

VENGEFUL LEADS

Written by

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EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. DAY

Its summer time in this small American hometown. The street is lined by old maples with heavy foliage. The sun is out in full force and several of the neighborhood is as well. Kids are playing games and running through sprinklers, people are walking their dogs. Its a beautiful summer day.

Among the neighborhood is a young girl scout pulling a red wagon. She's a classic image of a girl scout, pigtails and skirt, a uniform covered in colorful patches, and boxes of cookies stacked neatly in her wagon.

She approaches a house and knocks on the door. It opens and a adult male looks down at the girl scout.

MAN

Well, hello there.

GIRL SCOUT

Hi my name is WENDY and I'm selling girl scout cookies to help pay for summer camp. Would you like to buy some?

MAN

Hello Wendy, my name is RODGER.

Rodger looks about to see the parent. See's none.

RODGER

Yes, I'd love to. Boy, that wagon looks heavy to pull around in this sun. Is your mom or dad helping you out?

WENDY

Nope. They had to work today.

RODGER

That's too bad. Why don't you come inside out of the heat and I'll get some money for your cookies. I'll take four boxes.

Wendy enters the house and the door closes as Rodger takes one final look around.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

The sound of a cellphone buzzing can be heard. The room is dark and the shades are pulled down. A man lays in bed with an empty pill bottle next to him. He opens his eyes groggy.

Looking at his night stand for his phone he sees his gun and badge, then focuses on a neat row of 20 pills lined along the edge of the stand.

MAN

Christ. Soccer Ball! Soccer Ball
where the hell are you?

A black and white mutt trots into the room and sits next to his owner.

MAN (CONT'D)

Phone. Find the phone.

The dog runs off and returns a short time later with bone in mouth. Drops it on the floor.

MAN (CONT'D)

No no no, ph...o...ne. Get the
phone.

The dog looks at him then runs out again. This time it returns with the cell phone. Drops it on the floor.

The man picks it up and looks at the missed call. He then dials a number and addresses the person on the other line.

MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah I'm alive. Yeah, where's the
scene? I'll be there in 15. Shower?
Yeah yeah, make it 25. Yes sir.

He hangs up the phone and pats his dog's head. Then heads for the shower.

EXT. CRIME SCENE. DAY

An unmarked patrol car stops just outside of the yellow tape. Its the neighborhood from earlier. Detectives and crime scene technicians are coming and going from Rodger's house. A uniformed officer approaches the unmarked car as our character exits.

OFFICER

Hey GAGE. Eat breakfast?

GAGE

Na, something in the Captain's
voice said I shouldn't. What do we
have?

OFFICER

The Vic's in his 40's, a Rodger Clements. A registered sex offender since 92. No signs of forced entry. Gruesome as all hell.

GAGE

Who's the RP?

OFFICER

Sister. She hadn't heard from him in a few days. Came over and walked into the scene. She's pretty messed up.

The officer points to a heavy set woman sitting in the back of an ambulance taking oxygen. The two walk into the house.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Gage walks past several officers and detectives inside and takes in the scene. Rodger lays on the bed spread-eagle. His crotch is missing. Blood has turned the bed black. Flies and maggots infest the body. Rodger has a look of pure horror, eyes wide open.

A female technician pulls out a Polaroid picture that was sticking out from under the victim. She looks angry.

TECHNICIAN

Detective Yunker.

Detective Gage Yunker puts on a pair of gloves and takes the picture by the corner. Look's at it, then Rodger's corpse.

GAGE

That's our Vic, now who's the girl?

TECHNICIAN

She can't be more than 11. Fucking monster. Serves him right.

An older gentleman in a suit walks in, he's balding and has a few extra pounds around the middle.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Detective Yunker.

Gage turns and sees the Captain and gives a professional nod.

GAGE

Captain.

Gage grows serious.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Do you really need me on this Captain? I don't think I'm up to this.

CAPTAIN

It's been two years Gage. I can't keep you on the payroll if you don't fucking work. It's time to shit or get off of the pot. Besides. You're the best detective I've got and the Press are starting to ask questions. Rumor has it that this may be linked to killings in two other states.

A female voice cuts in from the bedroom's doorway.

FEMALE

Sweet Jesus. I'm going be sick.

She quickly turns out of the room and throws up.

GAGE

Who's the gore virgin?

CAPTAIN

Susan Foster. She'll be working with you on this.

GAGE

What? You can't be serious! Hell, she's puking all over the God Damn crime scene.

CAPTAIN

She's a sex offender specialist on loan to us from the Fed's. She has all the information on the sex offenders in our state and the other two that may have had similar murders. You don't get a choice on this, so you might as well smile and make nice.

Gage gives the picture back to the female technician, who in turn places it in an evidence bag. Gage rubs his forehead and shakes his head. Steps outside to contact his new partner.

EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY

Gage approaches Susan. She's prettier than he expected. He leans against his patrol car and crosses his arms.

GAGE
Mrs. Foster.

SUSAN
It's detective Foster if you plan
on using my last name.

GAGE
Right, detective. First murder
scene?

SUSAN
Pretty embarrassing. How can you be
in there and not let it bother you?

GAGE
You've seen enough of them I guess
you kind of desensitize from it.

Gage looks at the crowd of people along the yellow tape. Several children have gathered and are jockeying for better views of the activity. Gage looks over at Susan.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Look, I don't need you but seeing
that I don't have a choice lets get
a few things straight. I'm in
charge of this investigation. I
don't work on a set schedule. That
means I work where the evidence is
when its there, and I don't care if
you need your beauty sleep. Got it?

SUSAN
Got it. Anything else?

GAGE
I'll let you know.

SUSAN
What now Mr. Boss Man?

GAGE
We head to the office, put what
have on the table and look at we've
got to work with.

Susan opens the passenger door of the cruiser and starts to get in. Then sarcastically.

SUSAN

That sounds lovely partner!

She slides into her seat and closes the door leaving Gage standing outside his door.

GAGE

Lovely?... Great.

Gage gets in.

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND. DAY

Children are busy playing at recess. They swoop on the swings, climb the big toy, and run about. A handful of adults who work at the school mill about the playground. Along the back of the school on the other side of the fence a man in his 40's stands and watches.

He doesn't appear to be the father type and seems out of place wearing sweatpants and a hooded shirt. From the playground of the elementary school his presence is creepy.

An unmarked patrol car comes to a stop nearby and a rough look man steps out. He's nearly six-two with the frame of a football lineman and wearing casual business attire. He walks to the man by the fence.

The man doesn't see the officer walking up to him.

OFFICER

Got a kid down there?

The man turns startled.

MAN

Uh, no. Nephew.

The officer shows his badge and steps closer

OFFICER

Which one?

MAN

The boy on the swings, red shirt.

OFFICER

You're making the folks at the school nervous. They don't think highly of someone staring down at the kids. You know how it is.

MAN

Yeah, of course. No worries.

The man turns and walks off. The officer looks down at the playground with a smile. A school employee waves and he waves back.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NEAR BAR. NIGHT

Gage's patrol car pulls into a parking lot across from a dive of a bar. The music and patrons are loud. A few motorcycles are parked outside. A couple of drunk men from the bar stumble out and proceed to yell at each other. A fight breaks out but ends quickly with a bouncer grabbing both by the collar and hulling them back inside. Others watching are laughing.

Another unmarked patrol car pulls in and stops along Gage's driver side, both cars facing away from each other.

It's the rough looking officer from earlier.

GAGE

MIKE. This is detective Foster.

Gestures towards Susan.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Detective Foster, detective MOSH.

MOSH

Your vic's bank statements place him at this bar the night before the murder. Nasty spot.

GAGE

Didn't we have a bust here a while back? Underage drinking or something?

MOSH

The owner was letting college kids in without ID's. We picked up a shit load of drugs from the place. Should probably leave the lady in the car for this one.

SUSAN

Incase you boy's don't know I am a trained police officer, same as you.

Gage shakes his head. Then shrugs at Mosh.

GAGE
Sure thing sister. Just don't acted
surprised when things go bad...

Gage and Mosh say in unison.

GAGE (MOSH) (CONT'D)
And they always do.

Susan starts to get out as Gage kills the motor.

MOSH
I'll call it in.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

The group of three walk into the bar and push their way to the bartender, Gage first, then Mosh, followed by an apprehensive Susan.

The interior of the bar is a mix of thugs and bikers. Neon signs hang on the walls and glow in a hew of cigarette smoke. Pool tables crowd one corner of the room, the other is home to a broken pinball machine and a dart board.

They reach the bar.

The bartender is a large man. Ugly would be a compliment. Tattoos that cover the arms and creep up his neck. He's in a stained white shirt and black leather vest. He looks at the group suspiciously. They don't fit in with the crowd.

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

Gage produces a mug shot photograph of Rodger from when he was arrested a few years back.

GAGE
You see this man before?

The bartender straightens and scowls.

BARTENDER
Unless you guys have a warrant I
don't give out information about my
customers.

GAGE
This is the last place he was
before he turned up dead. Be a pal
and help out.

BARTENDER

Like I said. No warrant, no info...
PAL.

Susan see's Gage tense, something sweeps over him. She's taken back by it. Mosh looks about indifferent. Gage reaches across the bar as fast as a viper, grabs the bartender by the vest and pulls him to him.

The customers nearby pause and look at the two. Those nearby seem ready for a brawl, those further away continue on their drunken activities oblivious to the tension at the bar.

GAGE

Listen you piece of shit. This fuck was found with a picture of him screwin a girl not more than 11 years old... and you wanna protect him? You want us to come back with a God damn warrant. How about we come back with the paperwork to shut down your bar for good?

Gage shoves the bartender back.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Now, do you know him?

BARTENDER

You can bully me all you want. I've got a hundred witnesses that'll say you're harassing me. No warrant, no talk.

Gage stares the man down for a few seconds then storms off, Mosh in tow. Susan lingers behind.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

The two men get back to their cars. Gage looks back and notices that Susan is missing. The bar is still business as usual. Then she comes out and walks over.

GAGE

What took you so long?

SUSAN

I had a little conversation with the bartender. Our vic had drinks with some guy that goes by Simon. Hasn't seen him since either. 5'10", 170 lbs, black hair in a ponytail.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Has a tattoo on his right hand of an eyeball. Doesn't have a number or address but gave me a receipt with his signature on it.

Susan opens her door before the men can respond and gets in. Mosh and Gage make eye contact then get into their cars.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

Mosh pulls out of the lot as Gage starts the car and lets dispatch know that their back in their car. He looks over at Susan.

SUSAN

What? You think your the only one that can strong arm a guy. Please, I've been getting men to give me what I want since I turned 16.

EXT. HIGHWAY ENTRANCE. DAY.

Its a busy section of the city near the entrance to the highway. The area is a little rundown. Standing by the entrance is a young girl, African American, about 14. She's wearing clothing that is a couple of sizes to big and dirty. She appears venerable.

As she stands there with her thumb out a pickup with a canopy slows and comes to a stop just past her. She picks up her backpack and runs to the passenger side. The window is down.

Inside is a man wearing a cowboy hat and a blue button up shirt that's open at the collar. A black ponytail sticks out from under the hat. As he tips the hat a large eyeball tattoo is visible on the back of his hand. Country music comes from the radio. It's Simon.

SIMON

Need some help young lady?

HITCHHIKER GIRL

You ain't going to call the cops or nothin are you?

SIMON

Let me guess. Oldman hits you and you've runaway?

HITCHHIKER GIRL

Yeah, how'd you know?

SIMON

My oldman used to hit me too. Come on, I'll give you a lift.

HITCHHIKER GIRL

You ain't going to hurt me or nothin'?

SIMON

Honey, I don't have a mean bone in my body.

The girl opens the door and climbs in. As the door closes the truck pulls back onto the road and merges with the traffic.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK. DAY

The girl is looking out the window. She hasn't said much since Simon picked her up. Which is fine with him, he's not much of a talker. They've left the city long ago. The area is now forest. Simon looks over.

He turns down the music. He picks up an empty coffee cup and a fast food wrapper and tosses them out the window.

SIMON

Sorry the truck's a little messy. Been on the road for a while.

The girl doesn't respond.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Ever driven off road before?

The girl shakes her head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You're going to love it. I know a little short cut.

Simon turns off of the highway and down a dirt road. A few minutes later he stops the truck. He leaves the engine on and leaves the radio on. Simon checks his mirrors before speaking.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not going to hurt you. But since I'm helping you out, maybe you can help me?

He slips his hand onto her thigh. She's still looking out the window but nods. Simon smiles and reaches over to brush back the hood that covers her head.

As he slips the hood back she quickly turns. Her face is now pure evil. Hollow black voids replaced the eyes. Her face is shifting from multiple faces of young girls, each one a face of torment and pain. They shift quickly.

Simon lets out a scream and backs away in panic. Then the girl leaps at him.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PICKUP. DAY

We see the front of the truck, the windows are fogged and we can't see what's going on inside. Suddenly blood spatters across the inside of the window. The truck rocks violently back and forth. Then all is silent. The truck idles with its parking lights on.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Gage is standing over a table with several piles of papers spread across it. Photographs of the crime scene at Rodger's are laid out as well as the Polaroid found under the body.

To the untrained eye the scene would appear chaotic and a mess, but Gage is in control. He's done this before. There is an organization to the madness.

Susan walks in holding two large folders. Gage looks up.

SUSAN

I had the files from the murders sent to me. Appears to be the same M.O. Sex offenders, all murdered and mutilated in some form, all found with a Polaroid... each with the vic having relations with a minor.

GAGE

I ran the description of our Simon character through the database. A match came up from Florida State Corrections. Simon McFlad. Arrested for possession of child pornography. He served 4 years and was put out on good behavior, then failed to register and skipped town.

SUSAN

Think he's our guy?

GAGE

Could be. Sets up the date with the vic and the girl. Then kills the witnesses and leaves a Polaroid as a calling card.

SUSAN

But why leave just the male? Why not leave the dead girl too?

GAGE

Maybe they're not dead? Maybe he's not done with them, keeps them as trophies? Maybe he's killing them later? Open those folders and lets take a look at it.

Susan hands one to Gage and opens the other. Gage opens his and pulls out the contents. Four Polaroid pictures are attached. He looks them over, shakes his head disgusted.

Susan finds three Polaroid pictures and has the same reaction. Hands them to Gage. Gage is holding them like a deck of cards.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Different girls. That makes eight girls so far, eight murders. Sixteen if the girls are dead too.

Gage spreads them out on the table, then stops.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Wait... there all taken at the same location.

SUSAN

What? How can you tell?

Gage points to the pictures.

GAGE

Look out of the bedroom window. See the roof top here, here, and here? Look at the tree in this one, this one has the same branch layout.

SUSAN

You're right. So the photos are taken at our suspect's location.

GAGE

Looks that way. Lets go through the files to see if anyone named Simon shows up, or any mention of the tattoo.

The two start to work on the files. Mosh enters the room with a tray of coffee and a bag of pastries. Sets the items on the table and looks at the Polaroid pictures.

MOSH

Coffee and sugar to save the day.
Ladies first.

Hands Gage a coffee first.

GAGE

Funny. Thanks.

Hands one to Susan and winks. Then looks at the pictures again.

MOSH

Well, I'm off. I've got a robbery investigation to look into. Happy hunting.

Mosh leaves.

SUSAN

You two seem like close friends.

GAGE

We went to the academy together.
Been on the same department for almost 15 years.

Gage takes a bite from a maple bar and goes back to work.

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

Susan is asleep, her head resting in the nook of her elbow. Gage is standing in front of a large cork board. The pictures of the crime scenes are pinned to the board in order of time of crime.

Pinned to the upper right-hand corner of the crime scenes are the pictures of the girls. Also pinned to the cork board is a map with the locations of the crimes marked. The killings don't appear to be a pattern of travel, they're all over the place and seem random.

He stretches and yawns. He taps Susan on the shoulder and she startles awake.

GAGE

We're calling it a night. Why don't you head home and get some rest? We'll meet back here in the morning.

SUSAN

Sorry, I didn't mean to fall asleep.

Susan gets up.

GAGE

For get it, it's been a long day.

INT. CONDO. NIGHT

Gage walks into his condo and tosses his keys on the kitchen counter. The kitchen is simple and clean. Evidence of a family is almost nonexistent. A crayon drawn picture of a puppy at the park is stuck to the fridge by a magnet.

Soccer Ball trots up to him with a wagging tail. Gage removes his jacket and heads to the bedroom with dog in tow.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Gage awakes to Soccer Ball barking in the kitchen / living area. Its a deep threatening bark. Someone is inside the condo. Gage rolls out of bed and grabs his firearm.

As he creeps closer to the bedroom door Soccer Ball yelps and then goes quiet. Gage's pistol is raised and he leaves the safety of the bedroom.

He's tense as he creeps down the hallway to the living area. The condo is unusually quiet.

INT. KITCHEN AREA. NIGHT

Gage makes his way to the kitchen and finds Soccer Ball cowering in the corner, a large yellow puddle surrounds the dog. Something rushes silently from left to right. He doesn't see it head on, it was just in the corner of his eye. He whips the pistol in the direction.

The condo is dark. He sees a small figure in the corner of the living room but can't see who it is. It stands silent and still.

GAGE

Don't move. I'm an armed police officer. I will shoot.

The figure doesn't react. Suddenly the figure rushes, unnaturally fast, into the light filtering into the condo. He sees the creature for what it is. For a split second he thinks he sees a face he knows. Then it burst out of the window, shattering it into a million pieces. Gage runs to the window and looks out. Nothing but a view of the city. He returns to Soccer Ball.

GAGE (CONT'D)

What the hell was that? Come here Soccer Ball. It's okay boy, come here.

Gage pets the dog letting him know that everything is okay. Foregoing sleep, Gage turns on his laptop and then starts to clean up the mess left by Soccer Ball.

Returning to his laptop Gage starts to plug away at the missing children reports for the state, trying to match the girls in the Polaroid pictures to anything in the database. He finds a match after a while and writes down the case number.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Gage walks to the filing room and addresses the filing clerk. TOM is a older man, the type that should have retired long ago but have stuck around. He fits the position, a little cold like most of the cases he files away.

In his late 50's to early 60's, Tom is a short and wiry man with grey hair and a growing bald spot.

GAGE

Morning TOM.

TOM

Morning detective Yunker, putting in some long hours I see, you look like shit.

GAGE

Always the honest one. Nice to see that some things haven't changed around here.

TOM

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.
What ya need son?

GAGE

A missing child report, case number
94-01884

TOM

Hold on I'll take a look.

Tom disappears around a large filing cabinet. Sitting on Tom's desk is a small radio playing talk radio. The commercials lead into a news report. Gage listens.

RADIO (V.O.)

A spokesman with the police department stated that while the other murders in neighboring states are similar, they do not believe that they are related.

SPOKESMAN (V.O.)

Detectives are working around the clock to find out exactly what took place. As of yet, no link has been found.

RADIO (V.O.)

Accord to court documents, the victim, Rodger Clements, was a registered sex offender with an extensive criminal history. Leaving some to speculate that there is a vigilante on the loose... Stay tuned for a live report of today's commute followed by Walter Nessel with the weather.

Gage looks back up as Tom comes around the corner with a file in hand. He hands it to Gage.

TOM

Here you go. Damn thing was filed in the wrong location. Exactly why I told the Captain to keep beat cops out of my space. No offense detective.

GAGE

Non taken.

Tom slides a worn and used clipboard to Gage with a pen stuck to it. A sticker slapped onto the clip reads, "Cold cases are like leftovers, no body wants them."

TOM

Sign here.

Gage signs and hands the board back.

TOM (CONT'D)

Happy hunting.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT. DAY

Gage walks to his car and finds Susan standing by it with two bottles containing a green liquid. She tosses one to him from over the roof of the car. He catches it and looks at the label.

GAGE

Lemon grass? Don't tell me you actually drink this stuff?

SUSAN

By the looks of you, you could use something healthy.

Gage gets in, Susan follows.

INT. CAR. DAY

Gage starts the engine and rips off the lid to the drink. He takes a swig and almost gags. After forcing it down he looks at the label again. Recaps it. And promptly chucks it into the back seat.

GAGE

Got a lead on one of the girls in the pictures. She was reported as a missing child in 1994. Thought we'd head out to the last known address and see if mom and dad are still around.

SUSAN

Sounds good. I didn't see any references to our Simon character in the other murder reports. But that doesn't mean he wasn't involved.

Susan picks up the missing child report as Gage pulls out of the station and heads into the city. The child is a 14 year old Asian girl, long black hair and happy eyes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Cute kid. Says she went missing during a family picnic at the beach... huh?

GAGE

What?

SUSAN

There's no reporting officer named in the report. Hell, half the areas aren't even filled out. Who ever took this report should be written up.

GAGE

The picture is a little misleading. That young lady was a very troubled little girl. By the time she went missing she had already been picked up for drug possession, shoplifting, and joyriding in a stolen car. We were pretty sure that she had ran away again. It wasn't uncommon for her to take off with a boy friend. We'd find her a day or two later stoned somewhere.

SUSAN

That's sad.

GAGE

Tell me about it. Mosh and I spent a lot of overtime trying to get her help back when I was on patrol. Then one day she just disappeared.

Gage pulls the car over.

GAGE (CONT'D)

The dad is a real piece of work. In and out of jail, resisting arrest, drugs, you name it. He's probably going to run when we try to talk to him.

SUSAN

So how's the mom?

GAGE
Great... if she's sober.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. DAY

Gage and Susan walk up to the front of the property. IT's surrounded by a chain link fence that has seen better days. There are a couple of junker cars in the driveway and miscellaneous items strewn about the yard.

Gage looks at the house before opening the gate and continuing to the front door. There is a TV on inside. Its turned up loud. Gage knocks on the door, it's almost a pounding. The TV goes off and then the door opens.

WOMAN
Yeah what?

GAGE
Ma'm, we're detectives from the police department. We have some questions about your daughter. Is Victor still living in the house?

WOMAN
Victor? Shit. He's been in jail for 3 years now. Whad'he do now?

GAGE
Maybe nothing. Some information about your daughter has surfaced. We're hoping to find something that may have been missed before.

WOMAN
You say'n you all fucked up the first time? Where's my Kimmy?

SUSAN
We don't know yet Mrs. Pantovinnie. That's why we're here today.

The drunk woman can't look with just her eyes and must focus on Susan by physically turning her head and looking directly at her.

WOMAN
Who'da Fuck are you?

GAGE
Ma'm. Ma'm. We really need to speak with you. May we come inside?

The woman turns and half walks, half stumbles to a nearby couch leaving the door wide open.

INT. PARENT'S HOUSE. DAY

The two detectives enter the house and find a massive mess. The place is in shambles, it was actually nicer outside. Boxes of junk are piled about the room, news papers are thrown on the floor.

The woman sits on her couch holding a liquor bottle with the label removed. She takes a swig without a wince.

SUSAN

Mrs. Pantovinnie do you recognize
this man?

Susan pulls out an intake picture of the man Kimmy was seen with in the Polaroid. Its from his arrest for crimes against children several years prior.

WOMAN

Is that who my Kimmy is with?

GAGE

No, not anymore. He was murdered a
few weeks ago. A picture of him
with Kimmy was found at the scene.

WOMAN

She was such a beautiful girl.

Tears form in the woman's eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not mad that she ran away. I'm
a bad mother.

Now sobbing. Her eyes buried in her palms.

Gage turns to Susan.

GAGE

I think we're done here, maybe
Victor will be able to give us
something.

SUSAN

Mrs. Pantovinnie do you have anyone
that can be here with you for a
little while?

The woman looks up from the couch. Eyes red from tears, puffy. Suddenly she's angry that they are there. That they shattered her drunken bliss of forgetting the pain.

The woman quickly stands and points at the door, nearly falling back to the couch in the process.

WOMAN

Leave me alone! Get out of my house. Let me be!

Gage and Susan leave the woman to herself.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. DAY

As they leave the house the sound of the TV blaring fills the house again. The sound of items being thrown about the living room can be heard as well.

They head back to the car.

INT. PRISON. DAY

Inmate VICTOR PANTOVINNIE stands in line with a large number of other inmates waiting for food. He gets his meal and follows the line to a table. Sits and begins to eat.

Few sit near him. A large black inmate roughly bumps into him. Leans over Victor. Two sitting at the table get up and leave. Three other burly inmates stand guard.

INMATE

I got two daughters on the outside.
There's no room for someone like
you in here.

Two guards close in. Inmate watching the leader's back alerts the aggressor.

INMATE (CONT'D)

Better watch your back, you're
going to find a shank in it.

The group leaves Victor. Victor takes another bite.

INT. PRISON. DAY

Victor enters his cell and the door slides shut behind him with a loud and mechanical clang. He stretches and starts his daily routine of cell pushups and sit ups.

His wing of the prison is loud and unfriendly. Inmates are yelling at each other, partly out of hate but also from boredom.

Along the walls of his cell are photos. A sports car, friends on the outside, the scene of a park in the summer.

Its business as usual in the big house for Victor.

INT. PRISON. NIGHT

Victor is racked out on his bed snoring loudly. He's grown comfortable in this life. His crimes were horrible but his lack of conscience allows him to sleep soundly.

Along the wall with the pictures something moves in the picture of the park. Its a little girl in a white nightgown, long blonde hair, she holding a teddy bear. The girl walks closer to the edge of the picture as if walking to the front of a window.

She reaches the edge, the colors of her image begin to bleed out of the picture, forming a pool on the cell floor. The pool forms into a reincarnation of the girl. Only now she's evil. The face is shifting again, black voided eyes stair at him. She moves closer to the sleeping Victor.

INT. PRISON. NIGHT

A guard walks down Victor's wing. Suddenly a scream erupts from Victor's cell. Its a scream that the guard has never heard before. He rushes to the cell.

Inside he finds a gruesome scene. Victor sits in the corner of his bed against the wall. A handmade knife in his hand and his stomach sliced open. His insides are pulled out and spread across the bed. Blood covers everything. The guard grabs his radio.

GUARD

I need a supervisor at cell 412, I
have a suicide. Prisoner is D.O.A.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Gage is standing next to his desk with a coffee in one hand and the phone in the other.

GAGE

Shit!

Gage slams a phone down on his desk. Susan quickly looks up.

SUSAN
What is it?

GAGE
Victor's dead.

SUSAN
What? When?

GAGE
Just last night. Corrections are
calling it a suicide.

Gage takes a picture of Victor and tacks it to the wall among
the other murder victims.

SUSAN
I thought you said suicide?

GAGE
I did. Coroner said it was a
gruesome suicide. Victor slit open
his belly and pulled out his
intestines before he died.

Gage looks at the picture. Picks up a coffee cup and sips.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Sex offender, crimes against
children, relation to a girl in one
of the Polaroids, grewsome... too
many coincidences.

SUSAN
But c'mon, the man was locked in a
cell in a medium level security
wing. Who could have possibly done
it?

GAGE
I'd bet my year's salary that
there's a Polaroid in that cell.

He picks up the phone and dials a number.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Hey, this is detective Yunker
again. Can you do me a small favor?
Could you check the report you have
and see if there was anything
unusual found in the cell? There
was.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

Okay, can you email that image to me. I'll need the hard copy too, I'll send a patrol officer over to pick it up. Thanks.

Gage hangs up. He's smiling.

GAGE (CONT'D)

See. Polaroid taped to the wall by his body.

SUSAN

Guess that rules out our Simon. There's no way he could get into a prison as a guest. How the hell did you know that?

Gage takes another look at the picture board. He's spooked. Hand and coffee have a slight shake. He sets the coffee down.

GAGE

I've got to go take care of something. I'll check in with you later.

SUSAN

Gage. Gage. Where are you going?

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

Gage pulls in front of an old Catholic church. It's structure is old and Gothic, as old as the city. He rushes up the steps and enters the church.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

Gage walks in through large wooden doors. The room is lined with wooden pews and the sun shines through stained glass windows. A few people sit in silent prayer and pay Gage little notice. He walks to the front of the church and stands under a large statute of Jesus on the cross.

A women exits a nearby confession booth and passes Gage. He takes the chance and entered the now open booth, sitting inside and closing the door behind him.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH. DAY

Through the lattice the voice of a priest welcomes Gage.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Good afternoon. How long has it been since your last confession?

GAGE

It's been a long time. 2 years Father.

PRIEST (O.S.)

2 years? Why the long absence?

GAGE

It's complicated. I guess you could say that God and I haven't been in the best of terms for a while.

PRIEST (O.S.)

I see. Things are often complicated with Him. Tell me, what brings you here today?

GAGE

I'm a cop. I know that evil is real. I've seen evidence of evil men, the destruction that is left behind. I've put people away that were without a question evil people. But I think I've actually seen (beat) Evil. Is that even possible? Am I going nuts?

PRIEST (O.S.)

To deny that evil is as real as you and me would be denying God's existence.

GAGE

Can true evil be stopped? I mean, by man?

PRIEST (O.S.)

You mean by you?

GAGE

Yes.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Evil can only exist in those who let it in. Forgiveness and belief in the Holy Spirit will always prevail over evil.

GAGE

Forgiveness? I don't know if all men deserve forgiveness. The things I've seen people do to each other. I just don't know if that's in the cards for me.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Maybe not. But so long as you cannot forgive, evil will have a place. Now, I apologize, but I must attend to a couple of matters.

Gage hears the father's door open and then close. He's left alone in the booth and leans back, resting his head on the wall behind him. The door opens and closes on the father's side.

Suddenly the little space drops in temperature. Gage can see his breath and he slowly turns his head to look at the lattice.

GAGE

Father?

Gage can hear breathing. It's raspy and labored. He doesn't have to see it to know. It's the creature from his condo.

GAGE (CONT'D)

What do you want? What are you? Are you killing these men?

There's no answer, only the raspy breathing. Gage bursts from the booth drawing his gun.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

Gage rips open the door on the father's side only to find it empty. A few of the people in the church have stopped in mid-prayer and are now looking at him. He re-holsters his gun and leaves the church.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The weather has turned and matches Gage's mood as he parks in front of Susan's house. A simple flower garden lines the driveway. In front of the house is a small grass yard. The place is well kept.

INT. GAGE'S CAR. NIGHT

Soccer Ball is in the back seat. Gage pulls out a worn picture from the inside of his wallet. The corners are bent and rubbed, but the picture is still good. Centered is a young girl kneeling on a small patch of grass with Soccer Ball.

He returns the picture and places his wallet back in his pocket.

Gage reaches over and rubs Soccer Ball between the ears.

GAGE

Well Soccer Ball. It's here or the hotel.

Soccer Ball barks.

GAGE (CONT'D)

My thoughts exactly.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The door bell rings and the figure of Susan coming down a set of stairs can be seen through the door side window.

She opens the door and is obviously caught off guard. It's a side he didn't expect. She's relaxed and comfortable in her home. Striking in a loose fitting college sweatshirt and sweatpants.

Susan looks at Gage and then Soccer Ball.

SUSAN

Gage? What are you doing here?

GAGE

I need to tell you something. Can I come in? Soccer Ball can stay in the car if you don't want a dog inside.

SUSAN

Soccer Ball? Who would name their dog Soccer Ball?

GAGE

My daughter.

SUSAN

You have a daughter?

GAGE

Had.

Susan takes in the view of Soccer Ball and Gage. She sees something different about him. He's lost, in need of support.

SUSAN

Come on in. Soccer Ball too.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Susan leads Gage to her living room where a fire place is lit and a single glass of wine sits next to a book on a table. The room is inviting. They sit on the couch and Soccer Ball makes himself home by the fire.

GAGE

Something happened at my place last night. It's got me spooked.

SUSAN

What?

GAGE

Something was in my house. I've never seen or heard of anything like it. It was like it knows me. Then it was gone. Zoom. Out the window.

SUSAN

Okay?

GAGE

Look, I'm not making this up. I'm not high. I'm not drunk. And I'm not having some type of breakdown. How do you think I knew about the picture at the prison murder?

SUSAN

I don't know.

GAGE

I'm telling you. Something is out there killing sex offenders. Something that isn't human. I think it lures the offenders to it.

SUSAN

Look Gage, it's late. You've worked a lot of hours.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you should go home and sleep this off. Get a fresh start in the morning?

GAGE

I can't go home Susan. Not until this is over. Until I know what it wants with me. It followed me to church today. It was in the confession booth right next to me. I'm (beat) scared shitless.

Susan is caught off guard by Gage using her first name.

SUSAN

Alright. For the sake of argument lets say that there is something out there and that It is our killer. How is it luring our vics?

GAGE

I think it can take on the look of a young girl. When I saw it, it appeared to be a girl only the face.

Gage is lost in the fire place.

GAGE (CONT'D)

The face was more like faces. Hundreds of them. Maybe victims. That's what led me to the Kimmy girl. I saw her face in there.

SUSAN

Okay. What's the motive? Revenge?

GAGE

Maybe.

SUSAN

What about the pictures?

GAGE

I think it wants us to solve something.

SUSAN

But what?

There is a long silence between the two. If it wasn't for Gage's conviction that what he saw was real she would have sent him out. But this isn't a break down. It is more than that.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
The photographer.

GAGE
What?

SUSAN
The photographer. You said this thing had many faces, one of which was a victim. Lets say that it knows who killed the girls and goes after them, but since the girls never knew or saw the photographer, its hoping we figure it out.

GAGE
I can see that. The photographer is the one constant in this whole mess.

SUSAN
Gage, can I ask? What happened to your daughter? You said "had" earlier.

GAGE
She was murdered 2 years ago. The medical examiner report said that she was most likely sexually assaulted before she was choked to death. She was 8 at the time.

Susan gets up and returns a second later with a bottle of bourbon and two glasses with ice.

SUSAN
I think we need a drink.

GAGE
Thanks. I haven't really talked about this since we found her body.

SUSAN
How did it happen?

EXT. ZOO. DAY

We see an image of Gage and his wife holding hands. The back of his daughter is to him, running from one exhibit to the next. Then the parents look up and she's out of view. They start to look, becoming more frantic with each second.

GAGE (V.O.)

We took her to the zoo during her summer vacation. We got separated at one of the exhibits.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH. DAY

We see a city worker checking the grate to a storm drain. Then he shines a flashlight into the drain. Drops the light and runs back to his truck.

GAGE (V.O.)

A month later a city maintenance worker stumbled across her body in a drainage ditch. No suspects. No witnesses.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

We're back inside Susan's home. They're sitting on the couch.

SUSAN

You were married at the time?

GAGE

Yeah. After the murder Tiffany and I were never the same. It was like with out Autumn there was this void that we couldn't fill. I started to work more, pored my time into Autumn's case. We began to talk less and less. Then one day I came home and she had filled in that void with someone else. She left Soccer Ball with me because it was too painful to have him around. We divorced and went our separate ways.

Gage takes a large drink.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Part of me doesn't want to catch the killer. Those bastards are getting what they deserved. I guess that makes me a bad person, a bad cop huh?

Susan places her hand on top of his.

SUSAN

No. It makes you human. Those people are horrible human beings yes, but we took an oath to protect and serve. Murder is murder, even if the victim is a piece of shit child molester.

Gage gently squeezes Susan's hand.

GAGE

Thank you.

They meet eyes and he leans in. They kiss, slow at first then it turns passionate. They embrace and make love on the couch in front of the fire.

Soccer Ball cocks his head, then returns to his slumber on the rug.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

Susan is awake before Gage and in the shower, a glass door inclosed shower fogged with steam. As she lathers her body she hears the door to the bathroom open and close.

SUSAN

Morning. Wanna take a shower?
There's room for two.

There is no reply. The water grows cold so she turns up the hot water.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Gage. You there?

Again no reply. The water grows colder yet. She turns up the hot water to the stop. It's not doing anything to help with the cold water.

Then she sees the outline of a small figure through the shower glass. It stand motionless. Susan is shivering now, breath visible. The figure raises a hand and a grey finger presses against the window.

Susan backs to the corner of the shower as the finger drags across the glass, making loud screeching sounds in the process. She watches as the finger spells out "Simon's List".

Soccer Ball barks downstairs and the figure is gone in a flash. Instantly the water goes back to hot. Susan jumps out of the shower before she is scalded.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. DAY

Gage is startled awake by Soccer Ball barking, then he hears Susan scream upstairs. He rushes up to Susan.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

Gage bursts through the door and finds Susan sitting on the lid of the toilet, a towel is wrapped around her and she seems scared. Gage sees the reversed writing on the shower door window.

GAGE

It was here wasn't it?

Susan nods.

GAGE (CONT'D)

You okay?

SUSAN

I think so. It wrote Simon's list. Everything was so cold, I had the hot water all the way up and it was like it was ice water. Then it was gone.

Gage pulls Susan to him and holds her. Susan's cell phone rings. She walks over to her bed and picks it up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Detective Foster.

EXT. WOODS. DAY

A sheriff stands next to his patrol car along a dirt road. The area is country and the road is a narrow cut among a dense forest. In the background is Simon's truck.

A swarm of investigators work around the scene.

SHERIFF

Detective Foster? I don't care what rank they promote you to, you're still going to be my little sister.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. DAY

Susan sits on the edge of her bed. Gage does the same.

SUSAN
Hi John. What's up?

EXT. WOODS. DAY

A crime scene van pulls up behind the police car.

SHERIFF
What the hell do they have you
working on Sis? I don't like it.

The sheriff places a hand over the phone to address a technician.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Set up over there. Don't breach the
cab yet, just start the exterior
documentation.

He removes the hand.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
We found your guy (beat) what's
left of him anyway.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. DAY

Susan looks at Gage.

SUSAN
They found Simon. He's dead.

GAGE
Big surprise.

SUSAN
What do you mean, what's left of
him?

EXT. WOODS. DAY

The sheriff looks over to the truck. Technicians are starting to mark off the area, snap pictures of the truck, look for exterior evidence.

A group of investigators stand together comparing notes.

SHERIFF

Look, Sis, I haven't seen anything this fucked up, nor heard of anything this fucked up in my 20 years as a cop. You'll have to see it to believe it. In fact, the only reason we knew it was your guy was because of the tatoo on his hand.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. DAY

Susan starts to gather her clothing with one hand while the other is gluing the phone to her ear. As she scoops up her pants from the night stand her purse falls to the floor. It spills its contents.

Susan doesn't catch that Gage is picking up the contents for her. Among them is a small photo book. The first picture is of Susan and a man in a Sheriff's uniform. The two are hugging and smiling broadly.

SUSAN

Have you found anything on him? A list of some kind?

Gage fixes the purse and heads into the bathroom.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Don't breach the cab until we get there. Thanks, I miss you too. Bye.

Gage returns.

GAGE

Miss you too? A boy friend?

SUSAN

No.

GAGE

Ex?

SUSAN

Gage, are we the jealous type?

GAGE

Just curious.

SUSAN

Good. In that case I don't have to tell you.

EXT. MINI-MART. DAY

In a low income area of the city a young girl of about 9 rides her bike up to the front of the local mini-mart and leans her bike against the wall. It's pink and white with tassels hanging off of the handlebars. Her pride and joy.

She enters the mini-mart with the chime of bells hanging from the inside of the door.

INT. MINI-MART. DAY

The young girl strolls through the candy aisle. She picks a candy bar then looks for the coins in her pocket. She's short by a few cents and puts it back. She settles for something smaller and heads to the counter.

As she walks away a man walks up and touches the same candy bar, drumming his fingers on it as if contemplating. He picks up the candy bar. We can't see his face, only the gloved hands. He heads to the counter as well.

CASHIER

That'll be fifty cents kiddo.

LITTLE GIRL

Thanks Charlie.

She pays and exits the door. The man is next. Again we can't see his face or tell who he is. He sets the candy bar and a package of Polaroid film on the counter and pays with cash. Nothing is said to the cashier. The man is cold and not offering a conversation starter.

As he leaves the store we can see through the glass that the little girl has stopped and is talking to him. She takes the candy bar from him and is beaming with joy. The man has made her day.

EXT. WOODS. DAY

Gage and Susan pull up to the crime scene in Gage's patrol car. A light mist is coming down on the area, making it a grey and depressing place. Susan walks up to JOHN, her brother and they embrace.

The moment is a little awkward for Gage. It isn't the type of thing you'd see at a crime scene and he can't determine what the relationship is.

Susan gives John a kiss on the cheek.

John addresses Gage with an open hand.

JOHN

Lieutenant John Foster, and Susan's big brother.

GAGE

Brother? Detective Gage Yunker.

JOHN

Yes, I know. I've followed some of your cases. Your captain and I go way back. He's spoken highly of you.

GAGE

Thanks.

SUSAN

Anything being found outside of the truck?

JOHN

Not yet. Odd since the area is pretty muddy. No tracks, foot nor tires. The officers that found the vehicle approached from the passenger side.

GAGE

The truck registered to the victim?

JOHN

No. It was reported stolen three weeks ago.

SUSAN

You mentioned that it was a bad scene.

JOHN

Bad's a gross understatement, I believed that I used the term Fucked up.

They approach the passenger side of the truck. A path of marked prints by the initial officers can be seen. Along the windshield we can see that blood has squirted across the inside. The interior looks like a blood bath.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The victim appears to have been skinned alive.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Then somehow his bones were removed and left in a pile in the passenger seat. It's going to be a nightmare to process.

SUSAN

Skinned alive? Jesus.

Gage goes right to the passenger window without a hesitation and looks in.

GAGE

Polaroid stuck in the visor. Same room from the other photographs. Looks to be our vic with a young lady.

SUSAN

Any lists visible?

GAGE

Nothing in plain view. Lets get this rig opened and start looking for it. Are your guys ready to breach the cab of this truck?

JOHN

Other photographs? This must be related to the pedophile murder on the news.

SUSAN

And a few that haven't made the news. I don't know how to explain this but we've stumbled on to something.

JOHN

Yeah? No kidding.

John turns to a technician nearby with a camera.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey Jim! We're ready to open her up.

A technician with a camera moves in as Gage opens the passenger door.

GAGE

That image is going to stick with me for a while, Christ.

SUSAN

I don't even want to look.

Gage carefully maneuvers around the carnage as he opens the glove box. It's full of women's underwear. He then notices a small corner of paper sticking out from a closed ashtray in the dash. He opens the ashtray and finds a folded paper.

GAGE

We may have something here.

SUSAN

Looks promising.

Gage unfolds it and finds that it's the list they're looking for. The first few names have been crossed out.

GAGE

Roger Clements, a few other names
on it as well.

SUSAN

Looks like the murdered victims
have been crossed out.

JOHN

Yeah, and Simon here was next. With
there only being four other names
on that list I'd say you'd better
get moving on their locations.

GAGE

I'll give one of these names to
Mosh. He can start the hunt while
we're on our way back to the city.

Gage steps away as he pulls out his cell phone. Susan and John are left alone.

JOHN

I hope you know what you're getting
yourself into Sis.

SUSAN

I'm a big girl John, I can handle a
murder.

JOHN

I wasn't talking about the murders.

SUSAN

Then what do you mean?

JOHN

Please. I haven't seen you look at a guy like that since Billy Johnson in high school.

SUSAN

That's not true. Besides, Gage isn't even my type.

JOHN

I'm just sayin be careful, he's got some baggage.

SUSAN

He told me about his daughter and the divorce.

JOHN

It's more than just that. His captain told me that he suspected that he was suicidal since the murder of his daughter. Put him on this case just to try and get him back in the game.

SUSAN

Don't worry, there's nothing going on between us.

JOHN

I know you don't want to hear it, but as your big brother I have the right to give you a speech. I just don't want him putting you in harms way just because he's fighting his inner demons or trying to prove something. If it doesn't feel right call for backup, that's all.

SUSAN

You finished John?

JOHN

Yeah, I'm done.

SUSAN

Good. I'll be fine. Promise.

Gage returns.

GAGE

Mosh is on it. You'll keep us in the loop if you come across anything?

JOHN

You bet. I'll make sure that everything is sent to your office. Processing the vehicle is going to take a while.

GAGE

No worries. It was nice meeting you.

JOHN

Tell your captain that I said hello.

GAGE

Will do.

INT. CAR. DAY

Susan and Gage are driving back to the city. An awkward silence has developed between them.

SUSAN

Gage, I've got to ask something.

GAGE

Shoot.

SUSAN

John mentioned that there was a rumor that you were suicidal. Is it?

GAGE

True? I've been hitting rock bottom lately. Has it crossed my mind? Yes, of course it has. I've lost everything. But is it likely? No, I don't think so.

Susan remains quiet.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Look Susan, I'm not going anywhere. I know that we just met and that last night just...

Gage is cut off and Susan isn't able to respond due to the police radio calling.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
David three-five.

Gage picks up the radio

GAGE
David three-five.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
David three-five. Missing child report, 4715 SE 67th. R P is the mother. Last of Rosenbaugh, first of Jenny.

GAGE
Copy, show us en route

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
Copy.

SUSAN
Why would they dispatch us to a missing child report? Isn't that something patrol should take?

GAGE
Jenny was my sister in-law.

EXT. JENNY ROSENBAUGH HOUSE. DAY

They pull up to the front of the house. The house is low income, but well kept. It appears to be a place that belongs to someone who takes pride in their belongings, even if they are poor belongings. Jenny is watching from the window as they exit the car.

GAGE
I haven't seen Jenny or her daughter since I lost Autumn and the divorce. Tammy must be nine by now.

SUSAN
You two get along?

GAGE
We use to. I don't know how she's going to react. Its been a long time.

SUSAN

Can't be that bad. She did call for you right?

The two head for the house.

INT. JENNY ROSENBAUGH HOUSE. DAY

Susan and Gage sit on a couch across from JENNY. She's upset and her cheeks are wet with tears. Along the wall of the living room is a small fireplace, its mantel is adorned with pictures of family.

Gage focuses on one picture on the left corner. Its an image of him with Autumn fishing during a camping trip. Jenny takes notice of Gage's stare.

JENNY

You two were such a good pair. She had a special laugh, didn't she?

GAGE

Yeah. She did. Tell me what's going on.

JENNY

Tammy went to the minimart about four blocks from here. She does it all the time. We're friends with the owner, Charlie Wilkes.

SUSAN

How long was Tammy gone before you reported it?

JENNY

About an hour. I waited and then called Charlie. He said she had stopped by and bought some candy. When she didn't return in a normal amount of time I drove around to try and find her (pause) you know, incase she was hurt or having a problem with her bike.

GAGE

What kind of bike does she ride?

JENNY

A pink and white Huffy, with matching tassels.

GAGE

And what was she wearing?

JENNY

Uhhh, a pink hoodie and blue jeans.

SUSAN

Did Charlie mention anything out of the ordinary? Anything that would have caused him to think something was wrong?

JENNY

No.

SUSAN

Is there anywhere she may have gone and not told you about it? A friend's house, secret place? Anything?

JENNY

No. Nothing like that.

GAGE

I know what you're going through right now. I promise you I will find her.

JENNY

I'm just so scared. I knew that you went through hell after losing Autumn. But I never knew HOW difficult it is. What if I never see her again?

Gage gets up and walks to Jenny.

GAGE

We'll get her home Jenny. We'll get her home.

Gage embraces Jenny and motions to Susan. The two leave Jenny and exit the house.

INT. CAR. DAY

SUSAN

Why do I get the feeling that this is related to our murders?

GAGE

I have the same damn feeling.

Mosh calls over the radio.

MOSH (V.O.)
David five-six to David five-three.

GAGE
David five-three.

MOSH
Tac four.

Gage reaches over and turns a knob on the radio.

GAGE
Go ahead Mosh.

MOSH
Hey Gage, I've got a lead on your name. Guy's a video clerk at the rental on 7th and Farnsworth. Want me head over there?

GAGE
Good, yeah we'll head there as well. Set up on the front of the business and watch for him.

MOSH
Copy.

Gage puts the car into drive and pulls onto the street.

GAGE
We'll check on this guy first then take a look at the video from the minimart Tammy was last seen at, see if we notice anyone suspicious.

EXT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE. DAY

Gage and Susan approach Mosh at the front of the store.

MOSH
He showed up for work about twenty minutes go. Hasn't left since. Name's Logan Silomore.

GAGE
Susan, why don't you take the rear door incase he decides to run on us.

SUSAN

You got it.

Susan heads off down a nearby alley as Mosh and Gage enter the store.

INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE. DAY

The two detectives enter the store. Rows of dvd racks line the floor of the store, all organized by genre. A large screen television sits along the rear wall and plays one of the store's new releases.

As they near the counter a man in his 30's looks up. He appears to recognize them and walks into the employee area, just out of sight. Gage moves quickly to the counter and looks around the corner.

The man is bolting for the fire door at the rear of the store.

GAGE

Shit. Mosh, runner.

Gage takes off after the man with Mosh following suit. As the man runs through the narrow confines of the staff area he starts ripping boxes and miscellaneous items off of the shelves, hoping to block his pursuers.

EXT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE. DAY

Susan is standing in the alley behind the store near a dumpster when the rear fire door explodes open and the employee bursts out of it.

SUSAN

Stop. Police.

He takes off passed Susan, knocking her to the ground in the process.

Gage is next through the door, chasing the man, he's a blur of clothing as he blasts past Susan. Mosh is next and stops long enough to help Susan off of the ground.

MOSH

Get the car and try to cut him off.
Call for additional units to set up
a perimeter.

The two split with Susan running for Gage's patrol car and Mosh following Gage down the alley.

EXT. STREET. DAY

As the employee runs through traffic cars are screeching to a stop, a motorcyclist spills his bike and slides into a minivan. Gage ignores the collisions around him and glides over the hood of a cab, closing the distance on the man.

Sirens can now be heard in the distance, growing in loudness as the patrol officers converge on the area. The man runs down the side walk, knocking over people in the process. Gage is now losing him as the crowd of pedestrians slows his progress.

It appears that the suspect is going to make it. Then the nose of Gage's patrol car shoots out from an alley directly in the man's path. He slams into it hard.

Susan exits the car as the man gets back up and runs back into the street. Gage watches as a patrol car slides to a stop in the intersection with its lights and siren blaring. The man panics and heads for a nearby cab.

The cab driver never sees it coming. Before he knows it the driver's side door is ripped open and he's roughly pulled out. Gage sees the car-jacking and changes direction for his patrol car. He reaches the driver's seat just as the cab's tires spin and the car speeds past the patrol car in the intersection with tires smoking.

INT. CAR. DAY

Gage whips the car into the street and stops just long enough for Susan to jump into the front passenger seat. Before she can even close the door Gage has the patrol car flying through the intersection.

GAGE

You okay?

SUSAN

Yeah. The jerk broke one of my nails.

GAGE

Hang on.

The cab they're chasing makes a sharp turn around a bus and nearly takes out a vending cart in the process. Gage maneuvers the patrol car in a tight turn sending the rear end fishing out. Black tire tracks trace their path.

MOSH (V.O.)

Gage, you still on the suspect?

Susan picks up the radio receiver and answers for Gage.

SUSAN

Yeah, we're on him. North bound
from 71st and Elmore.

MOSH (V.O.)

Patrol's on your six. I'm four cars
back.

GAGE

Tell him to take the highway to
Jasper Avenue. I'm betting that
he's planning on hitting the
interstate.

SUSAN

Mosh, Gage says to take the highway
to Jasper Ave.

MOSH (V.O.)

Copy.

From the rearview mirror we can see Mosh's patrol car veer
right as two other cars follow.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

The cab continues on its path, recklessly weaving in and out
of traffic. Gage closes the distance and slams the front
bumper into the rear of the cab, sending it fishtailing. The
cab regains control and turns onto Jasper Avenue.

Mosh is there to cut off the suspect with two other marked
patrol cars. The cab swerves to avoid a head-on collision and
loses control. It slams into a large glass pane window of a
store, burying the body of the vehicle inside.

INT. STORE. DAY.

The suspect jumps out of the cab and runs through the store
as the sound of sirens and screeching tires emanate from
outside. Gage is the first into the store through the
shattered window, gun out, and attempts to follow. He runs
past cowering employees and reaches the rear door.

He kicks open the door with gun in hand.

EXT. STORE. DAY.

Gage exits the rear of the store, but is met with an empty lot. A bus is leaving the area. Several cars are coming and going from the lot. Pedestrians are walking on the sidewalks. He could be anywhere, they lost him.

GAGE

Damn it!

Mosh and Susan appear behind him.

MOSH

Don't worry bud, we'll get him.

He looks back into the store. The interior is a mess.

MOSH (CONT'D)

Captain's going to be pissed at this mess. Better you than me pal.

GAGE

Yeah, tell me about it.

INT. BUS. DAY.

The suspect sits back in his seat, out of breath as the bus leaves the area. He pulls out a sheet of paper and looks at it. It's a list of names. The same list of names that the detectives have. Names are crossed out. His name is the last on the list. LOGAN SILOMORE.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

In a dimly lit apartment a heavy set man sits in front of a computer. He's bathed in the glow of the screen, intently watching something. As we near we find that he's watching porno.

The show is interrupted by a pop-up box from his email. The heading reads.

EMAIL HEADING

New girl loses cherry to daddy.

The heavy set man exits the screen with the porno and clicks on the email. A video starts with a young girl playing on her bedroom floor. He smiles and leans into the monitor for a better look.

Something isn't right with the video, he can't place it at first until he notices that the little girl is playing with a doll that looks just like him. The girl looks at the screen and changes to the creature we've seen before. Face is shifting, dark, evil.

The man recoils and shakes it off, he thinks it is just a stupid video. He attempts to exit the video but the computer doesn't respond. He tries to reboot the computer. Nothing. He unplugs it, but it still plays.

Watching now with a confused interest he sees the little girl take the doll and grip an arm. The man looks at his arm and gives it a rub, odd. The girl twists the arm.

Immediately his arm racks back in an unnatural angle. We hear the bones snapping and the mussels ripping apart. He screams in pain.

The girl takes a leg of the doll and places it in her mouth, then bites down viciously. Ripping it off the doll. His pants rip and blood sprays as the bite tares through his leg and it falls to the floor.

Next she takes a lighter to the dolls crotch. His crotch bursts into flames, among the flames we can hear the skin boiling away. The man is screaming in horror now, thrashing around.

She rips an arm off, causing his good arm to pull away from the socket. The man has passed out. She takes the doll's head and twists. His head does the same and stops 180 degrees in the wrong direction.

The computer screen goes black and we're thrown into darkness.

EXT. APARTMENT. DAY.

An older gentleman walks down the exterior corridor for the apartment complex. His clothing is a little run-down, a large ring of keys clinks against his thigh as he walks. It's the apartment manager and he looks grumpy as usual.

He comes to a stop at an apartment door and notices several news papers piled on the floor. Three of his previous notices are still tucked into the crack of the door by the lock.

He knocks. There is no answer. He pounds. Again no answer.

APARTMENT MANAGER

Milo! I know you're in there you fat bastard. No more notices.

(MORE)

APARTMENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
You're evicted! You hear me Milo?
Evicted!

Something isn't right. He notices that ants are crawling out from under the door. Then he smells it.

APARTMENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
Milo? Hey Milo.

He pulls up his large ring of keys and find the correct one, then slides it into the lock. The door opens.

APARTMENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
Milo I'm coming in.

He steps in and out of our view.

APARTMENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Holy Fucking Shit!

The apartment manager bolts from the apartment and runs as fast as he can down the hallway.

INT. MINI-MART. DAY

Gage and Susan are standing at the counter were his sister in-law's daughter was last seen. A small closed circuit monitor has been turned so that they can see the video. In every shot the man in the video has his face just out of view, they can't see who it is.

GAGE
You ever see this man before?

CASHIER. CHARLIE
No I'm sorry.

GAGE
And you're sure you saw her get into a car with him?

CHARLIE
Yep, a grey sedan of some kind.

SUSAN
If you remember anything, you'll give us a call?

CHARLIE
It's on speed dial.

GAGE

Oh, one more thing. You wouldn't by chance know what he bought would you?

CHARLIE

Let's see.

Charlie fumbles through some receipts stuck into the back of the drawer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ah, here we are. Paid cash. Purchased a Baby Ruth and a package of Polaroid film.

GAGE

Mind if we have that?

CHARLIE

Be my guest.

GAGE

Thanks.

EXT. MINI-MART. DAY

Gage and Susan exit the store and stand next to their patrol car.

GAGE

Christ, that just about confirms our fears. To bad we don't have a face shot to ID the guy.

SUSAN

If this is related to our murders then we need to find the girl before that thing kills off all of our leads.

GAGE

We still have three, including Logan Silomore (beat) providing he hasn't fled town already.

They get into the patrol car

INT. CAR. DAY

Dispatch calls over the radio.

RADIO
Dispatch to David Five-three.

GAGE
David Five-three.

RADIO
Respond to Ravenwoods Apartments,
3592 Elroy. Patrol has a 187, DOA.

GAGE
Copy, show us en route.

EXT. RAVENWOODS APARTMENTS. DAY.

Gage and Susan stop outside of Milo's apartment door and speak with a crime scene technician. The area is a zoo. The hallway has been taped off with crime scene tape. A crowd has gathered in the parking lot, including three or four news vans.

A news helicopter hovers nearby.

GAGE
This place is a mess.

TECHNICIAN
Someone from the apartment complex tipped off the news stations that this guy was a sex offender. We've had to chase off a couple nosey reporters already.

GAGE
Great, just what we need.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

They enter the apartment and see the carnage. By now Milo's body has decomposed badly. Ants have infested the place.

SUSAN
Cross another one off of the list.
That only leaves us with two.

Susan notices that the computer is unplugged. A paper is partially printed from the printer, as if the power was cut before it was able to finish. She plugs it back in. Then powers up the computer.

GAGE
Notice something?

SUSAN

Yeah the computer was unplugged and there is something in the printer.

As the computer fires up the printer starts printing again. Gage picks up the printout.

GAGE

Well, well. An email from someone on our list. Appears that these two were going to meet today.

TECHNICIAN

Detective. Found a picture.

Gage and Susan look. Under the keyboard is a Polaroid with the victim and a young girl. Its the same location as the other pictures.

SUSAN

Same photographer.

GAGE

Let's go see the other character before he ends up dead too. I'll have Mosh run the name and contact info, see if we can't get a location.

Gage pulls out his cell.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Hey Mosh, I need you to run a name and contact information. Ready? Okay, last of COFFEE, first of MATTHEW, middle K, king.

Gage motions to Susan to write down the information.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Okay, you've got a confirmed address? Good. 1409 7th Court East, apartment 503. Got it. Thanks.

SUSAN

Got it.

Gage turns to the closest technician.

GAGE

We'll check in later after we speak with him.

TECHNICIAN
You got it boss.

EXT. COFFEE'S PLACE. DAY.

Coffee's residence is located on the 5th floor of an old brick apartment building in the older part of the city. The years have been harsh on the structure, giving it an almost historic feeling to it. Parking is limited to the curb in front and a small lot off to the side and down an alley.

It's from this side lot that we see the back of a man in dark clothing entering the building. We can't see his face, but by the clothing we can see that it is the same man from the mini-mart and the missing child.

INT. COFFEE'S PLACE. DAY.

The man walks straight to the door marked 503. He checks the door and finds it unlocked.

INT. COFFEE'S PLACE. ROOM 503. DAY.

We see MATTHEW COFFEE in the kitchen with the fridge door open, he's oblivious that the intruder is inside. He stands up and closes the fridge door. The man is there, ready to strike.

The blow from the attack throws Matthew to the floor cowering. The man is standing over him with a gun in hand.

MATTHEW COFFEE
What the (beat) hey you're the
photographer. What the hell are you
doing?

There is no response. Matthew sees the gun.

MATTHEW COFFEE (CONT'D)
Please, don't do this, I'll give
you whatever you want. Please.

The gun fires three times. Twice in the chest and once in the head. The man walks to the living room window and peers out. Down on the street we see an unmarked patrol car pull up to the curb and two people exit. It's Gage and Susan.

The man calmly steps back and makes for the door.

INT. COFFEE'S PLACE. DAY.

The man hears the elevator ding as the lift is coming to a stop at the fifth floor, he heads down the fire stairs out of sight as Gage and Susan exit the elevator and walk towards Matthew's apartment.

Gage and Susan stop at the door and notice that it is ajar. Looking from the crack Gage can see Matthew's foot sticking out from the kitchen area. He draws his firearm and kicks in the door.

INT. COFFEE'S PLACE. ROOM 503. DAY.

Gage and Susan enter the apartment and find Matthew dead on the floor. The killing is fresh enough for Gage to check for a pulse.

SUSAN

This doesn't make any sense. This wasn't that thing's doing.

GAGE

No. My bet is on the photographer. He must figure that we're on to him and trying to tie up loose ends that will lead us back to him.

SUSAN

Or he's trying to protect himself from what's killing the others.

A knock comes from the front door.

MOSH

Gage, its Mosh.

GAGE

That was fast, what the hell you doing here.

MOSH

I left after running the name, figured you may want backup. DOA?

GAGE

Yeah, he's been shot execution style. Looks like two to the chest and one to the left temple.

MOSH

You still have that other scene that needs to be processed?

GAGE

Yeah, this is Murphy's law at its worst.

MOSH

Tell you what. I'll call this in and process it. You head back to the other site.

GAGE

Thanks.

Susan is checking out the apartment.

SUSAN

You sure? I can stay here and process this end.

GAGE

It's fine. We should focus on the other murder. We know that one was related to the list. This could just be a coincidence. Thanks Mosh, see you tomorrow. Let us know if you find anything related to our case.

MOSH

Will do.

EXT. COFFEE'S PLACE. DAY.

Gage and Susan walk back to the patrol car. Susan looks up at the apartment and sees Mosh looking down at them. He waves at her.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Gage is sitting at his desk reading something in a folder. More pictures from the murder scenes are pinned to the wall and the piles of paper work have increased as well. Mosh enters with two coffees.

MOSH

Getting anywhere?

GAGE

Yes and no. Best we can figure is that there is some type of pedophile club and our mystery photographer is the organizer and possibly the guy offing the girls after the sexual abuse takes place.

MOSH

It sounds good but without their bodies it would be a little hard to prove. Seems he's always a couple of steps ahead.

GAGE

Tell me about it. This fuck has me running around like a chicken with its head chopped off.

Gage closes the file folder and slides his chair out, stands and walks over to Mosh. Mosh is looking at the Polaroid pictures pinned to the wall.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I don't know. Part of me doesn't even want to look into to this shit. Who cares if these guys are getting knocked off. Look at what they're doing. If a monster wants to eat a monster so be it, that's karma.

Mosh is silent for a bit, still looking at the pictures.

MOSH

You a Susan seem to be getting along.

GAGE

Yeah I didn't see that one coming.

MOSH

You think that there's something there?

GAGE

Maybe.

MOSH

She's cute.

Gage takes a drink.

MOSH (CONT'D)
Does she know about (beat) you
know, Autumn?

GAGE
Yeah, I told her.

MOSH
So you do think there's something
there.

Susan walks into the office.

SUSAN
Good morning boys.

Gage gives Mosh a look. To Gage.

MOSH
My lips are sealed.

GAGE
Morning, anything from forensics?

SUSAN
No, but I did get a call from John.
They were able to find an address
for one of our names

MOSH
John?

GAGE
Susan's brother, he's the Sheriff
who processed the Simon site.

SUSAN
They made a connection with a guy
Simon did some time with. Byran
Shultz. Apparently they stayed in
touch and spoke recently. John
located a hand written note stating
that Simon and Byran had gotten
together for a "meet and greet,
14". He thinks its a reference to a
recent abuse.

Susan hands a fax with the address to Gage.

GAGE
Not too far away, about an hour
from here. Considering Byran and
Logan are the last two leads we
better get out there.

Gage grabs his coat.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Mosh, want to tag along?

MOSH
Na, I've got a few things to take care of.

GAGE
Looks like its just you a me kid.

Susan and Gage head out of the office while Mosh stays behind. Before Mosh leaves he takes one last look at the pictures on the wall.

EXT. BYRAN SHULTZ HOUSE. DAY

Gage and Susan pull into the driveway of Byran's house. Its a small farm house with a long dirt driveway. The fencing and surrounding buildings are rundown and in need of attention.

The car comes to a stop and they exit.

SUSAN
This place is off. Listen.

GAGE
What? I don't hear anything.

SUSAN
Exactly. The birds aren't even marking noise.

GAGE
Huh? Odd.

They head to the house first and check the doors and windows. The interior is dark and the place is locked up. As they near the rear of the house they hear a scream come from the barn. Its a male scream, one of pure horror.

Gage and Susan run towards the barn with guns drawn.

INT. BARN. DAY

As they enter the barn they witness Byran hovering in the air flailing about. Below him is the small figure of a girl with her back to them. They don't have to see her face to know that its the creature.

SUSAN

Don't.

The creature turns to Susan. Susan takes a step back.

GAGE

Put him down. Stop this.

The creature turns away without a word. A wood chipper turns on nearby.

BYRAN

Oh God, no. Please no. Plea...

Byran is thrown head first into the chipper, killing him in a bloody and bone crunching mess. The chipper shakes and shutters as it works its way down Byran's body, pushing the leftover bits out the end and against the wall of the barn.

Gage looks at the creature and sees it quickly move at the wall. It hits the wall of the barn and the image of the girl explodes into a mass of black beetles. As the mass of insects hits the floor a single Polaroid is revealed. Susan is closest and picks it up.

Gage walks over to take a look.

SUSAN

Gage don't.

Gage hesitates, then takes the picture. He looks and stares in disbelief. He appears visibly sick and drops the photo.

GAGE

It's Autumn.

SUSAN

I'm so sorry Gage.

EXT. BYRAN SHULTZ HOUSE. DAY

A mass of police vehicles have parked on the property and multiple officers and technicians are working the scene. Gage is sitting by himself under a tree. He's deflated.

The captain walks up to Susan.

CAPTAIN

How is he?

SUSAN

He hasn't said a word since he saw the picture.

CAPTAIN

I better go talk to him.

The Captain approaches Gage but doesn't say anything.

GAGE

I can't do this. I always suspected that she was raped, but I didn't let myself think that it was related to this shit.

CAPTAIN

Gage, I'm not even going say that I know how you feel. I don't. But your daughter's case was cold for over two years. Now's your chance to make right.

GAGE

Justice has already been done and that thing stole my chance.

CAPTAIN

This isn't over Gage, there's still Logan and the photographer. The photographer is the one we need to arrest. He's probably the killer.

GAGE

I'm sorry Captain I just can't go further, not now.

Gage gets up and walks to his car. He stops half way.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Tell Susan I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN

Gage.

Gage continues to the patrol car and gets in. Dust flies as he spins the car and speeds off the property.

Susan looks up in time to see Gage's car pulling onto the street from the dirt driveway.

SUSAN

Is he going to be okay?

CAPTAIN

Yeah, I think so. Just try to give him a little space. He needs to process everything.

SUSAN

He worries me. His daughter was everything to him.

CAPTAIN

I know, I've had my worries too. But I think this time he'll be fine. Now he has someone to focus his anger on.

SUSAN

That's what worries me. If we find this photographer a-hole I don't know if he'll be able to contain himself and do the right thing.

CAPTAIN

To be honest, after what happened to Autumn, I might just look the other way.

INT. CAR. DAY

From the inside of a car, through binoculars, we see Gage drive past. The farm house and police scene are in the background as if we're seeing the scene from across the street and a few houses down.

INT. BYRAN SHULTZ HOUSE. NIGHT

Susan is among the group of technicians still processing the house for clues. She's in the kitchen area of the house sifting through a pile of papers on the kitchen table. Like most of the property, the kitchen is rundown and messy.

From behind Susan we see Mosh walk in. He stops and glances at the fridge and pulls a small note off of the door. As he crushes it into a ball and tosses it into the garbage the magnet that was holding the note drops to the floor.

Susan looks back and sees Mosh scanning the kitchen.

SUSAN

Hey Mosh, talk with Gage?

MOSH

Na, I learned long-ago to leave him be when he's pissed off. You guys getting any closer to this photographer guy?

SUSAN

Nothing yet. But know there has to be some connection (beat) I can feel it.

MOSH

Don't get your hopes up too high, seems he keeps one step ahead.

SUSAN

You sound as if you're on his side.

MOSH

No, just a realist.

Susan moves from the table and starts to check items on the counters.

MOSH (CONT'D)

You need a ride back to the department? Saw that Gage took the car.

SUSAN

Sure. Let me check one last place before I turn it completely over to forensics.

Susan pulls the garbage can out from the wall. Its tall and a dirty white without a lid. Garbage is piled inside. Clearly not the most sanitary place.

MOSH

You're going to catch something digging through that. Besides, not likely that you'll find anything in there worth while.

SUSAN

You never know.

Mosh steps closer.

MOSH

Here, let me help.

SUSAN

No worries, I got it. Thanks though.

Mosh steps back a couple of feet.

MOSH

Suit yourself, but don't say I
didn't warn you.

Susan dumps out the contents onto the floor. There's a mix of used food containers, beer cans, papers, egg shells, etc. A brownish liquid of an unknown source creeps out from under the pile of trash. Susan makes a face as the rancid smell assaults her nostrils.

She grabs a pen from the kitchen table and begins to use it as a probe, slowly moving items apart. A crumpled ball of paper catches her eye and she picks it up. Unraveling it, she sees a handwritten note.

She reads the note allowed.

SUSAN

IOU, Logan, \$386.78

Susan sets the note aside and continues to probe with the pen. A few minutes later she comes across a receipt. She looks at it and smiles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Got ya.

MOSH

What do you have?

SUSAN

A receipt from the Green Tree Inn.
Total of \$386.78, three nights with
a check out of tomorrow. Bet that's
our Logan.

MOSH

Well now, there's no time like the
present. I'll drive.

SUSAN

Should we call Gage, let him know
that we've got a possible location
to Logan?

MOSH

Na, let him sit this one out and
cool off. We can take him.

SUSAN

All right, lets get him.

EXT. BYRAN SHULTZ HOUSE. NIGHT

Susan and Mosh leave the house to the forensic technicians and climb into Mosh's car. Its a clear night but the moon seems to be hiding low in the horizon making everything a little darker.

INT. MOSH'S CAR. NIGHT

As Susan climbs in she has to move a pair of binoculars from the passenger seat and sets them between the two front seats. Aside from the binoculars, a water bottle, and a candy bar wrapper Mosh's car is clean inside.

EXT. GREEN TREE INN. NIGHT

Susan and Mosh pull into the parking lot of the small inn. It's not a bad place considering. The parking lot is outlined by a row of rooms, first floor and second floor, with a medium sized pool at the far end. Most of the rooms are dark and a few have a light flickering from a TV inside. Only a handful of rooms still remain with their lights on inside.

Near the parking lot's driveway a tall and generic looking green and yellow neon sign proclaims the business as the Green Tree Inn and is accompanied by a flashing red neon "vacancy".

Mosh pulls the car up in front of the office and stops. The two exit and head for the front desk.

INT. GREEN TREE INN. NIGHT

Sitting behind the office desk is an older woman with thinning grey hair. She looks at the two officers with interest.

MANAGER

May I help you two?

SUSAN

Yes. Actually we're looking into something. A man named Byran Shultz purchased a room here for three days.

She produces the receipt and slides it to the woman.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe that the room is being used by a man named Logan Silomore, he's wanted for questioning for murder and child abuse.

MANAGER

Sure, I can help.

She pulls out a large sign-in book and flips back a few pages. Scanning the pages with a slender finger, the old woman settles on one name halfway down.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Here we are. Shultz. Room 109. That's next to the pool.

SUSAN

Thank you ma'm.

MANAGER

Don't mention it. I have three grandchildren.

EXT. GREEN TREE INN. NIGHT

The two close in on room 109. The lights are off in the room but they can see the flickering of the TV and hear the muffled sounds of a late night show.

Mosh takes point and draws his side arm. Susan follows suit and pulls out her gun as well. Mosh nods to Susan and then squares with the door and kicks it in.

INT. GREEN TREE INN-ROOM 109. NIGHT

The door's cheap hotel makeup easily gives to the force of the veteran cop and explodes open.

They rush in.

MOSH

Police! Don't move ass hole!

Susan rushes past and clears the bathroom.

SUSAN

Clear.

Logan has backed to the headboard of the bed with his covers over him. Fear has placed him in shock. Mosh quickly grabs Logan and places cuffs on him.

MOSH
C'mon, lets go.

Mosh roughly pulls Logan up and heads for the door. Logan is wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. Mosh looks over at Susan.

MOSH (CONT'D)
I'll take him to the station and book him in, if you'd like to look around the room I'll call a patrol unit over. They'll give you a lift back to the station.

SUSAN
Sure, that sounds good.

As Mosh leaves, Susan begins the process of checking the room for anything related to the case.

INT. MOSH'S CAR. NIGHT

The car is moving along in the traffic of the night. Mosh has remained silent since leaving the hotel. The silence is awkward. Logan is growing uncomfortable and begins to complain.

LOGAN
Hey pal, can you roll my window down a bit?

No reply.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talking to you.

Still no reply.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Fucking prick.

We see Mosh's angry eyes looking back at him through the rearview mirror. Logan looks up and makes eye contact. Hey recognizes the eyes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, where do I know you from?

No reply.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Oh shit, you're the guy. The
 picture guy.

No reply.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Yeah, yeah. It is you! Man you
 gotta give me a break man. C'mon
 you're in this shit too.

MOSH
 Shut up.

LOGAN
 It's killin us off one by one. You
 know that right?

No reply again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Hey ASS HOLE! I said we're all
 DEAD! You hear me man?

No reply

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Aint you scared of it?

Mosh pulls the car into an alleyway and comes to an abrupt
 stop. As Mosh climbs out with a brown paper bag in hand,
 Logan looks about and sees that he's not at the police
 station.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Hey man, what is this? You let'n me
 go? Thanks man!

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Mosh opens the rear door of the car and grabs Logan roughly.
 He pulls him out and throws him against the brick wall next
 to a dumpster. Logan lands with a harsh crash.

Mosh towers over him.

MOSH
 To answer your question. No, I'm
 not afraid of it. Because with you
 out of the picture it won't know
 who I am.

That said, Mosh puts on a pair of gloves and pulls out a black revolver from the paper bag. He aims it at Logan. He pulls the trigger until the cylinder is empty. Calmly, Mosh removes the cuffs from Logan and tosses the revolver into a nearby dumpster. Logan is left in a heap against the dumpster. Just another homicide in a busy city.

INT. GREEN TREE INN. ROOM 109. NIGHT

Susan finishes with the check of the items in the bathroom and the dresser. She checks under the bed and finds a backpack with Logan's items. Susan dumps out the contents onto the bed.

The contents are mostly clothing, a few pictures, and cash. The bag of a man on the run. Susan reaches for the pictures and starts scanning them. All but one appear to be family or of Logan.

One, however, is not. Susan holds the photograph up and looks at it. It's a picture of Tammy, the missing girl from the mini-mart. She turns it over. An address is on the back. She runs out.

INT. GREEN TREE INN. MAIN OFFICE. NIGHT

Susan rushes in to the main office. The manager is on the phone and she hangs it up.

SUSAN

I need your car.

MANAGER

What? Don't you guys have cars?

SUSAN

I can't wait for a unit. I need to jump on this now!

Shows her the picture of the girl

SUSAN (CONT'D)

She was kidnapped a little while ago and might end up dead if I don't get to her first.

The manager nods and tosses her the keys to her van. She runs to the van, dialing her phone in the process.

INT. GAGE'S CONDO - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Gage is sitting on the couch. He's drained, slouching, a man who has given up. We can see that he's been crying and the pill bottle is sitting on the coffee table in front of him still full. Soccer Ball is laying next to him, head resting on his lap. The phone rings.

He makes no movement to answer and lets the machine pick it up. He stares at a row of picture frames sitting across from him. Pictures of his daughter during happier times.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Gage, it's Susan. Pick up I know you're there. We found Logan. Mosh is taking him to booking. I found the location of the missing girl. I'm heading there now. The address is 19005 Old Bluff Road, apartment #42. You can finish this Gage (pause) I need you there.

The machine tones and the message is cut off. Gage sits up.

GAGE

What the? That's Mosh's address.

Gage focuses on a picture of his daughter with Mosh. It's in Mosh's living room on a couch. They're laughing. A window is in the background. Its the same scene from the other photographs.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Holly shit. Its Mosh?

Enraged, Gage throws the picture frame at the wall. It explodes. He bolts out of the condo.

INT. GREEN TREE INN. MAIN OFFICE. NIGHT

Mosh walks in.

MOSH

Hey, Detective Mosh. Did the female detective get picked up by a unit?

MANAGER

No. She took my van and sped out of here about 10 minutes ago.

MOSH

She took your van? She say where she was going?

MANAGER

Showed me a picture of girl that
had been kidnapped and said she had
to get there first.

MOSH

Thanks.

Mosh heads for his car and takes off in a hurry.

INT. MOSH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Susan stops at the door to the apartment. The faint sounds of cartoons can be heard from the outer hallway. She checks the door and finds that it's locked. She checks the welcome mat and the areas near the door. Susan finds a key stashed a short distance away. The door unlocks.

Gun drawn she slowly enters the apartment. It's well kept and modern. As she makes her way to the sound of the cartoons she passes pictures and frames on the wall. She stops, dumbfounded.

Next to a police academy picture is the framed picture of Mosh and Gage, each holding a plague.

SUSAN

Mosh?

MOSH

That's my name, don't wear it out.

Susan spins around to find Mosh standing there. His gun leveled at her. A menacing grin spread across his face.

MOSH (CONT'D)

Drop it.

Susan sets her gun on the ground and steps back with her hands in the air.

MOSH (CONT'D)

You've got some initiative. I'll
give you that. Keep moving. Hands
on your head.

Mosh steps closer, forcing Susan to back pedal with her hands on top of her head. We leave the hallway and enter the living room area. Only it isn't a living room anymore, instead of a couch and other living room furniture a low bed now sits against the wall. Cuffed to the bed is the missing girl.

Susan looks at the girl, she's wide-eyed with fear and visibly shakes at the sight of Mosh. A bruise can be seen on her left cheek and her mouth is gagged with a piece of fabric.

SUSAN

You fucking piece of shit. Why?

MOSH

Because I like it.

Susan looks back at the young girl, then to Mosh.

MOSH (CONT'D)

What? You need some psycho-babble, my mommy and daddy abused me crap? Well tough sister. Truth is I had a great childhood, great parents, never got into trouble as a kid, honors kid in high school (pause) I just like it. Always have, always will.

SUSAN

Where's Logan?

MOSH

Dead. Another lump of shit next to a dumpster. Lucky for you, you left the hotel before I could return for you. Lucky for me you told the manager what I needed to find you here.

SUSAN

Gage knows I'm here Mosh. I disappear and you'll spend the rest of your life behind bars.

MOSH

Gage is washed up. He's suicidal, reckless, and a ticking time-bomb. Hell, after you're gone he'll likely do himself in for me.

Susan's cell phone rings. There's an odd silence in the room, even the girl on the bed is motionless as she watches the drama unfolding before her. The ringing continues, mixing with the sounds of the cartoons on the nearby TV.

SUSAN

That'll be Gage. If I don't answer.

MOSH

Answer and you're dead.

We focus on the girl on the bed. We see that she's cold. Her breath is visible. Mosh and Susan take notice. Mosh looks at the TV.

Superimposed in the cartoon is the image of a girl in a nightgown walking in the back ground. Her face is morphing rapidly.

MOSH (CONT'D)

No, no, no. It can't be!

He fires the gun at the TV. It explodes and falls from the table. An odd buzzing sound fills the room and a thick black smoke lifts from the TV, which is now on its back.

A pale little hand rises from the void inside the shattered TV screen. Then another. The girl on the bed screams in horror.

The evil thing starts to pull itself from the TV, face shifting a fixated stare at Mosh. He empties the gun on the think to no avail. Mosh turns and runs for the door while still watching the thing enter his world.

As he nears the hallway he turns to see where he is running. Gage is there. He's pissed.

Gage gut kicks Mosh, stopping him from a dead-run. Mosh goes flying backwards and crashes into the kitchen.

GAGE

You killed my daughter! You fucking monster!

Gage advances on Mosh. Mosh attempts to run for the kitchen window. The evil entity shoots into the kitchen, blocking Mosh, it screams at him. Either Gage doesn't see it or he doesn't care.

Mosh looks to a knife block on the counter and grabs a knife. He charges Gage. Gage sees it coming and counters, they collide like two raging titans in an eruption of fists.

A wide swing by Mosh sends the knife slashing across Gage's left arm. Gage shoulders Mosh and pushes him like a blocker on a football field. They slam into a wall, sending Mosh's knife to the floor.

Susan unlocks the handcuffs on the girl.

SUSAN

Run. Go get help.

The frightened girl bolts from the apartment.

Gage and Mosh continue to battle each other, slamming against the wall, the entertainment center, coffee tables, etc. As the two men exchange blows the entity seems to be hovering with them.

The evil follows but doesn't act, doesn't intervene. It circles them silently like the death that it is. It's face continuously shifting.

Susan stays back not sure what to do.

Finally, Gage overpowers Mosh. Mosh falls to the ground defeated. Gage pulls out his pistol and aims it at Mosh.

MOSH

Do it! Go ahead! Do it!

GAGE

Why? Why my Autumn? Why?

MOSH

Opportunity. She was always there
in front of me.

EXT. ZOO. DAY

We see the same seen from earlier. Gage and his wife are together and following Autumn as she is running from one exhibit to the next.

But this time, as Autumn runs around the corner of the next exhibit we see Mosh buying cotton candy from a vender. Autumn waves and he flags her over. The two walk around another corner.

Gage and wife appear where Autumn should be. They're looking around, the first signs of panic setting in.

MOSH (V.O.)

I had thought about it for a long
time. Kept telling myself it wasn't
right. But she was always there. So
innocent, so sweet, so (pause)
perfect.

We see Mosh and Autumn walking through the zoo. Mosh looks back. Gage and wife continue to look in the other direction.

MOSH (V.O.)

When I realized you had lost her and that no one around seemed to take notice that she was with me. I couldn't control myself. She wasn't going to fight or even question me. She wanted to go.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH. NIGHT.

We see Mosh opening the trunk of his patrol car and lift out something wrapped in plastic. It's raining. He cradles the small figure in his arms and heads down the grass hill into the drainage ditch.

MOSH (V.O.)

It wasn't until later that I realized what I had done. She knew me and there was no way that it wouldn't come out at sometime. I had to.

INT. MOSH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Gage is towering over Mosh now. He kicks him in the side. Presses the gun in Mosh's face and cocks the hammer back. He's struggling with his rage and its winning.

GAGE

And the other girls? Why did you kill them too?

MOSH

I needed them, like a drug. After Autumn it made sense to get rid of them. Why leave a witness? I would know if one was found, hell, I'd likely get the case. You were out of the picture after Autumn. They were thinking about kicking you from the department.

GAGE

And the other guys?

MOSH

I found that I could make a lot of money in the process.

The evil entity moves in closer as if willing Gage to act, to squeeze the trigger and splatter the contents of Mosh's head against the wall.

GAGE

You sick...

Susan steps in between Gage and the entity. She's scared but does it anyway.

SUSAN

Gage wait! Don't. I never knew Autumn, but if she was anything like you I know that deep down she wouldn't want you to kill him. She wouldn't want revenge, she'd want retribution. Don't let him escape guilt through death.

The entity moves closer. Growing more menacing with each inch.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Don't you see Gage, it's your rage and hate that is feeding this thing. You kill Mosh and it takes over. More people will die. Autumn would loose you all over again (pause) I'd loose you.

Gage presses harder, blood is now visible where the gun barrel is pushing skin. Mosh has fear in his eyes. Gage roughly rolls Mosh over, re-holsters his gun, and cuffs him.

GAGE

You're going to face the families and friends of your victims', the public humiliation of a cop turned child molester, and life in prison (pause) followed by an eternity in Hell. In short, you're fucked!

The entity backs away as Gage stands to look at Susan.

Distracted, Gage doesn't see that Mosh is unlocking the cuffs with a hidden key kept on the back loop of his belt. The cuffs unlock and he grabs the knife nearby. He stands and charges.

Gage and Susan register the movement and turn to see Mosh. Then the entity shoots at him before he could reach the couple. Mosh screams as he is lifted in the air and turned horizontally.

The entity then rushes at the corn of the wall leading into the hallway. It slams Mosh's back into the corner bending him. A loud snap and crunch can be heard as his back is broken.

Mosh falls to the ground screaming in pain, then passes out.

The entity turns to the couple. They watch and tense as they expect to be next. But as the evil approaches it takes on a less frightening appearance. The faces stop morphing and settle on the innocent face of Autumn, Gage's daughter.

Autumn smiles at her father and mouths the words, "I love you". She then turns and walks towards the wall. As the entity hits the wall it explodes into hundreds of white butterflies.

Sirens can be heard in the distance as well as a commotion at the door.

POLICE OFFICERS
Detective Yunker? Detective Foster?

GAGE
Yeah, we're here. Scene's safe.

Officers come in the apartment.

As more officers and paramedics arrive we close the scene.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM. DAY

Title: Six Months Later

The room is packed, rows of people ranging from the victims' family and friends, police officers, reporters, and the community sit in silence as the jury re-enters the courtroom.

We see Gage and Susan sitting in the crowd near the front. A short distance away sits the accused, Mosh. He is now paralyzed and in a wheelchair, a shell of his once massive frame.

JUDGE
Has the jury come to a verdict?

JUROR
Yes your honor we have.

JUDGE
Would the defended's council please stand. Proceed.

A small team of lawyers stands while Mosh remains seated in his broken body. He appears deflated and unkept.

JUROR

We the jury in the case of the
state of(state) vs. Michael Mosh
(pause) guilty on all charges.

The courtroom erupts in applause.

EXT. COURTHOUSE. DAY.

Gage and Susan exit the courthouse and head into the parking lot to a convertible Jeep Wrangler. Soccer Ball is sitting in the back, tail wagging at the sight of the couple. Gage opens the passenger door and helps Susan in. He closes the door and leans in.

GAGE

You think she was here to watch the
guilty verdict?

SUSAN

After everything we've seen, I'd
say that anything is possible.

GAGE

Even us?

Susan leans towards Gage, meeting him halfway.

SUSAN

Even us.

And with that, they kiss. Gage then jogs around the front of the Jeep and climbs in. Gage, Susan, and Soccer Ball then pull out of the lot and head off into the distance.

FADE OUT:

THE END.