

Clarity of deception

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - HARPER WOODS, MICHIGAN {1997}

On this beautiful sunny afternoon, the bleachers on the football field are filled with family and friends attending the graduating class of Harper Woods high school.

Random talk is heard, but it's nothing but positive vibes with everyone congratulating the person next to them for their child or relative graduating.

There's more people standing down by the gate next to the track surrounding the field, but it doesn't matter as long as they're able to see and take pictures of the graduating class standing in the middle of the field on some bleachers wearing their baby blue and black cap and gowns.

An inspirational speaker is standing behind the podium in front of the bleachers the students are standing on, speaking a positive message about the future that lies ahead for the students.

Looking over the faces of the students, you can tell they're proud that hard work and dedication lead to this point ready to take the next step in their life.

All of the students graduating are in a zone that can't be disturbed, filled with happiness and accomplishments.

Through all the happiness, the one brown skin student standing in the back on the end with his head down rubbing a diamond engagement ring on his right pinky finger feels different.

The way he's rubbing the ring, you would think he's trying to polish the diamond so it'll shine brighter than what it already is.

But from looking at the pitiful expression on his face and watery brown eyes, you can tell something other than the quality of how the ring is shining lurks in his mind.

This is TEENAGE BERNARD DRIVE.

The heartthrob with beautiful blue eyes and long brown hair standing next to him is his best friend TEENAGE PHIL.

Knowing why Teenage Bernard is in the slumps, Teenage Phil tries convincing him things will be okay.

TEENAGE PHIL
(Whispering)
You okay, B?

The speaker is still heard.

Keeping his head down focused on the ring, he ignores his best friend's words.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Let that shit go. Nobody will believe
it.

A soft sigh comes from Teenage Bernard lifting his head turning to look at Teenage Phil with his glossy eyes.

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Sorrow, whispering)
It was wrong.

TEENAGE PHIL
(Whispering)
People get what they deserve.

Focusing back on the ring, Teenage Bernard can't seem to let go of what happened.

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Whispering)
...And then?

The sound of the people applauding and whistling follows right behind the end of the speaker's speech.

CLOSE UP - TEENAGE BERNARD'S FACE

He closes his eyes and the water works begin flowing.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPERIMPOSE: SIXTEEN YEARS LATER

EXT. COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Reporters are gathered on the steps of the courthouse looking

like ants waiting for Bernard to come out of the courthouse after winning the biggest case the county of Harper Woods has ever had.

BERNARD comes out in his nice black suit smiling bright as the sun on this clear blue day watching the reporters swarm around him asking questions.

With all the questions asked at the same time, and microphones in his face, Bernard remains calm fixing the tie on his suit.

REPORTER

How does it feel not only winning another case, but the biggest case in the county?

BERNARD

How can you lose with the best?

The reporters are silent.

Bernard looks at them smiling.

They begin asking questions again, and he walks off making his way to the sidewalk.

Walking down the street approaching his jet-black Mercedes parked further down, he notices TIM, thirty-eight-years-old, standing against the driver door wearing dumpster clothes needing some lotion for his ashy black skin jingling a Styrofoam cup full of coins.

Bernard comes up to him, and then he takes a step back ready to hurl from the smell.

BERNARD

Can I help you?

Tim stops jingling the coins looking at Bernard with a straight face.

TIM

You don't remember me, do you?

BERNARD

I don't wanna know you now.

TIM

That's cool. Don't be concerned if you can help me. Worry about if you can

help yourself.

BERNARD

Get your dusty ass away from my car.

Bernard tries moving Tim to the side, but Tim drops his cup trying to pin Bernard against the car, and ends up getting pinned himself.

Tim laughs showing his rotted teeth.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

TIM

You are. She's not here to help you.

Tim's words strike a nerve deep inside Bernard.

He gets ready to swing, but he looks back seeing the reporters heading their way.

Pissed off, he slings Tim to the side, opening the door and getting in.

Tim throws a balled up paper bag into the car, and then grabs the door.

TIM (CONT'D)

This is a case you won't win.

Bernard yanks the door, and Tim moves his hand before getting it smashed.

He pulls off just as the reporters reach the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driving a few blocks down in the quiet neighborhood, he pulls into an alley.

He grabs the balled up paper bag opening it, and written sloppily with a black marker it says...

INSERT LETTERS ON THE BAG

"Vengeance is only sweet when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

Scoffing, tossing the bag out, he opens the glove compartment grabbing some hand sanitizer squirting some in his hand rubbing his hands together real good.

When he's finished, he laughs, turning the radio on.

Some classical music plays as he pulls out the alley.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is magnificent.

A stereo system and television are up against the light brown wall that the dressers and nightstand match, and there's a mini bar off in the corner by the window.

Bernard is sitting on the edge of the king size bed in his black silk pajama pants holding an empty Cognac glass.

He looks over, cracking a smile at a picture of him and his mother when he was a child resting on his nightstand.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

It's only sweet if you make the person
you love realize how sweet it is.

He stands up walking over to the mini bar, and we see a long scar on his right side from when he was stabbed years ago.

Placing the glass down, he picks up the bottle of "Jameson", and then he blanks out.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER BEDROOM - 1988 - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

BERNARD'S MOTHER is sitting on the bed wearing a nightgown crying, holding a picture of Bernard's father wearing his police uniform.

She places the picture on the nightstand continuing to stare.

The heavy bags under her brown eyes speak of not only lack of sleep, but a heavy burden of depression.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

Why did you leave? Why did you take
the call?

She picks up the bottle of whiskey from the floor ready to

take a sip, and out the corner of her eye she sees Young Bernard eight-years-old in the doorway wearing his pajama rubbing his eyes.

He makes his way to her taking a seat on the bed beside her.

She places the bottle down.

YOUNG BERNARD
He's in a better place.

BERNARD'S MOTHER
I know he is.

YOUNG BERNARD
So, why are you crying?

BERNARD'S MOTHER
When you get older, you'll meet
someone you love.

YOUNG BERNARD
I already love you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER
You'll meet a woman you'll love just
as much as mommy.

YOUNG BERNARD
The only woman I'll ever love is you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER
That's for now. When you meet the
other woman...if she leaves you, it'll
hurt.

YOUNG BERNARD
Why are you drinking?

BERNARD'S MOTHER
(Dry laugh)
You'd think it'll ease the pain.

YOUNG BERNARD
Why are you in pain?

BERNARD'S MOTHER
It's nothing. Just know mommy loves
you.

YOUNG BERNARD
I love you, too.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Bernard has a blank stare for a few seconds, and then he wakes up slamming his fist hard on the counter.

BERNARD
It does ease the pain.

He pours a double-shot in his glass, throwing it back like it's nothing, slamming the glass on the counter cracking it.

A sinister smile spreads across his face, turning his back heading to the bedroom door walking out.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The fire burning in the oil drum glows in the filthy area.

WOMAN #1, twenty-three-years-old is tied up to a pole.

Her face is covered with sweat, looking around the room with her green eyes filled with fear.

Footsteps are heard drawing near, and her eyes widen when a person wearing an all-black hood steps in front of her.

The right hand of the killer covered by a black leather glove reaches out grabbing her face, holding up a pair of rusty garden shears in the left hand.

Releasing her face, she knows she's seconds from death prepared to scream, and the killer plunges the shears under her chin up into her mouth, opening them.

Snatching the shears out, the killer then turns her head to the right using a scalpel removing a large portion of flesh from her cheek.

The killer places the flesh inside the right pants pocket, and then plays around in the hole in her face before walking off.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

A client walks out the room. Standing against the wall by the door is JOEY, thirty-four-years-old.

Irritation is radiating from his blue eyes pulling his phone out dialing a number placing the phone to his ear.

SPLIT SCREEN:

CLAIRE, thirty-four-years-old is a tad bit on the muscular side standing against the gym wall wearing a sports bra and spandex shorts with sweat covering her brown skin, and her hair pulled in a ponytail.

CLAIRE

Hello?

JOEY

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

I'm at the gym, hitting the weights.

JOEY

I swear, I think you're a man.

CLAIRE

Get off my phone.

JOEY

(Laughs)

Where's your sense of humor? You heard from Tom?

CLAIRE

You know I barely call him

JOEY

I know the feeling. I was making sure everybody was coming to lunch.

CLAIRE

I'll be there. I wouldn't miss a lunch date with Mr. Perfect. You know how he can be.

JOEY

Find out what's up with Tom, and get back to me.

CLAIRE

Okay.

JOEY

Cool. Go finish gettin` your grown man on.

CLAIRE

Bye.

The screen goes back to Joey.

As he places his phone in his pocket, a heavy set male walks into the room.

Joey sighs, shaking his head.

JOEY

It's about to be a long day.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

There are pictures of top-selling book covers from published authors framed on the walls.

TOM, thirty-four-years-old is sitting behind his desk staring at the wall in a trance with his right hand under the desk.

His phone resting on the desk begins ringing.

He looks down with his Grey eyes seeing Claire calling, waiting a few more seconds before answering.

TOM

Hello?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

What are you doing?

TOM

(Pacing breathing)
...Waiting for the moment.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Are you at work?

TOM

I'm working at the moment.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What the hell is the moment?

TOM
(Orgasmic tone)
The moment is...

He leans forward releasing a moan of pleasure.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What the hell? Hello? Hello?

He regains his composure, placing the phone back to his ear.

TOM
(Shallow breathing)
Okay. What were you saying?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What the hell was that about?

TOM
That was the moment.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Are you joining us for lunch?

TOM
I'll be there.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
You enjoy that moment.

TOM
I did. I'll see you there.

He hangs up, taking a deep breath, wiping his face, moving his chair back.

WOMAN #2, twenty-three-years-old with burgundy hair comes from under the desk wearing a fitted dress licking her lips.

He pulls some money out, extending it to her, which she takes with a smile for her services.

She leans down trying to give him a kiss, and he places a finger to her lips.

TOM
It's not Christmas. Save the snowballing for someone else.

She sneers making her way to the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll call you, and we can do it again.

She gives him the finger walking out.

He laughs, stretching, turning to look out the window.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

From the layout of the restaurant you can tell the place is high class.

People are sitting at their tables eating, while waiters move around the room.

Faint conversations are heard.

ANGLE ON--

Bernard, Claire, Tom and Joey sitting at the back of the restaurant.

Full wine glasses and a bottle of wine are on their table.

CLAIRE
Do you want to explain what that moment was?

TOM
Well---

BERNARD
Nine times out of ten he was doing some freaky shit he paid for.

TOM
You're absolutely right. I'll pay for it before I sit around with my dick in my hand.

Claire and Joey break out laughing, while Bernard takes a sip from his glass.

BERNARD
Ha, ha, very funny.

CLAIRE
How long has it been now?

Bernard turns and looks at Claire raising his eyebrow.

BERNARD

Are we cracking jokes on Bernard today? Claire, you're still a virgin.

CLAIRE

(Laughs)

So?

JOEY

Mary keeps throwing it at you, but you won't catch it.

Tom takes a sip from his wine, and then pats Bernard on the shoulder.

TOM

It's okay. You're more of a sausage man instead of peaches. It's cool.

BERNARD

Uh huh. Keep it up.

CLAIRE

Okay, okay. Let's calm down before he gets in his mood.

BERNARD

I'm good.

JOEY

That's what you always say before flipping the bipolar switch.

TOM

Okay, enough with the jokes. Congratulations on winning the case.

BERNARD

Should I really take that as a compliment?

JOEY

Oh, shit.

CLAIRE

(To Joey)

Will you stop it?

(To Bernard)

Congratulations.

Bernard doesn't respond, taking a sip.

JOEY
I knew it. We better get moving.

BERNARD
I'm good.

TOM
Lunch is on you?

Bernard turns looking at Tom doing his best holding back from laughing.

BERNARD
You're the cheapest trick I ever met?

TOM
You love me, right?

Tom tries giving him a hug, and Bernard laughs pushing him back.

CLAIRE
Why haven't you talked to Mary?

BERNARD
No particular reason.

JOEY
Maybe it's because---

BERNARD
Why are you talking? We all question your manhood.

JOEY
What?

BERNARD
We never hear you talk about women.

CLAIRE
That's true.

JOEY
Hold on. I happen to have---

TOM
Your hand and some lotion.

JOEY

I have a stable of women I can't bring around you heathens.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's order this food. I think you had too much to drink.

The four sit laughing and talking.

INT. LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sitting behind her desk staring at a picture she apparently took of Bernard without him knowing is thirty-five-year-old MARY.

A rouge of blush is on her Puerto Rican skin.

Bernard comes walking down the hall, and she quickly puts the picture back in her drawer pretending she's doing work.

Walking up to the desk smiling, she looks up at him with her hazel eyes.

MARY

How was lunch?

BERNARD

It was cool.

MARY

I'm still waiting for our lunch date.

BERNARD

You don't wanna have lunch with me.

MARY

If that was the case, I wouldn't have mentioned it.

He gives her a slight smirk loving her cocky attitude.

BERNARD

Do I have any messages?

MARY

A reporter wants an interview.

BERNARD

That's it?

MARY

Yes, sir.

BERNARD

Thanks. I'll be in my office.

He turns prepared to walk off.

MARY

Wait, before you go.

He turns back around looking at her.

BERNARD

What's up?

MARY

When are you taking me to lunch?

He rocks his head side to side.

BERNARD

One day...we can have a drink or two.

MARY

One, I don't drink. And two, that doesn't answer my question.

BERNARD

You're so feisty. I'll keep that in mind.

He winks at her before walking off.

She sits back smiling, pulling the picture out staring at it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying on the bed is thirty-two-year-old WOMAN #3, brown hair wearing a black negligee with her throat slit down to the bone, and a large piece of flesh removed from the right side of her cheek.

A tale of terror is on her face.

Random chatter is heard, and then the flash from a camera is seen.

WIDER ANGLE--

We see officers examining the room for clues, collecting

evidence.

Standing against the wall sucking his teeth with his arms folded across his chest pissed off is forty-six year-old Detective CHARLIE SLING.

Annoyance laces his baby blue eyes.

OFFICER #1 shakes her head looking over her body.

OFFICER #1
(Talking to Charlie)
Come take a look at this.

He sighs deep making his way over to the bed kneeling down looking at the body rubbing his chin.

CHARLIE
This is our guy. Characteristics are
the same.

OFFICER #2 turns looking at him.

OFFICER #2
No signs of rape.

CHARLIE
(Sighs)
I figured that much.

He points at the missing flesh.

CHARLIE
I wonder why he takes the flesh from
their face.

OFFICER #2
Maybe he collects it as a souvenir.

Charlie stands up sighing deep walking over to the wall punching it causing everyone to focus on him walking out the room.

Charlie comes into the living room where other officers are looking for clues.

Pausing looking at them, he shakes his head frustrated making his way to the front door walking out.

INT. /EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

People are standing around trying to see what's going on, while officers yellow tape the scene.

Reporters are standing around anxiously waiting for interviews.

Charlie pulls out a pack of cigarettes pulling one out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, looking up at the moon.

CHARLIE

Where are you, you son of a bitch?

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

His plaques hang on the wall.

A picture of him and his mother when he was a child rests on his desk next to his nameplate.

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file.

Mary comes into the room carrying some files, walking to the desk placing them down.

MARY

How are you?

He continues reading the file.

BERNARD

Fine.

She slides her fingers across the desk, walking over to the wall with his plaques.

MARY

Did you hear about the murder?

BERNARD

How did this one die?

MARY

Throat slit to the bone.

She rubs her fingers on the plaques in an orgasmic way, turning around walking to the chair taking a seat.

MARY (CONT'D)

There was no sign of rape as usual.

BERNARD

Isn't he something? Kills women, but has the common courtesy to not rape `em.

MARY

Right. Usually when a woman is killed, she's either sexually assaulted before or after. I guess that's what makes this guy so eerie.

He scoffs putting the file down.

BERNARD

It's some sick people in the world.

He stands up stretching before walking over to Mary, and she stands up trying not to smile.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything you do around here.

MARY

That's why I'm here.

There's a long silence as they stare at each other, both of them being shy.

With a smirk, he moves in for a hug, and she embraces him.

Feeling the situation turning mushy, he releases her, stepping back clearing his throat.

BERNARD

I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

You sure will.

He walks over to the door grabbing his leather coat off the hook walking out the room.

She stands fanning herself blushing.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is holding a glass of cognac wearing his silk blue pajama pants listening to opera music.

BERNARD

It's my fault. If I knew then, what I know now.

He downs the glass placing it on the nightstand, pulling out a cigarette placing it in his mouth, lighting it, while looking down at the newspaper on the floor.

BERNARD'S POV

INSERT HEADLINE ON THE NEWSPAPER

Serial killer claims his ninth victim. Police still have no leads.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

The mind of a killer is the beginning of a masterpiece in motion without the colors. Soon...we'll see the full painting filled with colors of beauty.

He takes one more pull before putting it out.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off, and the moon is shining through the slits of the blinds.

Tom opens the door clapping his hands, turning the lights and radio on.

Jazz music is heard.

This is a true bachelor's room.

He staggers over to his waterbed taking a seat, putting his cellphone on the nightstand next to the cordless phone, before covering his face, sighing.

WOMAN #4 twenty-five-years-old staggers over to the bed placing her purse on the floor.

She gets on the bed behind him on her knees massaging his shoulders.

Her face is red from partying hard, and now you can tell she's ready for some intimacy to commence.

WOMAN #4

I'm having a blast.

Tom doesn't respond, sighing deeply.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TOM
I don't even know why I'm thinking
about it.

WOMAN #4
You wanna talk about it?

He slowly pulls his hands down feeling less of a man.

TOM
(Sighs)
Bernard Drive.

She jumps back grinning ear to ear.

WOMAN #4
The hot shot lawyer, Bernard Drive?

He turns around upset, grabbing her by the wrist.

TOM
Goddamn it! Why do people lose their
fucking mind whenever he's mentioned?!

She looks at him confused, snatching her arms away, rubbing
her wrist.

WOMAN #4
What the hell is wrong with you? Who
doesn't get excited when they hear
about him?

He turns around lowering his head.

TOM
It doesn't matter.

She grabs her purse, opening it, pulling out a sandwich bag
filled with heroin, and a black case she extends over Tom's
shoulder.

WOMAN #4
(Seductively)
I got what you need right here, baby.

Tom takes the case, opening it, rubbing his fingers across

the syringe.

The doorbell rings.

He looks confused placing the case down.

TOM

You get everything together. I'll go
see who this is, and be right back.

He walks out the room, closing the door behind him.

Tom is leaning up against the wall walking to the door.

Reaching the door he takes a deep breath, swinging the door open.

TOM

Okay buddy---

He gets hit upside the head with a hammer, causing him to fall to the floor unconscious.

The killer walks in, turning the lights off, dragging Tom further into the house, closing the door.

Leaving Tom in the hallway, the killer heads towards a room with a dim light.

Stepping into the room we see the light is coming from the light over the stove.

The killer walks over to the sink grabbing a glass from the rack.

Pulling out a sandwich bag filled with antifreeze, the killer pours it into the glass, and then walks back into the hallway.

Getting ready to approach Tom, the killer pauses when the music goes from Jazz to Blues.

The killer turns heading towards the bedroom door listening, before slowly opening the door.

The room is dark, but the light from the moon coming through the blinds gives a little light.

Woman #4 sits up in the bed naked.

WOMAN #4

There you are? What took you so long?

The killer walks into the room closing the door before walking over to the bed taking a seat, back turned, extending the glass.

She's so high she doesn't realize the person in the room is the killer, getting on her hands and knees crawling over taking the glass.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)

Still drinking, huh?

She downs the glass.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)

Let's get to...

She grabs at her throat, falling back on the bed having complications breathing, vomiting.

The killer stands up walking to the nightstand where the syringe is filled with heroin, and Tom's cell phone rests.

As Woman #4 continues slowly dying, the killer picks up the cordless phone dialing 911 placing it on speaker, putting it back down on the nightstand.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

She's having complications trying to speak.

The Killer pulls a butcher knife out holding her down, placing the blade on her stomach.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello, is anyone there?

The killer presses the knife down causing not just blood to come forth, but a blood curdling scream as the knife is pulled all the way across her stomach.

Leaving the knife in her stomach, the killer walks out the room heading back down the hallway grabbing Tom by the ankles, dragging him back into the room.

Propping Tom up against the nightstand, the killer grabs him by the throat.

Tom wakes up struggling to get free, but he can't overpower the killer.

The killer reaches on the nightstand grabbing the syringe.

Tom continues trying to get free, and the killer plunges the syringe into Tom's jugular, injecting the heroin.

Tom grabs at his throat spitting out blood as the killer stands watching until he dies. Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the floor behind the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Officers are examining the room for clues and evidence.

Charlie is standing against the wall. OFFICER #3 walks over to the radio, turning it off.

Officer #1 holds up the knife.

OFFICER #1
He's starting to get sloppy.

Everyone in the room is thrilled except Charlie, getting off the wall shaking his head.

CHARLIE
This isn't our guy.

OFFICER #2
What?

CHARLIE
Somebody else did this.

OFFICER #3
Charlie...there's only one serial
killer on the loose out here. Who else
could it be?

Charlie laughs placing his hands behind his back walking over to Officer #3.

CHARLIE
Two key things you forgot about our
guy. One, he takes a large portion of
flesh from their face. And two...
(Low chuckle)

You'll really love this one. He only kills, WOMEN!

He slaps him on the back of the head, moving him to the side.

As Charlie paces back and forth rubbing his chin, he notices the note sticking out from under the door.

He walks over to the note picking it up.

OFFICER# 2

What's that?

CHARLIE

I don't know.

He opens the note.

INSERT LETTERS ON THE NOTE

They're cut out letters from a magazine soaked in blood.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(Reads aloud)

Which would you prefer, death or love?
"B".

Everyone is speechless.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Does anybody have a clue what this means?

No one responds.

Charlie walks over to Officer #3 handing him the note.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Take this along with the knife, and have the lab run them for prints. Also, have the blood tested, and see what matches come up.

Charlie walks out the room.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file.

Mary walks in.

MARY
Are you okay?

He continues reading.

BERNARD
What are you talking about?

MARY
Wasn't that your friend involved in
what happened last night?

He places the file down, sighing.

BERNARD
...Yeah. That was playboy Tommy.

She walks over to him placing her hand under his chin making
him look at her.

MARY
Are you sure you're okay?

Turning looking forward, he sighs deep, closing his eyes for
a brief second.

BERNARD
I'll manage. I just can't believe it.

MARY
You never know when you'll lose
someone close to you.

Bernard lowers his head blanking out.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER KITCHEN - MORNING {FLASHBACK}

The kitchen is simple with nothing major. An angel
centerpiece is sitting in the middle of the kitchen table.

Bernard's mother is sitting at the table in her robe crying,
taking a sip from the liquor bottle in her hand. She hears
footsteps coming, and quickly hides the bottle trying to
straighten her face.

Young Bernard comes into the room carrying his backpack
walking over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

What's wrong, mommy?

She snuffles, trying to form a warming smile to let him know nothing's wrong.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

It's nothing. Do you have all your stuff?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes.

Although she places her hands on his shoulders with tears still running down her face, she gives him that smile so his day can go smoothly.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

You know no matter what, mommy loves you?

YOUNG BERNARD

YES.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

Good. Get going before you're late.

He gives her a hug and kiss on the cheek, before making his way out the room.

She watches him leave before picking up the bottle taking a deep swig.

Now that he's gone, she lifts her leg retrieving a straight razor.

She sobs extending her left arm, placing the razor on her wrist slowly pulling the blade down and across, alternating doing the other.

Her body gives way falling to the floor. Young Bernard comes back into the room smiling, until he sees his mother on the floor shaking.

He drops his backpack running over to her dropping to his knees.

YOUNG BERNARD

Mommy!

COME BACK TO:**INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON {PRESENT}**

Bernard has a blank stare as Mary shakes him.

MARY
Are you okay?

He comes from his trance looking around.

BERNARD
Huh? Oh, yeah. Can I ask you something?

MARY
Sure.

BERNARD
Will you join me for lunch today?

MARY
The pleasure is mine. Let me go get my things, and I'll meet you in the lobby.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then makes her way to the door.

Bernard looks terrified, standing up reaching out for her.

BERNARD
Mary, don't...

She turns around looking at him.

MARY
Don't what?

He realizes what's going on, gaining composure.

BERNARD
I'm sorry. I'll see you in a minute.

She continues looking at him oddly, before walking out.

Bernard sits with tears built up in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S PARENTS BASEMENT - 1997 AFTERNOON {FLASHBACK}

The basement looks like a bar with pool and air hockey tables, dart boards on the walls and a mini bar filled with different bottles of liquor.

Teenage Bernard is sitting at the bar drinking scotch from the bottle, and on the counter is the razor his mother used to kill herself.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Drunk)

Mother, oh, mother! I see why you were drinking so much!

He takes another sip, and then places the bottle down, picking up the blade smiling, rubbing his thumb along the side of it.

Teenage Phil comes walking down the steps pausing, looking at Teenage Bernard with his back turned, confused why he's in the basement.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard? What are you doing?

Teenage Bernard slowly turns around, and we see he's cutting his left wrist.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil! Come have a drink with me!

Teenage Phil sees what he's doing rushing over grabbing the blade throwing it on the floor.

TEENAGE PHIL

What the fuck are you doing?!

TEENAGE BERNARD

I was--I was talking to mama.

TEENAGE PHIL

Do you see the shit you're doing?!

Teenage Phil tries to grab his arm, and Teenage Bernard pushes him back.

TEENAGE BERNARD

I'm trying to be with my mother! Leave me the fuck alone!

Teenage Phil slings him to the floor.

The two wrestle for a moment, until Teenage Bernard hits Teenage Phil knocking him to the side.

Teenage Bernard grabs the blade sitting on Teenage Phil's stomach, placing the blade on his throat.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Do you know what it's like seeing the person you love die right in front of you, leaving you with nothing?! Do you know how that shit feels?!

He presses the blade down a little causing blood to come forth.

Teenage Phil tenses up, but keeps a calm composure.

TEENAGE PHIL

I can tell you, you're my best friend and I love you.

TEENAGE BERNARD

That's the same shit she said! I love you baby, and I'll always be here for you! Bullshit!

TEENAGE PHIL

It's not your fault, B. It's not.

Teenage Bernard starts crying.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)

She didn't love me. No one loves me.

He lowers the blade, and Teenage Phil sees his opportunity flipping him over getting on top taking the blade from his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)

Just kill me, Phil. End my useless ass life. I have nothing to live for.

TEENAGE PHIL

You have a lot to live for. Use the pain to make you stronger. If no one else in the world loves you, I do. How do you think I'd feel if I lost you as a friend?

Teenage Phil gets off him sitting to the side, allowing Teenage Bernard to sit up.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Why did she leave me? Why did she do this to me?

Teenage Phil places the blade to the side, and then holds Teenage Bernard.

TEENAGE PHIL

She didn't leave. She's with us talking through me.

TEENAGE BERNARD

...I don't wanna live.

TEENAGE PHIL

You're destined to do great things. Your mother and father would want you to live.

Teenage Phil stands up, and then helps Teenage Bernard stand to his feet.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

Let's get your crazy ass cleaned up.

The two laugh, making their way upstairs.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON {PRESENT}

Bernard is sitting at his desk smiling, wiping the tears getting himself together before standing up walking out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Joey and Claire are sitting at the usual table looking at Bernard and Mary walking in taking a seat at another table.

Joey is filled with jealousy taking a sip from his wine staring at Bernard.

Mary looks around the restaurant amazed she's able to dine in such a fancy restaurant.

BERNARD

Thank you for coming with me.

MARY

Believe me, the pleasure is mine. I've always wanted to come here, but financially I can't afford it.

BERNARD

It's nothing special. If you turn out liking it, I'll keep it in mind if we get serious.

Joey gets up making his way over to their table.

MARY

Well, I think we should start working on making a solid connection.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I'll think about it. But I wanted you to come with me because I feel I should tell you something only one other person knows.

MARY

I'm listening.

Joey comes up behind Mary placing his hands on her shoulders, causing her to cringe.

Bernard looks at him in disbelief, wondering why he has his hands on her.

JOEY

Hey, buddy. Why didn't you sit with us? We're not good enough for you and your precious Mary?

BERNARD

All jokes aside. Take your hands off her.

Joey lightly wraps his hands around her neck.

JOEY

What's wrong, Mr. Perfect? Am I getting under your skin?

Mary moves Joey's hands from her neck, scooting her chair up.

MARY

Why don't you have a seat so you two
can talk?

Joey grabs her by the shoulders, slinging her to the floor
causing a loud thud making everyone look.

JOEY

Shut up, bitch!

Bernard gets up rushing to Joey, shoving him.

Joey takes a swing missing, allowing Bernard to grab and take
him to the floor getting on top of him hitting him in the
face with multiple punches.

Claire rushes over pulling Bernard off of him.

Claire stands in front of Bernard holding him back.

Joey gets up from the floor with blood coming from his mouth.

CLAIRE

What the hell is wrong with you two?!
How can you behave like this after the
death of our friend?

Joey wipes the blood from his mouth, slinging it to the floor
before pointing directly at Bernard.

JOEY

He's not my friend!

Joey makes his way out of the restaurant.

Everyone is in shock from the event that transpired.

Claire turns looking at Bernard, and he gives her a light
shove.

CLAIRE

What the hell has gotten into you?

BERNARD

The virgin came to save that sorry ass
excuse of a man? Well, how about this?
Both of you stay the fuck outta my
life.

He turns his back walking off.

Mary gets up from the floor leaning over into Claire's ear.

MARY

He's mine now. Consider yourselves
dead like the other one.

Claire pushes her back, following it with a slap knocking
Mary on the table.

CLAIRE

Bernard, don't throw away friendship
for a whore!

Bernard turns around, walking back to the table helping Mary.

Mary looks at Claire stunned, holding her face.

BERNARD

I said my peace. Respect it when I say
it again. Stay the fuck outta my life.

The two walk off.

Low chatter from the other customers is heard, while Claire
watches with tears built up in her eyes.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is standing by the bar with a drink in his hand,
while Mary sits on the bed staring at him.

BERNARD

Why is this happening? Haven't I
suffered enough?

MARY

Come over here and have a seat. You
need to relax.

BERNARD

Maybe you're right. But when I saw you
on the floor...

He shakes his head, mumbling under his breath taking a sip.

MARY

Just come over here and sit down. We
can talk about what you wanted to say
in the restaurant.

He downs his glass grabbing the bottle, walking over to the

bed sitting next to her.

BERNARD

...My mother. When I was little, she killed herself. She didn't do it in front of me.

(Sighs)

But the way I found her, she should've.

She's stunned covering her mouth.

MARY

Why did she do that?

BERNARD

Depression. When I was little, my father was killed trying to apprehend a suspect. He didn't know the dude had a partner, and he came up behind him blowing his brains out. The day we buried him, we buried her. She always kept talking about being with dad.

MARY

I'm sorry to hear that. How did you deal with it?

BERNARD

I kept my mind on school. While I was living with my friend, I slowly started getting over it.

He walks back over to the bar with his head down.

Mary stands up taking her clothes off, leaving nothing but her bra and panties on.

MARY

Does your friend have a name?

Bernard shakes his drink around with a smile.

BERNARD

...Phil. We were tight in high school. After that, he got into drugs and whatnot leading to him going to jail for domestic violence and a rape case.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 1997 {FLASHBACK}

Six males in their early-twenties block off the hallway.

A healthier in shape Tim has Teenage Phil against the wall beating the shit out of him.

Teenage Bernard comes running up.

Two of the boy's grab him, holding him back.

Tim looks back tossing Teenage Phil to the side, walking up to Teenage Bernard cracking his blood coated knuckles.

TIM

What's up?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You need to get off my friend.

TIM

Unless you're about to pay what he owes, I suggest you get the fuck on.

Teenage Phil tries standing, but he's in too much pain.

TEENAGE PHIL

B, man, just--just go. I got this.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil, shut the fuck up.

(To Tim)

Let him go, and we can work something out.

TIM

(Laughs)

Work something out? Nigga, is you crazy?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Oh, you're really tough with ya bitch ass boys around.

TIM

What?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You heard what the fuck I said.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard, man---

TIM

Shut the fuck up before I beat on yo
ass some more!

(To the boys)

Let this nigga go.

The two boy's let Teenage Bernard go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

What does this mean? When I start
beating that ass, they'll jump in.

TIM

(Laughs)

I like you lil nigga. I think---

Teenage Bernard swings hitting Tim in the face making his
head turn.

He swings a few more times trying to drop him, but Tim blocks
one of the punches, hitting him in the stomach making him
fold over in pain.

Tim hits him a few more times before flinging him into the
wall.

He hits it hard sliding to the floor shaking the daze off
ready to rush at Tim, but Tim pulls out a switchblade halting
the process.

Tim walks over to him grabbing him by the collar.

Teenage Bernard smiles, licking the blood from his busted lip
as Tim places the blade on his throat.

TIM

You got heart, I'll give you that.
It's sad I have to kill you.

Teenage Phil sits up on his hands and knees trying to gain
enough strength to stand.

TEENAGE PHIL

Tim, man---

TIM

You next, so shut the fuck up!

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Laughs)

Hurry up.

TIM

What?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Hurry up and do it.

BOY #1

Tim, come on.

Teenage Bernard spits in his face.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Yeah Tim, lets go. All you have to do
is push it in, pussy.

Tim laughs, taking the knife down.

TIM

Like I said, you got heart.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Hurry the fuck up and---

Tim stabs him on his right side.

Teenage Bernard releases a moan of pain.

TIM

If you live from this...you'll
remember I did it.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Chuckles)

I'll remember what it feels like being
fucked, by a pussy like you.

Tim pulls the knife up, and then pushes Teenage Bernard back
into the wall.

Tim and the boy's with him take off running.

Teenage Bernard lies on the floor holding his bleeding side
as Teenage Phil slowly inches toward him.

TEENAGE PHIL

What the hell were you thinking?

TEENAGE BERNARD

That's what friends are for, right? If you love someone you'll die for them.

TEENAGE PHIL

Help! Somebody help us!

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Bernard downs his drink.

Mary walks up to him.

MARY

Do you know where he is now?

BERNARD

The last I heard he was in Ohio. He supposedly remarried and got his life back together.

He turns around backing into the bar when he sees her standing there.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Whoa. What's this about?

MARY

The first time I saw you, I said to myself, I have to have you.

BERNARD

But...what if I lose you, too?

She steps into him, placing a finger to his lips, trailing it down to his belt.

MARY

The only way you'll lose me is through death.

She grabs his head kissing him, jumping up wrapping her legs around him.

A nice intimate romantic scene plays out.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Bernard and Mary are under the covers.

She has her head on his chest with one leg across his waist, and he has his arm around her playing in her hair.

MARY

I have something to tell you.

BERNARD

(Jokingly)

You're pregnant already?

She lightly hits him on the chest.

MARY

It's something way more serious than that.

Bernard sits up, and she slides her head down into his lap.

BERNARD

What is it?

MARY

I wasn't always this beautiful. I had surgery done on the right side of my face fixing the gash that was once there.

BERNARD

What happened?

MARY

(Sighs)

You'll usually hear about the father abusing the daughter. In my case, it was the other way around.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S MOTHER KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (1989) {FLASHBACK}

Dirty dishes rest in the old dish water, and on the counter.

A plate of cocaine is on the table.

MARY'S MOTHER is sitting at the table taking a sip from a liquor bottle wearing a dirty wife beater and black leggings.

MARY'S MOTHER
 (High)
 You good for nothing tramp!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARY'S MOTHER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is just as filthy as the kitchen.

Young Mary, nine-years-old is sitting on the couch crying wearing something simple.

YOUNG MARY
 What did I do, mama?

Mary's mother comes staggering out the kitchen holding the liquor bottle, leaning up against the wall to keep her balance.

She shatters the bottle against the wall, still holding the neck end.

Young Mary stands up, slowly walking backwards keeping her eyes on her mother.

MARY'S MOTHER
 Just like your father! You'll never be
 shit!

YOUNG MARY
 Mama, please. I didn't do anything.

MARY'S MOTHER
 I'll make sure you won't become a
 whore, Ms. Lady!

Young Mary tries running, but her mother was quick on her feet, grabbing her by the hair slamming her to the floor.

Young Mary screams in fear as her mother gets on top of her plunging the broken glass deep into the right side of her face.

Young Mary screams in agonizing pain as her mother twists the glass deeper.

Mary's mother gets up, throwing the glass to the side, looking down at Young Mary crying, grabbing at her bleeding face, cutting her fingers on the shards of glass.

MARY'S MOTHER

There! Now I know you won't be out here doing anything foolish! Who would look at a disfigured whore like you?!

Young Mary continues sitting on the floor crying, trying to stop the blood coming from her face.

Mary's mother makes her way back into the kitchen.

She walks over to the cabinet tossing cereal boxes out the way until she reaches the liquor bottle grabbing it, staggering back to the table taking a seat opening the bottle.

MARY MOTHER

(Sorrow)

Forgive me, God.

She tries taking a sip, but her head falls face first to the table, dropping the bottle shattering it.

Young Mary comes into the kitchen with a blank stare, and blood dripping from her face.

She walks over to the sink grabbing a butcher knife from the dirty water, and then she walks over to her mother raising the knife high, bringing it down with force into her mother's back.

Mary's mother screams in pain, while Young Mary continues stabbing.

She still has the same blank stare as blood covers her face, and her mother's screams go mute.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Bernard sits stunned.

MARY

They charged me with temporary insanity instead of murder. I was under close observation at a halfway house before they decided to repair my face and release me.

BERNARD

I don't know what to say.

MARY

It's okay. But, I did grow a deep hatred for women that day.

BERNARD

We have each other now. I won't let anything come between that.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Charlie is sitting behind his cluttered desk looking over a case file smoking a cigarette, when Officer #3 comes in.

He places the file down looking up at him.

CHARLIE

What do you have?

OFFICER #3

Our Victims were Tom Rivers and the woman worked for an escort service. Despite the woman being disemboweled, the autopsy report concluded she would've died from ingesting antifreeze.

Charlie puts his cigarette down in the ashtray.

CHARLIE

Goddamn it. I already have to deal with one nutcase running around killing women, and now---

OFFICER #3

You didn't let me get to the part about the blood on the note.

Charlie picks up his cigarette, and takes a pull.

CHARLIE

I'm listening.

OFFICER #3

The blood was a mixture of all the victims.

CHARLIE

What?

OFFICER #3

Blood from each victim was found on

the letters.

CHARLIE

Did they find any fingerprints on the knife or note?

OFFICER #3

Nope, not one.

CHARLIE

Does Tom have anyone who can be notified about his death?

OFFICER #3

Most of his family lives out of state. From looking at his phone records, the people he communicates with the most lives in the county. Claire Nile, Joey Spigot and our local favorite. Bernard Drive.

Charlie takes one last pull from his cigarette before putting it out thinking about the "B" initial on the note.

CHARLIE

Bring Claire and Joey down and see what they know just in case they're targeted next. I'll go talk to Mr. Drive.

OFFICER #3

I'm on it.

Officer #3 walks out the room.

Charlie is frustrated about the case, but he thinks he's about to get a good lead when he speaks with Bernard.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk wearing something casual doing a crossword puzzle with his headphones on.

Mary is wearing something simple, placing files in the file cabinet.

She closes the file cabinet walking over to him taking a seat on his lap giving him a kiss.

He takes off his headphones.

MARY

What are we doing today?

BERNARD

I was thinking we could---

Charlie bursts into the room walking up to the desk picking up the nameplate sucking his teeth.

Bernard and Mary are lost wondering why he barged into the office.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

How may I help you?

Charlie places the plate down, turning his back walking away.

CHARLIE

Get your shit. You're coming with me.

BERNARD

May I ask why?

Charlie pauses.

CHARLIE

Don't question me, kid. Just get your shit, and let's go.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard and Mary look confused.

MARY

What was that about?

BERNARD

I have no idea. But he better have a good goddamn reason or a healthy pension to retire on.

He gives her a kiss, and then taps her on the ass so she can stand up.

Bernard gets up walking towards the door walking out.

Mary looks on, shaking her head.

INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting at the table, while Charlie stands to the

side smoking a cigarette.

BERNARD
Why am I down here?

CHARLIE
You're friends with Claire Nile and
Joey Spigot?

BERNARD
Not anymore.

Charlie laughs taking a pull from his cigarette taking a
seat.

CHARLIE
That really doesn't matter. What does
matter is you were friends with Tom
Rivers.

BERNARD
And your point is?

Charlie pulls out the note, tossing it at Bernard.

Bernard picks up the note.

BERNARD
(Laughs)
You got me down here reading your love
letters?

CHARLIE
Just read the goddamn thing.

Bernard opens the note, scans over it, and then tosses it to
the side.

BERNARD
Okay. Now what?

CHARLIE
Did you pay attention to your initial?

BERNARD
(Laughs)
What? You're saying I made this?

CHARLIE
I'm saying if you don't know who the
killer is, you're next on the list.

Bernard smiles leaning back in his chair.

BERNARD

It's obvious you don't know who I am.

CHARLIE

I know who you are.

BERNARD

Good. Then you know keeping me here
any longer can cost you your career.
Thank you, and have a nice day.

Bernard stands up patting Charlie on the shoulder ready to walk off.

Charlie drops his cigarette, grabbing Bernard by the arm making him turn around.

CHARLIE

You're a real smartass, just like your
friends said. Tell me something? Did
you say a smartass remark like that
when they found you with your dead
mother?

Bernard snatches his arm away.

BERNARD

I told you, they're not friends of
mine. And if I were you, I'd tread
softly. You never know if you might
end up on a list.

Bernard walks out the room.

Bernard comes into the main lobby that's loud from the phones ringing, and people handcuffed talking trash.

He walks past them, making his way outside.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bernard walks to his car resting in the parking lot, getting in, slamming the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER KITCHEN - MORNING 1989 {FLASHBACK}

Young Bernard is standing in the corner with a blank stare

watching the coroners carry his mother out.

There's a large bloodstain on the floor, and instead of the straight razor she used to kill herself, he replaced it with another one.

MALE OFFICER walks over to Young Bernard.

MALE OFFICER

I know this isn't the right time, but
I have to ask you a question. Were you
here when she did this?

Young Bernard doesn't respond.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I know this is difficult. But I need
to know---

YOUNG BERNARD

She's in a better place.

MALE OFFICER

Yes. Yes, she is. But---

YOUNG BERNARD

That's all that matters.

Young Bernard walks to the front door walking out.

INT. /EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Police cars, an ambulance and the coroner van are in front of the house.

People are gathered around watching.

Young Bernard stands on the porch with the same blank stare looking at the coroner van.

He walks off the porch making his way down the street.

Coming from the other end of the street is the neighborhood bully, eleven-year-old BILLY.

He's on the husky side with soul piercing blue eyes.

Billy stops in front of Young Bernard, and Young Bernard walks through him with a hard push.

Confusion is on Billy's face running up in front of Young

Bernard placing a hand to his chest making him stop.

BILLY

Are you dumb today? You know there's a
toll if you wanna walk down this
street.

YOUNG BERNARD

I would advise you to carry on about
your day.

Young Bernard places his hand in his pocket on the handle of
the blade.

Billy laughs, cracking his knuckles.

BILLY

You must be ready to collect this
beating?

Just as Billy gets ready to swing, Young Bernard grabs him,
pulling the straight blade out, placing it to Billy's throat.

YOUNG BERNARD

Are you ready to go to a better place?
My mommy was.

BILLY

Please. Please let me---

YOUNG BERNARD

Let you live?

Young Bernard looks back seeing people making their way
towards them.

He leans in Billy's ear.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

I lost my mother and father. Unless
you wanna join them, I suggest you
leave me the fuck alone. Do you
understand?

BILLY

Yes.

Young Bernard lets him go, holding the blade down to his
side.

The people walk past.

YOUNG BERNARD

Get yo ass home.

Billy gets ready to walk off, and Young Bernard grabs his hand making him stop.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. This is for all the tolls I had to pay.

Young Bernard slices Billy across the right side of his face.

Billy gets ready to scream, and Young Bernard places the blade to his throat.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

Mention a toll to me again, and the price you'll pay will be far worse than this.

He lets him go, and then walks off down the street.

Billy looks like he wants to cry, but it would be tears of hate taking a bandanna out, placing it on his face trying to stop the bleeding.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - {PRESENT DAY}

Bernard is smiling.

BERNARD

I'll tell you this much. The last person who asked me a stupid question knew not to ask me shit else.

He starts the car up driving off.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The few people in the bar are mellowed out listening to the jazz music playing.

Bernard is sitting at the bar with a bottle of whiskey, and a shot glass.

WILLIAM Billy's older brother is sitting down at the other end of the bar with a twig in his mouth staring down at Bernard.

The BARTENDER is standing behind the bar cleaning glasses, staring at Bernard.

BERNARD

(Drunk)

The woman I love is a deranged murderer.

BARTENDER

Are you okay?

Bernard downs a shot.

BERNARD

Am I okay? Would you be okay if the woman you love is a psychopath?

William takes a shot before making his way down to Bernard standing behind him.

BARTENDER

You had enough.

Bernard pours another shot downing it, outraged the Bartender would tell him his limit.

BERNARD

What? Let me---

William places a hand on Bernard's shoulder.

Bernard pulls a cigarette out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, before turning around.

WILLIAM

Ain't you that lawyer?

Bernard grabs the bottle from the counter taking a sip, and then drops the bottle down to his side holding it by the neck.

BERNARD

That would be me. If you have any problems let me know.

WILLIAM

This is a problem that should've been solved a long time ago.

BERNARD

Huh?

WILLIAM
You don't remember Billy Moore, do
you?

BERNARD
(Laughs)
I haven't heard that name in years.
Wait a minute. Are you the bully from
back in the day?

WILLIAM
I'm his brother! I wish he was here to
beat your ass, but due to what you did
to him, he killed himself!

Bernard bursts out laughing.

The Bartender reaches down grabbing the handle of the shotgun
he has under the counter.

BARTENDER
I'm not having any shit in here
tonight.

Bernard continues laughing, gripping the bottle tighter.

WILLIAM
You think it's funny?!

BERNARD
I guess the toll I told him really
went to his head.

William gets ready to swing, and Bernard hits him upside the
head with the bottle shattering it.

William falls to the floor holding his bleeding head.

Bernard stands up prepared to stomp him, and the Bartender
pulls up the shotgun.

Everyone drops to the floor, except for Bernard.

The Bartender takes aim on Bernard.

Bernard raises his hands smiling.

BARTENDER
Get the fuck outta here! I told you,
I'm not having any shit in here!

Bernard kicks William before walking backwards towards the door with his hands still in the air.

He gets to the door putting his hands down going in his pocket pulling out a wad of money taking the rubber band off.

BERNARD

Everybodies drinks are on me!

He throws the money up in the air.

Everyone rushes trying to get the money causing a bar brawl.

The bartender comes from behind the bar trying to break some of the people up.

Bernard continues laughing making his way out the door.

INT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The crystal chandelier hanging above the room shines down onto the black marble floors.

Bernard comes staggering in closing the door behind him.

As he leans up against the wall with his head down laughing, Mary comes out the bedroom upstairs wearing a sheer black nightgown walking over to the rail looking down at him.

MARY

What took you so long to get here?

He looks up, placing his hand over his eyes trying to focus.

BERNARD

Mary? How did you get here?

MARY

The same way you did. Although I find it hard to believe you made it here in your condition.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

And you're mad, because?

She comes downstairs making her way to him shoving him.

MARY

What am I mad about?! I've been cooking all day preparing a nice night

for us, and you went and fucked it up!
That's what I'm mad about!

BERNARD
(Laughs)
...What did you make?

MARY
You know what?

She rolls her eyes making her way back upstairs going into the bedroom slamming the door behind her.

Bernard continues laughing, shrugging up his shoulders before walking into the living room.

The furniture in the white living room is all-black and leather. Hanging above the fireplace is a portrait painted of his mother.

Off in the corner is a mini bar covered with different bottles of liquor and cognac glasses.

Bernard walks over to the sofa falling face first.

The doorbell starts ringing, and he hops up looking around startled.

BERNARD
Huh? No further questions.

The doorbell continues ringing.

Bernard rolls off the sofa onto the floor, slowly crawling towards the wall.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Okay, Goddamn it, I'm coming!

He stands up getting to the front door, and the ringing stops.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
What?! I know you didn't have me get
up for no reason?!

Dead silence.

Bernard gets ready to walk away, and then...

PHIL (O.S.)

Why stop now when you can go all the way?

BERNARD

Because what you do now can predict who you'll be in the future!

Bernard swings the door open, and there stands Phil with a short haircut, but he still has sex appeal.

The two hug.

Bernard lets him come in, closing the door behind him.

They walk into the living room.

PHIL

I see you made it.

BERNARD

What are you doing out here? The last I heard you were in Ohio.

PHIL

I've been here for the longest. The wife and I had a few issues, so we went separate ways.

BERNARD

It wasn't for what I think, was it?

Phil walks over to the mini bar grabbing two glasses and a bottle of cognac filling the glasses, walking back over to Bernard handing him one.

PHIL

Nah. I learned my lesson from that shit.

BERNARD

That's good. You like it out here in the county of murder and madness?

PHIL

None of that shit bothers me. Being able to finally see my best friend is all I care about.

MARY (O.S.)

What's going on down here?

They turn around seeing Mary wearing a robe with her arms folded across her chest.

Phil is in awe staring at her, almost ready to drool over her beauty.

PHIL

Who is that?

Bernard looks at him smiling.

BERNARD

Phil, this is my woman, Mary. Mary, this is my best friend, Phil.

She rolls her eyes, turning her back.

MARY

The rapist? I'm going back to bed.

She walks off.

Phil is confused why she would bring up his past, and he didn't disrespect or come across her wrong.

PHIL

What's her problem?

BERNARD

Who gives a fuck what her issue is? Where are you staying?

PHIL

This little motel that's not far from where you live. Just a little something until I get on my feet.

BERNARD

I think you meant to say you're staying here.

PHIL

I can't do that, B.

BERNARD

You can and you will. Your family did it for me.

PHIL

You're the same old Bernard. You never learned what defeat means.

BERNARD

That's why I'm the best in the county.

They laugh toasting.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

The guest room is just as nice as Bernard's bedroom.

There's a king size bed with black sheets, a wall flat screen television and a stereo system in the corner.

Phil is under the covers asleep moving around.

Mary is standing at the side of the bed wearing a black jogging suit staring at him.

Phil slowly wakes up, and just as he gets ready to come from under the covers, he jumps back pulling the cover over himself.

PHIL

I didn't know you were in here, I'm sorry.

MARY

That's the least of your problems.

Phil sits up in the bed staying covered.

PHIL

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARY

I just wanna let you know, I know what you're doing. And just because you helped my man when he was little, doesn't mean you can come back around taking him from me.

PHIL

Have you lost your fucking mind? It was his idea for me to stay here in the first place.

MARY

It's not about what he says, it's about what I say! If you're smart, which I know you're not!

She points between her legs.

MARY (CONT'D)

You should know he'll put this pussy
before some bum ass, washed up ex-
rapist!

He gets ready to lunge at her, and she pulls a butcher knife
out making him jump back.

Phil sits back furious about the situation, scared if he
tries taking a swing she might end his life.

PHIL

You got the nerve to mention my past,
and pull a knife on me?! Bitch, you
crazy!

MARY

You goddamn right I'm crazy! You take
these words in heed. It's not hard for
me to bruise myself up, and file a
report saying you beat me. I'm sure
they'll love sending your sweet ass
back to jail.

She points the tip of the knife in his face.

MARY (CONT'D)

You remember that, bitch.

She walks out the room leaving Phil sitting upset.

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting in front of his mini mansion sitting off
alone surrounded by trees, looking at the group message he
sent to Joey and Claire waiting for Phil to come out.

INSERT THE PHONE SCREEN

If it's possible, can we meet for lunch at the sushi place?
I'm sure you guys are still pissed from last time, but let's
put that behind us. I hope to see you.

He sends the message.

Phil comes out the house wearing some of Bernard's casual
clothes making his way to the car getting in.

Bernard turns the radio on, and some rap music plays on low
as he drives off.

INT. INSIDE BERNARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phil is still stewing about the incident he had with Mary earlier.

PHIL

What's wrong with your girl?

Bernard turns the music down.

BERNARD

What about her?

PHIL

She didn't tell you about the shit she did?

BERNARD

She told me y'all had a conversation.

PHIL

She came into the room on some other shit. Talking about she's not letting me take you away from her. And then the crazy bitch pulled a knife on me.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

You taking me away from her? I didn't know you were into men.

PHIL

I'm dead serious, and you over there laughing.

BERNARD

Whoa, wait a minute. You said she pulled a knife on you?

PHIL

That's what I said.

Bernard bites down on his lip.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I know that's your girl, and you love her. But, the bitch is crazy.

BERNARD

I'll talk to her when we get back.

PHIL

Fuck a talk! You need to kick that bitch out!

BERNARD

I said I'll talk to her! Did I get on you when I told you about that shit back in the day, and you didn't listen?!

Phil sits silent.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. I said I'll talk to her, and I will. You're my boy. No pussy or money will ever come between that. I'm glad we're back hanging.

PHIL

I'm glad, too. It's just---

BERNARD

Just drop it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI BUFFET - AFTERNOON

The restaurant is packed with people either sitting at tables, being seated or walking around refilling their plates.

ANGLE ON--

Joey has his back turned to the entrance, and Claire is sitting across from him.

Bernard and Phil come into the restaurant.

Bernard tells Phil to wait by the door while he makes his way to Claire and Joey.

JOEY

Who does he think he is? What does the little lunch date supposed to mean?

CLAIRE

Just let it go. Everybody was in the wrong that day.

JOEY

That might be true. It still doesn't give him the right to do what he did. When he gets here---

Bernard extends his hand out in front of Joey.

BERNARD

You'll shake my hand accepting my apology, and say we're still friends.

CLAIRE

What do we owe the honor of this lunch, Mr. Perfect?

JOEY

Yeah. I thought you wanted us to stay the fuck out of your life?

Bernard pulls his hand back, clearing his throat.

BERNARD

That's all in the past. I'm a new person now, and all I want is my friends.

Claire stands up, stepping over to him.

CLAIRE

I don't know. My life without Mr. Perfect might be hard to deal with.

She opens her arms for a hug, and they embrace.

BERNARD

Thanks. How about you, Joey?

Joey stands up staring in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well?

JOEY

...As long as you give me a kiss.

The two laugh, before giving each other a hug, while Claire looks at Bernard confused.

CLAIRE

Can you tell me what happened to Bernard?

BERNARD

I had an epiphany. I want you guys to meet someone.

Bernard signals for Phil to come over.

Phil pauses in his tracks staring at Claire in awe.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Claire and Joey, this is my good friend Phil. Phil, Joey and Claire.

Phil takes Claire's hand and kisses it.

PHIL

I'm charmed to meet your acquaintance.

She pulls her hand back, blushing.

CLAIRE

Where did you meet this well-mannered man?

BERNARD

He's my friend from back in the day.

CLAIRE

It's nice to meet you, Phil.

JOEY

Claire, calm down. I don't think he's into men.

Claire gets ready to speak, and Phil grabs her hand staring into her eyes.

PHIL

She's far from a man. She's the true meaning behind the word beauty.

JOEY

I think he's blind. What man in his right mind would say that about Claire?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's stop with the jokes as Tom would say. Let's sit down, eat, drink and have a good time.

The four sit having a good time, drinking and eating.
 Claire and Phil keep constant eye contact with each other.

INT. BERNARD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

This is a beautiful white kitchen with black hardtop counters.

Mary is sitting at the glass table soaking wet, drinking vodka straight from the bottle.

A picture of Bernard is in front of her, and resting beside it is a butcher knife.

She picks up the knife placing the tip of the blade on the picture beginning to scrape away until she realizes she's scraping the glass, placing the knife down.

Tears pour down her face picking up the bottle taking a sip.

Just as she gets ready to put her head down, she hears the front door open, followed by laughter from Bernard and Phil.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernard and Phil are standing by the mini bar laughing.

PHIL

Your friends are crazy. And that
 Claire is something special.

BERNARD

I just bet she is. You never took your
 eyes off her, and you got her number.

PHIL

It's something about her. I doubt
 she'll be interested in me.

BERNARD

Are you crazy? You better put that
 number to use.

PHIL

Do you think so?

BERNARD

Hell yeah. There's no doubt in my

mind---

MARY (O.S.)

(Drunk)

He's right! What woman would be interested in a rapist?!

They turn, seeing Mary leaning up against the wall holding the bottle.

Phil lowers his head in shame.

Bernard walks to her, snatching the bottle.

BERNARD

What the fuck is wrong with you?

PHIL

...I'll just come back later.

BERNARD

Fuck that! This is my goddamn house! I need to speak with you.

He grabs her by the arm, dragging her into the kitchen.

He presses her up against the wall holding her by the shoulders.

BERNARD

Why are you fucking with him? And what's with the shit you pulled this morning, pulling a knife on my friend?

MARY

I'm not losing you to a rapist, and I meant what I said! This is our house! I need you to understand that!

BERNARD

Lose me? This is our house?

(Laughs)

Listen. I know you're drunk right now. I need you to go upstairs and take a nap. When you wake up, we can talk about it.

She snatches his hands down, pushing him back.

MARY

You're not my daddy!

She turns her back walking away.

BERNARD

I should be your daddy! I'll
discipline ya ass when you get outta
line!

She stops turning around.

MARY

I don't think you would wanna be my
father considering that bastard is a
rapist, too! That's the reason why I'm
here!

She turns back around storming out the kitchen.

Phil looks at her storming to the front door opening it,
slamming the door behind her.

Bernard walks out the kitchen.

PHIL

You okay?

BERNARD

I'm pretty fucked up right now. I'll
get up with you later.

Bernard makes his way out the room.

Phil walks over to the bar making a drink.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard lies asleep on the bed. The light from the moon
coming through the window shines on the bed.

The killer is standing beside the bed in the shadows placing
the tip of a butcher knife on Bernard's leg slowly trailing
it up.

BERNARD

(Half woke)

Mary quit bullshitting.

The killer places the tip on Bernard's arm trailing it up.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Mary, I told you---

The killer pounces on him, weighing him down pulling out a flashlight, turning it on in Bernard's eyes.

With the light beaming in his eyes, Bernard still remains calm.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The Killer places the dull part of the blade on the right side of Bernard's face trailing it down to his heart.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Charlie said this would happen. Do it.
Do it, Mary!

The killer quickly moves the knife placing a deep gash on Bernard's side causing him to moan in pain.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

...Is that the best you got?

The killer hits Bernard upside the head with the flashlight until he goes unconscious.

Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the bed.

INT. CLAIRE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Some rap music is playing.

Claire is on the bench cranking out covered in sweat.

She finishes one more rep putting the bar down sitting up breathing heavily, reaching down grabbing her water bottle.

Her phone rings.

She finishes drinking her water before answering her phone.

CLAIRE

Hello?

JOEY (V.O.)

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Hitting the weights.

JOEY (V.O.)

I should've known, Hercules.

CLAIRE
Is there a reason for this phone call
before I hang up?

JOEY (V.O.)
Yes. I think I like the new Mr.
Perfect.

CLAIRE
He's cool. I like his friend more.

JOEY (V.O.)
You're a dick chaser. Have you ever
heard of the word game?

CLAIRE
Have you ever heard of the word hater?
You're jealous because everybody has
somebody all over them except you.

JOEY (V.O.)
I got mine, sweetheart. Believe me.

CLAIRE
Sure you do.

Her line clicks.

CLAIRE
Hold on.

She clicks over.

CLAIRE
Hello?

PHIL (V.O.)
Hey, Claire.

CLAIRE
Who is this?

PHIL (V.O.)
Phil. Bernard's friend.

CLAIRE
How are you?

PHIL (V.O.)
I'm fine.

CLAIRE
What's going on?

PHIL (V.O.)
Nothing much. Do you wanna go get something to eat?

CLAIRE
Sure. Just give me a minute to get ready.

PHIL (V.O.)
Okay, cool. I need some time to get ready myself. I'll call you when I'm ready.

CLAIRE
I can't wait.

She clicks back over, and Joey is singing a song sounding horrible.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You know singing ain't for everybody?

JOEY (V.O.)
Girl, you know my singing turns you on.

CLAIRE
Yeah, okay. Anyway, I have to let you go. I need to go get ready.

JOEY (O.S.)
Where are you going?

CLAIRE
On a date with the person you said is running his game on me.

JOEY (O.S.)
I would tell you to take some mace, but you don't need that.

CLAIRE
Fuck you. Good bye.

She hangs up smiling, getting up to go get ready.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is on the bed getting stitched up, while Charlie stands to the side looking at him.

CHARLIE

This is the man who said he wasn't on the list?

BERNARD

Fuck you very much. This ain't the time for sarcasm.

CHARLIE

You're right.

Charlie pulls out the note handing it to Bernard.

Bernard takes the note opening it.

BERNARD

(Reads aloud)

I'm cutting off all ties. The only thing standing between me and my goal is death. For the first time, Bernard was scared for his life.

CHARLIE

Do you know what it means?

BERNARD

She was plotting on me the whole time.

CHARLIE

Who?

BERNARD

My woman.

Charlie bursts out laughing, causing the doctor to laugh and accidentally prick Bernard with the needle.

BERNARD

Ouch! That shit hurts.

DOCTOR

(Snickering)

Sorry, sir.

CHARLIE

Let's say that's true. That explains

why she killed your friend. Why did she kill the other women?

BERNARD

Her abusive mother placed a gash on the right side of her face and she ended up killing her, growing a deep hate for women.

CHARLIE

That explains why she takes the flesh. We need to get to her before she kills someone else.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The streetlamps light up the park.

Claire and Phil are holding hands walking along the path.

CLAIRE

How does it feel reuniting with your childhood friend?

PHIL

It's good. We started off as nothing more than neighbors. After the incident with his mother we became closer.

CLAIRE

What incident with his mother?

PHIL

You don't know? His mother killed herself. Sad to say, he was the one who found her.

CLAIRE

Oh, my God.

PHIL

It fucked him up real bad. He was always trying to kill himself. It got to the point I couldn't leave him alone.

CLAIRE

I didn't know that.

PHIL

He's a secretive person. He doesn't open up because he feels holding back pain makes him stronger.

CLAIRE

So, you were his guardian angel?

PHIL

You can say that. He was mine, too.

CLAIRE

Mr. Perfect was a guardian angel? Tell me about this.

PHIL

He took a knife for me. I thought he was about to die in my arms that day.

CLAIRE

Why would anyone want to hurt you? You're such a sweetheart.

PHIL

During that time, I was everything but a sweetheart. I did dumb shit I knew I had no business doing.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean.

PHIL

That day showed he's a real friend.

CLAIRE

Believe it or not...Bernard has a special place in my heart.

PHIL

Are you gonna tell me?

CLAIRE

It's not important right now. So, what's a fine, well-distinguished man doing single?

PHIL

Drugs, alcohol and trying to be something I'm not.

CLAIRE

Okay.

PHIL

That's why I don't bother approaching women. I figure when they find out about my past it's a wrap.

CLAIRE

You approached me.

PHIL

To tell you the truth, I was about to give up. Good old Bernard told me to keep pursuing.

They stop walking, and she turns looking at him.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you kept pursuing me. Maybe we're what each other needs to wipe away the old pain.

PHIL

That would be---

She gives him a kiss.

They embrace for a moment, and then release.

CLAIRE

I need to get home and tend to a few things. How about when I'm done, I'll come over and we can talk?

PHIL

Great. I'll head to the house and freshen up.

CLAIRE

You do that.

She gives him one more kiss before they walk back to their cars.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernard and Charlie are standing in the room that's in shambles lit by the moon and building lights coming through the window.

CHARLIE

This place is a mess just like hers.

BERNARD

There's only one other place she could be.

Charlie picks up the picture Bernard had on his desk.

CHARLIE

How did you get over the thing with your mother?

BERNARD

I'm actually not over it. That's why I take cases to remind me of the incident. Like the case I just won with the lady on trial for killing her husband.

CHARLIE

What about it?

BERNARD

She killed him because he was always cheating and beating her.

CHARLIE

She killed him because of built up anger?

BERNARD

She had a depression problem. In the state she was in, I'm surprised she didn't kill him, the kids and herself.

(Sighs)

You know when you get to the point where you have to do something? That moment of clarity to help you get through the pain. I kept having flashbacks of my incident, and I used that to help strengthen me to win the case.

CHARLIE

So, winning the case helped you with your problem?

BERNARD

If I knew then, what I know now.

Charlie places the picture back on the desk, and then pats Bernard on the back.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry about the comment I made before.

BERNARD

Sometimes I need to hear those words so I can get through the rough times.

CHARLIE

You did real good, kid. Let's get some justice for those innocent people murdered.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard stands with tears in his eyes sighing deeply before walking out the room.

Bernard comes out of the room, walking down the barely lit hallway with his head down and the killer clotheslines him from one of the other rooms, knocking him to the floor unconscious.

Charlie is walking down the stairs, and then he stops when he notices Bernard isn't behind him.

He pulls his gun out, slowly making his way back upstairs.

CHARLIE

Come on kid, we need to get going!

Charlie gets to the top of the stairs pausing when he sees the outline of the killer.

CHARLIE

Kid?

The killer opens fire, and Charlie quickly takes cover returning fire.

The two have a short and sweet shootout, because Charlie tries getting a clean shot, and gets shot in the shoulder making him fall backwards down the stairs.

Charlie tumbles down the stairs losing his gun, and the killer is right behind him.

Charlie lands hard against the wall, sitting in pain with

distorted vision.

The killer walks up kneeling down placing the gun in his face.

CHARLIE

Kill me, you crazy bitch!

The killer pistol-whips Charlie until he goes unconscious, and then goes back upstairs to get Bernard.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard's arms and ankles are tied to the bedposts as he lies unconscious.

The killer injects him with morphine.

As the killer gets ready to walk out the room, you can hear Phil coming into the house.

Phil is coming up the stairs, and the killer quickly hides behind the door.

PHIL (O.S.)

B! You won't believe what happened tonight.

He opens the door, and his mouth drops seeing Bernard tied to the bed.

He rushes over trying to untie him, and the killer comes from behind the door, butcher knife in hand, walking behind Phil tapping him on the shoulder making him turn around.

The Killer plunges the knife in Phil's right eye twisting it before his body falls to the floor dead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is slowly waking up moaning in pain.

He takes his tie off wrapping it around the bullet wound tight to stop the bleeding, and then he stands to his feet still in pain walking to get his gun.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernard is tossing and turning in his sleep covered with sweat.

BERNARD
Mommy! Get up, mommy!

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy can't help you.

BERNARD
What am I supposed to do mommy?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Wake up. I have a surprise for you.

Bernard slowly opens his eyes turning to the side, and he shrieks seeing Phil's dead body.

BERNARD
What the fuck?!

Bernard struggles trying to get free from the ropes.

Mary is standing at the foot of the bed in the shadows only allowing us to see the cold stare in her eyes.

Bernard sees her, and stops trying to get free.

BERNARD
I knew it was you. Why didn't you kill me?

She doesn't respond.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Say something!

JOEY (O.S.)
I will.

BERNARD
Joey? What are you, her partner?

JOEY (O.S.)
(Laughs)
How can she be my partner...and I killed her, too?

Joey releases Mary's hair and shirt allowing her to fall onto

the bed.

The back of her skull is crushed in with multiple stab wounds in her back.

Joey stands up from the stool he was sitting on, walking over to the wall turning the lights on.

His wife beater is covered with blood.

He makes his way over to Bernard.

Bernard lies with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Would you look at this? Mr. Perfect has a heart after all.

BERNARD

Go to hell, you son of a bitch.

JOEY

The hell part I can probably get with. The son part is way off.

BERNARD

What are you saying? ...You're a woman?

JOEY

(Sighs)

I was. Besides, when I was a girl you didn't care for me then like you don't care now.

BERNARD

What are you talking about?

JOEY

Back in high school, I was the flat chest girl with shaggy hair, bum clothes and messed up teeth.

BERNARD

I think you got the wrong guy, freak.

JOEY

Allow me to refresh your memory. It's graduation day, and a girl asks if she can have that special place in your heart.

Bernard lies silent with his eyebrow raised.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I guess the ugly people are hard to remember. I mean, how can you remember a hideous beast named Josephine Sheppard?

Bernard's eyes get wide.

BERNARD

It can't be.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 1997 {FLASHBACK}

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil are standing by the lockers wearing their cap and gown.

TEENAGE BERNARD

This is the day we've been waiting for.

TEENAGE PHIL

Our moment to shine is now.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Check out this ring.

Teenage Bernard holds out his right hand showing off the ring he was rubbing when the movie started.

TEENAGE PHIL

That's cold. Where did you get it?

TEENAGE BERNARD

It was mama's engagement ring.

JOSEPHINE has shaggy hair, and is skinny as twigs.

She comes walking down the hall wearing her gown, carrying her cap smiling.

She walks up behind Teenage Bernard tapping him on the shoulder.

JOSEPHINE

Can I talk to you for a minute?

He turns around and jumps as if he saw something that scared

him.

TEENAGE BERNARD
Goddamn it, Scooby. What do you want?

JOSEPHINE
It's the end of the year, and I was
wondering---

TEENAGE PHIL
Just say what you have to say so we
can get the fuck on.

JOSEPHINE
Would you like to exchange numbers?

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil look at each other, and then
break out laughing.

Josephine stands embarrassed.

TEENAGE PHIL
Why the hell would he do that?

JOSEPHINE
I wasn't talking to you, now was I?

TEENAGE BERNARD
You two cut it out.

Teenage Bernard takes Josephine's hand kissing it looking
into her eyes.

TEENAGE BERNARD
Josephine, I would love to.

Josephine stands blushing.

JOSEPHINE
Would you, really?

He lets her hand go.

TEENAGE BERNARD
Hell no! Get outta here, Scooby.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil walk off laughing.

She runs up grabbing his shoulder making him stop.

JOSEPHINE

Bernard, I can be the perfect woman
for you. Give me that chance.

He backhands her with his right hand, turning around looking
at her.

TEENAGE BERNARD

What would I look like dating someone
that looks like you?! I'd prefer death
before being seen with you!

She holds her bleeding face crying.

He realizes what he's done and tries comforting her, but she
slaps him across the face.

She stares at him with insanity in her eyes, and blood coming
from the long gash.

JOSEPHINE

Get the hell away from me!

TEENAGE BERNARD

I'm---

JOSEPHINE

You mark my words, Bernard Drive! It
may not be today or tomorrow! But
you're gonna pay for what you did to
me! Physically and mentally!

She takes off running down the hall crying.

Teenage Bernard gets ready to go after her, but Teenage Phil
stops him.

TEENAGE PHIL

Just let her go. Who'll believe what
that ugly bitch has to say?

TEENAGE BERNARD

...Maybe you're right.

He looks down seeing a piece of flesh and blood on the ring
rubbing it off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - (PRESENT DAY)

Joey wipes the tears from his eyes, walking over to Phil's dead body snatching the knife from his head.

He spits on Phil's face, and then walks over to Bernard.

Bernard looks at him confused.

BERNARD

Wait a minute. You waited all these years to do this crazy shit?

JOEY

You would've taken forever too, if you had to plan, go through therapy and surgery. Didn't you get my message from Tim?

BERNARD

Tim? The only Tim that I know of is from high school, and I haven't seen him since.

JOEY

You've seen him. He's not the terrifying threat who stabbed you, but you've seen him. "Vengeance is only sweet when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That was him? I thought he would be dead by now.

JOEY

(Laughs)

You might as well say he is.

BERNARD

You murdered those innocent people just so you could get back at me? You're a fucking weirdo.

JOEY

Oh, it's okay, baby. You can finally be with a real woman.

BERNARD

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOEY

I may look like a man, but I still
have my womanhood to satisfy a man.
And, I'm still a virgin.

BERNARD

You're truly out of your fucking mind.

Joey takes a seat on the bed patting Bernard on the chest.

JOEY

I know this. But, you'll finally be
with a real woman. Because unlike your
mother.

(Scoffs)

What a pathetic woman. But unlike her,
I'll never leave you.

Bernard spits on him.

BERNARD

Fuck you, bitch!

Joey smiles, ripping Bernard's shirt open, placing the knife
on his stitched up wound slowly dragging it across.

Bernard moans in pain.

JOEY

We'll grow to love each other.

BERNARD

...I'd prefer death.

JOEY

I won't let you die, baby. But since
we're talking. Let me tell you how I
killed your precious Mary. I'm
actually glad I killed her. Not just
because she slept with you, but she
was the key for me to set this up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAW OFFICE - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

Mary staggers along the side of the building not knowing Joey
is waiting in the shadows behind some trees watching.

She gets to the back door leaning up against the wall,
fumbling around in her purse for her key card, finally

pulling the card out ready to use it.

Joey runs from the darkness grabbing her covering her mouth, dragging her into the darkness behind the trees.

Mary struggles trying to get free.

Joey tosses her to the ground, turning her around taking a seat on top of her.

MARY

Oh, my---

He slaps her hard across the face.

JOEY

Yes bitch, it's me. If you would've kept your hands off my man, you wouldn't have been on the list.

Joey pulls the butcher knife out, and Mary swings with all her might hitting him in the face knocking him over to the side.

She gets up running, but Joey is quickly on his feet right behind her tripping her, causing her to fall face first to the ground.

Joey places his foot on her back so she can't move.

Mary screams out for help as Joey leans down picking up a brick.

She continues screaming as Joey cocks his arm back slinging the brick with full force to the back of her head, silencing her screams.

He sits on her back picking the brick up, hitting her in the head a few more times, cracking her skull.

He gets up going to grab the butcher knife, walking back over to her dead body taking a seat on her back stabbing her.

JOEY

He's not here to save you this time.

He stabs her one more time leaving the knife in her back walking off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - {PRESENT TIME}

Joey is sitting with the tip of the knife on his lip smiling.

Bernard is devastated with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY

Considering I already sabotaged her house. When I killed her, I sabotaged your office, and as I was coming out, you and your cop friend showed up. I guess it was a blessing in disguise.

BERNARD

And you really think we'll be together?

Joey leans down in Bernard's face, placing the knife to his throat.

JOEY

I know we will.

INTERCUT WITH:**EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Claire comes walking up the walkway to the front door ready to ring the doorbell, and Charlie comes from behind one of the trees walking up aiming his gun at the back of her head cocking the hammer.

She puts her hands up in the air.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

(Nervous, whispering)

I came to see Bernard's friend.

Charlie lowers his gun.

Claire slowly turns around lowering her hands.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

His woman is the killer. I'm pretty sure she has him in there.

CLAIRE
 (Whispering)
 Why are we standing here talking?

CHARLIE
 (Whispering)
 We're not about to do anything. I'm waiting for backup, and we'll handle this.

CLAIRE
 (Whispering)
 My friend could possibly die, and you're standing here waiting for backup? I'm going in.

CHARLIE
 (Whispering)
 No you're not. We're waiting for backup.

CLAIRE
 (Whispering)
 You wait for backup. I'm helping my friend.

She gets ready to take off running, and he grabs her arm.

Sighing deep, he pulls a nine-millimeter from his other holster extending it to her, and she pushes it away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 I don't need that. I can handle myself.

CHARLIE
 (Whispering)
 Okay. Here's...

She takes off running towards the back of the house.

Charlie sighs, and within a few seconds the sound of breaking glass is heard, followed with the alarm blaring.

Charlie pulls his gun out running towards the back of the house.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey places a gag in Bernard's mouth, and then gives him a kiss on the forehead.

JOEY

It sounds like we have guests, dear.
Let me go take care of them, and I'll
be right back.

Joey walks off, and Bernard starts mumbling.

Joey walks back to him taking the gag from his mouth.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Yes?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I knew you had no social life.

Joey gets frustrated, slashing Bernard across the chest, before placing the knife on his throat.

JOEY

I might as well send you to your
precious, Mary.

He gets ready to slit his throat, when Claire bursts into the room.

CLAIRE

What the hell?

She covers her mouth from the gruesome scene.

JOEY

Goddamn it, Claire.

CLAIRE

You were the killer all this time?

JOEY

This has nothing to do with you.
Strong women like me and you need to
stick together.

CLAIRE

Strong women like me and you? What
fucking drugs are you on?

Joey walks over to Claire with a sadistic smile.

BERNARD

He's a woman, Claire! She's a crazy bitch from my past finally coming back to get me!

JOEY

(Chuckles)

Pay him no mind. You and I could---

Claire hits Joey in the mouth making his head turn, taking a step back.

CLAIRE

Why would I be part of this?!

Joey looks at Claire smiling, licking the blood from his busted lip.

JOEY

Fuck it. I see there's no winning.

He tries to stab her, but she grabs his arm and they tussle out the door.

Charlie is making his way upstairs, and they trip stumbling forward down the steps knocking Charlie down with them.

Joey drops the knife on the steps before the three hit the floor.

Claire and Charlie lie motionless.

Joey gets up laughing, walking back over to the stairs getting the knife.

JOEY

You see, Claire. Since I'm a strong woman, it allows me to endure anything.

He walks over to Claire grabbing the back of her head pulling it back.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately...this is the end for you.

He gets ready to slit her throat, when a gunshot goes off.

Joey drops the knife looking at the bullet hole in his shoulder.

Charlie is sitting up with his aim on Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I don't recall this happening in my story.

CHARLIE

It happens when you leave someone alive in the last scene. They always come back to bite you in the ass.

Joey picks up the knife smiling.

JOEY

Not in my story.

CHARLIE

I'm tired. Just put the knife down, and we can all walk out alive.

JOEY

You're in the way of a beautiful picture.

Joey charges at Charlie, and Charlie lets off two shots dropping him.

Charlie slowly stands to his feet in pain, and then walks over to Claire.

Claire sits up shaking the daze off.

CHARLIE

You okay over here?

CLAIRE

I had better days. Bernard is upstairs tied to the bed.

CHARLIE

Okay. Let's get up there and---AH!!

Charlie drops to the floor dropping his gun screaming in pain, grabbing at his bleeding ankle Joey slashed.

Joey has blood falling from his mouth and chest.

Claire picks up the gun taking aim.

JOEY

He's mine! You can't have---

Claire lets off one shot hitting Joey in the head, splattering his brains on the floor.

Charlie continues holding his ankle in pain looking up at Claire.

CHARLIE

Goddamn.

CLAIRE

It wanted something it couldn't have.

CHARLIE

Go outside and see if that backup arrived. And find somebody to turn off this annoying ass alarm.

She places the gun under her shirt.

EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coroner vans, ambulances, reporter vans and police cars are resting in front of the house.

Reporters are trying to get to Bernard for interviews, but officers are holding them back.

Medics are tending to Charlie on a stretcher.

Claire is standing beside Bernard's stretcher.

BERNARD

Thanks Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm glad I could help. Can you help me out with something?

BERNARD

You name it.

CLAIRE

Do you remember the pedophile they caught some years back?

BERNARD

I remember that sick bastard because I got him life in jail. What about him?

CLAIRE

Along with giving him life, you took
my unborn child's life due to a
miscarriage.

BERNARD

Huh?

CLAIRE

He was my soon to be husband, and
father of the child I lost.

She pulls the gun from under her shirt placing it to his
head.

The medics take off running.

MEDICS

She's got a gun!

The officers on scene draw their guns taking aim, and the
reporters scream dropping to the ground.

Charlie sits up taking aim with his spare gun from his ankle.

CLAIRE

Anything you wanna say?

Bernard shakes his head, closing his eyes.

BERNARD

Do what you have to do.

CLAIRE

I hereby sentence you to death. No
further questions.

A gunshot goes off, and blood sprays on Bernard's face.

He opens his eyes just in time to see the hole in Claire's
head before her body falls to the ground.

He looks over seeing Charlie.

CHARLIE

You owe me one, kid.

The medics come back over ready to place him in the
ambulance.

BERNARD

All this time...I thought she was a virgin.

The medics place him in the ambulance, and then get in themselves.

The ambulance pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

The rain is hitting hard against the ambulance.

Bernard has a look of anguish on his face.

BERNARD

I'm alone again.

MEDIC

Excuse me, sir?

BERNARD

Nothing. I was thinking aloud.

MEDIC

Okay.

BERNARD

I wanna go home.

MEDIC

Sir?

BERNARD

I'm sorry, this was an eventful evening. Can you loosen my straps, please? I feel a tad bit dizzy.

The medic loosens the straps.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm going home now.

Bernard sits up shoving the medic to the side, kicking the door open and jumping out onto the street.

He tumbles to the ground, and when he stands on his feet, he gets hit by a car rolling up and over the top, landing on the ground dead.

The look on his face says he's happy with the outcome.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

It's a clear day. Charlie is standing in front of Bernard's tombstone wearing a black suit with his arm in a sling holding a bouquet of white roses.

CHARLIE

I guess this is the way it had to end,
huh kid? I'll tell you one thing. You
can finally rest in peace.

He places the roses down, pulling a cigarette out, placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

Exhaling slowly, nodding his head yes, he turns his back walking away.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

"Depression leads to various outcomes, all of which are bad. Don't let the burden of what happened to you or someone you know bring you down."

Bernard Mersier

In loving memory, and will never be forgotten. Mary K. Lewis, Shawn P, Richie, Sweetie Mae Peterson, Kenyon, Reese, Ken, Macc 3, and Lamar.

END CREDITS