

**JEFF**

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FIRST DRAFT  
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This is a five-episode series.

**TITLE CHAPTERS:**

- 1- "ORIGIN"
- 2- "OBSESSION"
- 3- "REVENGE"
- 4- "BLOOD"
- 5- "ENDING"

A CARLOS OROZCO SERIES

BASED IN THE CHARACTER CREATED BY SESSEUR

**JEFF**

Episode #101: "ORIGIN"

CAST LIST:

JEFF WOODS  
LIU WOODS  
MARGARET WOODS  
MARTIN WOODS  
TROY WEATHERS  
KEITH MARSHALL  
RANDY JOHNSON  
OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
OFFICER BOGGS  
OFFICER MACALLAN  
BARBARA LEWIS  
ROBERT LEWIS  
SARAH  
BEN  
PARTY GUESTS  
GIRL  
GIRL'S FATHER  
DR. MURRAY

**BLACK.** The sound of leafs dancing and the air whispering in our ears.

**INT. GIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

-GIRL'S BEDROOM:

We face an open window. Curtains dance as the wind blows through.

SUPER: MAY 10th, 2009 11:05 P.M.

CAMERA TURNS LEFT SLOWLY as we look around a GIRL'S ROOM. Posters, paintings, photos, a desk, a whole decorated room. At the bottom, a BED. A GIRL is sleeping over it, no-snoring, covered by blankets.

WE FOCUS ON the GIRL'S FACE. She's pretty, between 15-17 years old, blonde and with some freckles around her nose.

We HOLD IN THERE FOR 20 SECONDS.

The GIRL OPENS HER EYES SLOWLY, still asleep. She yawns quietly, covering her mouth with her hand. After her sight gets clear, she looks at the wall next to her.

GIRL'S POV: At the wall, there's the light of farol outside, illuminating the room.

The GIRL turns and looks at the OPENED WINDOW. She seats, putting on her sandals, and stands. She walks forward the window. After getting to the edge, she peeks out.

GIRL'S POV: The street is empty. There are houses around. No light is on. There are cars parked next to the sidewalks.

The girl grabs the window glasses and pulls them inside. She closes the window. At the wall, the light has become dimmer. The girl walks back to the bed, taking off her sandals, throwing herself to the bed and covering her body with the blankets. She closes her eyes.

We HOLD IN THERE FOR 30 SECONDS--

Until we HEAR SOMETHING: A HIT. AGAINST THE GLASS.

ON THE WINDOW. Then, two objects hitting the wall. The glasses.

The window was opened.

The girl opens her eyes once more, this time quicker. She seats slowly, looking at the window. It is OPENED.

She stands once more, this time without sandals and walks toward the window. She peeks out once more.

GIRL'S POV: THE STREET IS FULLY EMPTY. Not one single soul.

The girl seems confused. *What the fuck?* She closes it again and repeats the process of returning to her bed.

After she's covered on her blankets, she looks at the wall's light.

GIRL'S POV: The light is dim and yellow. The shadow of the cross made by the window frame is projected.

The girl closes her eyes. As she tries to sleep--

A slight sound, but easy to distinguish. A FOOTSTEP.

The girl opens her eyes once more and looks at the wall.

GIRL'S POV: Instead of the shadow of the cross, now, there's the shadow of a MAN. STANDING INSIDE THE BEDROOM.

The girl gasps. She seats quickly. But sees nothing. She looks at the wall. The SHADOW is GONE.

GIRL  
(Whispering)  
What the hell?

Her breathing becomes heavier. She looks all around the room and sees... The closet, which is at the other side of the room.

GIRL'S POV: The closet door is half-opened. *If you watched closely in the last minute, you may have noticed it was closed before.*

The girl swallows hard. A drop of sweat falls through her forehead. *Shit, shit, shit...*

She seats and stands, without the sandals. Walks forward the closet, with slow steps. Tension rises, so as the suspense.

She arrives and stands in front of the closet. She rises her hand and grabs the door's handle. She swallows one last time. She grabs the handle harder and...

PULLS THE DOOR.

Nothing. Just clothes and shoes. The girl is confused. She reaches into her clothing, moving it to the sides, trying to discover someone inside. But there's no one.

She sighs, relaxed. She pushes the door and closes the closet. She walks backwards. Turns and walks forward her bed. She arrives, throws herself at it and gets inside the blankets.

-INSIDE THE BLANKETS:

The girl covers her head and turns to her left side. She relaxes, now safe on her bed. Her eyes are closed--

A THIN AIR FLOW THAT COMES AND GOES. It smells kinda awful. She makes a disgusting face, opens her eyes and--

GIRL'S POV: SHE LOOKS AT A GUY'S FACE, WHO IS LYING RIGHT NEXT TO HER. HIS FACE IS DEEPLY HORRIBLE. WHITE, NO EYELIDS, A RED BLOOD SMILE FROM EAR TO EAR, HANDEDLY MADE AND A PSYCHOTIC LOOK.

                  CREEPY GUY  
                  (Whispering)

Hi.

THE GIRL SCREAMS!!! She tries to get away, but FALLS FROM THE BED'S EDGE. She crawls back, ignoring the pain, as she screams and screams and screams.

                  GIRL  
                  (Screaming; horrified)  
DAD! DAD! DADDY!!!

GIRL'S POV: Over the bed, the blanket rises - the GUY starts kneeling, and standing, slowly. It looks like a classical ghost. We hold in there for some seconds.

                  CREEPY GUY  
Oh, girl. What a lovely smile you  
have.

Then, HE ROARS, LAUGHING, as the BLANKET FLIES AWAY. He's wearing a white sweater, dark blue jeans and white shoes. He JUMPS OFF THE BED and LANDS right in front of the girl, who's about to scream again. But the guy covers her mouth with her right hand. A TEAR COMES OUT FROM THE GIRL'S EYE. The guy just stares at her, analysing her. He raises his finger in front of his mouth.

                  CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)  
Shhh...

The girl's breathing is heavy. The guy giggles.

                  CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)  
Oh, love. Look at yourself. So  
beautiful. So innocent. So...  
(MORE)

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

human.

(Giggles)

I like your eyes, but I love them  
even more when they cry. I like  
your voice, but I love it much more  
when you scream. I like your  
smile...

He takes out a knife from his sweater's pocket. The girl  
tries to struggle, but in vain. The guy gets the blade closer  
to the girl's face.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

But I'll enjoy it much more when  
you have my same smile. Ear to ear.

He shows his teeth, smiling (?). The guy takes off his hand  
from the girl's face, but grabs her neck instead. He gets the  
blade's tip inside the girl's lip, inside her mouth. He gets  
the knife deeper. The girl chokes.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

Here. We. Go.

He giggles. The knife is deep enough to--

KNOCK KNOCK. The guy stops. Both look at the door.

GIRL'S DAD (O.S)

Sweetheart. What happened? You  
okay?

The door opens. Light covers the interior. An MAN enters. The  
GIRL'S DAD, a man on his early 50's.

He looks at the scene. Gets shocked.

GIRL'S DAD (CONT'D)

Jesus--!

The guy then WAVES THE KNIFE, REAPING THE GIRL'S MOUTH FROM  
HER CHEEK. Blood is sprayed on the wall and on the Dad's  
pajamas. The guy roars while standing. He rises the knife  
and--

STABS THE DAD RIGHT IN THE CHEST. Dad stumbles backwards, and  
his back crashes against the door's frame. Blood comes out  
from the knife's wound and from Dad's mouth. The guy giggles.

CREEPY GUY

Shh! Shh! Shh, daddy! C'mon, dad.  
It's time to sleep. Go to sleep,  
c'mon.

Dad's back slides and his body hits the floor. The guy takes out the knife violently. Blood sprays on the guy's face. He runs away through the hallway. The girl stays in the floor, grabbing her cheek, as his father, dead, lies on the door frame, seated, still in his shoke face.

#### **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN**

The entrance door OPENS. The guys comes out of it, runs away without closing the door. He laughs. Hard. He enjoys this. As he arrives to the street and runs away, he jumps and waves his hands, like dancing. He's cheering this.

At the horizon, as the CAMERA RISES, the sun start to come out from the east...

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: **JEFF**

The TITLE lingers, moving toward us as it FADES IN RED.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. HOUSE - DAY**

We're in the middle of a hallway. Short, with some door frames showing the rooms' entrances. The house is empty.

SUPER: JUNE 25th, 2007 3:05 P.M.

We move around the house. The ambiance is quiet. No drawers, no beds, no coaches, no tables, anything. Not one single soul.

We move towards the entrance door. We hold in there as--

IT OPENS. A MAN, in his early 40's enters.

This is MARTIN WOODS.

He checks the interior of the house.

MARTIN  
Hey, guys! Check this out!

As he goes off scene, a WOMAN enters, among her TWO SONS. The woman is MARGARET WOODS (39). The OLDEST SON is LIU WOODS (19)...

And the YOUNGEST SON is JEFF WOODS (16). *This is our main character.*



MARGARET

Oh my, darling! You got us a pretty one.

MARTIN (O.S)

Yeah! And... you know what's the best? It cost much less than I expected! Five hundred grand.

MARGARET

What? That's amazing!

CAMERA FOLLOWS JEFF'S FACE, who's is a bit bored about the moving situation. There's no excitement in his face, just... seriousness.

MARTIN

Of course it's amazing! We can afford this for the rest of our lives. This might be our official home.

Liu and Jeff look around the house. Liu is the only teen smiling.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What do you guys think?

LIU

I like it. A lot.

MARTIN

What about you, Jeff? You like it?

Beat.

JEFF

It's... okay.

MARTIN

Oh, c'mon, Jeff. You can say better than that.

JEFF

It's... fine?

Martin rolls his eyes. There's a short pause. Margaret breaks it.

MARGARET

Well... shall we get the stuff out of the truck? I wanna eat something.

Margaret exits the house, followed by Martin. Liu and Jeff stay in their places. The older boy looks at his younger brother.

LIU  
You promised not to do that again.

JEFF  
I'm sorry! I'm not very good at words!

LIU  
That's no excuse. Remember what I told you to do?

JEFF	LIU (CONT'D)
Give a smile and open your heart.	Give a smile and open your heart.

LIU (CONT'D)  
That's it. Where's the problem in that?

JEFF  
I dunno. What do you want me to tell ya?

MARTIN (O.S)  
Guys, could you give us a hand over here?

Beat.

LIU  
Now there's a chance to redeem what you did.

Jeff rolls his eyes and exits the house. Liu follows him.

# **INT. HOUSE - SUNSET**

In the middle of a room, there's a small table. Martin, Margaret, Liu and Jeff are seated around, eating a small bowl of noodles each one.

MARTIN  
So... Here's what we're doing tomorrow. We have already bought your uniforms. You're walking up to the corner, where there's a bus stop--

LIU  
Are we going on bus?

MARTIN  
Yes. It's already paid. You have to  
be there around...

(Looks at his watch)  
6:00 AM. The bus will take you to  
high school and... I guess the rest  
is up to you.

LIU  
Great.

MARTIN  
Are you both agree? Any questions?

LIU  
Nope.

Jeff doesn't respond. Beat. Martin looks at Jeff, who is  
focused on his noodles.

MARTIN  
Jeff... Any questions?

Beat. Jeff looks at his father without rising his head.

JEFF  
No.

MARTIN  
Great.

The family keeps eating for some seconds until--

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Margaret reacts.

MARGARET  
Uh... That's weird.

MARTIN  
It might be Johnson. Do I go or--?

MARGARET  
No, no. It's fine. I'll go.

She stands up and walks off scene.

MARTIN  
If it's Johnson, tell him I'll pay  
him on Wednesday!

MARGARET (O.S)

I will!

-AT THE ENTRANCE:

Margaret arrives to the door. She opens it and sees a WOMAN, in her late 40's. At her side, there's a YOUNG BOY, 8-years-old. The woman smiles at Margaret.

WOMAN

Hi! Good to see you. My name's Barbara. I live next door.

MARGARET

I'm Margaret.

BARBARA

Well... I wanted to say hi and welcome you into the neighborhood.

MARGARET

Thank you so much.

BARBARA

Yeah... Oh! This is my son, Robert.

Robert gives Margaret his hand as a former gentleman and they both shake them. Margaret is surprised.

MARGARET

Oh, such a gentleman.

BARBARA

Well, in three days it'll be his 9th birthday and we would like you to come. Your whole family.

MARGARET

Great! We will be there.

BARBARA

Is it okay at 5?

MARGARET

Excellent. I'll see you there.

BARBARA

Perfect! See you around.

MARGARET

See ya.

Barbara and Robert walk off scene. Margaret closes the door and turns to walk away--

BUT JEFF IS RIGHT BEHIND HER. HE FACES HER.

JEFF  
Are we going to a kid's birthday?

MARGARET  
Yeah, we will. Guys!

She starts walking away, passing next to Jeff -- but he reaches her arm and stops her. She turns.

JEFF  
(Mad)  
Mom. An 8-YEAR-OLD KID'S BIRTHDAY party?! Are you fuckin' serious?!

MARGARET  
JEFF! Don't speak like that!

JEFF  
This is a kid! I'm not going to his stupid party!

MARGARET  
Jeff! We're all going!

JEFF  
Uh... No. I've just said I'm not.

MARGARET  
You are! We all are!

Martin arrives to the scene.

MARTIN  
Hey, hey, hey. Is there a problem?

A beat. Jeff stares at his mother's eyes.

MARGARET  
(Looking at Jeff)  
No, sweetie...  
(Looking at Martin)  
The woman who lives next door invited our whole family to his son's birthday in three days.

MARTIN  
Oh... It falls on Thursday. Great. I think I have free day.

MARGARET  
Perfect.

Jeff lets go Margaret's arm. She walks away as Jeff, disappointed, stays in his place, stand, with nothing else to do.

JEFF

Shit.

He walks up to the stairs and goes off scene.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (PRE-LAP)

I'd like a...

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

We see a MAN, standing right in front of us. He's latin, in his early 30's. This is OFFICER RAMÍREZ. He's looking up, reading something.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(Beat)

...two... two Macchiatos, please.

He looks down, seeing a GIRL EMPLOYEE.

SUPER: MAY 11th, 2009      8:02 AM

EMPLOYEE

So... two Macchiatos. Anything else?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Yeah... I'd like one of those.

He points at something behind the table glass below him. Inside, there are dozens of doughnuts or snacks. He's pointing at a pink doughnut covered with colorful sparks.

EMPLOYEE

(Following Ramírez finger)

A Strawberry Frosted?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Huh? Oh, yes! Yes! That one.

EMPLOYEE

A Strawberry Frosted Doughnut. Anything else?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Huh...

He turns and tries to look among the GROUP OF PEOPLE STANDING OR WALKING AROUND. In a table, is a MAN, american and in his late 40's. This is OFFICER MACALLAN. He's watching his cell phone screen.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hey! Mac!

He doesn't listen.

Ramírez whistles with his fingers over his mouth. Macallan looks up at Ramírez.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
What?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Wanna doughnut?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
A what?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
A doughnut.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Huh... No, no thanks.

He turns to see the Employee.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
He doesn't want a doughnut.

EMPLOYEE  
Then, that would be all?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Yes.

EMPLOYEE  
It'd be 40.35, please.

Ramírez reaches something in his pocket. He takes out a WALLET. Opens it and takes out some cash. 50 dollars. He handles them.

Meanwhile, Macallan watches his cell phone once more. After some seconds...

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (O.S)  
Thank you!

Ramírez appears holding two drinks and a doughnut wrapped in a napkin. He seats down.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)

Hey, Mac.

He leaves the stuff over the table. Macallan looks at him.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Don't do that.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Don't do what?

OFFICER MACALLAN

Whistle inside a public space. It's annoying.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(Beat)

Sorry. Got you a Macchiato.

He handles it to Macallan.

OFFICER MACALLAN

I don't like Macchiatos.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(Beat)

Really?

OFFICER MACALLAN

I prefer Cappuccinos.

Beat. Ramírez looks regretful.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Better. More for myself.

He leaves the second Macchiato next to the first one. Grabs the doughnut and bites it. Macallan is still watching his cell phone.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)

(Chewing)

What you looking at?

Macallan looks at him, and makes a disgusting face.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Dude!

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

What?

He takes a while, but gets the message.



OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck! Sorry.

He covers his mouth with the napkin.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
(Beat)  
A news reporter about what happened  
two years ago. Trying to find any  
clues or something.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
And have you got any luck?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
I dunno, really. All we have is an  
abandoned house, a mass murder and  
and a disappeared child, alleged  
author of the crime.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Shit. What about the other guy? The  
one in the hospital?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
He can barely talk after the  
attack.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Damn, you're right. We gotta find  
something, or we may not solve this  
case. Like... never.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
No shit, Ramírez.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Hey, I'm just saying my opinion.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Well, your opinion is not helpful  
right now.

Suddenly, a RING TONE. Macallan's cell phone. He grabs it and  
takes it next to his ear.

OFFICER MACALLAN (CONT'D)  
Macallan.

He hears through the phone. Then, his face changes.

OFFICER MACALLAN (CONT'D)  
Alright, we're on our way.

He hangs up.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
What happened?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Grab your things. Now.

He stands quickly. Ramírez, barely knowing what is going on, stands and grabs the two drinks and the doughnut. They both head to the exit.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Hey, what's wrong? Who was that?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
It was Lieutenant Rosko.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
(Beat)  
Oh shit.

They both exit the shop.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)  
But... What the hell happened?!

**INT. CAR - LATER**

Macallan drives as Ramírez, at the passenger's seat, tips some numbers in the screen of his cell phone. He puts the cell phone next to his ear as the call-progress tone is heard.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
C'mon, c'mon...

LIEUTENANT ROSKO  
(Mailbox voice)  
Elliah Rosko here. Leave a message  
after the tone.

Ramírez hangs.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Nothing.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Shit.

The car turns left and slows down as some police cars appear on the street, parked. Dozens of police officers are walking around or standing, interviewing people and taking notes.

The car gets to a side of the street and parks. Both officers get out.

CAMERA HOLDS INSIDE THE CAR, as we see how both officers close the car doors and walk up to a HOUSE, where the whole group of police officers are gathering.

WE'VE SEEN THIS HOUSE. Is the house from **SCENE 1**.

Ramírez and Macallan walk up next to another police, OFFICER BOGGS (in his late 40's). He turns to see them.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Hey, guys. You're late.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Shut up, Boggs. We're here, aren't we? What happened?

OFFICER BOGGS  
A nocturnal attack. Two victims. One dead, the other injured, but will live.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
May we take a look?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Sure. Follow me.

He turns and enters the HOUSE as the two officers follow him.

#### **INT. GIRL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Some FORENSES walk through the house. Officers Boggs, Macallan and Ramírez appear, walking upstairs.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Have you identified the body?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yes. He's name was Archibald Hopkins. 52 years old. Lawyer. Paid his taxes, teetotaler... he actually didn't deserve to die.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Then what was the cause of death?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Knife stabs.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Jesus. How many stabs were found?  
And where?

OFFICER BOGGS  
In the chest. One.

Macallan stops, confused. Ramírez does the same as Boggs turns to look at them.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
One stab in the chest?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yeah. I guess that was enough to  
kill the guy. We're almost there.

He continues walking, followed by the other two officers. They arrive to the upper floor, where there are other FORENSES.

OFFICER BOGGS (CONT'D)  
Here we are.

He walks to a door frame. A FORENSE TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH. Officers Macallan and Ramírez walk closer, next to Boggs. They see the crime scene. Macallan turns, disgusted.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
(Covering his nose)  
Jesus Fuck...

Ramírez stares at the body, analysing it.

IT'S THE DAD'S BODY. Seating on the floor, leaned back to the frame and with the stab wound on his chest, covered on a giant red stain. His sight is totally lost. He's totally gone.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Oh, Dios mío...

OFFICER BOGGS  
The first one this year. So,  
technically, he's back.

Ramírez is confused, barely understanding any of this.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
I'm sorry... Who's back?

Boggs looks at him. He recognizes him.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Oh, you're the... Latin guy, right?  
Nelson?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Ramírez. Nicolás Ramírez.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Oh yeah. You entered a few months  
ago, so this is... a whole new  
issue for you isn't it?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Huh... I guess.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Come here.

He takes him by the shoulder turning and walking away slowly.  
Macallan leans his back on the nearest wall, away from the  
crime scene.

OFFICER BOGGS (CONT'D)  
Two years ago, some guy started  
killing people. First, it was two  
minors. Then, two adult and last  
year, a police officer and then a  
minor. He's deathly. We've been  
looking on the last dark corner of  
this town and do you know what we  
find always?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Huh... No.

OFFICER BOGGS  
A message. Written in crimson  
blood. On each wall, near a crime  
scene.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
A message?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yep. And it always says the same.  
We don't know its meaning or  
anything at all, it's just...  
there.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
What's the message?

Beat. This obviously uncomferts Boggs. He takes a deep  
breath.

OFFICER BOGGS

(Beat)

"Go to sleep".

Beat. Instead of shocking him, it confuses Ramírez.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

"Go to sleep"?

OFFICER BOGGS

Yeah. And I just realized of something.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

What?

OFFICER BOGGS

This is the first crime scene where there's no message.

OFFICER MACALLAN

The second victim says the guy runned off after stabbing his father. Maybe he didn't have time to write a bloody fuckin' message.

OFFICER BOGGS

Could you not call her The Second Victim? She's a girl. She has a name.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Wow, wow, wow... A girl?

OFFICER BOGGS

The survivor of last night's attack. Is a 16-year-old girl. She got a deep cut, but she's safe at the station.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

What's the girl's name?

Boggs looks at Macallan.

OFFICER BOGGS

Could you tell him , please?

Macallan rolls his eyes.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Nina. Her name is Nina Hopkins.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Exactly. Her birth certificate  
doesn't say "HOPKINS, SECOND  
VICTIM", does it?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Shut the fuck up, Boggs. I just  
want to get the the fuck out of  
this place. It smells like rotten  
shit.

Macallan goes off scene. Ramírez and Boggs follow him  
downstairs next to each other.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
So, what now?

OFFICER BOGGS  
We have to bring the rest of the  
family up to here.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
"The rest of the family"?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Mr. Hopkins was divorced. His ex-  
wife and son, younger brother of  
Nina, live in Columbia.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Alright, I'll give them a call.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yeah, that's not how it works. We  
need to show respect, so--

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
We'll go up to Columbia.

OFFICER BOGGS  
It's 2 hours away. It gives us  
enough time.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
That's fine for me. Hey, sir--

OFFICER BOGGS  
Oh, no sir me, please. Call me  
Boggs. If someone calls me "sir", I  
feel much older than I am right  
now. And fatter, dunno why.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Alright... Boggs. I have a doubt.

OFFICER BOGGS

Yes?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Don't you have the identity of the guy? Any clue?

OFFICER BOGGS

We have a very likely suspect.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Who?

At the entrance, Boggs stops and looks at him.

OFFICER BOGGS

I'll tell you in the car.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Wait, it's Mac coming with us?

OFFICER BOGGS

Naw, he's going to the police station. He's tired of visiting families.

Boggs goes on, walking off scene. Ramírez just stares as Macallan gets inside his car, starts the engine and drives off.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(To himself)

"Visiting families"?

OFFICER BOGGS (O.S)

C'mon, Ramírez. We don't have the whole day.

Ramírez reacts. He walks up next to Boggs and follows him by his side.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - MORNING**

Jeff and Liu, dressed in school uniforms and holding backpacks, walk slowly in front of us through the sidewalk. Jeff has his stare down at his feet. Liu seems more joyful. He looks at his brother.

SUPER: JUNE 26th, 2007      5:49 AM

Liu pushes him weakly on a side, making Jeff react.



JEFF

What?

LIU

"What"? What do you mean with  
"what"? C'mon, man. Cheer up. It's  
our first day of school in a new  
school. You should be happy.

JEFF

I am happy.

LIU

Yeah, fucking right. You don't  
foolish me, man. I mean... right  
now... you look like a goddamn  
chimpanzee. Downy and humpbacked.

JEFF

Fuck off.

LIU

Seriously. If you're happy, show it  
in a better way! My advice, you  
should... SMILE a little bit more.

Jeff looks at him.

JEFF

Smile?

LIU

Yeah! Show your teeth, goddamnit!

JEFF

Not gonna happen.

LIU

Alright, suit yourself.

After walking a little bit more, they arrive to the BUS STOP.  
They seat on a metal bench. Jeff leaves his stuff on the  
ground, in front of his legs. We hold in there, while Liu  
waits impatient and Jeff... is just there.

20 seconds pass until--

WHAAAM!!! A TEENAGER IN A SKATEBOARD PASSES QUICKLY IN FRONT  
OF THE BROTHERS. The skateboard HITS JEFF'S STUFF. The  
TEENAGER, a 16-year-old kid, goes on flying, losing balance  
or trying to keep it as the skateboard and Jeff's stuff fall  
everywhere. The TEENAGER manages to stand up and turn to see  
the brothers.

Jeff stands, mad.

JEFF  
Yo, what the fuck?!

Liu stads and puts his arm in front of Jeff, avoiding him to give another step.

LIU  
Jeff, calm down.

The Teenager looks at them... and smiles.

TEENAGER  
Well... well... well. But if it's  
the new kids on the block. It's  
really... really nice to meet you  
both.  
(Calling someone O.S)  
Hey, guys!

Behind Jeff and Liu, another TWO TEENAGERS appear. They're both 15 years old. One of them is skinny, and the other one is a little bit fat.

SKINNY TEENAGER  
Hello there.

Liu waves his hand, nervous. Jeff ignores them.

TEENAGER  
I'm Randy.  
(Pointing at the fat  
teenager)  
That one is Troy.  
(Pointing at the skinny  
one)  
And that one is Keith.

LIU  
Well... hi. My name is Liu, and  
this is--

RANDY  
I didn't ask you, asshole.

Liu stays quiet, embarrassed.

JEFF  
Hey, don't you call him "asshole".

LIU  
Jeff, stop.

RANDY

Yes, Jeff. You should stop it and let us talk for once. Pretty please?

Jeff stays silent.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you. We just wanted to welcome you into the neighborhood with one friendly "hi".

JEFF

Well, your "friendly hi" hitted my stuff and almost hitted me in the fucking nuts.

LIU

(Whispering)  
Jeff...!

RANDY

That was an accident, Jeffy. We should forget about this and start from scratch. Don't you think boys?

TROY

I'm agree.

KEITH

I was just thinking about the same thing, Rand.

Jeff looks at the guys. *There's something wrong...*

RANDY

And I was here also to ask ya guys for a small favor. We... we don't have any money for our lunches. And Troy starves very fast. So... I just wanted to ask you for some money, that's all. Of course, if you got any.

LIU

Huh... Sure... Why not? I think I've got some 20 bucks in here or--

JEFF

(Whispering)  
Liu!

LIU

What?

JEFF  
(Whispering)  
Don't!

Liu seems confused. HE FUCKED UP.

RANDY  
Hear that, fellas? 20 bucks! Damn,  
boy! Got any more?

LIU  
OH... huh... sorry... I don't.  
That's all I've got.

RANDY  
Damnit. Well... that's perfect.

LIU  
Alright. How much do you want?

Randy laughs like an authentic maniac. Troy and Keith follow his lead. After relaxing a little bit...

RANDY  
Everything...

Liu finally gets Jeff's message. NOW HE KNOWS HE FUCKED UP.  
REAL BAD.

LIU  
Oh... I can't. I gotta buy my lunch  
too so... I'm sorry, but I can't  
give you the money.

RANDY  
Yeah... I wasn't asking.

Liu and Jeff step back slowly, ready to run, knowing what's about to happen--

Until their backs touch the tip of two pocket knives, aiming at their vertebral columns. They belong to Troy and Keith. The brothers stop.

TROY  
Oh, no, no, no...

KEITH  
Going somewhere?

Jeff and Liu get paralyzed.

Randy, stepping forward them, takes a third pocket knife from his sweater.

RANDY

(Playing with the knife)  
Oh, guys. You see... This is our neighborhood. And if you wanna... "survive"... you gotta listen and do everything we order ya. If we tell you to rob someone, you rob someone. If we tell you to fuck a pig, you fuck a pig. If I tell you to give me some money--

JEFF

Do your helpers back here suck your dick then?

Randy looks at him, angry. Annoyed. Mad.

RANDY

Oh... we have a motherfuckin' comedian right here. Alright, joker, tell us a joke.

Jeff suddenly SPITS HIM ON THE FACE.

JEFF

I'll tell you a joke. His name is Randy.

Randy cleans the spit off his face. He smiles, grabs Jeff's shoulders and KICKS HIM RIGHT IN THE NUTS! Jeff SCREAMS. He falls, painful. Liu reacts.

LIU

JEFF!!!

RANDY

(Aiming him with the knife)  
Oh, don't move, little pussy.

Liu obeys. Randy stops aiming him with the knife, looks at a painful Jeff moaning on the floor and KICKS HIM ON THE BELLY. Over... and over... and over again.

LIU

(Standing in his place)  
JEFF!!! Stop!

TROY

Give us the wallet, bitch.

Liu stays still, looking how Randy beats Jeff on the floor.

KEITH  
C'mon, asswipe! We don't have all  
fuckin' day!

Liu slowly reaches something in his pocket. Grabs his WALLET,  
is about to take it out--

BUT INSTEAD PUNCHES KEITH RIGHT IN THE STOMACH. Then, PUNCHES  
TROY IN THE FACE. Randy notices this and reacts. He walks up  
to Liu, leaving Jeff.

RANDY  
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Randy PUNCHES LIU RIGHT IN THE CHEEK. This one falls. As he  
did with Jeff, Randy starts kicking Liu.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(To Keith and Troy)  
C'MON, FELLAS!

Troy and Keith stand, go over with Randy and kick Liu as  
well. This one tries to cover from the hits, but it's  
useless. Jeff, still lying on the floor, watches the scene.

JEFF  
(Painful)  
Liu!

RANDY  
(Kicking Liu)  
WOOO! How does it feel,  
boys?!

KEITH  
(Kicking Liu)  
COCK SUCKER!

Jeff stretches his hand.

JEFF  
Liu! LIU!!!

JEFF'S POV: He's sight becomes a blurry image. Dark and pitch  
black, as his face hits the floor.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

Then--

A BLUE LIGHT BULB BARELY ILLUMINATES FROM ABOVE. As the  
CAMERA PULLS CLOSER TO THE SCENE, we see a TEENAGER, wearing  
a white sweater, blue jeans and white tennis, looking at a  
dirty mirror. His hands are all bloody.

VOICE  
Send them to sleep.

CAMERA PULLS CLOSER TO THE GUY'S REFLECTION. We can barely see he's smiling.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Make them all go to sleep.

We HOLD ON THE GUY'S REFLECTION, next to the guy's head. 5 seconds pass until--

THE GUY TURNS TO LOOK AT US. EVEN SMILING, HE SCREAMS! IT'S JEFF HIMSELF!

Then, A FLASH. More like a faulty light bulb. White, and white red spots on it. It finally MELTS, returning us into DARKNESS--

SMASH CUT TO:

The same street. The same moment.

CLOSE ON: JEFF OPENS HIS EYES. HIS PUPIL DILATES.

JEFF'S POV: He looks at the beating scene, which keeps going.

CAMERA CLOSES ON JEFF'S FACE. IT FOLLOWS him as he stands up. Jeff's face shows no horror, nor fear, nor despair. It shows anger, rage, fury ... A murderous feeling. As he stands, the corners of his lips begin to form a small smile.

As the teenagers keep kicking Liu on the floor, no one notices Jeff is already standed. He looks at them and walks forward slowly.

Troy turns his head, trying to see if anyone has witnessed the beating, and SEES JEFF.

TROY  
Yo, Randy. Looks who's here for more.

Randy turns and sees Jeff. Laughs. Keith, after kicking Liu one more time, stops and looks at Jeff. The three teenagers face Jeff.

RANDY  
(Playing with his knife)  
Want some more, little fella? Or are you gonna let us go?

JEFF

Listen to me, little punk, give my brother's wallet back, otherwise--

RANDY

"Otherwise" what, motherfucker?  
What are you going to do?

Randy approaches, as he plays with his knife in front of Jeff's face. But this, in one quick movement, GRABS RANDY'S WRIST AND BREAKS IT. Randy lets go a terrible scream as falls grabbing his broken wrist. Jeff reaches the knife as it falls and STABS RANDY IN THE SHOULDER. Troy and Keith freak out, hesitating at their leader's screams of pain.

TROY

HOLY FUCK?! WHAT THE FUCK?!

KEITH

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! LET'S GO! Let's  
get the fuck out of here!

They turn and run away. We can hear their heavy breathes as sweat drops fall from their foreheads.

CLOSE ON: TROY RUNNING. HIS FACE SHOWS HORROR AND DESPAIR.  
But then--

JEFF'S HAND COVERS TROY'S MOUTH. He surrounds Troy's neck with his arm and pulls him down, making him FALL. Troy turns upside down and struggles.

TROY

Keith! Keith! Get this son of a  
bitch off me--!

Jeff then STABS TROY'S ARM. The teenager screams. Jeff, insensible, stands and gives chase to Keith.

*As the horror goes on, we can hear Jeff's heart beats, increasing slowly.*

Troy rips off the knife and drops it to the ground, amid terrifying screams. Keith continues to run, but Jeff manages to catch up. He doesn't even need the knife. He squeezes his throat and with the other hand punches him squarely in the stomach several times, forcing Keith to vomit even last night's dinner. The puke stains the sidewalk and Keith's feet. Jeff jumps back, avoiding it.

Keith, moaning painfully, falls to the ground.

Jeff looks around, looking at what he has done. *His heart beats slows down, until we can't hear them anymore.*



From behind, Liu walks closer to him, puzzled, dumb with amazement.

LIU  
Jeff...

Jeff turns.

LIU (CONT'D)  
How?

Jeff's tiny smile slowly fades. He's puzzled as well.

JEFF  
I don't know...

A long beat. Liu goes over with Randy and kneels next to him. The teenager is grabbing Liu's wallet. Liu reaches it and takes it away from Randy. He's about to stand-- but Randy GRABS LIU'S ARM. Liu stops and turns to see Randy. This one is crying, painful.

Liu struggles and manages to free his arm. He walks away, next to Jeff.

LIU  
Let's get the fuck away from this place.

JEFF  
Alright. Are we calling a cab?

LIU  
Of course we are.

Jeff and Liu walk away, leaving the kids on the ground, unconscious.

#### **INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER**

Jeff and Liu are seating on the passengers' seats, as the CAB DRIVER takes them to school. It seems he already knows the way.

LIU  
(Whispering)  
Jeff...

JEFF  
Hm.

LIU  
 (Whispering)  
 Wanna explain me what the fuck  
 happened back there?

Beat.

JEFF  
 (Whispering)  
 I don't know.

LIU  
 (Whispering)  
 How can't you know? If you were the  
 one who--

JEFF  
 (Whispering)  
 Dude... I really don't know what  
 happened. It was like... a feeling.  
 An instinct. That guy back there  
 wasn't me.

LIU  
 (Whispering)  
 I know... And that's what worries  
 me the most.

Silence. The cab goes on driving.

# **INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

WE SEE THE ENTRANCE. The door opens. Jeff and Liu enter quietly. After Jeff enters, Liu closes the door slowly. Then...

MARGARET (O.S)  
 Hey, guys!

Margaret appears walking towards them with a big smile.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 So... how was your day?

Liu thinks about something, and is about to say it--

JEFF  
 (Smiling)  
 It was a great day, mom. School was  
 great. I made new friends, so did  
 he. It was... a beautiful day.

Beat. Margaret and Liu are confused. *What the hell?*

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Now, what's for dinner? I'm  
starving.

He walks off scene. Margaret looks at Liu, confused. All he  
does is RISE HIS SHOULDERS.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

-AT JEFF'S BEDROOM:

Jeff is sleeping, no-snoring. He's relaxed, with no  
expression on his face.

FADE TO:

A DREAM:

BLACK.

Then, a DARK BLUE LIGHT BARELY ILLUMINATES the roof of A  
HALLWAY. Made of cement.

CAMERA LOWERS DOWN and we see JEFF WALKING. His forehead is  
BLOODY, so as his hands and his clothes.

VOICE  
Do. You. Know. What. Is. Worst.  
Than. A. Real. Horror. Scream?

Jeff turns right and sees a TEENAGER. His face changes... his  
hand forms a fist. Now, Jeff IS SMILING.

Then, he runs forward the teenager. We can only see his back.  
We hear Jeff's heart beats increasing. He runs with a  
psychotic smile on his face. He's getting closer...

And closer...

And closer...

AND CLOSER--

The OTHER TEENAGER RUNS, STRETCHES HIS ARM AND STABS JEFF  
RIGHT IN THE NECK. Jeff suddenly stops, as blood falls to his  
feet. His mouth covers on red fluid. Is when he notices...

THE OTHER TEENAGER IS HIMSELF. The blood has sprayed on his  
face and clothes. He has no expression on his face. Jeff's  
smile fades away. Then, the SECOND JEFF reaps off the knife  
from the ORIGINAL JEFF'S neck. After that, his heartbeats  
abruptly stop. He falls... dead.

The other Jeff stays there for some seconds. Then, he turns and walks through the hallway. He drops the knife, which falls with a metallic noise.

The beginning of the dream repeats.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
A. Fake. Joyful. Smile...

RIGHT THEN--

SMASH CUT TO:

Jeff opens his eyes. He's still on his bed. Instead of screaming or standing like a normal person would do after such a nightmare... Jeff just stares at the roof.

SECONDS LATER... He starts to smile. He giggles.

**INT. HOUSE - SUNSET**

-AT THE DINING ROOM:

The family is having dinner. They're eating some pizza as the TV is on. The whole family is watching a basketball game.

SUPER: JUNE 27th, 2007 7:26 P.M.

Suddenly, Martin, Jeff and Liu cheer.

MARTIN  
Yeah, LeBron! That's fucking it! Wooh!!!

LIU

JEFF  
Yeah!

MARTIN  
See, guys? That's how  
basketball legends play!  
Lebron, Kobe, Shaq... They're  
like... Wow! Gods.

LIU  
Well, right after Jordan.

MARTIN  
Right after Jordan of course.

DING DONG! The doorbell rings.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Huh... Who can that be?

Martin stands and goes over the door.

-AT THE ENTRANCE:

Martin opens the door. Go to two OFFICERS, standing at the entrance. We recognize one of them. It is the OFFICER MACALLAN.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Good night. Are you Mr. Woods?

MARTIN  
Yes, it's me.

OFFICER # 2  
I'm Officer Terrence and this is  
Officer Macallan. Can we come in?

MARTIN  
Of course. Come in.

The officers enter and go straight to the living room.

Martin, cofounded, closes the door and follows them.

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

The officers don't sit, they just stand.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Sir, would you be so kind to call  
your wife?

MARTIN  
Yes, sure. Margaret!

-AT THE DINING ROOM:

MARTIN (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Can you come please?

Margaret turns her head. She stands and cleans her mouth with a napkin.

MARGARET  
(To Liu and Jeff)  
I'll be right back.  
(To Martin O.S)  
COMIN'!

She walks off scene. Liu and Jeff continue eating pizza.

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

Margaret appears and gets confused after seeing the officers.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Good evening, ma'am.

MARGARET  
Good evening.

OFFICER TERRENCE  
I'm Officer Terrence and this is  
Officer Macallan.

MARGARET  
Okay...

OFFICER TERRENCE  
We're here to talk about something  
that happened related with your  
sons.

-AT THE DINING ROOM:

Jeff and Liu have finished they're pizza and are watching at  
the basketball game.

LIU  
Have you told anyone about what  
happened?

JEFF  
Hell no.

Beat.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
What about you? Have you?

LIU  
Nope.

JEFF  
Do you think those assholes told  
the police?

LIU  
I just wanna watch the game, Jeff.  
We'll talk about that later.

Silence.

MARGARET (O.S)  
GUYS! Could you come to the living  
room, please?

Jeff and Liu look at each other.

LIU  
Let's go, budd.

They both stand. As Jeff walks to the living room, Liu turns off the TV. He follows Jeff.

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

Jeff appears, but Liu doesn't. *He might be behind Jeff, whatever.* His face suddenly changes after seeing the officers.

OH.

FUCK.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Hello, son. Where's your brother?

JEFF  
Huh... He's coming.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Good. 'Cause we have to talk to you both.

Beat. Jeff is obviously nervous.

JEFF  
Talk... about what?

MARGARET  
Jeff. Stop.

JEFF  
Mom. What's going on?

MARTIN  
Why didn't you tell us?

JEFF  
Tell you what?

OFFICER TERRENCE  
Son, we found three boys, two stabbed and one has a bruise on his stomach, we have several witnesses who saw you and your brother escaping from the scene. Now, what do you have to say about this?

Jeff's heart beats, increasing, are heard. Shit, shit, shit, fuck, shit, fucking shit, fuck, fuck, shit...

JEFF

(Sighing; giving up)

Sir ... it was them who attacked Liu and me. And it was me. I was the one who attacked them. Liu tried to stop me, but he couldn't. I'm sorry. But I was trying to defend ourselves.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Well, that ain't what they told us. They said you both attacked them first, trying to rob them.

JEFF

Sir, that's a lie. Those sons of bitches--

MARGARET

Jeff!

JEFF

MOM, NOT NOW! They try to rob us. They beat us and then I did the rest. I'm sorry, but I'm the guilty one, not Liu.

Macallan and Terrence are looking at each other. They start talking to each other in low voice.

OFFICER MACALLAN

I don't trust the kid.

OFFICER TERRENCE

He confessed. No one has the balls to do that, unless you know it's useless.

OFFICER MACALLAN

You saw my son's shoulder. My son is not capable to lie about something like this.

OFFICER TERRENCE

We'll talk about that later. Right now, we'll take the boy to the station, alright?

OFFICER MACALLAN

Fine, but I still think it was his brother.

OFFICER TERRENCE

We. Will. Talk. About. That. Later.



They turn to see Jeff.

OFFICER TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Alright, son. If your parents allow  
us, we'll take you to the police  
station to make you some more  
questions--

LIU (O.S)  
IT WAS ME!!!

Everyone gets scared of such scream. Liu appears, with half  
of his shirt lifted, showing his bruises and holding a knife,  
in a threatening position.

OFFICER TERRENCE                      OFFICER MACALLAN  
HOLY FUCK!                              SHIT!

Both officers grab their guns and aim to Liu. The family  
steps back and get behind the officers.

OFFICER TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Son, drop the knife, please!

LIU  
It was me, officers! I threatened  
Jeff! I told him that if he didn't  
cover my action, he would suffer  
the same fate that those kids did!

OFFICER MACALLAN  
(Whispering)  
Fuckin' knew it...

OFFICER TERRENCE  
Alright! It's okay! We won't shoot  
if you drop the knife.

Liu hesitates, looking at his brother.

*Oh, no. No, no, no...*

LIU  
(Mimic)  
Trust me...

*Shit.*

OFFICER MACALLAN  
DROP THE FUCKING KNIFE!

Liu reacts and obeys. The knife falls next to Liu's feet.  
Macallan keeps his gun and takes a pair of HANDCUFFS. He  
walks up straight to Liu and grabs him from his wrists.

Macallan pushes him against the wall. Then, puts the handcuffs around Liu's wrists.

OFFICER TERRENCE  
Macallan, relax--

OFFICER MACALLAN  
YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP! Next time,  
arrest the right guy and don't  
listen to a kid's prayer.

Bluffly, Macallan pushes Liu and forces him to walk out of the house. Terrence looks at the family.

OFFICER TERRENCE  
I'm sorry... Good evening.

MARTIN  
Wait! You just can't take him! You  
don't have a warrant!

OFFICER MACALLAN  
In fact, we do have a warrant,  
straight from the Lieutenant. Let's  
go!

OFFICER TERRENCE  
Mac...

OFFICER MACALLAN  
LET'S GO!

Macallan opens the door and exits the house with Liu.  
Terrence follows him. Jeff finally reacts.

JEFF  
No, no. NO! Sir, wait!

Jeff runs behind Terrence.

MARGARET  
Jeff, wait!

Margaret tries to reach him, but Martin stops her by grabbing her shoulder.

Margaret is about to cry...

**EXT. SIDEWALK - HOUSE ENTRANCE - SAME**

Macallan and Liu arrive to the patrol. Macallan opens the door and forces Liu to go in. The teenager steps inside, but Macallan gets him inside by pushing his head.

After Liu is already inside, Macallan closes the door. Terrence walks up to the patrol, but Jeff arrives next to him, pulling his arm.

JEFF

Sir, stop! It was me! I attacked those guys! I stabbed two of them with a pocket knife! I make one of them puke over the sidewalk! It was me! Not him!

OFFICER TERRENCE

(Struggling)

Son, stop! We'll check that later, but right now, we must take your brother to the station. Let go, kid!

With a quick pull, Terrence releases his arm. Jeff walks behind him.

JEFF

C'mon, dude! You gotta believe me!

OFFICER TERRENCE

I'm sorry, boy. But there's nothing I can do.

JEFF

You son of a bitch! Let my brother go!

As Macallan gets inside the car, Terrence seats in the passenger's seat. He closes the door as Jeff smashes his hand against the glass, but doesn't even scratches it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

HEY!!! He's innocent! Let him go!

LIU

Oh, my little brother...

Jeff hears this. He looks at Liu, who's smiling at him from inside the car.

LIU (CONT'D)

Stop it. You don't have to keep doing is.

JEFF

Neither do you! You didn't do a shit! Tell the truth! Tell the fucking truth!

OFFICER MACALLAN  
(To Jeff)

HEY!

Jeff looks at him.

OFFICER MACALLAN (CONT'D)  
Get away from the car or I'll  
arrest you for assaulting an  
officer!

Jeff stares at him. His rage increases. Tears appear in his eyes. Giving up, he steps back slowly from the car, staring directly at Macallan. *He will never forget the face of the man who unfairly arrested his brother...*

Macallan drives off. Liu waves his hand to Jeff from the back windshield. Jeff looks at this. He falls over his knees, heart broken.

JEFF  
(Screaming)  
Liu! Tell them I did it! Tell the  
truth!!!

He cries. He lets go heartbreaking sobs. Some neighbors are on their entrances, looking at the scene. Margaret exits the house and goes over with Jeff. She kneels next to him and grabs his shoulder gently.

MARGARET  
Jeff... let's go inside, please--

JEFF  
(Standing; furious)  
Get the fuck away from me!

CAMERA FOLLOWS JEFF FROM BEHIND as he stands and runs inside--

**INT. HOUSE - SAME**

-the house. He pushes Martin to a side, getting him out of his way.

MARTIN  
HEY!

Martin disappears as Jeff runs upstairs, he gets to the upper floor and enters his room. RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA, HE SLAMS THE DOOR. CAMERA HOLDS IN THERE.

-AT JEFF'S ROOM:

Jeff walks side to side through his room.

RAGE MONTAGE:

-Jeff keeps walking one side to another, mad, furious...  
-He kicks his DESK CHAIR.  
-Goes over to his closet, grabs the door and SLAMS IT ONCE AND ONCE AGAIN.  
-He PUNCHES the WINDOW, BREAKING IT and hurting his knuckles, which start to bleed.  
-He moves violently his desk. THROWS THE STUFF OVER THE DESK EVERYWHERE.  
-CLOSE ON: JEFF'S KNUCKLES. A drop of blood falls over us.  
-He keeps slamming the door, stronger each time.  
-SLAMS HIS FOREHEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW, OVER AND OVER AGAIN. Blood sprays on the glass.  
-SLAMS THE DOOR.  
-THROWS STUFF.  
-SMASHES HIS FOREHEAD.  
-CLOSE ON: JEFF'S FACE. His forehead is bloody. Red liquid falls inside his eyes, and falls through his cheeks. Like if he's crying red tears.  
-CLOSE ON: JEFF'S EYES. His pupils dilate and his iris shrinks slowly...  
-BLOODY CRYSTALS fall on the desk as Jeff smashes his forehead.  
-CLOSE ON: JEFF'S EYES. His iris is totally gone, there's nothing more than a black hole...  
-THE CLOSET DOOR SPLINTERS.  
-CLOSE ON: JEFF'S FACE. As he seems to cry blood, the corner of his lips START TO REAP. The flesh opens. His mouth starts to form a big, ear to ear SMILE. Jeff lets go a giggle... another... and starts to laugh. He laughs harder. After his smile finishes, his whole JAW FALLS, holding from the neck. His tongue falls as well. However, he continues to laugh... harder and harder...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SAME ROOM. But now it's night time.

JEFF wakes up with a sudden stand from his bed. He screams. He touches his bed. His face is totally intact. No cuts on his forehead, nor in his knuckles. NO LIPS REAPED. It was just a dream. He's sweating. After finally realizing he's safe, he smashes his neck against the pillow.

CLOSE ON: JEFF'S EYES. His eyes are fine. Jeff closes them, until we can only hear the trees dancing outside...

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

A BLACK FORD EXPLORER, belonging to the CLEVELAND PD, drives through dozens of cars through a highway, giving entrance to the city of Columbia.

SUPER: MAY 11th, 2009      11:39 P.M.

**INT. VAN - SAME**

Officer Ramírez is checking out some documents inside a carpet. A FORENSE REPORT. From two years ago. Inside, there are a series of photos, documents, medical reports...

Ramírez is awed.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Holy fuck...

Officers Boggs drives.

OFFICER BOGGS  
I know, right? This guy is... nuts.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
So, this kid went crazy. Killed two teenagers, one of a shotgun and the other one with a...

He checks it out again. He gets shocked.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)  
(Horrified)  
...Oh God...

Boggs nods, understanding him.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ (CONT'D)  
After the fire, this guy was returned home, waiting for a judgement, but disappeared the night before, taking the lives of two adults. Am I right?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yeah... you kinda get it all right.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Shit.

Silence. Ramírez keeps checking out the report.

ANGLE ON: One of the photographs. It shows a crime scene. The interior of a room, a bed below a wall with blood sprayed on its surface. The blankets of the bed are covered on red, black liquid. Lots of it. However, there's no dead body.

**EXT. HOUSE ENTRANCE - LATER**

Ramírez knocks on a BLUE DOOR. There's a long beat. Ramírez and Boggs are waiting in the front steps of a LARGE WHITE HOUSE. Ramírez knocks again.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
How do we even know they're home?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Their car is parked outside.

Ramírez looks behind Boggs, and sees a Rambler Classic Sst, 1970, parked in the sidewalk. Ramírez looks at Boggs.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
How do you know that's their car?

OFFICER BOGGS  
(Beat)  
'Cause Archibald's wife is a very good friend of mine.

Right then, the DOOR OPENS. A WOMAN, in her early 50's appears in the entrance, curious. She looks at Ramírez, confused. But after looking at Boggs, she recognizes this one.

WOMAN  
Reggie?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Hello, Sarah.

She smiles.

SARAH  
Oh my God!

She embraces him. He returns the hug. After some seconds, SARAH steps back.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Wow... How long has it been? How are you?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Three years no see, Sarah. I've  
been doing just fine.

SARAH  
(Looking at Ramírez)  
Hi, I'm Sarah Hopkins.

She stretches her hand. Ramírez shakes it.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Officer Miguel Ramírez.

SARAH  
Oh, are you latin?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Yes, that's correct, miss.

SARAH  
¿De dónde proviene? ¿Venezuela,  
Brasil?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Oh, good Spanish. Yo vengo de  
México, señora Hopkins.

SARAH  
Oh, don't "señora Hopkins" me. Call  
me Sarah.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Good.

Beat. Boggs feels to let go the bad news.

SARAH  
(Looking at Boggs)  
So, what are you doing here in  
Columbia?

OFFICER BOGGS  
(Beat)  
Huh... We would like this to have  
been a warm greeting... but... I'm  
afraid it's not.

SARAH  
(Confused)  
I don't understand... what's wrong?

Boggs takes his time.



OFFICER BOGGS  
It's Archibald.

Sarah face changes. She seems... not so surprised.

SARAH  
What did he do now? Please, if he  
did something to Nina, I swear for  
God I will--

OFFICER BOGGS  
He was murdered, Sarah. Last night.

Sarah stays still, shocked.

SARAH  
(Voiceless)  
What?

OFFICER BOGGS  
We need you at Cleveland now. So  
you can identify the body.

SARAH  
Body? What about Nina?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Nina's fine, she survived. She's  
was injured, but right now she's  
being watched at the Hospital.

SARAH  
Oh God.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Sarah, I ain't forcing you to go  
recognize the body. You may go to  
Cleveland so you can see Nina. It's  
optional if you wanna come to the  
station.

SARAH  
Why do you need me to recognize the  
body if you already know who he is?

OFFICER BOGGS  
For the report. But it's your  
choice. I can't let a report affect  
you if you don't want to.

Sarah is at the verge of tears.

SARAH  
(Beat)  
It's fine. I'll do it.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Sure?

SARAH  
Yeah, I'm sure.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Alright.

SARAH  
Where are we staying?

OFFICER BOGGS  
In a motel. The station will pay  
your stay. We'll take you there.

SARAH  
Gimme 40 minutes.

OFFICER BOGGS  
I'm sorry about this Sarah, but I'm  
gonna have to ask you to be ready  
in at top 30 minutes. Ok? We're  
kinda in a hurry.

SARAH  
Alright. Just... Before Cleveland,  
I gotta pack Ben's stuff.

OFFICER BOGGS  
That's fine. Just... 30 minutes.  
Top.

SARAH  
30 minutes.

Sarah closes the door. Ramírez seems uncomfortable.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Well... that went well.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Have you ever lost a familiar? Or  
anyone you ever loved?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
When I was 12, a drunk truck driver  
ran over my pug Johnny. Does that  
count?

OFFICER BOGGS

Huh... No. I mean... a person.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Oh, no. No, I haven't. Why?

OFFICER BOGGS

Well, that kinda explains a lot.

Boggs turns and walks off scene. Ramírez seems confused. He rises his shoulder.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

What did I do?!

**EXT. PARKING LOT - COLUMBIA PRIMARY SCHOOL - LATER**

The van is parked among a few other cars. They're in the middle of a PARKING LOT.

A few meters away, Sarah's Rambler Classic Sst is parked as well.

**INT. VAN - SAME**

Inside the van, Ramírez and Boggs are waiting. The first officer is checking the forense report and the second one is at the driver's seat, watching his cell phone.

WE HOLD IN THERE FOR 10 SECONDS, until--

Ramírez looks up and sees--

Sarah, walking toward her car. She's grabbing the hand of a 10 year old KID. He's holding a backpack and a lunchbox. This is BEN.

Ramírez hits gently Boggs arm, who looks at him.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Is that Nina's brother?

Boggs looks to the front.

OFFICER BOGGS POV: Sarah opens the passenger's seat door. Ben gets in. Sarah closes the door and heads to the driver's seat door.

OFFICER BOGGS

Yeah, that's Little Ben.

Boggs starts the engine as Ramírez puts on the seat belt.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - COLUMBIA PRIMARY SCHOOL - SAME**

Sarah's car waits until the van drives away. After this, Sarah's car follows the van. Both vehicles head to the Parking Lot Exit.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: JUNE 30th, 2007      2:38 P.M.

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

-AT JEFF'S BEDROOM:

Someone opens a pair of curtains. A LIGHT ILLUMINATES THE SCENE. It's a white light, bright and dim. WE'RE UNDER THE BLANKETS OF JEFF'S BED.

He grunts, annoyed by the shine.

MARGARET (O.S)  
C'mon, Jeff. Up, up!

Someone TAKES AWAY THE BLANKET. The shine becomes brighter. The sunrays hit Jeff's face, who covers his eyes with both hands.

JEFF  
(Painful)  
Ah! Jesus, mom!

Margaret is standing next to his bed. She's well dressed.

MARGARET  
Jeff, I need you to get dressed  
now. WELL dressed.

JEFF  
How come?

MARGARET  
It's Robert's birthday.

JEFF  
Who the hell is Robert?

Margaret glares at him. Jeff looks at his mother, weak and tired... and then remembers.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(Mad)

Mom, you gotta be fucking kidding me!

MARGARET

Jeff--

JEFF

How can you be going to a kid's birthday party after what happened?!

MARGARET

Is not only me. Your dad's going and YOU ARE going. Chop-chop, son. We have to leave at 3 o'clock.

JEFF

(Face against the pillow)

I ain't going, I've told ya like a thousand fucking times!!!

MARGARET

(Breaking)

OKAY, THAT'S IT!!!

She walks up to Jeff's bed with heavy steps. She suddenly GRABS JEFF FROM HIS RIGHT ARM, PULLS HIM UP AND THROWS HIM OUT OF THE BED WITH RAGE. He falls with a huge thud. He groans painful.

JEFF

(Painful)

AAAH! What the fuck, mom?!

She walks up to Jeff's spot. She kneels and SLAPS HIM HARD. *What the fuck?!*

MARGARET

(Furious)

LISTEN TO ME! I'm not tolerating that kind of attitude of yours. You better go and dress yourself, give a smile in that party and don't say a bad word in there. So for once in the FUCKING WEEK, BEHAVE FOR CHRIST SAKE!!!

Silence. Jeff is grabbing his cheek. Margaret, after some seconds, stands and arranges her dress. She also arranges her hair.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
10 minutes, no more.

Margaret turns and walks off the room. Jeff sees her leaving, incredulous.

JEFF  
(Whispering; defeated)  
Fuck...

LATER:

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

In the STAIRS, JEFF APPEARS WEARING black T-shirt, blue jeans and red shoes.

He walks downstairs. At the living room, Margaret and Martin, also well dressed, are looking themselves at a wall mirror.

MARGARET  
He needs to understand that--

MARTIN  
I know, I know! But he's too affected about what happened with Liu. Why don't we just... leave him some space?

MARGARET  
Space my ass. He needs to go out there, make friends, have a girlfriend, whatever normal people do in their lives. I don't want him to become a fucking social inmate. However, how's he gonna survive when we're no longer here?

Jeff jumps off the stair. Margaret reacts, looking at him. Right then, she gets disappointed.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
You gotta be shiting me, Jeff. Go upstairs and change your clothes. It's a birthday party for Christ sake! Not a fucking--!

MARTIN  
Margaret, stop!

She gets quiet. She's about to cry.

MARGARET

I'm sorry... It's just that... I can't believe Liu was capable to do something like that. Manipulate you, use you to save himself.

JEFF

Mom... For the last time... I was the one who did--

MARGARET

We're not discussing this again! Right now... I just wanna be a good neighbor and go with my family to Robert's birthday party. Is that okay?

Silence. The ambience is tense, awkward.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(To Jeff)

If we had enough time, I'd ask you to change your clothes. But I won't, so... can you promise me that you'll behave, give a smile and what happened with Liu doesn't affect you?

A long beat. Jeff gives up, knowing his parents will never accept the truth.

JEFF

I promise.

MARGARET

Alright. Then... shall we leave?

Margaret turns and exits the house. Martin follows her. Jeff stays in his spot and sighs. He makes a smile with his face, but it's a fake smile. A sad smile.

# **INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

-AT THE ENTRANCE:

A whole crowd is talking at the same time inside the house. The DOORBELL rings. Barbara appears at the door, opens it and REVEALS the WOODS FAMILY.

BARBARA

Hi! Is nice to see you!

MARGARET

Hello! Hi!

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd arrive!

MARGARET  
I'm sorry, are we... are we on  
time?

BARBARA  
Of course you're on time.

The WOODS FAMILY enter the house. Barbara closes the door.

MARGARET  
This is my husband Martin.

Martin salutes Barbara with a cheek to cheek kiss.

BARBARA  
Hey! Nice meeting you.

MARTIN  
Hi. Nice to meet ya.

MARGARET  
And this is my son Jeff.

Jeff does the same that Martin did, but in a cold mood.

BARBARA  
Hi there! I'm Barbara.

JEFF  
Hi.  
(Beat)  
I have a question... huh... are  
there gonna be other teens?

BARBARA  
Oh. I'm sorry. I think you're the  
only big kid around here.  
(To Margaret)  
There's a girl, leaving right in  
front of your house, but they're  
not coming. Her parents are like  
this religious koo-koo's, if you  
know what I mean.

Barbara laughs. Margaret forces a smile, but she feels a  
little bit awkward about that joke.

JEFF  
I better go.  
(To Barbara)  
It was nice meeting ya.



BARBARA

Same. Robert is outside, in the  
backyard. If you wanna go there--

JEFF

That's fine. Thanks.

Jeff walks off scene. Barbara sees him leave, and then looks  
at both adults.

BARBARA

What a nice kid.

MARGARET

He could be much nicer. He's been  
kinda depressive these last few  
days.

BARBARA

Oh yeah. It's such a pity.

Margaret looks at Barbara, confused.

MARGARET

How did you know--?

BARBARA

It's a small neighborhood. Everyone  
gets noticed about everyone's  
lives.

MARGARET

(Forcing a smile)

What? Is there no privacy in here?

Beat. Barbara smiles.

BARBARA

Of course there is. Come, I'll  
introduce you to everyone else.

-AT THE KITCHEN:

A 40-YEAR-OLD SIR is serving tacos of chorizo and cheese to a  
row of adults and kids, each one holding a paper plate. The  
next one to be served is JEFF. The Sir smiles at him.

SIR

Good afternoon, boy. Want some  
cheese or without cheese?

JEFF

With, please.

The Sir scratches the metal bowl with tortillas, chorizo and cheese on its surface. He grabs Jeff's plate and leaves a tortilla over it. Then, he hesitates.

SIR  
How many tacos do you want?

JEFF  
Huh... Two, please.

He leaves another tortilla. He serves the hot chorizo on each one and the boiling cheese over the meat sausage. He handles it to Jeff.

SIR  
Here you go.

Jeff grabs the plate.

JEFF  
Thanks.

SIR  
Enjoy the party!

Jeff walks off, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. He heads to -

**EXT. BACKYARD - SAME**

-the Backyard, surrounded by a wooden fence. Dozens of children are playing in there. Jeff slides a glass door to the right and ENTERS THE BACKYARD, holding his tacos tighter after seeing some KIDS RUNNING NEAR HIM. He closes the glass door. Jeff walks to a bench, seats and gives a bite to his taco. Suddenly, he makes a face. Then, SPITS OUT THE CHEWED PIECE OF TACO. *Yep, the chorizo is burned, and the cheese expired.* Jeff sees a small trashcan next to the bench. He throws the plate with the tacos on it.

As he leans his back over the wooden back. Closes his eyes and sighs.

ROBERT (O.S)  
Hey.

Jeff opens his eyes and see little Robert in front of him. He's dressed as a cowboy and is holding a TOY REVOLVER.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Wanna play?

JEFF

Oh, not now, kid. I'm not really in the mood.

ROBERT

Oh, come on. Just some minutes.

JEFF

(Beat)

Oh I don't think so. That's for kids, I'm too old for these stuff--

ROBERT

Please, pleeeeeeease, pretty please. Just 5 minutes. You'll be on my team.

Jeff sighs, giving up.

JEFF

Fine... I'll do it.

Robert cheers. He hands Jeff the toy revolver.

ROBERT

Here's your weapon.

JEFF

(Grabbing the revolver)

What are we playing?

ROBERT

Cowboy shooting. Those ones over there are our enemies.

He points at a GROUP OF CHILDREN, gathered on a corner of the backyard, all of them dressed as cowboys and holding toy revolvers.

JEFF

Alright. So, what do we have to do then?

ROBERT

Shoot them. Kill as many as possible.

JEFF

(Surprised for such violence in an 8-year-old's mind)

Ok...

Robert goes over with the other kids. Jeff looks at the toy revolver in his hand. Sighs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Shit...

**INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Margaret walks among the people, giving large zips to her wine. She's nervous, almost horrified. Martin appears behind her, eating a hot dog.

MARTIN

Hey, what's wrong?

MARGARET

This was a mistake. This was a fucking mistake.

MARTIN

Wow, wow... Hey, hey. What happened?

MARGARET

People around here mind in each one's business. They're gossip, they - they were talking about how a police officer found a girl fucking her boyfriend, son of the friend of a cousin of I-don't-fucking-know-who! There's no privacy here. It's like a fucking fairy tail.

MARTIN

Hey, relax, relax... relax. Aren't you... exaggerating a little bit?

MARGARET

Martin... what would they think about what happened to Liu?

Martin stays quiet. *Holy fuck.*

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(Seeing Martin's face)

There.

Beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
I don't feel comfortable anymore. I  
feel really, really uncomfortable  
right now.

MARTIN  
Wanna go?

Margaret nods.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Alright. I'll go for Jeff.

Martin walks away. Margaret is about to give another zip, but the glass is empty. Margaret gets disappointed.

**EXT. BACKYARD - SAME**

The little cowboys shoot at each other. BANG! BANG! BANG!

They run, and sprint and aim at each other. Shots are heard.

Jeff is just standing there. He aims and shoots, without attitude. Children shoot at him and run in circles.

Jeff shoots a little kid, who screams.

He shoots at another one who runs beside him, the kid disappears among the adults.

Jeff's face shows his lack of happiness.

A KID, some meters in front of Jeff, shoot at him several times, cheering like a real cowboy. Jeff aims at his head, with his lack of attitude. Shoots and--

THE KID'S BRAINS BLOW UP!!! A SHARP SOUND IS HEARD IN OUR EARS. Blood trickles from the bullet hole in the child's forehead. It covers the kid's nose, his mouth, his eyes - staring at Jeff.

Jeff is still aiming at the kid. He's shocked, horrified. The kid doesn't fall, stays still. His legs start to crook. Jeff lowers down his gun.

CLOSE ON: JEFF'S FACE. His still speechless. *What the fuck has he done?!* Then, slowly... a SMILE forms in his mouth. His stare becomes the one of a psychopath. A REAL PSYCHOPATH. Right then, he arises the revolver. AIMS ONCE MORE AT THE KID, who still stares at JEFF. He aims, waits, and waits...

AND SHOTS!

The kid screams. But in a child's way.

Jeff blinks, confused.

REVEAL: The kid is JUST FINE. SAFE AND SOUND. No blood, no bullet hole. The kid falls, laughing. He stands quickly and runs away, in the middle of laughs and cheers. Jeff turns watches as the kid disappears in the crowd. Jeff's breathing is heavy. A drop of sweat falls from his forehead. He catches his breath, trying to relax--

RANDY (O.S)  
WELL, WELL, WELL!!!

Jeff recognizes this voice. He turns and looks at the wooden fence.

THREE KIDS ARE CLIMBING THE FENCE. They land over the ground and join in a line, facing Jeff. We recognize this kids. One of them has a stitched wound near his neck, the second one has a sling, and the other one has a wound in his cheek.

Randy, Troy and Keith. *Oh, shit...*

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Hello, kid. How you been?

An adult walks over to them.

ADULT  
Hey! What the hell are you--?

Randy takes something behind his pants. A GUN. A REAL FUCKING POLICE GUN. He aims at the sir, who stops abruptly.

RANDY  
(Aiming)  
Fuck off, asshole.

The adult steps back. The other people look at the scene. Some of them gasp, terrified. They all step back, including the little cowboys.

All of them... except Jeff.

Randy moves his gun, and aims towards Jeff.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Too bad you're brother is not around. I wish he was here.

JEFF  
What the fuck are you doing?!

RANDY  
Ending what I started. What you  
started.

Troy and Keith take out POCKET KNIVES, with tiny sharp silver  
blades, ready to attack.

JEFF  
If YOU are ending it, then why are  
your minions taking out their  
knives?

RANDY  
(Laughing)  
Oh, we ain't that stupid, Jeff.

Still aiming, Randy walks slowly forward Jeff. The barrel of  
the gun is getting closer to his face. Troy and Keith do the  
same.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You're not escaping from this one.

#### **INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Behind the glass door, there's a crowd, watching what's going  
on. Martin walks, about to open it. But right then, sees the  
scene. Jeff being aimed by a gun. He enters in desperation.

MARTIN  
Hey. HEY! That's my son!! That's  
my--!

He slides the door, but another ADULT CLOSES IT. Other adults  
hold him back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Let me go, you assholes.

ADULT #2  
Sir, please, stop!

ADULT #3  
Don't go out there! It's too  
dangerous!

MARTIN  
(Struggling)  
JEFF!!! JEFF!!!

#### **EXT. BACKYARD - SAME**

Jeff holds his position. Randy is closer, so as the barrel.

RANDY

When my father interrogate us about what happened, I said your brother attacked us. Y'know why?

Jeff denies with his head. His anger rises, we can see it in his eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

'Cuz I wanted to finish you myself. I didn't want anything to interfere in my way, so I took over your brother. Or, well.. my dad took over him.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE - DAY: Officer Macallan pushes Liu violently into the police car. He slams the door after Liu is completely inside.

END OF FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

The Backyard.

Jeff stares at Randy. His breathing is deeper than usual. *He's trying to control himself.*

Randy steps closer to Jeff. The barrel touches Jeff's forehead.

RANDY (CONT'D)

And here I am. Face to face. A bug... against an eagle. The kid with the skill... against the kid holding his father's gun, aiming at his head, ready to blow up his fucking brains.

JEFF

I think we're even, after all, I beat all of you... You're all a piece of shit.

TROY

(Walking forward Jeff)

Oh, I'm gonna kick your fucking ass right NOW!!!



He arrives in front of him and KICKS JEFF RIGHT IN THE NUTS WITH HIS KNEE. Jeff falls, painful. Randy struggles against Troy.

RANDY  
Yo, what the fuck?!

TROY  
Lemme go!!! He deserved that!

RANDY  
Get the fuck out of my way! Next time you do that, I'm shooting your fucking knee, would you like that, fatass?!

**INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Martin is still struggling. Margaret appears and walks beside him.

MARGARET  
Martin! MARTIN! What's wrong! Stop!

MARTIN  
Is Jeff! Look!

Margaret sees outside the glass door.

MARGARET'S POV: Jeff lies in the floor. Three kids, one of them holding a gun, surround him.

Margaret's eyes open widely. Desperation covers her whole being.

MARGARET  
Jeff! BABY!!! STOP!!!

The adults hold her back.

**EXT. BACKYARD - SAME**

Randy puts the barrel of the gun over Jeff's neck, still lying on the floor.

RANDY  
C'mon, boy, get up, get up.

Jeff stands up slowly. He faces Randy once more. The kid aims at his forehead.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, where's that hidden Bruce  
Lee?

Jeff stares at him with rage and hate.

SUDDENLY, Jeff GRABS THE GUN, TAKING IT APART FROM Randy's hand. He aims at Randy's left leg quickly and PULLS THE TRIGGER. BUT THERE'S NO BANG. The trigger is stuck. THE SAFETY IS ON.

JEFF  
Shit!

RANDY  
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!!!

Randy steps forward and KICKS JEFF RIGHT IN THE CHEST. As he falls, Jeff lets go the gun. Jeff's back lands on the ground.

Randy grabs the gun and takes the safety off.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Go give him a lesson, guys.

Keith runs forward and STEPS HARD ON JEFF'S NUTS! He screams. TROY KICKS HIS FACE. A red cloud comes out of Jeff's mouth - blood. Keith grabs Jeff's hair and pulls him, heading to the house. Randy follows them.

The kids arrive to the glass door, pulling Jeff with them. Troy throws Jeff into the glass and his face hits the door. Some adults gasp inside. A tiny spot of blood sprays on the glass, next to Jeff's lower lip. He turns, weak, painful. As he finds himself against Troy and Keith, the first teenager KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST ONCE MORE. A CRACK IS HEARD. The glass breaks. Keith grabs Jeff from the neck of his sweater and PUNCHES HIM ON THE FACE, OVER AND OVER AGAIN. His knuckles turn red because of Jeff's blood. His nape hits several times the glass. The strength is so hard that the glass breaks for each crash.

#### **INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - SAME**

The adults watch horrified the beating scene. Martin and Margaret are the most desperate of all.

MARTIN  
Someone! Call the fucking  
police, now!

MARGARET  
(Crying)  
My baby! Save my baby!

No one listens to them.

**EXT. BACKYARD - SAME**

Keith stops punching Jeff, who loses balance and is all dizzy and wounded. He has a deep cut on his forehead, lip and nose. The damage is severe.

KEITH  
Just die, would ya?!

Keith KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST FOR A THIRD TIME, AND THIS TIME-  
THE GLASS SHATTERS. Jeff falls among tiny pieces of sharp glass inside-

**INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - SAME**

-Barbara's house. Martin struggles against the adults and kneels over Jeff.

MARTIN  
JEFF! JEFF!!! Talk to me! C'MON!  
Stay with me!

Jeff is too weak to respond. Suddenly, we hear a GUN BEING CHARGED.

Martin looks up.

MARTIN'S POV: The barrel of a gun aiming to his face. Randy holding it.

RANDY  
I hope no one interrupts us, sir.  
I'm gonna ask you to step back.

MARTIN  
Stop this, son. Get away from Jeff.  
Lower down that gun. Please.

RANDY  
Your son... stabbed my shoulder.  
Your son... stabbed Troy's arm.  
Your son... forced Keith to throw  
up last night's dinner. Now... your  
son... needs to get what he fucking  
deserves.

MARTIN  
He's in prison. Thanks to you, my  
son is in prison. Jeff didn't do  
anything. Your making a mistake,  
son--

RANDY

Oh, bullshit!

(Pointing at Jeff)

It was this motherfucker who  
 attacked us. His brother didn't do  
 a shit. It was this guy, over here.  
 Didn't you see how he tried to  
 shoot me with my own gun?

Martin, Margaret at the back and the rest of the adults atys  
 still, shocked.

Martin looks down at Jeff.

MARTIN

Is that true, Jeff?

JEFF

(Without breath)

Dad, get out of here, now.

Jeff seats over Martin and kneels, ready to stand up -- but  
 Martin grabs his both arms.

MARTIN

JEFF! Is that true--?!

JEFF

(Screaming)

Dad! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

Silence. Jeff stands slowly, and turns, facing Randy, who,  
 with a quick move of his gun, hits JEFF'S HEAD with the GUN'S  
 BUTT. Jeff grabs his head, grunting.

The parents run away, taking Martin and Margaret with them.  
 Margaret struggles.

MARGARET

No! Nooo! JEFF! STOP! JEEEEFF!

The room is clear as the adults and children exit the house.

Jeff, after grabbing his head, sees how TROY IS ABOUT TO  
 PUNCH HIM. With one quick move, Jeff steps back and EVADES  
 THE PUNCH. Instead, Troy punches the wall. Troy grunts in  
 pain.

TROY

Son of a bitch!

Troy waves his arms, trying to punch Jeff, who evades Jeff.  
 Troy manages to grab JEFF'S HAIR. He pulls it and makes  
 JEFF'S HEAD CRASH AGAINST A DOOR FRAME.

Then, punches him with his left arm. Jeff falls over a second wall. Troy grabs his hair once more, but Jeff PUNCHES him the STOMACH. Troy loses some air and tries to catch his breath. Keith swings the POCKET KNIFE near Jeff's face. He evades it. Grabs Keith's arm and punches KEITH'S FACE. Keith disappears off scene, falling to the ground. Suddenly, RANDY PUNCHES JEFF IN THE CHEEK FROM HIS LEFT SIDE. JEFF FALLS ON-

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

-the LIVING ROOM.

Keith takes his knife, stands up, and flings himself on Jeff, stabbing him in the back of his shoulder. The teenager SCREAMS on the floor. Randy lunges at him without giving him time to catch his breath, covering his face with kicks. Jeff grabs Randy's foot, TWISTING IT in cold blood. As Randy squeals, Jeff, curled up, gets up and prepares to retire as soon as possible. But then Troy's hand stops him, CATCHING HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER. His fingers press over the wound. Jeff squeals.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Not today, bitch!

Troy grabs his head and PULLS HIM AGAINST A WALL, HITTING JEFF'S FOREHEAD. A family picture falls and shatters in the floor. Troy pushes Jeff's face against the wall. Blood SPRAYS on it. Jeff turns quickly and kicks TROY'S NUTS with his knee. Troy loses his breathe and leans over a wall in front of Jeff. This guy is about to punch Troy once more -- until KEITH PUSHES HIM TO THE FLOOR.

Randy KICKS JEFF'S HEAD, forcing him to spit more blood. Randy is still grabbing the gun - most likely to have the safety on. Randy kicks the teen in the stomach. Jeff curls up.

RANDY  
C'mon, Jeffy! Fight me!

Another kick in the left ribs.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
FIGHT!

Jeff can't do anything. Just to hold on the beating.

Randy stops kicking and kneels next to Jeff.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Look at me.  
(Beat)  
LOOK AT ME!!!

Jeff looks up, weakly, with his face covered in red liquid.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I got your brother to go to prison,  
and now you're just going to sit  
here and let him rot there for a  
whole year! You should be fucking  
ashamed!

Randy hits him with the gun's butt once more.

CLOSE ON: JEFF'S FACE. Blood flows all over his forehead,  
eyes, nose and mouth. He closes his eyes.

THEN, A QUICK IMAGE APPEARS: JEFF SMILES WITH HIS EYES OPEN  
WIDE, LIKE A MANIAC. *The image is too quick most of us won't  
be able to see it, but if you freeze frame the movie you  
could.*

Then, the whole sound fades. Everything goes in slow-motion.  
We hear nothing more than muted sounds. Randy is voiceless,  
but still screaming. Keith helps Troy to stand up.

CLOSE ON: Jeff's left eye, closed. We get closer to it  
slowly.

VOICE

Do. It.  
(Beat)  
Do. It.  
(Beat)  
Make. Them. All. Go. To.  
(Pause)  
SLEEP.

THEN, JEFF'S EYE OPENS. His pupils dilate and his iris  
shrinks slowly.

JEFF STANDS UP, slowly. Randy aims the barrel in his head.

RANDY

That's it. That's it.

Jeff looks at Randy. After staring at him, it's kinda obvious  
that Randy is scared.

RANDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, motherfucker. C'mon!

Jeff remains silent, blood dripping from his face. *That  
strange sensation gnaws at his heart, burns in his veins,  
that animal impulse of survival that perverts, that acquires  
the fire of primitive madness.*

*All pious thought has died, all rational repression has disappeared, except the desire for death, the ability to generate pain for the pleasure of savoring the suffering of others. He even experiences a vigor, a powerful energy that fuels his muscles, which frowns and presses his brain to the maximum of adrenaline. No, there are no thoughts, there is not even a word on your mind, just instincts, terrible and unfathomable impulses like nature.*

Jeff rises his fist and SWINGS IT INTO RANDY'S FACE. THE STRENGTH forces ONE OF RANDY'S PREMOLARS FLY AWAY FROM HIS MOUTH, surrounded in slobber.

Randy loses balance and SHOOTs TO THE ROOF! He takes his hand to his mouth, painful.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(Grunting)  
Ah! Son of a bitch! My tooth! My  
fucking tooth!

He looks at Troy and Keith, who stare at Jeff, but stay still.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are ya doin'? Kick  
his fuckin' ass!

Troy and Keith finally react. They both walk up to Jeff, holding their pocket knives tight. Jeff looks at them with his anger stare.

Troy swings his knife in front of Jeff's face, but misses. Jeff manages to grab Troy's arm and PULL HIM. Troy rolls over a couch and falls over the floor. Keith swings his knife and Jeff blocks his arm, forcing Keith to let go his knife. Jeff grabs it in the air with his right arm and STABS KEITH IN HIS RIGHT RIBS. He pulls the knife out and STABS KEITH IN HIS RIGHT ARMPIT. Then, PUNCHES KEITH'S FACE. The teen falls. Jeff moves like a professional assassin. Randy aims at him, still grabbing his mouth and SHOOTs FIVE TIMES. Jeff jumps over the couch and covers himself. Then, Randy stops shooting after seeing Troy, standed, grabbing a VODKA BOTTLE.

On Jeff, he hasn't seen Troy. He's focused on Randy, who is checking out the empty gum.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Shit, shit...

As Jeff stands up, ready to face Randy, he doesn't notice that TROY IS WALKING BEHIND HIM, HOLDING THE VODKA BOTTLE. After getting close enough to Jeff...

TROY

Hey!

Jeff turns. Troy swings the bottle into Jeff's head, and IT HITS HIM FROM THE RIGHT SIDE, SHATTERING INTO HUNDREDS OF GLASS PIECES, cutting skin and wetting Jeff's face with vodka. Jeff grabs him head, and squeals.

RANDY

(Checking his gun)

Shit, I've got only one left.

KEITH

(In the floor; grabbing his leg)

Shoot him, shoot him, Randy!

Randy aims, but Jeff runs away, crashing against some furniture because of the vodka in his eyes.

RANDY

Hey!

(To Troy)

Get him!

JEFF'S POV: His sight is all blurry. A trail of blood surrounds his right eye. Jeff is technically blind. He touches everything around. We can barely see STAIRS, leading us to the first floor. Jeff starts climbing them, until SOMEONE PULLS HIM FROM BEHIND.

Jeff turns and -barely- see Troy HOLDING HIS LEFT LEG. Jeff gives a kick with his right leg and throws pushes Troy against a wall. The teen lets go the leg. Jeff goes upstairs faster-

-AT THE FIRST FLOOR:

-and finds himself in the first floor. Jeff cleans the vodka and blood from his eyes, and now is able to see better. He looks around him, looking for a hideout.

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

Randy helps Keith to stand up.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

KEITH

(Painful)

My leg. I think--



RANDY

Just relax. I'll handle the son of a bitch.

(To Troy; screaming)

TROY! Where the fuck is he?

TROY

Upstairs! I'll go after him!

RANDY

No! DON'T! I'll go after him. Come with Keith. Help him out.

TROY

HE KICKED ME IN THE FUCKING FACE!

RANDY

I don't fucking care! We only have one shot, and we must not waste it. Police is on its way and I don't wanna go to fucking jail.

Randy walks up to the stairs and faces Troy.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I'm killing the motherfucker!

Randy goes upstairs and Troy, mad, goes over with Keith reluctantly.

CLOSE ON: Randy's gun. The barrel is hot. Randy's finger holds the trigger, ready to shoot if it needs to. The ambiance is tense, suspense rising up. All we can hear is Randy's footsteps over each stair and he's deep breathing. *We can notice he's scared, terrified.*

RANDY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Where are you?

-AT THE FIRST FLOOR:

Randy arrives to the first floor, still with his gun raised. At his left, there's a bedroom - probably of Robert's - and in front of him, there's a long hallway. He's about to go that way until sees something on the floor. He kneels and analyses what he just found. It's a drop of blood. Actually, it's a whole trail of blood, mixed with alcohol. It leads to the right, inside another room, with the door closed and the red trail crossing underneath. It's a BATHROOM.

RANDY (CONT'D)

There you are.

He stands up, and with the gun raised, walks up to the door. He grabs the handle and slowly turns it. The door opens. He pushes it as he enters inside.

-AT THE BATHROOM:

Randy finds himself inside the bathroom. There's a toilet, a pantry full of cleaning products - sponges, vinegar, bleach, glass cleaner -, and a shower with a glass door. However, JEFF IS NOT THERE. *Where the fuck is he?*

Randy gets inside, and walks up to the shower, leaving the door open. After he crosses the whole entrance--

WHAAM! The door slams and closes. JEFF WAS BEHIND IT THIS WHOLE TIME. Jeff throws himself over Randy, and grabs his gun. Randy holds it tighter, and Jeff tries to take it away from him. Jeff stands behind Randy and wraps his left arm around the neck of the other teen, while holding the gun with his left hand, struggling against Randy's fingers, who groans and screams. Randy pushes back. Jeff's back hits the pantry, shaking the contents. Jeff leans back against the pantry, applying more strength to the choke hold.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(Choking)

Guys! Guys!

Jeff stats BRINGING THE BARREL OF THE GUN UP, folding Randy's arms and trying to aim at RANDY'S CHIN. The barrel touches the chin and finally arrives to the LOWER JAW. Randy struggles, but it's all in vain. Jeff's fingers manage to touch the trigger and

PULLS IT!

BANG!

ANGLE ON: THE ROOF OF THE BATHROOM. After the shot, a huge spot of blood covers the roof, spraying over the ceiling LED lights.

We hear the same sharp noise like the one we heard when Jeff shot the kid. Just that, this time, *it was real*. Randy's eyes are rolled back as a trickle of blood comes out of his mouth. He has a huge hole above his head. Jeff pushes him away, and Randy FALLS DEAD. Jeff is shocked. His eyes open wide. His face totally covered on red. He stands up.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS FACE. Jeff leans over the pantry, then pushes himself right to a SINK. He leans over and PUKES OVER THE CAMERA.

A whole mass of yellow-thick vomit stains all over the ceramic sink. The muted sounds of his coughing. The sound begins to appear normally in our ears. Jeff looks at his reflection - there's a mirror in front of him. We hold in HIS REFLECTION. He looks at himself. And then, he starts SMILING...

WHAAM! THE DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY. Troy appears in the door frame. See Randy's body.

TROY  
(Horrificed)  
What have you done? WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!!! Fuck  
you!!!

Troy throws himself over Jeff. But, it doesn't take to much time-

Jeff punches Troy in the stomach. Troy steps back. Jeff grabs his hair and pulls him over the toilet. He pushes his head into the water. Troy grabs from the seat edge and pulls hard. Jeff pushes harder, but Troy is stronger. This last teen manages to push Jeff back. Jeff's back hits the pantry once more. On the top part of the pantry, the BOTTLE OF BLEACH shakes. Troy stands and pushes Jeff against the pantry. He pushes over and over again. THE BOTTLE SHAKES AND GETS CLOSER TO THE EDGE.

Another hit...

ANOTHER...

AND ANOTHER...

AND FINALLY, THE BOTTLE FALLS OVER JEFF'S HEAD. With the hit, the bottle OPENS and the liquid stains all over Jeff's face. Because bleach is corrosive, Jeff covers his face, grunting painfully. Jeff throws a FULL PUNCH and throws Troy, who falls to the floor, next to the toilet. Jeff walks, madly, up to Troy, grabs his hair, pulls Troy's head to a side and HITS THE EDGE OF THE TOILET WITH IT. Troy screams. Jeff pulls once more, and again, and again. The ceramic starts to break, and blood starts spilling over the edge. One more hit, and a second one, and a third. And with a harder pull

THE EDGE BREAKS! The ceramic SHATTERS. THE WATER SPILLS OVER TROY'S HEAD AND NECK. Troy grabs his head, curled up, painful. Jeff sees A SHARP PIECE OF CERAMIC, left in the floor. Jeff grabs it, raises it in the air and

STABS TROY IN THE NECK! The wound bleeds fast, so as his mouth. His voice is totally gone. There's nothing more than chokes. Jeff stands, stares at Troy with his maniac look.

Troy looks at him. It seems his begging for mercy. Jeff just stares at his sufferment. He raises his foot and STEPS OVER the ceramic piece embedded in Troy's neck. We hear a CRACK!

CLOSE ON: Troy's face. He suddenly stays still after the CRACK. His eyes looking forward, lost look. The toilet water mixes with the blood. He's dead.

Jeff tries to clean his eyes, but the bleach burns his eyes. He turns, heading to the exit. But then stops.

JEFF'S POV: He barely sees someone. A human shape, standing in the door. Holding a bright-lit object on his right hand.

REVEAL: It's KEITH.. He's holding a ignited lighter. He's crying, but laughing at the same time.

Jeff finally gets his sight clear, and sees Keith laughing.

JEFF

(Mad)

What so fucking funny?

Beat. A long one.

KEITH

What is funny...

(Beat)

Is that you're covered on bleach  
and vodka.

Kieth then raises the lighter and THROWS IT. It hits Jeff's body and THEN

BOOM! JEFF'S WHOLE BODY SETS ON FIRE! The flames cover him entirely! He screams! His face disappears in the flames. He runs side to side through the bathroom, trying to escape from his pain. He heads to the exit of the bathroom, forcing Keith to step back quickly.

-AT THE FIRST FLOOR:

Jeff exits the bathroom, screaming and squealing. The flames become bigger and bigger. After running like a crazy man, he slips on a step of the stairs and FALLS ON THEM. HE ROLLS AND ROLLS AND ROLLS, until he HITS THE FLOOR. He stays still for a moment.

CLOSE ON: HIS BODY. An arm, surrounded in red and yellow flames stretches to the entrance door. After some seconds, the arm falls. Jeff stays still as his whole body burns like a firework.

VOICE  
 (Laughing)  
 You. Did. It. Boy. Now. We. Are.

We slowly

FADE TO BLACK.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 One.

AFTER 20 SECONDS OF SILENCE.

We hear a breathing. A deep one. Heavy and without much access to air.

We hear muted voices. We can barely understand them.

VOICE #1 (O.S)  
 ...managed to rebuild his face, and we removed all burns or scars, but his skin, because of the mix of the bleach and alcohol... it discolored his skin.

MARGARET (O.S)  
 (Crying)  
 Ok... may we... may we see him?

VOICE #1 (O.S)  
 Yes, sure. Nurse.

Suddenly, we hear PAPER BEING UNFOLD. Our vision starts to get brighter. We see large black papers, surrounding our POV. BANDAGES. Bandages being unfold. Every paper disappears from our faces. After most of them are gone, we see we're inside a-

# **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

-Hospital room. We're over a bed. Around us, there's Martin, Margaret, a 40-year-old SIR - DR. MURRAY we'll call him - and a NURSE. After JEFF'S POV IS CLEAR, everyone, except Dr. Murray and the Nurse, get shocked. Margaret starts crying horrified and Martin consoles her, terrified after what he's looking at.

JEFF  
 Mom, Dad'? Where am I? What's... wrong?

JEFF'S POV: The Dr. Murray walks next to his bed.

DR. MURRAY  
Hello, Jeff. Name's Dr. Murray. How  
do you feel?

JEFF  
(Beat)  
My face... feels weird.

JEFF'S POV: Dr. Murray nods, kinda getting it.

DR. MURRAY  
That's the thing, son. Wanna see  
yourself?

JEFF  
(Confused)  
Huh... Sure?

JEFF'S POV: The Nurse hands Dr. Murray a small mirror. He  
hands it to Jeff. The teen grabs it and he's about to look  
until--

LIU (O.S)  
Hey, what did I miss?

JEFF'S POV: Jeff looks up and sees Liu, holding a coffee cup.  
Liu looks at Jeff and... LETS GO HIS COFFEE, which falls to  
the ground. Liu is shocked, speechless. Terrified.

JEFF  
Liu, oh my God, you're...  
(Realizing)  
What is it?

JEFF'S POV: Jeff grabs the mirror and looks at his  
reflection. REVEAL: His face. His face is horrible, his lips  
are burned with a deep shade of red, the skin that stretches  
over his face is snow white, and his scorched hair offers the  
faded black that replaced his brown hair. He touches his  
face, while looking in the mirror, analyzing himself. Then,  
he starts crying.

Jeff leaves the mirror on his legs, while crying. Tears  
falling from his cheeks.

DR. MURRAY  
I'm so sorry, Jeff. But, this is  
all we could do...

MARGARET  
(Crying)  
It could be worse, Jeffy.

JEFF  
 (Crying)  
 Worse?

A long beat. Then, Jeff smiles at her mother.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 It's perfect.

*He's not crying for sadness. He's crying for joy.*

Margaret, Martin, Liu and the Doctor look at him confused.  
 Jeff starts to laugh.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 (Laughing)  
 It's perfect. Perfect, perfect,  
 perfect, perfect...

Margaret looks at the doctor, nervous.

MARGARET  
 Doctor, is he...?

DR. MURRAY  
 Oh yes, this behavior is typical of  
 patients who have had large amounts  
 of pain relievers. If his behavior  
 doesn't change in a few weeks,  
 bring him back here and we'll do a  
 psychological exam.

Margaret nods, shaking. Liu walks next to Jeff's bed. The  
 teen keeps laughing.

LIU  
 Huh... Dude. You alright?

JEFF  
 Alright? I've never been so fuckin'  
 good, hahahahaha!!!

He keeps laughing.

-AT THE HALLWAY:

Lu is leaned over a wall, watching at his cellphone screen.  
 He's next to a boy's restroom door. Patients and nurses walks  
 through the hallway. Liu ignores them. The door opens. Jeff  
 exits, wearing A WHITE SWEATER, DARK BLUE JEANS AND WHITE  
 SHOES. He's smiling.

LIU  
 Ready to go, budd?

JEFF  
More than ready...

**EXT. HOUSE ENTRANCE - SUNSET**

The Woods family car appears and parks next to the sidewalk. Margaret, Martin and Liu exit the car. Liu opens the door for Jeff, who sees his house with a happy smile.

LIU  
Finally. At home.

Jeff looks at Barbara's house. It's surrounded by police tape and its interior it's completely dark.

LIU (CONT'D)  
(Looking at the house next  
to Jeff)  
What a tragedy. Police officers  
will come tomorrow to take to the  
station, and they'll take you to a  
jury to define if it was  
justifiable homicide. What can help  
you is the fact that one of the  
guys had a gun. A police gun. Isn't  
that right?

Jeff just stares at the house.

FLASHBACK:

QUICK IMAGES OF THE TRAGEDY HAPPENED INSIDE:  
-Randy being shot.  
-Blood spraying on the roof.  
-Jeff stepping over Troy's neck with a CRACK.  
-Jeff being on fire.

END OF FLASHBACK.

Jeff's face seems traumatized, sad... but turns into a happy smile, like if he just moved on.

JEFF  
(Staring at the house)  
Yeah, that's right.

LIU  
C'mon then. Let's go inside.



Jeff and Liu follow Martin and Margaret inside the house. Iu finally closes the door. WE HOLD ON IN THERE FOR A FEW SECONDS.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - AFTERNOON**

CLOSE ON: A DEAD MAN'S FACE. Archibald Hopkins. The blood and sweat had been cleaned from his body and head, and now, he seems only to be sleeping with pale skin. We hear a woman crying.

SUPER: MAY 12th, 2009      11:25 A.M.

A pair of hands cover the body with a white blanket.

The woman crying is Sarah She's holding a Kleenex while Officer Ramírez and Boggs are waiting on the door frame.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Jesus... This guy is real nuts.

OFFICER BOGGS  
Yep, I agree.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
He must be caught, Boggs. Or  
else...

Boggs looks at him, getting the message. Then, both look at Sarah, who cleans her tears while looking at the body.

SARAH  
(Whispering)  
I'm sorry. I'll take care of our  
children. I swear.

Sarah holds in there for a moments, relaxes, turns and walks away, heading to the door. After arriving, she stops, next to Ramírez and Boggs.

OFFICER BOGGS  
I'm so sorry, Sarah.

SARAH  
It's alright, Boggs. We all have  
our final day. We just can't know  
when is it.

Sarah walks outside, off scene. Ramírez and Boggs follow her.

-AT THE HALLWAY:

As Sarah walks, Ramírez and Boggs follow her from behind.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Sarah, I promise we'll catch this  
guy. I swear--

OFFICER BOGGS  
Ramírez, not now.

SARAH  
I wanna see my daughter. Where is  
she?

They continue walking through the hallway, which is empty.

OFFICER BOGGS  
We'll take you there, don't worry.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Boggs drives as Ramírez is in the passenger's seat, staring  
outside the window, watching the cars passing by.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
We gotta catch this guy, Boggs.

OFFICER BOGGS  
We'll discuss that later, man. But  
I promise you... we'll hunt him  
down.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
I hope so.

He keeps staring at the window.

OFFICER BOGGS  
You've got family? In Mexico?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Not in Mexico. But I got a wife and  
two daughters. Both 7 year-old  
girls. And you?

OFFICER BOGGS  
Nah...

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Hmm... Too bad.

OFFICER BOGGS

I prefer not having a family than having one and knowing the risk of it.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Risk?

OFFICER BOGGS

That someone very, very bad threatens them. Or worse.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Right...

OFFICER BOGGS

But, still. It's good you got a family.

Ramírez nods, looking at him.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

This guy... this killer... what happened to his family?

Boggs stays quiet, uncomfortable about the question.

Ramírez looks at him, waiting for an answer. Boggs sighs.

OFFICER BOGGS

Do you remember that two years ago, two adults died because of him?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Yeah, I think so.

OFFICER BOGGS

Guess who were they.

Ramírez thinks about it a while, but then, gets the message.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Oh, shit...

WE HOLD ON BOGGS' FACE. He's focused on the road. He nods.

OFFICER BOGGS

Yep.

(Beat)

"Oh, shit"'s right.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

-AT MARGARET AND MARTIN'S BEDROOM:

Both parents sleep over a bed, covered by its sheets.

SUPER: JULY 23rd, 2007      12:34 A.M.

We hear, at the distance, water flushing from a sink. Some metallic sounds.

-AT THE BATHROOM:

ANGLE ON: A SINK. Its half full because of the water flushing from the faucet. A pair of hands are holding its edge.  
JEFF'S.

ANGLE ON: HIS REFLECTION. The teen is STARING AT HIMSELF, while smiling. *We hear a voice, but this time, is not that voice we have heard before, serious and deep. This is a teen's voice, JEFF'S VOICE.*

JEFF (V.O)

Whoever you are, whatever you're  
thinking about doing... Stop. Don't  
you dare touching them. I won't let  
you... I won't--

Now that Jeff talks, we hear that its voice is now that serious and deep one. It's been his voice this whole time, but his self is different. This ain't Jeff.

*This is the guy who killed Randy and Troy. This is the guy who took over Jeff's body after this one burned like a living torch. THIS IS A MONSTER. THIS IS A...*

KILLER.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh, boy. Hush... Hush... Don't you  
see we're beautiful? Why can't our  
family be as beautiful as well?

JEFF (V.O) (CONT'D)

Don't you dare touching them. I  
swear for God I'll--!

JEFF (CONT'D)

Swear, swear, swear... You're just  
a voice in my head, what will you  
do?

Jeff stares at his reflection. His smile shakes. His face's getting tired.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Oh my. Look at that, boy. Isn't it  
 beautiful?

He reaches something over the toilet's tank. A KNIFE. Grabs  
 it and dances with it near his face.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Wouldn't it be great to... stay  
 beautiful forever? To smile...  
 forever?

He holds the knife near his mouth. Stares at its blade.

-AT MARTIN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM:

We hear a painful moan. A kid crying. WATER FLUSHING.  
 Margaret awakes, confused. After some seconds, Margaret hears  
 ANOTHER MOAN. She gets confused, scared.

MARGARET  
 Jeff? Liu? Guys?

No answer.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Are you okay?

Anything, just another MOAN. Suddenly, the water stops  
 FLUSHING.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Guys?

Margaret stands from the bed. She walks slowly to the door.

-AT THE HALLWAY:

Margaret exits the bedroom. She heads slowly to the BATHROOM  
 DOOR, WHICH IS BARELY OPEN. The door is ajar, the interior is  
 illuminated by a bright white bulb light. A SHADOW PASSES BY,  
 indicating someone is INSIDE.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Jeff? Liu?

She gets closer until the light ray crosses her face. IT  
 GROWS WIDER AS MARGARET OPENS THE DOOR. RIGHT AFTER THAT, SHE  
 GASPS HORRIFIED.

MARGARET'S POV: Right inside the bathroom, there's Jeff, with  
 his white sweater, dark blue jeans and white shoes. The white  
 sink is now full of spilled blood. Jeff's holding a bloody  
 knife with his right hand.

His fallen dark hair (or what's left of it) doesn't allow us - nor Margaret - to look at whatever he did to his face.

Margaret's words are barely coming.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(At the verge of tears;  
horrified)  
Jeff? Are you okay? What are you  
doing sweetie?

CLOSE ON: JEFF'S HEAD. He turns slowly, His dark hair covers his whole side face, but as he turns to see his mother, we may see... a RED, MESSY SMILE, GOING EAR TO EAR, MADE WITH BRUTAL CUTS ON BOTH CORNER OF HIS MOUTH. Even under that horrible made-smile, he's smiling, showing his exposed jaws with gums and teeth.

Margaret lets go her tears.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(Breaking)  
Jesus Christ, Jeff... What have you  
done?

A long beat. Jeff stares at Margaret. He's shaking.

JEFF  
(Shaking)  
Oh, mommy... I couldn't stop  
smiling mom. It hurted a little,  
but now... now I can smile forever.  
I was thinking about burning my  
eyelids, but that would burn my  
eyes as well... and I wouldn't be  
able to see my beautiful face, so I  
decided not to.

MARGARET  
(Crying)  
Oh my God...

A long beat.

JEFF  
You should be proud of me, mommy.  
Now I may smile forever, and never  
show my true feelings. Now... I may  
show the world...

He turns to see himself at the mirror. It's such a macabre scene.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 ...how beautiful can vengeance be.

Margaret steps back, horrified. Jeff turns to see her.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong, mommy? Aren't you  
 proud of me? Don't you like my  
 face?

MARGARET  
 (Faking a smile)  
 Yes, son... Your face is great.  
 Lemme call your dad so he can see  
 your beautiful work of art.

Right then, she SPRINTS INTO THE HALLWAY AND RUNS FORWARDS  
 THE BEDROOM. Right after she enters, she slams the door.

-AT THE BATHROOM:

Jeff sees himself at the mirror.

JEFF  
 She ain't gonna cooperate. She  
 hurted our feelings, Jeffy. And you  
 know what happens to those who hurt  
 us.  
 (Beat)  
 Is the right price to pay.

JEFF (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 No. No, no, no!!! Stay away from  
 her, motherfucker! Don't you dare  
 touching her! I won't let you!

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Oh, you won't let me?  
 (Laughs)  
 WATCH ME.

JEFF (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 NO, DON'T, NO!!!

He exits the bathroom.

-AT THE BEDROOM:

Margaret places a chair below the door handle.

MARGARET  
 Martin, wake up. MARTIN! WAKE UP!

On the bed, Martin is half-awake. Margaret runs up to the side of the bed where Martin is lying.

MARTIN  
What...? What's wrong, hon?

MARGARET  
It's Jeff. He's got insane. REAL  
FUCKING INSANE!

MARTIN  
WOW, WOW, easy Mar, easy. What are  
you talking--?

MARGARET  
Martin, where's the gun?

MARTIN  
(Confused)  
What gun?

MARGARET  
The gun you bought in Freddy's.  
Where is it?

MARTIN  
Inside the safe, on the bottom  
shelf. Why?

MARGARET  
Take it out. Now!

Margaret runs to the shelf, inside a CLOSET. She throws stuff around, looking desperate for the safe. She finally finds it.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
It's here. What's the password?  
What--?

THEN, BAM! Someone KICKS the door from outside. JEFF.

ANOTHER KICK. The chair shakes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Shit. Martin, what's the password?!

Martin doesn't respond. He stays shocked, staring at the door.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
MARTIN!!!

Martin finally reacts.



MARTIN  
(Scared)  
Huuh... 134774.

He stays over the bed. Margaret hurries up. She taps quickly the numbers, but slides her fingers and taps two wrong numbers.

MARGARET  
FUCK!

She taps the "CANCEL" button. Taps the numbers once more... but hesitates.

THE DOOR SEEMS TO CRACK. ANOTHER KICK. The chair is about to fall.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
MARTIN! It's 134772?!

MARTIN  
74! Tha last ones!

Margaret taps 7 and 4, and taps the "OPEN" button.

The box unlocks. She grabs the gun.

She walks towards the bed...

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE CHAIR LANDS AWAY.

At the door frame, JEFF STANDS, HOLDING THIGH THE KNIFE IN HIS RIGHT HAND. Margaret and Martin stare at him (being Martin as horrified as Margaret).

Margaret holds tighter the GUN with her both hands.

MARGARET  
Jeff, please... Take it easy.

JEFF'S POV: He looks at Margaret's hand, and sees the gun.

Jeff seems disappointed. BUT SHOWS HIS TEETH, trying to smile underneath his FAKE ONE.

JEFF  
Mommy lied to us. Mommy must be punished. Mommy must--.

He steps in, but stops after MARGARET AIMS AT HIM WITH THE GUN.

MARGARET

Jeff, stop. Please... Don't make me  
do this.

There's a beat. Jeff keeps showing his teeth.

JEFF

(Walking in)

Mommy. Lied. To us.

MARGARET

(Crying)  
Please don't...

MARTIN

Jeff, what are you--?!

JEFF

(Walking in; Getting  
closer to Margaret)

Mommy. MUST. BE. PUNISHED.

MARGARET

(Shaking; stepping back)  
JEFF! STOP!

MARTIN

JEFF, LISTEN TO ME!

JEFF

(At some meters from  
Margaret)

MOMMY...

MARGARET

(Leaning back at the wall;  
screaming)  
JEFF!!! STOP!!!

MARTIN

(Screaming; Jumping out of  
the bed)  
JEFF!

JEFF

(Closer from Margaret;  
Pressing his forehead  
against the barrel of the  
gun)

MUST. BE...

MARGARET

NOOO!!!

MARGARET PULLS THE TRIGGER!!!

And nothing.

No bang. Nothing. Just silence.

THE GUN HAS ITS SAFETY ON.

JEFF

Beautiful.

Margaret grabs the gun, trying to take the safety off as fast as she--

JEFF SWINGS HIS KNIFE THROUGH MARGARET'S THROAT. We hear the slash through the flesh. Blood pumps out from the wound, as Margaret vomits more red liquid. She falls over her butt, grabbing her neck, as the liquid flushes through her fingers. Jeff stares. Margaret looks at Jeff as well. Finally, her voice fades, so as her breath and falls over the floor.

MARTIN  
(Horrificed)  
Margaret! What the...?! NO! WHAT?!  
NOO! Jeff!

Jeff turns to see Martin. He stays still, terrified about what is happening. He steps back as Jeff walks towards him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
NO. JEFF, DON'T! Stay away from me!  
STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME! STAY  
AWAY--!

He doesn't finish. He turns to the door, and sprints away. Jeff runs forward. Martin arrives to the door frame, but JEFF STABS HIM IN THE CERVICAL. Martin's sight gets lost among pain and death. Jeff pulls him inside, pulling away the knife. Martin stumbles and lands over the bed. Jeff runs and jumps over him.

ANGLE FROM A SIDE OF THE BED: We don't see much, but we can see how JEFF STABS AND STABS AND STABS AND STABS, OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. BLOOD SPRAYING ON HIS FACE. After some moments, he relaxes, catching his breath.

CLOSE ON: JEFF'S BACK PART OF THE HEAD. He stands up, inhaling and exhaling.

JEFF (V.O)  
(Screaming; Crying)  
What have you done? WHAT HAVE YOU  
FUCKING DONE?! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL  
KILL YOU, MOTHERFUCKER! I'LL  
FUCKING--!

JEFF, IN REAL LIFE, CRACKS HIS NECK with a quick movement of his head. JEFF V.O is suddenly gone.

JEFF STARTS TO LAUGH. As if what he just did was a comedy show. *This ain't the JOKER, if you think that. This is JEFF THE KILLER.* And his story of violence and misery is about to begin.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hush, kid. I ain't done yet.

He turns away and walks off scene, letting us see MARTIN'S DEAD BODY, FULL OF STAB WOUNDS IN A RED PUDDLE.

-AT LIU'S BEDROOM:

Liu is sleeping on his bed, relaxed and comfortable. He's wearing earphones. Listening to "THIS AIN'T A SCENE, IT'S AN ARM RACE - FALL OUT BOY" at loud volume.

WE HOLD IN LIU'S FACE, until Liu's eyes OPEN. He feels something is wrong. But he doesn't know why.

He sits down slowly, taking away his blankets. The door is ajar, opening slowly. We can't see much because of the darkness. Liu ignores this and lies down once more. WE HOLD IN HIS FACE ONCE MORE, until we see the blankets are MOVING, like being PULLED BY LIU'S FEET. However, what's moving the blankets is too strong to be just Liu's feet. He realizes this. Liu sits down, quicker this time, and...

SEES JEFF WITH HIS HORRIBLE FACE, CRAWLING OVER THE BED HEADING TO HIS HEAD.

Liu jumpscares.

LIU

(Jumping)

JESUS...! What the...?!

(Recognizing)

J... Jeff?!

Jeff jumps over Liu's chest and COVERS LIU'S MOUTH WITH HIS LEFT HAND. Liu screams, but his voice is muted because of Jeff's hand. The killer is holding the knife with his right hand. He holds his index finger in front of his mouth, still holding the knife. Liu struggles, but Jeff's weight stops him from doing anything.

JEFF

Shhhhhhhh, shshsh...

Liu stares at him, without struggling.

Jeff smiles at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Silence, boy. It's time... to GO TO SLEEP...

CAMERA FOLLOWS AS JEFF'S KNIFE IS RAISED BY HIM. Slowly.  
Drops of red liquid fall from the blade. It seems is about to reach the roof.

WITH A QUICK MOVE, JEFF SWINGS DOWN THE KNIFE, DISAPPEARING FROM THE SCREEN. JEFF SCREAMS AS WE-

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

A long silence.

OFFICER MACALLAN (V.O)  
Ramírez. Ramírez. HEY!

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

-AT THE LOBBY:

Macallan kicks Ramírez, who's asleep on a wait chair. He jumps out, still a little bit sleepy.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
C'mon, man. It's time.

Ramírez looks at Macallan, and recognizes what he's talking about. He stands up quickly and fixes his messed shirt and hair.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
Sorry. I'm good. I'm... ready.

Macallan walks away, and Ramírez follows him.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Have you ever been trained for an interview?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
(Confused)  
Trained?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
I'll take that as a no. Lemme do the talking, do not screw up anything. I'll call you if I need you.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ  
So, I won't be in the room?

OFFICER MACALLAN

You'll be in the room 'cause I need a "witness", I call it like that. Just, don't say a word unless I tell you. We're interrogating a girl, so... we've gotta manage our vocabulary so that she understands it, all right?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

She's a teenager. I think she'll get it just fine.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Just in case.

They arrive to a HALLWAY, and stop right in FRONT OF A DOOR. Macallan knocks.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Hey, Mac.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Yeap?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Sorry about your son.

Macallan looks at Ramírez confused.

OFFICER MACALLAN

How did you--?

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

Boggs. He... kinda told me everything.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Oh.

Macallan's face shows *how much he desires to kill Boggs right now.*

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

I'm... really sorry.

(Beat)

Is that why you volunteered for this case? To catch the guy and avenge your son?

Macallan is now melancholic.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY:

*This whole montage is in slow-motion.*

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

Over the puddle of vodka and alcohol, the reflection of OFFICER MACALLAN appears among the shattered pieces of crystal. He's shocked about the mess made inside the house.

-AT THE STAIRS:

Macallan sprints upstairs, among some other TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

-AT THE BATHROOM:

Macallan enters the bathroom, only to see the worse scene. Two teen dead bodies. And one of them... is Randy's. Macallan kneels, broken, next to the boy's body. He takes it on his arms, and hugs him. He cries and lets go a terrible *muted* scream.

-AT THE LIVING ROOM:

An ambulance stretcher bed carries the burned body of Jeff. The paramedics take him out of the house, as Macallan sees them from the first floor.

Looking straight to the guy who killed his son.

END OF FLASHBACK:

Macallan it's still standing in front of the door. His expression shows rage, besides melancholia.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
I don't wanna catch him.  
(Beat)  
I wanna kill him.

He knocks once more. Ramírez just looks at him, knowing Macallan is a hopeless person.

The door opens. A doctor exits and receives the two officers.

IT'S DOCTOR MURRAY, AND HE HASN'T AGED.

OFFICER MACALLAN (CONT'D)  
Dr. Aaron Murray?

DR. MURRAY  
Yes?

OFFICER MACALLAN  
I'm Officer Macallan and this is  
Officer Ramírez. We're here to  
interview the girl.

DR. MURRAY  
Oh, yes. I spoke with your  
Lieutenant on the phone. Come in.  
She's still on her bed.

Dr. Murray enters and both officers follow him. Ramírez  
closes the door behind him.

-AT THE PATIENT'S ROOM:

CAMERA IS BEHIND A GIRL, seated on a bed, covering her legs  
with the blankets. She's rocking, stroking the right side of  
her face.

It's Nina. The girl attacked by Jeff at the beginning of the  
chapter.

NINA  
(Low voice)  
*Sweet dreams are made of this  
Who am I to disagree  
Travel the world and the seven seas  
Everybody looking for something  
Some of them want to use you  
Some of them want to get used by  
you  
Some of them want to abuse you  
Some of them want to be abused--*

A curtain is opened. Dr. Murray and Officers Macallan and  
Ramírez appear, being the officers behind the docto, waiting.

Nina looks at Dr. Murray.

DR. MURRAY  
Good afternoon, Nina. Ready?

She nods.

NOTE: CAMERA SHOTS HER ONLY IN THE LEFT SIDE OF HER FACE. It  
doesn't allow us to see her right side.

Ramírez face shows some horror. The damage had a... very  
perturbing result.

Macallan sits on a chair next to Nina.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Hey, Nina. How are you?



NINA  
I've been better.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Yeah...  
(Beat; Clearing his  
throat)  
We're here to ask you a few  
questions about what happened.  
If... it's okay for you.

Beat.

NINA  
(Sad tone)  
Hit it.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Alright. So... could you tell me  
what happened? From the very  
beginning?

NINA  
He entered my room, I think from  
the window. He came back even after  
my father told him not to. He  
sneaked in and got over my bed. I  
got scared and I fell from the bed.  
He got his knife inside my mouth  
and, right after my father came in  
and... well, you already know what  
he did. Then, in a quick move, he  
stabbed my father and runned away  
through the hallway and exit the  
house from the front door. That's  
what happened...

Macallan looks at Ramírez. There was something in there that  
make no sense.

OFFICER MACALLAN  
Nina, wait a moment. Did you said  
that he came back even after your  
father "told him not to"? What do  
you mean with that?

A long silence. Nina looks at the roof and lies on the bed,  
leaning her head against the pillows softly, like a little  
girl thinking about her blue prince...

NINA  
We took him under our care for  
about... 4 months I think.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(Whispering)

Oh, shit...

NINA

We found him sleeping in our yard.  
Under the rain. He was hurted.  
After my father took him inside the  
house...

(Dreamy)

I saw... the most beautiful face...  
the most sweet boy I've ever seen  
in my whole life.

Macallan looks at Ramírez, so as this one looks at Macallan.  
*They may be talking to a psycho...*

OFFICER MACALLAN

Huh... Ok. So, after he attacked  
your father and run away from the  
house... do you remember at what  
time did this whole event occurred?  
That might help us catch the guy  
once and for all... for your  
father.

Silence. She smiles.

NINA

(Whispering)

You will never catch him.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Excuse me? What was that?

NINA

You'll never catch him. He deserves  
to be free and get his vengeance...

OFFICER MACALLAN

(Confused)

Vengeance?

NINA

...for the cruelty he has  
experienced, for his misery and for  
the evilness that surrounds him!  
All he wants is for that cruelty to  
to end. He wants to leave  
peacefully... But he may not until  
his mission is done, and the  
violence is over...

OFFICER MACALLAN

You gotta tell me more about that  
vengeance of his. What is it about-  
-?

NINA

I won't say a shit.

OFFICER MACALLAN

Nina, you gotta help us on this, so  
we can catch this guy, for the  
murder of your father...

NINA

IF MY FATHER WAS PART OF HIS  
MISSION, THEN HE DESERVED TO DIE!  
If my father hurted Jeff... then he  
deserved his life to be ended by  
the stab of the knife.

OFFICER RAMÍREZ

(To Macallan)

At least we've got his name. Jeff.

NINA

It doesn't matter if his name is  
Charles or... or Malcolm... or  
whatever the fuck...

(Beat)

You'll never find him, and if you  
ever did...

She turns to see Macallan. THEN, IT IS REVEALED: On her right  
cheek, she has a massive cut, in shape of a half-smile, going  
from the corner of her lip up to her right ear. She smiles at  
Macallan.

NINA (CONT'D)

...the only thing he'll ever bring  
into your life... is death. 'Cause  
he's determined to escape, to end  
his revenge, to be alone... to make  
them all... go to sleep.

As she smiles, she starts giggling. Her mind is broken. *Is it  
broken because it's her nature, or because Jeff broke it? We  
may find out later...*

**EXT. ALLEY - SUNSET**

On a dark alley, gas emanates from the sewers, trash is stacked everywhere, graffiti decorate the walls and papers float as the wind passes by. From behind us, a guy appears whispering and mumbling as he shakes.

IT'S JEFF. He's still wearing the white sweater, covered in blood, the dark blue jeans with black spots all around them and the white shoes, covered in mud and dirt.

We can't see his face.

JEFF

I'm done with this. I can't... I  
can't... I can't go on. I'm tired,  
I'm starving, I'm thirsty--

JEFF THE KILLER

Thirsty for blood...

JEFF

No, no, no.

JEFF THE KILLER

Hungry for flesh and bone. Never  
tired, never stop.

JEFF

I wanna stop.

A long silence, as Jeff walks side by side.

JEFF THE KILLER

We can't. We can't. You must make  
them all go to sleep. We must make  
them all go to--

JEFF

I KNOW! I FUCKING KNOW!

JEFF THE KILLER

THEN, Y'KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE!  
Find the boy! End this. We're only  
one murder left. Then, we may go to  
sleep.

JEFF

(Hopeful)  
Only one left?

JEFF THE KILLER

Yes. We've killed the hopeless, the  
cause, the devils... now, there's  
only one left...

JEFF

(Understanding)

The destroyer... the unbeliever...  
the shooter...

JEFF THE KILLER

Yes. Yes.

JEFF

The cop who arrested Liu that day.

INSERT IMAGE: MACALLAN PUSHES LIU INSIDE THE CAR, AFTER  
ARRESTING HIM. THE, HE STARES AT THE CAMERA (JEFF'S POV).

JEFF (V.O) (CONT'D)

So, if we find him... we end this?

Back to the alley.

JEFF THE KILLER

Yes. We end this. IT'S ALL OVER  
AFTER THIS GUY GOES...

JEFF

...TO SLEEP.

JEFF THE KILLER

Yes. Yes...

Jeff nods, comprehensive. *He wishes to end the slaughter. But  
if the killer does not stop, he won't either. There's no  
other way.*

*THERE'S NEVER BEEN.*

JEFF

(Staring at the camera)

All right. So what are we waiting  
for? Where do we find him?

STILL STARING AT THE CAMERA, JEFF THE KILLER SMILES,  
UNDERNEATH HIS ROTTEN FAKE SMILE.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE:

**JEFF**

CUT TO:

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

A GUY, wearing a brown sweater with a hoodie, is seated on a cafe, watching his cell phone screen. An article is opened:

**"Police resume search for Indiana killer, author of new crime"**

A WAITRESS comes by and leaves a coffee next to the guy. She sees the news article.

WAITRESS

Such a psycho. A sick son of a bitch, right? I hope one day they'll catch him.

CAMERA GOES FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE GUY UP TO HIS FRONT, SHOWING HIS FACE.

IT'S LIU.

HE'S ALIVE.

His face is full of stitches and scars. He nods.

LIU

Oh, they'll find him... and they'll kill him.

The waitress walks away. Liu takes a sip of his coffee and turns off his cell phone. He leaves the cup on the table and stares at his phone, making a plan...

Plotting his revenge.

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

**END OF CHAPTER ONE**