me. Who could possibly do that?

LT. STACY

If I knew that then you'd still be asleep, genius.

REYNOLDS

Sleep? Yeah right. What about the boy?

LT. STACY

Broken neck.

REYNOLDS

Looks like he got off pretty easy. No pun intended.

LT. STACY

Listen, just find this bastard. I still have to go contact these kids' parents and break the news.

REYNOLDS

Good luck with that. I'd sure hate to have to tell some guy that his daughter was killed giving some loser head in a pick up.

LT. STACY

Just shut up and do your damn job.

REYNOLDS

I'm just saying.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PAPERS are scattered all over the table as Danielle rests asleep on Elijah's shoulder. Elijah is also deep in sleep.

INT. CAR - DAY

Danielle is riding on the passenger seat of a vehicle. There is no sound but it is obvious that she is in a heated argument with an unseen person. Suddenly, a loud CRASH is heard and the scene is overwhelmed with a WHITE FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle wakes up, startled and crying. She is frantic and in a state of confusion.

Elijah wakes up.

ELIJAH

Hey, calm down. It's okay.

Elijah wraps his arm around Danielle to comfort her.

Danielle buries her face in Elijah's chest and continues BAWLING.

ELIJAH

It was just a dream, sweetie. It's alright. You'll get used to it.

DANIELLE

(Sobbing)

It was so real. It was just like being there again. In the end, you know?

ELIJAH

Yes, I know.

Elijah reaches over and grabs a TISSUE to wipe the tears from Danielle's face.

ELIJAH

Now, come on, I know what will make you feel better.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The eerie moonlight can barely illuminate the dark interior of the building through the various BROKEN WINDOWS. Lying around is an assortment of old, rusted and discarded automobile and lawn TOOLS.

The shot comes to a rest on an early twentieth century-style RADIO.

From off screen, a hand TURNS ON the radio and TUNES it until stopping on the song "Amazing Grace".

The song accompanies the actions of the next few shots.

INTER CUT:

At the latest crime scene, Detective Reynolds talks to the forensics team as he searches for clues. He looks increasingly frustrated.

Back in the apartment, Danielle and Elijah sit on the couch eating ICE CREAM and laughing as they watch "Cheech and Chong's 'Up in Smoke'".

Returning to the warehouse, the music is TURNED OFF and the shot expands to reveal that it is Drake Davenport controlling the radio.

Davenport, wielding a RUSTY BLADE, walks away from the radio and to a YOUNG WOMAN who is BOUND and GAGGED in a nearby chair.

Davenport stops in his path then returns to the radio. He turns the music back then attends to his newest victim.

As the shot focuses back on the radio and fades out, MUFFLED CRIES can be heard along with the chorus of "Amazing Grace".

EXT. PARK - DAY

Danielle and Elijah are sitting on a wooden BENCH. Elijah has just finished his LAST CIGARETTE of the pack and Danielle is drinking a SODA.

Both are reading the morning's NEWSPAPER.

DANIELLE

This is him, isn't it?

ELIJAH

I think so. The style is his, that's for sure.

DANIELLE

Should we call the police?

ELIJAH

And tell them what? That a serial killer that was such a bad ass motherfucker that he broke out of actual Hell-not the fake movie Hell either, the real McCoy-has returned from the dead to continue his murderous spree on your generally peaceful town?

DANIELLE

All I'm saying---

ELIJAH

Oh, and who are we, Officer? Well, we just happen to be agents from Heaven sent to capture this fiend. I'm sure that will work. Why don't we add that we can fly as well?

DANIELLE

I hate you.

ELIJAH

I know but you're stuck with me.

Danielle attempts to stand up, but BUMPS into someone and SPILLS her SODA on the person.

ELIJAH

Good job there, sweetie. You got some sense of balance there.

The man that Danielle bumps into happens to be Detective Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

I'm so sorry. I didn't even see you.

DANIELLE

It's fine.

REYNOLDS

I've had a lot on my mind here lately and---

Reynolds looks down at the bench and notices the paper with the headline: "SECOND VISCOUS MURDER IN AS MANY DAYS".

REYNOLDS

You already have an idea I guess. I'm Detective Max Reynolds.

Reynolds offers his HAND in greeting to both Danielle and Elijah.

ELIJAH

Dennis McClain. It's nice to meet you.

Elijah shakes Reynolds hand.

DANIELLE

Um...Rachael...Edmond.

Reynolds picks up the SPILLED SODA and brushes off his clothes.

REYNOLDS

Let me ask you something. Have you two seen or heard anything strange lately?

ELIJAH

Like what?

REYNOLDS

Like any suspicious noises or persons that seem to be out-of-place.

DANIELLE

I don't think so. But we are new in town so things aren't very familiar yet.

REYNOLDS

Well, do me a favor and just keep your ears to the ground and let me know if you hear or see anything. I'd greatly appreciate it.

Reynolds hands both of them a copy of his CARD.

ELIJAH

Will do.

REYNOLDS

Thanks. You two take it easy and stay safe.

DANIELLE

Do the same.

Reynolds walks off towards the parking lot.

DANIELLE

Dennis McClain?

ELIJAH

It was my imaginary friend's name when I was a kid.

DANIELLE

That's creepy.

ELIJAH

Who asked you, anyway?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Detective Reynolds is about to open the door to his car when his cell phone RINGS.

REYNOLDS

Yeah. Reynolds here. What you got?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lt. Stacy is at her desk figuring through paperwork.

LT. STACY

Those phone records returned on the Jenkins case. It seems that Greg Jenkins made a call only a few minutes before his estimated time of death.

REYNOLDS (O.S)

To?

LT. STACY

His boss: a Miss Lindsey Dobbs.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - DAY

Reynolds has just sat down behind the wheel.

REYNOLDS

So this suffering guy has one last chance to call to the outside world and his choice is the boss lady? Somehow I doubt their relationship was purely professional.

LT. STACY (O.S)

Whatever the case, I want you over there pronto. This broad must have heard something.

REYNOLDS

Did you just say "broad"?

The line goes dead.

REYNOLDS

Bitch.

EXT. LINDSEY DOBBS'S HOUSE - DAY

Detective Reynolds' car comes to a rest in front of the moderate, middle class home. Reynolds exits his car and walks up to the front door. He RINGS the doorbell and waits for a response.

Moments later, LINDSEY DOBBS, late twenties and in her pajamas, answers the door. Her make up is runny and she looks as if she has been crying a great deal.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs?

LINDSEY

Yes?

REYNOLDS

I'm Detective Max Reynolds. I'm here to ask you a few questions about Greg Jenkins.

LINDSEY

Sure. What do you need to know? He was a great employee.

REYNOLDS

I bet. Do you mind if I come in for a second?

LINDSEY

I guess not.

Lindsey opens the door and allows Reynolds to enter.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Danielle and Elijah are walking about the park observing families playing amidst mild and pleasant weather.

DANIELLE

What about you? Do you still have dreams?

ELIJAH

Oh course. Most of them are about sex.

DANIELLE

No, you pervert. I mean about dying.

ELIJAH

I know what you mean. I still dream sometimes, but things are vague. I get some pretty weird vibes every once in a while. It's kind of like an intense dÃ©jà vu I guess.

DANIELLE

So, how do you cope?

ELIJAH

You just have to except it and move passed. Dwelling on the situation isn't going to change what happened. And who is to say anything needs to be changed?

Elijah pulls out a fresh pack of cigarettes.

ELIJAH

Everything happens for a reason, sweetie.

DANIELLE

Like this?

ELIJAH

Like what?

DANIELLE

Like you and I being chosen to come back here and find this killer.

ELIJAH

Why not? We could be soul mates. I could be your knight in faded jeans.

DANIELLE

Oh great. Do you take anything seriously?

ELIJAH

Sure. I'm taking this whole matter extremely seriously. However, given our situation, I believe that we have to reduce stress as much as possible.

DANIELLE

Does that explain your fondness for chain-smoking?

ELIJAH

No, I just like the taste. It does explain my semi-subtle attempts at seducing you, though.

DANIELLE

I guess I should be flattered.

ELIJAH

Are you?

DANIELLE

If by flattered you mean annoyed and uninterested then yes.

ELIJAH

Wow, you are a hard nail to hammer.

DANIELLE

I doubt you will ever know. I hope you weren't like this in your last life. Being a prick leaves you lonely and sad and cold-hearted. Usually a person like you and a person like me wouldn't be sharing eternity together so I don't see sharing bodily fluids in the probable future.

Elijah lights a cigarette.

ELIJAH

Damn, a little judgmental don't you think?

DANIELLE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings but you've been a real ass since I met you.

ELIJAH

Have you ever thought that maybe I have a sensitive side? I have been through a lot of shit as well, madam, some tough shit.

DANIELLE

You want to talk about it?

ELIJAH

With you? I think I'll pass.

DANIELLE

Is there something wrong with you? Why are you such a jackass?

ELIJAH

It's my way of flirting.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM-DAY

Detective Reynolds is seated on the couch next to Lindsey. She has cleaned herself up a bit and the two are drinking TEA.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs, the reason I'm here is because your phone number was the last called from Greg's cell phone minutes before he was murdered. Any reason why he would call you?

LINDSEY

I don't know. It must have been something for the office.

REYNOLDS

It was midnight. Also, given his circumstances, one would think that Mr. Jenkins would have called the police or family or someone. Why you, his boss?

LINDSEY

Detective, I don't know what you are getting at, but I do not have the answers to these cynical

questions that you are asking me.

Reynolds looks around and notices a PICTURE of Lindsey and Greg on a MANTLE. He stands up and walks to the mantle.

REYNOLDS

Nice picture. The Bahamas? Not bad at all.

LINDSEY

That's from a company trip last year.

REYNOLDS

Okay, Miss Dobbs, let me cut the bullshit with you and give you my assessment of things. I believe that you and Greg Jenkins were lovers and he called you with only moments to live to profess his undying--or I guess unconditional would be a more appropriate word--love for you while his wife was being murdered in the bathroom. Am I warm?

LINDSEY

Fuck you! Greg and I were in love. He was going to get a divorce and everything was going to be perfect. Now it's all gone to shit.

Lindsey drops her head and begins SOBBING.

Reynolds walks back over to Lindsey.

REYNOLDS

Look, I'm not here to give you the third degree about your relationship. It's not really my concern and it doesn't help me at all on my case. What I do need from you is any information you can provide that can help me catch the twisted son of a bitch that did this.

Lindsey regains her composure and wipes her tears away.

LINDSEY

(Sobbing)

Sledgehammer. Greg said that the guy busted his knee with a sledgehammer. That's all he really said before he hung up. He was

supposed to try to escape but he never made it.

REYNOLDS

I'm sorry.

LINDSEY

Me too.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elijah is pacing around the apartment looking through NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. In his hand is an article with the headline: "LOCAL FBI AGENT KILLED IN HORRIBLE ACCIDENT".

On the living room table is an ASH TRY filled to the top with cigarette butts. Next to it is a BOTTLE of BOURBON WHISKEY.

Elijah takes a HUGE SWIG of the whiskey and continues to search through the papers.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A wild party is underway at this large bachelor pad. Liquor pours freely as loud RAP MUSIC BLARES and YOUNG PEOPLE move about.

MICHAEL, twenty-one year old African-American, sits on the STYROFOAM CUP.

Sitting beside him is BETHANY, a nineteen year old white girl who looks to be very upset.

MICHAEL

I still don't see the big deal.

BETHANY

Well I do.

MICHAEL

Alright, what's the big deal then?

BETHANY

My parents are the big deal. They would flip if they found out about us.

MICHAEL

And you are how old again?

BETHANY

It doesn't matter. I still live with them and I have to do what they say.

MICHAEL

Since fucking when? Did they approve of you coming to this party and getting wasted? Doubt it.

BETHANY

What do you want me to say, Michael?

MICHAEL

I want you to say that you want to be with me and you don't care what people think.

BETHANY

Mike, you know I want to be with you but I can't lie and say that I don't care what people think of me, because I do, especially my family.

MICHAEL

This is some bullshit, you know.

Michael takes a DRAG from the joint and passes it to Bethany.

BETHANY

I love you, okay? Can that not be enough for you?

MICHAEL

Maybe I want people to see us together. I hate hiding our relationship from everyone.

BETHANY

So this isn't about us?

MICHAEL

Yes, of course it is.

BETHANY

No, it's about your inflated self-image. I want to make sure we are perfect for each other and this is not some fling.

MICHAEL

A fling? We've been together for damn near a year-albeit mostly in secrecy. Haven't I proved that I truly care about you in all that time?

Bethany passes the joint to Michael before leaning towards him and KISSING him on the lips.

BETHANY

I know that you care about me and it has never been about that. It's just that I have been hurt very badly in the past and I just need time to get shit together with myself.

MICHAEL

I understand your plight but you have to appreciate my point-of-view. I've been waiting for someone I want with all my heart but it seems futile sometimes.

Bethany SIGHS and looks off.

INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Detective Reynolds, sitting at his WORK DESK, opens a fresh BOTTLE of WHISKEY and POURS himself a cup.

Amongst the various FOLDERS and PAPERS on his desk is a PICTURE of Reynolds and another YOUNG WOMAN embracing.

Reynolds GULPS down his drink then lowers his forehead against the picture.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Reynolds sits across the DESK from a WOMAN wearing GLASSES.

The NAME PLATE on her desk reads: DR. PAMALA MORRISON, POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST.

As she talks with the detective, Dr. Morrison SCRIBBLES in a NOTEPAD.

DR. MORRISON

Max, why are you here?

REYNOLDS

Perhaps I'm here because I am required by my employer to be.

DR. MORRISON

No, why are you here...again?

REYNOLDS

Because of a totally justified and

necessary shooting incident, Doctor Morrison, ma'am.

DR. MORRISON

Max, in the last six months I've seen a drastic change in your personality, mostly for the worse.

REYNOLDS

I'm a little stressed is all.

DR. MORRISON

I think it is more than that. You've become increasingly violent and temperamental. This is your second shooting in as many months and I fear that you may be somewhat of a time bomb waiting to explode.

REYNOLDS

That's quite a cliché observation, doc. Have you considered that maybe I'm just being a cop? I do like to live, you know. It's simple: I shoot them before they shoot me.

DR. MORRISON

That's a good excuse, Max. Do you use some variation of that one for most situations? Does the "It's all about me" mentality of Max Reynolds come up often?

INT. REYNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds removes the picture from his face and places it back on the desk.

He pours himself another glass and quickly DRINKS it down.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle walks into the apartment, CARRYING GROCERIES.

Elijah gets up from the couch to help her.

DANIELLE

Thanks.

ELIJAH

No problem

DANIELLE

Have you been drinking?

ELIJAH

Yes. I mean...yes.

DANIELLE

You are really screwed up in the head.

ELIJAH

What are you talking about?

DANIELLE

First, you smoke all day and now you're drinking.

ELIJAH

Pleasures of not being able to die I suppose. You should jump on the bandwagon.

DANIELLE

No, I don't drink.

ELIJAH

You don't drink, you don't smoke. What did I tell you about lightening up?

DANIELLE

Okay, what the hell. Maybe just a little bit.

ELIJAH

That's what I'm talking about.

DANIELLE

You better not try anything, though.

ELIJAH

I'll try not to.

DANIELLE

Yeah, whatever.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Michael and Bethany are standing near the BEER KEG.

MICHAEL

What's the point of us even hanging out if we can't be together?

BETHANY

Why do you have to know everything? Do we really even need a label?

MICHAEL

Why are you answering my questions  
with questions?

BETHANY

Because you won't let it go. You  
and I have something special that I  
don't want to ruin.

MICHAEL

Ruin? Oh, I see how it is. So, I'm  
good enough to smoke weed with and  
fuck, just not enough to be seen  
around your family with.

BETHANY

Why do you always get like this?  
You know it's difficult.

MICHAEL

I apologize. Let me make it a  
little less difficult. Fuck off,  
I'm out of here.

Michael angrily TOSSES his beer and walks off.

BETHANY

Michael! Wait!

Bethany follows behind Michael.

INT. REYNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The visibly intoxicated detective PACES about the room with  
the now half empty WHISKEY BOTTLE in hand.

Reynolds continues to remember the words of his therapist.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)

I am seriously worried about you,  
Max. I mean, every since...

On a nearby BOOKSHELF is another PICTURE of the same WOMAN  
from the earlier photo.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

What? Since what? Finish what you  
were saying, doc.

Reynolds picks up the picture and STARES at it for a moment.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)

Well, since your loss, Max. I know  
it must have been very difficult

for you to come to grips with  
everything.

Reynolds takes a SHOT of the whiskey then violently SLAMS  
the picture against the wall.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Reynolds LIGHTS a CIGARETTE before responding to Dr.  
Morrison.

REYNOLDS

Oh, you're talking about my  
recently deceased wife, aren't you?  
Well, doc, I have to admit that  
finding out that the only woman you  
ever truly loved has been tortured  
and murdered by some psychotic fuck  
has a way of leading to a bad day.

DR. MORRISON

You know that there was nothing you  
could do to prevent that, right?  
It's not your fault and no matter  
how much you beat yourself up or  
your suspects, it's not going to  
change what happened.

INT. REYNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds sits down on his couch and sets his bottle on the  
floor next to him.

He reaches to his waist and takes out his HANDGUN.

As TEARS roll down Reynolds' cheeks, he slowly runs his PALM  
against the gun.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

I'm not an idiot. I know I can't  
change things. I have come to terms  
with the fact that I couldn't have  
been there to stop that fucking  
piece of shit from doing what he  
did to Jessica. That's not my  
hang-up, doc.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)

I'm listening, Max.

Reynolds takes off the SAFETY on his gun.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

Sometimes, not all the time, but  
sometimes I find myself entranced

in thought and those thoughts are not very pretty. I know it's wrong but I can't shake this unhealthy urge.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)  
What type of urge?

Reynolds WIPES the tears from his face.

REYNOLDS (V.O)  
I can see his face in my sleep; that ugly, nasty, inbred bastard of a face. I see this man and all I can think about is how great it would feel to specially deliver a bullet into that asshole's mug. Report this to whoever you must but I literally fantasize about being the man to hand deliver that motherfucker to Satan.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)  
And you don't see anything askew about that?

Reynolds CHECKS the CLIP then presses the BARREL of the gun to his TEMPLE.

REYNOLDS (V.O)  
I honestly don't give a shit anymore. Just let me do my job, doc. Tell the captain that I am fit to return to work and allow me to do the one thing in the world that keeps me sane and suicide-free. You want me to deal with my emotions? Well then let me go out and try to stop those out there that mean to do the same thing to other innocent people.

Reynolds picks up the whiskey bottle and THROWS it across the room.

INT. APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah and Danielle are sitting on the couch drinking from a BOTTLE of VODKA.

DANIELLE  
I have a question for you.

ELIJAH  
Go for it.

DANIELLE

Why are you so reserved? I mean, you have all this advice to give me but you never talk about your past or even what you are feeling at any given time. Why is that?

ELIJAH

I don't know. Just the way I am I guess.

DANIELLE

See, there you go again. Tell me something about yourself. I want to know.

ELIJAH

Okay, okay. Let's see, for one I used to be an FBI agent.

DANIELLE

Okay, that is not really that personal. I tell you that I'm basically terrified about what's going on right now, cry on your shoulder and let you convince me to drink and the best you can do is "I'm a fed"?

ELIJAH

I think I was in love once. Is that better?

DANIELLE

You're getting there. I want to know more.

ELIJAH

I don't know if there is more. I just know that at one point or another I was deeply in love. It's like chasing a ghost when I think about it, though. I can't put my finger on how it actually felt but I know that it's like nothing else.

DANIELLE

That is probably the sweetest thing I've heard you say since we met. Why can't you be more open?

ELIJAH

Hey, liquor makes for one hell of a truth serum it seems. So, it's your

turn to enlighten me about your  
life.

DANIELLE

No problem. What do you want to  
know, my underwear color?

ELIJAH

No, but that is a tempting offer. I  
want to know how you died.

Danielle looks as though she's just been hit in the stomach  
with a bag of bricks. She takes a SWIG of VODKA.

DANIELLE

Car wreck.

ELIJAH

Damn. Well, hey, at least you went  
quickly.

DANIELLE

Yeah, that's true and at least one  
of us caught a break.

ELIJAH

What do you mean?

DANIELLE

My husband was with me. We had just  
gotten married and were on the way  
from the church when an eighteen  
wheeler hit the car and just like  
that it was over.

ELIJAH

I'm sorry. Sounds like a terrible  
way to celebrate a beautiful day.

DANIELLE

No kidding. Anyway, let's just say  
he and I got separated in the  
afterlife and he seems to have  
gotten the ass end of the deal.

ELIJAH

So that's why you agreed to come  
back? To find out why your hubby  
went to Hell?

DANIELLE

Yeah.

ELIJAH

You ever stop to consider that

there is a real legit reason why he's there and we are here? What I'm getting at is sometimes you think you want to know the truth until you find it. Then you wish you had never searched for it. Just keep that in mind.

DANIELLE  
Will do, captain.

DANIELLE takes a big CHUG of the vodka and empties the bottle.

ELIJAH  
Whoa. Didn't think you had it in you, sweetie. Now, get up, you're drunk.

Elijah stands up and pulls Danielle up to her feet but the two STUMBLE and FALL on the floor.

DANIELLE  
(Slurring)  
I think you're drunk too.

ELIJAH  
Perhaps a little bit. I'm functional enough to help you to your bed and crawl my way back to the sofa.

Danielle and Elijah start LAUGHING.

DANIELLE  
Wouldn't it be easier just to stay in the bed with me?

ELIJAH  
Well, technically yes. It's big enough and all---

DANIELLE  
Just be quiet.

Danielle KISSES Elijah, who is taken back for a moment, but soon gets into it, and the two begin to ROLL around the apartment floor in a passionate and humorous heap.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael is hanging out along with the other people in the party. Soon, Bethany finds him and approaches him.

BETHANY

Mike, I'm sorry, okay?

MICHAEL

Okay. It's not like I care.

BETHANY

Don't be like that, baby.

MICHAEL

So I'm your "baby" now? A few minutes ago I was just your fuck buddy.

BETHANY

No, you're still that, too.

Bethany tries to break the tension by cracking a smile.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to make you mad. Let me make it up to you.

MICHAEL

You know what? I think I'm going to smoke a blunt real quick to calm down. After that we can "talk".

BETHANY

Goddamn, Mike. Whatever.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Near the KEG, TWO GUYS, stand talking and DRINKING.

MIGUEL, a seventeen-year-old Hispanic picks up his GYM BAG and begins a conversation with eighteen-year-old black kid, JUSTIN.

Justin has a CAMCORDER in his hand.

JUSTIN

Hey, man, you know what this is for, don't you?

MIGUEL

I can guess. Has it to do with drunken barely legal women in the nude?

JUSTIN

Great guess. That is exactly what it has to do with. It also has to do with possible fights that may or may not occur depending on if I must instigate.

MIGUEL

You might just be a genius, my friend.

JUSTIN

Don't worry, I am.

Michael STUMBLES up to Miguel and Justin.

MICHAEL

What the fuck are you bastards up to? I didn't even know you were here.

MIGUEL

Cinematography, bitch.

JUSTIN

Indeed. We plan on making us some good old fashioned smut. You down?

MICHAEL

Hell yeah, I'm down. As a matter of fact, I got your first scene?

MIGUEL

Oh really? Do tell.

MICHAEL

I would but a picture is worth a lot more. Just make sure you are stationed outside of the master bedroom, gentlemen.

Michael walks off CHUCKLING to himself.

MIGUEL

Isn't he fucking that white chick, Bethany?

JUSTIN

As far as I know.

MIGUEL

Great. Let's go film some jungle bunny love.

There is an awkward silence between the two.

JUSTIN

What?!

MIGUEL

No, not like that, homes. You know

"jungle fever" and "snow bunny"? I was just putting that together in a witty manner.

JUSTIN

Just shut up.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bethany and Michael enter the dark room making out. They make their ways to the bed and Bethany removes her SHIRT and BRA. Michael removes his SHIRT. Michael KISSES Bethany about the NECK and COLLAR BONE then lays her on the bed.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle is now straddled on top of Elijah and the two are heavily KISSING and PETTING.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amidst the darkness in the room, a single BEAM of MOONLIGHT casts light on a FIGURE near the corner. As the shot moves along the frame of the figure, the metal SLEDGEHAMMER sparkles in the soft light.

Outside the window, Justin and Miguel point the CAMERA inside the room and LAUGH.

Michael, now on top of Bethany, is THRUSTING up and down as Bethany MOANS and holds onto him tightly. Bethany's moans of pleasure soon turn to SCREAMS of terror when she notices the frightening figure.

Justin and Miguel's laughter turns to SHOCK as they continue to film.

BETHANY

Mike, behind you!

It is too late for warnings as Drake Davenport strikes by wrapping BARBED WIRE around Michael's neck and DRAGGING him off the bed.

Davenport TOSSES Michael against the wall like a rag doll then turns his focus back to Bethany who is SCREAMING at the top of her lungs but can not be heard due to the MUSIC.

Davenport pulls out a CARVING KNIFE out of his pocket and calmly runs the BLADE across her naked CHEST.

Michael pulls himself up and jumps on Davenport's back to keep him away from Bethany.

Davenport reaches over his head and DIGS his FINGERS into

Michael's eyes causing Michael to fall to the floor.

Davenport grabs his SLEDGEHAMMER and SMASHES it into the back of Michael's SPINE. He then uses the CARVING KNIFE to slit Michael's THROAT.

Bethany, in tears and scared, attempts to make a run for the door but is stopped when Davenport THROWS his POCKET KNIFE into her left ANKLE, causing her to collapse to the floor.

BETHANY  
HELP ME! Somebody!

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Miguel and Justin DUCK down from the window and try to compose themselves.

MIGUEL  
What the fuck, man?! Did that just happen?

JUSTIN  
I'm pretty sure that just happened.  
We have to call the cops.

MIGUEL  
Yeah, we do but I got dope and a pistol on me, man. I have to split after we call them. I don't want any part of this shit.

JUSTIN  
Get the hell out of here then. I'll take care of this.

INT. REYNOLDS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds is reclined against his couch with his handgun still to his temple.

REYNOLDS (V.O)  
I'm not saying that violence consumes me. That's not it at all. Some occasions, though, I can feel the hate for this man in my blood. I try to channel it to other things to make it better.

Reynolds CLOSES his eyes.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)  
Other things like your job? You can't hide from your feelings by burying them in your work. Trust me

it leaves you nowhere but  
overworked, lonely and depressed.  
That's why it is so important that  
you talk to people. What about  
church? Are you a religious man,  
Max?

Reynolds starts to SQUEEZE the TRIGGER.

He notices a BIBLE lying on a TABLE nearby.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

That's funny, doc. I gave up on  
that area of counseling long ago.  
All my life I have tried to do  
right by people, you know. That's  
why I became a cop to begin with. I  
never fucked anybody over. I'm a  
stand up type living in a land of  
degenerates and unstable people.  
Even with that, I get screwed in  
the worst possible way. Dr.  
Morrison, God doesn't give a shit  
about me and the feeling is mutual.

Reynolds' CELL PHONE RINGS and after a few rings he  
reluctantly ANSWERS it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle and Elijah lay fast asleep in the middle of the  
floor.

Empty beer cans and an empty vodka bottle are scattered  
about the room.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The mood of the party has drastically changed as POLICE  
LIGHTS FLASH outside and all attending the party have been  
sent home.

Detective Reynolds and Lt. Stacy stand in the bedroom where  
their latest double murder has taken place.

Reynolds is SIPPING from a THERMOS filled with coffee.

REYNOLDS

Who called it in?

LT. STACY

Anonymous tip from one of the  
party-goers. We're working on  
tracking the caller down for  
questioning. As you can see, we

have another extra brutal slaying  
on our hands.

Both Bethany and Michael are hanging upside down from BARBED  
WIRE NOOSES. Both have had their THROAT SLIT and blood has  
drained from their bodies into a POOL on the floor.

REYNOLDS

How the fuck did nobody hear this  
shit going on, huh?! A house full  
of freeloading potheads and nobody  
witness a fucking thing? Goddamn  
it!

Reynolds STORMS out of the room.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A TAXI CAB arrives in front of the main steps of church.  
Elijah exits the cab, pays the driver, and heads up the  
stairs and into the church.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

Elijah stands at the back of the sanctuary and runs his eyes  
along the imageries of the sacred building. After a deep  
SIGH, Elijah walks down the isle towards the PULPIT. Once at  
the end of the isle, Elijah DROPS to his knees and BOWS his  
head to the floor.

Elijah stands back up and as he does, a MAN dressed in and  
ALL WHITE is shown to be right next to him.

Elijah looks a bit shocked but soon embraces the mysterious  
man with a loving HUG.

MAN IN WHITE

It's good to see you again, Elijah.

ELIJAH

Pleasure is always mine, Sir.

MAN IN WHITE

So, talk to Me, son. I'm always  
listening.

ELIJAH

It's Danielle. I don't know if she  
is ready for what's to come. It  
worries me.

MAN IN WHITE

She's fine. Actually she's a lot  
stronger than you may give her  
credit for. There is a reason why

you two were specifically assigned to this.

ELIJAH

I know. It's just that she seems to be chasing a ghost and I don't want the kid to get hurt over the inevitable truth she'll find.

MAN IN WHITE

You care about her, don't you?

ELIJAH

I don't know. Maybe a little bit.

MAN IN WHITE

That was basically a rhetorical question, Elijah. Besides, who do you think you're fooling? It's definitely not Me.

ELIJAH

Okay, so maybe she's grown on me a tad.

MAN IN WHITE

I'm going to leave you here now, but I want you to remain and just think to yourself for a moment. Elijah, you have come such a long way since you first called out for My help. But you have got to open up and be there for the one that needs you right now.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Danielle is awoken from her sleep by a bright BEAM of morning SUNLIGHT. She rolls over and sits upright at the edge of the bed.

MAN IN WHITE (V.O)

Don't let your eyes be deceived by the sensationalism of this whole ordeal. Behind the atrocities that are taking place lays the real battle. This mission--this test, if you will, is not only about capturing a fugitive but also discovering yourself.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Detective Reynolds sits at his desk, scratching his head and wondering what the killer's next move will be. He takes a

SIP of his coffee and a DRAG from his cigarette.

MAN IN WHITE (V.O)

You must look within to know what  
it is that makes us one. Heaven,  
Hell, Earth, we are all one. Once  
you look into the hearts of men,  
then you will finally know the  
truth.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The mysterious man stands up along with Elijah. Elijah is  
greatly overwhelmed and near tears. Elijah and the Man HUG  
once again.

MAN IN WHITE

Take care and I will see you once  
you return home, My son.

ELIJAH

Thank you.

MAN IN WHITE

Any time.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

As the scene opens, a shot of a dirty, blood-soaked floor is  
shown. On the floor are different random objects. The shot  
comes to a rest at the FEET of Drake Davenport.

Davenport's face still cannot be seen in the shadowy  
warehouse but the CARVING KNIFE in his hands can be.

Davenport turns on his radio and tunes it until he stops on  
the song "Amazing Grace".

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Detective Reynolds and Lt. Stacy are both standing outside  
the building smoking and drinking coffee.

REYNOLDS

I just don't get it. This fucking  
maniac is slaughtering these people  
with seemingly no rhyme or reason.  
Leaves no prints, hair or even a  
clue as to who he is or why he's  
doing this.

LT. STACY

He's bound to screw up, Max. Just  
keep that in mind. And when he  
does, we're going to be right there

to break his balls.

REYNOLDS

That's some colorful choice of words, Lieutenant, really.

LT. STACY

I know. Anyway, I checked out what you said about the sledgehammer and the guys in forensics agree with you. Each of these murders involved a solid, brute instrument capable of causing a lot of damage in a short order.

REYNOLDS

What about the others-the holes in Greg Jenkins' crotch and in Vanessa Harris' head? Maybe some sort of ice pick or something?

LT. STACY

I'm not going to lie, I'm stumped. It could be a damned vampire stake for all I know. That's exactly what we need to find out.

REYNOLDS

You mean that's what I need to find out, right?

LT. STACY

Pretty much, so go out there and find that weapon, Max. I don't care what it takes, but I'll be damned if I'm going to look like a fool at another press conference or have to console another grieving family. This shit has gone on for three days and that's three days too fucking long. Now, I don't mean to be a bitch about the situation, but there is a psycho out there on my streets, butchering the people I call neighbors and to be quite frank, I'm scared shitless and I don't like to be scared. Ever.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Danielle is sitting on the couch organizing Elijah's collections of NEWS CLIPPINGS and ARTICLES.

As she is fingers through the documents, Danielle's attention is distracted by the TELEVISION.

ANCHOR

This just in: For the third consecutive night, mysterious slayings have citizens in a gripping state of paranoia and fear.

Danielle takes a deep SIGH before continuing her search through the papers.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The dimly-lit environment reveals very little, as always, but after a few moments of canvassing the warehouse, the shot rests on a table displaying TORN and FADED PICTURES of all the VICTIMS from the last three days.

ANCHOR (O.S)

Last night, twenty- one year old Michael Covington and nineteen year old Bethany Slater were heinously murdered and mutilated at a party in the Uptown area...

INSERT: YEARBOOK PICTURE of Michael Covington.

INTER CUT:

FLASHBACK SHOT of Davenport SLITTING Michael's throat.

INSERT: YEARBOOK PICTURE of Bethany Slater.

FLASHBACK SHOT of Davenport wrapping Bethany's lacerated ANKLES in barbed wire.

ANCHOR (O.S)

Police remain baffled as to the perpetrator of these bizarre and grizzly murders. As of now, authorities are advising residents across the city to lock their doors and be extremely cautious and aware of their surrounding especially at night.

Drake Davenport steps into the shot only being shown from the shoulders down. He is carrying something in his blood covered hands-another PICTURE.

He approaches the rest of his collection and lays this new edition on top of the rest. As Davenport ominously exits the scene, the shot closes in on the picture. It is a picture of ELIJAH and DANIELLE.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Elijah is standing outside of a PAWN SHOP watching the BIG SCREEN TELEVISIONS through the display window.

ANCHOR

As we reported yesterday, Greg Jenkins and wife Hanna were the first victims followed by high school students Paul Nathans and Vanessa Harris in what is now believe to be a string of serial murders. Police Lieutenant, Erica Stacy would not comment on the possibility of a killing spree, but assured the public that everything is being done to bring the responsible party to justice. We will have more details as they become available.

A MALE STRANGER walks up next to Elijah.

STRANGER

Can you believe this shit; a serial killer here? I'm telling you, people are fucked fifteen ways from Friday in the head these days, dude.

ELIJAH

You don't know the half.

STRANGER

I hope they catch that son of a bitch and hang him in the middle of the town. Slaughtering kids, that type shit I don't think can be forgiven.

ELIJAH

I wouldn't know.

STRANGER

Either way, if I ever ran into that sick bastard, I'd cut his freaking balls and pecker right off.

ELIJAH

Well...okay.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Elijah opens the door and walks in to see Danielle looking through the articles.

In her hand, Danielle has the article pertaining to the deceased FBI Agent.

ELIJAH

Could you please not read that?

Danielle is startled by Elijah and quickly TOSSES the paper on the table.

DANIELLE

I'm sorry. I was trying to get up-to-date on this Davenport guy and I just found this. Is this what happened to you? I had no idea. You wouldn't believe the similarities between your experience and mine.

ELIJAH

Forget about it. It's not of importance. We need to talk.

DANIELLE

About last night?

ELIJAH

No, but we can talk about that later I guess.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Phones RING everywhere as OFFICERS attempt to answer them all. The majority of the inquiries concern the recent news story on the rumored serial killer.

Detective Reynolds walks out of the restroom and over to the COFFEE TABLE to get a cup of coffee.

Before he can finish pouring his drink, a fellow DETECTIVES rushes up to Reynolds and begins a conversation.

REYNOLDS

What's up, now, Morgan?

MORGAN

You might want to come and see this.

REYNOLDS

Damn, I'm on my lunch break. Can't it wait?

MORGAN

I'm afraid not, Max.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The entire Homicide Unit has gathered and as the shot PANS around the room to highlight the members, shock and disgust can be seen on their faces. Standing at the front of the room and next to the BLACK BOARD is Lt. Stacy alongside Detective Reynolds.

The main focus of this meeting is a disturbing series of PHOTOGRAPHS featuring a DISFIGURED and LIFELESS FEMALE CORPSE.

LT. STACY

Moments ago, another bombshell was dropped on us in what has already become one of our most sadistic and most elaborate cases to date.

Lt. Stacy points to the photographs.

LT. STACY

These pictures were mailed to the department with no return address. However, we have CSU examining them to make out the location. At this current time we are unable to identify the young lady in these pictures but she looks to be approximately nineteen to twenty-one years in age. Also we were sent a letter. Actually it's a torn off piece of a Bible verse but it may give us some clue as to what kind of lunatic we are dealing with.

CLOSE UP on the PHOTOS of the female corpse.

The first one displays the victim BOUND and GAGGED with CUTS along her NAKED TORSO.

The next shows her FACE with a LARGE HOLE where her left eye socket should be.

LT. STACY

The message reads as follows: "The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; And shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition: And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is.

Revelation 17:8"

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Elijah and Danielle are seated at their previous table right next to the window. Elijah has just put out a cigarette. Danielle looks anxious.

DANIELLE

So, what happens next?

ELIJAH

Next, we go out and find this son of a bitch before he reaches his next victim. I know it's been coming along slowly, but I think I'm beginning to notice a pattern. I just can't figure it out but if we put just concentrate--

DANIELLE

Elijah, I mean what happens next with us?

ELIJAH

Oh yeah, that.

DANIELLE

Yes, that.

ELIJAH

Well, what do you want to happen next?

DANIELLE

I don't know. You're supposed to be the one with all the answers.

ELIJAH

I don't remember ever saying that.

DANIELLE

Why do I even try with you?

ELIJAH

Who knows. Look, we were both drunk and things got a little carried away. It is what it is. Now let's move on to things that matter. Is that okay with you?

Danielle SIGHS, her expression switching from anxious to distraught.

DANIELLE

Sure.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

Detective Reynolds is at his desk surrounded by case files. He has become visibly angered by the progress of this particular case.

Detective Morgan KNOCKS on the door but lets himself in before a response.

MORGAN

You believe this shit, man? Stacy has every body on Homicide chasing this nut job. No vacation, no PTO. Hell of a way to spend the Holidays, huh?

REYNOLDS

Hey, just look at it this way. If it were your kids out there getting butchered by this guy, wouldn't you want his ass off the streets?

MORGAN

Oh, don't get me started on what I want. If it were up to me, the guy would get one square between the eyes. The only judge, jury or executioner would be ye old faithful here.

Morgan gently PATS his GLOCK that is in the holster on his hip.

REYNOLDS

I think perhaps you should be the one in anger management therapy.

MORGAN

You're probably right, Max. Unfortunately, they had just done away with the course on how to show compassion for a serial killing religious fanatic. Damn shame I suppose.

REYNOLDS

It truly is.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Danielle and Elijah are standing on the sidewalk outside the shop. Elijah pulls out a piece of PAPER from his pocket.

DANIELLE

What's that?

ELIJAH

It happens to be our first solid lead. Lindsey Dobbs was apparently the last person to talk to one of the first victims so we are going to pay her a little visit.

DANIELLE

And where did you find out about her.

ELIJAH

Police database. And yes I did hack into it before you ask.

DANIELLE

Great.

ELIJAH

Don't give me that. What the hell are they going to do, arrest me?

DANIELLE

Let's just go.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - DAY

Lindsey unlocks her FRONT DOOR from the outside and enters. She has a BRIEFCASE in one hand and GROCERY BAGS in the other. After setting her belongings on the couch, Lindsey walks over to her LIQUOR CABINET and removes a bottle of SCOTCH. She pours herself a small GLASS then GULPS it down quickly. She pours another and begins towards the bedroom.

As Lindsey exits the room and the sun begins to set in the background, a dark FIGURE'S SILHOUETTE eerily appears through one of the WINDOWS.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detectives Reynolds and Morgan are still in Reynolds' office trying to come up with some explanations.

REYNOLDS

Tell me if this makes sense to you, Morgan.

MORGAN

What you got?

REYNOLDS

Greg Jenkins and his wife, Hanna,

are brutally murdered in their home. Neighbors say that up to as long as an hour prior to the times of death the couple was arguing about a variety of things but what caught my attention was the reports of fighting over infidelity.

MORGAN

That's a big surprise there.

REYNOLDS

See, that's where things get interesting because we found that Greg Jenkins' last call was to his boss, Lindsey Dobbs, whom I later found out was having an affair with him.

MORGAN

Yeah, yeah, that's all good and dandy but it's all in the reports. What's your point?

REYNOLDS

Okay, smart ass. Similar killings followed with the teenagers at the motel and I had a hunch that there was a connection but with no motive it all still seemed like random targets. You follow me?

MORGAN

As best as I can.

REYNOLDS

Now I did some digging around and talked to Vanessa's friends and the guy she was with was not her boyfriend as we thought.

MORGAN

Oh, really? That doesn't strike me as odd. Damn kids these days are fucking anything with a heartbeat. So, what so important about that?

REYNOLDS

Today, a witness from the motel called in saying that there was some sort of disturbance the night of the murders.

MORGAN

Yeah, no shit.

REYNOLDS

Before the killings. Supposedly words between two males were exchange in a not-so-friendly matter followed by some thumps, yelling and finally a dramatic burnout.

MORGAN

A vehicle? That doesn't exactly fit our guy's M.O. Then again, what does?

REYNOLDS

I'm not sure what fits what right now. I went by the high school to talk to some of the victims' acquaintances and discovered something interesting.

Reynolds SHUFFLES through different FOLDERS before removing a piece of PAPER.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Apparently, Vanessa's actual beau had a bit of an altercation earlier the day of the murder. An entire lunch room witnessed the kid threaten the departed Mr. Nathans.

MORGAN

You think a kid did this?

REYNOLDS

Under the proper narcotics and mental disposition, there is no telling what is possible.

MORGAN

Good point. PCP, steroids. But I doubt he would have had the wherewithal to meticulously cover his tracks as was. And what about the others? You telling me that some teenage punk orchestrated a string of double homicides because his little whore girlfriend was stepping out?

REYNOLDS

Maybe there is more than one. I don't fucking know. If nothing else, the kid was there within thirty minutes to an hour before

the shit hit the fan and maybe can give us a positive i.d on our perp.

MORGAN

What kind of asshole wouldn't come forward with information about the guy that slaughtered his girl?

REYNOLDS

Who knows? Perhaps he feels she had it coming. Perhaps he saw some shit that scared the holy hell out of him...

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

A car comes to rest in the parking lot of the complex. It is the same complex in which Elijah and Danielle have been living. Inside the car is Detective Morgan.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

...Whatever the case, I need you to go check out this Edward Quinn and see what he knows.

Morgan exits the car and walks towards the building.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Upon a GLASS TABLE a LINE of COCAINE is cut. A rolled DOLLAR is placed to the line.

Eddie takes a big SNORT.

EDDIE

Christ Almighty!

Eddie reclines in his SOFA and places his hands over his face.

EDDIE

Nessa, you stupid bitch. Why didn't you just listen to me?

Eddie removes his hands from his face.

Next to him is Vanessa, sitting with a melancholy look about herself. Eddie continues his delusional conversation with her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I know I was an asshole, baby. I know. I just...I just didn't want to lose you. Those other bitches meant nothing.

Eddie CUTS and SNORTS another line. Afterwards, we begins to CRY.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Please don't do this to me. Come  
back, okay. I'll be good, I  
promise.

Eddie finally turns his attention to the imaginary image as she begins to FADE AWAY.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
No, no, no! Don't leave, Nessa.  
Come on, goddamn it! Do go away  
again. Don't go!

Eddie reaches out for Vanessa but it is in vain. Once he realizes she is gone, he freaks out and PUNCHES the wall behind him.

Eddie FALLS to his knees, CRYING hysterically. He draws out a final LINE and is about to inhale it when there is a KNOCK at the DOOR.

Eddie composes himself then walks to the door and OPENS it.

EDDIE  
What?

Standing outside is Detective Morgan.

MORGAN  
Eddie Quinn?

EDDIE  
Yeah, who the fuck wants to know?

Morgan reaches into his coat pocket and removes his BADGE.

MORGAN  
I'm Detective Gerald Morgan,  
Homicide. I would like to ask you a  
few questions about--

Eddie, realizing that his drugs are in plain sight of Morgan, panics.

EDDIE  
Fuck you, pig! I got nothing for  
you.

Eddie SHOVES Morgan out of the doorway then SLAM the door shut.

MORGAN (O.S)

You shouldn't have done that, dumb  
ass.

Eddie scrambles to hide his coke.

EDDIE

Kiss my ass! You have no warrant  
and I know my rights. Get lost.

MORGAN (O.S)

You just assaulted a cop,  
shit-for-brains. That's probable  
cause and I don't need a fucking  
warrant!

As Eddie is attempting to conceal his stash, the DOOR SWINGS  
OPEN.

MORGAN

You didn't even lock the door. Now,  
you have one last chance. I just  
want to talk to you, idiot.

EDDIE

Bullshit!

Eddie grabs a STACK of BOOKS and HURLS them at Morgan. He  
then RUNS to the back out the house.

MORGAN

Fuck. Why me?

Morgan takes off in pursuit of Eddie.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie RUNS out the back door with Morgan right behind him.

MORGAN

Stop running, damn it!

EDDIE

Eat shit!

Eddie LEAPS over row of BUSHES then DUCKS behind a GARBAGE  
DUMPSTER.

Morgan, who is a few steps behind Eddie, stops and looks  
around for Eddie.

MORGAN

Eddie! Why are you running? You  
think I give a shit about your  
blow? This is serious shit. You

want us to find out who killed  
Vanessa, don't you? Well, stop  
being a pussy and come out here and  
talk to me.

Eddie stays put as he listens to Morgan try to reason with  
him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck it, Eddie. You  
can't run forever. You just better  
hope we catch you before this  
sadist that butchered your girl  
does. If I can find you, you know  
he can. And the fucker doesn't  
leave witnesses. You know what you  
are, Ed? A goddamn witness! Start  
praying, asshole.

Morgan shakes his head in frustration, then walks off.

Eddie finally comes out of his impromptu hideout, obviously  
worried.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the bathroom as Lindsey SHOWERS. As the shot  
focuses on the translucent SHOWER CURTAINS, the outline of  
Lindsey's slender BODY can be seen. A few seconds into the  
shot, a FIGURE quickly walks by in the foreground but he is  
too close to be recognized.

Suspicious, Lindsey PEAKS her head out of the shower to look  
around. There is nothing out of the ordinary to see. She  
returns to her shower.

After another few moments, the WATER shuts off.

Lindsey grabs a nearby TOWEL from the rack, WRAPS herself in  
it and steps out of the shower.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds has just snatched his COAT and is on his  
way to the elevator. He pulls out his cell phone and makes a  
call.

REYNOLDS

You better pick up, lady.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey walks into her dim living room and heads straight  
back to her liquor cabinet. She pours yet another drink  
before sitting down on the couch. Next to the couch on a

small table is a PICTURE of Lindsey and Greg Jenkins.

She takes a big SWALLOW of the liquor then looks at the picture. Lindsey pulls the picture close to her chest and CRIES softly.

Lindsey, still holding the picture, stands up and heads back into her bedroom.

The shot follows Lindsey from behind as she exits the room then PANS back around to show where she was previously seated.

Drake Davenport, nicely hidden in the dim environment, sits on the couch with his SLEDGEHAMMER resting on his lap.

A loud, high-pitched BEEP is heard. It is the ANSWERING MACHINE with a new message.

REYNOLDS (O.S)

Miss Dobbs, this is Detective Max Reynolds and I desperately need to talk to you. This is not about Greg, but about you. I have reason to believe your life may be in some kind of danger---

The message is cut short when a SWITCHBLADE is driven through the answering machine.

Davenport removes his weapon from the machine and proceeds into the bedroom.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Danielle and Elijah are walking down the sidewalk of a well-lit residential street en route to Lindsey Dobbs' house. Elijah takes out his last cigarette from his pack and tosses the empty pack in a TRASH CAN.

ELIJAH

Only a few more blocks and we'll be there.

Danielle stops walking and grabs Elijah by the arm.

DANIELLE

What's the matter with you?

ELIJAH

What?

DANIELLE

Don't give me that shit, Elijah. You know what I'm talking about.

ELIJAH

I thought I already explained my feelings on the situation. What more do you want?

DANIELLE

I want you to talk to me. I know you are trying to brush it off like it's nothing but it is something. At least it's something to me.

ELIJAH

I never said it was nothing.

DANIELLE

Then say something.

ELIJAH

I don't know what to say, okay. I care about you, Danielle. I care about you a lot, but--

DANIELLE

But what?

ELIJAH

I don't want to hurt you.

DANIELLE

How are you going to hurt me? Do you think I'm some naive little girl? You didn't take advantage of me last night. We took advantage of each other. I needed you and I still do.

ELIJAH

I need you too. More than you realize.

DANIELLE

Then tell me. It's not like we have anything other than time.

ELIJAH

Yeah, about that---

INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds has his cell phone between his ear and shoulder and a cigarette in his mouth. He is driving sporadically as he talks.

REYNOLDS

What about her job?

MORGAN (O.S)

Said she left for the day over an hour ago.

REYNOLDS

That's just fucking great. I'm almost at her house. What happened with the Quinn kid?

MORGAN (O.S)

The bastard high-tailed it on me. Thought I was trying to bust him for his dope. I doubt he had the balls to be our guy.

REYNOLDS

Keep an eye on him, anyway. I want to know what he saw. Just meet me at the Dobbs place for the time being.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey is hiding in her CLOSET. The door to the closet is barely cracked and a stray beam of MOONLIGHT is all that illuminates her terrified face in the dark room.

From Lindsey's POV, an unidentifiable FIGURE stalks through her room. The muffled sounds of Lindsey's HEAVY BREATHING create an uneasy tension to the scene. Finally, the FIGURE turns his attention to Lindsey.

Drake Davenport POINTS the SPEAR-END of his sledgehammer at Lindsey and calmly walks towards her direction.

Lindsey quickly PULLS the door shut.

Davenport walks up to the door and simply TURNS the knob. When the door doesn't open, he CHUCKLES.

LINDSEY

Get out of my house, you fucking psycho!

Davenport ceases his chuckles and steps away from the door.

LINDSEY

I have a gun in here and I'll use it, I promise!

Davenport takes the spear-end of the sledgehammer and DRIVES it through the wooden door as Lindsey let's out a gut-wrenching YELL.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A total silence falls over the room. Davenport stares blankly at the freshly IMPALED closet door then GRASPS the sledgehammer.

EXT. OUTSIDE LINDSEY DOBB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds' CAR pulls into the driveway as a SCREAM is heard. Reynolds exits the vehicle and reaches for his GUN.

He is still on his phone.

REYNOLDS

Look, Morgan, bring some back up when you get here, too. I got a feeling I'm going to need it.

Reynolds RUNS up to the front door.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Lindsey has managed to survive, but only by the skin of her teeth. The SPEAR narrowly misses her head by inches. Lindsey covers her MOUTH to remain quiet.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Davenport slowly removes the sledgehammer from the door. As he does so, he notices that there is no blood on his weapon.

Before Davenport knows what has happened, Lindsey BURSTS out of the closet FIRING a GUN at him.

The GUNSHOTS strike Davenport in the UPPER BODY and LEGS, but seems to have no effect on him.

Once she realizes that the gun is useless against Davenport, Lindsey DROPS the GUN and tries to RUN passed him.

Davenport CATCHES Lindsey by the THROAT and SMASHES her FACE into a MIRROR.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The front door FLIES open with the help of Detective Reynolds' boot. He points his gun as he carefully examines the living room.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs?

Reynolds continues to slowly make his way towards the

bedroom. He rounds the corner to the bedroom and instantly his JAW DROPS and he nearly lets his gun fall to the floor.

Out of his peripheral vision, Detective Reynolds notices SOMEONE RUN BY in the hallway.

REYNOLDS  
Police! Stop right there!

The shadowy figure ignores Reynolds' command and continues running.

Reynolds follows suit after the figure.

Reynolds PULLS OUT his RADIO.

REYNOLDS  
I need assistants now! In pursuit  
of possible murder suspect; also  
get a bus out here immediately. We  
have a probably DOA.

Reynolds rounds the corner after the figure and spots him standing near the BACK DOOR.

REYNOLDS  
Stay where you are! Don't fucking  
move!

The figure steps into a small area of LIGHT and is revealed as Drake Davenport.

Davenport CHARGES at Reynolds, SLEDGEHAMMER in hand.

REYNOLDS  
I said stop, asshole.

Davenport does not cease forcing Reynolds to FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS into Davenport's body, causing him to DROP to one knee.

SIRENS BLARE and Reynolds momentarily looks away from Davenport.

When he brings his attention back, Davenport has vanished.

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds enters the room he had previously stopped at and almost becomes nauseous. Soon, the shot reveals that Lindsey Dobbs has been PINNED to the wall with BROKEN SHARDS OF MIRROR GLASS in both her PALMS. BLOOD from Lindsey's now MUTILATED FACE pours down to her NAKED CHEST.

Reynolds, utterly disgusted, walks closer to the body and

notices something carved into Lindsey's CHEST. It reads:  
REVELATIONS 18:23-24.

Reynolds is about to leave the room when he hears a DEEP GASP. He looks back and sees that Lindsey Dobbs is still breathing.

REYNOLDS

Morgan! We have a barely conscious victim with multiple severe lacerations. Where the hell is that bus?

Detective Morgan, who has just entered the room, quickly makes a U-turn and RUNS to check on the status of the ambulance.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs, everything is going to be okay. An ambulance is on the way and they are going to take good care of you.

EXT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Police LIGHTS FLASH everywhere as more and more SQUAD CARS and an AMBULANCE arrive. Detective Reynolds exits the house and walks towards his car.

REYNOLDS

Motherfucker! I can not believe this shit.

Detective Morgan approaches Reynolds.

MORGAN

Calm down, Reynolds. It's not your fault, man. This chick is lucky you got here when you did.

REYNOLDS

I saw him, Morgan. He had the sledgehammer and everything. I shot the bastard and then he just disappeared!

MORGAN

Disappeared? How many days have you been up, Max?

REYNOLDS

I'm not bullshitting. I emptied nearly the whole clip in the prick and he barely budged.

MORGAN

I did a sweep, man. There is nobody else inside. Whoever did this had to have been long gone by the time you got here.

REYNOLDS

I know what I saw, Morgan. Something is fucked about this whole thing.

Reynolds is about to sit down in his car when two people walk up to his car.

It is Elijah and Danielle.

REYNOLDS

May I help you two?

ELIJAH

Yeah, I'm Dennis McClain and this is Rachael Edmonds. We met in the park the other day.

REYNOLDS

Yeah I remember you two and I'm sorry to be an ass but you just happened to have caught me at a really inconvenient time so unless you can be of some help, I would really like to ask you two to leave the scene of this active investigation.

DANIELLE

I think we can help.

REYNOLDS

Is that so? Well tell me something then.

DANIELLE

We believe that the guy doing this may be a copycat killer.

REYNOLDS

Copycat? Who in the hell is he copying, Jason Voorhees; Michael Myers, maybe?

ELIJAH

She's serious. Look up Drake Davenport from the late seventies and you'll understand what we mean.

REYNOLDS

Who are you anyway? And how do you two know so much about this case?

DANIELLE

It's all over the news. How can you not know?

REYNOLDS

Of course it is. I hate fucking reporters.

ELIJAH

Listen, we can't tell you much about ourselves, but we can damn sure assist you on finding this psycho. That is what you want, isn't it?

REYNOLDS

More than you know.

ELIJAH

Then allow us to help you. I used to be in law enforcement myself so I know what I am doing.

REYNOLDS

It's probably not a good idea, but I'm out of options. Tell me what you know about religious symbolism.

DANIELLE

We may know a thing or two about the subject.

ELIJAH

What are you referring to exactly?

REYNOLDS

Understand me when I say that this conversation does not leave the presence of you two and me. With that said, as of late bible verses have been left on the victims. To be specific: The Book of Revelations.

ELIJAH

The killer may be trying to send a message.

REYNOLDS

Are you sure? The verses never give us any clues as to who the next

victim is so he's not sending  
messages to the police.

DANIELLE

Maybe it's not a message for the  
police. Perhaps all these murders  
are the real message and the bible  
verses are just his way of  
commentating on his work.

REYNOLDS

Where are you two from again?

DANIELLE

Out of town.

ELIJAH

Nebraska.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

The shot begins focused on a FLICKERING STREET LIGHT that  
illuminates the court. Below, on the court, a group of  
TEENAGE BOYS are playing basketball. As the shot pans down  
to the game, the street light flickers OFF.

The DRIBBLING of the BALL ceases and the group collects  
their respective belongings to wrap up the night.

Miguel and Justin stay behind.

Justin retrieves his camcorder from his BAG.

MIGUEL

Man, I am scared as shit right now.  
What are we going to do with this  
video?

JUSTIN

I think I'm going to send it to the  
news or something. I made a copy  
and I'm going to mail it out  
tomorrow.

MIGUEL

I don't want anyone to know I had a  
single thing to do with this.

JUSTIN

No shit. You think I want that  
crazy fuck knowing who I am and  
where I live. I can do without  
that.

MIGUEL

This has got to be one of the most  
fucked up weekends of my life, man.

JUSTIN

Things can only get better, though.  
Remember that.

As Miguel and Justin are about to exit the court, they  
notice that there is a PAD LOCK on the CHAIN LINK FENCE  
DOOR. About that same time, a familiar SCREECHING SOUND  
becomes audible.

The two turn around and just as if he had appeared out of  
thin air, Drake Davenport is standing ominously in front of  
them.

In one motion, Davenport RAMS the SPEAR END of his  
sledgehammer into Miguel's THROAT, removes the weapon, then  
IMPALES the same end upwards into Justin's JAW and through  
the top of his SKULL.

The camcorder falls and CRASHES to the pavement.

Davenport SMASHES it with the sledgehammer.

EXT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Danielle, Elijah and Detective Reynolds are conversed near  
the front door as Lindsey Dobbs is carried out of the house  
on a GURNEY. At the same time, FORENSICS UNITS are entering  
the house.

The scene now follows a WOMAN from behind as she is  
approaching the front of the house.

She is smoking a CIGARETTE.

Lt. Stacy has arrived.

LT. STACY

Max, what the hell is going on? Why  
are you out here yapping when you  
should be inside piecing together  
this increasingly bizarre puzzle?  
And who are these people?

REYNOLDS

Which question do you want me to  
answer first?

LT. STACY

Surprise me.

REYNOLDS

Well, these two individuals believe

that they have useful information that may help in tracking down our killer.

LT. STACY

That's just great. Let me guess, you guys have been watching the news a lot, haven't you?

ELIJAH

Actually--

LT. STACY

Never mind. Just stay out of the way, okay. This night keeps getting crazier and crazier.

REYNOLDS

Do tell.

LT. STACY

A few minutes ago, I sent Detectives Lewis and Conner over to the basketball courts over on Second Street after an anonymous tip about a couple of bodies on the grounds.

REYNOLDS

Jesus Christ.

ELIJAH

Um, could you not say that?

REYNOLDS

Sure, whatever.

LT. STACY

Anyway, two teenage males were just found murdered and the M.O fits our killer.

REYNOLDS

What?! Second is all the way across town. How did that bastard get there so fast?

LT. STACY

I don't know. There are a lot of things about this case that I'm not sure about. All I know is that we are running out of options and the public is running out of patience.

REYNOLDS

We have got to be getting close.  
This shit is fucking with my head a  
little, you know?

LT. STACY

Look, Max, I want you to go home  
and get some rest tonight. You have  
been damn near nonstop on this case  
since it began. I don't want you to  
get burned out. I've got Lewis and  
Conner checking out the courts and  
we will handle things here.

REYNOLDS

I'm fine. I just have to put a few  
things together and---

LT. STACY

Max, go home. The same goes for  
your friends here.

Lt. Stacy walks into the house as Detective Reynolds heads  
to his car.

REYNOLDS

Can I offer you guys a ride?

DANIELLE

Thanks.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the warehouse, RATS scurry amongst long decayed  
remains of human bodies and the filthiest of trash and  
garbage. The shot that initially follows the rats soon rests  
on a MAN BOUND to a chair with a BLACK HOOD covering his  
face.

Behind the man stands the dark figure known as Drake  
Davenport. Next to Davenport is a vast array of different  
WEAPONS and INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE: BONE SAW, PLIERS,  
ELECTRICAL DRILL, etc.

As the man STRUGGLES to break free, Davenport walks to his  
RADIO and TUNES through the stations until he finally finds  
the song he is looking for: "FREEBIRD"

INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds and Danielle sit up front as Elijah sits  
in the back.

REYNOLDS

So, tell me more about this  
Davenport fellow.

ELIJAH

Where do I start? First of all,  
he's probably the worst serial  
killer that you've never heard of.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Davenport walks away from the radio and back to his restrained captive. In his right hand is a LONG METAL STAKE. In his left hand is a HAMMER. He places the stake on the top of his victim's right hand which is tied with BARBED WIRE. Davenport then LIFTS the hammer into the air and SLAMS it down onto the stake, piercing through the victim's hand.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Reynolds is still driving and listening to the story of Drake Davenport.

ELIJAH

In 1977, Drake Davenport, at the age of seventeen and for no definitive reason, murdered his entire family in the dead of the night. You know, the usual.

INT. DAVENPORT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In this grizzly FLASHBACK, a YOUNG DRAKE DAVENPORT enters his parents' dark bedroom with a SLEDGEHAMMER.

ELIJAH (V.O)

It was not as much the act itself,  
but the cold and heartless manner  
in which it took place that  
disturbed people.

Davenport walks up to the bed in which both of his PARENTS are sleeping and begins to WILDLY SWING the sledgehammer down onto the bed. BLOOD SPATTERS against the WALL and Davenports FACE covering his eyes.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Believe me, this kid was fucking  
nuts.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

From underneath the hood the restrained victim SCREAMS out in pain as Davenport moves to the other hand. He places yet another stake onto the victim's hand and again SLAMS the hammer down onto the stake.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Elijah lights up a cigarette and offers Reynolds one.

Reynolds accepts it.

ELIJAH

When the police arrived the next morning they found that not only had Drake's parents been bludgeoned to death, but his younger siblings had been hung upside down by barbed wire with their throats sliced open like apple pie.

Reynolds looks over at Elijah like he cannot believe what is being said.

While listening to the story, Reynolds can't help but notice the similarities to his current investigation.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Reynolds is standing in the room where Bethany Slater and Michael Covington had been slain. This FLASHBACK takes him back to the repulsive scene of the two young lovers hanging from the ceiling via barbed wire with blood dripping from their throats.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

Why? Why did he do it?

ELIJAH (V.O)

Maybe it was porn. No one really knows but back then there was a lot of speculation floating around.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As the shot focuses on the RADIO that is still playing "FREEBIRD", the sound of BONE being SAWED and gut-wrenching SCREAMS echo throughout the scene.

The shot PANS over to the TABLE where Davenport keeps his PICTURES.

ELIJAH (V.O)

My favorite and the one that I think is more than likely true is the theory that Drake was already a twisted little lad, but one day he witnessed something that sent him over the edge.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The young Drake Davenport is walking into a bedroom, FLOWERS in hand, when he stumbles upon a teenage GIRL and GUY HAVING SEX in the bed.

ELIJAH (V.O)

I'm sure it cannot be confirmed or denied but the tall tale making the rounds at the "shoot the shit" gallery goes something like this...

The VASE holding the flowers SHATTERS on the hardwood floor.

Drake stands in front of the bed, in shock.

DRAKE

What the fuck is going on?!

The two teens scurry to hide themselves under the covers in shame.

GIRL

Drake? What are you doing here?

Drake becomes irate.

DRAKE

What am I doing here? You're fucking my best friend, you slut!

GIRL

Calm down, baby. It's just a misunderstanding.

DRAKE

I understand all right. I can't believe you two. I trusted you!

GUY

Dude, chill out. We were going to tell you--

DRAKE

We? It's "we" now? This is so fucked up!

GIRL

I'm sorry, Drake.

DRAKE

Are you?

Drake drops his head and SIGHS.

He turns and leaves the room.

GUY  
How did he know?

GIRL  
(sobbing)  
I don't know. Just...just get out  
of here. I knew this was a bad  
idea.

GUY  
It's not a big deal, baby. What's  
he going to do, anyway? It's Drake  
for god's sake.

The Guy PULLS on his PANTS and walks towards the door.

GUY (CONT'D)  
I'll go talk to him and settle this  
shit out.

The guy is about to exit the room when he is STRUCK in the  
FACE with a HAMMER.

GIRL  
DRAKE?! What are you doing?

DRAKE  
Shut...the...hell...UP!

The guy, now on the floor, attempts to CRAWL away from Drake  
as BLOOD POURS from his face.

Drake MOUNTS the guy and begins repeatedly HITTING him about  
the head with the hammer until he no longer moves.

Drake STANDS and as he looks at the Girl starts LAUGHING  
maniacally.

ELIJAH (V.O)  
Things kind of take a turn for the  
down-right disgusting at this  
point.

INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Elijah finishes his cigarette and TOSSES it out the window,  
Reynolds is becoming more and more wrapped up in the tale.

REYNOLDS  
What happened to the girl?

ELIJAH  
Which part of her?

REYNOLDS

Oh, man, no.

ELIJAH

You got it. I don't know the specifics, but apparently it involved power tools. I hope so at least. Chicks body was spaced out over the whole city. Messy shit.

DANIELLE

I don't know how senseless acts like that come about. I mean, am I being irrational by believing, or at least hoping that people are generally good, morally sufficient human beings?

ELIJAH

These are crazy times, toots. Fact of the matter is that there are insane, murderous, sociopath bastards breathing, eating and shitting right next door to grandma. I'm sure Detective Reynolds over here isn't surprised by the antics of today's all-but-forsaken culture.

REYNOLDS

Yeah, I have just about seen it all.

Reynolds gazes out the window, the weight of many years witnessing unspeakable horrors seeming to take its toll.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A DOOR is LOCKED from the inside.

Eddie, still visibly shaken, peers out the window to make sure nothing out of the ordinary is going on. Once he is certain he is safe, he walks to the REFRIGERATOR, OPENS it and retrieves a BEER.

In the living room, a TV SET is on and audible.

TV HOST (O.S)

If you're just tuning in, ladies and gentlemen, this is "Straight Talk with Kyle Sanders" and we are amidst a heated discussion about the existence of paranormal entities.

Eddies CHUGS the beer then walks into the living room and takes a seat on the couch.

On the television is a ROUND TABLE PANEL consisting of two MEN and two WOMAN and host, KYLE SANDERS.

MAN #1

Listen, Kyle, it is ridiculous and quite closed-minded to believe that the lives we lead-this physical charade is all there is. Since the beginning of time, cultures have recognized and I dare say respected the idea of higher powers and spiritual worlds.

Eddies becomes upset with this show. He tries to change the channel but the REMOTE CONTROL doesn't respond.

EDDIE

What the fuck? Does anything work around here?

Eddie relents and continues watching the program.

WOMAN #1

People will believe whatever society tells them to. Ghosts, vampires, monsters...gods? Bologna is what it is. In an era where human civilization is at the pinnacle of technology, it is absurd that there are those out there who choose to buy into these tall tales about Casper the Friendly Ghost and a giant invisible all-knowing man living in the sky. I ask, where is the proof?

Eddie CHUCKS his empty BEER CAN at the TV in disgust.

EDDIE

Shut up, cunt! Go read a fucking bible, you dike!

At that moment, Eddie is hit with an epiphany.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Lt. Stacy's CAR arrives at the court. She steps out and walks over to the congestion of POLICE OFFICERS that surrounds the latest BODIES.

Lt. Stacy examines the two male victims, Justin Lewis and Miguel Rodriguez, paying special attention to the now

signature HOLES in each one's respective WOUNDED AREA.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Drake wasn't some dumb juvenile punk, either. He was clever. Apparently his father had been having an affair with a broad from work. I'm talking years, man. And no one ever knew a thing. Well, Drake did. The mistress was found dead in a motel the next day. And get this, he impaled her with of all things the exact murder weapon Drake used on his loved ones. Funny thing is the handle end had been sharpened down to a point. Crazy shit, huh?

As Lt. Stacy is checking out the slain teenagers, her actions are INTER CUT between various other key scenes from earlier:

Back at the Jenkins' home, Detective Reynolds is taking note of the WOUND in Greg Jenkins' GROIN.

Next at the motel, location of the murders of Paul Nathans and Vanessa Harris, Reynolds is standing next to the PICK UP TRUCK, trying to make sense of the HOLE in the TRUCK DOOR.

The INTER CUT ends back where it started with Lt. Stacy finally walking away from the kids shaking her head in a mix of anger and sorrow.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

The three continue the conversation.

REYNOLDS

That's pretty terrible shit for a kid to do.

ELIJAH

Tell me about it.

DANIELLE

By the way, thanks for the ride, Detective.

REYNOLDS

Not a problem. I want to thank you guys for trying to help.

DANIELLE

Now, I hope you're going to take your boss's advice and go home and

get some rest. You look exhausted.

REYNOLDS

Don't worry about me. This isn't my first ballgame and it definitely won't be my last. I'll be fine.

DANIELLE

Well okay.

REYNOLDS

Before I drop you off I have one last question.

ELIJAH

And that would be?

REYNOLDS

What ever happened to the Davenport fellow?

ELIJAH

It's kind of ironic, actually. After being convicted on all counts of first degree murder and sentenced to death, Drake managed to escape from Death Row in 1987 and subsequently start on part two of his murderous spree.

REYNOLDS

What's so ironic about that?

ELIJAH

He ended up being killed by one of his would-be-victims: a fifteen year old girl. How about that for a twist ending?

Danielle has a confused look on her face, the kind of look that suggests some sort of light has gone off in her mind but is still unclear.

REYNOLDS

I could only pray for as happy an ending to the story going on these days.

ELIJAH

Not a bad idea. The praying part I mean.

REYNOLDS

After a few years on this job, praying seems a bit pointless to a

guy like me.

DANIELLE

You should reconsider that.

REYNOLDS

I'll do my best. Left at the light?

ELIJAH

Yep.

As Reynolds is approaching the light, a FIGURE walks into the street, right in the path of the car.

DANIELLE

Watch out!

In the street is Davenport. Once he notices who is in the car, Davenport HURLS his SLEDGEHAMMER, SPIKE-FIRST through the WINDSHIELD of the car.

The shot goes completely BLACK as the sounds of GLASS SHATTERING and CAR WRECKAGE are heard.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The television set, still tuned on the "Kyle Sanders Show", plays idly as Eddie sits in front of his COFFEE TABLE reading from a bible and nervously SMOKING a CIGARETTE.

EDDIE

(trembling)

"I urge you, brothers...to watch out for those who cause division and put obstacles in your way that are contrary to teachings you have learned..."

On the television, the debate rages on.

MAN # 2

It is just idiotic to think that there is some unseen dimension where ghouls and apparitions and all other assorted casts of fictional comic book characters dwell. Tell me, when was the last time any of you saw Dracula or heard the actual voice of some so-called "God"?

Eddie PUTS OUT then LIGHTS another cigarette. He peers over his shoulder as if he has heard something.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

"...Keep away from them...for such people are not serving our Lord Christ but their own appetites...by smooth talk and flattery."

Television.

WOMAN #2

Well let me ask you something. How can you disprove the existence of such things? You can't seriously think that this life is it. There are too many individual accounts of paranormal activities traced back to ancient civilizations. There are simply too many signs pointing to the actuality of other-worldly forces to just be coincidence.

Eddie CLOSES the bible.

EDDIE

"Romans, Chapter sixteen, verse seventeen."

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Morgan is shifting through PAPERS at his desk while holding his CELL PHONE to his ear.

In front of Morgan is a SCRATCH PIECE of PAPER reading: "REVELATIONS 18:23-24".

MORGAN

Pick up the phone, Reynolds.

INT.REYNOLDS' CAR-NIGHT

The inside of Reynolds' car is completely devastated. BROKEN GLASS, RELEASED AIR BAGS, BLOOD.

After a few moments, Reynolds tries to free himself. He WIPES the BLOOD from his lacerated FOREHEAD then checks on the condition of his passengers.

REYNOLDS

You two okay?

Elijah and Danielle, dazed yet seemingly uninjured, remove their SEAT BELTS.

DANIELLE

I'm fine. Your head.

REYNOLDS

I'll be alright. What the fuck happened?

Elijah notices the HOLE in the WINDSHIELD.

ELIJAH

I have a decent idea.

Reynolds RAMS his shoulder into the driver's side DOOR a few times before it gives way and OPENS.

He gets out and assists the others escape.

REYNOLDS

If anybody could tell me what the hell is going on, I would really appreciate it.

ELIJAH

It some heavy shit, man.

REYNOLDS

Heavier than a fucking spontaneous near-death experience? Who in the world was that guy in the road? Tell me something, goddamn it!

DANIELLE

It was him.

REYNOLDS

Him who?

ELIJAH

Davenport.

REYNOLDS

The dead guy from your story? Give me a break.

DANIELLE

It's true. It may be hard to comprehend right now, but it's the truth.

REYNOLDS

Bullshit.

ELIJAH

I don't have time to convince you, Detective. In fact, none of us do. In the next few minutes, maybe seconds, that deranged fuck is coming back and he's not as much for talking as he is for killing.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Morgan does not get an answer but decides to leave a voice message.

MORGAN

Reynolds, put down the bong and pick up your damn phone sometimes. This is important.

Morgan has PICTURES spread across his desk from each CRIME SCENE.

MORGAN

I followed up a little bit more on the Slater and Covington case and found that their situation was something different. Neither had any other sexual partners but it seems that they were attempting very much to hide their relationship.

Morgan takes a SIP of his coffee.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That got me thinking that maybe this one actually does link to the previous murders if you consider that the pattern isn't about adultery itself but more about people hiding their dirty little secrets. Kind of like that time you and Lt. Stacy took that "business" trip to Palm Springs. But hey, that's none of my concern, right?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The trio abandons the wrecked car and ducks into a nearby ALLEY.

MORGAN (V.O)

Update on the photo as well. Turns out Greg Jenkins had a little sister. Fucking saddest shit I have ever been around. The parents show up after the picture leaked online and are devastated. Not only have they just lost a son, but the daughter as well. Tragic is not even the word for it.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie, now seated on the couch, EMPTIES the last of his COCAINE onto the table. As he cuts himself a line, TEARS begin to flow from his BLOODSHOT eyes.

MORGAN (V.O)

Lastly, I looked up that bible verse that was carved into Lindsey Dobbs. I'm not much on my scripture but this freaked me out.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Near the driver's seat lays Reynolds' forgotten CELL PHONE.

MORGAN (V.O)

"And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee...

A BLOODY, DECREPIT HAND picks up the phone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danielle and Elijah help Reynolds, who has become disoriented from his head injury and loss of blood. They sit him down on a WOODEN CRATE.

Danielle TEARS a piece of CLOTH from her shirt and WRAPS it around Reynolds' forehead.

MORGAN (V.O)

And the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee. For thy merchants were the great men of the earth; For by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of the prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth".

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Morgan grabs his COAT and is about to leave.

MORGAN

Anyway, hopefully you can sort through all this shit and make heads and tales of it. You might even catch a wink or two of shut-eye. Give me a call tomorrow, man. I'll talk to you later.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The POWDER that was previously on the table is gone. Eddie is now lying down on the couch with his hand CLINCHED to his CHEST.

The scene is overwhelmed with a LOUD THUMPING; Eddie's HEARTBEAT.

EDDIE

Nessa! Where are you? I know you can hear me, baby. I don't want to be alone. Where are you?

Eddie closes his eyes.

When he opens them, Vanessa is standing over him, looking as sad as ever.

EDDIE

Hey, I knew you would come back to me. I'm sorry, I must look like shit.

Eddie cleans the tears from his face and sits upright.

EDDIE

Check it out, baby, I been doing some serious thinking and I know we can make this work. I know this sounds crazy but I found God.

Eddie starts CHUCKLING then continues his delusional talk.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I found God and I think He is going to forgive me and make everything better. And--and I've decided to change my ways, too. I'm going to be a good person, Nessa. I'm going to make you proud of me. I'm going to show 'em all, baby. You watch.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Danielle has finished bandaging Reynolds.

DANIELLE

That should take care of the bleeding. For now.

ELIJAH

Good, we need to get moving.

REYNOLDS

(to Elijah)  
Wait just a damn minute. Where are

we going?

ELIJAH

We're getting you to a hospital,  
first of all.

REYNOLDS

Like I told you, I'm fine. I need  
to call this in, though.

Reynolds searches his person for his cell phone but finds  
nothing.

REYNOLDS

Shit. I must have left my phone in  
the car. I'm going back to get it.

DANIELLE

That's seriously not a wise idea,  
Detective.

REYNOLDS

I'm a big boy, lady. I'll go and  
fetch my phone and get this whole  
situation squared away. Meanwhile,  
you and your boyfriend here can  
concoct some more of your Twilight  
Zone stories or whatever.

Elijah, reluctantly lets Reynolds pass after the two share a  
tense stare down.

ELIJAH

You're making a big mistake.

REYNOLDS

Wouldn't be the first time.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Morgan is moments away from walking out of the  
building when his CELL PHONE rings.

He ANSWERS it.

MORGAN

Yeah?

LT. STACY (O.S)

Morgan, have you heard from  
Detective Reynolds?

MORGAN

Not since earlier at the Dobbs'  
place. I tried calling but got

nothing. What's up?

LT. STACY (O.S)

There was a report of a car accident on Park and Second involving a vehicle matching Max's. I also tried contacting him but got the same thing as you. I want you to stop by and make sure everything is alright.

MORGAN

No problem, I will be there in ten minutes.

Morgan RUSHES out of the precinct.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Reynolds approaches his wrecked car and OPENS the driver's side DOOR. He rummages through the DEBRIS in search of his cell phone, but comes up empty-handed.

Reynolds gets out of the car and turns to walk back to the alley, only to come face-to-face with Drake Davenport.

REYNOLDS

Who the hell?

Davenport quickly WRAPS his HAND around Reynolds' THROAT and begins CHOKING him.

Reynolds PUNCHES Davenport in the HEAD but only ends up hurting himself. Reynolds then removes his HANDGUN from his HOLSTER and presses the BARREL against Davenport's STERNUM.

He PULLS the TRIGGER.

After the gun is FIRED, Reynolds notices that no blood is present and his attacker has not been phased by the point-blank shot.

Davenport devilishly GRINS as he TIGHTENS his grip.

Reynolds is close to losing consciousness when Davenport suddenly releases him.

There is a GUN BARREL at the back of Davenport's HEAD. Holding the gun is Elijah.

Davenport softly CHUCKLES.

ELIJAH

Hey, asshole, I've been waiting a long time for this. It's time to go

back to your eternal gang rape, you  
fucking loser.

Before Elijah can pull the trigger, Davenport quickly STABS him in the STOMACH with his SWITCHBLADE. Elijah DROPS the GUN and DOUBLES OVER.

The gun falls to the ground and is soon DRENCHED in BLOOD SPURTING from Elijah's ABDOMEN.

As Davenport turns his attention to Elijah, Reynolds carefully BENDS down and PICKS UP the BLOOD-SOAKED HANDGUN.

Danielle soon RUNS up to the action.

DANIELLE

Elijah!

Davenport SHOVES Elijah to the ground and focuses on Danielle. He is about to go after Danielle, when Reynolds GRABS Davenport's SHOULDER.

Davenport turns and PUNCHES Reynolds in the FACE, sending the back of his HEAD SMASHING through the GLASS WINDOW of the car. BLOOD POURS from the back of Reynolds' SKULL as he SLUMPS to the ground lifelessly.

Elijah lays in a PUDDLE of his own blood, watching as Davenport stalks towards Danielle, who has taken off RUNNING back into the alley.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lt. Stacy has just left the Lindsey Dobbs home and is on her way to check out the accident on Second and Park.

She LIGHTS a cigarette and begins to drift off into thought.

INT. HALLWAY OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Reynolds has just exited Dr. Morrison's office. As he is walking down the hall, he BUMPS into Lt. Stacy.

LT. STACY

Max? How are you doing?

REYNOLDS

Same shit, different day.

LT. STACY

I just wanted to say that I know you're a good cop and that the whole shooting thing was justified.

REYNOLDS

I know that but thanks anyway.

LT. STACY

Don't give me that uncaring,  
insensitive bullshit. I know you,  
Max. Better than anyone.

REYNOLDS

Just leave me alone. I'm not  
feeling talkative today, boss.

Reynolds begins to walk off but Lt. Stacy steps in his path.

LT. STACY

I don't like this side of you. I  
miss the old Max Reynolds. I've  
missed him for a long time now.

REYNOLDS

Erica, I know what you're hinting  
at. That was a long time ago.

Lt. Stacy PRESSES her body against Reynolds'.

LT. STACY

I never really got over you,  
though. You were special to me. We  
were in love. Do you forget that?

REYNOLDS

No, I never forgot that.

LT. STACY

Don't let whatever this thing that  
is bothering you get the best. I  
don't want to lose you again.

Lt. Stacy leans over and KISSES Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Erica, don't become engulfed in my  
pitiful excuse for a life. I wish  
it could be otherwise but it's too  
late for us. Hell, it's too late  
for me.

Reynolds kisses Lt. Stacy again before walking off and  
around the corner.

Lt. Stacy watches as he leaves, completely dumbfounded.

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Morgan's CAR comes to a stop in front of the crash sight. He  
gets out of the car and examines the wrecked car.

There is blood on the ground and inside the car and on the shattered window but no bodies. Morgan is perplexed.

MORGAN

What in Christ's name happened here?

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Davenport carries Danielle's unconscious body over his shoulder as he enters the warehouse. He TOSSES her carelessly onto the ground then walks back out.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie is locked in a trance as he stares into the eyes of his dead girlfriend. He has long ignored the television that is still on.

A NEWS FLASH interrupts the talk show.

ANCHOR

We apologized for interrupting your regularly scheduled program, but we have just gotten an update on the heinous murders that have plagued the city for the last few day...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Davenport returns, this time DRAGGING Elijah passed Danielle and into his torture room. Davenport sets Elijah in his all-too-familiar CHAIR and places a HOOD over his head.

After securing Elijah in place, Davenport exits the warehouse again.

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Lt. Stacy has arrived at the scene. She approaches Detective Morgan as he continues to try to make sense of what is going on.

ANCHOR (V.O)

Tonight, police responded to gunshots at the residence of Lindsey Dobbs and discovered that the twenty-nine-year old investment banker had been brutally attacked. Fortunately, due to the quick actions of the police, the victim is recovering at an undisclosed hospital in critical condition.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Muffled SCREAMS from another room finally wake Danielle. Next to her is Detective Reynolds, unconscious and unresponsive.

She groggily STANDS up and follows the screaming.

When she enters Davenport's torture room, Danielle almost vomits from what she sees. Davenport has mutilated someone and she soon begins to realize who it must be.

Davenport spots Danielle and eagerly REMOVES the HOOD from his victim.

DANIELLE

Elijah! Oh my god!

ELIJAH

Danielle, run! Don't look at me like this!

Both of Elijah's HANDS have been NAILED to the arms of the chair he is seated in.

Elijah's left FOOT has also been completely SEVERED.

Danielle is about to make her way towards Elijah when Davenport pulls out his SWITCH BLADE and CUTS across Elijah's THROAT.

Blood SPURTS from Elijah's throat.

DANIELLE

NO!

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Back on the street prior to arriving at Lindsey Dobbs' house, Danielle and Elijah are involved in a very heated discussion.

ELIJAH

I don't want to hurt you.

DANIELLE

How are you going to hurt me? Do you think I'm some naïve little girl? You didn't take advantage of me last night. We took advantage of each other. I needed you and I still do.

ELIJAH

I need you too. More than you will

ever know.

DANIELLE

Then tell me. It's not like we have anything other than time.

ELIJAH

Yeah, about that---

DANIELLE

What now, Elijah? More excuses? I'm pouring my heart out to you and all you do is come up with reasons not to talk about this. Why?

ELIJAH

We may not have as much time as you think.

DANIELLE

What?

ELIJAH

I kind of exaggerated the whole "not being able to die" thing.

DANIELLE

I don't understand.

ELIJAH

We can be killed...again. I mean, nothing of this world like drugs or disease but if or actually when we find Davenport we have to be careful.

DANIELLE

Are you saying that--

ELIJAH

What I'm saying is that evil son of a bitch can kill us. Just like we have to kill him to completely our mission, the knife cuts both ways.

DANIELLE

And what happens then?

ELIJAH

I thought you remembered what it was like the first time.

DANIELLE

I mean do we go back to Heaven or what?

ELIJAH

Honestly, a lot of things are uncertain to me. We've not actually been living a life of purity since returning. And even though it is an unavoidable necessity, we still have to take a life. Can we ever really wash our hands of that?

Danielle's head drops and she SIGHS.

DANIELLE

Maybe we can't. I don't want to die again, Elijah. I'm afraid.

Elijah places his hand on Danielle's CHIN and lifts her head.

ELIJAH

I know, sweetie. You're a soldier, though. Remember what I said about things happening for a reason? Everything will go just as it is supposed to.

Danielle KISSES Elijah.

DANIELLE

Can I tell you something?

ELIJAH

Sure, why not?

DANIELLE

I think I'm in love with you.

ELIJAH

I'm so confused right now. All this has been so much to take in and all I have really found out about myself is that I was a federal agent. However, I found out something else and that is that I don't ever want to lose you.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Still in shock, Danielle WIPES the tears that FLOW FREELY from her eyes and RUNS passed Davenport and into another part of the warehouse.

Danielle hides behind a huddle of WOODEN BOXES.

Nearby a TELEVISION provides the only LIGHT for the area.

ANCHOR (O.S)

The town is still in panic as the recent spree still continues as the eighth and ninth suspected victims were found by police only an hour ago at a local basketball court.

Davenport enters the area searching for Danielle.

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Lt. Stacy removes a CIGARETTE and LIGHTS it.

She paces back and forth nervously before SQUATTING down on the curb next to the car.

As she PUFFS the cigarette rapidly, Lt. Stacy begins to CRY and PUNCHES the concrete GROUND.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

The last of the police officers are leaving as MEDIA OUTLETS SWARM them for answers.

ANCHOR (V.O)

It is now being dubbed as the "Ambrose Incidents" and many in the city from which the clever title is taken can not believe the level of violence that has befallen its people in the last few days.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danielle continues to hide behind the boxes completely terrified and hysterical.

Davenport soon realizes where Danielle is hiding and KICKS the BOXES out of the way.

Danielle SCREAMS then RUNS further into the warehouse.

Davenport CHASES after her as she KNOCKS over OBJECTS in her path.

Danielle turns a corner with Davenport a few steps behind her.

When Davenport rounds the corner, he is met with a CROWBAR to the face courtesy of the frightened woman.

BLOOD pours from Davenport's NOSE as Danielle REARS back to strike him again.

This time however, Davenport CATCHES Danielle's WRIST, stopping her attack.

He uses his free hand to STRANGLE Danielle by the THROAT then SLAM her through a GLASS WINDOW.

Writhing in pain and covered in SHATTERED GLASS, Danielle pulls herself together and begins CRAWLING away from Davenport, who is CLIMBING through the BROKEN WINDOW.

DANIELLE

Fuck you!

Davenport lets out a sinister CHUCKLE then viscosly KICKS Danielle in the FACE.

DANIELLE

Is that all you've got, you pussy?

Danielle is now in a seated position SLIDING away from Davenport.

Right behind her on the floor is the CROWBAR she dropped.

Davenport again GRABS Danielle by the throat and PULLS her to her feet.

Davenport brings Danielle face-to-face with himself and for the first time his features become distinguishable.

Danielle is almost frightened to tears as Davenport OPENS his MOUTH and reveals a deathly RASPY voice.

DAVENPORT

You are forsaken. Your god has failed you and now you shall shed blood for your new lord.

Danielle SPITS BLOOD in Davenport's EYES.

She then STABS the POINT of the CROWBAR into Davenport's ABDOMEN.

Davenport releases his grip on Danielle and STAGGERS backwards as BLOOD GUSHES from his stomach.

DANIELLE

I've met God and you are nothing like Him. You're just a little bitch that forgot to take his meds and managed to sneak out of Hell. I only wish I could be there to watch you burn, you sorry fuck.

Davenport stops staggering and places his hand on the

crowbar. He JERKS FORWARD and removes the weapon from his body.

Danielle is in disbelief and again attempts to RUN passed Davenport while he is disoriented but Davenport PUNCHES her in the JAW, sending her to the ground.

He GRABS Danielle by the HAIR and DRAGS her KICKING and SCREAMING back to his torture room.

Once there, Davenport SLAMS Danielle into the WALL.

Davenport picks up his SLEDGEHAMMER and tries to HIT Danielle, but she DUCKS and RUNS to the TABLE covered in TORTURE DEVICES.

Again, Davenport CHARGES at her with his weapon and again Danielle DUCKS.

This time, Danielle GRABS the ELECTRICAL DRILL and turns it on.

She SHOVES the DRILL into Davenport's GROIN.

Davenport SCREAMS in pain and DROPS the sledgehammer.

He CLUTCHES his groin and FALLS to his knees as Danielle REACHES for the SLEDGEHAMMER.

Danielle, STRAINING at first, lifts the sledgehammer and DRIVES it down onto the TOP of Davenport's HEAD.

After Davenport FALLS onto his back on the GROUND, Danielle PICKS UP the SWITCHBLADE and starts STABBING Davenport in the face.

BLOOD SPATTERS all over Danielle as she ATTACKS Davenport.

While she is in the heat of the moment, Danielle gets FLASHBACKS of STABBING a MAN in the same fashion but the vision is very VAGUE.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

What's so ironic about that?

ELIJAH (V.O)

He ended up being killed by one of his would-be-victims: a fifteen year old girl. How about that for a twist ending?

Once she is sure Davenport is dead, Danielle TOSSES the switchblade and CRAWLS over to Elijah.

She UNRAVELS the BARBED WIRE on Elijah's WRISTS first and

then, using the BUTT-END of a nearby HAMMER, Danielle removes the STAKES from his hands.

Danielle sits in Elijah's lap and PULLS his head to her chest and CRADLES it as she slowly ROCKS and SOBS.

As she sits with Elijah, Danielle doesn't notice as Davenport slowly RISES from the ground.

Davenport is about to attack Danielle when a GUNSHOT is FIRED, BLOWING a HOLE in the side of Davenport's HEAD.

Davenport COLLAPSES to the ground, down for good.

Standing next to the downed body is Detective Reynolds, holding the still SMOKING HANDGUN.

DANIELLE

I thought you were dead.

REYNOLDS

Yeah, well, you thought he was dead too.

DANIELLE

How is that possible? How did you kill him?

REYNOLDS

Point and shoot. It's pretty simple.

Danielle notices the BLOOD that covers the fire arm. It is Elijah's blood.

REYNOLDS

Now, let's get you out of here and cleaned up.

The scene begins to FADE as "Freebird" begins to play once again on the RADIO.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Danielle wakes up, CLINCHED to a PILLOW and visibly upset. She looks like she has been crying all night.

When she rolls over to her other side, she is STARTLED when she notices a MAN in ALL WHITE sitting at the side of her bed.

MAN IN WHITE

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

DANIELLE

It's okay. I'm just a little shaken.

MAN IN WHITE

I can imagine. Let me start off by saying how proud of you I am. You did a really brave thing and I know how hard it was for you.

DANIELLE

Thank you. It was extremely hard.

MAN IN WHITE

Now, I do believe I owe you something.

DANIELLE

And what's that?

MAN IN WHITE

Answers.

The Man in White places His HAND on Danielle's FOREHEAD.

A WHITE FLASH fills the screen.

INT. CAR - DAY

Danielle is riding in the passenger seat and is ARGUING with someone. It is soon shown to be Elijah.

DANIELLE

I can't believe you! You are cutting our honeymoon short? What kind of shit is that?

ELIJAH

Look, I work for the government. These things happen and I don't really have that much say-so in the matter. I will make it up to you, sweetie, I promise.

All of a sudden an EIGHTEEN WHEELER SLAMS into the car at an intersection and TEARS the car apart.

INT. HELL - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Elijah is seated in a dark room with two ominous FIGURE standing in front of him.

One is dressed in ALL BLACK, the other in ALL WHITE.

MAN IN WHITE

The reason you are here, My child is because of your countless sins against your fellow neighbor, most notably your wife. Your adulterous ways and lack of compassion for the one you love most has earned you an eternity of damnation. However, you are about to be given the chance of any lifetime.

MAN IN BLACK

We have what I like to call a bit of an unsavory situation on our hands. A rogue from my gates has escaped and now roams free amongst the living. Your bride was the one that sent his soul to me the first go around and she has been sent from heaven back down to Earth to do it again. That's where you and this "get out of Hell for free" card are about to come into play.

MAN IN WHITE

You will be sent back to Earth to assist her in finding and killing this lost soul. You two will be given fake names and have only broken memories of your past lives. As far as it will seem, you two will be complete strangers from Heaven. Do you except?

ELIJAH

Yes.

MAN IN WHITE

Remember this. I will always be by your side.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The Man removes His HAND from Danielle's FOREHEAD.

Danielle becomes overwhelmed with emotions.

DANIELLE

I knew it was something. I just couldn't figure it out. I loved him so much.

MAN IN WHITE

He loved you more than he could express. He gave up his promised spot in Heaven for you too.

DANIELLE

What do you mean?

MAN IN WHITE

I mean, maybe he isn't as dead as you think.

DANIELLE

Where? Where is he?

MAN IN WHITE

You two will find each other again when the time is right. You have a while to reconnect. This is your second chance. Your real second chance. Make the best of it, okay?

DANIELLE

Thank you.

MAN IN WHITE

No problem. This is what I do.

Danielle momentarily LOOKS away and when she looks back, the Man in White has VANISHED.

In the space that He had previously taken up is a HOME PREGNANCY TEST.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is the night in the apartment when Danielle had her first nightmare. She and Elijah have just finished watching "CHEECH and CHONG" and are relaxing on the couch.

ELIJAH

You read the Bible much in your last life?

DANIELLE

I don't remember.

ELIJAH

Well I didn't. But for some reason I find it very insightful these days. Maybe it's the stress of looking for this killer, but I look towards it sometimes for guidance. Anyway, before I bore you I want to get to my point.

DANIELLE

And what exactly is your point?

ELIJAH

I was reading and I noticed something that kind of made me scratch the old noodle. When God creates Adam, the first man, it says that God puts Adam to sleep in order to take his rib and create Eve, right?

DANIELLE

Right.

ELIJAH

Alright, well nowhere does it ever say that God ever woke Adam up. Adam was made in God's image so, what if this is all God's dream or in this case I guess it would be a nightmare.

DANIELLE

Hmmm. You know what I think?

ELIJAH

What?

DANIELLE

I think you're insane.

Danielle HITS Elijah with a PILLOW and the two start LAUGHING.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

It is present time again and Danielle has just left the bathroom with the PREGNANCY TEST in hand.

The shot gets a CLOSE UP on Danielle's FACE as she SIGHS and SMILES from ear to ear.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Detective Reynolds, BANDAGED about the HEAD, sits at his desk enjoying his coffee and reading the morning paper.

The headline reads: "UNIDENTIFIED KILLER SLAIN, SPREE ENDS"

REYNOLDS

Am I losing it? I couldn't have seen what I think I saw. Jesus.

Reynolds takes a look at the PICTURE of himself and his wife that rests on his desks. He finally smiles at the photo, then SIGHS.

Detective Morgan approaches Reynolds desk, BOX in hand.

MORGAN

Got a package for you, man. How's  
the head?

REYNOLDS

Just dandy, Morgan. What is that by the way?

Morgan places the box on Reynolds' desk.

MORGAN

No idea. I take it's probably a get well soon gift from one  
of the working girls you're so fond of.

REYNOLDS

(laughing)

Screw you. That was one time and  
off the record.

MORGAN

Whatever, man. Enjoy.

Detective Morgan walks off as Reynolds opens an attached  
CARD and reads it.

REYNOLDS

"They are spirits of demons  
performing miraculous signs..."

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It is the night prior and Eddie is laying on his living room  
floor, CONVULSING and FOAMING at the mouth. The vision that  
once represented Vanessa has changed. It is now a MAN. A man  
dressed in ALL BLACK.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

"...and they go out to the kings of  
the whole world, and gather them  
for the battle on the great day of  
God Almighty."

As Eddie is OVERDOSING, the Man in Black places his HAND on  
Eddie's FOREHEAD.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey Dobbs lies in bed, hooked to various AIR TUBES and  
INTRAVENOUS LINES and MONITORS.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

"Behold, I come like a thief!

Blessed is he who stays away and  
keeps his clothes with him, so that  
he may not be naked and shamefully  
exposed."

An unrecognizable MAN enters the room, hidden by the DARK.

Lindsey's HEART MONITOR FLAT LINES.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Reynolds finishes reading.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
"Revelation, Chapter sixteen,  
verses fourteen through fifteen."

Reynolds CRUMBLES the card in anger.

REYNOLDS  
Ha-fucking-ha. Who's the goddamn  
comedian? You think this shit is  
funny?

Reynolds opens the box. When he looks inside, he nearly  
FALLS over his CHAIR as he JUMPS back.

REYNOLDS  
Oh, no...fuck no.

Reynolds becomes sick and VOMITS in his TRASH CAN.

Morgan walks back over to Reynolds.

MORGAN  
What the hell is going on? And what  
is that smell?

Morgan peers into the box.

MORGAN  
Holy shit! That can't be what I  
think it is!

REYNOLDS  
Go get CSU up here, right now! Find  
out where this package came from!  
NOW!

Morgan and other officers break into panic at what they have  
just seen.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A POSTAL WORKER walks to his vehicle after exiting the

building. As he approaches the shot, his FACE becomes visible from under his tilted HAT.

It is Eddie Quinn, sporting a sinister crooked smile and a brand new pair of FIRE RED EYES.

Several scenes from earlier quickly INTER CUT:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie DRIVES by the Jenkins' resident right as a CIGARETTE is TOSS out the kitchen window.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Eddie is furious, storming away from his encounter with Paul and Vanessa. He BUMPS into someone as he is heading to his car.

Davenport SMILES and hides in the darkness.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie is lying on his couch with an attractive YOUNG LADY. It is the same girl from the photos sent to the police station. Greg Jenkins' sister.

EDDIE

Hey, thanks for hanging out with me and getting me wasted. I have to run to the store real quick but you can stay here and make yourself at home.

Eddie exits the house.

Almost immediately, Davenport's FACE peers through a nearby WINDOW.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bethany and Michael are FLIRTING as they pass various party goers. Michael stops and talks to Eddie.

MICHAEL

What's up, dude? I didn't even notice you. Sorry about Vanessa, man.

BETHANY

Yeah, me too, Ed. I can't image what you're going through.

EDDIE

Thanks, but everything will be

okay, I guess. Happens for a reason, isn't that what they say?

MICHAEL

Yeah, they do say that. I just hope nothing like that ever happens again to someone we know. Anyway, man, I'm not trying to be a downer. You know if the old master bedroom is occupied at this juncture?

EDDIE

Actually, I just passed it. Should be all clear, kiddies.

MICHAEL

Alright. Thanks, bro and keep your head up.

INT. EDDIE QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie is still on the ground CONVULSING as the Man in Black WHISPERS in his EAR.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

In this FLASHBACK, Young Drake Davenport is standing in front of his terrified girlfriend. He has the BLOODY HAMMER in his hand and beside him is the Man in Black WHISPERING in his EAR.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Policemen RUN about in disarray and the scene begins to FADE AWAY but not before revealing the contents of the box:

A SEVERED HEART with Lt. Stacy's BADGE pinned to it.

END.