GUN

written by

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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, Grumbling 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.
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.
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.

Where is he?

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.

Alright, let's go.

They walk down the hall. Mick shakes his head.

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

Anson Beckworth.

That'd be me.

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

(Mumbles)

It'd be more. Damn task force.

I remember you from when you were a child.

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

You don't have a family.

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 nonexistent 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.

LIEUTENT
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 gremblins?

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.
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
got 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)
Damnit.

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