

**NUMB**

by

Brian Lakes & Doug L. Starks

Brian Lakes  
Doug L. Starks

© 2005, NUMB

FADE IN:

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Dark, wet, and grimy, the type of place where only vermin and the scum of the earth can be found. Light plays off shadows and drizzle.

A brain-fried teenage, drug dealer, MALCOLM, passes a baggy full of heroin to MITCH TAYLOR.

Mitch Taylor, late twenties, is a low key kind of guy, very introverted. His appearance is rough around the edges, as is his attitude. He has a slight visible scar above his right eye.

Mitch exchanges a wad of money for the drugs.

Malcolm starts to count the wad.

MITCH

What the fuck are you counting it for? Don't you trust me?

MALCOLM

I don't trust anybody.

He stuffs the money into his pocket.

MALCOLM

(continuing)

Looks like it's all there. Let me know when you need a refill.

Malcolm departs into the shadows.

Mitch looks back and forth down the alley. His eye comes to rest on a spigot.

He turns on the water letting it run as he preps for a fix. Preparation finished, he taps for a vein and injects the mixture.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Walking with no one in sight, Mitch is in seventh heaven, a cheesy grin accompanies the high he's experiencing.

Stumbling along he takes a turn.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The yellow streetlights double as spotlights for the struggle that ensues underneath.

THE SUDDEN SOUND OF SCREAMING AND WAILING, quickly followed by an erie silence.

A middle-age BAG LADY, is sprawled on the ground in a pool of blood.

The KILLER is a tall and skinny man with long stringy, grey hair. Mounted on his neck is a small voice box. He stands over the bag lady with a galvanized pipe.

A DISTORTED VOICE ISSUES forth from the Killer.

KILLER  
Never leave me again.

Mitch's eyes widen with terror.

MITCH  
Jesus Christ!

The Killer is startled and swings around towards Mitch.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Oh shit!

The Killer advances as Mitch retreats backwards.

EXT. STREET

Mitch's eyes are fixed on the Killer.

The headlights of a blue 1992 Geo Metro spill upon Mitch.

THE SOUND OF THE METRO'S SCREECHING BRAKES

The Metro crashes into Mitch. His body is cradles inside the shattered windshield before it continues up and over the back of the Metro.

Mitch lands hard and on his back on the asphalt.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The emergency room is busy tonight. Doctors and nurses tend to patients that have filled the room to maximum capacity.

TWO HEAVY SET PARAMEDICS in blue uniforms rush a gurney with unconscious, bloody Mitch strapped to it, through automatic sliding glass doors.

A stressed-out DOCTOR runs beside the gurney opening Mitch's eyes and shining a small flashlight into them.

The paramedic and Doctor can only slightly be heard because of the high level of noise.

PARAMEDIC #1  
It looks like he has a concussion.

DOCTOR #1  
Let's get a CAT-SCAN, stat.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights shine from overhead enhancing the white glare of the room. A television hangs from the ceiling at the foot of the bed.

Mitch's eyes flutter open.

Mitch is laying on the hospital bed with a white gauze bandage plastered to his forehead accompanied by stitches, scrapes, and scratches.

ANNA STERLING lounges next to the bed in a soft cushioned wooden chair holding Mitch's hand.

Anna, is Mitch's girlfriend, a petite woman of medium height with long straight hair. Even with gray sweat pants and a white t-shirt you can tell underneath it all, she cares about how she looks.

ANNA  
Mitch?

Mitch reaches up to touch his forehead as Anna intercepts his hand.

ANNA  
(continuing)  
Don't do that.

MITCH  
My fucking head hurts. What happened?

Mitch starts to get up, but Anna gently pushes him back down.

ANNA  
Stay down, you have a concussion.

MITCH  
What?

ANNA  
You got hit by a car.

She leans over and kisses him.

ANNA  
(continuing)  
You scared the hell out of me.

MITCH  
I don't remember anything.

ANNA  
I'm going to go get the doctor.  
I'll be back in a second.

Anna scurries out of the room.

Mitch slowly sits up and cautiously climbs out of bed. He looks at himself in a mirror. He feels the crimson bandage and winces slightly at the pain.

Anna, along with a DOCTOR who looks like he is fresh out medical school, enter the room.

DOCTOR  
Why don't you come sit down for a minute. I just need to check a few things, then you can be on your way.

The doctor takes a stethoscope and checks Mitch's heartbeat.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Without moving your head, follow my finger carefully.

Mitch's eyes follow the doctor's finger.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Good. Now, look at that picture on the wall.

The doctor shines a small light into both of Mitch's eyes.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Well, we took a CAT-SCAN and you have a mild concussion. You're lucky to be alive and with no broken bones considering the hit you experienced. You must drink a lot of milk.

The doctor smirks a little and takes a small note pad from his jacket pocket.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
I'm sure you're experiencing some pain. I'm going to prescribe you some Loritabs. Take this to the pharmacy downstairs. You can pick up your prescription there. Take it easy for the next few days, okay?

MITCH  
Sure thing.

DOCTOR  
(to Anna)  
Now you're an RN, so make sure he takes his prescription. I suggest that he takes the next couple of days off from work. I can write a doctor's note if you want it.

ANNA  
No, it's okay, I'll just call in.  
Thanks for everything doctor.  
(to Mitch)  
Okay? Are you ready to go home now?

INT. HOSPITAL PHARMACY - NIGHT

Lines of people exchange money for medicine through a glass window like they are purchasing tickets at a movie theater. Anna and Mitch are towards the back of the line.

ANNA  
I had to drive the Camaro.

MITCH  
What? What's wrong with the Accent?

ANNA  
The engine seized up.

MITCH  
What? Didn't you add any oil?

ANNA  
No, I just must have gotten side tracked with everything that's been going on.

MITCH  
I didn't like that car anyway.

ANNA  
Why? Is it because you don't think  
(sarcastically)  
"it's a nice car"?

MITCH  
No. It's because it's a piece of  
shit.

They both chuckle.

ANNA  
You just don't like it because it  
cramps your style.

Anna slides the prescription note under the window.

A pimple-faced PHARMACIST with large framed glasses takes the  
note.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The lot is filled with many cars even at this hour of night.

Anna and Mitch stroll through the aisles of cars coming to a  
1969 Chevy Camaro.

The Camaro has obviously been pampered and well taken care  
of. It's in pristine condition.

MITCH  
Where are the keys?

ANNA  
You're not in any condition to  
drive.

MITCH  
Oh, come on. I'm fine.

Anna smiles.

ANNA  
Get in, I'm driving.

They get into the Camaro.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room is small but comfortable, not the cleanest of all places. A 27" TV sits in front of a small couch.

Mitch makes his way to the couch where he flops down like a sack of potatoes.

ANNA

Are you hungry? Do you want me to fix you something?

Anna walks into the kitchen and places her keys and purse along with the small white paper sack on the table.

MITCH

Sure, how about a beer and one of those frozen burritos?

ANNA

How about a glass of milk and one of those frozen burritos?

(cynical)

Nice try. You're not allowed to have any alcohol with your prescription.

MITCH

That works. You gonna eat too?

ANNA

No, I'm not hungry right now.

MITCH

You need to eat something. One of these days you're going to blow away in the wind.

ANNA

(sarcastic)

Ha Ha, very funny. I'll be alright. I'll just get something from the cafeteria at work.

Mitch flips on the television with the remote control. A game show is on.

INT. KITCHEN

Dishes are piled up like the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Anna tosses a frozen burrito into the microwave and prepares the rest of his dinner.



ANNA

So, what were you doing downtown anyway?

MITCH (O.S.)

I was meeting Jake down there. We were going to go to a bar, but he never showed up.

The microwave beeps. Anna gathers the food.

INT. LIVING ROOM

She delivers it to Mitch.

He eats and watches the game show while Anna enters the bedroom.

ANNA (O.S.)

So you don't remember anything that happened?

MITCH

Not a damn thing.

ANNA (O.S.)

That's too bad because the driver got away.

MITCH

You mean he just kept going after he hit me.

(to himself)

Little fucker.

ANNA (O.S.)

It's lucky someone was around and called 911.

MITCH

Well who was it?

THE SOUND OF A CAR HORN

Anna enters the living room wearing green nurses scrubs.

ANNA

The police don't know. It was an anonymous call.

She slides on her coat and grabs her purse and heads for the door.

THE SOUND OF A CAR HORN, AGAIN

ANNA  
(continuing)  
That's my ride. Gotta go.

She kisses Mitch and goes out the door.

INT. NISSAN MAXIMA - NIGHT

Leather interior with all the perks. Not an ounce of dust in sight.

DALE part-time nurse, full-time player is also dressed in scrubs.

Anna sits in the passenger's seat.

DALE  
When are you going to drop that loser up there and come with me?

ANNA  
Just drive okay.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mitch cracks the blinds and peeks through.

The Maxima tears off burning a little rubber.

Mitch withdraws from the blinds in the living room.

INT. KITCHEN

He grabs a long neck beer from the fridge and twists off the top. He takes a long swig.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mitch flops down on the couch and pops the two pills in his mouth and chases it down with the beer. He lays back on the couch. His eyes start closing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Police cars and a coroner's van surround the crime scene.

POLICE OFFICERS, the CORONER, and a hispanic STORE OWNER mill about.

DETECTIVE HENRY SNOW stands alone. Detective Snow is a man in his mid-forties.

He has tints of gray in his neat shoulder length hair. By his actions you can tell that he's seen and heard it all.

He kneels down by the corpse of the bag lady.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(to himself)  
Damn, someone really went to town  
on her.

In the background a black, POLICE OFFICER talks with the store owner. The police officer is taking notes.

STORE OWNER  
I just found her this morning when  
I came in.

POLICE OFFICER  
Did you know the victim?

STORE OWNER  
Yeah, I've run her outta here a  
few times before. These dirty  
fuckers go into the alley to piss  
and shit all over the place.

Detective Snow breaks in.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(to store owner)  
Hey, show some respect, they're  
people too.  
(a beat)  
Did you know her name?

STORE OWNER  
I think her name is Judith, but  
I'm not sure.

Detective Snow inspects the corpse. Her skull is smashed in and she is bruised all over.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(to Police Officer)  
Let's get forensics on this. I  
want a name to go with the face.

The Police Officer just stands there.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Sometime today would be nice.

POLICE OFFICER  
Oh, I'll get right on it.

The Police Officer rushes away.

ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER, white, a rookie, approaches.

POLICE OFFICER  
(continuing)  
So, what do you think?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Who ever did this was really  
pissed about something. I'd say  
that this was personal.

POLICE OFFICER  
How do you know? This could be  
just a random act.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
No. This took some time. If this  
was random, the killer would have  
just shot or stabbed her. Look...

Detective Snow points to the pale body.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
...there are multiple bruises up  
and down her arms. Her skull is  
caved in, done with some blunt  
object. No one would take this  
much time killing someone unless  
it was personal. The killer  
wanted her to suffer.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mitch bolts upright on the couch, profusely sweating and  
gasping for air. He gets up off the couch.

INT. BEDROOM

The room is no cleaner than the rest of the apartment. Pile  
of clothes accent the mess.

He strips down to his boxers.

He fashions three tattoos. One appears as an armband on his  
upper arm. The design consists of two heavy lines that  
encircle the arm with a jagged line design running in between.

On the other arm is the Japanese Kanji of love and hate. On his back is a large tattoo of two gothic gargoyles facing each other.

He sits down on the edge of the bed. A single small ceramic lamp sits next to a digital clock that reads 4:59 a.m. The clock suddenly turns to 5:00 a.m. A LOUD OBNOXIOUS ALARM SOUNDS. He turns it off.

MITCH

Oh shit...

He looks down at the two-drawer night stand that sits to his right. Opening the bottom drawer he retrieves a syringe and a metal spoon, a box of matches, and surgical tubing. He sets these items on top of the night stand next to a glass of water.

He picks up the ceramic lamp and turns it over. Reaching inside the hollow lamp he withdraws a cellophane baggy of heroin.

Heroin cooks on the spoon. The syringe slurps up the drug. He wraps the surgical tubing around his bicep and taps for a vein. The needle penetrates the vein and he slowly pushes the plunger. Releasing the surgical tubing, he is taken away by the effect.

Sluggishly and staggering Mitch pulls himself to his feet bracing himself against the wall. He puts the paraphernalia away.

INT. BATHROOM

He gazes at himself in the mirror.

He turns on the faucet and splashes water on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The front door of the apartment opens and Anna enters still wearing her green nurses scrubs.

ANNA

(calling)

Mitch?

She surveys the apartment. Her shoulders visibly slump.

INT. KITCHEN

While walking she takes off her shoes and carelessly discards them behind her.

ANNA  
(exasperated)  
Shit...

She tosses her keys and purse on the table.

INT. BEDROOM

Anna enters.

ANNA  
Mitch...Honey, I'm home.

MITCH (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
In here.

Anna strips free of her nurses scrubs revealing black thong panties and a black lace bra.

INT. BATHROOM

Anna slips up behind Mitch and puts her arms around him. She peeks over Mitch's left shoulder staring at him in the mirror.

ANNA  
I missed you so much.

MITCH  
I missed you too.

Anna reaches up and strokes the scruff on his cheek.

ANNA  
Feel like shaving, or are you just going to let that go for a few more days?

Mitch shrugs his shoulders.

MITCH  
I dunno...  
(cynically)  
I was thinking of letting it go for a few more days.

ANNA  
Good. Because I think you look sexy.

Mitch is puzzled.

ANNA  
(continuing)  
What's wrong?

MITCH  
Nothing really.

ANNA  
Come on tell me.

MITCH  
I didn't sleep well last night. I  
had another dream.

ANNA  
Oh, I'm sorry. The same dream?

Mitch breaks free of Anna's grasp.

INT. BEDROOM

MITCH  
Yeah...I just can't seem to get it  
out of my fucking head.

Mitch searches through piles of dirty clothes on the floor.  
He gets dressed.

Anna stands stiffly watching him.

ANNA  
Was your childhood that bad?

MITCH  
Childhood? I didn't have a  
childhood.

ANNA  
Well, maybe it's time to go talk  
to a counselor.

MITCH  
Why!? So some fucking therapist  
can tell me what my problem is? I  
know what the problem is. I don't  
need to pay good money so someone  
can tell me I'm having recurring  
nightmares of being beaten as a  
child.

Mitch spots his work shirt lying on the floor.

Anna turns on her heel curtly and enters the bathroom.

MITCH  
(continuing; to  
himself)  
Shit...  
(continuing after a  
beat)  
I'm sorry it's not your fault.

ANNA (O.S.)  
It's okay...I just thought talking  
about it would help. I just worry  
about you.

Mitch quickly picks up the work shirt, wads it up, and tosses it through the bedroom door into the living room.

INT. BATHROOM

Mitch comes up behind Anna.

MITCH  
Well, that's why I have you.

He kisses her on the forehead. They leave the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM

MITCH  
I worry about you too. Now get  
some rest, I've got to go run a  
few errands.

ANNA  
Okay.

Anna hops into bed wrapping herself up like she's in a cocoon.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mitch grabs the work shirt off the floor and unwads it. On the left side of the shirt over the pocket, it reads FREEDOM PRINTING. On the right side is printed his name.

Mitch shakes out the work shirt and slides it on buttoning it up.

EXT. FREEDOM PRINTING - DAY

The Chevy Camaro pulls into the parking lot and turns swiftly into a vacant spot. Ahead of the Camaro stands an enormous brick building.



On the side of the building is written "Freedom Printing Employee Parking Only".

From behind Mitch a 1997 cherry red Pontiac Firebird pulls into a vacant spot next to Mitch's Camaro. LOUD 80'S ROCK MUSIC IS THUMPING.

Mitch exits the Camaro.

A white male about the same age as Mitch exits the Firebird.

It's JAKE HALEY. He is very skinny, hyperactive, almost anorexic in appearance. He wears the same uniform as Mitch.

MITCH

How you doing Jake?

JAKE

By the looks of it, better than you. What happened to your head?

MITCH

Some fucker hit me when I was crossing the street.

JAKE

Are you okay?

MITCH

Yeah, I'll live. How about you?

JAKE

Well, Christie left me this weekend.

MITCH

(cynical)

It's kind of hard hanging on to those two week relationships, isn't it?

JAKE

Yeah, I'm really broken up about it. I can't decide if I'm more broken up about the relationship or my car.

MITCH

Your car? What's wrong with it?

Jake motions Mitch over to his Firebird.

JAKE  
Christie and I went to this nice  
restaurant this week...

MITCH  
(cynical)  
You went to a "nice" restaurant?

JAKE  
Shut up. Anyway, that's where she  
gave me the news. She said she had  
"issues", and to top it off I came  
out to my car and there's a dent  
in my door. I wish I could find  
the son of a bitch who did that,  
it really pisses me off.

Mitch inspects the dent.

They walk towards the employee entrance.

MITCH  
That sucks.

INT. FREEDOM PRINTING - DAY

The pair enters a room that is filled with five off-set  
printing presses. The noise makes a circus sound quiet.  
EMPLOYEES bustle about tending to the presses.

JAKE  
That mother fucker. Don't worry,  
it'll happen to you.

MITCH  
What? Losing Anna?

JAKE  
No, getting a dent in your car.

Jake and Mitch casually walk past the presses to the time  
clock on the opposite wall.

JAKE  
(continuing)  
After you.

Mitch takes his time card and punches in.

Jake does the same.

A large muscular-set black man watches Mitch and Jake.

The large man is CHARLIE CONRAD. He looks like he should be playing as a linebacker for the Seattle Seahawks rather than working in a press bindery. He is wearing the white button down shirt of a foreman.

Charlie walks directly across the room and confronts Mitch.

Jake continues on his way.

MITCH

Sorry I'm late Charlie, I just must have overslept.

CHARLIE

What the hell happened to you?

MITCH

A hit and run.

CHARLIE

Why don't you take the day off?  
I'm sure your doctor wouldn't want you...

MITCH

Fuck the doctor Charlie, I need the money.

CHARLIE

I'll get Curtis to cover your shift.

MITCH

Charlie, I need the money... I've got to pay the bills.

CHARLIE

I'm not asking you Mitch, I'm telling you to go home.

Perturbed, Mitch takes his time card from the rack and punches out.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

Mitch inserts the key into the ignition. He is about to turn the key when his vision blurs.

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY (FLASH)

Underneath an overpass. Rain drips down graffiti ridden walls. The words WHITE TRASH are emblazoned through the graffiti.

A white male vagrant, MITCHELL ROBERTS, warms his hands over a garbage can fire.

The Killer's black steel toe work boots walking. A galvanized piped slides out of his coat sleeve. He grasps it firmly.

He swings the galvanized pipe down on Mitchell's head cracking it open. Blood streams through the rain water.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

Mitch reels from the vision.

MITCH  
What the hell...?

Mitch brings the Camaro to life and peels out of the parking lot.

INT. CARE CENTER - DAY

A single room, very white and very clean. Decorations are sparse.

Age has taken a toll on Mitch's mother, JUDITH TAYLOR. She sits in a cushioned chair quiet and shy, gazing out a window, she wears a robe and slippers.

Mitch enters holding a bouquet of flowers.

MITCH  
Hi mom.

Mitch passes Judith the flowers, kissing her on the forehead.

A happy go lucky orderly, LEON GALVIN enters, holding a cup of water and a small plastic cup of pills.

LEON  
Hey Judith, how are you doing today? Ready to take your meds?

The orderly helps Judith take her medication.

LEON  
(continuing)  
How are you doing Mitch?

MITCH  
I'm fine. How's she doing?

LEON

She's doing well, considering the stroke. She still can't speak, but we're working on it.

MITCH

I appreciate all you do.

The orderly takes the used containers and leaves.

Mitch squats down in front of Judith and holds her hand.

MITCH

(continuing)

So, how are you doing mom?

She shrugs and then points at Mitch.

MITCH

(continuing)

I'm doing okay. Anna's great, but she works a lot. Work is going okay for me. All-in-all things are good.

Judith pats Mitch's hand.

Mitch stands up and then walks over to a nearby dresser. The dresser has a number of framed pictures on top of it. Mitch picks up one of the pictures.

It is of eleven-year-old Mitch on a swing with his mother pushing him.

MITCH

(continuing)

Hey mom, you remember this?

She smiles.

MITCH

(continuing)

Do you remember all the good times we used to have at the park? I remember every Sunday without fail you would take me. You know, you did a pretty good job raising me by yourself.

He puts the picture back on top of the dresser. He crosses the room to Judith, she has a concerned look on her face.

MITCH  
 (continuing)  
 What's wrong?

She takes Mitch's hand.

JUDITH  
 Your fa..th..er...

MITCH  
 Mom, I don't need to know about my  
 father. I don't want to know  
 anything about him. He was cruel  
 to us. You did the right thing,  
 don't worry.

Mitch gives Judith a hug.

MITCH  
 (continuing)  
 I wish I could stay longer today,  
 but I have to get going. Is there  
 anything that you need?

Judith shakes her head no.

MITCH  
 (continuing)  
 I'll be back in a few days, and  
 I'll stay longer, and maybe Anna  
 will be able to come.

She pulls Mitch's hand towards her.

JUDITH  
 I...I...la...la...

Her eyes water.

MITCH  
 I know mom...I love you too.

EXT. SLURP N' GAS - DAY

A twenty-four hour convenience store in downtown Seattle. A sign towering above the store features a neon red slurpee. The sign reads in bright neon lettering SLURP N' GAS.

Laying on the sidewalk off to the right of the entrance is a pale sick looking VAGRANT who is scrunched up in the fetal position. Leaning against him is a cardboard sign which reads in huge letters: HELP ME. Next to the sign is placed a tin can.

The Chevy Camaro drives into a vacant parking spot next to a white 1993 Crown Victoria.

Mitch walks towards the entrance. He stops and gazes down at the sick vagrant. Mitch places a few dollars in the vagrant's tin can.

MITCH

Get something to eat.

INT. SLURP N' GAS - DAY

The inside of the twenty-four hour mart is filled with a few aisles containing the essentials of life. GOLDEN OLDIES ARE PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.

Mitch walks over to the hot dog rack, next to the donuts and fountain drinks. He takes a bun from a plastic bag and grabs a spinning hot dog off the heat rollers with tongs.

Not paying attention, Mitch bumps into Detective Snow standing next to him who is picking out some stale donuts from the plastic case.

MITCH

Sorry.

Detective Snow turns around to face Mitch.

DETECTIVE SNOW

It's okay. Hey, Mitchell Lance Taylor, how are you doing? I haven't seen you around lately. That means you must be staying out of trouble, or not getting caught, one of the two.

MITCH

Hey, Henry.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Are you staying out of trouble?

MITCH

You could say that.

Mitch walks past Snow to the condiment counter, drowning his hot dog with ketchup.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Good God! Have some hot dog with your ketchup.

MITCH

I like it like this.

They both start walking towards the register where a slacker-looking CLERK waits.

DETECTIVE SNOW

So, how's life? Are you clean?

MITCH

Are you?

CLERK

Is this all for you?

MITCH

This and a pack of Marlboro lights.

CLERK

That comes to \$4.53.

Mitch passes the clerk a five spot.

The Clerk opens the drawer and passes Mitch the change.

MITCH

See ya detective.

EXT. SLURP N' GAS - DAY

Mitch is fiddling with his car keys.

Detective Snow walks over to the driver's side of the white Crown Victoria.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Mitch! You know, the less I see of you the better off you are. You must be doing something right.

Detective Snow gets in the Crown Victoria and backs up and drives off.

A slight drizzle begins to fall.

Mitch finally opens the Chevy's door.

INT. CHEVY CAMARO - DAY

Mitch drives down a less frequented inner-city back road. Approaching a small viaduct he spots prominently spray painted black and green graffiti which reads WHITE TRASH along with a collage of other urban art.



EXT. CAMARO - DAY

From the rear, the Camaro's brake lights kick on. The Chevy pulls directly to the right shoulder and comes to a stop kicking up dust.

Mitch exits the Chevy immediately, leaving the door open. He sprints to the left side railing of the viaduct and peers down at the spray-painted graffiti.

He hurdles the metal railing and jogs down a semi-steep hill to the concrete canal wall.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

He is drawn directly to the emblazoned graffiti. He brushes his hand over the words.

A quick FLASH of the Killer's face as he touches the graffiti.

He spots an old rusted fifty-five gallon drum precisely underneath the overpass.

EXT. UNDER THE VIADUCT

Not more than a foot away from the rusted drum lies an old, worn out, green army blanket. Next to the wall lies a large flattened cardboard box. Trash surrounds the area.

Mitch stands over the rusted drum and stares down inside seeing nothing but ashes. He kneels before the blanket. He thrusts out his shaking right hand, and lifts the filthy blanket finding nothing.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The clouds are dark and brooding, but no rain falls.

The park is located deep within a bad part of the inner city. Children play on decrepit playground equipment.

Mitch sits at a picnic table watching the children.

Malcolm approaches Mitch from behind. He sits down beside Mitch.

MALCOLM

My favorite customer.

MITCH

Why am I your favorite?

MALCOLM

I don't know man, I'm just trying to make conversation.

MITCH

Well don't.

MALCOLM

Aren't we Mister Sunshine today?  
I'll leave you alone.

Malcolm starts to get up.

Mitch grabs Malcolm's arm.

MITCH

Do you have the usual?

He sits back down.

MALCOLM

Yeah, but I don't think you realize what kind of smorgasbord I have to offer. I got a great deal on...

MITCH

Just give me the usual.

MALCOLM

Man, I got crack, coke, shrooms...

MITCH

Just the fucking usual.

MALCOLM

Okay...if that's what you want.

They exchange money for heroin in a balloon underneath the table.

Malcolm quickly counts the money underneath the bench.

MITCH

Thanks.

MALCOLM

No, thank you.

Malcolm walks off.

Mitch continues to watch the children play. Reminiscing, one of the children turns into an eleven year old Mitch.

A young mother turns into a younger Judith and is pushing him on the swing.

Mitch smiles from ear-to-ear.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the bedroom, Mitch opens the bottom drawer of the night stand and withdraws his drug paraphernalia. Mitch takes the balloon of heroin from his leather jacket. Contemplating, he weighs it in his hand, shaking his head, he preps the heroin.

Mitch lightly taps the syringe. He inserts the needle into the protruding vein. He takes out the syringe and releases the surgical tubing around his upper arm. Leaning back, he enjoys the rush.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He lies down on the couch and reaches in between the cushions and fishes out the remote control.

He turns on the TV and an anti-drug campaign comes on.

Anna enters.

MITCH

Where have you been?

ANNA

I couldn't sleep. I was tossing and turning since you left this morning. So, I went out for a walk.

MITCH

I tried going to work today.

ANNA

Damn it! I knew I forgot something. I was going to call Charlie and tell him you weren't going to come in.

MITCH

Don't worry, he sent me home.

ANNA

Good. Have you been taking the Loritabs?

MITCH

No, I feel fine.

ANNA

You promised you would take them.

MITCH

Anna, aren't they just pain killers?

ANNA

Yes.

MITCH

Well, I'm not feeling any pain.

ANNA

You're right. So, since you're feeling better, what are we going to do tonight?

MITCH

Watching TV sounds good to me.

Anna comes up behind Mitch and romantically whispers into his ear.

ANNA

We do that every night. Let's break the cycle and go out like we used to.

MITCH

(disappointed)

Do we have to?

ANNA

Yes.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A local Italian restaurant, elegant yet conservative. The place is very busy with waiters and waitresses constantly attending tables.

Mitch and Anna are seated at a two-person booth.

ANNA

This is a nice place, where did you hear about it?

MITCH

Believe it or not from Jake.

ANNA  
(chuckling)  
Jake? He told you about this  
place? This isn't like him at all.

MITCH  
Yeah, it is kind of hard to  
believe.

A WAITRESS, voluptuous red lips, and all legs, arrives at the  
table.

WAITRESS  
How are you two doing this evening?

The waitress passes the couple two menus.

WAITRESS  
(continuing)  
Our special tonight is the Tuscany  
steak. Can I start you out with  
some drinks?

ANNA  
I'll have a strawberry daiquiri.

WAITRESS  
(to Mitch)  
And you sir?

MITCH  
A beer will be fine.

WAITRESS  
Great. I'll bring those right out  
to you.

ANNA  
(to waitress)  
Thanks.

The waitress departs.

ANNA  
(continuing; to Mitch)  
Oh. Did I tell you?

MITCH  
What?

ANNA

When they towed the Hyundai to the wrecking yard they gave me a whole two hundred bucks for it.

MITCH

(disinterested)

Great.

ANNA

What's on your mind?

The waitress appears at the table with strawberry daiquiri and beer in hand.

WAITRESS

Here's your strawberry daiquiri and your beer. Are you ready to order, or do you need another few minutes?

The waitress takes a small notebook and pen from the pocket of her apron.

Mitch and Anna both quickly flip open their menus.

MITCH

I'll have the special.

WAITRESS

How would you like that cooked?

MITCH

Well done.

WAITRESS

And would you like french fries or baked potato?

MITCH

Potato.

WAITRESS

Soup or salad?

MITCH

(slightly annoyed)

Salad.

Mitch rubs his temples.

WAITRESS

What kind of dressing would you like? Ranch, Thousand Island, or Italian.

MITCH

Italian, thanks.

WAITRESS

(to Anna)

And for you?

ANNA

The Manicotti with salad and Thousand Island dressing.

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll have those right out to you.

ANNA

(to waitress)

Thanks.

The waitress leaves.

ANNA

(continuing; to Mitch)

So, tell me what's on your mind.

MITCH

Something happened this morning when I was leaving work.

ANNA

What?

Mitch is restless and fiddles with the silverware.

MITCH

It's hard to explain. It's like I had a dream, but I was awake, and it was real.

ANNA

What do you mean it was real?

MITCH

When I was driving home from work, I actually saw the place in my dream.

ANNA

Kind of like deja-vu?

MITCH

No, different than that. It was just like it looked in my dream.

ANNA

Well, what happened in this dream?

MITCH

A murder.

ANNA

Did you find anything?

MITCH

No, but it just doesn't make sense.

ANNA

Maybe it's not supposed to.

MITCH

I never experienced anything like this before I got hit by that car. I think it really fucked up my head.

INT. FREEDOM PRINTING - DAY

The bindery is a fairly large room, scattered throughout is various equipment. On the back wall of the room there are mountains of stacked wooden pallets holding printing paper.

With blood shot eyes and haggard appearance, Mitch ambles over to one of the folders and begins loading it with paper. He fires it up.

Charlie approaches Mitch with job tickets in hand.

CHARLIE

How are you feeling Mitch?

MITCH

Still alive.

CHARLIE

You know, I'm not sure you should come back to work this soon.

MITCH

I feel fine Charlie. It'll be okay.



CHARLIE

Well...okay then. Here's your shit  
for the day.

Mitch takes the stack of job tickets from Charlie.

MITCH

Thanks.

CHARLIE

It's good to see you here on time  
today, what's the special  
occasion? You trying to squeeze a  
raise out of me?

MITCH

Shit Charlie, not from your tight  
ass. I'm just trying to keep my  
job.

Jake walks up behind Charlie and pats him on the back.

JAKE

Hey Mitch.

MITCH

Hey.

JAKE

What do you have for me today  
Charlie?

Charlie hands Jake the job tickets.

CHARLIE

Here's your shit for the day, and  
this time why don't you try to get  
something done.

JAKE

(confused)

Is that suppose to be a joke?

CHARLIE

How about instead of inserting  
your finger up your ass all day,  
let's see if you can actually  
finish all your job tickets.

Charlie turns and walks away.

JAKE

Must be that time of month.

(a beat)

Anyway, what are we going to do tomorrow? I'd like to see some bouncing titties, you up to it?

MITCH

How about just grabbing a beer?

JAKE

Just a beer!? Why don't we have the best of both worlds, titties and beer.

MITCH

Let's just go to the Four Leaf Clover.

JAKE

But that place is so damn boring. All there is, is a bunch of old farts playing pool, and that's not what I call entertainment.

MITCH

I just don't feel up to it.

Palms up Jake weighs his decision.

JAKE

Well let's think here for a minute. Hmm, bouncing titties or old farts. Bouncing titties or old farts? I think I'm going to have to go for bouncing titties on this one.

MITCH

I'm just not in the mood.

JAKE

Oh fuck, the usual time then?

MITCH

Same time.

JAKE

Sounds good. You know you don't look so good.

MITCH

I'm fine.

He trails off into a daze, his vision blurs.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY (FLASH)

A green street sign reads WARNER LANE. An old, abandoned house stands alone in the background.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY (FLASH)

Dark, quiet, and filthy, scattered shots of sunlight break into the gloom.

The killer's black steel-toed work boots walking slowly up wooden stairs. A galvanized pipe slides from the trench coat into the killer's hand.

INT. BATHROOM (FLASH)

A male vagrant, TAYLOR WISCOE, who looks like he hasn't bathed in years, sits in an empty, mildewed bathtub enjoying his booze.

The killer enters from behind Taylor and raises the pipe over his head one-handed.

Taylor looks up in surprise as the pipe crashes down on his head. A fountain of blood cuts through the vision.

INT. FREEDOM PRINTING - DAY

With an audible gasp Mitch comes to from the vision.

MITCH

Fuck!

The folder jams up.

Jake grabs Mitch's arms and shakes him.

JAKE

Mitch, what's wrong?

Mitch breaks free.

MITCH

It's happening again.

JAKE

What?

Mitch runs out of the bindery past Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(yelling)  
Where the hell are you going?

Charlie rushes over to Jake at Mitch's folder.

CHARLIE  
(continuing)  
What happened?

JAKE  
I don't know...he just flipped out.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

The sky is dark and overcast.

The house is in major disrepair. The grass is brown and dried up, there's not a spot that's green.

Mitch's Camaro is parked in front of the house.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

Mitch looks out the Camaro's window and sees the green street sign that reads: WARNER LANE.

He taps on the steering wheel frantically.

MITCH  
(softly)  
What to do? What to do? Fuck it!

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

He makes his way to the front door. He yanks on the boards blocking the entrance. The boards easily come off. He kicks open the door like a police officer in a raid.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

The inside of the house is dark and silent, but sun streams through the boards over the windows and the front door. Cobwebs and dust decorate the interior. An old wooden staircase stands in the middle of the front room.

Mitch creeps to the foot of the stairs and reaches inside his jacket and retrieves a Zippo lighter and ignites it. He lifts the lighter ahead of him and peers up the staircase.

Mitch cautiously climbs up the stairs.

He reaches the top of the stairs and hears a faint noise to his right. He shines the light in the direction of the sound.

A large rat darts across the hallway with a sharp squeak.

INT. HALLWAY

Parallel to the bathroom is a bedroom. The bedroom door is open the bathroom door is not.

Mitch slowly pushes the bathroom door open.

INT. BEDROOM

The closet door opens slightly. Killer's POV, he is watching Mitch enter the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

The light from the Zippo shines down into the bathtub revealing a vagrant lying face down covered with blood. Mitch bolts back.

INT. HALLWAY

He bends over and retches loudly.

MITCH

Oh God!

He struggles to hold onto the railing as he slips down the stairs. He lands at the bottom and rushes out.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Mitch makes a mad dash for the Camaro. He quickly gets in. The Chevy peels off down the road. The tires squeal.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

No more than twenty feet ahead of the doors is the front desk. The station is all hustle and bustle of WORKING POLICE OFFICERS.

Mitch bursts through the glass-paned double doors.

At the front desk, in front of a computer, sits a fat, sloppy, DUTY OFFICER. The duty officer holds a jelly donut in his right hand as he motions with his left helping an elderly LADY with directions.

The lost lady departs.

MITCH

Get me Detective Snow! Now!

The duty officer is taken aback by Mitch's behavior. He takes a large bite of his jelly donut.

DUTY OFFICER

(with a mouthful)

Whoa buddy, where's the fire?

MITCH

Look! It's an emergency, get me Detective Snow! Please.

DUTY OFFICER

Sure.

The duty officer swivels around in his chair.

DUTY OFFICER

(continuing; yelling)

Snow! You have a visitor!

Detective Snow walks around from the back desk area and makes his way through the maze towards the front.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Mitch, what brings you here?

MITCH

I found something that you need to see.

DETECTIVE SNOW

And what would that be?

Detective Snow grabs a glazed donut from a box marked "BUNGLE DONUTS" that is sitting in front of the chubby duty officer.

The duty officer's eyes follow the donut.

Mitch leans forward over the desk.

MITCH

(whispering)

I found a body in a house near here.

Detective Snow takes a chunk of the donut.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Are you having delusions again?

Mitch is confused.

MITCH

No! What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE SNOW

(to the duty officer)

Do you mind?

The duty officer slides over a couple of feet.

Detective Snow strafes over in front of the computer and types Mitch's name with one hand. The other hand holds the half-eaten donut.

DETECTIVE SNOW

(continuing)

Let's see...Mitchell Lance Taylor.  
Drug possession and intent to  
sell; public intoxication;  
resisting arrest; assault, and the  
list goes on and on.

Detective Snow makes eye contact with Mitch.

MITCH

What, you think I'm lying? I'm not  
lying and I'm not high.

DETECTIVE SNOW

If you're yanking my chain...

MITCH

Look, let me ask you this. Why  
would I come down here and waste  
my time just to tell you a  
bullshit story?

Detective Snow finishes the donut and wipes his hands off. He looks hard at Mitch.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Okay, let's go.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

The sky is darkened by grey clouds.

Mitch exits his Chevy Camaro.

Detective Snow exits his Crown Victoria and goes around to the trunk. He retrieves a large Mag light and a pair of forensic gloves.

Mitch and Snow amble toward one another meeting each other at the front door.

Detective Snow inspects the damaged opening.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Did you do this?

MITCH  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Now we'll just add breaking and entering to your record. How did you find out about this body?

MITCH  
I saw the murder happen.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
What? You witnessed it? You were here?

MITCH  
No, not exactly.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Well, would you care to elaborate a little bit?

MITCH  
I saw it happening inside my mind.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
So, like a dream or a vision?

MITCH  
Yeah, it was so real and clear, I saw the street sign, I saw this house, that's how I found this place.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(skeptical)  
Oh...I see.

Detective Snow starts to enter the house, but turns suddenly back to Mitch.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Where did you say the body was?



MITCH  
Upstairs in the bathroom.

Detective Snow peeks back inside the house shining the flashlight around. He motions Mitch forward.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Your show ace.

Mitch leads Detective Snow into the dusty interior.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

The pair walk up the old stairs. Detective Snow shines the flashlight around, inspecting as he walks.

INT. HALLWAY

The bathroom door is closed.

MITCH  
I swear when I left the bathroom  
door was open.

Detective Snow lightly pushes Mitch aside.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Well, let's take a look.

He draws his snub nose revolver and slowly opens the door.

The door squeals on rusty hinges.

Detective Snow enters the bathroom aiming both flashlight and the revolver.

Mitch waits in the hall.

DETECTIVE SNOW (O.S.)  
Holy shit!!

Mitch rushes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Detective Snow shines the flashlight into Mitch's face blinding him.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
I knew it!

The bathtub is empty.

Snow walks out followed by Mitch.

INT. HALLWAY

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Just what I thought.

MITCH  
I swear it was right there in the  
tub!

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(under his breath)  
Yeah, right.

Detective Snow walks heavily down the stairs.

Mitch a close second behind.

MITCH  
I swear to Christ, it was there!

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Detective Snow angrily paces towards the Crown Victoria and sharply turns around into Mitch's face.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Then explain to me why it's not  
there.

Detective Snow walks around to the driver's side of the Crown Victoria.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Don't waste my time again Mitch.

Detective Snow gets in the Crown Victoria and tears away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DUTY OFFICER  
Hey Snow?! Did it check out?

Detective Snow saunters over to the elevator.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
No, he was full of shit.

He pushes the elevator button.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)

But...

DUTY OFFICER

What?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Oh...nothing. I'll be in my office.

The elevator doors open with AN AUDIBLE RING.

Detective Snow enters the elevator.

INT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is small in size and not quite adequate enough to contain the mess on the desk.

Snow sits down behind the desk in a large executive-looking chair.

Detective Snow types on the computer. Mitch's name appears on the screen along with his mug shot.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the kitchen, Mitch reaches on top of the fridge. Grabbing a glass cookie jar, shape of a cute bear, he sets it on the counter. Taking off the top, he reaches in and withdraws a wad of hundred dollar bills. He looks around as he stuffs the greenbacks in his pocket.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The sidewalk is in front of a series of connected shops, all doors and windows facing the street.

Through killer's POV, he watches Mitch walking slowly towards a pawn shop on the other side of the street. Mitch enters BOGIE'S PAWN SHOP. A BUM approaches.

BUM  
Got any change mister?

Through killer's POV, he peers down on the bum.

KILLER  
Sure. What's your name?

INT. BOGIE'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Old fluorescent lights flicker from overhead. At the back of the shop sits a rectangular glass case which doubles as a checkout counter.

The tarnished brass bell makes a DULL RING as the barred door closes behind Mitch. Two people argue in the background.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I can't sell it for anything less than forty.

OWNER (O.S.)

I'll give you twenty.

Mitch follows the sound of the voices peering down each aisle as he moves along.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

It's a real Rolex, give me forty!

OWNER (O.S.)

It's not a Rolex! It's a goddamn fake. Stop trying to rip me off.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Fake! It's not a fake! It's the real deal.

OWNER (O.S.)

If it were a real Rolex, don't you think I'd be offering more than twenty for it?

Mitch rounds the corner and spots the pair.

The CUSTOMER is a pimp-looking, black man.

The OWNER is an obese prick, in a stained wife beater.

CUSTOMER

You're not offering more because your asshole is tighter than a virgin on prom night.

OWNER  
 (to Mitch)  
 I'll be right with you.  
 (to customer)  
 I'm not offering you more than  
 twenty for it because you come in  
 here every damn day and try to  
 sell me that shit. Twenty is all,  
 take it or leave it.

CUSTOMER  
 Forty!

OWNER  
 Twenty!

CUSTOMER  
 Okay, you Jew Bastard! Twenty!

The owner opens the till and pulls out a twenty and passes it to the customer.

The customer throws the watch down on the glass counter and takes the money. He walks off muttering under his breath.

OWNER  
 Have a nice day. We'll see you  
 soon.

CUSTOMER  
 Go fuck yourself.

THE BELL RINGS as the customer exits the store.

OWNER  
 What can I help you with?

Mitch is staring down into the glass case.

MITCH  
 I need a gun.

OWNER  
 Any in particular?

MITCH  
 A nine millimeter will do.

OWNER  
 There's a lot of nine millimeters,  
 pick one?

Mitch points to a stylish lump of metal.

MITCH

How about that Beretta?

OWNER

You know there's a waiting period on this.

MITCH

Fuck that, I need it today.

The owner pauses and looks past Mitch out the front windows of the store. He reaches under the glass case and whips out a Glock nine millimeter and sets it on top of the glass counter.

OWNER

Today's your lucky day. This just came in, and there's no waiting period on this one...but it's going to cost you extra.

MITCH

How much?

OWNER

For you...  
(he thinks)  
a grand.

MITCH

Jesus Christ!

OWNER

If you want it today, then that's how much it's going to cost you.

MITCH

Okay, I'll take it. Got any cameras?

OWNER

Plenty. Second aisle over.

Mitch wanders over to the aisle. He finds the cameras and pulls an old Polaroid off the shelf. He discovers a dusty box of film nearby. He takes it and walks back to the glass counter.

MITCH

This is included with the gun.

OWNER

Uh...okay.

MITCH

I'm going to need some bullets.

The owner turns around and grabs a box of nine millimeter rounds and lays them along side the other items.

OWNER

There you go. Anything else?

MITCH

No.

Mitch reaches in his pockets and flips through his wad of money and places ten one hundred dollar bills on the counter.

OWNER

That will be one thousand, fifteen dollars and sixty three cents with the bullets.

Mitch picks up the items and walks away towards the door.

OWNER

(continuing)

Hey, you didn't pay for the bullets!

Mitch exits the store.

OWNER

(continuing; under his breath)

And I'm a Jew bastard?

INT. KILLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shut blinds enclose the living room not allowing a shred of moonlight in. The room is fashioned in vintage seventies furniture.

Looking above and over the killer, he is reading a book on the couch. Abruptly he closes the book and sets it on the coffee table. The book is a photo album and the cover reads FAMILY ALBUM.

The killer stands and stretches. We follow the killer's black steel-toed work boots as they walk through the house coming to a door.

THE SOUND OF KEYS BEING FOUND AND UNLOCKING SEVERAL LOCKS.

The door creaks open and a faint glow emanates from below.

## INT. BASEMENT

The black clad feet proceed down wooden steps coming to a concrete floor.

An old wooden workbench approximately nine feet long sits against the concrete wall. Hanging above the workbench the soft glow of a small fluorescent light shines down.

On top of the workbench is a body covered by a flower-patterned bed sheet, dark crimson splotches are spread throughout the surface of the sheet.

He pulls back the sheet and uncovers a vagrant's body naked from the chest up. There is a large gash above the right eyebrow, blood has spilled down the side of the head, making a small pool on the workbench. The jaw sits at an odd angle in the face.

## KILLER

I'll make you presentable for the camera.

The killer strokes the hair and face of the dead victim. He takes a basin of water from atop the workbench and grabs a nearby sponge. Dipping the sponge he rings it out and sponges off the blood and dirt from the vagrants cold, unfeeling face.

The killer places the sponge in the basin of water. He lifts the basin and carries it with him to a door underneath the stairs.

## INT. DARKROOM

A red light fills the small room. A double sink sits on one side of the room. A clothes line stretches horizontally across the darkroom. Clothes-pinned on the line are a series of grotesque photos of past victims in various sitting positions.

The killer empties the basin of water in the sink. He turns to the hanging photos and unclips one from the line.

## KILLER

Perfect.

## INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mitch takes the Glock from inside his black leather jacket and sets it on top of the coffee table next to the Polaroid camera.



INT. BEDROOM

The room is dark with a touch of light coming through the bedroom blinds.

Mitch enters quietly.

Anna is asleep in the bed.

Mitch sits down beside her and takes off his shoes. Laying down on top of the covers he stares up at the ceiling.

Anna turns on her side facing Mitch and draws the covers of the bed slightly back.

She is sporting a low-cut white t-shirt. A black thong is clearly seen below the t-shirt.

ANNA

Hey...

MITCH

Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up.

ANNA

It's okay. How are you doing? Was work okay?

MITCH

I didn't go.

ANNA

Why?

MITCH

A lot has been on my mind.

ANNA

Want to talk about it?

MITCH

Not really.

ANNA

I know something's bothering you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

ANNA  
(continuing;  
whispering in his  
ear)  
Maybe I can help.

She leans over and sucks Mitch's bottom lip and pulls away slowly. She starts to unbutton his shirt exposing his bare chest.

Mitch seems unmoved by Anna's actions.

Anna begins to kiss the exposed flesh of his chest working her way down to his navel. Once at the navel she aggressively begins to kiss and lick her way back up to his face. Low light glints off the saliva on Mitch's body.

Mitch gazes at the ceiling.

Anna climbs on top and straddles Mitch.

Mitch's attention focuses slightly on Anna. He proceeds to gently rub her firm tanned thighs, goose bumps arise.

Anna sheds the white t-shirt quickly revealing her perfectly formed breasts. Her nipples are at full erect.

Mitch's hands work their way up her thighs and grasp her luscious breasts.

Anna once again kisses Mitch on the mouth very involved.

Mitch starts to return the kiss, but breaks it off. He strongly grabs Anna by the hips and lifts her to the side of him. He sits up and swings his legs over the side of the bed.

MITCH  
I'm sorry.

ANNA  
(frustrated)  
What's wrong?

Mitch stands up.

MITCH  
I can't get it out of my mind.

ANNA  
What? Tell me.

MITCH  
What I told you at the restaurant.

ANNA

You mean that dream you had?

MITCH

Yeah.

ANNA

Jesus Mitch, did you ever stop to think that it's just your imagination?

MITCH

It's not my imagination.

ANNA

Damn it Mitch, when are you going to tell yourself the truth? That scar on your forehead is a reminder of what a fucked up childhood you had. I'm sorry, I really am, but you need to accept it and move on.

Anna pulls back on the t-shirt and gets out of bed.

MITCH

Anna, why don't you believe me? I'm telling you, this has nothing to do with my childhood.

ANNA

(under her breath)  
Goddamn drugs have fried your brain.

She marches out of the room.

Mitch follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MITCH

What did you say?

ANNA

I said it's the drugs.

MITCH

It's not the drugs.

ANNA

You need some help. You're not even trying to quit. All your shit is in the night stand. You promised me that you would quit, and it doesn't even seem like you're trying.

Anna turns away from Mitch and snags a pair of blue jeans laying on the floor by the couch. She quickly puts them on. She frantically searches for her purse and her eyes rest on the Glock on the coffee table.

Anna picks up the Glock as if it were a mouse dangling by its tail. She holds it out to Mitch.

ANNA

(continuing)

What the hell is this doing here?  
What kind of trouble are you in?

MITCH

None. It's just for my protection.

ANNA

Protection? Protection from what?  
Me?

Mitch fidgets, but is mute.

Frustrated she tosses the Glock at Mitch.

Mitch fumbles to catch the Glock.

Anna storms off.

INT. BEDROOM

Anna grabs a blue gym bag from the closet and begins to gather clothes and other various items from around the room.

MITCH

What are you doing?

ANNA

What does it look like I'm doing?  
I've had enough Mitch, I'm leaving.

Anna brushes past Mitch with gym bag in hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Anna grabs her coat off of the couch.

MITCH

Come on Anna, don't leave. I'll check myself into rehab or something.

ANNA

You'll be dead before you get around to doing that.

Anna stops at the front door, her hand rests on the knob.

ANNA

(continuing)

Listen Mitch, you don't get a second chance at life. I just don't know you anymore. You're not the same. Go get some help...because I can't deal with you anymore.

Tears stream from her eyes.

ANNA

(continuing)

When was the last time you told me you loved me Mitch?

Anna opens the door and takes one final look at Mitch and exits.

Mitch watches the door shut and then violently punches the wall.

EXT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A white Crown Victoria pulls up in front of a house.

The house is typical of a mid-range income family found in a typical suburb of a big city like Seattle.

Detective Snow exits the Crown Victoria and follows the walkway up to the front door. Along the way he clears the path of toys.

INT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Snow closes the front door.

THE SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAYING comes from upstairs.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Henry, is that you?

Detective Snow walks to the back of the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Detective Snow greets his wife, BETH, with a kiss on the cheek. Beth, a stay at home mother, is washing dishes. Her long hair is highlighted with tinges of gray here and there.

Pots sit on the stove, steam rising from some of them.

BETH

Hi honey.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Mmm, whatever that is, it sure smells good.

BETH

Your favorite, beef stew.

The noise gets slightly louder from upstairs over the kitchen.

Beth turns off the running water and dries off her hands.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE

Beth yells upstairs.

BETH

(continuing)

Hey!! Wash up for dinner.

INT. KITCHEN

Detective Snow grabs a wooden spoon setting on the counter near the stove and takes a spoonful of the beef stew.

Beth enters stealthily.

BETH

Hey! What are you doing?

Detective Snow is startled and quickly puts down the wooden spoon.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Nothing.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Snow and Beth sit at an empty dining table strewn with dirty dishes. A wine glass filled half way sits in front of each of them.

The sound of silence resonates throughout the home, an indication that the children are asleep.

Beth is sitting oblique to Detective Snow with her bare feet in his lap.

Detective Snow gently massages his wife's feet.

BETH

Oh, that feels so good, I think you should change your occupation.

Beth takes a sip of her wine.

DETECTIVE SNOW

I thought about it, but the benefits aren't all that great.

BETH

You're probably right, but it would be better than you being gone all day and all night like you are now.

She switches feet.

DETECTIVE SNOW

I'm sorry I can't be home enough with you and the kids. How are they doing anyway?

BETH

Well Justin's teacher says he's doing okay in everything but math.

DETECTIVE SNOW

He takes after me.

BETH

He's a handful just like you too.

DETECTIVE SNOW

How's Katie?

BETH

Being a teenager as usual.

DETECTIVE SNOW

What do you mean, is she being a pain in the ass?

They laugh hysterically, a little sloshed.

BETH  
Anyway, how'd your day go?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
It was interesting.

BETH  
So? Tell me about it.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Well, it was pretty normal up  
until this guy came into the  
station. I've dealt with him in  
the past, he has a record a mile  
long.

Detective Snow momentarily stops the massage and takes a sip  
from the wine glass, swirling it around first.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Anyway, this guy claims that he  
found a dead body in some  
abandoned house.

BETH  
Did you check it out?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Yeah, he dragged me over there and  
I didn't find a thing. Nothing to  
indicate there was a body there  
anyway.

BETH  
But...?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
It's just funny... he sounded so  
convincing...I almost believe him.

BETH  
Well, do you?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
I don't know...yet.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A lonely sidewalk running in front of a bunch of apartment  
complexes.



Anna is walking along the sidewalk with all her belongings. Away behind her walks the killer. Anna cautiously looks behind her taking note of the killer. She breaks from the sidewalk and gains speed running up to one of the apartments.

From the killer's POV, Anna knocks on the apartment door. Dale opens the door.

DALE

Anna, what's wrong?

Anna starts to cry uncontrollably.

ANNA

I didn't know where to go.

Dale takes Anna around the shoulders.

DALE

Come inside.

They enter the apartment.

The door slams shut the number reads 1470.

The killer walks into the parking lot of the complex. He strolls by the cars reading off their numbers until he comes to the Nissan Maxima parked in stall number 1470.

INT. FREEDOM PRINTING - DAY

Mitch is at the time clock searching for his card.

Charlie is watching Mitch from across the press room. He strolls across coming up behind Mitch.

CHARLIE

You're not going to find it.

MITCH

Why not?

CHARLIE

Let's go talk in my office.

INT. OFFICE

The room is no bigger than a child's bedroom. A steel gray, metal desk is centered in the room.

Charlie points to a wooden chair.

CHARLIE

Take a seat.

Mitch sits and eyes a plaque on the desk which reads: I AM GOD.

MITCH

So, what's up?

CHARLIE

What happened yesterday when you ran out of here like a bat out of hell?

MITCH

I'm sorry about that Charlie, but there was something I had to do and it couldn't wait.

CHARLIE

What? You didn't have time to tell me about it?

MITCH

No, you wouldn't understand if I told you.

CHARLIE

You're probably right, but what's your excuse for coming into work late everyday? Mitch, I need someone who's reliable, I can't keep making excuses for you. There is such a thing called "company policy". You're late, you have a drug problem...

MITCH

No, I don't.

CHARLIE

Look, Mitch, I like you a lot, but you need to clean up your act.

MITCH

Clean up my act?

CHARLIE

Oh, come on! What?, You don't think I know? You come into work everyday high on that shit.

MITCH

I have it under control.

CHARLIE

No, you don't. It controls you.  
I'm sorry, but I'm going to have  
to let you go. Your check is  
waiting for you at the front desk.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Many vagrants form a line in front of a serving table,  
reminiscent of ants at a picnic.

THE RAUCOUS SOUND OF PEOPLE TALKING reaches high levels.

Through killer's POV, he scopes out the inside of the  
shelter. He wanders through the crowd bumping into vagrants  
from left to right.

A male VAGRANT, in his late fifties, holding a plate of nasty  
food accidentally bumps into the killer.

VAGRANT

Sorry man. You better get in line  
before the grub's all gone.

KILLER

How often do you come here?

INT. BAR - DAY

THE FOUR LEAF CLOVER is an Irish bar. The bar is sparsely  
populated, mostly with regulars.

Mitch sits solo at the bar nursing a long neck beer.

He takes a worn and beaten leather wallet from inside his  
jacket and opens it before him. He flips through photos  
coming to rest on a photo of Anna. He gazes at the picture  
longingly and touches it gently.

Mitch again starts flipping pages and comes to a portrait of  
him, at age sixteen, and his mother. He sets the wallet,  
picture open, on the bar in front of him and takes another  
pull on the long neck.

Jake enters and looks around for Mitch. He approaches the bar  
and sits down next to Mitch.

JAKE

How long have you been here?

MITCH

A while.

A gruff-looking Irish BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

(to Jake)

Can I get you a beer?

JAKE

Does a bear shit in the woods?

The bartender fetches a beer.

JAKE

(continuing; to Mitch)

I heard what happened at work, can I do anything to help?

MITCH

No, not really.

Bartender sets a long neck beer in front of Jake.

Jake pulls a wad of money from his pocket and tosses a few bills down on the bar.

Jake takes the wallet from in front of Mitch and looks at the picture and abruptly replaces it.

JAKE

Do you see your mother often?

MITCH

I try to see her at least once a week.

JAKE

How is she doing?

MITCH

As good as can be expected.

Jake leans forward, confused.

JAKE

What's that supposed to mean?

MITCH

Aw, nothing.

Mitch takes the wallet and puts it back inside his jacket.

The pair sip at their drinks silently for a moment.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Anna left me last night.

JAKE  
Don't worry, you guys have been  
together for a long time, she'll  
be back.

MITCH  
I don't think so, not this time.

JAKE  
Well, the bachelor life ain't all  
that bad, look at me.

MITCH  
She's all I had.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAM)

A poor child's bedroom, no toys, only a dresser and a bed, if  
you can call them that.

Five year old Mitch cowers before his father. His father's  
face is never shown. Tears roll down Mitch's cheeks.

FATHER  
You little shit! Don't you ever  
listen?

The father slaps Mitch across the face. Mitch backs up  
against the dresser. The father reaches back to slap again,  
but Mitch puts up his tiny arms in defense to ward off the  
blow. The father strikes again and again.

YOUNG MITCH  
I'm sorry daddy, I'm sorry.

FATHER  
Shut up! Just shut up!

The father lands a tremendous blow that looks as if it might  
take Mitch's head off, but instead it turns Mitch 180 degrees  
around into the dresser. Mitch's head makes contact with the  
edge of the dresser. Blood trickles down from the top of his  
eyebrow. He slumps to the floor unconscious.

The father seems to stare down at the crumpled little form  
for a moment. He starts to cry himself and sinks to the floor.

FATHER  
(continuing)  
I'm sorry Mitch, I didn't mean to.

The father picks up the unconscious boy and cradles him in his arms, rocking him back and forth. He kisses and hugs the boy.

FATHER  
(continuing)  
I love you son. I'm sorry.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bedroom Mitch wakes up with a gasp. Sweat beads on his forehead like dew on grass.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mitch is eating a TV dinner in the kitchen. Two empty beer bottles sit nearby.

Mitch picks up the phone and dials a number and then hangs up.

A few moments later the phone rings and Mitch picks it up.

MITCH  
Anna don't hang up.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Why? What do you want Mitch?

MITCH  
I...just need someone to talk to.

ANNA (V.O.)  
We tried talking before Mitch remember? That was the problem; you just don't communicate.

MITCH  
I know, I'm sorry, I'm such an ass. I just want things back to normal.

ANNA (V.O.)  
It's too late Mitch. I've moved on.

MITCH  
What do you mean?

ANNA (V.O.)  
I'm with Dale now Mitch.

MITCH

Can't we just try and work things out?

ANNA (V.O.)

I'm sorry Mitch.

THE PHONE CLICKS AUDIBLY as Anna hangs up.

Mitch holds the phone for a long second and then hangs it up. He goes ballistic. He throws the empty beer bottles against the wall and overturns the kitchen table. He stops, breathing heavily, and looks around himself at what he's done.

THE PHONE RINGS and he answers coarsely.

MITCH

Yeah.

LEON (V.O.)

Mitch Taylor?

MITCH

This is him.

LEON (V.O.)

This is Leon, from the care center.

MITCH

What is it?

LEON (V.O.)

I don't know how to say this but, your mother had another serious stroke.

MITCH

What? Say that again.

LEON (V.O.)

I'm sorry but, she didn't make it. She fought hard but...

With a blank look, Mitch slowly hangs up the phone. He sinks to the floor and starts bawling uncontrollably.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Today the sky is overcast and rain pours down.

A crowd of people dressed in funeral garb surround a casket decorated with flowers.

Mitch stands next to the casket holding a single red rose.

Over time, the crowd disperses.

Mitch is left alone. He places the rose on top of the casket.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mitch sits at a green wooden park bench alone.

A MOTHER is pushing a YOUNG BOY on a swing. The child is all smiles and laughter. The mother follows in suit.

His view shifts to another MOTHER and SON playing on an old merry-go-round. This pair's joy is also apparent.

Mitch chokes up while rubbing his teary eyes.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mitch is slouching on the couch staring blankly at the wall enjoying the sound of silence. A lit cigarette is held in between the fingers of his right hand, the ashes a mile long.

INT. KITCHEN

He walks to a cupboard and withdraws a half-empty bottle of JACK DANIEL'S whiskey. He then takes a shot glass from the same cupboard. He pours and takes a couple shots consecutively.

INT. BATHROOM

Mitch stares directly into the mirror.

Suddenly and without warning he viciously punches the mirror, creating a spider-web formation. His fist is cut deeply and blood comes to the surface. As he inspects the damage to his hand his mind is suddenly filled with images, his vision blurs.

EXT. CHINA LIGHT CAFE - NIGHT (FLASH)

A run down, stuccoed restaurant, neon lights read CHINA LIGHT CAFE.

The killer's boots walking through puddles of rain. The boots stop at a sleeping vagrant, LANCE MYERS.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mitch shakes off the vision and rushes out of bathroom, leaving the light on.



INT. KITCHEN

He grabs his jacket off the back of a kitchen chair. At the same time stuffs the Glock in a pocket and snags the Polaroid camera on the way out the door.

EXT. CHINA LIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

Mitch pulls up in the black Camaro about fifty feet away on the same side of the street.

Mitch exits the Camaro wearily. One hand grasps the Polaroid camera and the other is stuffed inside the leather jacket grasping the Glock. He jogs to the entrance of the alleyway and peers around.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The alley is covered with overflowing trash cans which are filled with the rotting waste of the Cafe.

Mitch stealthily creeps down the alley. He draws the Glock as he approaches a group of trash cans near the corner of the inner alley.

EXT. BEHIND THE CAFE

Mitch peers around the group of trash cans and witnesses the vagrant, LANCE MYERS on his knees in front of the killer.

The killer is wrapped in shadows revealing only a silhouette.

LANCE MYERS

I didn't do anything...please...

The killer brings the pipe squarely down on top of the bum's head silencing him instantaneously.

The bum falls rigidly to the ground.

The killer continues to unmercifully beat his prey.

Mitch takes a deep breath and readies the Polaroid camera.

A black stray cat lunges from behind Mitch loudly rattling the trash cans.

He fumbles the Polaroid camera and watches it fall to the ground, breaking open in a puddle of water.

MITCH

Shit!

Mitch steps from around the group of trash cans drawing the Glock and aiming it at the killer.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Stop!

The killer sees Mitch, but because of the darkness Mitch can't see the killer's face.

Mitch slowly approaches the killer.

The killer turns and runs off down the alley in the opposite direction.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Damn it!

Mitch runs over to the fallen bum. The sight makes him lower the Glock and turn away.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Jesus Christ!!!

Mitch locates the back door of the China Light Cafe and starts pounding rapidly.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Open up!!

He gives it all he's got.

MITCH  
(continuing)  
Open up, damn it!!

The door swings open and a Oriental COOK sporting a surprised look stands in the way.

Mitch pushes the cook out of the way rushing inside.

INT. CHINA LIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

The kitchen is steamy and dirty dishes lay everywhere.

CHATTER IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE CAN BE HEARD as the chefs go about their work.

Mitch weaves his way through the kitchen entering the lobby through a pair of swinging metal doors.

INT. LOBBY

Overly fake Oriental decorations complete the smoke filled room. People are scattered throughout the lobby eating. The noise is normal for a busy restaurant.

Mitch turns towards a startled overweight, white, WAITER.

MITCH

Phone!!

WAITER

Wwwhat?

MITCH

Phone!! Where's the goddamn phone!!?

The waiter points towards the front.

WAITER

Underneath the counter.

Mitch pulls the phone out from underneath the counter and dials.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

POLICE string yellow crime scene tape across the entrance to the alley.

Around the entrance and on the side of the road police units and an ambulance sit with running lights.

OFFICERS direct traffic, and keep crowd control.

Further on down the alley a coroner's vehicle is parked where the incident occurred.

A FORENSICS TEAM can be seen examining the crime scene.

Detective Snow and Mitch are outside the crime scene tape standing on the sidewalk.

Mitch raises his bloody hand and looks it over.

DETECTIVE SNOW

What happened to your hand?

MITCH

I just had a little accident.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Why don't you have the paramedics  
take a look at it.

MITCH  
No, I'm fine. It's just a little  
cut.

Detective Snow inspects Mitch's hand.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
That's no little cut. Come on,  
let's get it bandaged up.

The pair walk over to the ambulance.

An eager PARAMEDIC goes to work on Mitch's hand.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
I just have a few questions for  
you.

MITCH  
Go ahead.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Is that your camera in the alley  
back there?

MITCH  
Yes.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
What did you need a camera for  
Mitch?

MITCH  
I wanted to catch the killer in  
the act so someone would believe  
me about these murders.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
I guess that makes sense. How did  
you know that the killer would be  
here? Did you follow him here?

MITCH  
I told you before, I see it in my  
mind.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Can you tell me anything about the killer?

Detective Snow takes out a little note pad and pen.

MITCH

Not really...

DETECTIVE SNOW

Anything helps. The weapon, clothing, height...anything.

MITCH

It was really dark, I couldn't see him very well.

DETECTIVE SNOW

You said "him", does that mean the killer is a male?

MITCH

Definitely. I think he's white too.

DETECTIVE SNOW

What would you guess his height to be?

MITCH

If I had to guess, I'd say about six foot.

The paramedic finishes up.

MITCH

(continuing; to the paramedic)

Thanks.

PARAMEDIC

No problem.

Detective Snow and Mitch walk towards the parked Camaro.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Is there anything else?

MITCH

Oh yeah, the weapon. I saw him beating the poor guy with a pipe. The same pipe he used on the other murders.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Okay, we went and checked out the house on Warner Lane. I'm going to go back and see if I can find anything there.

MITCH

There was also another one underneath a viaduct on the outskirts of town.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Can you tell me where exactly?

MITCH

Yeah. The viaduct is on Bunker Road. You can't miss it.

Detective Snow jots the new information down.

DETECTIVE SNOW

I'll check that one out too.

Detective Snow hands Mitch a small card.

DETECTIVE SNOW

(continuing)

If anything else happens give me a call.

MITCH

I'll do that.

Detective Snow turns and starts to walk off.

Mitch opens the door of the Camaro.

DETECTIVE SNOW

(yelling)

Mitch, why don't you get something to help you sleep. You look like shit.

Detective Snow watches Mitch drive away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

At the entrance Detective Snow approaches a POLICE OFFICER near the yellow tape.

POLICE OFFICER

So, what do you think?

DETECTIVE SNOW

I don't know, but it sure is a coincidence that he's always around when a murder takes place.

POLICE OFFICER

You think he did it?

DETECTIVE SNOW

No, but my question is, what's the connection between him and these murders?

Detective Snow continues on his way up the alleyway.

It begins to rain heavily.

INT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

Aisles of medicine surround Mitch enclosing him. The store is completely devoid of life, except for a young college age girl, VALERIE, standing at a checkout stand.

Mitch ambles over to the stand.

MITCH

Where are your sleeping aids?

The cashier talks between smacks of gum.

VALERIE

Umm...I think they're on aisle five. If they're not there try aisle six.

Mitch strolls down the long aisle, finger extended scanning. He stops at NYQUIL and snags a bottle from the top shelf. He locates a generic brand and compares the two. He puts the NYQUIL back and takes the generic brand.

He returns to the check stand.

MITCH

This is it.

VALERIE

Is that all for you?

He rolls his eyes.

MITCH

Yeah. That's it.

Valerie scans the medicine.

VALERIE

That will be two dollars and  
eighty-nine cents. Do you want a  
bag?

MITCH

No, it's okay.

Mitch passes the money exactly.

The cashier counts it a couple of times and then hands Mitch  
the receipt.

VALERIE

Thank you, have a good evening.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

A cold wind rustles the brown weeds surrounding the run-down  
house.

Detective Snow closes the door of the Crown Victoria, which  
is parked in front of the old house. He walks around to the  
trunk and opens it. He withdraws a large Mag light and a pair  
of forensic gloves.

He strolls up the cracked sidewalk to the front door. He  
looks at it for a moment thinking. He pushes the door open  
and peers into the low light.

DETECTIVE SNOW

He had to have gotten in another  
way.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The back of the house looks to be in worse condition than the  
front. The weeds are double in size and sprouting everywhere.

Detective Snow's attention is grabbed by the SOUND OF A TARP  
FLAPPING in the wind.

The blue tarp is ragged and torn, nailed to the wall.

Detective Snow crouches to grab the end of the tarp and lifts  
it. He peers around, and is met with the sight of a dead and  
decaying cat, maggots crawl around and fester it. Snow  
examines the hole in the wall which is approximately four  
feet around.



DETECTIVE SNOW  
So this is how they got in.

Detective Snow snaps on the forensic gloves and clicks on the Mag light.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

He enters a hallway leading to the living room and stairs. He slowly and cautiously shines the Mag light around as he walks.

INT. BATHROOM

Detective Snow swings the door open and peers inside. He proceeds to the tub and shines the light down in it. Reaching a gloved hand down into the drain of the tub he rubs his finger about. He stands and looks closely at his finger.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
No blood.

Shining the flashlight over the tiles of the wall, he inspects them closely.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Damn.

He shines the light on the floor and stares down. Bringing the light up, it shines into the adjacent bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

The room is completely empty except for an old sleeping pad with a stained sleeping bag on top of it. The closet door is shut.

Detective Snow investigates the sleeping bag. He withdraws a pen from his shirt pocket and uses it to throw back the cover, revealing nothing. He again uses the pen to lift the sleeping bag off of the pad. He discovers a set of military dog-tags.

He picks up the dog-tags with the pen and places the tags into a small plastic baggy which he withdraws from his coat pocket.

From behind him a SHUFFLING sound comes from the closet.

Detective Snow turns around and draws his snub-nose revolver from its holster at his hip. He slowly reaches towards the sliding closet door and pushes it open quickly.

A rat scurries into the recesses of the dark closet.

A sigh of relief escapes his lips. He puts the snub-nose revolver back in its holster and shines the flashlight around the closet. He discovers sets of footprints embedded in the dust.

INT. KILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

A flash of a camera brightens the low light of the living room.

The killer aims a thirty-five millimeter Minolta at two corpses positioned on the couch.

The corpses are dressed in seventies style clothing.

KILLER  
Something's not right.

The killer adjusts the clothes on the stiffs. He takes the inside arm of the corpse on his right side and drapes it along the shoulders of the corpse on the left.

The bones SNAP AUDIBLY as the killer adjusts the arm.

KILLER  
(continuing)  
Perfect. Will you excuse me for a moment?

The killer picks up a portable phone that is lying on the coffee table. He dials a number.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
911? What's the emergency?

KILLER  
I saw a man put what looked like a dead body in the trunk of a car.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Do you know the address sir?

KILLER  
(distorted)  
1470 East and Franklin.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
We'll send someone over to check it out.

The killer hangs up the phone. He trots back to the tripod setup of the thirty-five millimeter Minolta passing along the way an end table which displays the FAMILY ALBUM.

The Minolta's flash illuminates the album's cover briefly.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

Detective Snow is underneath the viaduct standing with an older vagrant, ELDON, who can't stop shaking with age.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Do you stay here often old timer?

ELDON

Yeah. Me and another fella always stay here.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Where's this other fella?

ELDON

I dunno. I haven't seen him in a while.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Do you know this fella's name?

ELDON

Yeah, he went by Skippy.

Detective Snow steps away from the bum and surveys the premises.

Lying next to the rusted fifty-five gallon drum is a bundled up, green Army blanket.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Is this yours?

ELDON

No. It's Skippy's. I'm hoping he'll come back for it.

Detective Snow puts on a pair of forensics gloves and picks up the blanket draping it in front of him on the ground.

Stains of blood are evident on the worn blanket.

Detective Snow lays the blanket back on the ground and inspects the area around the rusted fifty-five gallon drum.

A small splotch of dark red on the concrete catches his attention. He takes a Swiss Army knife from his pocket and flips it open.

Eldon stands off to the side spectating.

Detective Snow scrapes the dried blood into a small, clear plastic bottle. He puts the knife away and holds the bottle up to his face at eye-level and flicks it with a finger.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mitch is sprawled out on the living room couch asleep.

The television plays afternoon cartoons in the background.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAM)

A small, dump of a house decorated in 70's style.

A six-year-old teary-eyed Mitch is standing behind the crack of his open bedroom door. His swollen black eye and puffy split lip are visible in the shadows.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You stupid bitch, try running out  
on me!!!

A loud SOUND OF AN OPEN-HAND SLAP.

Young Mitch visibly twitches with the sound.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(sobbing)  
I'm sorry...Oh God, I'm so sorry...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DREAM)

A sparsely furnished bedroom, complete with peeling wallpaper.

Young Mitch is standing in the doorway watching his MOTHER. The mother is in her mid thirties, she's as skinny as a twig and scared of her own shadow.

Mitch is dressed in a shirt that is visibly too small for him and pants that have patches in the knees.

The mother is frantically rushing about the bedroom like a chicken with its head cut off. She grabs an old worn suitcase from the closet and places it on the bed. She fumbles with the latches and then rapidly stuffs clothes into it.

YOUNG MITCH

What are you doing mommy?

Mother pauses her frantic packing and turns towards Mitch.

MOTHER

We're leaving baby...we're leaving.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY (DREAM)

The scene is all hustle and bustle. Busses are loaded and busses leave.

Young Mitch and his mother are standing on the sidewalk waiting to board a bus with tickets in hand.

He tugs on the back of his mother's dress interrupting her.

MOTHER

What's wrong, Mitch?

YOUNG MITCH

Where's daddy?

The mother kneels down in front of Mitch taking him by the shoulders and staring into his eyes.

MOTHER

Daddy's not coming with us  
baby...it's just you and me now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM)

Dim light is given off by a free-standing lamp in the corner of the room. A seventies style green-glass ashtray sits on top of the coffee table, overflowing with cigarette butts.

Mitch's FATHER, his face never shown, is sitting on the couch reading a scribbled note with cigarette in hand.

The father finishes reading the note and places it on the coffee table next to a Smith & Wesson six-shooter revolver. He picks up the Smith & Wesson and grips it tightly.

FADE OUT:

THE SOUND OF A SINGLE GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mitch bolts upright, grabbing his head.

On the coffee table sits a framed picture of Anna. Nearby, sits the Glock its magazine ejected and bullets laying askew. An opened bottled of JACK DANIEL'S lies empty on its side. Also, atop the coffee table is Mitch's heroin paraphernalia.

Mitch wakes and stretches. He sits up and rubs his eyes. He gazes blankly at the TV screen for a moment and then turns it off.

Mitch gazes down at the Glock. He grasps the empty magazine and one-by-one loads rounds into it. He pops the magazine into the Glock and cocks it.

He sits hunched over and waves the Glock in front of his face contemplatively. He holds the Glock directly to the side of his temple for a tense moment, and then slams the nine millimeter down on the coffee table.

INT. KITCHEN

At the refrigerator, he opens the door and reaches inside withdrawing a half gallon of low-fat milk. He pops the carton open and smells it. He fixes himself a bowl of Cheerios and chows down.

EXT. DALE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two serious-looking POLICE OFFICERS knock on Dale's door.

Dale opens the door.

DALE

Can I help you officers?

POLICE OFFICER

Do you own that Nissan Maxima out there?

The police officer points behind him to the parking lot.

DALE

Yes. Why?

POLICE OFFICER

We'd like to have your permission to take a look inside.

DALE

Sure. Let me get my keys.

Dale reaches inside a coat pocket that is hanging on a rack near the door. Dale exits the apartment going towards the car. The police officers follow.

DALE  
(continuing)  
What's this all about anyway?

POLICE OFFICER  
We just received a call on some  
suspicious activity.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Dale unlocks the driver side door and backs away from the Maxima. He gestures towards the Nissan.

DALE  
Be my guest.

The police officers look around the interior of the Maxima.

POLICE OFFICER  
Can you open the trunk?

DALE  
Look, I don't have anything in  
there. You're wasting your time.

POLICE OFFICER  
All the same sir, we'd still like  
to take a look in the trunk.

DALE  
If you really want to.

Dale opens the trunk and backs away in horror as he sees the body of the vagrant, Mitchell Roberts, from the viaduct.

The police officers move in. One of the police officers grabs Dale and starts to handcuff him. The other calls in.

POLICE OFFICER  
Dispatch, we have a body, we need  
forensics and a coroner at 1470  
East and Franklin.

DALE  
I didn't do anything. I don't know  
how that got there. Can't you see?  
Someone else put that there.  
I've been set up.

INT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Snow is sitting in his padded-roller chair, pen in mouth, staring at a file on the computer screen.

On the computer screen is a small mug shot of the victim from the China Light Cafe, his name displayed as LANCE JACOB MYERS. A criminal record follows the mug shot.

A blue-uniformed OFFICER enters with a manila folder in hand.

Detective Snow looks up from the computer screen.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Did you find out anything from our suspect downstairs?

OFFICER

He's not telling us anything besides that he didn't do it and he doesn't know anything about how the body got in his trunk. He keeps saying he was set up.

DETECTIVE SNOW

What do we know about him?

OFFICER

We know that he's a registered nurse. Has a clean record.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Is he married, or do we have a name that can vouch for him?

OFFICER

No, he's not married but he does have a live-in girlfriend.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Get a statement from her. What else do you have for me?

OFFICER

Well this has nothing to do with Dale but, we found a match with the name from the dog-tags. Here's the file.

The officer hands Detective Snow the file.

Detective Snow quickly flips through it.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Thanks.

OFFICER

No problem.



The officer turns to leave.

OFFICER  
(continuing)  
I'm just curious, but why the  
homeless?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
No family. They wouldn't be  
missed. They're just easy prey.

The officer exits Snow's office.

Detective Snow sets the file down in front of him on the  
desk, and flips it open.

The first page in the file is a mug shot of the vagrant from  
the abandoned house.

Detective Snow lifts the picture and reads from the file.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
Taylor John Wiscoe...priors. Blah,  
blah-blah. It just doesn't make  
sense.

THE PHONE RINGS. He answers.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing)  
This is Snow.

FORENSICS OFFICER (V.O.)  
This is Jeff down at the lab, I  
have those results from the blood  
samples at the viaduct. The DNA  
matches the body that was brought  
in this morning from the trunk of  
Dale's car.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Just what I wanted to hear.

FORENSICS OFFICER (V.O.)  
Got a pen?

DETECTIVE SNOW  
Go for it.

FORENSICS OFFICER (V.O.)

The victim's name is Mitchell Garret Roberts. This guy hasn't worked in like fifteen years. His record is pretty clean except for a few misdemeanors.

Detective Snow writes the information on a nearby pad of paper.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Thanks Jeff, I appreciate it.

FORENSICS OFFICER (V.O.)

Your welcome. Good luck.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the living room, Mitch lightly taps the syringe. He wraps the surgical tubing around his upper arm. He looks at the picture of Anna. He grabs the balloon of heroin and stands up.

INT. BATHROOM

Mitch unwraps the surgical tubing from his upper arm. He holds the balloon of heroin over the open toilet hesitating. He brings the balloon back towards himself and stares down at it in his open hand.

His mind suddenly fills with images his vision blurs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (FLASH)

A tall, chain-linked fence topped with barbed wire. A sign hanging on the fence reads SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL PLAZA GATE #2.

The killer from the back, wears a black trench coat. Gray scraggly hair hangs over the collar. The killer's black steel-toed work boots walking through the gravel.

A large warehouse with a sign that reads BUILDING C SUNSET STORAGE COMPANY.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mitch snaps out of it. The balloon of heroin drops from his hand and into the toilet.

MITCH

(yelling)

I can't take this shit anymore!

INT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Snow is tapping his pen on the pad of paper. He looks back and forth several times from the note pad to the computer screen. He jots the name from the computer screen, LANCE JACOB MYERS, underneath the name of MITCHELL GARRET ROBERTS on the pad of paper.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
What do we have...?

He lays his pen down on the desk and picks up the opened manila file. He leans back in the cushioned chair bringing the manila folder closer to read.

The chair comes to its full upright position as Detective Snow lays the file on the desk. He writes the third name, TAYLOR JOHN WISCOE, on the pad of paper underneath the other two names.

The names now read in order on the pad of paper one on top of each other. MITCHELL GARRET ROBERTS, LANCE JACOB MYERS, TAYLOR JOHN WISCOE.

He circles the first names.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
(continuing; under  
his breath)  
Oh shit...Mitchell Lance Taylor.

He picks up another file from the corner of his desk. Opening it he sees pictures of the dead bag lady, Judith, from the junk yard. In the attached report under victim's name it reads JUDITH LOUISE BOWMAN. He quickly sets the report down and moves to the computer.

On the computer Detective Snow clicks on the find name menu of the police database. He types in the name JUDITH TAYLOR. After pressing enter Mitch's file comes up on screen and his mother's name is highlighted.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mitch reaches in his back pocket and retrieves his wallet. He opens it and grabs Detective Snow's card. He rushes for the phone and dials.

MITCH  
Come on! Come on, pick up damn it!

INT. DETECTIVE SNOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Snow picks up the RINGING PHONE.

DETECTIVE SNOW

Snow.

MITCH (V.O.)

Snow this is Mitch. Meet me at the  
Sunset Storage Company in the  
Seattle Industrial Plaza! It's  
happening again!

DETECTIVE SNOW

Mitch, listen! I'll meet you  
there, but don't go in!

The phone hangs up from the other end.

Detective Snow slams down the phone.

DETECTIVE SNOW

(continuing)

Shit!!!

He hastily grabs his jacket from the back of his cushioned  
chair and darts out of the office.

EXT. SUNSET STORAGE COMPANY - DAY

The Sunset Storage company is located inside the Seattle  
Industrial Plaza along with four other warehouses. Each  
warehouse has a graveled access road leading to it.

The Camaro speeds along, dust and gravel sprays through the  
air. The Camaro comes fishtailing to a hurried stop in front  
of the warehouse.

Mitch exits the Chevy rapidly, not bothering to close the  
door. He whips out the Glock and stealthily goes to a metal  
door located on the side of the warehouse.

The door is partially open.

INT. SUNSET STORAGE COMPANY - DAY

Silence echoes through the enormous building.

Inside it is dim, but not dark. Light streams in from  
skylights which dot the ceiling. The warehouse is completely  
empty with the exception of stacks of wooden pallets here and  
there.

Mitch looks around, the Glock grasped tightly with both hands, at the ready. He walks cautiously around a wall of pallets. Huge Aluminum bay doors stand closed on his right, approximately two hundred feet away.

THE SOUND OF AN OBJECT CLANGING AGAINST CONCRETE rings out sporadically through the warehouse breaking the silence.

Mitch is startled and turns about every which way, disconcerted. His view settles on the opposite end of the warehouse. He follows the sound.

Mitch rounds a stack of pallets and spots the killer banging a galvanized pipe against the concrete wall he's leaning on.

The killer is silhouetted in the dim light.

Mitch points the Glock directly at the silhouette.

MITCH

Drop the pipe motherfucker!!!

The killer stops banging the pipe and casually strolls towards Mitch.

MITCH

(continuing)

Drop it!

The killer continues to stroll forward unmoved by Mitch's threat.

Mitch fires a round at the killer and misses. He fires again, hitting the killer in the shoulder.

The killer is knocked back releasing the galvanized pipe which falls to the concrete floor with an OBNOXIOUS CLANG. The killer grasps his injured shoulder.

KILLER

You didn't have to do that Mitch,  
I would never hurt you.

MITCH

How do you know my name?

The killer steps out of the shadows.

KILLER

Don't you recognize your own  
father?

Mitch slowly lowers the Glock with recognition.

MITCH  
Bullshit! My father is dead!

KILLER  
Did your mother tell you that?  
Lies sure go a long way.

MITCH  
My mother never lied to me.

KILLER  
The lies died with her.

Mitch shoots the killer in the left knee cap.

The killer drops to the ground on his good knee placing his hand on the concrete floor balancing himself.

KILLER  
(continuing)  
You were born in Portland Oregon  
in 1973. You went to Richard  
Garfield Elementary School. Your  
mother's maiden name is Solomon.

Mitch still holding the Glock trained on the killer, shakes his head in disbelief.

MITCH  
What do you want from me?

KILLER  
I don't want anything from you,  
except your love. I love you, and  
only want to help you. Look at  
what I did for you and Anna.

MITCH  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

KILLER  
You don't know? Dale's out of the  
picture now. You and Anna can get  
back together.

MITCH  
Why are you doing this?

KILLER

I'm just doing what fathers do.  
Something I was never able to do  
after your mother left, I'm  
helping my son.

MITCH

Bullshit!

KILLER

It's my form of therapy, just like  
drugs are yours. Everyone needs a  
release. Why do you do what you  
do? Why do people get up and go to  
work? Why pay the bills? Why go to  
church? Why stumble around in a  
pointless existence?

Mitch and the killer's eyes meet. He lowers the Glock.

KILLER

(continuing)

When you and your mother left me,  
I lost my family, now I'm just  
trying to replace it.

MITCH

You're sick! I'm not a part of  
your family and I never will be.

THE SOUND OF SEVERAL POLICE SIRENS AND CARS coming to a  
screeching halt can be heard from outside of the building.

KILLER

You can't deny what you are.

THE SOUND OF CAR DOORS CLOSING.

THE BAY DOORS RATTLE LOUDLY.

OFFICER (O.S.)

I can't get the door open sir.

DETECTIVE SNOW (O.S.)

See if there's a side door! Hurry!

KILLER

Make your move. In about three  
seconds they're going to come  
through the door.

Mitch slowly raises the Glock, clenching it tightly, and aims  
it at the killer.

The metal side door opens behind the wall of pallets. The sound of THUMPING FOOTSTEPS rounding the wall can be heard.

Mitch's hands begin to tremble. Beads of sweat form on his forehead.

The killer looks down the barrel of the nine millimeter.

KILLER  
(continuing)  
What are you going to do, Mitch?

Detective Snow and few police officers in blue uniforms, weapons drawn, round the corner in plain view of Mitch and the killer.

MITCH  
I'm ashamed to be your son.

Mitch lifts his nine millimeter and points it under his own chin.

The trigger is slowly pulled back.

Mitch's eyes meet the killer's.

The killer's eyes widen.

DETECTIVE SNOW  
No!!!

THE SOUND OF A SINGLE GUNSHOT RINGS OUT THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE.

Brain matter flies freely as the bullet exits the top of what used to be Mitch's head.

FADE OUT:

A tunnel of images form. Pictures stream by at variable rates of speed.

MONTAGE:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A newborn infant is placed in a mother's arms.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Nine-year-old Mitch plays soccer during recess.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY



Mitch standing over his mother's casket.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Anna's face smiling.

EXT. CROSSWALK - NIGHT

The killer's cold gaze.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Mitch's accident, the bright headlights of the Metro.

END MONTAGE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Through Mitch's POV, his eyes flutter open and are blinded by bright fluorescent lights.

Mitch lays in a bed wearing a hospital gown.

IV's are hooked up to Mitch's body, along with a heart monitor. A white gauze bandage is plastered to Mitch's forehead. A TV hangs from the ceiling in front of the bed, with local news playing.

Anna lounges next to the bed in a soft, cushioned, wooden chair holding Mitch's hand.

Mitch's hand twitches.

Anna wakes up groggily. She looks like she hasn't slept in days. She stands and looks down on Mitch.

ANNA

Mitch?

Mitch reaches up and touches his forehead and Anna intercepts Mitch's hand.

ANNA

(continuing)

Don't do that.

Mitch sees Anna all at once.

MITCH

I missed you.

Anna's eyes tear up.

ANNA  
I missed you, too.

Anna strokes his face gently. She leans down and kisses him lightly on the mouth.

MITCH  
Where am I?

ANNA  
You're in the hospital honey.  
You've been here for a week.

MITCH  
What happened?

ANNA  
You were in a car accident, a hit  
and run. You received a severe  
concussion. You've been in a  
coma.

Mitch expresses confusion.

MITCH  
That's not possible. A week?

A tear rolls down Anna's cheek and she nods lightly.

ANNA  
Yeah, a week. I thought I was  
going to lose you.

Mitch looks around the room in disbelief. His eyes come to rest on the television.

On the television is a female news reporter, LISA WOODS, is all attitude. She is sitting behind a news desk.

LISA WOODS (On TV)  
Thanks for joining us for the  
evening news. I'm Lisa Woods. In  
tonight's news a mother gives  
birth to quintuplets...

Anna grabs Mitch's hand and squeezes it.

Mitch's attention turns back to Anna.

ANNA  
I'm going to go get the doctor.  
I'll be back in a second.

MITCH  
Anna!

Anna, hand on the doorknob.

ANNA  
Yeah?

MITCH  
I love you.

Anna smiles and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is squeaky clean and empty. Every other fluorescent light is on giving off dull light.

Anna jogs down the hall.

LISA WOODS (O.S.)  
The police are still baffled by the string of grisly murders that have taken place in downtown Seattle over the last week. The victims are all homeless men and one woman. Tonight this makes number four. If you have any information that might help police solve this crime, contact your local police department. In other news...

Anna darts past a hallway that crosses the present hall.

The killer leans against the wall of the branched off hallway.

Anna continues on unnoticed.

The killer watches Anna pass by and he turns in the opposite direction and strolls down the hall.

FADE OUT:

THE END