

Twisted

FADE IN

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

In a strange p.o.v. we move towards the front door. As we approach the door we can see that it's open. We continue through the house and we slowly come to the kitchen. As we turn a corner we're suddenly shocked to see a man and a woman staring intensively at each other. We can't tell what's happening. They both have a surprised look on their face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

A wheelchair lies tipped over. Next to it a bloody hand. Suddenly, a CAMERA FLASH!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

We CLOSE ON a man's psychotic looking eyes. His eyes are piercing. JACOB MENDEZ, mid-forties. He's staring aimlessly into a mirror. He's lean, hard, and the epitome of loneliness.

On the surface he appears charming, but behind that charm, around his dark bagged eyes, one can see the scars caused by a tough lived life of emptiness...

JACOB (V.O.)

The night I put a 9 millimeter to my head was by far the most surreal moment of my life. They pushed me you know. There I stood anticipating death, when I was suddenly stricken by the thought that would ultimately define my cause. The thought of killing them instead.

Menacingly, he starts to bang his forehead slowly against the mirror simultaneously saying --

JACOB

Kill them instead. Kill them instead. Kill them instead.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight comes through the window. VERONA LOPEZ, in her twenties, smart and clever looking, with dark hair down to her shoulders. She's looking out the window, seems to be lost in thought and immobile. She glares down at a coffee table.

INSERT: A CLASSIC POLAROID CAMERA sits on the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFFLUENT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The sun is shining brightly. Jacob is pulling out of his home driveway.

As the car leaves we reveal a cluster of nice family homes in the background. It's a hot summer day and kids play out in their front yards.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Carrying an armload of books Verona is running towards a bus stop attempting to catch the bus on time, but she's too late.

VERONA

Oh damn!

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

On the center console is a styrofoam cup with coffee. Jacob, is in the driver's seat. He forces his eyes open, fighting sleep. He reaches for the coffee cup and takes a drink.

His cold piercing eyes stare out from his car parked across the street towards a bus stop. He sees Verona just missing her bus.

He's like a hawk watching his prey from a distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Verona proceeds to sit on the bench having no choice but to wait for the next bus to arrive.

JACOB

catching his moment of opportunity starts his car, drives across the street and parks alongside the curb.

JACOB

Hi! I've seen you around campus. My class is right across from yours.

Verona looks momentarily uncomfortable.

JACOB

...Anyway, I noticed you missed your bus and -- well, I'm heading to school now. I'd be happy to give you a lift.

She's not too eager to hop in a car with a complete stranger.

VERONA

I'm not sure that's such a good idea.

JACOB

(nodding)

Okay, fair enough. I see how this can easily be mis-perceived...

Jacob raises a textbook sitting on the front passenger seat.

JACOB

...Look! I got an introduction to business class with Mr. Leary.

VERONA

Yeah? The infamous Mr. Leary.

JACOB

He is a bit eccentric isn't he?

VERONA

That's an understatement.

JACOB
So what do you say? Will you accept
my sincere offer to give you a ride
to school?. You know, next bus
won't be by here for another hour
or so...

Verona looks around undecided.

JACOB
...Last chance.

Jacob leans back and as he's about to drive off --

VERONA
Wait!

Against her better judgment decides to hop in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)

An awkward silence creates a temporary barrier between the
two. Jacob breaks the ice.

JACOB
You know my mom told me never to do
this. My name is Jacob by the way.

VERONA
Verona.

JACOB
I know the experience though. I've
missed a bus or two in my time. So,
how long have you been at CSU?

VERONA
Not long.

JACOB
First year huh?

VERONA
I'm actually in my third.

JACOB
Really?

VERONA
You know I don't recall ever seeing
you around campus.

JACOB
I'm a night student - but,
occasionally I take a day class.

VERONA
Business student?

JACOB
Yeah. Entrepreneurship. It's always
something good to fall back on -
you know. But I enjoy the arts as
well. Are you from around here?

VERONA
Yeap.

JACOB
Yeah, I'm a local as well.

Jacob glances over at the car dashboard.

JACOB'S P.O.V. - THE GAS GAUGE which is nearly empty.

JACOB
Damn! I'm driving on fumes here.
You don't mind if I stop and get
some gas?

VERONA
(sarcastically)
Do we have a choice?

JACOB
Not unless you want to push our way
there.
(chuckles)

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jacob pulls into the gas station and parks the car near the
gas pump. He gets out of the car and heads over to pre-pay
the attendant.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jacob is back at the car removing the nozzle from the pump. He inserts the nozzle into the tank and begins pumping.

Meanwhile, Verona is watching Jacob's every move. She seems uneasy about this whole ordeal. Jacob notices Verona staring and returns a serious suspicious gaze, but then a smile.

As Verona turns away she notices a BLACK BAG in the back seat. She takes a second look.

A KITCHEN KNIFE BLADE sticks out noticeably. There's blood on it.

Curiosity peaks her interest. She checks to see if Jacob is watching. He's busy getting something out of his trunk. Verona quickly opens the bag.

To her dismay she find's a shirt with what appears to be blood on it.

VERONA

turns quickly facing the front of the car. She's subtly freaking out at this point.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jacob shuts the trunk and is returning with TWO BOTTLES OF WATER.

VERONA

slowly reaches for the passenger door handle considering making a run for it. Simultaneously, Jacob enters the car.

JACOB

Alright! We're good to go. You thirsty?...

Jacob notices Verona is a bit anxious.

JACOB

...Are you okay?

VERONA

I'm fine.

JACOB

Good. You know while I was paying for gas I got a call from my sister. She needs a little help getting her wheelchair in the van. She's disabled. Are you okay with another stop along the way?

VERONA

Sure. I guess we won't be making it on time to class.

JACOB

Yeah, I'm truly sorry about that.

VERONA

No, that's okay. What can you do? It's family.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls into the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY

CLOSE ON Jacob's hand as he turns off the car. He looks over at Verona.

JACOB

It'll just take five minutes. I promise.

VERONA

I don't see a van.

JACOB

She parks it in the garage. More accessible.

Jacob gets out of the car and heads toward the house.

Verona looks over at the bag again.

Momentarily, Jacob comes out of the house and waives her over.

JACOB
You mind giving me a hand?

Reluctantly, Verona gets out of the car and proceeds towards the house. She comes up to the opened door. Jacob is nowhere to be found.

VERONA
Jacob?...

She enters the home cautiously. It's unsettling.

VERONA
...Jacob?

JACOB
(from the kitchen)
Over here!

Against her better judgment she continues along the house. She approaches the kitchen.

Suddenly, from behind, Jacob startles her. Verona charges quickly pinning Jacob against the wall.

They both stare intently at each other. Jacob, face nearly blue shakes his head in disbelief. He slowly crumples down to the floor.

CLOSE ON Verona holding the KITCHEN KNIFE that was in the black bag, now smeared with Jacob's blood. Jacob has been stabbed. The look on his face is priceless.

The look on Verona's face changes from potential victim to predator. She glares down at Jacob's prostrate body. She kneels down and stabs Jacob repeatedly in the chest. Blood spurts back in her face.

Oddly, she then takes a POLAROID CAMERA out of her purse and takes a picture of Jacob's dead corpse.

Suddenly, from another room in the house we here --

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Jacob! Are you okay?

Verona's surprised for a fraction of a second. The expression on her face changes to a subtle smirk hinting she's now got another victim. Two for the price of one...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VERONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Verona's back is toward us. She's standing by the window gazing outside.

VERONA (V.O.)

Fool never saw it coming. What are
the odds? Two serial killers
inadvertently targeting each other?
(scoff)
It's just all twisted isn't it?

CAMERA PANS RIGHT and we reveal a wall with Polaroid pictures pinned to it. Pictures of all the victims of Verona's wrath.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Phone rings. An answering machine picks up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hey Jacob! It's me Mike. Dude! You
rocked that audition brother. You
got me believing you're a serial
killer I gotta tell'ya. Hey! Before
I forget, I left my black prop bag
in your car. The knife is actually
real so be careful. The blood's
not... All right, well, when you
get this message give me a call. I
want to run through some ideas with
you and get your opinion. Alright?
Talk to you soon.

FADE TO BLACK.