

In Saint Raguel's Shadow

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

An UNDERCOVER COP (mid 30s) leans against the wall. His eyes dart all over.

LAURIE BELL (mid 20s) approaches him. She's tall with what used to be an athletic frame. Long dark hair is greasy and tied back into a sloppy ponytail.

An older, faded zipped hoodie hangs off of her, a dirty tank top underneath.

A handful of crinkled up bills are in her hand.

LAURIE
You holding?

He nods.

She quickly hands him the cash.

He reveals a police badge.

Her knee connects with his crotch, her hands quickly tossing him to the ground with a Russian arm throw.

She sprints away from him.

He reaches up and grabs the hoodie. It falls off of her as she pulls away from him, revealing a massive scar and a USA Wrestling tattoo.

Laurie sprints down the alleyway. She parkours her way off a dumpster and over the fence.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

Laurie hops over the fence and looks around.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Freeze!

She turns and sees a POLICE OFFICER pointing a gun at her.

Her hands slowly raise up.

LAURIE
(under her breath)
Fuck me sideways.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)

A busy courtroom.

Laurie is at the defendant's table in an orange jumpsuit. Her hands twitch, her nose runs uncontrollably.

JEFF TOLLIVER (mid 40s) wheels into the room in an older wheelchair. He has thin hair and a ratty beard.

A SECURITY GUARD helps Jeff into the corner of the room.

Jeff spots Laurie and takes out a tablet. His hands quickly pull up a Wikipedia entry on her.

A photo of Laurie at 18 is on one side, "Only known survivor of the Horse Face Killer" is bolded underneath her name.

His eyes look at her and then the picture.

Jeff scrolls through her entry. There's an extensive entry on her amateur wrestling career. The words "Best prospect in American Freestyle Wrestling history" stand out.

He looks up and looks at her in disbelief.

EZEKIEL COVINGTON (mid 50s, lawyer) walks up her.

He's tall, handsome and in an elegant suit.

EZEKIEL

Miss Bell.

LAURIE

How's my father doing?

EZEKIEL

Worried.

(looks at her intently)

And for good reason.

LAURIE

I don't need my sponsor right now,
I need my dad's lawyer.

EZEKIEL

The last time was supposed to be--

LAURIE

I'm fine, for your information.

EZEKIEL

No you're not.

BAILIFF

All rise!

Everyone rises.

JUDGE AMY BARRETT (mid 50s) walks into the room.

AMY

Be seated.

Everyone sits down.

AMY (CONT'D)

Who's up first?

PROSECUTOR

Laurie Bell, your honor.

The BAILIFF hands the Amy a file.

Her eyes look over it.

AMY

It looks we've got assault of a police officer and attempted possession of a controlled substance, Miss Bell.

(looks up, spots Laurie)

This isn't your first time in my court room, I believe.

LAURIE

No, your honor.

EZEKIEL

Ezekiel Covington for the defense.

The Amy turns her attention to Ezekiel.

AMY

Forgive me if I've asked this in the past, counsel, but isn't this a bit below your pay grade?

EZEKIEL

No forgiveness needed, your honor.

(beat)

My firm also represents Miss Bell's father and his company.

AMY

If I remember correctly, the last time you and I spoke your client was supposed to attend Narcotics Anonymous and not get into trouble.

Laurie looks away in shame.

AMY (CONT'D)

This doesn't look like that.

EZEKIEL

Your honor, my client also has extenuating circumstances in regards to her sobriety.

The Amy looks at Laurie. Recognition comes across her face.

AMY

The Horse Face Killer.

A cold sweat comes down Laurie's face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Laurie crawls to a shotgun in the distance.

In the doorway, the body of SABRINA (18) lies motionless.

A massive axe wound is in her body, blood pouring out.

The HORSE FACE KILLER walks in and towards Laurie. He's well over six feet tall and ridiculously muscular.

A pair of blood soaked overalls hang off his body, an axe covered in blood in his hands.

He swings it at Laurie.

THWACK!

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Laurie wipes a tear from her face.

LAURIE

I don't want to talk about it.

A look of motherly concern comes over the Judge.

AMY

It's OK, dear.

Ezekiel turns to the PROSECUTOR.

EZEKIEL
A minute, your honor?

The Judge nods.

Ezekiel walks over to the Prosecutor.

They have a quick, hushed conversation.

The Prosecutor nods.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)
My client had a relapse on the last anniversary of the event.

AMY
That sounds familiar.

EZEKIEL
In light of it, we will agree to a pre-trial rehab and probation.

AMY
Any objection?

PROSECUTOR
No, your honor.

The Judge looks at Laurie for a long moment.

AMY
Do you remember Rachel Barrett?

Laurie's eyes light up for a moment.

LAURIE
State, junior year.

AMY
My daughter texted me because you were in her bracket. We didn't understand what that meant.

LAURIE
That was a long time ago.

AMY
I hoped you would do better than... well... this.

LAURIE
I'm disappointed to be here.

AMY

I hope, for your sake, you take this chance and do something with more with your life, Miss Bell.

LAURIE

I will, your honor.

EXT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Laurie and Ezekiel exit.

EZEKIEL

There's a meeting that starts in an hour at Saint Pete's.

LAURIE

I haven't slept since I got in there, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL

Have you eaten anything?

She looks away.

He reaches into his wallet and takes out a handful of bills.

She grabs them from him.

LAURIE

I'll go to Chipotle and then sleep the rest of it off.

EZEKIEL

Let's go together and then--

LAURIE

I'll call you later and tell you how it went, OK?

Jeff exits the court house. His eyes are focused on Laurie.

EZEKIEL

We need to talk about a rehab facility, Laurie.

LAURIE

Do I have to?

EZEKIEL

It's part of why you're not in jail for tuning up a cop.

LAURIE
Just find something and tell me
when to show up.

Laurie walks away.

Ezekiel walks in the opposite direction.

Jeff follows her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Laurie sits in front of the grave of Sabrina Jackson.

The headstone indicates she was 18 and a beloved daughter.

Jeff wheels up next to her in a wheelchair. A bouquet of
flowers are in his hands.

JEFF
This is a waste of your talents.

She turns and looks at him.

LAURIE
I'm trying to mourn.

JEFF
I almost didn't recognize the girl
who was a Par Terre away from being
the youngest U.S women's freestyle
champion ever.

A DRUG DEALER approaches her in the distance.

LAURIE
If you're working on a "where are
they now" piece on victims then--

Jeff throws the flowers on the grave, revealing a small sawed
off shotgun. He whistles to the dealer.

Her eyes spot the shotgun.

The Dealer turns around and sprints away.

JEFF
I remember how it felt right after
I survived, too. After the pain and
the bullshit... you only remember
the way they look at you.

LAURIE
It's pity and relief.

JEFF
They feel sorry but they're happy
it didn't happen to them.

LAURIE
What happened to you?

JEFF
I met the Sledgehammer Slasher and
lived to tell people about it.

Laurie looks at him. He gets it.

LAURIE
Everyone said to pray but it turns
out God stopped listening to me.

JEFF
Maybe you're not asking the right
questions.

LAURIE
I'm not in the mood.

JEFF
It's just sad to see what you've
let him do to you.

LAURIE
I didn't let him do *anything*.

JEFF
You let yourself become a victim.

LAURIE
I am a victim.

JEFF
Victimhood is a currency and you've
used it to excuse everything you
have done in the years since.

LAURIE
I didn't ask to be jacked up on
morphine and then given Oxy to deal
with the pain.

JEFF
But you've used it to avoid every
single thing about your life since.

LAURIE

I haven't--

JEFF

As soon as that Judge knew who you were, you embraced it. You allowed yourself to be a victim.

LAURIE

It's helpful sometimes.

Jeff reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small jewelry box. He places it between them.

JEFF

You could be much more than that.

LAURIE

I doubt that.

JEFF

You're a survivor, not a victim.

LAURIE

There's a difference?

JEFF

A victim uses what happened as an excuse. A survivor uses it to take back what was stolen.

She opens it up, revealing an older pendant of Saint Raguel, the Archangel of Justice.

LAURIE

This looks exactly like--

JEFF

It is.

Laurie looks away, embarrassed.

LAURIE

My mother gave it to me on the first anniversary of it. That I could find some solace from him.

JEFF

I found it a pawn shop.

LAURIE

She died six months later and I needed the money, OK?

JEFF

I'll give you a choice, Laurie. You can keep that, and do with it what you want, or you can come with me and take everything back.

She looks at the box and then at Jeff for a long moment.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Boxes marked "computer equipment" are everywhere.

Laurie pushes Jeff in his wheelchair into the room.

LAURIE

Nice Bat Cave.

JEFF

My parents were wealthy and I came into it when they passed. I never had any intention of using it... not until after I met him.

(beat)

According to the FBI there are around two thousand active serial killers in America that we know of.

LAURIE

They're all costumed freaks now.

JEFF

Once the Yellow Shoe Strangler got a movie deal the world changed, and not for the better.

Laurie and Jeff exchange glances.

He gets her.

LAURIE

The first time I was in rehab, this guy asked for my autograph. He was a fan of Horse Face.

(beat)

Who was the first to tell you that you were lucky?

JEFF

A shrink who specializes in PTSD.

LAURIE

Me too.
 (looks at boxes)
 What are you building?

JEFF

I've got master's degrees in meta data collection, particle algorithm development and quantum computing.

She doesn't understand what he said.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'm putting together a computer program that'll find guys like *him* and then put them down.

LAURIE

Why not go to the FBI with this?

JEFF

Because they don't want the same sort of justice you and I do.

Laurie looks at him and then his chair. She gets it.

LAURIE

Shouldn't you find some dude like "The Rock" to do this for you?

JEFF

Someone like him wouldn't know what it's like to to think "why me." He would be a hammer looking to hit a nail, nothing more.

LAURIE

What about me?

JEFF

You know what it's like to see the ones you love taken from you for no good reason.

LAURIE

They told me that somehow this was all part of *his* plan.
 (beat)
 Like somehow this is all going to turn out amazing and I just didn't quite understand the intricacies of watching her die like that.

They look at each for a long moment.

JEFF

I'm offering you a chance to do something better than wallow in the muck and the mire of your life.

LAURIE

I'm supposed to go to rehab.

JEFF

I'll pay for that. And everything else you need to get you ready for all the monsters out there.

LAURIE

I just want him.

JEFF

When I find him, you can look him in the eyes as you twist the knife.

Laurie smiles.

Begin montage:

Laurie goes to rehab over a lengthy period of time. It's hard but she sobers up in a matter of months.

Jeff shows Laurie a small, sparse apartment. A dartboard is on the wall, a sketch of the Horse Face Killer taped to it.

Laurie goes from barely being able to hit the board with darts to knives, axes, and all sorts of diverse weapons hitting it dead center.

News footage of various COSTUME SERIAL KILLERS pops up on a small television in Laurie's apartment. She watches interviews with them; they're treated as a combination of curiosity and rock star.

A notepad is on a small table. Extensive notes on their methods, psychology and mannerisms are all over it.

Laurie is in a weight room with a PERSONAL TRAINER. She goes from weak to strong to out lifting several MUSCULAR MEN.

Laurie is in an MMA gym. She goes from weak and untalented to a bad ass motherfucker who beats up larger MALE FIGHTERS with ease in various disciplines.

End montage.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

An extraordinary amount of monitors are all over.

Several servers are on the floor underneath a large desk.

Jeff types on a keyboard.

Laurie walks in. Her face is full, her eyes bright white.

JEFF
How's it feel?

LAURIE
Every day is hard.

Jeff turns to her.

JEFF
And it won't get easier from here
on out, either.

LAURIE
How does your system work?

JEFF
This server sifts through gigabytes
of data from social media, law
enforcement databases and the dark
web to come up with a name and what
they've been doing. They go bump in
the night. We'll bump them back.

Laurie laughs uncontrollably.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Did I say something funny?

LAURIE
Professor Broom, "Hellboy?"

Jeff doesn't know what she's talking about it.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Sabrina was into comic books. She
made me go to all those movies.

JEFF
I didn't know that.
(beat)
That'd make a great password.

LAURIE

You should put it in one of those computers so you don't forget.

JEFF

I have your first assignment.

LAURIE

Is it him?

JEFF

There are so many more than Horse Face out there. If you start taking chess pieces off this board, maybe he'll show himself.

LAURIE

Or maybe he'll show up tomorrow.
(looks to the door)
Send that to the FBI and--

JEFF

Think of all of the people who've been hurt because of monsters like them. If we can do some good in this world, we have to.

Jeff takes out a large duffel bag from under the desk. He opens it up and hands it to her.

LAURIE

What's all this?

She takes out a file folder and a small bundle of cash.

JEFF

Everything you need on our first target: The Monster of Atlanta.

She takes out a small flip phone.

LAURIE

I think I still have my iPhone at--

JEFF

That has enough software in it to let anyone with a brain find you.

LAURIE

I don't know how to read a map.

JEFF

You're going to have to learn.

LAURIE

Not to state the obvious but do you want me to punch all these guys to death or something?

JEFF

I've got a sledgehammer out back. Dispose of it when you're done.

LAURIE

A gun would be better.

JEFF

The police, FBI and everyone else with a badge will be on us as soon as the bodies start dropping.

LAURIE

And I can't leave a signature.

JEFF

That's how police make cases against these guys.

LAURIE

I'll call if I get lost.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie exits, a brand new sledgehammer in her hands.

An older white van is parked in the distance.

She walks towards it.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie gets into the van and places everything on the passenger seat. She opens up a folder and sees everything on the MONSTER OF ATLANTA (mid 40s).

He's nearly seven feet tall, comically muscular and is on the shortlist for the ugliest human being alive.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (THREE DAYS LATER)

Trees as far as the eyes can see.

Laurie's van is parked far away.

Laurie is behind a large tree, gripping the sledgehammer tightly. A bead of sweat comes down her brow.

In the distance several dozen logs are lined up in a row.

A large SUV pulls up and parks.

The Monster of Atlanta is behind the wheel.

He exits the SUV. The ground seems to shake as he walks to the rear. He opens the rear door and pulls out DONNA THOMAS (early 30s, prostitute) out of it with one hand.

She's been badly beaten up. Her arms and legs are tied behind her back. Duct tape covers her mouth.

He throws her to the ground and stares at her.

MONSTER OF ATLANTA
Your ride ends here, whore.

SNAP!

The Monster looks around. His eyes spot Laurie.

They lock eyes for a long moment.

Fear and panic briefly come on her face.

Laurie screams and swings the sledgehammer at him, connecting flush on his jaw.

He hits the ground with a THUD!

Laurie looks around and spots Donna. She unties her.

DONNA THOMAS
Thank you.

A large hand grabs Laurie's ankle and grips it.

Laurie turns and sees the Monster glaring back at her.

LAURIE
(to Donna)
Run!

He flips her, ass over teakettle.

She lands face first to the ground.

The Monster stands up. His jaw is dislocated. He throws Laurie to the ground and kicks her in the ribs, hard.

Laurie's body flies away from the SUV.

Donna sprints into the darkness.

The Monster pops his jaw back in place.

Laurie kips up and spots the sledgehammer. She picks it up and cautiously approaches him.

He motions for her to attack.

She swings the hammer at him.

His massive hand grabs it.

She tries to pull it away from him but can't.

MONSTER OF ATLANTA

You just ruined my evening, bitch.

Her eyes watch as his big hand punches her in the face.

She hits the ground, hard.

He tosses the sledgehammer into the distance. His hands grab her legs and toss her into the darkness.

Laurie lands, hard. She looks around. Her eyes spot the sledgehammer, her hands quickly grabbing it.

The Monster casually walks over to her.

WHAM!

He looks down and sees the sledgehammer collide with his groin. His knees buckle and he falls to the ground, a high pitched squeal coming out of his mouth.

Laurie stands over him, sledgehammer in her hands. She grits her teeth as her feet plant on the ground.

WHACK!

The Monster hits the ground, his skull partially caved in.

She looks down at him.

The Horse Face mask appears on his face.

Pure fucking rage comes over her.

She screams and keeps hitting him. Blood, brain and bone splatter all over.

After a while she stops and looks at him.

He's dead.

A combination of happiness and relief comes over her face. A small smile breaks through.

She drops the sledgehammer and walks away.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Laurie speeds through an empty highway. Her face and clothing are covered in blood and viscera.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

News stories about the Monster of Atlanta are on the monitors.

A Pizza Delivery Box is on the desk, a handful of slices still in it.

Mariachi music lightly plays in the background.

Jeff stares at the monitors.

Laurie's calls him.

LAURIE

It's done.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

JEFF

Some blogger leaked photos. I'm assuming some of that got on you.

She looks in the mirror. Her clothes are covered in blood.

LAURIE

I'll clean up at a truck stop.

JEFF

They have the sledgehammer.

She mouths a profanity under her breath.

LAURIE

He was down and I just saw... him.

JEFF

Your rage will cause make mistakes.

LAURIE

You didn't give me a manual.

JEFF

Burn everything you're wearing and take a shower. Find a second hand store and get what you need. Pay cash, don't use your real name to anyone you meet.

Laurie smiles.

LAURIE

Who's next?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A white cloth is over the Monster's body.

Local LAW ENFORCEMENT are everywhere.

FBI AGENT PAUL DRAKE (mid 50s) and a local SHERIFF walk up to the body.

Drake is an old school lawman with a walrus mustache and a bowler hat. He's smoking a high end cigar.

PAUL DRAKE

Were you able to identify the body?

GEORGIA SHERIFF

Whoever did it didn't leave much of his face in one piece.

Drake stops and takes a long puff.

PAUL DRAKE

This is a first.

GEORGIA SHERIFF

One of them had to have died before being caught, right?

PAUL DRAKE

(point to body)

This is a first.

GEORGIA SHERIFF

We found the victim twenty miles
down the road, trying to hitch a
ride from a local.

PAUL DRAKE

I need to talk to her.

The Sheriff nods.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (TWO YEARS LATER)

Super: Dane County, Wisconsin.

Cornfields are all over.

A handful of older solar lights are scattered across the
lawn. A window is half open. The curtains are closed and the
lights are on inside the house.

The BLACK PANTY SLASHER (mid 40s) creeps towards the house.

He's short, balding and has rotting yellow teeth.

A pair of lace black panties hang out of his back pocket.

CRUNCH!

The Slasher looks down and sees a broken solar light.

He spots a tree and sprints behind it.

SANDRA FERGUSON (early 50s) opens the curtains and looks
around. She's short and small town wholesome.

She closes the curtains after a cursory glance.

The Slasher takes out the panties and caresses them in his
hands. He smiles.

BLACK PANTY SLASHER

(quietly)

You will wear them soon.

Laurie's van is parked in the distance.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Laurie lies prone on the roof. She calmly watches the Slasher
through a pair of old binoculars. Her cell phone is pressed
against her ear. Several bolts are in her back pocket.

She is in a sleeveless t-shirt exposing scars and muscle. A loaded crossbow is within arm's reach.

LAURIE
(quietly)
Target acquired.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The monitors are filled with information about the Black Panty Slasher, his victims and local police channels.

A bag of fast food is on the desk. Next to it is a smart phone on speaker mode.

Jeff looks at it and nods.

JEFF
Take him.

She hangs up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Laurie marches towards the farmhouse with the crossbow.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Slasher puts the panties back into his back pocket and takes a deep breath.

He turns. Oh shit.

THUMP!

The Slasher's body slams into the tree, his phone falls onto the ground.

He looks down. A bolt is in his chest, blood pouring out. His legs give way and he collapses, moaning in pain loudly.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra drops a pair of knitting needles to the floor. Panic is all over her face. Her eyes move to a shotgun on the wall.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie sprints to the Slasher's phone. She disables the password protection and puts it in her back pocket.

Sandra calls 911.

Laurie turns to the Black Panty Slasher and hits him in the face with the butt of the crossbow.

Blood pours out of his now broken nose.

Laurie sees the Bolt. She taps it with the crossbow.

The Slasher howls in pain.

BLACK PANTY SLASHER
YOU FUCKING BITCH!

LAURIE
Does your mother know you talk--

He passes out. Laurie groans loudly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Way to suck the joy out of this.

She reaches for the bolt in his chest and he grabs her hand tightly. He tries to throw her past him but can't.

She's way too strong for him.

Laurie grabs a bolt from her back pocket and jams her other forearm on his throat.

He gasps for air, his hands slowly falling to the ground.

She looks at the bolt and measures him.

A slight smile comes over her face as he fades away.

THUMP!

The bolt goes through his eye, killing him instantly.

Blood splatters all over Laurie's face.

A door opens in the distance.

Laurie pulls the bolt in his head out. She wipes it off on his corpse and puts it in her pocket. Her eyes spot the panties and she grabs them, placing them in his mouth.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Choke on those, prick.

RIP!

Laurie pulls the bolt in his chest out forcefully.

A shotgun cocks.

Laurie turns and sees Sandra pointing the shotgun at her.

Sandra looks at the corpse and then at Laurie.

The shotgun falls out of her hands.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Could you let the cops know that's
the Black Panty Slasher?

Sandra's eyes spot the corpse. She's dumbstruck.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
He's got trophies under his bed in
a brown box. You can't miss it.
(points the bloody bolt at
Sandra)
I'll come back and beat your whole
family to death with a puppy if you
tell anyone I was here, understand?

Sandra looks at the body and then at Laurie. She nods.

Laurie walks away.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie's van is in the distance. Laurie watches the scene from the van's rooftop with her binoculars.

A white sheet covers the body of the Slasher.

SHERIFF DANE HOLCOMB (mid 50s) observes the situation. He's short, bald with a graying beard.

LOCAL WISCONSIN LAW ENFORCEMENT are everywhere.

Sandra sits in an ambulance.

A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY guards her.

From a distance FBI BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE UNIT AGENT MAURA BAXTER (late 20s) observes the scene excitedly.

Paul Drake emerges from the shadows shortly thereafter. He looks at the scene with disdain, reaching into his pocket.

Drake takes out a cigar and a lighter.

PAUL DRAKE

This is your first time in the field, rookie, and there's a corpse within walking distance.

MAURA BAXTER

(almost giddy)

There are two thousand active serial killers--

PAUL DRAKE

(dismissively)

That we know of.

MAURA BAXTER

--and now someone's hunting them.

PAUL DRAKE

Thomson wanted this profile done yesterday. We shouldn't be here.

MAURA BAXTER

Being in the field will get us more information than just reading reports in the office.

He lights the cigar up and takes a puff.

A News Van pulls up to the scene.

PAUL DRAKE

The office is cleaner.

MAURA BAXTER

We're seeing a sea level shift.

PAUL DRAKE

The only difference between this and the hundreds of crime scenes I've been at is that there's a dead psycho here.

A REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN exit the van and quickly approach the crime scene.

MAURA BAXTER

I remember the Yellow Shoe Strangler's interview on CNN when I was in college.

PAUL DRAKE

Imagine the sort of loser who got inspired by that.

MAURA BAXTER

I changed my major from marketing to criminal justice on the spot because of it.

PAUL DRAKE

That interview inspired a whole generation of pains in my ass.

The News Crew is directed far away from the scene.

MAURA BAXTER

This is the fourth in a row with significant similarities.

PAUL DRAKE

The only thing in common is the victim. There is no signature.

Sandra gets into the Ambulance with the EMT. He closes the doors behind them.

MAURA BAXTER

Maybe their signature is that they have no signature.

PAUL DRAKE

That's deeply meta.

The ambulance takes off.

MAURA BAXTER

You were first on the scene for the Monster of Atlanta, right?

PAUL DRAKE

This was much different.

MAURA BAXTER

How so?

PAUL DRAKE

We had to reconstruct his skull.

Laurie's van drives away.

MAURA BAXTER

He was one of them.

PAUL DRAKE

I've seen enough bodies to know the Monster of Atlanta was put down by someone who had a personal stake in his untimely demise. This was almost a hit.

MAURA BAXTER

You can tell the difference?

PAUL DRAKE

The Monster of Atlanta was getting his skull crushed for a long time after he was dead. That's rage.

(beat)

Every other corpse on your little white board was done in a clean, almost professional way.

MAURA BAXTER

What's your expert opinion on it?

PAUL DRAKE

I don't know but none of them were done the same way. That means either something or nothing and I can't tell which just yet.

EXT. REAR OF BIG BOX STORE - NIGHT

The vehicles of DRIFTERS, EX-CONS, FUGITIVES and the like are parked all over. Most are rusted and old, some stolen.

Laurie's van parks far from them.

Laurie exits from it and walks to the back.

A screwdriver and a license plate are in her hands.

She unscrews the license plate quickly.

Over fifty marks are underneath it.

Laurie scratches another in. She screws the other license plate into the bumper and grabs the old plate.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A makeshift desk is welded onto one side of the van.

A milk crate with a handful of tools, including a lock pick kit, sits in the middle of the van.

A mariachi band record, partially covered in a brown bag, is underneath the crate.

A small pile of clothes peek out of a brown paper bag.

A cot is welded onto the other side. A military blanket and pillow cling to it.

News articles about the Horse Face Killer are taped around the van. "WHY ME" is written in black ink on several of them.

Laurie enters and locks the door behind her. She places the screwdriver and license plate into the milk crate.

Laurie sits down on the bed and falls asleep quickly.

EXT. DANE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A large volume of REPORTERS, FREELANCE STRINGERS and CAMERAMEN surround the steps.

Drake and Baxter walk through the crowd.

Several reporters spot them and fire off questions.

Baxter turns to say something but Drake puts his hand on her shoulder. He forces her to walk with him.

The Sheriff walks outside, a note card in his hands.

The Sheriff is instantly surrounded.

SHERIFF DANE

I will not be answering questions.

(reading)

We can confirm that the serial
killer known as the Black Panty
Slasher has been found dead.

A flurry of questions fly at him.

He sighs and points to a REPORTER.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A local newscast has Sheriff Dane on one of the monitors.

REPORTER (V.O.)

We heard there was a witness.

SHERIFF DANE (V.O.)
I cannot confirm nor deny that.

Jeff presses mute on his monitor. He mouths a profanity.

He types furiously on his keyboard. News articles pop up. All have one thing highlighted: "Unnamed witness."

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Three MONITORS are on a CHEAP DESK in a small basement.

On the monitor to the right is a Twitter Feed following #BlackPantySlasher. It's exploding with comments.

On the monitor to the left is a monitor with the deaths of several other SERIAL KILLERS over the past year.

In the middle monitor is a DARK WEB SKYPE CALL with ten people on it. Prominent in the middle is "The Horse Face Killer." A small browser to the side is labeled "GPS Status" a red light in front of "Stanley."

Watching the monitors is BLAKE "THE APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER" WHITE (mid 30s). He's tall and wears thick horn rim glasses.

HORSE FACE KILLER (SKYPE)
Why can't you find anything on him?

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
I'll have something soon.

Blake types rapidly. The GPS Status browser pops up.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER (CONT'D)
I planted a bug on Stanley's phone.

We see coordinates come up near "Stanley."

HORSE FACE KILLER (SKYPE)
Did you do that to all of us?

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
He was being too cavalier with it.

HORSE FACE KILLER (SKYPE)
Where is it now?

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
It's on the move.

HORSE FACE KILLER (SKYPE)
Let me know where it winds up.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER

Can do.

HORSE FACE KILLER (SKYPE)

He's real... I can't believe it.

INT. VAN - CARGO HOLD - DAWN (NEXT MORNING)

Laurie tosses and turns under the blanket, sweating profusely. She wakes up and looks around the van in a panic.

Her hands grab the edges of the cot.

LAURIE

It's just a dream.
 (closes her eyes)
 It was JUST a dream.
 (opens her eyes, looks
 around)
 Just a dream.

She looks down. Her shirt is soaked through with sweat.

Laurie takes the shirt off, showcasing her well muscled physique, and places it in a nearby trash bag.

Two massive older scars on her collarbone stand out.

Laurie grabs a t-shirt out of the brown paper bag, puts it on and walks into the driver's area.

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Jeff stares at a monitor with an internet crawler up.

The search bar reads "Black Panty Slasher."

A calendar marked "Significant Moments" is on another.

He takes a smartphone out of his desk.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

Laurie's phone rings with Jeff's call. She answers it.

LAURIE

What?

JEFF

Good morning to you too.

LAURIE
Sorry... rough night.

JEFF
Next week is the tenth anniversary
of your... unpleasantness.

LAURIE
Nice euphemism, Jeff.
(thinks for a moment)
Did you write it down or something?

JEFF
I have a calendar.

LAURIE
That's not creepy at all.

JEFF
I monitor your overall health to
make sure we don't get caught.

Jeff types on his keyboard.

A photo of the BIG RED KILLER, aka RICHARD SAUNDERS (mid 30s)
comes onto the screen.

He's well over six feet tall and ridiculously handsome.

LAURIE
I couldn't get him alone.

JEFF
There was a witness.

LAURIE
I handled her.

JEFF
For now.

LAURIE
Guess who's got an unlocked phone
used by the Black Panty Slasher?

Jeff looks around, stunned.

JEFF
That's good... the algorithm will
be that much better because of it.

LAURIE

His text messages are real weird.
It doesn't read like abbreviations.
I think it's a code for something.

JEFF

ISIS has a private Facebook group.
Maybe these guys do too.

LAURIE

Why would they do that?

JEFF

How many of them have you put out
of business?

LAURIE

Not enough.

The words "BIG RED KILLER" pop up on Jeff's monitors.

A handful of crime scene photos come up on the screen. All of them feature brutally murdered young women, their bodies cut up in a ritualistic manner.

JEFF

Hungry?

LAURIE

Starving.

JEFF

See you at Triangle.

Jeff presses a button on his keyboard.

A laser printer goes off in the distance.

INT. DANE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTIES and WORKERS are all over.

Drake and Baxter sit in front of the reception desk.

Maura stares at her phone.

Drake is asleep, snoring.

Sheriff Dane walks up to the reception desk.

MAURA BAXTER

Sheriff Dane!

The Sheriff turns to her. He takes a deep breath.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)
I'm Maura Baxter.
(nudges Drake)
This is my partner, Paul Drake.

They show the Sheriff their badges.

PAUL DRAKE
(groggily)
We're from the FBI's Behavioral
Science Unit.

The Sheriff looks at them suspiciously.

SHERIFF DANE
The Milwaukee County sheriff told
me how the FBI botched the Summer
Fest Slasher case.

PAUL DRAKE
Those were different agents. We're
here to take a look and compare it
to what we have.

SHERIFF DANE
The FBI has a penchant for fouling
up cases, no offense.

PAUL DRAKE
None taken.

SHERIFF DANE
So how can Dane County assist the
Federal Bureau of Idiots?

MAURA BAXTER
Where is the witness right now?

SHERIFF DANE
What witness?

MAURA BAXTER
I saw a woman in an--

SHERIFF DANE
Maybe you did, maybe you didn't.

MAURA BAXTER
What about the body?

SHERIFF DANE
You'll need a court order for that.

Drake nudges her. She glares at him.

PAUL DRAKE
Brass has us on a wild goose chase.

Drake and the Sheriff look at each other.

PAUL DRAKE (CONT'D)
Scratch my back, I'll scratch yours
if you need it in the future.

Drake hands the Sheriff his card.

The Sheriff looks at it for a moment and then sighs loudly.

SHERIFF DANE
You can look but you can't touch.

Maura turns to Paul.

Paul nods.

PAUL DRAKE
We'll take it.

EXT. ZOO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A blues band play inside as Richard and JULIA DREXEL (mid 20s) walk out. She tightly grasps his arm.

Julia is cute in a hipster sort of way.

JULIA DREXEL
(slurring)
I swear I usually don't drink this
much. I normally--

RICHARD SAUNDERS
(under his breath)
It wasn't the wine.

He looks both ways and he pulls her into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia leans against a wall, her arms around Richard.

She smiles at him seductively.

He smiles back. It's creepy and evil.

She looks into his eyes: there's nothing there.

Panic comes over Julia's face... before she passes out.
Richard grabs her foot and drags her body away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

A rusted out dumpster blends into a series of abandoned buildings. Rats scurry about.

The van pulls up. Laurie exits the rear with a garbage bag in one hand, a can of gasoline in the other.

A road flare is in her back pocket.

Laurie throws the bag into the dumpster. She opens the gasoline can and tosses it in.

CRACK!

She holds the lit flare in her hands for a moment.

Her eyes focus on the dumpster for a long moment.

Her hand tosses the flare inside.

Laurie gets into the van.

A wall of fire emerges from the top of the dumpster.

INT. TRIANGLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everything is older and well maintained.

A handful of CUSTOMERS are scattered throughout. Towards the back a YOUNG BOY in a wheelchair and his FATHER eat dinner.

Jeff is at a table near them. A cup of coffee is in front of him. A folder and an envelope are at his side.

The Boy reaches for the salt shaker and knocks his fork to the ground. He sighs out of self-pity.

FATHER
Give me a moment.

JEFF
Don't.

They both turn and see Jeff and his wheelchair.

FATHER
Excuse me I--
(sees wheelchair)
Oh.

Jeff stares at the boy intently.

JEFF
The only currency in this world is
strength. The sooner you realize
that the better.

Laurie walks in with a record in her hand. She spots Jeff and
walks over.

The Father throws some cash onto the table. He stands up and
quickly wheels his son away.

Laurie sits down across from Jeff.

LAURIE
What'd you say this time?

JEFF
He was acting like a victim.

LAURIE
You can't save everyone.

JEFF
I saved you, didn't I?

She hands him the Black Panty Slasher's phone on the table.

Jeff places the phone in his pocket. He looks at the record
and smiles.

LAURIE
You don't seem the type.

JEFF
It reminds me of her.

Jeff pushes the envelope and folder to her.

LAURIE
Anything new on him?

JEFF
Braxton Majors said the Horse Face
Killer is a government conspiracy
to seize people's guns, blah blah
blah.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

The only new thing is he's accusing Hillary Clinton of being behind it these days.

She grabs the folder and looks at it.

LAURIE

It's light.

JEFF

This guy is protected by the Devil himself when it comes to info.

LAURIE

Not for much longer.

JEFF

Based on his pattern we've got some time before his next attack.

EXT. TRIANGLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Laurie walks to her van when she sees a DARK FIGURE standing next to it. Her hand curls into a fist.

LAURIE

You've got ten seconds to move.

The Dark Figure strikes a match and lights up a small cigar, revealing Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL

Hello to you too, Miss Bell.

Laurie's fist relaxes. She looks around.

LAURIE

Can we talk in private?

Ezekiel nods.

INT. LAURIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mattress is on the floor. A small dresser and several boxes with a return address of Andrew Bell are near it.

Ezekiel and Laurie walk in. She reaches into her pocket and hands him a dollar.

EZEKIEL

God has a funny sense of humor in how he put us together.

LAURIE

I was laughing my ass off when a
guy in a horse head murdered my
girlfriend in front of me.

Ezekiel spots the boxes.

EZEKIEL

I didn't--

LAURIE

I know.

He picks a box up and hands it to her.

EZEKIEL

I figured you could use someone to
talk to. I relapsed when I went to
Claudia's grave.

LAURIE

I'm clean.

EZEKIEL

Andrew called me the other day. He
misses you.

LAURIE

I'll find a moment... sometime.

EZEKIEL

Can you find a moment to pray?

Laurie throws the box angrily into the corner.

LAURIE

I tried talking to God over the
years. His voicemail is full.

EZEKIEL

It doesn't mean you stop calling.
Part of sobriety is--

LAURIE

Where was your God when--
(stops herself)
We have this argument every time
you're here. Let's not this time.

EZEKIEL

When was your last meeting?

LAURIE

Two nights ago in Wisconsin, before
I put down the Black Panty Slasher.

Ezekiel turns away, mortified.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

There's a great wing place right by
Madison you have to try sometime.

EZEKIEL

How can you be so casual about it?

LAURIE

You're my attorney.

EZEKIEL

Just because you can tell me does
not mean you have to. Or should.

(turns to her)

I found a therapist who specializes
in people who've gone through the
sort of trauma you have.

LAURIE

I'm not interested.

EZEKIEL

Please give him a chance.

(places hand on shoulder)

You need to be interested, and
soon. This can't go on forever.

She grabs his hand and twists it, removing it from her
shoulder painfully.

LAURIE

All I've got left is him.

She lets go.

He shakes his hand.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff connects the Black Panty Slasher's phone into his system
with a USB cord.

The phone powers on.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blake sleeps in his chair. He's wearing the same clothes as before. Empty takeout boxes are scattered all over.

Stanley's phone has stopped moving.

BING!

Blake looks up and sees Jeff hacking into Stanley's phone on the center monitor. He types furiously.

On the right monitor malware is loaded onto Jeff's server.

On the left monitor is video of Jeff.

Blake takes a screenshot of Jeff. He types quickly.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Phone EXPLODES!

Jeff stares at it, shocked. He turns to his monitors.

Everything is blank.

After a moment they reboot.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

A RED PRIUS drives up and parks by the main entrance.

Richard exits. He walks up to a large plywood board tagged with graffiti off the building and walks inside.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - DAY

A makeshift sacrificial altar has been set up using tables, desks and parts from a cubicle.

Dried blood, some of it fresher than others, is everywhere.

Richard walks in. He kneels and looks up to the ceiling, listening to something.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

I shall give you another sacrifice!

He stands up and walks over to a desk. His hand opens up a drawer. Inside it is a strange mask and a large knife.

An unlisted phone number calls Richard's cell phone.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
We've got a face.

Richard grips the phone tightly.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
Who's next?

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
Be cautious out there

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (NEXT DAY)

Super: Somewhere between Chicago and Lincoln, Nebraska

Laurie's van is parked alongside some semi-trailer trucks with various tractors attached to them.

TRUCKERS, WORKERS and LOT LIZARDS mill about.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie eats a sub sandwich in the driver's seat. A bottle of water is near her.

She turns the radio on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The DOW is down ten points on early trading so far based on--

A breaking news jingle blares.

Laurie puts the sandwich down, her eyes focused on the radio.

NEXT RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This morning police discovered the body of Julia Drexel on the side of the road. Eyewitnesses say her body was cut up in a ritualistic manner.

Laurie turns it off. She opens the folder.

A picture of Richard falls out.

She frantically looks through the folder. Her hands take out a sheet of paper marked "Timeline of BRK." and

Her eyes focus on it for a moment.

Her hand frantically grabs her cell phone. She calls Jeff.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The monitors have Richard Saunders and information about Lincoln, Nebraska, all over them.

Jeff has Chinese takeout in front of him next to a glass of water.

His phone rings with Laurie's call.

JEFF

Are you there yet?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF AND LAURIE

LAURIE

Julia Drexel.

Jeff types.

A handful of news articles pop up about her murder.

The words "Big Red Killer" keep coming up.

JEFF

How far are you from Lincoln?

Laurie looks around and takes a deep breath.

LAURIE

A couple hours.

JEFF

No time like the present.

She hangs up and gets into the driver's seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN (NEXT MORNING)

Laurie's van pulls onto the exit for Lincoln, Nebraska.

EXT. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA - DAY

Laurie's van drives through the city.

Laurie's van passes LINCOLN POLICE CRUISERS and LINCOLN POLICE OFFICERS everywhere.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A large, ten story apartment building.

Labeled parking spots surround it.

Laurie's van pulls up and drives slowly around the building.

Laurie looks at the spot labeled 5D. It's empty.

She drives past it.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The lights are off and a sign in the window indicates the store is closed.

The store hours are 9AM to 9PM.

Laurie's van pulls in and parks.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie turns the radio off.

She reaches into the cargo hold and grabs the BRK folder.

Opening it up she goes through it until she finds a sheet of paper marked "supplies."

It has one address listed: the store in front of her.

She crumples it up and throws it in the back.

Laurie takes out her phone and calls Jeff.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Everything about Julia Drexel is up on Jeff's monitors.

Jeff looks at them intently.

JEFF

Tell me something good.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURIE AND JEFF

LAURIE

His car wasn't there. Cops are all over the place.

JEFF

We need to find his kill room.

Jeff looks at a monitor.

LAURIE

How bad is it out there?

Police chatter from Lincoln PD is off the charts.

JEFF

This is their Super Bowl.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

An empty red eye flight.

Drake and Baxter are in the back.

She writes "Victim #12?" on a a notepad marked "MKH."

He's reading a novel about fly fishing.

MAURA BAXTER

I'm wondering about something.

PAUL DRAKE

The U.S. Attorney General won't get into a pissing match over this.

He puts the book down and turns to her.

MAURA BAXTER

You were on the Horse Face Killer task force, right?

PAUL DRAKE

And the Yellow Shoe Strangler plus three others.

MAURA BAXTER

That's a lot of time chasing these guys over the years.

PAUL DRAKE

They were all the same, too.

MAURA BAXTER

Didn't someone survive the Horse Face Killer?

Paul thinks for a moment.

PAUL DRAKE

Laurie Bell.... I haven't spoken about her in a long time.

MAURA BAXTER

I'm shocked you remembered.

PAUL DRAKE

I'll never forget her. Parts of me thinks she might've been better off dead than--

MAURA BAXTER

Seriously?

PAUL DRAKE

I spoke to her father a couple of years ago. They gave her Oxy in the hospital and it didn't end well.

MAURA BAXTER

My sister is in rehab from that.

PAUL DRAKE

Last time I checked she was charged with possession while assaulting a cop. That was a first.

MAURA BAXTER

Wow.

PAUL DRAKE

Surviving one of them has to do bad things to you.

MAURA BAXTER

What if the person behind this was one of their victims?

PAUL DRAKE

Laurie Bell doesn't have it in her.

MAURA BAXTER

Obviously not her but think of the big picture, macro level.

PAUL DRAKE

That's Bruce Wayne, not your guy.

MAURA BAXTER

It would take that sort of effort and money to pull it off. You think it's possible someone could be that god damn determined?

PAUL DRAKE

You'd be starting a fight you can't win with local law enforcement.

MAURA BAXTER

It's the case of a lifetime, the sort of shit that gets Netflix shows about you.

Paul shakes his head.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

You could be played by George--

PAUL DRAKE

Sheriff Dane just closed twenty cases tonight. Multiply that by at least twelve and then tell me how many people will be willing to throw that all away for one person.

MAURA BAXTER

One serial killer.

He picks his book back up.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

ANGELA SMITH (mid 60s, the owner) opens the front door. She has glasses and an ugly sweater on.

Laurie exits the van and walks towards the front door.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Everything inside is old.

A bell rings as Laurie walks in.

Laurie spots a clothes rack and walks over to it. She pulls off a handful of hooded sweatshirts and t-shirts.

Angela walks in and spots Laurie.

ANGELA SMITH

Can I help you find something?

Laurie holds them against her and places several back.

She takes out six pairs of similar sized jeans from a pile.

LAURIE

One of these will fit.

Angela looks at her oddly.

Laurie spots a thermos and hands it to Angela.

Angela grabs a small bag and places everything inside.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Do you happen to have any old records in stock?

ANGELA SMITH

To your right.

Laurie spots a box of records. She grabs an older mariachi band record and hands it to Angela.

LAURIE

The prop house I work for wants something unique looking.

Angela takes Laurie by the hand over to another section of the store.

An old sign nearby says "Exotic Items!"

Laurie looks around and her eyes open wide.

There are weapons everywhere.

Angela looks at her confusedly. She grabs an antique sword from the shelf and hands it to Laurie.

ANGELA SMITH

My husband collected these.

Laurie studies it and hands it back to Angela.

LAURIE

Do you have anything... bigger?

Angela grabs a handle in a box. She pulls but can't get it out. The older woman sighs.

ANGELA SMITH

It's always heavier than you think.

Laurie grabs the handle and pulls out a large Kanabo (a Japanese war club) easily. It's about three feet long, circular and made of thick oak wood with silver rivets.

Angela marvels as Laurie handles the weapon. Her hands seem to be made for it.

LAURIE

I never would've thought I'd find a Kanabo here.

ANGELA SMITH

I thought someone bedazzled a baseball bat.

LAURIE

Samurai warriors used these in mounted combat in Feudal Japan. This is a good replica.

ANGELA SMITH

How can you tell?

The younger woman points to the rivets.

LAURIE

These are all uniform. Do it by hand and none of them will be exactly the same.

Laurie moves around and swings it. She smiles and gives a handful of hundred dollar bills to Angela.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Keep the change.

Angela hands the bag to Laurie.

ANGELA SMITH

My card is in the bag. If you need anything in the future, let me know. We have a FedEx downtown so I can ship anywhere now.

LAURIE

You are wonderful. Thank you.
(looks around)
This is weird but... I need to find a particular type of meeting.

ANGELA SMITH

My husband was a friend of Bill W. Are you his friend, too?

Laurie nods.

ANGELA SMITH (CONT'D)

Saint Patrick's on Third Street.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - DAY

Video of Jeff's basement is on all three monitors.

No one is there.

Blake types. He looks into the "Recent" folder.

All of Jeff's information on the Big Red Killer comes up.

He downloads it and sends to an email listed as "H."

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Laurie's van is parked down the street.

Space 5D is still empty.

A SECURITY GUARD watches from the front door. After a moment he looks at his watch and walks down the street.

Laurie jumps out of the van and walks to the front door.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door lock slowly opens up.

CLICK!

The door opens up, revealing Laurie. A lock pick kit is in on the floor. She grabs it and walks inside.

Laurie shuts the door behind her. She spots his laptop and places a thumb drive in the USB port.

The thumb drive glows red.

A door gently opens.

Laurie spins around, her hand in a fist.

A small cat walks out of the bedroom and up to Laurie. It rubs itself on her leg.

Laurie pets it for a moment.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie walks in and looks around. She opens the closet.

A number of suits and dress shirts are hung on a rack.

Everything is neat and perfectly organized.

She pushes the pile to one side, revealing a shrine to the Big Red Killer.

Numerous dating profiles are tacked into the wall. Each one has a lock of hair in a small plastic bag.

She reads each, moving her hand down.

Laurie's foot moves a shoe out of place. She doesn't notice.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Laurie walks in and looks at the thumb drive. The light is blue. She takes the drive out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laurie walks to an elevator.

It opens up, revealing Richard with a bag of groceries.

They catch eyes.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

Would you mind?

She moves out of the way.

Richard walks out and past her. His eyes spot his door. He looks at it, briefly first and then much more intensely.

Laurie walks into the elevator and presses the door close button repeatedly.

He turns around and looks at her.

Her hand turns into a fist.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

I'm Richard in five D. I believe we did laundry together a while back.

LAURIE

I'm... uh... Sabrina... in four C.

She presses the close door button again.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

It's nice to officially meet you,
Sabrina from four C.

The elevator doors close.

Richard takes his phone out and calls the front desk.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Security? Someone just broke into
my apartment.
(beat)
She's in the north elevator.

Richard hangs up.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Several RESIDENTS mill around.

The elevator opens up and Laurie exits.

She makes a beeline to the front door.

The Security Guard looks up from his desk and spots her.

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me, miss?

She walks faster.

He stands up and approaches her, his hand on a night stick.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
EXCUSE ME!

He takes the night stick out as Laurie turns to him.

The Residents stare at them.

Laurie sees the night stick. Her hand turns into a fist.

He approaches her.

WHAM!

She connects flush to his face with a spinning wheel kick.

He hits the ground, hard.

The night stack lands by her feet.

She kicks it away and sprints outside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Laurie sprints to her van and gets in it.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie grabs the Kanabo out of the back and opens the driver's side door.

Police sirens in the distance.

She groans loudly and closes the door.

Her hands try to start the engine.

It won't start.

She starts it engine.

Nothing.

A police car is barely visible in the distance.

Laurie starts the engine. It roars to life. She puts it to gear and drives away from the building.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens up with a quick twist.

Richard is on the other side, his keys in his free hand. He walks inside and locks it behind him.

His cat walks up to him, rubbing itself against his leg.

Richard sees his laptop and walks over. He turns it on and types on it. Nothing looks out of the ordinary.

He walks into the bedroom.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Richard walks in and opens the closet. He moves the clothes back into place and sees the shoe.

Richard looks at it for a moment and shakes his head.

He takes his phone out and calls an UNLISTED NUMBER.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
 The boogeyman is looking for you.
 They know everything about you.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
 I just saw her.

HORSE FACE KILLER (V.O.)
 Her?

RICHARD SAUNDERS
 Her.

Silence.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A handful of POLICE CRUISERS pull up to the building.

Laurie's van disappears down the road.

A Police Cruiser follows her.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - DAY

Laurie drives through the streets of Lincoln. She sees the Police Cruiser in her rear-view mirror.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A police sketch that looks like Laurie is on one of Jeff's monitors. A police report of a security guard who's been hospitalized is on another.

Another monitor has Richard's laptop screen on it. Richard and VANESSA SIMPSON (early 30s, thin, classically beautiful) are messaging each other on a dating website.

Jeff calls Laurie.

JEFF
 What the hell happened?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURIE AND JEFF

LAURIE
 I went apartment hunting.

Jeff types. Downtown Lincoln, Nebraska, come up on a monitor.

A Green Dot labeled "Laurie" appears.

JEFF

That guard is in stable condition,
in case you were wondering.

Laurie takes a left. She spots Saint Patrick's Church.

A sign indicates the Narcotics Anonymous meeting is soon.

She pulls in and parks.

LAURIE

I'm going to stand tight for a
couple hours, get the heat off.

The Police Cruiser slowly drives past her.

Her eyes follow it in the rear-view mirror as it drives away.

JEFF

It makes you a sitting duck.

LAURIE

This would be easier if I could use
a laptop or go to a cyber café.

JEFF

And it makes every alphabet agency
monitoring web traffic that much
easier to find us.

Laurie opens the glove box.

A weathered first meeting sobriety chip falls out.

She looks inside and sees several dozen first meeting
sobriety chips inside.

Her hands pick up the older chip.

Her eyes look at it intently.

LAURIE

There's a meeting in an hour.

She places the chip back into the glove box.

JEFF

The less people who see you--

Laurie hangs up and closes the glove box.

EXT. SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH - NIGHT

ADDICTS mill about outside.

Laurie exits the van and walks inside.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

An older sign with "Narcotics Anonymous Meeting" written on it is by the door.

A table with a large container of coffee and donuts is on one side of the room.

RAY (mid 40s, group leader, thick Kentucky accent) stands in front of a group of addicts seated in folding chairs.

Among them are INGRID (early 30s) and THOMAS (early 20s).

RAY

Let's get started.

No one notices as Laurie walks into the room. She spots the coffee and makes a beeline over to it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Lincoln chapter of Narcotics Anonymous. My name is Ray and I'm an addict.

Laurie fills up her thermos with coffee.

ADDICTS

Hi, Ray!

Laurie looks around. She spots both exits.

RAY

We've got some old friends and some new ones here today.

(beat)

Thank you for helping me maintain my sobriety.

(beat)

Let us give a moment of silence for the addict who still suffers.

Laurie grabs a donut and wanders towards the back. She takes a bite out of it.

It's pretty good.

EXT. CHURCH REAR ENTRANCE - LATER

Ray smokes a cigarette as Laurie wanders out back.

RAY
First time?

LAURIE
Just passing through.

RAY
We hand out chips at the end.

She nods.

LAURIE
I'd rather talk to people I'll see again, you know?

RAY
These meetings can be hard to sit through for any number of reasons.

LAURIE
I just want to help maintain it.

RAY
I understand.
(beat)
If you need to unburden your soul, this is a very understanding crowd.

LAURIE
I don't think anyone could really understand what I've been through.

RAY
I think you'd be surprised.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Thomas is in front of the group.

THOMAS
So my ex called me today. The only time she ever calls is for my kid.
(beat)
It wouldn't be so bad but the factory just cut overtime. I'm barely making ends meet as is and it's always more!
(looks around)
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I thought about finding my old dealer and then I opened my wallet... and my chip fell out.

Thomas sits back down.

RAY

Thanks for sharing, Thomas.

(looks at Laurie)

I know this isn't your usual meeting, Laurie, but you're more than welcome to share. You don't have to if you don't want to.

THOMAS

Can she chip in for the donuts?

LAURIE

Pardon me?

THOMAS

All you've done is mooch off the snack table. If you aren't going to share you can at least kick in.

INGRID

This isn't the time or place.

Ray coughs. Everyone turns to him.

RAY

No one has to share if they don't want to, in particular someone new.

Laurie looks around.

Everyone looks at her with warm, friendly eyes.

LAURIE

Fuck you Tom... I'll share.

She stands up and looks around. This is hard for her.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm Laurie and I'm an addict.

ALL

Hi Laurie!

LAURIE

It's been five years next week.

Everyone claps. She's clearly annoyed by it.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I hate these things. Everyone's happy you're sober and I always thought "why are you happy to be sober, you're supposed to not fuck up." Then I become an addict and it all made sense.

(beat)

Being clean is really hard. That first time after I sobered up and needed a fix, I mean FUCKING NEEDED IT, and I didn't call my dealer was a small victory.

(beat)

We need those small victories to help us manage it.

(beat)

I haven't shared in a long time.

(beat)

Ten years ago someone wearing a horse mask killed my girlfriend in front of me. I barely survived and part of me wishes I hadn't. It was the pain that started it.

The addicts haven't heard this before.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

They gave me a morphine drip and I didn't know how to handle it when they cut me off. So I did what I had to do and my life didn't get better at all.

(tears come down her face)

Once the pain went away I still hurt. Being high was the only thing that made me feel normal. I could take three Oxy and it felt like Sabrina was there with me.

(wipes her face)

I sobered up and she died again.

(takes a deep breath)

I tried moving on. My mother set me up with this nice guy named Mitchell. He didn't notice I was high. We had sex and my first thought was I cheated on her. I called my dealer and then... life happened to get me sober.

(beat)

I've been clean ever since.

She looks down. Everyone is stunned.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Laurie sits back down towards the back. Tears resume pouring down her face.

Ray walks up in front of the group.

RAY

Thanks for sharing, Laurie.

Thomas walks over and grabs a donut. He goes over to Laurie and hands it to her.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie sits on the cot, emotionally spent. Her phone rings.

JEFF (V.O.)

He's meeting someone tonight.

Laurie wipes her face.

LAURIE

I'm on it.

JEFF (V.O.)

Are you OK?

LAURIE

No.

He hangs up.

She stares at the phone.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard looks at his wall of photos.

Vanessa's profile is freshly tacked up.

His fingers linger over her photo.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

You will be mine.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - NIGHT

Richard and Vanessa are inside, by a window.

Appetizers and a bottle of wine are in front them.
Vanessa's glass is full and untouched.
Laurie's van is parked down the block.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - LATER

Richard and Vanessa walk out of the bar, arm in arm.

RICHARD SAUNDERS
Can I walk you to your car?

VANESSA
Sure.

They walk to the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vanessa and Richard walk towards his Prius.
Richard gently puts his hands on her face. They kiss.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie grips the Kanabo tightly, her eyes focused on them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Richard looks around and puts his hands in her hair.
He grips it tight.
Fear comes over Vanessa's face.
He violently slams her head against a nearby car.
She's out cold.
He picks her body up and throws it into his trunk.

EXT. LAZLO'S BREWERY - NIGHT

The Prius passes Laurie's van.
Laurie's van roars to life and follows them down the road.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Richard's Prius pulls up to the entrance.

Richard exits and walks towards the trunk of his Prius. It opens up, revealing an unconscious Vanessa.

Laurie's van pulls up in the distance. She watches the Prius.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie reaches into the back, grabbing for something.

Her phone rings.

The Caller ID says "Ezekiel" but she doesn't see it.

LAURIE
WHAT?

EZEKIEL (V.O.)
Is everything OK, Laurie?

She mouths a profanity.

LAURIE
(through gritted teeth)
I'm fine.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)
Where are you?

LAURIE
You said you didn't want to know.

Laurie's hand grasps something.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Richard takes Vanessa's body out and puts her over his shoulder. He spots Laurie's van.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)
Call the police.

He walks inside.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie yanks the Kanabo up and hangs up. She sprints out.

Laurie spots the Kanabo and grabs it. She exits the van.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Red mood lighting emanates from the ceiling.

Artifacts are freshly placed on the walls.

Vanessa is strapped to the altar. She wakes up and looks all over the room. Fear and panic are all over her face.

Richard walks in and stares at her. He's wearing the mask and a loincloth, the knife in his hand.

She spots him and then the knife. Pure terror comes over her.

VANESSA

I don't want to die!

He cuts a lock of her hair off.

Vanessa turns white.

Footsteps get closer.

Richard smiles.

Laurie runs into the room. She swings the Kanabo at him.

He easily dodges it.

The momentum of the swing turns her body around. She grits her teeth in anger and turns around, gripping the club tightly in her hands.

Laurie turns and sees his right hand coming right at her.

THUMP!

Laurie is sent backward and lands on her back, dropping the club to the ground.

Richard looks at her. He tilts his head in recognition.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

Sabrina from four C.

Vanessa looks around. What the fuck is happening?

Laurie kips back up to her feet.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

He told me you were coming.

An uppercut drops Laurie to the ground.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
I thought you'd have more spunk.

Laurie quickly gets back up, raising her fists up.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
I spotted your tail early, too.

She throws a high kick that he catches with his left hand. He throws her leg down and punches her.

THUMP!

Laurie falls to the ground, his fist leaving an impression on her jaw. She reaches for the Kanabo and he kicks it away.

Laurie somersaults away from him. She stands up and springs towards him. He throws a knee at her rib cage.

CRUNCH!

Laurie crumples to the ground and grabs her ribs in pain. She rolls away, gritting her teeth.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Those boots have to be hell on your feet, running and kicking.

Laurie gets back up, her hands at her side.

He throws a perfect front kick that lands flush on her jaw.

Laurie drops to the ground with a thump.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
That baseball bat isn't a proper weapon when someone's got the drop on you. I would use my knife but that's only for the ceremony.

Laurie groans and kips back up. She takes her hoodie off and throws it to the ground. Laurie strikes a martial arts pose, her arms shaking.

He smiles and gets into a martial arts pose of his own.

She charges him, her upper body bent over in pain.

He tackles her to the ground. His hand pins her face to the floor, his eyes carefully observing her.

WHAM!

He punches her.

WHAM!

He hits her again.

WHAM!

Another fist busts her eyebrow open.

He puts his finger in her eyeball, pressing her face into the floor with authority.

Richard looks up and listens to someone talking to him. He lets her go and stands up. His eyes focus on the knife.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Trellnor has changed his mind.

Richard grabs the knife. His eyes measure Laurie. He plunges the knife at her.

Her hands block him, the knife slowly moving towards her.

They struggle as he puts his weight into it.

Laurie bites his hand.

Richard screams in pain, the knife falling to the ground.

She throws up her legs and locks in a tight triangle choke. Her legs squeeze with everything they have left.

He gurgles quickly and drops to his knees.

Laurie grips his wrist tightly and squeezes.

His shoulder slowly begins to separate as he groans in pain.

Richard explosively stands up and slams her to the floor.

The wind is driven out of her lungs. She gasps for air.

Richard falls backward and away from her. He stands up and spots the Kanabo. He walks over and picks it up.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
You've got spunk.

Laurie rolls over and looks at him.

Her right hand touches Richard's knife.

He stands over her, the Kanabo high above him.

Laurie grips the knife tightly.

RICHARD SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Trellnor, hear my--

Laurie springs up and stabs him in the chest.

The wind exits his lung, blood pouring out.

CLANG!

The Kanabo bounces off the floor.

Richard tries to reach for it but can't. He falls down.

Laurie rolls away. Her eyes spot the Kanabo. She grabs it and uses it to get back to her feet.

Richard tries to stand up but can't. He spits out blood as he lays on his back.

Laurie summons all her strength and hits him square in the nuts with the Kanabo.

He screams loudly in pain. His hands come up into the air.

LAURIE
Do you want mercy?

His hands turn into double middle fingers.

Laurie hits him in the face with the Kanabo. His body twitches for a moment.

He's dead.

Laurie turns and sees Vanessa.

There's an instant, palpable attraction between them.

Laurie goes over to her and stops. She swings the club at Richard's face.

His skull cracks open, his brain exposed, as blood splatters over both of them.

VANESSA
WHAT THE SHIT?

LAURIE
Every time you think they're dead
they always come back for one more
round. It's annoying.

Laurie takes a deep breath. Shock waves of pain scream through her body. She grits her teeth in pain. Her eyes focus on Vanessa in an angry, violent way.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Nod if you never saw me.

Vanessa nods, pure fear in her eyes.

Laurie points to Richard's body.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
That's the Big Red Killer. He's got
a shrine in his bedroom closet
(coughs up blood)
They cops will handle the rest.

Laurie unties Vanessa. She takes a step and falls to her knees. Her hands use the club to get back to her feet.

Vanessa puts her arm around her and helps her back up.

VANESSA
You need to get to a hospital.

Laurie shrugs the arm off.

LAURIE
I'll be fine.

Laurie limps away, using the Kanabo as a cane.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Large white boards with pictures of dead serial killers on them are everywhere.

We see pictures of the BROWN RIVER KILLER, THE SACRAMENTO BEAST and many more.

Photos of The Black Panty Slasher are freshly taped onto it.

The Monster of Atlanta has a #1 by it.

Laurie's sledgehammer is wrapped in an evidence bag on top of several evidence boxes.

Baxter stares at the board.

Drake walks in and spots her.

Baxter walks over and picks up the sledgehammer.

MAURA BAXTER
 This sledgehammer killed the
 Monster of Atlanta in Georgia.
 Guess where it came from?

PAUL DRAKE
 Atlanta, Georgia?

MAURA BAXTER
 Suburban Chicago.
 (beat)
 Someone stole it from the shed of a
 guy in a wheelchair and it winds up
 there. I wonder how.

PAUL DRAKE
 No one wanted to know why back
 then. We just took the win.

FBI AGENT RACHEL ORVILLE (mid 30s) sprints into the room and
 looks around.

ORVILLE
 PAUL!
 (spots Paul)
 They found the Big Red Killer!

Drake's eyes open wide.

PAUL DRAKE
 I wish I could've been there when
 they put the cuffs on.

ORVILLE
 Thomson has an emergency all hands
 in an hour. Spread the word.

PAUL DRAKE
 My old partner probably busted him.
 I have to see how he did it!

Drake takes out his phone.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Richard's corpse has a white sheet over it.

Law Enforcements from the FBI, Nebraska State Police and
 local Lincoln Police officers are all over in what would be
 gently be called a jurisdictional clusterfuck.

An FBI AGENT bags Laurie's sweatshirt.

Richard's phone rings.

Everyone in the room turns to it.

The Caller ID says "Drake."

Everyone stares at it. It goes to voicemail.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff studies the remnants of the Black Panty Slasher's phone.

A monitor flashes red. A picture of Richard Saunders and "Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation" comes up.

Jeff turns his attention to it.

JEFF
Fuck me sideways.

INT. BLAKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blake drinks from a large soda.

On the left monitor is a Twitter feed for #BigRedBigDead and #MKH. Tweets are being put out at extraordinary rates.

On the right monitor is the profile of a local MINNESOTA COLLEGE STUDENT (19, female). Everything about her, from her school schedule to her sleeping patterns, is littered over the screen in browsers.

On the middle monitor Jeff panickedly types.

Blake calls Horse Face.

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER
Big Red is down.

INT. HORSE FACE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Newspaper headlines of the Horse Face Killer's massacres are all over the walls.

An ax and the Horse Face Killer's mask are in a corner.

From behind we see Horse Face behind a desk, staring at a news story about Richard's death.

HORSE FACE KILLER

Get me the location of the house
you're watching.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HORSE FACE AND BLAKE

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER

Give me a couple hours. I don't
want to let him know he's bugged.

HORSE FACE KILLER

I need you to plant some bread
crumbs in there. Can you?

APPLE VALLEY STRANGLER

It's old CIA level tech. They
patched the back door I've been
looking through years ago but he
never did. I got this.

HORSE FACE KILLER

I'm going to send you a package of
information. Plant it and make sure
he finds it.

Horse Face presses enter.

A file marked "Bible" comes up on Blake's screen.

A bead of sweat come down Blake's brow.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Laurie's van drives away from Lincoln.

EXT. LINCOLN TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Laurie's van pulls in.

A sign indicating clean showers stands out.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jeff dials Laurie frantically.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

The phone rings.

Laurie sees "Jeff" on the Caller ID and sends him to voicemail. She exits the van.

INT. TRUCK STOP SHOWER - NIGHT

Laurie walks in and locks the door behind her.

Every step is painful.

Laurie walks into the shower stall and turns the water on. He water flows over her as blood and sweat go down the drain.

She takes her shirt off, revealing bruises and cuts.

Laurie drops it on the floor and recoils in pain.

COUGH!

She spits on the ground. It's mostly blood.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT

Laurie's phone has a half dozen missed calls from Jeff.

Jeff calls again.

INT. LARGE FBI ROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of FBI AGENTS, SUPERVISORS and VARIOUS PERSONNEL. Drake, Orville and Baxter are up front.

LUKE THOMSON (mid 50s, FBI Special Agent in charge) walks in and the room goes dead quiet.

The lights dim, a projector screen turns on.

Pictures of the crime scene come up.

LUKE THOMSON

Ladies and gentlemen... tonight we
end the manhunt for the masked
killer known as the Big Red Killer.

Cheers and claps break out.

Thomson waves his hand.

A picture of Saunders at the crime scene comes up.

Silence.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)
He's been identified as Special
Agent Richard Saunders.

Drake stares at the screen.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)
One of the locals leaked photos of
the crime scene to the press as
well as BRK's identity.

A news agency's website reads "Big Red Killer taken down by
Masked Killer Hunter?"

Photos of Saunders' trophy room come up.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)
Lincoln P.D. is going to close
seventy five cases tonight. We are
going to be opening up one.

Baxter turns to Drake. She's excited.

He glares back at her.

ORVILLE
Do we have a statement?

LUKE THOMSON
She's with LPD right now. They will
be cooperating with us.

Pictures of the Big Red Killer's victims come up.

LUKE THOMSON (CONT'D)
The President has said our number
one priority is to find *him*.

Murmurs and whispers go throughout the room.

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laurie sleeps soundly. Her face is bruised and swollen. A
black eye peeks out from underneath the covers.

Her phone has two dozen missed calls on it.

EXT. REAR BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAWN

The van is parked nearby.

Laurie exits. She's wearing fresh clothes and carrying a large garbage bag. The handle of the Kanabo peeks out.

She walks over to a dumpster and throws everything inside.

Ezekiel calls her.

EZEKIEL (V.O.)
Meet me at Mars. Noon.

He hangs up.

She walks back to her van.

A garbage truck pulls up to the dumpster.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ezekiel eats a burger and fries far from anyone.

Laurie finds him and sits down.

He stares at her bruised face.

LAURIE
You should see the other guy.

Ezekiel touches her face. She recoils in pain.

EZEKIEL
You need to go to a hospital.

LAURIE
They'll assume I'm some battered woman and send me to a shelter. One call from a social worker and--

EZEKIEL
The world is looking for you.

He hands her his phone. It's open to a web search for "Masked Killer Hunter." There are thousands of results.

Her jaw drops.

LAURIE
Oh shit.

EZEKIEL
They aren't fucking around.
(quietly)
None of the results point to you or someone like you. Not yet at least.

LAURIE
I've been careful.

EZEKIEL
As your lawyer I'm going to advise you not to tell me anything else right now. If you're disposing of evidence of a crime then I am duty bound to report it to the police.

LAURIE
So what can you tell me?

EZEKIEL
This ends soon.

LAURIE
Not without him.

EZEKIEL
It won't be your choice.

Ezekiel reaches into his pocket and takes out a business card. He places it in front of her.

LAURIE
We've had this talk.

EZEKIEL
He came highly recommended. Just talk to him, once.

LAURIE
What do I do from there?

EZEKIEL
Maybe you find some normalcy.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A mostly eaten delivery pizza is on Jeff's desk.

On Jeff's desk a folder is marked THE BIBLE RIPPER. It's on top of the mariachi album from Nebraska.

On one monitor is BRAXTON MAJORS (mid 50s, conspiracy theorist, always shouts) on a news set.

"The Real Truth with Braxton Majors" is on the marquee.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.)

I told you people that this was real and not some made up fantasy from internet trolls using 4chan to spread rumors!

Jeff pulls up a handful of articles about out the death of Richard Saunders. He pulls up Reddit and sees a "Masked Killer Hunter" subreddit overflowing with theories.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

First they put the chemicals in the water to make these killers and now they're sending in hit squads to cover it up!

Jeff pulls up news articles about Vanessa. She's listed as a possible witness. Her social media profiles come up.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This so-called Masked Killer Hunter is really a CIA hit squad designed to cover the truth up!

He pulls up the Lincoln, Nebraska Narcotics Anonymous website. Ray is listed as "Meeting Leader." All of his social media profiles come up.

BRAXTON MAJORS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After the break I'll share how the so-called Masked Killer Hunter leads back to Seth Rich, the DNC and Hillary Clinton!

He turns the monitor off.

Angela's social media information, as well as that of the pawn shop, come up.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The conference room has photos of the Big Red Killer crime scene all over it.

A crudely drawn picture marked "Masked Killer Hunter" is freshly taped onto it.

The Masked Killer Hunter is listed at 6'5, 265 pounds and is an average looking man.

Drake stares at it.

Baxter walks in.

MAURA BAXTER
Can't believe it either?

PAUL DRAKE
You think you know someone.

He turns to Maura.

She hands him a picture.

MAURA BAXTER
The witness claims a "huge fucking
guy" tried to leg strangle the Big
Red Killer before stabbing him.

He looks at it quickly and then intensely.

PAUL DRAKE
That bruise pattern should be
wider, right?

Paul puts it down.

MAURA BAXTER
We need to go Lincoln.

She smiles. Now it's real.

INT. EZEKIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ezekiel sits behind his desk. He stares at his computer screen for a while.

Pictures of the Big Red Killer crime scene come up from a news website.

He picks up the phone on his desk and dials the Illinois State Bar Association.

ISBA ANSWERING SERVICE (V.O.)
You have reached the Illinois State
Bar Association Ethics Hotline.

Ezekiel hangs up. His cell phone rings with a blocked number.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A handful of PSYCH PATIENTS sit around a large waiting room.

A Picture of DOCTOR MAXWELL JENKINS (mid 40s, handsome) is on a wall. Laurie sits near the back, far from everyone.

She looks around and walks out.

A RECEPTIONIST walks into the room and looks around.

RECEPTIONIST
Laurie Bell?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jeff's phone rings with a call from Laurie.

LAURIE (V.O.)
I'm ready.

JEFF
Meet me at Triangle in an hour.

She hangs up.

INT. THOMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Thomson stares at Authorization Paperwork.

Maura sits across from him.

Drake stands towards the rear of the office.

LUKE THOMSON
This is beyond your scope.

MAURA BAXTER
I've got a hunch, sir.

Thomson puts the paperwork down.

LUKE THOMSON
This doesn't lead anywhere good.

MAURA BAXTER
Give me twenty four hours in
Lincoln and I'll get something.

LUKE THOMSON
OK, what do you expect to find?

MAURA BAXTER
Maybe he got a parking ticket, or
maybe one of the half dozen crimes
on the local police blotter that
didn't result in arrests were our
guy. No one is that clean.

LUKE THOMSON
I can't authorize this right now.

PAUL DRAKE
Sir, she's onto something.

Drake hands Thomson a photo of the leg bruise.

LUKE THOMSON
Why does this matter?

PAUL DRAKE
This should be much bigger.

LUKE THOMSON
Maybe he skipped leg day.

PAUL DRAKE
Or maybe someone is pointing us in
the wrong direction on purpose.

Maura reaches into a suitcase and takes out a file marked
"Monster of Atlanta."

MAURA BAXTER
How about Grand Rapids, Michigan?
(hands file to Luke)
Two years ago a prostitute with a
drug problem somehow manages to
kill the Monster of Atlanta.

Thomson opens the file up and looks at it.

PAUL DRAKE
I was there, sir. She could barely
walk much less brutally murder a
man like him. Local PD wanted the
win, nothing more.

LUKE THOMSON
(looks at Maura)
What do you think she'll say?

MAURA BAXTER
That she knows who MKH is.

Thomson puts the folder down. He signs the authorization
paperwork and hands it to her.

LUKE THOMSON
You've got twenty four hours.

Maura and Drake nod.

INT. VAN DRIVER'S AREA - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Laurie intensely stares down the highway.

On the passenger seat is a folder marked "Bible Killer."

A well worn road map of the Midwest is underneath it.

EXT. MICHIGAN HOME - DAY

Drake and Baxter approach a small Victorian themed home.

PAUL DRAKE

I hope you're right on this.

MAURA BAXTER

So do I.

Both approach the door. Deep breaths.

KNOCK KNOCK!

The door opens up and Donna is on the other side.

A SHOTGUN is in her hands.

DONNA THOMAS

You've got twenty seconds.

MAURA BAXTER

We're with the FBI.

Donna looks over them closely.

DONNA THOMAS

Badges, please. Slowly.

Drake and Baxter take out their badges and show them to Donna. Underneath their jackets we see holstered pistols.

MAURA BAXTER

We're here to talk to you about the
Monster of Atlanta.

Donna places the shotgun into a large pot.

DONNA THOMAS

Did he come back to life?

PAUL DRAKE

He's still dead.

DONNA THOMAS
I don't want to talk about it.

MAURA BAXTER
We know you didn't kill him.

DORNA THOMAS
And I pray every single day that
you never find that girl. She's a
god damn hero.

SLAM!

Maura and Drake look at the door and each other.

PAUL DRAKE
That was fun.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A laser printer hums in the distance.

One of the Monitors changes from general news coverage into a terminal. Hundreds of lines of code flash by.

The monitor returns to normal.

Jeff wheels back in with Chinese Takeout.

Footsteps get closer.

Jeff reaches underneath his desk for his shotgun.

JEFF
Whoever is here--

A DARK FIGURE approaches from the shadows.

Jeff takes the shotgun out and aims it at him. He pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

A knife appears in the Dark Figure's hands.

EXT. MICHIGAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and Drake walk back to their car.

Drake opens the driver's door.

Maura pauses.

PAUL DRAKE

We can't take another run at her.

MAURA BAXTER

Her. That's the key word here.

Paul pauses and looks around.

PAUL DRAKE

It could make sense.

MAURA BAXTER

When's our flight tomorrow?

PAUL DRAKE

Eight.

MAURA BAXTER

Let's try to connect the dots.

Both get inside the car.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The Dark Figure wipes his boots on the lawn. Fresh blood is ground into the dirt.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jeff is dead, brutally stabbed to death.

His phone rings. The Caller ID says "Laurie."

INT. VAN CARGO HOLD - DAY

Laurie sits on the cot, her phone in her hands.

A Chinese Nine Ring Sword is on her desk. It's older but the blade is still razor sharp.

A Mariachi Band Record is underneath it.

LAURIE

You must be doing something amazing to ditch my call this time.

(looks at record)

The clerk at the pawn shop said the album I got is one of two hundred pressings. It must be rare or bad... I'm not sure which. You'll have to let me know, I suppose.

(MORE)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

This one is being brazen about his stalking. It's almost too easy. I took some Advil so I'll be fine if it doesn't turn into a scrap.

She hangs up.

INT. MICHIGAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Drake and Baxter sit at a small table in front of laptops.

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe Thomson was right.

MAURA BAXTER

This isn't a wild goose chase.

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe it was a slip of the tongue?

MAURA BAXTER

Do you ever confuse anyone's gender, Paul?

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe it was a metaphor.

MAURA BAXTER

Or maybe the Monster of Atlanta was the first victim of MKH.

He doesn't buy it.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

Follow me on this, OK?

He nods.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

Serials are always sloppy at first because they're developing their pattern, right?

PAUL DRAKE

Right.

MAURA BAXTER

But it's always a pattern. Someone studying them would realize that.

PAUL DRAKE

They left the sledgehammer behind.

MAURA BAXTER

It was sloppy, like a first kill.

PAUL DRAKE

Let's say I buy it. Now what?

MAURA BAXTER

Someone has to have vast resources to find these guys but enough tech knowhow to stay off the grid.

PAUL DRAKE

A good meal will help get the juices flowing, I think.

EXT. LARGE MICHIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The BIBLE KILLER (mid 40s) watches the house in a BLACK PICKUP TRUCK nearby.

He's tall with a dad bod and thinning hair fashioned into a mullet. A brand new Bible is in his hands.

Through a large bay window we see several MICHIGAN TEENAGERS drinking and partying.

Laurie's van is down the street.

The Bible Killer exits his truck with torn up pages in one hand and a butcher knife in the other.

He walks towards a gate to the backyard.

Laurie exits the van and follows him discreetly.

EXT. MICHIGAN BAR - NIGHT

Several beers and several empty appetizer trays are in front of the agents.

Drake looks around. His eyes spot the house party.

Maura is glued to her phone.

PAUL DRAKE

Did the President say something stupid again?

She hands her phone to him.

He looks at it and his eyes open wide.

MAURA BAXTER

She goes off the grid and all these guys wind up dead. It has to be.

PAUL DRAKE

I think you're taking what she said a little too hard.

MAURA BAXTER

She said girl, not woman. The first one was not that long ago and Laurie isn't that old.

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe she just relapsed and is dead in an alley somewhere?

MAURA BAXTER

Then why are there articles and forum posts of the legendary Laurie Bell getting her act together?

PAUL DRAKE

Maybe it was too much for her.

MAURA BAXTER

You get her in shape, point her in the right direction and you've got someone who blends in. We've all said it has to be a him because--

PAUL DRAKE

We assume someone who's taking them out is a man.

(beat)

Most serial killers are men, too.

MAURA BAXTER

So a woman hunting them down? No one thinks of that.

PAUL DRAKE

I talked to her enough to know that she didn't have it in her then.

MAURA BAXTER

What's the one thing she'd want more than anything else?

They look at each other.

BOTH

Revenge.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Music bumps from inside the house.

Two TEENAGERS make out by a shed.

The Bible Killer throws the pages by their feet.

They don't notice.

He emerges from the shadows with the knife.

BIBLE KILLER

Hear these words, sinners, and
repent thy sins in front of the
LORD YOUR GOD!

They turn and see him. Their jaws drop in abject terror.

BIBLE KILLER (CONT'D)

Hellfire and BRIMSTONE await--

SLICE!

Blood comes out his neck, pouring down. His head falls off and hits the ground with a thud.

His body collapses to the ground, revealing Laurie behind him. A layer of blood is on her sword.

The Teenagers scream in terror.

LAURIE

He's got a shrine in a shed right
behind his trailer.

They look at her, not understanding.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I need you to tell the police--

The music stops.

Her eyes turn to a sliding glass door. All she hears is her own heartbeat, pounding through her chest.

A cold sweat comes down her brow. Fear comes on her face for the first time in years.

The Horse Face Killer emerges from inside, axe in hand.

Blood drips off it.

The teenagers scream loudly.

EXT. MICHIGAN BAR - NIGHT

Maura and Drake hear them.

PAUL DRAKE
That's twice.

MAURA BAXTER
It's not good.

PAUL DRAKE
Call the locals. I'll check it out.

He sprints to the house.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurie points to the gate behind her.

The teenagers sprint past her.

Laurie takes a deep breath and steels herself. Fear has given way to pure, unbridled and unfocused rage.

Horse Face cracks his neck to the left and to the right. He yawns and slowly approaches her.

Laurie throws a beautiful spinning wheel kick he easily dodges. She grips her sword harder and swings wildly at him.

He ducks and blocks every single try.

THUMP!

A big front kick from him sends her flying backwards.

HORSE FACE KILLER
I expected more out of you.

LAURIE
I'm just getting started.

She kips up and swings the sword wildly at him.

He blocks it casually.

SNAP!

Part of the blade flies off and into the yard, leaving a jagged edge.

He swings the ax wildly at her.

She easily ducks it and goes to stab him.

WHACK!

A big right hook drops her to the ground.

Both of Horse Face's hands grip his ax as he swings it down.

She rolls out of the way.

THUMP!

He swings and she rolls out of the way again.

THUMP!

She rolls out of the way again.

WHACK!

An elbow lands flush on her face.

Laurie's nose breaks, blood pouring out instantly.

She stabs him in the ankle and Horse Face falls to his side.

Laurie rolls backward, towards the house.

Horse Face looks her in the eyes and pulls the sword out. He throws it away casually and glares at her.

She motions for him to fight.

He smiles and throws the ax down, walking her down.

Laurie puts her hands up and throws a right.

Miss.

A left.

Miss.

Horse Face effortlessly dodges as every strike she tries hits nothing but air. He catches her hands and headbutts her.

She drops her to the ground, blood pouring out of her nose.

His eyes measure her face and he brutally knees her.

Laurie falls backwards, groaning in pain. She looks up and sees Horse Face. His back is to the sliding glass door.

She slowly stands up .

He smirks at her.

Her eyes focus on him. Rage has given away to calm.

Laurie feints a right hand and Horse Face puts his hands up.

She ducks and catches him on a perfect double leg takedown.

CRASH!

She drives him through the sliding glass door.

INT. MICHIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A handful of DEAD BODIES are all over.

Shards of glass fly everywhere as Laurie and Horseface fly into the room.

Horse Face moans in pain. Glass is stuck in many different parts of his back.

Laurie looks around and spots a coffee pot. She grips it tightly and swings it at Horse Face's head.

THUMP!

She swings it over and over. He puts his hands up to block.

CRACK!

The pot breaks on his forearms.

Horse Face grabs Laurie by the throat and stands up with her.

His hands slowly squeeze the life out of her.

She kicks him in the nuts as hard as she can.

He howls in pain and drops her to the ground.

WHACK!

Horse Face kicks her in the ribs, sending her flying out of the house.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurie lands with a thump. She looks around and spots the ax.

She crawls to it.

WHACK!

Another big kick to her ribs and she flies off the porch, screaming in pain.

She lands near a broken piece of her sword.

Horse Face grabs the ax and walks after her.

Drake sprints into the backyard, gun drawn. He sees Laurie, lowering it for a moment. His jaw drops.

PAUL DRAKE

What the--

THUMP!

The ax flies into Drake's head. He falls to the ground, dead.

Horse Face smiles and turns to Laurie. He sees her plunge the shard into his heart.

He lets out a primordial scream as she plunges it inside him over and over.

Horse Face falls to his knees.

She rips his mask off.

The Horse Face Killer is Doctor Jenkins.

She stares into his eyes as she twists the shard further.

He howls in pain.

Laurie stares him deep into the eyes.

LAURIE

This is for her.

She twists it.

Horse Face lets out a howl of pain and dies.

She lets go of his body, watching it for a moment.

Her hand rips the shard out and stabs him repeatedly.

Yep, still dead.

Maura sprints in with her gun drawn.

MAURA BAXTER

Freeze!

Laurie turns and sees Maura. She spots her badge on her hip and puts her hands up.

They stare at each other for a moment.

Maura sees Paul's body and turns back to Laurie. She holsters her weapon.

MAURA BAXTER (CONT'D)

You need to me hit me or else--

Laurie drops Maura with a BOMB of a right hook.

She turns around and sprints into the darkness.

Moments later several GRAND RAPIDS POLICE OFFICERS show up.

EXT. MICHIGAN BACKYARD - LATER

GRAND RAPIDS POLICE surround the area.

CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL are all over.

Maura has a blanket over her shoulders as she sits on the porch. Her eye is massively bruised and blackened.

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY (DAYS LATER)

Laurie's van pulls up. She exits and walks up to the front door. Her hands knock on it.

Nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A chalk outline of Jeff's body is on the ground.

Laurie walks in and looks around. She quickly walks up to his computer and types on it.

Her fingers type in "Jeff Tolliver."

Articles about his death come up.

Tears pour out of Laurie's face.

She grabs the keyboard and presses a button.

A password comes up.

She thinks for a moment and then types in "Professor Broom."

It accepts her.

Video footage of Jeff's murder comes up.

Her eyes focus on it.

EXT. EZEKIEL'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ezekiel has a full trash bag in his hands. His eyes are blood shot, dark circles are around his eyes.

Laurie appears out of the darkness, startling him.

EZEKIEL

I have a front door.

LAURIE

Yes you do.

Silence.

EZEKIEL

I saw the news. How did it feel?

LAURIE

Good.

EZEKIEL

I heard about him. I'm sorry.

LAURIE

Thank you.

EZEKIEL

I was contacted by a lawyer for his family. He left you a considerable amount of money.

LAURIE

I don't want it.

EZEKIEL

It's enough to go anywhere you want and start a new life.

She looks at him deeply. Her body tenses up.

LAURIE

He recorded it.

Ezekiel looks at it and sighs.

EZEKIEL

I saw him told him about everything bad I did during a therapy session. He said if I didn't do it, he'd tell the people I stole from all about it.

(beat)

They would've hurt my family and I couldn't let that happen.

LAURIE

I could've done something.

EZEKIEL

You can barely take care of yourself, Laurie.

Silence.

LAURIE

Are you going to turn yourself in?

EZEKIEL

You wouldn't be here for that.

Ezekiel reaches into his lower back, taking out a pistol.

She moves her hand forward, revealing a machete.

LAURIE

I don't want to do this.

EZEKIEL

Then walk away.

LAURIE

Not for him.

He aims the gun at her.

EZEKIEL

Don't make me do this.

LAURIE

He deserves justice. Which type he gets is up to you.

EZEKIEL

What about the people you killed?

LAURIE

They got what they deserved.

EZEKIEL
What about Sabrina?

LAURIE
What about her?

EZEKIEL
Do you think she's happy to see
what you've done in her name?

LAURIE
When he wants to talk to me about
all the lives I took, I'll gladly
ask him why he needed to take her.

EZEKIEL
What about all the talk about God
not listening?

LAURIE
We'll both meet our maker sooner
than later, Ezekiel. I'm OK with
what I've done. Are you?

He looks at her and then at the gun.

EXT. EXEKIEL'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Laurie's van is parked in the distance.

BANG!

A body hits the ground in the distance.

Laurie emerges and walks to her van.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Jeff's Grave has freshly planted flowers on it.

He was a beloved son and husband.

Laurie looks at it, a tear in her eye. She wipes it away.

MAURA BAXTER (O.S.)
My partner admired you in a way.

Laurie turns and sees Maura. Her hand turns into a fist.

LAURIE
I'm sorry for your loss.

MAURA BAXTER

I always thought he half-assed the hunt for you because he thought you were doing the Lord's work.

LAURIE

What about you?

MAURA BAXTER

Part of me thinks you in a jail cell does less good in the world than you out here.

LAURIE

And the other part?

MAURA BAXTER

I keep one in the chamber, in case you were wondering.

Laurie looks around. No one is near them.

LAURIE

It'll take more than one of you to bring me in.

MAURA BAXTER

The FBI doesn't know who MKH is. It's up to you if it stays that way, Miss Bell.

LAURIE

The Masked Killer Hunter, huh.
(beat)
Is that what you're calling me?

MAURA BAXTER

They don't use creativity to hire people, unfortunately.

Maura hands Laurie a folder.

LAURIE

What's this?

Laurie opens it up.

MAURA BAXTER

The last thing he printed out.

Inside is a thumb drive and information about the Apple Valley Strangler.

LAURIE
Minnesota is nice this time of
year, isn't it?

MAURA BAXTER
It is.

Laurie looks into the distance.

LAURIE
So how does this work?

MAURA BAXTER
He had the drive in a safe deposit
box for a reason. I'm assuming it
was in case something like this
happened to him.

LAURIE
We never talked about that what if.

MAURA BAXTER
Neither did Paul.

LAURIE
What do I do?

MAURA BAXTER
Stay off our radar.
(beat)
I'm going to keep looking for the
"huge fucking guy" that Vanessa
Simpson described and I saw in
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Laurie nods and walks away.

FADE OUT.