

GUN

written by

Ezekiel D. Kristek

REVISION 1161

ZHURA  
18 Tremont St, Suite 310  
Boston, MA 02108  
[www.zhura.com](http://www.zhura.com)

December 18, 2008  
Copyright © 2008  
Ezekiel D. Kristek and  
Licensed under  
Creative Commons  
BY-NC-ND

GUN

FADE IN:

INT. BECKWORTH HOUSE - DAY

Super: "St. Paul, Minnesota."

ANSON BECKWORTH, a six year old boy, sits in his room, playing with his action figures. He wears glasses and a medal cross around his neck.

His room is covered with posters of cartoon monsters. He has toy guns on the ground, and the wallpaper of Cowboys and Indians battling each other.

His mother, JOHANNA (late 30's), calls for him from the kitchen.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

Anson! Go into your daddy's sock drawer and get me a pair of gloves-

Anson lies his toys onto his bed, gently. He takes the medal cross off of his neck.

He places it between the two toys.

ANSON

Ok, mom!

He walks out of the room and down the hall. He leans over the staircase to see if anyone is coming.

He looks down the hall. His parents' bedroom door is hanging halfway open.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM

Anson slides his way into the bedroom.

He walks over to the dresser. He picks up a picture of his father as a child. He giggles. He opens the drawer and picks through some pairs of black socks.

He notices a silver object near the edge of the drawer and he picks it up. He holds in his hand a 9 mm gun.

He goes over to the mirror and holds it up- pretending to take shots.

ANSON

Take that, Grumblin' Gremblin-

He looks over to the window and notices his father (IVAN)

out in the yard, digging holes for his mother's flowers.

JOHANNA  
Anson, did you find them?!

ANSON  
Coming!-

He walks over to the drawer, reaches in, and grabs a pair of brown gloves.

He closes the drawer. He sets the gun down. He takes a step toward the door.

He drops the gloves. He picks up the gun. He leaves the room.

INT. STAIRS

He creaks down the stairs, slowly. He points the gun at the family portrait on the wall.

ANSON  
Ok, Gremblin- it's just you and me.

INT. DINING ROOM

He slides along the dining room wall and leans against the edge of the doorway. Johanna stands in the kitchen, washing dishes.

JOHANNA  
Your daddy needs the gloves for the yardwork, hun!

He pops out into the doorway.

INT. KITCHEN

ANSON  
I got you now!

He points the gun at his mother.

JOHANNA  
Anson!- Where did you find that? Jesus, I told your father to get rid of that months ago. Put it down, sweetheart. You're scaring mommy right now.

He continues to face the gun at Johanna.

ANSON  
Freeze, Gremblin!

He continues to play his game. He walks closer to Johanna.

JOHANNA  
Anson, please. You're making mommy  
nervous. That's daddy's toy.  
Please, just put it down.

He pulls the trigger.

ANSON  
Bam! Bam!

He hits his mother in the forehead. She sinks to the ground in front of the kitchen sink. Anson stands, looking at her with a blank stare.

He tilts his head.

His father runs in from the backyard.

IVAN  
Anson, what's going on?!

He looks over to the kitchen sink.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jesus, no!- Anson!

Anson points the gun at his father.

He closes his eyes.

ANSON  
Gremblin-

He shoots his father in the chest. He sinks to the ground beside his mother.

Anson drops the gun. He runs upstairs.

INT. ANSON'S BEDROOM

He picks up his two action figures and continues to play with them. The doorbell rings. Anson throws his figures to the ground.

He covers his ears.

The doorbell rings again. Again. Again.

INT. LEGGINS' HOUSE - DAY

Super: "22 years later."

Detective STEPHEN LEGGINS (40's) sits at his kitchen table, watching the news on his small television, adjusting the antenna each time the sound goes fuzzy.

His brother, WESLEY, walks into the kitchen with his stomach hanging out and cracking a beer open from the refrigerator.

WESLEY

Anything good on?

LEGGINS

I thought you were gonna fix this damn t.v... I gotta go to work soon.

WESLEY

I can't do it all, man. I've got a ton of things to do.

LEGGINS

Look at you. When was the last time you went to the gym?

WESLEY

I dunno.

LEGGINS

Never.

Leggins walks over to the counter and picks up his jacket. He looks over to Wesley and tosses him the remote.

LEGGINS

Fix it. You got nothing better to do. I'll pick up dinner. You're on your own for lunch.

WESLEY

Right.

Leggins shuts the door.

I/E. LEGGINS' CAR

Leggins walks over to his car. He gets in and starts it up, immediately turning on the radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

Last night, authorities described the scene as being one that they have never encountered before. It took them over six hours to properly remove the bodies. The killer has been identified as Anson Beckworth, the notorious adolescent murderer who escaped life in prison, winning a case by arguing that he truly believed his parents were the villains from a popular television show he watched as a child.

LEGGINS

What the fuck is this all about?

He turns the radio up.

RADIO (V.O.)

At approximately five a.m. this morning, Mr. Beckworth turned himself in to the local St. Paul Police Department. A trial date will be set for what is believed to be the largest case in St. Paul history.

LEGGINS

It's gonna be a great day at work. A great fucking day.

He pulls out of his driveway and onto the main road.

INT. ST. PAUL CITY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Anson walks into a small conference room with two guards gripping him below his armpits. They toss him into the chair behind a small, wooden table. The LIEUTENANT, white, (50's), stands on the other side, and the two officers join him.

LIEUTENANT

You think you're tough shit, don't you?

ANSON

No, no I do not.

LIEUTENANT

What made you so damn confident that you'd be able to walk into my prison and walk back out one day?

ANSON  
I deserve a phone call.

LIEUTENANT  
Answer the fucking question.

Anson looks away.

ANSON  
Do you know what it is like?

The lieutenant reaches for his cup of coffee.

He hands a slip of paper to one of the officers.

LIEUTENANT  
Detective Leggings should be  
coming in soon. Give this to him.

The officer takes the slip of paper and walks out the door.

Anson looks at the wall, contemplating.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)  
Look at you, you sick fuck. I  
can't even stand the sight of you.  
Thirty-three people. Thirty-three  
fucking people.

ANSON  
Ah, thirty five.

LIEUTENANT  
More.

ANSON  
My ma and pa.

He shrugs his shoulders.

The lieutenant walks over to the doorway. He turns to the  
remaining officer.

LIEUTENANT  
When Leggings gets here, tell him  
to see me in my office before he  
leaves.

The officer nods and the lieutenant leaves the room.

Anson looks at the officer and smiles.

I/E. LEGGINS' CAR - CITY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Leggins pulls his car into the parking lot next to the jail. He walks over to the gate, where the guard, LOU, waits to greet him.

LOU  
Mornin, Leggins. Big day for  
you...

He nods to Leggins and sends him a smile.

LEGGINS  
Yeah, thanks Lou. He in there?

LOU  
Yes sir, waiting on you. He's a  
shy one, I gotta say.

Lou pads Leggins down and clears him to go through the gate.

INT. JAIL

Leggins walks into the jail, straight to the front counter to greet two officers, MICK and ELMER.

LEGGINS  
Morning, fellas.

Mick walks from behind the counter.

MICK  
The lieutenant wanted me to give  
this to you.

He hands him the note.

MICK (CONT'D)  
And he wants to see you before you  
leave.

LEGGINS  
A pay raise? About damn time.

Mick smiles.

MICK  
Don't count on that much.

Elmer comes over from behind the counter.



ELMER

Alright, boss. You got a date today with destiny. This guy's gonna make you famous.

He pulls his keys out from his back pocket.

LEGGINS

Where is he?

ELMER

All the way at the end of the hall. they got him in the interrogation room right now, just waiting on you ever so patiently. I'm ready when you are.

LEGGINS

Alright, let's go.

They walk down the hall. Mick shakes his head.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anson sits behind the desk, waiting for Leggins to come in. The door swings open, and Elmer walks in with Leggins.

LEGGINS

Anson Beckworth.

ANSON

That'd be me.

LEGGINS

Over the past month, you've killed twenty people in twenty different states.

ANSON

(Mumbles)

It'd be more. Damn task force.

LEGGINS

I remember you from when you were a child.

Leggins walks up to the desk and sits down in front of Anson.

LEGGINS

You don't have a family.

ANSON

I had a father. I had a mother.

LEGGINS

You *had* a father and mother.

Leggins reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small newspaper clipping. He places it onto the desk and slides it toward Anson.

LEGGINS

I saved this just for you.

Anson leans forward to look at the article.

ANSON

Me as a child.

LEGGINS

You should have never gotten away. And every year, when this country documents a bizarre murder, I know to turn to your name.

ANSON

You confide in me, hm?

LEGGINS

Since I lost *my* family, I haven't had much more to do with my time. You and I both know you should have never left this facility.

ANSON

I was a young boy. I watched too much television.

LEGGINS

You took advantage of your non-existent sickened mentality.

ANSON

I wasn't right, I-

LEGGINS

Lost your sense of understanding between a cartoon dimension and the real world?

ANSON

Exactly.

Leggins reaches into his pocket and pulls out another newspaper clipping.

LEGGINS

I know. Word for word on your lawyer's statement. I have news for you, though-

ANSON

They're gonna let me run free again, one day.

LEGGINS

They won't even let that ridiculous assumption stand for five seconds in court this time around.

The lieutenant walks into the room.

LIEUTENANT

Leggins, step out for a minute.

Leggins walks out of the room with the lieutenant and closes the door. Elmer stays behind in the room with the other guard, watching Anson.

INT. JAIL HALL

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

You're treating him like a friend.

LEGGINS

You have to make them grow onto you. If he starts to feel comfortable with me, I can get him to tell me anything. Anything.

LIEUTENANT

Look, Steve. Ever since your wife died, you've been tip-toeing your way around these cases like they were family court issues.

LEGGINS

What do you want me to do then?

LIEUTENANT

I want you to get in there and scare him a little. Come on, put him on his back for once.

LEGGINS

That's not my style, lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

Well, you better learn it. This case is gonna put you on the map. C.I.A. is already looking into you on this one.

Leggins glances into the room. Anson is smiling at the guards.

LEGGINS

Alright, fine, fine. C.I.A. really? Wow.

LIEUTENANT

Damn right. It's gonna get the both of us outta this shit hole. Now get in there.

LEGGINS

Ok.

Leggins walks back over to the door and opens it. He walks in.

EXT. ST. PAUL CITY OVERVIEW - CONTINUOUS

A slight drizzle sets in on the city.

V/O

This city relies on the faults and blunders that bring each of us into a state of shock and awe.

Two children pass a ball back and forth on a street corner. An old man passes them by, carrying a newspaper and holding an umbrella over his head.

Cars pass by. A young couple sits under a small roof outside of a restaurant, drinking coffee and conversing.

V/O

Everything seems so normal on the outside, but somewhere inside of our hearts, we fear the same thing.

A man walks down the street and stops in front of the window of an electronics store. He holds his umbrella over his head.

The television he watches plays the news station: a reporter standing right outside of the city jail.

REPORTER

This is perhaps the most infamous day in the life of our city yet. A murderer, one so grueling and disgusting, sits inside of this very jail.

A few more people stop in front of the window next to the man.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Detective Stephen Leggins has been tagged onto the case. Anson Beckworth was found waiting outside of the prison this morning, apparently wanting to turn himself in. The details at this point are unclear, but I have been told that Leggins is inside right now, speaking with the infamous killer himself.

More people stop in front of the window. The corner is crowded.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

This may perhaps be the epitome of this city: a sign that death is indeed just around the corner.

The window is crowded with people watching the television.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leggins stands by the door, looking directly at Anson. Anson continues to smile, knowing the attention is focused on him completely.

ANSON

Would you like to know what I used on each person?

LEGGINS

What, like a weapon?

ANSON

I took the gun that I used to kill my parents, and I buried it in the backyard, with my Gremblin toys. I came back. I took my weapon.

LEGGINS

What weapon might that be?

ANSON

My father's gun. He opened my eyes to a world that I could have never known.

LEGGINS

You blame it all on your father?

ANSON

Blame him? I *thank* him.

LEGGINS

You've brought fear into this city and killed innocent people who never got the chance to show the world what they were made of.

ANSON

I eliminated the weak.

LEGGINS

You erased purity and you know it.

Anson smiles again. He reaches for the article on the desk.

ANSON

I killed the lawyer too, you know.

LEGGINS

You're never going to get out of here, Anson.

ANSON

I wouldn't have it any other way.

He leans back, crossing his arms over his chest.

He hangs his head and looks back up at Leggins.

ANSON

I've got time to tell you about my life.

LEGGINS

Alright. Let's do this.

Leggins walks to the desk and slides over a chair. He pulls out a tape recorder and pushes the "record" button.

ANSON

I was an innocent child.

EXT. ST. PAUL CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

A young woman stands in the cemetery, watching over a single stone.

She reaches into her coat pocket. She pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

She puts a cigarette into her mouth. She lights up.

ANSON (O.S.)

I used to sit on my bed and count  
the little imaginary dots inside  
my eyes when I'd close them-

She pulls the cigarette out of her mouth, down to her side.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Every night, I went to bed, and I  
listened to my parents fucking-  
such a violent, violent time of  
the day-

She reaches into the other coat pocket. She pulls out a necklace with a golden charm on the end. She tosses it in front of the grave.

ANSON (CONT'D)

My mother came into my room after  
it happened- every night- to see  
if I was sleeping. I pretended. I  
didn't want her to know that I  
knew that she wasn't really making  
love- that she was being raped  
without knowing.

The woman walks away from the grave. She flicks her cigarette into the ground. The grave reads- "Ivan Beckworth".

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anson leans back in his chair. Stephen taps a pencil on the table- scratching his head, looking directly into the table.

LEGGINS

I don't care to know about your  
parents' sex life-

ANSON

Did it ever occur to you that  
maybe I was the victim?

Stephen stands up and walks over to the window of the room. He looks deeply into it, directly into the eyes of the lieutenant on the other side.

LEGGINS

There are many people in this world that want to kill you.

ANSON

Maybe I've gotten to them first-

Anson kicks his chair back.

LEGGINS

What are you doing?

Anson bends down, scratching his ankle.

ANSON

Just itchy-

Stephen walks back over to the table. He sits down, reaching into his pocket for a cigarette.

LEGGINS

I told myself that I was going to quit-

ANSON

What would your wife say?

LEGGINS

I'd rather not talk about her.

ANSON

She dead?

LEGGINS

I assume so.

Stephen feels around in his coat for a lighter.

LEGGINS

Damn. No light.

ANSON

Shame.

LEGGINS

Why don't you start telling me about your victims?

ANSON

I started to- you interrupted me. It began with my parents. I unknowingly hated them-

Anson reaches forward, his hands both in cuffs. He flips the newspaper clipping around, to read.



ANSON

They never record everything accurately-

He leans forward.

ANSON

Says here that I was standing in the kitchen, like a rebellion, holding the gun- laughing.

He smiles at Stephen. He generates a tear.

LEGGINS

Why are you crying? I thought people like you couldn't feel anything-

ANSON

I wouldn't know how to laugh- I cried in my bed every night- I was an after thought to my mother and father. They didn't know me enough to love me.

LEGGINS

Why is that an excuse to kill them?

ANSON

I didn't kill them- I killed the people who were posing as the foundation of my family. I killed a nice thought- I didn't kill anything that was genuinely real to me.

LEGGINS

They bled-

ANSON

What they bled was years of looking directly into my face and telling me that they loved me-

Stephen reaches for his cup of coffee. He lifts the pencil off of the table. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a notepad.

LEGGINS

Twenty some murders- we're gonna sit here and go through each and every one.

Anson nods. He wipes his eye.

ANSON

I was lost- I was lost.

INT. BECKWORTH HOUSE - NIGHT/ FLASHBACK

Anson sits on the steps, watching his parents, Johanna and Ivan standing in the hallway between the kitchen and living area, fighting.

JOHANNA

Where were you for dinner?

IVAN

I told you- I was running late closing down the store. I had to stop by my office-

JOHANNA

For what?!

Johanna reaches onto the table in the hall, picking up a slip of paper.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

This note was left for you in the mailbox!-

She hands it to Ivan.

IVAN

What is it?

JOHANNA

Don't act like you don't know. You son of a bitch- how long? How long?!

Ivan hangs his head. He looks up to the stairs and sees young Anson sitting on the steps.

IVAN

Anson- go back to sleep, buddy-

ANSON

Why are you yelling?

Johanna walks over to the bottom of the steps.

JOHANNA

Anson, sweetie- your daddy and I are having a discussion. Go back to sleep- you have to go to school in the morning.

ANSON  
(Timidly)

Ok.

Anson turns around and walks up the stairs. Johanna turns to Ivan.

IVAN  
Her name is Chloe.

JOHANNA  
For how long, Ivan? For how long?

IVAN  
I- three months. Johanna, I-

Johanna walks over to the door. She opens it.

JOHANNA  
Get the fuck out, Ivan.

IVAN  
Come on, Johanna- what about Anson? His birthday-

JOHANNA  
You're not welcome to sleep here, Ivan- come back in the morning. We'll tell him after his birthday- get the hell out of my ass. I can't even look at you.

She turns around. She walks toward the bottom of the steps.

Ivan walks over to the door. He leaves, closing the door shut. Anson leans over the banister. Johanna begins to walk up the stairs- Anson runs into his room.

ANSON (V.O.)  
I spent every night on those stairs- watching them cuss and scream, like vigilant predators in a world without governed rules. I could never stand to sit and listen to my father- explaining his reasoning for fucking other women.

LEGGINS  
It wasn't your fault-

ANSON (V.O.)  
But to me, *everything* was.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anson sits at his desk, with two officers standing behind him. Stephen sits across from him, continuing to record and write on his notepad.

LEGGINS

You had a rough childhood- is that your excuse?

ANSON

It isn't an excuse- a mere factor in the evolution of my career.

LEGGINS

So you call it a career?

ANSON

I think of it as an endeavor-

Stephen stands and places the recorder in front of his mouth. He stands by the glass window.

LEGGINS

Would you say that your mother was innocent?

ANSON

No one is innocent.

Stephen presses the "stop" button on his recorder. He looks to the officers.

LEGGINS

Would you fellas give me a few minutes alone?

They nod and walk out of the room.

ANSON

I never wanted to kill my mother. She tried. She tried.

LEGGINS

Anson- what did you want to be when you were growing up as a child?

ANSON

Does it really matter?

LEGGINS

Hm. Yes.

Anson looks to the glass window. He begins to twiddle his thumbs.

ANSON  
A baseball player.

LEGGINS  
What about the gremlins?

ANSON  
Monsters.

LEGGINS  
And they had no effect on your  
"career"?

Anson reaches for the articles spread across the table.

ANSON  
Which of these did you dissect to  
find the information?

LEGGINS  
You knew what you were doing.

ANSON  
I was a child- I was daydreaming.

LEGGINS  
You were finding an excuse.

ANSON  
I couldn't help it-

Stephen reaches for an article. He looks down onto the paper- a picture of a 9 mm gun lying on the floor of Anson's kitchen from childhood.

LEGGINS  
Looks like this is what you wanted  
to be all along-

Stephen slides the paper over to Anson. Anson picks it up. He tilts his head slightly. He nods.

ANSON  
My whole world- inside the barrel.

INT. DETROIT, MICHIGAN CASINO - NIGHT

Four men sit around a blackjack table, playing their hands, and bullshitting with one another.

A wealthy man, BARRY DELAWISE, (40's), approaches the table.

He takes a seat, next to a quiet, young man, sitting near the edge.

BARRY

Mind if I join you boys, here?

The quiet young man looks over at him- Anson, fresh into a legal age of gambling. He nods.

DEALER

All bets down-

BARRY

This ain't my game, just so you all know.

The dealer places Barry's two cards in front of him. Barry turns them over so that only he can see them-

BARRY

Must just be my lucky day, then.

Anson folds.

ANSON

Shit.

Barry turns his chair toward Anson.

BARRY

What's your name, kid?

ANSON

Wayne Olson.

Barry smirks.

BARRY

Wayne Olson. What the hell kinda name is that? Sounds like you belong in one of those damn God awful 1970's Western movies-

Anson pretends to laugh. He looks forward. He picks up his glass, filled with beer. He kicks it back and walks away from the table.

BARRY

How about if I give you a little business proposition, boy?

Anson stops. He looks back to Barry.

ANSON

I'm listening.

BARRY

Well, now. Come back here- I'm gonna give you the number for my room. You give me a call, and we'll meet up somewhere a little more- unexposed.

Anson obliges by taking a business card from Barry's hand. He walks away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anson remains seated in his chair. Leggins sits directly across from him, with a coffee by his side.

LEGGINS

You're a terrible gambler.

ANSON

He was a terrible business partner.

LEGGINS

What did you do to him?

Anson looks to the ground. He then looks to the guards. He smiles. He shakes his head.

ANSON

I didn't want his money.

LEGGINS

So what did he get? Did you- throw him in a meat grinder? Or- hang him on hooks?

ANSON

What? No- God, no- That's sickening.

LEGGINS

It's what *you* do.

Anson looks at the picture of the gun on the table.

ANSON

I shot him. Wayne would have done those things- not me.

LEGGINS

There is no Wayne.

ANSON

Yes. There is.

LEGGINS

I get it. You're trying to pretend that you have some type of multiple personality disease, so that we can't put you onto any further trial. It won't work, Anson- tell me what happened.

INT. DETROIT, MICHIGAN CASINO/ HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Anson is walking down the hall of the hotel casino.

ANSON (V.O.)

I had been saved from that life. I was trying so hard for so long to figure out the difference between reality and that childhood dimension that I was living in.

He knocks on the door.

ANSON (V.O.)

There never was a true identity for me-

Barry opens the door. Anson walks inside.

BARRY

Sit down. The men by the windows- they're only guards. They won't harm you.

ANSON

What is it that you want me to do?

BARRY

I need a favor-

Barry turns and looks to his guards. He nods. They walk over to the small table in front of Anson. One pulls out a picture. He places it onto the table in front of Barry.

BARRY

You see this man? He owes me- quite a bit.

ANSON

Well, why don't you go after him yourself?

BARRY

Look at me- do I look like a murderer- what was your name again?



ANSON

Wayne. Wayne Olson.

BARRY

Right- the cowboy. I'll give you five hundred grand if you bring him back alive- twenty five if you kill him. I prefer him to be alive- so that I know for sure I can get my money.

ANSON

I- don't know.

Barry motions to his guards again. They walk back over to the window. They close the curtains.

BARRY

Listen, kid. The thing is- I asked you to come to my place here and talk to me about something that I already said was private. You obliged- therefore, if you don't do this for me- I'm going to have to have you killed anyhow, because you know that I am planning a murder. Some advice for you- take the job and the money.

Anson picks the picture up- a father holding his son's hand.

ANSON

Jesus-

Anson nods. He puts the picture in his pocket.

BARRY

I am here until Friday. You have an entire week. He lives ten miles from here. My boys will give you the address- you do this without getting caught- bring him to me regardless, and then everything will be like it was before I sat down at your table- except you my friend, will be a rich son of a bitch.

Barry pats Anson on the shoulder. He walks over to the door. He opens it and puts his hand out, motioning Anson to leave.

Anson stands up. He goes over to the door. Barry hands him a slip of paper.

BARRY

Call this number in three hours.  
Someone will answer. You tell them  
it's the cowboy kid and they'll  
take care of you- don't fuck it  
up.

Anson takes the paper. He leaves.

ANSON (V.O.)

At that time, money was as  
valuable to me as a sack of  
flaming shit. I had no other  
options, though. I had seen people  
like him come and go- I knew that  
I was as good as dead if I hadn't  
pulled through on his deal.

He walks down the hall. He stops at the elevator. He pushes  
the button to go down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LEGGINS

I've wasted many years on you-

ANSON

What you thought you had- you had  
no idea. If you want to talk to  
someone interesting, go find  
Jeffrey.

LEGGINS

Who is Jeffrey?

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Anson sits inside of his small, red car. He looks around the  
lot.

A younger man in his early 30's walks out of the store with  
his seven year old son.

ANSON

This is fucking ridiculous.

He reaches into his glove compartment. He pulls out a 9 mm  
hand gun. He places it into his jacket pocket. He opens his  
car door.

He gets out of the car, walking toward the man and his son.

ANSON

I'm gonna fuck this up-

The man gets to his car. Anson hurries over. The man opens

his car door to reveal another son and a daughter- his wife sits in the front seat.

Anson walks the other way- back toward his car.

ANSON (V.O.)

I see things the way that they are supposed to be. I never had a family like that- why should I have taken that one away?

He drives away.

INT. CASINO HOTEL - EVENING

Anson stands outside of Barry's door. He grips his gun in his hand tightly. He knocks. He stands by the door- waiting.

A guard opens the door a crack. He nods at Anson. He opens the entire door and pulls him in.

Barry walks into the living space from his small kitchen-

BARRY

Ah, Cowboy Kid-

ANSON

Barry.

BARRY

Where's the body? You leave it in the car?

The guards walk over to the window. They open the curtains.

ANSON

Ah, no- you can close those.

Anson reaches into his coat pocket. He pulls out his gun.

He shoots Barry in the forehead. Barry drops to the ground immediately. His guards run forward. Anson fires his gun four times.

ANSON (V.O.)

This was a new beginning.

I/E. DETECTIVE LEGGINS' CAR/HOME - NIGHT

Detective Leggins is driving home. He reaches onto the passenger's seat. He picks up his recorder. He pushes play.

ANSON (V.O.)

Do you know- how hard it is to look a man in the eyes- his wet, glazed eyes- and then shoot him?

LEGGINS (V.O.)

You're asking me what it is like to kill someone? I'm sorry- I wouldn't know.

ANSON (V.O.)

Mmm, well- each time stepped away from the scene, I would run to the bathroom- and vomit- over, and over.

LEGGINS

What am I getting myself into-

The rain taps his window as he pulls onto his street.

ANSON (V.O.)

Why do you take so much time to get to know me, anyhow? There is no *me*.

LEGGINS

What does that mean-

He stops his recorder. He pulls into his driveway. He gets out of the car and runs over to the door. He goes into the house.

LEGGINS

Wes!- Wes, I'm home. Did you eat yet?

Wesley walks into the living space from the kitchen.

WESLEY

I had some of that pot pie you made-

LEGGINS

Wes- it's over three weeks old.

WESLEY

Ah, well. You got a couple of messages here.

He motions to the answering machine. It blinks rapidly.

LEGGINS

Alright, thanks- save a beer for me.

Wesley nods. He walks back into the kitchen.

Leggins walks over to the machine. He pushes the "play" button.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)

Hey, Steve- listen, I didn't mean to cross any boundaries with that comment about your wife and all- you know that we all miss Melanie. Anyway, I wanted to let you know that your uh, "client"- he's refusing to communicate with anyone but you. I just got a call- he's staying in that same seat in the interrogation room until you come back in tomorrow. Just thought I'd let you know- whatever you're doing- keep doing it. Have a good one.

Click.

LEGGINS

Nothing fancy-

He skips to the next message- just a click.

LEGGINS

Hey, Wes!- Who called after the Lieutenant?

WESLEY (O.S.)

I don't know!- Come get your beer before I drink it-

Stephen walks into the kitchen. Wesley sits at the table in the corner, drinking a beer.

LEGGINS

You fix the T.V.?

WESLEY

It needs some T.L.C.

LEGGINS

Well, give it some-

WESLEY  
I'm not the woman in this  
situation.

He slams an empty beer can onto the table.

WESLEY  
Gimme another-

Stephen picks up another beer. He walks over to the table.  
He sits down across from Wesley.

LEGGINS  
I wasn't gonna watch any T.V.  
anyhow.

WESLEY  
You investigating on that Boggins  
guy?

LEGGINS  
Boggins? I got a case today- Anson  
Beckworth.

WESLEY  
Yeah, that's him.

LEGGINS  
Three names, now-

I/E. DETECTIVE LEGGINS' CAR - MORNING

Detective Leggins drives on his way to the prison facility.

His cellular phone rings. He reaches into his pocket. He  
answers.

LEGGINS  
Detective Stephen Leggins-

The voice on the other end- TAMARA REDSTONE, an woman in her  
60's.

TAMARA (V.O.)  
Bring him to me.

LEGGINS  
Who is this?

TAMARA (V.O.)  
I know things that you will never  
comprehend- if you want answers,  
bring him to me.

LEGGINS

I won't- who are you? Are you an officer?

TAMARA (V.O.)

My name is Tamara Redstone. If you won't bring him, I'll come for him myself.

LEGGINS

You can't just-

Click. She hangs up.

LEGGINS

It's gonna be another great fuckin day.

He pulls into the prison lot.

INT. ST. PAUL CITY JAIL- CONTINUOUS

Detective Leggins walks down the hall, toward the interrogation room. The Lieutenant stands by the door, waiting for him.

LIEUTENANT

We brought in a specialist-

LEGGINS

Well, what the hell do you think I am?

LIEUTENANT

A psychiatrist- relax.

Leggins looks into the room. A middle-aged woman- VERA LEWIS, stands in front of the glass window, with a large notepad in her hand and a pen.

Detective Leggins walks into the room.

LEGGINS

Hell, I'm Detective Stephen Leggins-

He reaches to shake her hand.

VERA

Vera Lewis. I am just here to talk to Anson, for a few minutes- alone.

Leggins looks back at the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant nods.

LEGGINS

Alright- a few minutes.

He walks out of the room. The Lieutenant walks him down the hall.

Vera sits in the seat in front of Anson.

VERA

Good morning. I'm here to talk with you about- you.

ANSON

What of me? I am plain.

VERA

Plain? Why don't you tell me about- Wayne.

ANSON

Wayne is dead.

VERA

Dead. Hm. When was the last time that you saw him?

ANSON

Why are you talking to me like I am a child?

VERA

I would like to know more about Wayne- and Jeffrey.

Anson hangs his head. He looks back up at Vera.

ANSON

Jeffrey- kills people to see how much blood he can topple onto the ground. He likes to see how badly he can mangle a body- so that he can try to put it back together again.

VERA

I see. Have you seen him lately?

ANSON

No- he doesn't like to see me. We speak over the phone.



VERA

And so you, Jeffrey, and Wayne-  
you had some type of- thing going  
on?

ANSON

A thing? We had some stuff in  
common-

VERA

And what might that be?

ANSON

Well. No one wanted us.

He shrugs his shoulders.

Leggins walks from the hall into the room.

LEGGINS

Anson.

ANSON

Morning, sir.

LEGGINS

Why don't we pick up where we left  
off yesterday?

ANSON

I was just telling this lady here-  
well- she has no business to be  
here.

VERA

You never said that-

ANSON

I did- you asked about me and I  
told him that you had no right to  
know-

VERA

Jeffrey? Wayne?

LEGGINS

Don't let him fool you- maybe you  
should just get going. I'm taking  
this over from here.

She watches Anson as she leaves the room. She steps outside,  
pulling the Lieutenant aside.

VERA

He isn't sane.

LIEUTENANT

You know this already?

VERA

He doesn't know who he is- he probably doesn't even know where he is at right now. You have to place him into a more stable facility-

LIEUTENANT

Leggins won't allow it- this guy's the only one he'll listen to. Can we hold off any longer?

VERA

I'm going to give you two days- then I'm having him transferred.

The Lieutenant looks into the room. He places his hand onto his face- he sighs.

LIEUTENANT

Alright.

Vera walks away. The Lieutenant walks back into the interrogation room.

LEGGINS

Sir, I was just about to ask Anson about-

LIEUTENANT

We are transferring him to a mental facility- in two days.

LEGGINS

Says who?

LIEUTENANT

We have to. It's not in our control. I'll be in my office-

He leaves the room.

LEGGINS

Just great.

He sits down across from Anson.

ANSON  
I waited for you.

LEGGINS  
Yeah- I wanted to ask you about  
someone else today.

ANSON  
Yeah, who?

LEGGINS  
How bout a Jeffrey Boggins?

ANSON  
You really don't want to go there-

LEGGINS  
Tell me about Boggins.

ANSON  
There isn't anything to say.

LEGGINS  
What does he do?

ANSON  
What do you mean what does he do?  
He's a murderer- he kills people  
for fun.

LEGGINS  
Like you.

ANSON  
Me?- Me?- no. No, I don't *kill*  
people.

LEGGINS  
Are you kidding?

ANSON  
No, I- I attempt to change the  
world by eliminating all of the  
bad things.

LEGGINS  
Many people think that you are a  
bad thing.

ANSON  
Me? Why, because I've taken away a  
few flaws?

leggins reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his tape  
recorder.

LEGGINS

We're going to discuss these two other men- Jeffrey and Wayne.

ANSON

What do you want me to say? We only talk- I've never seen them.

LEGGINS

What did you talk about?

ANSON

How they killed- what they used. What they did-

LEGGINS

What did they do?

ANSON

It varies-

Leggins pushes the "record" button.

LEGGINS

How does Wayne Olson kill his victims?

INT. MINNESOTA STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Anson sits at the bar with a drink by his side.

A young woman, named ELISHA approaches him.

ELISHA

Hey there- how about a drink?

ANSON

I already got one.

ELISHA

I don't.

She sits next to him.

ANSON

Ah, alright. What would you like?

ELISHA

Just a beer.

Anson nods to the bartender. The bartender walks over and hands a beer to Elisha.

ANSON

So what are you doing in a place like this, anyhow?

ELISHA

Oh, I work here-

ANSON

Oh, you're just not uh-

ELISHA

Dressed for the occasion? No- my shift ended an hour ago. I'm just waiting on-

ANSON

Your boyfriend.

He looks away.

ELISHA

My sister, actually- no boyfriend.

She sips her beer.

ELISHA

So, what's your name?

ANSON

Me? My name is- Wayne. Wayne Olson.

ELISHA

That's a strikingly odd name, Mr. Olson. And is there a significant other?

ANSON

No- no one else.

ELISHA

Well- do you have a car?

ANSON

Yes.

ELISHA

Wanna drive me home? I don't bite-

ANSON

Well, I- sure.

He places a couple dollars on the table. They walk out of the building together.

LEGGINS (V.O.)

Where is this going?

ANSON (V.O.)

Wayne always talked about his fancy ways of killing people without dropping an ounce of blood-

I/E. ANSON'S CAR/ ELISHA'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Anson and Elisha drive toward her apartment.

Elisha reaches into her purse for a pack of cigarettes. Anson reaches for the radio.

ANSON

You that stuff's gonna muffle your voice and kill you one day-

She smirks.

ELISHA

Well, I've got a couple good years in me, still- this is my place, the third one on the right, here.

They pull up in front of the apartment complex.

ANSON

Well, here you are-

ELISHA

You can come in, you know-

ANSON

Well, are you sure?

ELISHA

Yeah- I am that kinda girl.

She steps out.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Anson parks the car. He opens his door. He looks around the area. He opens the backseat door- he reaches underneath the seat. He pulls out a small bag.

He closes the door.

ANSON

Alright. I'm coming-

ELISHA

You will be.

She smiles. She runs ahead of him.

Anson follows.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LEGGINS

Well- you got some action. That's great.

ANSON

This is about Wayne, here-

LEGGINS

What was in the bag?

ANSON

He uses a scalpel and rope.

LEGGINS

You said that he didn't like blood.

ANSON

He uses the scalpel to cut the rope to the right size.

LEGGINS

Right- right. So they went inside and had sex?

ANSON

No.

Leggins looks around the room, annoyed. He reaches for his cup of coffee.

LEGGINS

Then what happened, Anson?

ANSON

He went inside with her. She got naked for him, and he went into the bathroom. After a few minutes, she went inside to see what was taking him so long to undress- he was standing behind the door.

LEGGINS

And he did what?

ANSON

He wrapped the rope around her neck, kicked out the bathroom window, and pushed her out- holding the other end of the rope.

LEGGINS

He strangled her to death?

ANSON

He didn't know what to do. I spoke to him that night about it-

LEGGINS

You are a product of a mind that thinks it has three different identities-

ANSON

I- Wayne and I discussed the difference between rightful and wrongful death.

LEGGINS

What about Jeffrey?

ANSON

I noticed the fear in the eyes of his victims. He-

LEGGINS

Tortured them.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Anson walks through an aisle with a small cart. A young woman, named MICHELLE walks toward him, pushing a cart with her toddler.

MICHELLE

Hi.

ANSON

Hello.

MICHELLE

I couldn't help but notice- you grabbed powdered milk.

ANSON

Yeah, I- I like it.

He gives her a half smile. He looks into her cart. She has powdered milk as well.



MICHELLE

Sorry- I'm not too good at this.

ANSON

Good at what?

MICHELLE

I meant to come over, because I noticed you- not the milk.

ANSON

Oh, well-

He looks at the toddler.

MICHELLE

I'm not married- divorced- four years, now.

ANSON

I'm sorry.

MICHELLE

Oh, it's- ok. It was for the best. I'm Michelle.

ANSON

Michelle. I'm Jeffrey- Jeffrey Boggins.

MICHELLE

Jeffrey- well, I'd like to get to know you, Jeffrey- if you would be interested.

He smiles.

ANSON

Sure. Let me give you my cell number.

He reaches into his pocket for a pen. She hands him a slip of paper from her purse. He writes it down.

MICHELLE

Great-

She smiles.

ANSON

Nice meeting you-

MICHELLE

Well, hopefully it won't be the last time-

She pushes her cart away.

Anson continues to walk down the aisle.

ANSON (V.O.)

He knew that he was the type of man that every established woman was looking for. He was still young and he was the most polite, unegotistical person-

LEGGINS (V.O.)

What happened to Michelle? -

I/E. ANSON'S CAR/ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anson opens his car door. He gets in and puts his groceries on the passenger's seat.

He starts the car. He drives.

ANSON (V.O.)

He used to sit alone at night and throw cards at the ceiling- he placed a picture of his old girlfriend on the wall, and would throw darts at it-

He pulls up to the driveway of an old, beaten down apartment complex.

ANSON

Well, I don't think anyone would be stupid enough to stop here for more than thirty seconds.

He gets out of the car. He walks up the stairwell to the top. He opens his door from the outside.

He kicks it open slightly- a small couch blocks the entry way.

ANSON (V.O.)

I was never good at deciphering the difference between a friendly gesture and a romantic one.

He puts his bags on the small table in front of a small television with a large antenna.

He opens the bag. He pulls out a small bottle of wine.

LEGGINS (V.O.)

You're taking me in circles, here.

ANSON (V.O.)

You're supposed to see everything the way it was- before you judge me. You're supposed to understand why I am the way that I am. You're not giving me a chance, here.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elmer walks into the room with a lunch tray.

ELMER

Steve, Lieutenant says to take twenty- Beckworth here has to eat.

He slams the tray onto the table in front of Anson.

ANSON

I'm lactose and tolerant-

ELMER

Drink your spit- what the hell do I care for?

Elmer turns to Leggins.

LEGGINS

I'm coming- you pick anything up yet?

ELMER

Mick's heading over to Paulie's Pizza's- picking us up two pie's- you want in?

LEGGINS

Yeah- let's go.

Leggins and Elmer leave the room. They close the door- they lock it. Anson sits at his table with his handcuffs around his wrists- picking away at a cup of jello.

I/E. VERA'S CAR/ HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vera drives along a small, secluded street. She sips a cup of coffee in one hand, puts her other on the wheel.

The radio is set on a small news station with two male anchors, KEN and NICK.

KEN (V.O.)

So what about this Anson Beckworth? What are we supposed to take out of this?

NICK (V.O.)

Let me see if I can get this right- I'm holding my little fact sheet here- this is the same guy who killed his parents, mistaking them as Gremblins from the once popular show "Battle Lizards"? They let him out after just ten years- how many people were reported being killed in his hands?

KEN (V.O.)

Three as of this morning- way more to come, they say.

NICK (V.O.)

Are we supposed to feel good about the fact that a serial killer ran around untouched and turned himself in on the steps of a police station way after the fact?

KEN (V.O.)

Well it has happened before- look at that one in California- you know- Zodiac.

NICK (V.O.)

We need to tighten up on the law enforcement, I guess- alright, folks, here's the deal- Anson Beckworth is due to be transferred to a mental institution in two days. At a place like that, he will probably do just ten more years- what's another handful of lives, right? Give us a call with questions-

Vera turns the radio off.

VERA

That's not the reply I was hoping for. Oh well-

She pulls into her driveway. An officer and an old detective are waiting for her on the front steps. The officer is a young, bulky man named GREG, and the detective is an older woman, with dark black hair, and a long brown coat. Her name is KERRY

KERRY

Excuse, men- are you Vera Lewis?

VERA

I am- is there some kind of problem?

KERRY

This is never easy- we found your son and husband by the lake, ma'am. They're dead.

Vera places her hand to her mouth.

VERA

What? That's impossible- they were just going to the hockey game-

Kerry hands Vera a photo of her son and husband.

GREG

We found identification, ma'am. We just need you to come to the station with us. You need to confirm the bodies-

Vera begins to cry.

VERA

But, I- I don't know why- they went to the hockey game in Detroit- this can't be them- it can't be them!

She continues to cry. Greg walks over and tries to console her.

KERRY

I hate to even get into this right now- when did they leave, ma'am?

VERA

Two days ago- I spoke to them that night, but my husband said he was going to call me when they left today- they made a rule with each other- no cell phones.

She buries her head into Greg's chest.

KERRY

We have to go to the station.

Greg helps Vera into the police car parked in front of the house. Kerry gets into the passenger seat. Greg gets in the driver's seat. He drives away.

ANSON (V.O.)

And the ones who I didn't mean to  
kill- they just- got in the way.

INT. ST. PAULT. PAUL CITY JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Leggins sits in the front lounge area with Mick and Elmer-  
eating pizza.

ELMER

I was watching this animal show  
the other night-

MICK

Come on, now, Elmer- no one wants  
to hear about this show.

Leggins laughs.

LEGGINS

Go on. Tell me what you were  
watching-

ELMER

It was on- spiders and horses that  
go crazy.

MICK

That is ridiculous, Elm. No one  
cares about that kinda thing  
unless you're living way out west-  
where all they do is live with  
those horses. Eat some more pizza.

Elmer obliges- takes another slice.

ELMER

What do you go, Leggins? What's  
this kid telling you?

LEGGINS

I've gotten stories about grocery  
shopping and meeting strippers at  
bars.

MICK

That's quite a variety- when's he  
gonna get to the killin'?

LEGGINS

Well, probably never- he's  
stalling.

Leggins takes a slice of pizza. The Lieutenant walks in.

LIEUTENANT  
Leggins, what are you doin'?

LEGGINS  
I'm taking a break, sir-

LIEUTENANT  
Who's watching Beckworth?

LEGGINS  
Well, I was just-

LIEUTENANT  
I got a phone call.

LEGGINS  
Yeah?

LIEUTENANT  
Someone killed Mrs. Lewis' entire family.

LEGGINS  
What? Mrs. Lewis-

LIEUTENANT  
The doctor- the one taking away all of our publicity.

LEGGINS  
Oh.

LIEUTENANT  
She's at a station about twenty miles out- they think it's related to Beckworth.

LEGGINS  
Well, that might not be the case. We can't just assume-

LIEUTENANT  
It's merging over into our case. She wants to speak to him- not just once-

LEGGINS  
She can't do that- this is *my* case.

LIEUTENANT  
She's coming in tomorrow-

LEGGINS

Damnit.

Leggins stands up. He throws his pizza onto the table. He walks back toward the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leggins unlocks the door. He walks in.

Anson is sitting at the table, still playing with his jello.

LEGGINS

Put that shit down-

ANSON

Are you angry?

LEGGINS

I want to know about the bodies, Anson. I want to know who the people are, and I want to know why you killed them.

ANSON

It isn't that easy.

LEGGINS

Yes. It is.

ANSON

You act like I was the only one there- I'm not going to turn anyone else in.

LEGGINS

There is *no one* else.

Anson puts his cup of jello onto the table.

ANSON

Alright, you know what? You're really starting to piss me off.

LEGGINS

Me? Why don't you just start talking.

Leggins shoves Anson's food tray aside.

ANSON

I used a gun.



LEGGINS  
On who?

ANSON  
Everyone.

Anson reaches for his food.

LEGGINS  
Vera Lewis is coming back in  
tomorrow.

ANSON  
Not that bitch.

LEGGINS  
Yeah- she'll be dealing with your  
bullshit from now on.

He walks out of the room.

ANSON  
Oh, Steve! Come on, Steve! Steve!-

Anson starts to laugh.

ANSON (CONT'D)  
I'm only getting started. The best  
is being saved for last, Stephen!  
Stephen, come back!

He takes his spoon. He puts a load of jello in his mouth- he starts to laugh again.

I/E. POLICE CAR/ STATION - CONTINUOUS

Vera looks out the window with a blank stare. Kerry turns to speak to her.

KERRY  
Mrs. Lewis- I'm real sorry.

VERA  
It can't be true.

KERRY  
I wish that I could tell you that,  
but I don't want to lie to you-

They round the corner. Kerry turns back around to face the front.

GREG  
What the hell is this.

A crowd of people stand outside of the station.

KERRY

What, didn't you hear? They're bringing Beckworth over here-

VERA

What? They can't- I-

KERRY

You're getting the assignment-

Vera leans forward on the seat. She looks at the crowd. She hangs her head.

They pull up in front of the building. Kerry gets out of the car. Vera stays in, staring at the crowd.

KERRY

Greg- drive her around back. They're here for her-

Greg drives the car away. Kerry walks toward the crowd. A young female reporter pokes out from the crowd. Her name is SHIRLEY THIGPEN

SHIRLEY

Detective, Shirley Thigpen of Channel seven St. Paul news- can you tell me exactly when you anticipate Mr. Beckworth being transferred into this facility?

KERRY

What facility? You're looking at a building that holds about ten prisoners at a time- you've got the wrong place.

SHIRLEY

Is it true that he has two other assailants?

KERRY

I know nothing about the man.

SHIRLEY

Any words of advice for this community? They're obviously in shock that this case has finally been figured out.

KERRY

Has it?

Kerry walks away. She enters the station.

The OFFICER at the desk is on the telephone.

OFFICER

Oh, here she is right now- one second.

He sets the phone down.

OFFICER

Kerry- you got a call.

KERRY

Alright, thanks-

She walks over to the desk. She picks up the phone.

KERRY

Detective Kerry Matthews-

TAMARA (V.O.)

When is he coming?

KERRY

(puzzled)

Pardon? Who are you looking for, ma'am?

A short pause on the other end.

TAMARA (V.O.)

I know that he is coming- when are you pulling through with the transfer?

KERRY

Ma'am, if this is in regard to Mr. Beckworth, I'm going to need proper identification from you, and you are going to have to come down here for that information- but unless you are some type of law enforcement representative, I cannot tell you-

TAMARA (V.O.)

Fifteen years ago, he realized he was not the same person.

KERRY

Ma'am- please-

TAMARA (V.O.)

Don't let him go to the institution- he'll come back again and again.

Tamara hangs up.

Kerry hands the phone over to the officer.

KERRY  
No more calls today, huh?

She walks away.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Anson lies on his bed, staring into the ceiling. Leggins walks by, leaving the facility.

ANSON  
Good night, detective.

LEGGINS  
Yep.

Anson turns around.

ANSON  
You seem so sad. Is it your wife?

LEGGINS  
You wouldn't know.

ANSON  
January thirteenth, two thousand two. She disappeared- where did she go?

LEGGINS  
I- don't know.

Leggins walks toward the exit.

ANSON  
It was a woman. It was a woman!

Leggins walks out the door. Anson lies back down.

ANSON (V.O.)  
When I was a little boy, I used to close my eyes and picture my father, being stabbed dozens of times over and over- with a knife so large and vile- he would look at me and tell me, "it's ok- I have deserved it." And I would nod, and agree-

He closes his eyes-

I/E. LEGGINS' BEDROOM/ PARK - NIGHT/FLASHBACK

Stephen and Melanie sit in the grass, under a small blanket, holding small wine glasses.

LEGGINS

This has been by far- the greatest six years of my life. I love you so much, baby.

He tips her glass with his own.

MELANIE

I love you too.

She smiles.

Stephen's phone rings.

LEGGINS

I'll just shut it off.

MELANIE

No, answer it- it could be about that case you're working on.

Stephen answers his phone.

LEGGINS

Hello? Yeah- yeah- excuse me one second.

He puts his hand over the phone.

LEGGINS (V.O.)

The ducks are making too much noise, babe- I'm just gonna step away for a minute. It's about the case-

MELANIE

Ok, sure.

She smiles. Stephen walks away, behind the trees.

LEGGINS

I sure hope this is important. It's my anniversary with my wife. Oh he did- he did- can he do that? Ok, yeah, great- great news for me. Thanks alot, George.

He slams his phone shut. He walks from behind the trees.

LEGGINS

Babe, you're not gonna believe this! George took the case away from me. He said- baby? Melanie?!

Melanie is gone. The blanket is mangled on the ground. Her wine glass is broken.

LEGGINS

Melanie!

Leggins opens his eyes. Wesley stands in his doorway with a glass of water.

WESLEY

The dream at the park again?

LEGGINS

Yeah- was I yelling?

WESLEY

A little.

LEGGINS

Sorry.

Wesley walks over to his bed.

WESLEY

It's nothing- here.

He hands him the glass of water. Stephen takes a couple sips, then lies back down.

LEGGINS

I miss her so goddamn much-

WESLEY

I know. I know.

I/E. LEGGINS' CAR/ STATION - THE NEXT DAY

Leggins drives toward the station. He tunes the radio.

LEGGINS

This damn tuning button-

He fiddles with it for a moment. The button rips off.

LEGGINS

Fuck it.

He throws the button onto the seat.

The light ahead turns red. Leggins slams on the breaks.

The car behind him beeps its horn.

LEGGINS  
Sorry about that, asshole- Christ.

The light turns green. Leggins drives forward.

He turns the corner. Three police cars are lined up in front of the station. Their lights flash rapidly.

LEGGINS  
What the hell is this-

Leggins pulls up behind the last police car. Elmer walks over to the car. He taps on Leggins' window.

ELMER  
You gotta come in and check this out- got some bad news, Steve.

Leggins gets out of the car.

LEGGINS  
What is it?

ELMER  
Got here this morning- the Lieutenant is dead. Your uh, your client- Beckworth- he's gone.

LEGGINS  
What?! Jesus, Elmer. Call the other counties-

ELMER  
Already did. You just need to take a look around, here- figure you might wanna start the manhunt real soon.

LEGGINS  
I'm starting now.

He gets back into his car.

ELMER  
Where you gonna go?

LEGGINS  
*Everywhere.*

He drives away.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A large group of law enforcement officers crowds the area.

Leggins pulls up in his car. Kerry stands on the edge of the grass, waiting for him.

KERRY

Detective Leggins? I'm Detective Kerry Matthews-

LEGGINS

Yeah? What do you got for me?

KERRY

I wanted to know what you had for me-

Leggins looks at her, confused.

LEGGINS

My Lieutenant is dead. I've got a runaway mass murderer. His name is Anson Beckworth.

KERRY

I know who he is.

She points to her car. Vera sits in the passenger seat.

LEGGINS

Dr. Lewis?

KERRY

So you do know her. Her husband and son were found dead- we think it's related to Beckworth.

LEGGINS

When were they found?

KERRY

Last night.

LEGGINS

That's impossible. He's been under my watch for two days.

KERRY

Well, he isn't anymore.

Kerry walks away.

KURT, a short, older, balding officer, walks over to Leggins.



KURT

Detective Leggins, we've found one thing that may interest you.

He pulls a small zip-lock bag out of his pocket. Inside the bag is a small action figure.

LEGGINS

Grumbling Gremblin-

Kurt nods.

KURT

Should we keep looking?

LEGGINS

No- this is an old spot.

Leggins walks over to his car. Kerry walks over.

KERRY

Where do you think you're going?

LEGGINS

There isn't anything here.

KERRY

Are you kidding? We have leads-

LEGGINS

You've got nothing.

Leggins gets into his car.

KERRY

He's not far from here. You know it.

LEGGINS

Did you get that from your incapable psychiatrist? I've got to go-

He starts the car.

KERRY

You're making a mistake.

LEGGINS

No- you are. He wants you to keep doing that.

He points to the officers searching aimlessly through the woods. He nods. He drives away.

I/E. TAMARA'S CAR/ WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tamara drives along a secluded road. She looks into the mirror- fixes her hair. She is a young, beautiful blond haired woman, with thick black glasses.

She looks into her rear view mirror.

TAMARA

Hope he didn't die back there.

She pulls around a corner. A small warehouse sits alone beyond about fifty yards of grass.

She pulls up in front of the warehouse. She gets out of the car. She goes to the trunk- opens it.

TAMARA

Alright, jackass. Let's go.

She punches a large, lumped blanket.

ANSON

Argh.

TAMARA

Let's go!

He squirms. She removes the blanket.

ANSON

Where am I?

TAMARA

Shut the fuck up.

Anson sits up. He looks around.

ANSON

What the hell-

TAMARA

Someone wants to see you.

Anson scoots out of the trunk. He tries to run. Two men pop out from the corner. One slams a gun into his face- knocking him out.

They drag him into the building. He screams.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Anson sits in a small, broken down wooden chair. A brown bag sits over top of his head.

Three men enter the room- their figures blurred.

One man walks in front of Anson. He pulls the bag off of his head. Anson looks at the man.

ANSON  
Jesus fucking Christ-

The man stands in front of him. He rubs a knife across Anson's face.

Two more men enter from the back door. Tamara walks in with them.

TAMARA  
He awake yet?

The man in front of Anson nods.

ANSON  
What is this?

TAMARA  
What's the matter? You don't remember me?

She walks around the back of the chair. She stands in front of Anson.

ANSON  
You're that stripping whore.  
You're dead- you were dead.

TAMARA  
How would you have known? You left me, Wayne. You left me.

He smiles. He shakes his head.

ANSON  
When I was a child-

TAMARA  
Don't give me any childhood memory  
shit stain garbage, here-

ANSON

I used to close my eyes when I went to bed- and I'd envision myself fucking a girl- just like you. But see, the thing is, I didn't realize that I did not want to fuck you. I wanted to fuck you up. It's all I ever wanted.

He looks over to the three men.

TAMARA

You should have killed them. They're going to kill you, now.

ANSON

Ah, well- fuck it. I don't care.

One of the two guards walks out from a small shadow. His name is GILBERT. He reaches into his coat pocket. He pulls out a gun.

GILBERT

You should have checked us before you left, cowboy.

He cocks the gun.

INT. BECKWORTH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Leggins stands outside of his car, parked in front of the old, abandoned Beckworth house. He looks to his left- then his right.

He walks toward the house.

A car pulls up behind his own. Kerry gets out.

KERRY

What are you doing, Leggins?

LEGGINS

I'm looking for Beckworth. I thought even someone of your caliber could realize that-

KERRY

Why here?

LEGGINS

He's still a kid- this is where he feels safe.

He walks up to the door. He pushes it open.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)  
See? He's been here recently.

He walks in.

Kerry gets out of her car.

KERRY  
Wait for me!

She enters the house.

LEGGINS  
You got your gun?

KERRY  
Yeah, why?

LEGGINS  
Just wondering why you'd carry a  
gun into an empty house-

KERRY  
You said he was here lately-

He smiles.

LEGGINS  
He's been in jail, Detective.

He walks up the stairs.

KERRY  
Now where are you going?

LEGGINS  
His bedroom.

Kerry follows. They reach the top of the stairs. The door at the end of the hallway rests halfway open. Leggins pushes it, creaking slowly open.

He walks inside.

LEGGINS  
This was his room. Those monster  
posters- over by the bed- those  
are Gremblins.

KERRY  
What's a Gremblin?

LEGGINS  
 Everything he hated- hell, we may  
 be Gremblins now.

He looks down to the other end of the hall.

KERRY  
 Is someone here?

LEGGINS  
 No- his parents' bedroom is at the  
 other end of the hall.

He leaves Anson's room. He walks toward the parents'  
 bedroom.

KERRY  
 Why is that important right now?

LEGGINS  
 Because, Detective- it started  
 with a gun- in there.

He walks to the room, slowly.

He pushes the door open.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Wesley sits in the park, reading a newspaper and eating a  
 hot dog.

A middle aged woman (Chloe) sits down next to him. He does  
 not pay any attention. He continues to read.

CHLOE  
 You're Detective Leggins' brother-  
 right?

WESLEY  
 Here I thought you were sitting  
 next to me to make a move-  
 alright, I'll bite. Yeah, I am.  
 And you are?

CHLOE  
 I can't say-

WESLEY  
 Well- can I help you?

She reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a newspaper  
 article.

CHLOE

I've been saving this- for years.  
I figured he might want to see it  
at some point.

She hands him the article.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

There's a note attached to the  
back- make sure that he gets it.  
I'd give it to him myself, but I  
can't be involved. I'm sorry.

She stands up. She starts to walk away.

WESLEY

Miss- is that your picture on the  
ground there?

CHLOE

That's for the Detective- he'll  
know what it's for.

She picks it up. She hands it to Wesley. He places it inside  
the article.

WESLEY

Oh, alright. I'll give it to him.

She walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leggins looks around the room. Kerry stands in the doorway.

KERRY

You're not really going to find  
anything in here-

He opens the top dresser drawer.

LEGGINS

Gloves-

KERRY

Impressive, Leggins. Impressive.

LEGGINS

You don't read the papers, do you?

KERRY

What are you talking about?

LEGGINS

He was supposed to grab these.  
Instead, he grabbed the gun-

He puts the gloves down. He walks over to the door.

LEGGINS

Let's go- there's nothing new  
here.

KERRY

Then why did we come?

LEGGINS

I knew you'd follow- and I knew  
you didn't know what you were  
getting into.

Leggins walks down the stairs.

KERRY

Now where are we going?

LEGGINS

What? You didn't know by now?  
We're going to get him-

He walks out the door.

Kerry follows. She slams the door shut.

I/E. LEGGINS' CAR/ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leggins gets into his car. His phone starts to ring. He  
reaches into his pocket. He answers.

LEGGINS

Yeah?

TAMARA (V.O.)

I had asked you- nicely, to bring  
him to me. Now I'm standing here,  
with a gun in his mouth. I'm going  
to shoot him, Detective.

LEGGINS

Who is this?

TAMARA (V.O.)

I waited almost a year to find  
him. Go to the Hillbound  
Apartments on Wilson Street.  
You'll find what you're looking  
for.



LEGGINS  
Who the hell is this?

Tamara hangs up.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

He rolls down his window. Kerry is walking over to her car.

LEGGINS  
Meet me at the Hillbound  
Apartments.

KERRY  
On Wilson?

LEGGINS  
Yeah, that's the one-

Leggins starts his car. He drives away. Kerry runs over to her car.

Vera pokes her head out from the backseat window- she smiles.

INT. LEGGINS' HOME - EVENING

Wesley walks through the door. He slams the mail onto the small table by the steps.

WESLEY  
Hey, Steve! I'm home-

He walks into the kitchen. He grabs a beer.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
I was sitting in the park, reading the paper- some older chick came and sat down next to me. Anyhow, she gave me something to give to you- I think it's an article on that killer you've been investigating-

He sits at the table. The phone rings.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
Aw, hell. I just sat down.

He stands up. He walks over to the phone. He answers.

WESLEY  
Yeah?

ELMER (V.O.)  
Where's Detective Leggins?

WESLEY  
He's been out all day. Who's this?

ELMER (V.O.)  
Ah, yeah, this is Elmer down at the station- I've got a witness here, wanting to speak to Leggins. Who am I speaking to?

WESLEY  
Well, this is his brother-

ELMER (V.O.)  
Well, I'm gonna try calling his cell phone, but would you leave him a message? Tell him I've got a young man here- says he knows a thing or two that ought to be heard- just tell him to give me a call.

WESLEY  
Alright, I'll deliver the message, then.

He hangs up the phone.

WESLEY  
(Mumbles)  
Guess I'm the fucking delivery boy today-

He walks into the kitchen. A man stands by the door, holding a gun.

WESLEY  
Look, I just wanna drink my beer-

He shoots Wesley. He runs out the door by the kitchen. Wesley sinks to the ground. He drops his beer to the ground.

I/E. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leggins stands in front of an apartment door. A note is taped to the door titled "Detective Leggins".

He kicks the door open. He walks in. Kerry follows.

LEGGINS  
Something weird about this place already-

Kerry rips the note off of the door. She flips it over.

KERRY  
Your wife- her name is Melanie.

LEGGINS  
Yeah- how did you-

KERRY  
I had this case- for a short period of time. They sealed it, you know. Declared that she committed suicide.

LEGGINS  
You know that isn't true.

KERRY  
Yeah, well. She's dead. Now you got this clipping here to remind you.

She hands the note to Leggins. He flips it over- a copy of the article on Melanie's disappearance.

LEGGINS  
(Mumbles)  
Who is this woman?

KERRY  
Your wife?

LEGGINS  
The one who keeps calling me-

The bathroom door is halfway open. He opens the door.

Three pictures hang from the shower curtain- a young boy, a teenage girl, and an old man.

LEGGINS  
Come in here, Matthews.

She walks into the bathroom.

KERRY  
What is this?

LEGGINS  
More victims-

He reaches for the pictures. He turns them over- an obituary for each.

KERRY  
There's another- on the window.

LEGGINS

That makes nine-

KERRY

This Beckworth's place?

Leggins nods.

He walks out of the bathroom door. Vera stands in the doorway.

LEGGINS

Dr. Lewis, why did you get out of the car?

She holds a gun in her right hand, by her side.

VERA

Did you find him?

KERRY

Vera- put the gun down. He isn't here.

VERA

It's already down, Detective.

She walks closer into the room. She sets the gun onto the bed.

LEGGINS

Let's take the pictures with us- even the one from the door.

He looks away.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)

Alright. Come on.

He walks out the door. Kerry follows. Vera picks the gun up off of the bed. She walks out the door.

She slams the door shut. Another picture falls off from behind the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tamara is crouched down in front of Anson. She smiles, waving the gun across his face.

TAMARA

Did you ever find yourself waiting to be saved by the police? I doubt it-

Anson smiles.

ANSON

I should have just watched you die.

A man walks through the main doors above. He stands over the small balcony.

Anson looks up. The lights blinds his own eyes.

BARRY

You remember me, cowboy?

Anson looks to the ground.

ANSON

Fucking unbelievable.

BARRY

You ruined my face, but you didn't kill me. I'm gonna certainly return the favor.

Barry walks down the stairs with a cane. Tamara steps aside.

Anson begins to squirm in his chair.

BARRY

First, I want to know what you did with the rest of the bodies, cowboy.

Anson smiles.

ANSON

What would be the purpose in that?

BARRY

Did you grind them up real good? Hm? Or did you throw them in a burner? Or did you eat them?

Anson laughs.

ANSON

When I shot you, you didn't know then, but I ran out of the room, smiling. I ran down the hall, laughing to myself, knowing that this violent blood inside of me was very real- and the results of my actions, though gravely and horrid, were purely beautiful.

He looks over to Tamara.

ANSON (CONT'D)

You're just a fucked up slut. What good would you serve in this world, anyhow?

She walks up to him. She hits him with her gun.

He spits blood.

ANSON

Good- good, I like that.

Barry hobbles closer with his cane.

BARRY

All you had to do was kill the man.

ANSON

He had a kid- and a wife- and another kid. He didn't deserve it.

BARRY

He owed me money, my brother.

Barry reaches into his pocket. He flips open his pocket knife.

BARRY

This is gonna last a little bit longer than you would have probably liked to, kid.

He walks up to Anson.

ANSON

I killed over twenty people. Don't you want to know who I killed? What makes you so sure that I didn't kill the man you hired me for-

BARRY

Did you?

ANSON

To know that, you'd have to go to the park by Giles Street.

Barry looks to his guards.

BARRY

You're gonna have to drive out to Giles, boys.

They nod. They walk out of the room. Tamara stands by Barry.

BARRY

Baby, go get me a beer. I can't stand here and wait without my beer.

He sets his knife down on a small table next to Anson.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Alright, Olson. You've got some time left after all-

Anson smiles, without showing his teeth.

ANSON

Surely, I won't disappoint you.

I/E. LEGGINS' CAR/ PARK - CONTINUOUS

Leggins drives past Giles Street. He looks to his right.

A small crowd of people gather around a tree. Leggins parks his car outside of the park.

He gets out of his car.

Kerry pulls up behind him.

KERRY

What's going on?

Leggins walks toward the crowd.

LEGGINS

I'm not sure-

He stands behind them. He peaks over the shoulder of an old man.

He sees a small body lying on the ground- A picture next to it.

LEGGINS

Jesus-

Kerry steps forward.

KERRY

Ok, folks- could you all please move aside? This is now a crime scene-

The people scatter aside.

Kerry and Leggins move forward.

LEGGINS

We got here- a male child, I'd say about seven years old. And look- a picture.

He reaches for the picture.

KERRY

Another obituary?

LEGGINS

No, I- no.

He hands the picture over to Kerry- a photo of Anson as a child with his mother and father- and a little girl.

KERRY

What is this?

LEGGINS

The Beckworth family- with an extra addition that I was unaware of. Call this in. We have to move-

Kerry reaches for her phone. She dials.

KERRY

Yeah- we've got a body at the park on Giles Street- a young boy, roughly seven years old. Dead. Ok, thanks. We have to keep moving.

She hangs up.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Someone will be here in a few minutes.

LEGGINS

Alright. Let's go. I'm taking the picture.

He puts the picture in his pocket. His cell phone rings.

LEGGINS

Yeah?- What?

He runs to his car.

KERRY

Where are you going?

LEGGINS

Home- meet me at the station.



INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Anson sits in his chair alone. The room is dark, with a circle of light around his chair.

ANSON

I used to run to the toilet and puke over and over, after Jeffrey would call me on the phone, and tell me what he had done to his victims. He would skin them whole, and eat the most fatty parts on their bodies. He only left behind the toenails and eyeballs.

He looks up from the ground. He smiles.

ANSON

Do you hear me?! Do you hear me?!

A door slams shut.

Anson laughs.

TAMARA (O.C.)

Who is Jeffrey?

ANSON

I close my eyes, feeling disappointment and grief.

TAMARA (O.C.)

Answer the fucking question!

He begins to cry.

ANSON

There is no *right* left inside of me.

Tamara begins to walk toward Anson. Her heels cling against the concrete floor.

TAMARA

All along, I thought you were the maniac we all feared in our dreams. You're nothing but a cowering boy.

ANSON

People don't know about the things that I have said and been able to do-

TAMARA

You've killed so many *innocent* people.

ANSON

We always used to think that everything was so simple. Now we aren't so sure.

TAMARA

We?

The door slams shut once more. A gun goes off.

Tamara sinks to the floor, as her forehead begins to ooze blood.

JEFFREY stands alone on the top of the stairs.

JEFFREY

You did everything the right way.

ANSON

Where's Wayne?

JEFFREY

The station.

He walks over to Anson. He unties him.

ANSON

Did you take care of the brother?

JEFFREY

Dead.

They walk over to the door. Barry hobbles in with his cane.

BARRY

What in the hell- what's going on?!

He reaches for the light.

JEFFREY

Who's this old fuck?

ANSON

No one important.

Jeffrey looks over to the wall. He reaches for an ice pick.

JEFFREY

Wait for me outside.

He walks toward Barry.

Barry reaches for his gun.

BARRY  
Who the fuck are you? Where's  
Tamara?

JEFFREY  
Oh, the blond bitch?

He swings the pick to the ground. He impales her body,  
dragging it toward Barry.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Right here.

He releases her body.

BARRY  
Oh, hell no.

He drops his cane. He tries to shoot Jeffrey- the gun is not  
loaded.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Jesus- Jesus!

Jeffrey picks up the pick. He swings it toward Barry.

JEFFREY  
Not in here.

Barry screams.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Kerry walks into the station. A young man (20's) sits in a  
chair against the wall. He is short, with long brown hair.  
He has a thin beard.

Kerry walks over to him.

KERRY  
Can I help you, sir?

WAYNE stands up. He looks around the room.

WAYNE  
Which room did you keep him in?

KERRY  
Who?

WAYNE

What? Are you kidding? The kid-  
the dead eye- where did you put  
him.

KERRY

Well, sir- we can't allow anyone  
in the public eye to have any of  
that information- if there's  
something you would like to tell  
us- well, Detective Leggins will  
be here shortly.

WAYNE

These walls aren't strong enough  
to hold a man of such  
capabilities-

KERRY

Sir, why don't you just take a  
seat, and-

WAYNE

Why don't you look into the eyes  
of man who knows what it takes to  
rid the world of such vile souls-

He reaches into his pocket.

KERRY

Don't- don't put your hands in  
your pockets. Keep them where I  
see them, sir. Sir!

He pulls out a newspaper clipping.

WAYNE

I imagine you've had a few of  
these today. Add it to the pile-

He hands it to Kerry. He walks out of the building.

Kerry watches him leave- he looks at Vera on the way to his  
pickup truck.

She smiles at him.

KERRY

What the hell- Vera-

Wayne drives away.

INT. LEGGINS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Leggins storms into the house. He looks around the living room.

He sees Wesley's body against the wall in the kitchen.

LEGGINS  
Wesley!- Wesley!

Wesley lies against the kitchen wall. His blood splattered all over the refrigerator.

Leggins reaches for his cell phone. He calls the station.

Kerry answers.

LEGGINS  
I need an ambulance- some officers too. Jesus Christ-

KERRY (V.O.)  
Leggins? It's Kerry- what's going on?

LEGGINS  
I- oh, shit. My brother- he's dead. He's fucking dead!

KERRY (V.O.)  
Ok- just keep calm. We're going to send someone over.

Leggins looks onto the kitchen table. He sees a picture.

LEGGINS  
Y-yeah, ok.

He reaches for the picture. He holds it up close to his eyes.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)  
How's that possible-

He walks over to the kitchen door. He looks around the backyard.

He turns around. Chloe is standing in the doorway.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)  
Jesus, lady- you scared me-

He puts his hand on his gun holster.

CHLOE  
Relax. I'm not here to try to hurt  
you, Detective Leggins.

LEGGINS  
Who are you?

She sits at the kitchen table.

CHLOE  
I see you got the picture- did you  
get the newspaper article?

LEGGINS  
I've gotten plenty.

She reaches into her coat pocket.

CHLOE  
But did you get this one?

She slides the article clipping across the table. Leggins  
sits down. He picks up the paper.

LEGGINS  
Did you make this up yourself?

CHLOE  
Why would I do such a thing?

LEGGINS  
This is impossible.

CHLOE  
It's true-

He stands up. He slides the article away from him.

LEGGINS  
Three men- where are they other  
two? Where's the victims?

He turns to the window. Rain begins to fall down the  
windows.

LEGGINS  
I think that I'm in over my head,  
here- I just can't even stop  
thinking about my wife- I-

He turns around. Chloe is gone.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to ghosts, I guess.

There is a knock on the door. Leggins rushes over. Two

officers are waiting at the door, with two paramedics.  
One of the officers is Mick.

MICK  
Steve- I'm real sorry-

LEGGINS  
Show them in. I have to go-

MICK  
You have to sign off a few papers.

LEGGINS  
Later-

Leggins grabs his car keys off of the table. He rushes out to his car. He drives away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey and Anson sit in a small car, inside of a large, filled parking lot.

Wayne walks over to their car. He taps on the window.

JEFFREY  
Shit, Wayne- did you take care of it?

WAYNE  
She's handling it nicely. Relax.

ANSON  
Who? What's going on?

JEFFREY  
Your dumb ass had to go and turn in- we had to use a clutch, here. Just take your gun-

ANSON  
I don't have it.

JEFFREY  
It's on the back seat, dumb shit. Under the blanket-

Anson reaches into the seat behind him. He pulls out a small gun.

WAYNE

You really need to upgrade. Why is your undershirt so bloody, Boggins?

JEFFREY

I had some fun-

Wayne smiles.

ANSON

Where are we going?

WAYNE

We have to finish it off.

JEFFREY

You need a clean slate.

Jeffrey smirks. He starts his car.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Wayne, meet us at the apartment building on Wilson.

Wayne nods.

WAYNE

What about Vera?

JEFFREY

She's not expendable yet-

Wayne walks away.

ANSON

I can't do this anymore.

JEFFREY

You're damn right- you almost got us all accounted for here. Your stupid ass almost took us all down. Load your gun-

ANSON

Why?

JEFFREY

We're stopping somewhere on the way.

Jeffrey smiles.



INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Leggins runs into the station. Kerry sits in a small folding chair.

The phone rings. Rings. Rings.

LEGGINS

Aren't you going to answer it?

KERRY

I have. Five times. The voice on the other line just laughs- and laughs- and laughs.

She sits with a stoned look upon her face.

Ring. Ring.

LEGGINS

My brother is dead.

KERRY

Yeah. Vera is on their side-

Leggins walks over to the phone. He picks it up.

LEGGINS

What the fuck do you want?

V/O

Stephen, this is your father. Your mother is dead, son. She-

LEGGINS

Dad? Dad? Listen to me.

Leggins begins to cry.

V/O

I walked into the dining room, son. She was lying on the table. Dead. Dead.

He cries.

LEGGINS

Dad, so is Wesley. So is Wesley.

He places buries his head into his hand.

V/O

Oh, Jesus- No. No!

Footsteps drum along the wooden floor in Stephen's father's home.

Three gunshots fire.

LEGGINS

Dad! Dad!-

The phone on the other line drops. A deep laugh bellows in the background.

The laugh gets closer to Leggins' ear.

JEFFREY (V.O.)

Detective?

LEGGINS

Y- yeah. Who's this?

Jeffrey laughs.

JEFFREY (V.O.)

Surprise! It's me, Jeffrey.

LEGGINS

Anson! Anson!

Kerry stands and runs over to Leggins' side.

JEFFREY (V.O.)

Add to his list. Thirty-six people. And your brother- such a smart ass. Wayne didn't even give him a chance, he-

LEGGINS

Where are you?!

Jeffrey hangs up.

Leggins turns around. Kerry is pointing a gun in Leggins' face.

KERRY

This was probably too easy.

LEGGINS

Detective Matthews, what are you doing?

KERRY

I'm no fucking detective.

She looks to the door. Vera walks in.

VERA

About god damn time.

LEGGINS  
What's going on, here?

KERRY  
Oh, Stephen. You never remembered  
me?

Leggins looks to Vera. He drops the telephone onto the  
table.

VERA  
You thought you knew everything  
about Anson Beckworth, didn't you?

LEGGINS  
Dr. Lewis, your husband- your son-

VERA  
Don't exist.

LEGGINS  
But the officer, he-

KERRY  
He's dead.

Kerry smiles.

VERA  
And in the corner of that kitchen,  
when Anson Beckworth killed his  
mother and father- stood two  
helpless girls.

LEGGINS  
He was an only child.

KERRY  
He was. He was.

VERA  
But daddy fucked around.

Vera pulls a gun out of her pocket.

KERRY  
I guess it's contagious. Come on,  
detective.

The escort him out the door.

I/E. KERRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leggins sits in the back seat of the car. His hands are cuffed together.

He leans against the window, crying.

LEGGINS  
Where are we going?

KERRY  
Warehouse.

LEGGINS  
Why?

VERA  
Kill you.

Vera laughs. She looks out the window.

A mother, father, and son walk down the street in the rain. The son holds the leash of a small dog.

VERA  
This fucking place has no regard  
for what it's really like.

KERRY  
You wanna shoot them up?

VERA  
No. I just want to finish this  
deal and get out of here.

LEGGINS  
Someone will find out, you know.

KERRY  
You're the only one stupid enough  
to go after us, Leggins. This  
city's got nothing on us.

She looks into her rear view mirror. She smiles.

LEGGINS  
I'm going to kill you both,  
myself.

VERA  
From the grave?

Kerry pulls up slowly and makes a right hand turn up a long driveway.

She drives slowly as the gravel pushes the car back and

forth.

KERRY

I've been waiting for this.

They pull up outside of a large warehouse.

VERA

Alright, just wait here. I'll go in and make sure everything's decent.

Vera gets out of the car. She runs into the building.

KERRY

I wonder if Anson's gonna wanna kill you himself, or if he's gonna let Jeffrey slice you up real good.

LEGGINS

Fuck you.

He wipes his eyes with his shoulder.

KERRY

Mm, yeah.

Vera runs to the car. She opens the door.

VERA

Drive. Hurry. Hurry!

KERRY

What's going on?

VERA

Everyone's dead. They're fucking dead.

KERRY

What?!

VERA

Barry's hanging on the wall from a fucking ice pick and Tamara's on the ground, in a pile of blood. Go, move!

Kerry starts the car. She drives off, frantically.

LEGGINS

He's turning on you.

KERRY  
Shut the hell up, Leggins!

LEGGINS  
Gremblins- Grumbling Gremblins.

KERRY  
What did you say?

She stops the car.

LEGGINS  
He sees you as the Gremblins.  
You're not going to get out of  
this.

VERA  
Just drive! He's trying to freak  
you out.

She continues to drive.

LEGGINS  
(Mumbles)  
You're fucking dead.

He wipes his eyes again. He smiles.

EXT. LEGGINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two paramedics stand by Wesley's body. Mick stands in the doorway, keeping watch of the scene outside.

The rain taps on the windows. Mick lights a cigarette.

MICK  
Alright. Your gonna take the body  
to the warehouse off of Philmore  
Street.

The younger PARAMEDIC walks over to Mick.

YOUNG PARAMEDIC  
What are you talking about? We're  
taking him to the hospital for  
observations, then they're going  
to transfer the body to the  
morgue.

MICK  
Didn't you get the fucking memo?

He reaches for his holster. He pulls out his gun.

MICK (CONT'D)

There's been a change of plans.

The paramedic turns and looks at the body.

YOUNG PARAMEDIC

Alright- we're gonna head out that way, then.

MICK

That's right. I'm coming with you.

They pick up the body. They walk over to the door.

The phone rings.

MICK

Leave it. Not our problem.

They drag the body out the door. The machine picks up.

LEGGINS (V.O.)

Hey, this is Steve and Wes- we're not here right now. If you're looking for me, Steve, press one. If you're calling for Wes- which I don't know why you would unless it's mom or dad- press two. Leave a message. Thanks, bye.

The machine clicks.

ELMER (V.O.)

Steve- it's Elmer. I've been trying to call you. I've been shot, Steve. I've been shot. I can't believe, Mi- oh. Oh, God.

He gags. His phone hangs onto the receiver.

Mick stands in the doorway.

MICK

Elmer. Don't be so forthcoming. You're dead. You're dead.

He slams the door shut.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Wayne stands along the edge of the grass, viewing the lake from a distance.

Jeffrey and Anson park their car on the side of the road at the top. They get out and walk into the woods.

Wayne kicks the ground in front of him.

JEFFREY

You think that if you tap it hard enough, they're all going to disappear?

Wayne turns. He grins.

WAYNE

I almost forgot they were here.

Anson wanders behind them. He walks over to a tree near the water.

ANSON

There's three of them right over here.

He looks across the lake. A cemetery lies alone over the hillside.

He walks over to the edge of the lake. He stands, looking into the water.

JEFFREY

Why so sad?

ANSON

That's where it's at. Where it all began.

Wayne kicks the ground.

ANSON (CONT'D)

You won't get rid of the dead by kicking them further into the ground.

Anson reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his gun.

ANSON (CONT'D)

My mother was an alcoholic. My father was a rapist. My sisters were spoiled, inconsiderate bitches.



JEFFREY

Sisters.

ANSON

Two. I never knew how to love them. They were born from my father's other girlfriend. They never meant anything to me.

WAYNE

You need to finish this.

ANSON

I did years ago. I took away the only thing that both of us could relate to.

He drops the gun to the ground.

JEFFREY

You are a monster. You live to see the look on the faces of your victims, just before you release the trigger and the flames burst into their eyes. You're no different from the two of us.

ANSON

I used to blame my family on an irrelevant television show.

He smiles.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look at me!

He reaches down. He picks up the gun.

JEFFREY

We need to kill the detective.

ANSON

No.

He turns around. He shoots Jeffrey in the head.

Jeffrey falls backward to the ground. His head drowns in the puddle of blood surrounding it.

WAYNE

What the fuck?

Anson turns to Wayne. He aims the gun into his eyes.

ANSON

I see you. I see the fear. I'm going to watch the flame as it surrounds your face. I want to see how you react to your own death.

He smiles.

WAYNE

Fuck Boggins, man. We don't need him.

ANSON

And I don't need you, either. I see myself as a loner. I'm what you might call an opportunist.

He pulls the trigger. Wayne sinks against the tree next to him. The blood spills out of his chest, destroying his filthy A-shirt.

Anson drops the gun beside Wayne.

ANSON

I see you. I see you.

He walks away from the bodies. He goes to the top of the hill.

He gets into the car. He drives away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - EVENING

Kerry stands outside of her car, smoking a cigarette. Leggins sits in the back seat.

Vera sits on the hood of the car, drinking out of a small flask.

VERA

You ever wonder where this all went wrong?

KERRY

What do you mean?

She throws the flask to the ground.

VERA

We've got this naive man in the back of our car. We threw fake identities at him, and he never knew what was coming. Did he ever gather the clues? I doubt it. I really doubt it.

A small car pulls into the park.

KERRY  
You call someone?

VERA  
No, I swear.

Kerry tosses her cigarette to the ground.

KERRY  
Looks like someone was expecting  
us to show up. You got a gun?

VERA  
Two.

KERRY  
Keep a hand on them.

The car rolls over to Kerry and Vera. Leggins watches the entire encounter.

The front passenger window rolls down. Chloe sits in the passenger seat.

CHLOE  
You have him?

VERA  
Yeah. Yeah, he's in there.

She points to the car. Leggins sits with his head against the window, now.

CHLOE  
We're going to the warehouse.

KERRY  
We've already been there. It's  
been cleaned out. Someone found  
us.

CHLOE  
What? Were you followed?

VERA  
No.

CHLOE  
Unbelievable. Alright, fine. Take  
him to the house.

KERRY

Is that a good idea?

CHLOE

Yeah, why not?

VERA

Not very secluded, mom.

She smiles.

CHLOE

He likes it that way, now doesn't he?

Kerry smiles. She nods.

KERRY

Alright, we'll meet you there. Did they take care of Anson?

CHLOE

It's done. We'll meet you at the house, and it will all be over. When we're finished with the detective, we'll take him to the grinding tank behind the warehouse.

They nod. Chloe rolls her window up. They drive away.

Kerry and Vera walk back into their car. They get in.

KERRY

Well, detective. You're moment in the spot light is vastly approaching.

She starts the car. They drive away.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The ambulance pulls up in front of the warehouse.

Mick gets out. He walks over to the front passenger seat window.

MICK

Stay here. I'll come back and let you know what's going on.

He walks into the warehouse. The two paramedics wait inside the ambulance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mick walks into the warehouse.

MICK  
Barry? It's Mick. I brought the  
brother in, just like you asked.

No one responds. He feels around on the wall next to him for a light.

MICK  
(Yells)  
Is anyone here right now?

No answer. He slides his feet forward a few steps.

He stumbles over a large lump on the ground.

MICK  
Fuck.

He reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a lighter.

He lights it and looks to the floor. He sees Tamara's body, lying in a puddle of blood. One rat stands next to her body, sniffing her hair.

MICK  
What the hell happened here?

He walks forward. The light turns on.

Anson stands on the small balcony ahead of him.

ANSON  
I wondered who the next lost soul  
was going to be, to come into my  
house.

MICK  
Your house? What are you doing  
here? Where's Boggins? Olson?

Anson raises his gun from the side of his waist.

ANSON  
I was once asked why I never used  
another vile way of killing  
people. Do you want to know why  
this is?

MICK

What are you doing, here? Come on, now. Just put the gun away and you can hope in the ambulance with me. We're gonna head back to your house.

ANSON

This is my house, officer.

He raises his gun. He points it to Mick.

MICK

Jesus, Beckworth. You'd kill a loyal law enforcement citizen?

ANSON

That isn't what I see. I see the incapable and insignificant life of an underachieving deputy. I see the lies in your face. You betrayed him. You betrayed him.

He smiles.

MICK

Just put it down. We'll talk.

ANSON

I'm not talking to you, sir.

He shoots him dead. Mick falls on his back. The blood drains from his head.

Anson walks into the shadows behind him. He turns off the lights.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two paramedics, PERRY and HAL, are sitting outside of the warehouse, anxiously.

PERRY

What are we doing, here? We've got a body. You know this isn't where it belongs.

HAL

He was going to shoot me. I know this isn't right, but we have no choice here. If we want to live, we have to stay here.

They continue to sit outside of the warehouse. Anson walks out the door.

PERRY  
Hey, hey. Who's that?

HAL  
I don't know.

Anson props the warehouse door open. He walks in.

He drags Mick's body out of the warehouse.

PERRY  
That's the cop. Let's get outta  
here.

Hal leans closer to the warehouse to get a better look.

HAL  
Yes. Yes, it is. That's enough for  
me.

He starts the engine.

HAL (CONT'D)  
To the hospital, then.

They drive away.

Anson drags Mick around the back of the building. He walks over to a large, brown tank.

He lifts the lid. He reaches around the side of the tank. He grabs a small hacksaw.

ANSON  
You're making things a lot tougher  
on me, here, officer. See, if I  
leave you inside the building,  
people will know where you came  
from.

He begins to cut away at Mick's arms.

ANSON (CONT'D)  
This isn't cheating. You're  
already dead. I wish that this was  
easier, though.

He looks around the area. He sees a small wheel barrow. He walks over to it.

He wheels it over to Mick. He picks Mick up by the hair. He holds the hacksaw under his chin.

ANSON

There are man in this world who would pay me so much money to be in the position I'm in right now-killing an officer.

He smiles. He takes one cut into Mick's neck.

ANSON (CONT'D)

But then again, I guess you aren't really the same type of officer. I can see the vile lies in your face and I could see the reluctance in your eyes just before I killed you.

He grinds away at Mick's neck. The blood pours onto his hand.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Isn't this what you wanted? Or did you think that you were going to walk out of this city with the money that you were promised.

He reaches into his pockets. He pulls them inside out.

ANSON (CONT'D)

They didn't tell you? I'm broke.

He pulls the head apart from Mick's shoulders. He throws it into the grinder. The blood rains onto Anson.

He smiles.

ANSON

When I was a child, I used to throw my toys in the trash compactor in my kitchen, and watch them bleed. I'd laugh, knowing that they needed to beg for mercy, and cry knowing that they lost every sight of chance.

He walks over to the body.

ANSON (CONT'D)

I wanted you to beg. I wanted you to cry, knowing that I was holding the choice to give you life or to throw it into that compactor. Now you know. Now you know that I was going to see about saving you.

He cries. He sits on the ground next to Mick's headless body.



He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an old family picture from his childhood.

He wipes his face with the picture. The blood drips from the bodies of the family members in the picture.

ANSON

I'll save you. I'll save you.

He still cries. He walks over to the compactor.

He throws the picture in.

He walks over to the body. He tosses it into the compactor.

ANSON

This fucking world.

He walks away, crying.

INT. ST. PAUL MENTAL INSTITUTE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Anson sits on his bed, looking through the bars on his window.

A young woman walks into the room. She sits in the chair across from him.

He turns away, playing with his two favorite action figures- a cowboy and a brown monster.

She reaches into her bag. She pulls out a picture. This woman is Chloe.

CHLOE

Why didn't you shoot my daughters?

Anson continues to ignore her. He clanks his two action figures together, making sound effects as they exchange blows with each other.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm here to help you, Anson. I'm here to save you.

He throws the toys onto the bed.

He walks over to Chloe. He takes the picture out of her hand.

ANSON

Gremblins.

CHLOE

Is that what you see?

She reaches into her bag. She hands him another picture. He looks at it.

ANSON

I don't see anything.

He throws the picture to the ground. A picture of a gun, lying on the kitchen floor.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE

There's hope for you, yet.

She stands and walks to the door. She opens it.

Two young boys walk into the room.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're all we ever wanted, Anson.  
Would you like to go home, now?

Anson sits on his bed, holding his action figures.

His eyes tear up. He throws them to the ground.

ANSON

Yes. I want to go home, now.

He walks over to Chloe. She hugs him.

CHLOE

You're going to have to do your  
share around the house.

She smiles.

He nods.

ANSON

I will.

She reaches into her pocket. She pulls out the picture of the gun.

She hands it to him.

CHLOE

This is your chore. This will  
*always* be your chore.

He takes the picture.

They walk toward the door.

EXT. GREEN CEMETARY - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Anson (20), stands next to a tree. Chloe stands behind him, holding a shovel.

Jeffrey (20) and Wayne (20) stand on either side of Anson, kicking dirt into a large hole.

CHLOE

That's the last of them. Fill the hole. We're done, here.

WAYNE

What about us?

CHLOE

You're free for now. Go do what you want. I've got no more chores for you.

JEFFREY

But, I thought we were a family.

Chloe smiles. She puts her hand onto Jeffrey's shoulder.

CHLOE

We are. We are. But it's time for you all to go out and see what you can do without me.

A tear slides from Anson's face. Everyone else fades away, like ghosts.

ANSON (V.O.)

You said that you were going to save me.

He continues to kick the dirt into the hole. he reaches into his pocket.

He throws a slip of paper into the hole. He lights a match. He tosses it into the hole. The flames engulf.

ANSON

I'm dead. I'm dead.

He walks away. Chloe, Jeffrey, and Wayne reappear next to the hole. They watch him, walking away.

INT. BECKWORTH HOUSE - NIGHT

Super: "8 years later."

Chloe stands in the living room in front of Leggins.

Leggins sits in a chair, with a brown bag over his head.

CHLOE  
I'm getting tired of having to run  
around today.

She walks over to a small table next to the staircase.

She lifts a small pair of scissors. She walks back over to Leggins.

Vera and Kerry enter the room.

KERRY  
When will you begin?

CHLOE  
As soon as our guest of honor  
arrives.

VERA  
Isn't he sitting in the chair?

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE  
Oh, no. He's being escorted in by  
Jeffrey and Wayne. He'll be here,  
soon.

Chloe takes the bag off of Leggins' head. His mouth is taped shut and his arms are tied behind his back.

She rips the tape off of his mouth.

LEGGINS  
What are you waiting for? Just  
fucking kill me.

Vera and Kerry look to each other. They smile.

KERRY  
He still doesn't know, does he?

Chloe shakes her head.

LEGGINS  
Know what?

Chloe laughs.

CHLOE

Beckworth is coming back here, for you. He needs to finish.

Leggins shakes in his chair. He tries to grind his way out of the rope around his body.

LEGGINS

Finish what?! Where is he?!

She smiles. She looks over to the door.

Anson stands in the doorway, with the door hanging wide open.

CHLOE

Time to die, detective. Time to die, now.

Anson steps forward.

LEGGINS

Beckworth.

Anson steps forward. He pulls his gun from behind his body.

ANSON

It started with this, detective.

He drops it to the ground.

CHLOE

What are you doing?

ANSON

I never got to tell him why.

KERRY

Finish the deal, Anson.

ANSON

I never got to explain to him why this happened.

VERA

Fucking shoot him!

Anson smiles.

ANSON

Before I kill people, I explain to them why this happens. Why should this time be any different? Give me a minute to explain.

LEGGINS

Oh, just shoot me. I've got nothing. Nothing at all.

KERRY

He's trying to play this psychological game with you, Anson. He did it earlier in the car, too.

ANSON

How so, detective?

VERA

He tried to tell us that you were killing everyone again. He accused us of being your monsters.

KERRY

Something isn't right. Where's Jeffrey and Wayne.

ANSON

Dead.

CHLOE

What?!

Leggins laughs.

LEGGINS

I told you. I told you.

CHLOE

Shut up! I swear to God, I'll slice your throat so fast.

KERRY

Who killed them, Anson?

Anson smiles.

ANSON

Well, I did.

VERA

Why?

ANSON

They were monsters.

He bends down. He picks up his gun.

He points it to Chloe.

CHLOE

What are you doing?

ANSON

I've been running from you for years.

LEGGINS

Anson, no. You don't want to do this.

ANSON

I'll save you, detective.

CHLOE

And then what will you do? Your fate's been sealed, Anson.

ANSON

There's still time!

Chloe laughs. Kerry and Vera slide their way around to the table by the staircase.

Kerry picks up a small gun. Vera gathers a knife into her hand.

Kerry raises the gun.

The Lieutenant stands in the kitchen way.

LIEUTENANT

No, Kerry.

Anson looks to the Lieutenant. Leggins looks up at him in disgust.

LEGGINS

Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

I'm sorry, Leggins. You have to die.

The Lieutenant walks completely into the room. He stands next to Anson.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

But not by the hands of these women.

LEGGINS

But you're dead, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

No. No, I'm not.

He reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a picture of Leggins' family.

He throws the picture onto the ground in front of Leggins.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

We're just missing one piece to the puzzle.

He smiles at Leggins.

LEGGINS

Me?

ANSON

Put him in the basement. I can't do this upstairs.

CHLOE

But you said you wanted him in the kitchen, where it all began.

ANSON

I changed my fucking mind.

The Lieutenant nods.

LIEUTENANT

Alright. Let's move him downstairs.

The Lieutenant takes his gun. He hits Leggins in the face and knocks him out.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Leggins opens his eyes. Anson sits on a stool across the room from him. The light shines only on Leggins.

ANSON

I thought you might like to finish what we started.

LEGGINS

Where am I?

ANSON

You can't decipher? You're in my world, now. You're in my universe, my dungeon. My Hell.



LEGGINS

What do you want with me,  
Beckworth?

Anson scoots his stool forward.

He is still unseen.

ANSON

I wanted to let you know that this  
world was not made for you and me.

LEGGINS

What do you mean?

ANSON

You and me, we're different.

LEGGINS

Where are the others?

ANSON

What others?

He scoots forward some more.

LEGGINS

The Lieutenant, Dr. Lewis,  
Detective Matthews. Where are  
they?

Anson leads forward into the light.

ANSON

I killed them.

He smiles.

LEGGINS

Why, Anson?

ANSON

Are you comfortable?

Leggins hangs his head.

Anson stands up. He walks over to a small table in the  
corner of the room. He picks up a slip of paper.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Did she show you this? My  
brothers. She tried to warn you.  
She gave you an opportunity to  
find the reason in all of this.  
And did you? You had the pieces.  
Did you find the answer?

LEGGINS

I've know all I've needed to about you for quite some time, Anson.

Anson tilts his head. He puts the slip of paper back onto the table.

ANSON

What have you discovered, detective?

LEGGINS

That you always wanted a family.

Anson smiles.

ANSON

I had one. I let them go.

LEGGINS

Why? Why couldn't you co-exist?

ANSON

It wasn't what I wanted. It wasn't what I thought I needed. You of all people should know what it is like to lose a family.

LEGGINS

Is that it? You did this to make us feel the same? To make us equal?

ANSON

The world always knew that we could go good together.

He smiles.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm going to untie you. I want you to do whatever you want with the bodies upstairs. But don't turn them in. Don't do that.

Leggins looks away from Anson as Anson steps closer to his chair.

Leggins begins to cry. He shakes his head.

He moans.

LEGGINS

Where's my wife, Anson?

Anson stands confused.

ANSON

Now, Stephen, if you're going to join our little group, you're going to have to let go of some things.

LEGGINS

What did you do with my wife? What did you do with my wife?

Leggins' tears begin to make him choke up on his words. He bows his head.

ANSON

We've all got to make sacrifices. You'll understand one day.

Anson pulls out a knife. He cuts away at Leggins' rope behind his hands.

LEGGINS

You killed my wife. Didn't you? Didn't you?!

Anson puts the knife back into his pocket.

He puts his rand hand onto his gun holster.

ANSON

I did what was best for both of us. I *saved* you.

Leggins stands up.

He wipes his eyes.

LEGGINS

That's fine. That's fine. I'm going to go upstairs, now.

Leggins walks over to the stairs.

ANSON

There you go, Stephen. Find your calling.

Anson smiles. Leggins walks up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Leggins stands over Chloe's body. Vera lies hunched over the couch, while Kerry's body is slumped against the wall, a blood splatter against the wood frame.

The Lieutenant body lies face down halfway into the kitchen. A puddle consumes his clothes.

Anson stands in the doorway of the kitchen, watching Leggins.

LEGGINS

What did it feel like?

ANSON

What did what feel like?

LEGGINS

Your first time.

Anson smiles.

ANSON

I knew that it had to be done. My family was a virus to my heart. I found no happiness within. They were detrimental to me. It felt like a cure to my body.

Leggins smiles.

LEGGINS

That's funny.

ANSON

Funny? How so?

LEGGINS

Because I imagine that it's going to feel the same way for me.

He turns around and shoots Anson three times. Anson falls over onto his back.

Leggins walks up to Anson, keeping his gun in tact in front of him.

Anson breathes heavily, gasping for every inch of air he can handle.

ANSON

Stephen, Stephen- w- why did you do that?

Leggins wipes his eyes. He smiles.

LEGGINS

I was in pain. You took my wife. I was ridding the virus.

Anson smiles.

ANSON

Good for you.

LEGGINS

Yeah. You're right.

He shoots Anson in the face.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Leggins stands in front of four gravestones, one for each member in his family.

He crouches down and places a rose in front of each stone.

LEGGINS (V.O.)

For an entire lifetime, we wonder to ourselves why the world is given such twisted souls. I have no answer. All I bare is a vaccination to my own sicknesses, now.

He walks away from the stones. He treads down a long stone path, toward a wooded area of trees.

EXT. GREEN CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Leggins walks to a spot between two trees. A group of crosses rests in the middle.

He stands in front of them.

LEGGINS

I bet you didn't know that I was aware of this spot, kid.

He pulls a gun out of his pocket. Anson's gun.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)

It all started with this, huh?

He drops the gun in front of the crosses.

LEGGINS (CONT'D)

I figured you might want to hold onto it, cowboy.

He takes a step backward. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a picture of the Beckworth family.

He pulls out a lighter. He lights the picture and tosses it to the ground.

LEGGINS

I'm saving you.

He turns around. He walks away.

The picture burns into the ground, directly in front of the crosses.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END