

COLD BLOOD

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

"ON A COLD, FALL NIGHT IN 1959, TWO RECENTLY-RELEASED CONVICTS BRUTALLY MURDERED A RANCHER AND HIS FAMILY IN A SMALL, KANSAS TOWN."

"THEY LEFT NO SURVIVORS."

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The light from a full moon highlights the early 1900s home.

SUPER: "WESTERN KANSAS, OCT. 31, 2019"

Party guests, JOSH and RACHEL, 20s, mill on the front porch, pulling on coats, saying their goodbyes.

HANNAH, 27, stands in the front doorway.

JOSH

Thanks for having us. It was fun.

RACHEL

To tell you the truth, I didn't want to come. But, I'm glad we did.

HANNAH

What? Why?

Rachel hesitates.

RACHEL

The house --

Josh pulls Rachel toward the porch steps.

JOSH

(to Hannah)

-- It's a lovely place. Thanks again for a fun evening.

The guests step from the porch, head for their car. They whisper along the way.

JOSH

It's just -- it was rude.

Hannah turns into the house.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Unpacked boxes dot the sparsely furnished room.

A handful of Halloween decorations hang about.

CLINT, 28, giggles lightly as he unsuccessfully tries to stack plastic cups.

Hannah rolls her eyes at him as she enters the room, trash bag in hand. She gathers paper plates and other trash.

HANNAH

I guess we stopped the party just a smidge too late for you.

He's a picture of concentration as he again tries to drop one plastic cup inside of another.

CLINT

I'm fine.

He misses. Hannah grabs the cups as she swings past, tosses them in the trash.

HANNAH

The realtor has to mention if something bad happened in a house, right?

CLINT

Where's that coming from?

HANNAH

Just something Rachel said.

Clint fumbles through one of the boxes as Hannah continues cleaning the room.

CLINT

Ugh. Rachel. Tell me again why you keep her around?

HANNAH

You know why. She was there for my sister. Right to the end.

CLINT

You realize you don't owe her anything, right?

HANNAH

She was Sara's best friend.

Clint pulls a box from under a stack of games.

CLINT

We should've played this while everyone was here.

He turns for Hannah, but stumbles. He drops the box.

A Ouija board tumbles out, along with the planchette.

HANNAH

Nope. Not playing that. No way.

Clint sets the game on the table, pretends to play.

CLINT

Oh, great spirit. Will Clint get lucky tonight?

He scoots the planchette to the word "Yes."

CLINT

The great spirit has spoken!

Hannah spins in front of him for a quick kiss. The movement knocks the planchette from the board. It stops at the far end of the table.

HANNAH

Someone should tell the spirits, you're too drunk and I can't take advantage of you that way.

CLINT

I wish you would.

Hannah pushes away, takes the trash into the kitchen. On her way out of the room...

HANNAH

You're on your own, Big Guy.

Clint moves to the couch. He lies down, closes his eyes.

CLINT

If you're worried about the house, we could just ask the Ouija board about the previous owner.

On the table, the planchette shakes, as if fighting against an unseen force.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannah tosses the trash into a can, then moves to the sink to wash a few dishes.

She dries the first dish, moves to put it away.

A SCREAM pierces the silence. Female. From upstairs.

Startled, Hannah drops the dish. It shatters.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah bolts into the room.

HANNAH  
Did you hear that?

Clint sleeps on the couch. She shakes him.

HANNAH  
Clint. Clint! Did you hear that?

He snores.

Movement catches her attention: The planchette darts across the table, furiously spells something out on the Ouija board.

Hannah nearly frozen in fear, blindly reaches for Clint. She can't take her eyes off the game board.

The marker pauses. After a brief moment, it snaps its way around the board again.

FOOTSTEPS echo across the ceiling, as if someone were upstairs. Hannah looks up.

Still, she slowly advances to the board, as if drawn to it.

The planchette again swings around the board.

Hannah reads it out as it spells...

HANNAH  
S - T - O - stop -- M - me. Stop  
me?

Hannah puts her hands on the planchette.

HANNAH  
Who are you?

It scoots across the board.

HANNAH

P - E - R - Perry. Did you used to own this house?

The planchette zips to: "No."

It quickly spells out: "C - L - U - T - T - E - R"

PERRY (O.S.)

Herb Clutter. Some kind of farmer, I believe. Or rancher. Is that the same thing?

Hannah looks up. A young man sits across from her. PERRY, 36. Kansas State Penitentiary jumpsuit. Round, friendly face. His dark hair hangs lightly over his eyes.

PERRY

Real nice guy, Herb Clutter. He surely did bleed a lot, though.

Perry reaches across the table, for a handshake.

PERRY

I'm Perry. Perry Edward Smith.

Hannah ignores the outstretched hand.

A MUFFLED FEMALE SCREAM, from upstairs, catches both their attention. Perry looks to the ceiling.

PERRY

Sounds like Dick found someone. He's my partner. Not real bright.

Perry shakes his head at the thought.

PERRY

This whole thing was his idea. I'm With Herb. And the boy.

Hannah's eyes dart to the sleeping Clint.

PERRY

Pay attention, darling.

She looks back.

PERRY

You need to stop me.

Hannah, her face twisted with fear, shakes her head.

Perry springs to his feet. His eyes blaze with anger.

PERRY

Now!

She remains frozen in place.

He leans across the table.

PERRY

They'll all die if you don't.

He points out the window.

PERRY

As will I.

Two bodies hang from a tree in the front yard. Both in prison jumpsuits. One of them is Perry.

PERRY

I'm in the basement.

Hannah looks through the kitchen, to the basement door. It slowly CREAKS open.

HANNAH

I can't.

Perry slides over to Clint, sits next to him on the couch.

HANNAH

Leave him alone. Please.

Perry smiles.

PERRY

Aren't you polite.

Perry considers, then whispers in Clint's ear.

PERRY

Sorry, Hannah. I need you.

Clint wakes. In a daze, he stands.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Hannah yanks at Clint's arm, tries to stop him as he trudges toward the basement door, but he's too big to hold back.

Perry stands in the doorway laughing.

Clint pushes Hannah to the side and disappears into the basement. The door SLAMS behind him.

Perry leans to Hannah.

PERRY  
Oh, that's bad. Real bad.

MUFFLED VOICES stream from the basement.

Hannah grabs at the door, but it's shut tight.

She spins for Perry, but, he's gone.

Hannah races to the closet, grabs a shotgun and some shells.  
She loads the gun and blasts the knob off the basement door.

She loads another shell, raises the gun and presses forward.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hannah creeps slowly down the stairs.

HANNAH  
Clint?

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, she turns the corner.

The basement is dark. Pitch black, really. Except the far corner, where Perry stands over a man, HERB, 48, legs tied to a chair, hands tied to a pipe above.

A boy, KENYON, 15, whimpers in the corner, tied to a different pipe, his mouth taped over.

Perry, now dressed in slacks and a rumpled shirt, holds a knife in one hand, a shotgun in the other.

The shelves around them are stocked with supplies, the labels simple and dated.

In fact, the hairstyles and clothes worn by Kenyon, Herb and Perry all suggest styles from decades ago.

Straight from the 1950s.

PERRY (V.O.)  
(not the Perry we're  
seeing)  
Hurry, Hannah.

She hesitates.

Perry violently slits Herb's throat. Kenyon screams.

Perry turns.

HANNAH

No!

Perry raises the shotgun. She looks away.

A SHOTGUN blast rings out.

She looks back. Kenyon is dead.

Perry swings the shotgun toward the dying Herb. The ensuing BLAST rocks Herb backward.

PERRY (V.O.)

That's your fault, Hannah!

She sobs.

PERRY (V.O.)

I'll be going upstairs next. You can't let me.

Perry spins for the stairs. Hannah steps into his path, points her shotgun at him. She pulls the trigger, but he walks right through the blast.

Hannah drops to the ground, cowering from Perry.

She looks up. Perry is gone. Herb and Kenyon are gone. Everything's gone.

The basement is mostly empty. The few things that lie around are modern. There's no sign of what she just saw.

One thing stands out, though. Clint. He lies against the far wall, his chest peppered with shot.

HANNAH

Clint!

She runs to him, but, he's dead. Hannah sprints upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannah grabs her cellphone, panic dials. But, before she can get to the last 1 of 9-1-1, the phone flies from her hand.

Perry, in his prison jumpsuit, stands before her, as if out of thin air.

PERRY

They're still alive. Only you can stop me.

The sound of MOVEMENT upstairs reverberates through the house. A WOMAN screams. Another shotgun BLAST.

PERRY

One more, Hannah. She's only 16.  
You can still save Nancy.

Hannah bolts up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hannah runs down the hall, shotgun in hand.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hannah bursts into the room. A young girl's room. Again, from the 1950s.

1950s Perry stands over NANCY, 16. Her mouth is taped and she's bound at the hands and feet, the rope so tight it cuts into her now bloody wrists.

He lays a pillow over the girl's head.

Hannah raises her shotgun, fires. It has no effect on Perry.

Perry raises his shotgun, points it at the girl.

HANNAH

No!

It's forceful. Loud. Everything Hannah has to give.

Perry hesitates. He looks around.

PERRY (V.O.)

It's not enough, Hannah.

Perry again raises the gun.

HANNAH

Take me! Instead. Take me instead.  
Please. She's just a girl.

PERRY (V.O.)

I accept.

Perry lowers the shotgun, reaches out, strokes Nancy's hair.

He turns for the door, leaving the girl behind.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon shines in full glory over the house.

Light flashes in the upstairs window as a SHOTGUN BLAST echoes through the night air.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The morning sun casts long shadows over the quiet house.

A car pulls into the drive.

The driver, a WOMAN, 76, takes flowers from the passenger seat, carries them to the door.

She rings the doorbell.

Getting no answer, she rings again.

She peeks through the door's window. Looks around.

Seeing nobody, she slips a business card into the frame of the window. As she does, her shirt sleeve rides up just enough to expose the scars on her wrist.

The business card reads: "Nancy Clutter, Realtor"

Nancy sets the flowers on the porch, returns to her car.

A card attached to the flowers flaps in the breeze: "I hope you're enjoying your new home."

FADE OUT.