To Catch a Predator A Short Screenplay By Chris Pender

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Movie Opens:

Int. Bedroom-Morning

A man named John Dale wakes to the sound of an alarm ringing. He's a handsome man, early twenties. He sits up in bed and wipes the sleep from his eyes. Throwing the covers back, he steps out of bed, yawning, he walks to the bathroom and closes the door. We hear water running.

Cut to-

Ext. Suburban Street-Morning

Two men sit in a Rusty old Buick watching a house across the street. Their names are Chris and Jeff, They work for a man named the "BOSS" they wait patiently, kind of. Jeff looks through binoculars to the house. Chris sits smoking and anticipates movement from the house.

> Jeff: "So this is the house, right?"

Chris: "Yeah, boss says this is it."

Jeff: "So what are we supposed to do again?"

Chris: "Make it look like we're cops. Take him to the place. Boss'll call with directions."

> Jeff: "Cool...What did this guy do to piss off the boss?"

> > Chris:

"Does it matter? All that matters is we got paid."

Jeff: "True dat!"

Cut to-

Int. Bathroom- Morning

John stands with a towel wrapped around him and he's shaving his face. When complete he wipes the cream residue off and walks to the bedroom.

Int. Bedroom- Morning

John is putting a nice pair of slacks on and a polo shirt. He applies cologne liberally to his face and gives himself a once over in the mirror. John slips his shoes on and grabs his keys then walks out of the house locking it then gets into his car and drives away.

Cut to-

Ext. Suburban Street- Morning

The men notice John's exit and shift into gear. Slowly following behind John but far enough for him to not notice. Jeff turns the radio on and the MP3 transmitter on. Limp Bizkit's "ROLLIN" plays loudly. Chris shakes his head in disappointment at Jeff's music choice.

Chris: "Why do you listen to that crap?"

Jeff: "We need some chase music. It fits man it fits." Chris:

"This would work for a high speed chase. Right now, we're going twenty miles an hour. Does it still fit?"

The music continues to play as the duo follows John down narrow roads, Country roads, and twist and turns. Finally, John pulls into a market's parking lot. The two park a distance away and watch as John exits his car to enter the store. On the way there, he smiles at a teenage girl. Not a hello smile.

Int. Buick- Morning

Jeff: "So he's into younger women whats wrong with that?"

Chris: "Jeff, sometimes I swear I should just shoot you, for saying shit like that. He's a pedo, Jeff, a Pedo."

> Jeff: "Whats a pedo?"

Chris: "A pedophile, Jeff."

Jeff: "Oh...That's just not right. But whats this got to do with the boss?"

Chris: "You remember that birthday party we went to a few months back?"

Jeff: "Yeah, the boss's daughter's birthday. Her seventh If I remember right."

Chris: "Yeah. John Dale, was a client of the boss's. Ashlee, happened to be home one night while the boss was out and I'm pretty sure you can figure out the rest." Jeff: "Oh god...Why didn't he call the police?"

Chris: "Oh for Christ's sake Jeff."

> Jeff: "What?"

Chris: "Never mind."

Cut to-

Ext. Market parking lot- Daytime

John exits the market carrying a few bags of groceries. Walking to his car he sees Chris sitting on the hood of his car. John walks apprehensively to the car. Chris flashes a badge at John and smiles. Breaking the ice between the two.

> Chris: "Mr. Dale?"

John: "Yeah, that's me. Can I help you with something officer?"

Chris: "Well, I'm sorry to tell you this but there's been an accident in your family."

> John: "Oh my God, Who was it."

Chris: "Your grandmother, She's been hit by a bus."

John: "Is she alright?" Chris shakes his head, signifying she's not.

Chris:

"They're doing all they can, but she requested you to be at her side, so we tracked you down. You can leave your groceries in your car. I doubt it'll be long. I'm sorry Mr. Dale."

John:

"Okay, let me just put this in my trunk and I'll be right with you."

Chris:

"Okay, Mr. Dale."

John walks to the back of his car, sliding his key into the trunk and opening it. Suddenly, Jeff pops out of the trunk and Tazers John knocking him unconscious. Jeff hops out of the trunk and Chris quickly joins his side, the two carry John to the Buick's open and Awaiting trunk. Tossing him in they quickly drive away and over the spilled groceries, crushing a head of lettuce and busting a carton of milk.

Cut to-

A slow motion sequence with "GOODBYE BLUE SKY" by pink Floyd is playing. In the sequence we see Jeff and Chris Carry John from the trunk to a garage and place him on folding table. Stripping him to his briefs and and strapping him tightly to the table including a harness for his head. A fluorescent light swings back and forth above John. Casting shadows upon the room.

Fade to-

Int. Garage- Night

John slowly regains consciousness and his eye wander around his surroundings. He sees Chris smoking and sitting on a folding chair next to a poker table with "Tools" on it and Jeff doing pushups on the concrete floor. John struggles with his bonds and alerts Chris to his friend being awake.

Chris:

"Good morning, Sunshine. Glad you could join us. It wouldn't be much

fun without you aware of whats going on, now would it?"

John: "What's going on, Who are you?"

Chris: "Well, we're friends of a special person in your life."

John: "Is my grandma okay?"

Chris:

"Well aren't you the ever concerned individual... It's nice to see that your more concerned about your elders than you are yourself...How come you didn't have that concern for Ashlee?"

> John: "I don't know any Ashlee."

> > Chris:

"Well she knows you. If you walk out of here, you should ask her about the stitches you made her get."

John: "Listen, Sir, I don't know what your talking about."

Chris rises from his chair and slams his hand into the crotch of John. John writhes and vomits a bit on himself. In the Corner Jeff is setting up a camcorder on a tripod and hits record. John notices and looks away.

John:

"Please let me go, I won't tell anyone what happened here. I swear."

Chris:

"Sorry, Johnny boy, not an option. You see there's twenty thousand dollars waiting for us some where ordering us to do what we're gonna do to you. And just to make sure of payment we're recording this, for that special some one." John:

"Please, I don't know what all this is about. I promise. You can let me go."

Chris:

"But see, others have let you go, and you did it again, and again, and again. See here, I have the list."

John:

"Bullshit, there isn't any list!"

Chris reaches over the table and grabs an envelope. Pulling out several documents from inside and waves them in front of John's face. Gently fanning the pages over him, then begins to read the list to John.

Chris:

"Okay, How about Jannie arch, Becca Rhys, Lisa Waters, Kimmy Lin, Oh wait, there's even boys in here John. I can understand why, I mean their all pretty much the same at that age. Know what I mean Johnny. Wink Wink, Nudge Nudge. Get it? No grass on the field."

> John: "Their lying... Their parents hated me."

Chris:

"John, whats the real chances of twelve children, from twelve different neighborhoods accusing you of the same thing. I'll bet your a gambling man. If you can name them all, I wont put this cigarette out on your cock. Can you do that?"

> John: "Their aren't twelve."

> > Chris:

"EHH, wrong answer John boy, Jeff if you'd be so kind as to remove this man's under trousers for me."

> Jeff: "Sure thing."

Jeff removes John's underwear by cutting them with a blade, but not gently. He tears into John's thigh causing blood to run from the wound. Jeff smiles and hits John in the nuts.

Jeff:

"Oops, I'm sorry mister Dale, Here let me fix that for you."

Jeff walks over to the table and grabs a can of Iodized salt and pours it onto the wound. John cries out in agony and the salt burns clean the wound. Then Chris takes one final puff to make sure the smoke is red hot and places it directly on its intended target and proceed to twist the cigarette out. John's weeping louder with burst of occasional vomit seeping from his mouth.

> Chris: "See, now that wasn't too bad was it?"

> > John: "Go fuck yourself."

Chris:

"See, my mother would have been appalled at that language there, so we're gonna have to wash that mouth out now. Jeff, grab that bottle of LINCO for me, kind sir."

Jeff:

"As you wish."

Chris receives the bottle and places it on the table of bondage for John. Chris grabs John's nose forcing John to open his mouth. Chris Pours the liquid into John's mouth making him gag and gurgle. Chris sets the bleach down and smiles at John. Tears run down John's face, but suddenly John spits the bleach into Chris' face causing him to writhe back and giving John time to free one hand from it's bond.

Chris:

"Well, good thing my eyes were closed. John, all I was trying to do was give you thoroughly fresh breath and this is what you do to me? Jeff take care of his hand."

As Chris wipes the bleach from his face. Jeff walks to the table and picks up a hammer and one roofing nail. Walking to John, he holds his hand down and slams the nail and hammer into John's palm. John Screams out again. Blood flows from his hand. Chris sits back down

and lights a smoke.

Chris:

"Now that I have your attention, I want you to tell me the story of your night with Ashlee. And don't say you didn't do anything cuz, frankly I know better and if it were my little girl. I'd have killed you by now. So go on, spill the beans."

Cut to-

Ext. Trailer- Night time

John parks his car across from a trailer. With Binoculars he stares into a window and begins masturbating. He finishes quickly and uses a rag to wipe up. John steps out of the car and creeps to the side of the trailer. Hunched over he slowly steps to an open window. We hear a kidz bop song playing. John reaches up and crawls into the window.

Cut to-

Int. Garage- Night time

Chris:

"So that's what you did. You raped a seven year old girl. John, I must say that's pretty sick, even for me. You know now why we're doing what we're doing to you right?"

> John: "Yeah."

Chris: "Are you sorry you did that to Ashlee?"

John: "No, Sweetest ass ever." Chris:

"Oh John, see I was gonna let you go. But you had to go all evil on me and say that. Well, I didn't have much else planned for you. See we're taping this as a valentine's day present for our boss. Cuz, we care about him and his family's well being. You hurt that John, You scarred that little girl. Now, I'm gonna have to do something just as bad to you."

John:

"Go ahead fucker, I'll track you down and do it to your family too."

Chris:

"Good thing I don't have much of a family besides Jeff here and I'm pretty sure your not gonna be able to do what you did again...ever."

John: "What do you mean?"

Chris:

"Well see John, I'm gonna melt your cock with Sulfuric Acid and then your going to give back to society by helping some one out.."

> John: "You're lying, you can't buy sulfuric acid."

Chris: "Your right, but that's what friends in the pharmaceutical business are for."

John: "I'll kill you if I ever get loose. I'll hunt you down like the fucking dog you are."

Chris: "Jeff did you hear that, he called me a dog. How did he know that was my favorite style?"

Jeff:

"No idea... But I can't wait to hear him scream more."

Chris: "Then, why wait?"

Cut to-

Slow motion psychedelic sequence. Pink Floyd's "DOGS" plays. Chris grabs a few small white rocks and places them on a spoon. Using his lighter he melts them and sucks the liquid into a syringe. Chris injects John in the arm. Quickly the room turns blue, the light begins flickering, the world seems upside down. John hears the duo talking but all he can comprehend is barking dogs. Chris grabs the vile and slowly pours the acid onto John's genitals. They slowly begin to dissolve. John tries to scream but nothing comes out. The camera follows the visceral mess as it runs off the table onto the floor and into the drain. The camera focuses on the twirling liquid as it flows into the drain.

Cut to-

John awakens from his high and screams in pain, Chris and Jeff laugh at the pervert as they both take a shot of tequila in honor of there recent feat.

> Chris: "See, I told you it wouldn't be so bad."

John: "Please stop. I need help. I'm gonna bleed to death."

Jeff:

"No your not, we clamped your major arteries shut. So stop being such a pussy."

Chris:

"Speaking of pussy, maybe you can get one now, being as your lacking the proper tools to please anything."

John: "I'm begging you...Please stop this...I'll do anything...Anything at all." Chris:

"Your going to. Don't worry John, We're almost done with you. All you have to do now is give back to society."

John: "How? I'll do anything."

Chris:

"First, look into that camera and say I'm sorry Ashlee. I deserved everything I got. Your father is a great man and would do anything to protect you. I'm the perfect example."

John: "I'm sorry Ashlee. I deserved everything I got. Your father is a great man and would do anything to protect you. I'm the perfect example."

Chris: "very well done John . See now your already doing better as a human being."

John: "What now?"

Chris reaches onto the table and grabs the bottle of tequila and a hose. Walks to John's head and places them near him.

Chris: "Your going to have to swallow this hose for me, okay?"

John: "I can't I'm too weak."

Jeff: "I'll help don't worry."

Chris:

"See whats coming next is going to be excruciating and unfortunately we're out of anesthetic so, this'll have to do." Chris shoves the hose into John's face, Jeff holds John's nose shut forcing him to open his mouth. Chris slides the hose into John's throat and into his stomach. John gags trying to rid himself of the hose but can't. Chris opens the Tequila bottle and pours the whole contents into the hose making John intoxicated quickly.

Chris: "Get the scalpel and cooler."

Jeff: "Done"

Chris pours rubbing alcohol onto John's torso and the scalpel. Quickly Chris slices open John's side. Slipping his hand into John. Using the scalpel frees the organ he was searching for. The kidney. Chris throws it into the cooler and Jeff closes it. Chris then staples John shut.

Chris: "Thank god we're done."

Jeff: "Here's the phone Chris."

Jeff walks over to the camera and removes the tape. Chris dials his boss on the cell. Jeff packs up his gear and cleans the mess up. The boss answers the phone.

Chris: "It's done...Great, We'll pick it up there. Thank you so much sir!"

Jeff: "Well?"

Chris: "Dumpster on Fifth Avenue. Let's get the hell out of here."

Jeff: "What about him?"

Chris dials 911 and places the phone in John's mouth. The two walk out together and climb into the car. Chris light's a smoke, Jeff just sits back and closes his eyes.

Fade to-

A paramedic stands over John as he regains awareness.

Paramedic:

"Hey, I'm Brian and everything's gonna be okay. We're taking you to the hospital now."

John: "Can I talk to a priest while I'm there."

Brian: "You sure can, we'll get you there in a jiff."

Cut to-

The duo drive into the alley where the dumpster is located. Chris and Jeff climb out and walk to it. Inside waiting for them is a duffel bag full of cash. They both high five and climb back into the car.

> Jeff: "Well, where to now?"

Chris: "How you feeling about Vegas?"

Jeff:

"Oh, I'm Feeling it. Let's drop the cooler off at the hospital and get out of this shit hole."

Chris: "I'm with ya, brother."

They both drive off into the sunset as Pink Floyd's "MONEY" plays.. Credits roll.

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