

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

PREVIOUSLY VIEWED

FADE IN.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A woman in her mid 20's walks across the lot.

Rain starts, she hurries her step, placing her purse over her head to protect against the heavy drops.

WOMAN

Oh shit, not tonight.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DIFFERENT POV

A man watches her. He follows, walking slowly.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The woman approaches her car.

She moves the purse down to hip level, searches it for keys.

CU: A knife comes through the back of her throat, the woman slumps into a man's arms.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room's a mess, clothes strewn everywhere.

An open whiskey bottle and glass sit on a dresser.

A half covered man sleeps in the bed, the form of another body lies next to him.

CU: PHONE ON NIGHT STAND

Phone rings once- no motion.

Phone rings twice- an arm reaches.

Phone rings a 3rd time, a groping arm knocks the phone off the furniture.

MAN'S VOICE

God damn it!

He comes off the side of the bed, wearing only pajama bottoms. He's in his 40's, reasonable shape with a day's growth of beard. His hair's a little long and unkempt. This is DETECTIVE ED "ANDY" ANDERSON.

ANDY
(GROGGILY)
YEAH?

ANONYMOUS VOICE
Hello Andy? Listen you've got to
get down here right now.
Christ it's a mess. I need you down
here right away!

Andy shakes his head, trying to clear out the haze from the booze.

ANDY
Down where? Who is this?

ANONYMOUS VOICE
Listen Andy, it's Tom.. Wake up
damn it!!
It's a mess down here and I need
you here ASAP.

The other figure stirs. A woman rises up from the sheets.

WOMAN
Are you coming back to bed?

ANDY
You're still here?

The woman lies back down, Andy re-addresses the phone.

ANDY
Need me where?
Tom?

TOM
Andy, wake up. Who the hell else
calls you at 3 in the morning.
Listen the address is 29 Sycamore.
It's a parking garage -- top floor.

Andy searches for a pen and paper, finds one by the liquor bottle.

Still a little drunk he jots down the address.

ANDY

Shit!!

The woman stirs, Andy dismisses her.

ANDY

You gotta' go.

WOMAN

But it's 3 in the morning.

ANDY

I gotta' go to work, get up, get out.

The woman rubs sleep from her eyes.

WOMAN

I thought I was staying the night.

ANDY

I didn't.

Maybe I'll give you a call, leave your name and number on the night stand.

Andy walks to his closet to throw on some clothes.

The woman gets up quickly, takes off Andy's shirt and awkwardly throws on a mini dress.

WOMAN

Ass hole!

She picks up her shoes, gives Andy the finger.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Andy arrives at the crowded crime scene. He scans for CAPT. TOM JENSEN, his commanding officer.

Andy sees his boss talking to a uniformed policeman. Tom is 5-10 years younger than Andy, dressed in a perfect dark business suit and designer trench coat.

ANDY

Hey Tom, why the big panic. What's up?

Tom waves Andy to join him.

TOM

It's like I said on the phone, a real shit storm. I don't think we've ever seen one like this.

He leads Andy to a small dark sedan, points inside.

What Andy sees is enough to make even a seasoned detective like him lose his lunch.

INT. PARKED CAR - SAME TIME

A woman's body parts are located in 3 of the seats, one contains the torso, one the head, one the legs. Hanging from the rear view mirror, attached to a piece of fishing line, is one of the woman's feet.

The color drains from Andy's face.

ANDY

Fuck me.

TOM

What'd I tell you, FUBAR.
Jesus, we've seen some sick things in this city but..

(Noticing Andy's breath)

Andy, you've been drinking, you smell like shit.

Andy reaches in his pocket, pops a piece of gum in his mouth.

ANDY

Nah, just no time to brush my teeth.

Andy moves Tom from the car.

ANDY

Tom, what happened, do we know anything yet?

Tom motions for a uniformed officer to come over.

TOM

Officer, can you tell us what we've got so far please.

The officer flips open a notebook.

OFFICER

Yes sir, vic's a female, mid twenties, body parts removed. Must have taken his time to do it too.

TOM

What makes you say that?

OFFICER

No witnesses, no prints.

The officer checks his notes again.

OFFICER

Yeah, that's about it sir.

TOM

Thank you, thanks for the update.

ANDY

Just one quick thing uni, can we get the rundown on the plates of the cars on this level. And let's see if there's any cameras recording as well.

OFFICER

We'll run the plates sure, but...
(Pointing at the video cameras in the corner of the lot)
Those cameras are messed up.

Andy notices the smashed cameras.

ANDY

Welcome to L.A.

Andy and Tom seek out the main CSI on the scene, JACK WALKER, an old school forensics man.

JACK

Hey boys, another night in LA-LA land, huh.

TOM

Can you tell us anything yet Jack?

JACK

(Scratching his balls)
No way, we've barely started to process the scene.

Andy playfully punches him on the arm.

ANDY

I guess people see CSI guys solve a crime in an hour on T.V and they think it happens that way in real life too, huh, Jack.

JACK

Freakin' A, and on T.V. detectives catch all murderers in an hour by sitting around the phone waiting for a lucky tip. Listen, you'll have to wait until we get something from the car or the autopsy.

Tom separates Andy from Jack, walks him away.

TOM

Fine Jack, I'll have someone be in touch with you later at the tombs.

Andy chuckles as he talks with Tom.

ANDY

I just love screwin' with that guy.

TOM

I know, I know, but we need guys like him ...
With that in mind can I ask you to play nice for at least a day or so til we get something from these guys?

ANDY

Whatever, I guess I'll just go wait at my desk for the phone to ring.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

Even at this hour, the main hub of the precinct is busy with cops booking crooks and civilians asking the desk sergeant questions.

Andy strolls in with a half eaten donut in his mouth, mumbles a quick hello to the desk sergeant, a large black woman. She gives him a quick wave.

Andy makes his way upstairs to the squad room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MINUTES LATER

An assortment of desks and chairs adorn the uneven room. Each desk has a phone, computer, office supplies. The day and night detectives share a work space.

Andy kicks at the propped up feet of his nighttime counterpart.

ANDY

Hey Douche, my turn for the Time Share, time to take the salsa and St Christopher statue out of the drawer.

The man grudgingly takes his feet off the desk, sarcastically wipes it clean with his suit jacket sleeve.

This is JESUS RODRIGUEZ, a short, burly latin officer with a small scar on his face and a body covered with tattoos.

RODRIGUEZ

Is that better your highness?

Hey aren't you way too early for your shift by the way. I know you daytime babies normally need your beauty sleep.

A man in a hurry walks by on his way to the captain's office, nodding at Rodriguez but ignoring Andy.

The hurried man almost crashes into the office.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MAN

Damn it Tom what's going on with the thing at the parking garage?

Tom gets up to get Deputy Chief PETER TOMKINS a chair.

TOM

Sit down and calm down will you Pete, don't blow a gasket.

PETER

(Sitting down)
Is it as bad as I hear?

TOM

Well, I don't know what you heard
but it sure was a mess down there.

PETER

Tell me right now Tom, do you think
this is a one off?

TOM

I sure as hell hope so, there's
nothing on the books like it I know
of.

Tom looks through some of the files on his desk to reassure
himself on this point.

PETER

All I know is we don't need another
screw up like we had a couple
months ago...

Peter peers out the office window at Andy.

PETER

Speaking of which, I thought I told
you to suspend his ass.

Tom takes a decidedly firmer tone.

TOM

Listen Pete, you may think you can
tell me what to do because of your
title but when it comes to my men,
I decide on their discipline, not
you.

PETER

And if the old man calls and tells
you to suspend him?

Tom gets up, reefs open the door.

TOM

I guess I'd tell him the same
thing... get out of my office!!

Peter leaves the office in a rage, again ignoring Andy.

ANDY

Good Morning, Deputy Chief.

PETER

Screw you, Anderson.

Rodriguez gives Andy a fist bump.

RODRIGUEZ
You're an ass hole.

TOM (O.S.)
Anderson, get your butt in here

Andy enters the captain's office with a smile on his face.

TOM
Wipe that smirk off your face Andy.
That's gonna' cost me points with
the boys upstairs for sure.

ANDY
Sorry Cap, my bad.
On another subject did you get any
more from CSI yet?

Tom shuffles through his stack.

TOM
Doesn't look like anything yet, why
don't you go down to the freezers
and see if they've got anything.

ANDY
Will do... and Tom.

TOM
Yeah?

ANDY
Thanks.

TOM
(smirking)
Get the hell out of here.

INT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

There are 4 corpses lying on gurneys, 3 peripheral and 1 central. Above the central corpse are a few stainless steel spotlights and a recording dome.

An older coroner with a limp walks towards the recorder, removes a microphone. He's dressed with a splatter smock over his lab coat and a helmet with clear face shield. This is DR. EVERETT BANNER, L.A.'s top coroner. He starts to cut the female corpse.

ANDY (O.S.)
How'd you make out with our nurse
here?

Everett glances from his shield to see who it is.

EVERETT
Oh, hey Andy.

ANDY
Doc, how'd you manage to put Humpty
Dumpty back together again?

Everett flips up his shield.

EVERETT
Not easily.
Listen Andy I won't be done with
this one for about an hour. How
bout I give you a call when I'm
finished?

He playfully offers up a medical instrument to Andy.

EVERETT
Unless you'd like to stay and help?

Andy takes no time to answer.

ANDY
No, I think I'll take a pass, just
make sure to call me first when
you're through will ya' Doc?

Everett nods, goes back to his work, flipping his face shield
down with a quick jerk of his head.

INT. JOHNNY B GOODES DINER - DAY

The local diner where most cops eat their meals. Andy sits at
a booth eating breakfast. An assortment of cops and customers
fill the restaurant.

A man enters the diner, looks around the crowd quickly,
obviously looking for someone in particular.

Andy notices the man, tries to hide in a corner of the booth
but it's too late.

MAN
Andy? Andy is that you over there?

ANDY

Christ!

TONY SCAMPERO, crime reporter for the L.A. Gazette, makes a beeline to Andy's booth, almost tripping over someone's foot. He's of medium build, middle aged, dressed in short sleeves with a tie that looks like some old father's day present from the 60's. He is almost good looking.

He takes a place in the booth opposite Andy.

TONY

Damn, Andy. You're harder to find than Jimmy Hoffa's body.

Andy gives Tony the once over.

ANDY

Who the hell dresses you Scampero, your mother?

TONY

Hey that hurts, the tie's a birthday gift from my daughter.

ANDY

I'm sorry.. I didn't know.

TONY

Didn't know it was my birthday?

ANDY

NO, I didn't know your daughter was blind.

Tony is not amused.

TONY

Listen Andy I don't want to get into an argument today, Ok. Besides, it's too damn hot out already.

ANDY

Fine, have a nice day. See ya'.

TONY

Jesus Andy, just give me a minute. I heard about what happened last night. What a mess.

Andy grabs a slice of toast, a couple strips of bacon from his plate, jams them in his mouth.

He drinks his orange juice in one gulp. Getting up from the table, he grabs a money clip, removes a couple of bills, throws them on the table.

ANDY

You can have what's left of my
breakfast
That's what you scavengers like
anyhow isn't it .. Leftovers.

Tony grabs Andy's arm but in one sudden move Andy turns the tables, twisting Tony's arm behind his back.

TONY

Christ Andy let go will ya'. I just
wanted a little info on your case.

ANDY

Just a little info, huh. That
didn't do me any good last time did
it you stupid loser.

TONY

(Struggling)

Andy, I told you, that wasn't my
fault. I couldn't go to jail for
that.

ANDY

What about the first amendment and
all that garbage you paper boys
like to hide behind all the time?

TONY

You watch too many movies.

Andy lets go of Tony, pushes him into the booth.

ANDY

Listen if you want any information
on THIS case you'll have to watch
the news on T.V. like everybody
else.
Now stay away from me or I swear to
God I'll...

TONY

You'll what? you're no different
than any other cop. You need me to
tell the story that gets the public
on your side on what a great job
their men in blue are doing.

Andy gives Tony the finger as he leaves.

Other officers in the diner stare daggers at Tony as he makes his way out of the diner, one of them spits at him.

TONY

Stupid cops are all alike.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Andy eyes the lanes for one of his informants.

He spies his subject, AMANDA PAYNE, a female tweaker in her late teens, she's dressed in ripped jeans and t-shirt. The girl sees Andy, runs down the alley, slipping in her bowling shoes. Andy follows, they disappear under the pin setters into the bowels of the building.

Amanda takes off her shoes, one by one as she runs, throwing them at Andy. He grabs a loose bowling pin, chucks it hard and hitting his target in the back of the knee.

She falls down in pain, giving Andy a chance to catch up. He pulls her up violently.

AMANDA

(Spitting in Andy's face)

God damn Cop, If you wanted a spin
you could have waited til tonight.
This is bull shit, even for a cop!

Andy punches her, she starts to bleed . He looks at her with disdain, this young girl who most cops know as a hooker who'll do anything to stay out of jail, whether it be a quick BJ in a squad car or a full session in one of the seedy motel rooms she rents by the hour.

Today though, Andy is only looking for information.

ANDY

Tweaker bitch, why'd you run if you
just thought I wanted a piece of
ass?

AMANDA

(Wiping blood from her
lip)

I just wanted to spend some time
relaxing, you know, practicing for
the pro tour.
I wasn't in the mood for a quickie
with some cop in a bowling alley
bathroom stall.

She gets up slowly, a weathered, drug addled stick of a girl/woman.

She looks 30 not 19.

ANDY

Listen skank, I just wanted to talk to you about your corner last night.

AMANDA

What about it?

ANDY

Busy night was it?

AMANDA

Why do you care, did you come by for a freebee and I wasn't there?

ANDY

Don't flatter yourself, I just need to know if you were there between 12 and 2 AM.

AMANDA

I'll have to check my calendar.

Andy grabs her wrist, twists it backwards, almost to the breaking point.

ANDY

I don't have time for your jokes whore. Either you were there or you weren't.

Amanda doesn't want to get hit again, she articulates.

AMANDA

No way, last night it rained. I don't do much business in that weather. So I went to a hotel bar to pick up some business.

ANDY

Damn it!

Amanda reaches for Andy's crotch, gives it a quick rub.

AMANDA

Pretty frustrated huh cop, why don't you find me tonight.

AMANDA(cont'd)

Maybe you can release some of those frustrations.

Amanda turns to walk away but she's provoked Andy and he grabs her by the hair at the back of her head, forcing her to her knees. Positioning her head in front of his crotch he puts her one hand on his zipper.

ANDY

And no teeth marks, they burn for a week.

Amanda starts to gently sob as she begins to perform oral sex, this disgusts Andy more.

ANDY

What's with the crocodile tears, whores don't have feelings.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SAME TIME

A group of homeless people and junkies come towards Amanda's vacant lane with a cake in hand, singing happy birthday.

C.U: Birthday cake with 19 lit candles, reading Happy 19th Birthday Amanda.

INT. NEWSROOM - EARLY EVENING

Tony's at his desk staring at a blank monitor.

JIM TAFT, the editor of the paper approaches. He's a large man in his late 50's.

JIM

You get anything from the cops on that parking garage thing last night Tony?

TONY

Nah, they're quieter than a witness at a mob trial.

JIM

Damn cops!

TONY

You said it.

JIM

Course after that stunt you pulled
a while back.. maybe you should
have expected it.

Tony gets uneasy in his seat.

TONY

Boss, I know you don't agree but I
just couldn't go to jail. Not after
all the stories I've written to
help put a bunch of that scum away.

JIM

All I know is when I was on the
beat I put my word out there as my
bond.
I can god damn guarantee what was
said to me was always in complete
confidence.

Tony turns back to his computer, hoping Jim will leave.

JIM

Well, just keep on top of it
anyway, it smells like a story
brewing to me.

TONY

I'll keep you posted.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A speeding car buzzes through a STOP sign, making another car
swerve violently to avoid it. The car continues down the
road, running another stop sign a couple of blocks later.

A patrol car comes out of the bushes, lights flashing, siren
wailing. It chases the offender about 2-3 blocks before the
offending vehicle concedes and pulls over.

A police officer exits his cruiser, unsnapping the holster of
his weapon as he approaches the vehicle cautiously.

CU: A POLICE OFFICER'S BADGE SHOWING THE INITIAL M AND THE
LAST NAME BROOM

OFFICER BROOM

(Peering into window)

OK ass hole, let's see the license.

There's a silence and a vague figure leans towards the passenger side of the car, hiding his face.

OFFICER BROOM
I said licence and registration
right now.

The figure puts up a hand, points to the glove box. The officer is fidgety but nods accordingly.

OFFICER BROOM
Do it slow or I swear I'll put you
down dickwad.

The driver opens the glove box with his right hand, starts to fumble around. The officer, now really edgy, leans in closer.

OFFICER BROOM
That's it, take your hand out of
the ...

The cop's voice is cut off by a zap as he's stung in the neck with a taser. A short twitch follows before he succumbs.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - MORNING

A bevy of police cars and a coroner's wagon are there as Andy pulls up. He wades through the cars looking for his captain.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Andy and Tom stare at what's in front of them. It's a corpse of a policeman lying across a stall, tied with strong rope around his head, which is resting on a grass tee mat. Duct taped into place on his mouth is a long plastic tee. Golf balls are strewn about, there are obvious bruises around the head of the officer. It looks like he took many hits to the head with a set of golf clubs.

TOM
Christ Andy, why do all the sickos
move to L.A.?

ANDY
Must be the sunshine.

TOM
This dude is seven shades of
screwed up, how do you do something
like this to another human being?

AND to kill a cop, he's just asking
for all stages of hell to come
after him.

A CSI officer starts peeling back tape from the officer's
mouth.

ANDY
First thoughts on what killed him?

CSI OFFICER
Quick look at those bruises,
probably blunt force trauma.

CSI OFFICER
(Quickly jumping back)
CHRIST!

ANDY
What is it?

The CSI points to victim's mouth. It's stuffed with golf
balls.

CSI OFFICER
Shit that's messed up, this guy
must have really been "teed off" at
his vic.

Andy grabs the CSI, throws him to the ground.

ANDY
You think this is funny, ass hole.
That's a dead cop lying there and
you're cracking jokes.

TOM
Calm down, Andy. This is stressful
for all of us. I'm sure the officer
wasn't thinking before he spoke.

The captain points a stern finger at the CSI member.

TOM
Isn't that right, officer?

CSI OFFICER
Yeah, yeah. That's right, I didn't
mean anything by it.

Andy breaks free of Tom's grip, spits at the CSI officer.

CSI OFFICER
Anderson, you're as nuts as they
say.

CSI officer departs, giving Andy the finger as he leaves.

Tom re-addresses the crime scene with Andy.

TOM
Like I said this guy has to be some
sort of sick mother to do this kind
of thing.

ANDY
Sick yeah, but smart.

TOM
Smart?

ANDY
Yeah, he must have had time to plan
this, you know case out the place,
wait for the right time.

Tom thinks about it before agreeing.

TOM
Well, maybe we get lucky and he
wasn't too smart to leave some clue
lying around.

ANDY
Fat chance.

TOM
I don't want you working on these
two cases at the same time Andy,
you'll have to choose one and I'll
put Rodriguez on the other.

Andy checks out the range. He soaks in the little bit of
suburbia in the middle of a busy city.

ANDY
Christ I think I can handle two
cases at once boss. I've been doing
this job a long time you know.

TOM
All right, but if you get backed up
let me know.

Andy nods, goes back to the body, searching for any clue.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Andy's already inside the room. There are 4 bodies, 2 women and 2 men on gurneys around the room. Andy check outs each one, with the last one he actually takes her hand, does a little dance.

The coroner walks in, startling Andy.

EVERETT

Andy, should I leave you two alone?

ANDY

Everett, you scared the hell out of me.

EVERETT

Sorry, it's the little things I enjoy.
I imagine you must be here about the policeman, most unfortunate.

ANDY

Everett, it never fails to get me how you make even the most grotesque deaths seem like they just slipped in a shower.

Everett shrugs his shoulders, moves to the deceased officer.

EVERETT

Let's see what we've got here.

He notices golf balls still stuck in the mouth of the body. Removing them, placing each golf ball in a tin pan, he continues on, reaching far inside the mouth, obviously down the throat, looking for more.

EVERETT

Andy, I need your help. Hold his mouth open will ya'.

ANDY

I don't think so.

EVERETT

Jesus Andy, he's not going to bite. He is dead you know.

Andy reluctantly agrees, puts on gloves offered him by Everett, gently opens the mouth wide enough for the coroner to continue his search.

Andy makes a squeamish face as Everett puts almost his whole forearm into the deceased man's throat.

EVERETT

I won't know how many he's got in there til I cut him open.

ANDY

I don't want to be around for that. I think my lunch would be mixed in with the golf balls.

Everett agrees, stops digging for golf balls.

EVERETT

As I said I don't know how many are in there until I open him up.

ANDY

But it was the golf club to the head that killed him, right?

EVERETT

Hell no, those bruises to the head hurt like hell I'm sure but that's not what killed him.

ANDY

It isn't?

EVERETT

No, it was the golf ball stew
(picking up a golf ball)
Ever try to swallow a golf ball
Andy, it'd be awfully tough. The ball would clog your air pipe and you'd try to throw up, choking on your own vomit.
There's no conceivable way he could have these in his stomach unless the killer forced them in the same way I'm taking them out.

ANDY

So the perp had time to make him eat his fill and watch him die?

Everett nods.

Turning to leave, Andy asks Everett one more question.

ANDY
I know this is gonna sound
ridiculous, them being so different
and all but..

EVERETT
But what, what's bothering you
Andy?

ANDY
Na', forget it.

EVERETT
Come on Andy, you've got my
interest piqued.

ANDY
OK, I just want to know if there's
any way you think this could be the
work of the same guy who cut up the
nurse?

Everett ponders, scratches his beard.

EVERETT
Well, they are totally different
causes of death but I must admit
they are very creative.

ANDY
You mean messed up.

EVERETT
I guess in police vernacular, yes.

ANDY
So, is there a chance?

EVERETT
From the outset I'd say no, but
never say never. I mean truth is
always stranger than fiction.

Andy nods, makes his way out of the morgue.

ANDY
Let me know when you're done doc.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The entire apartment is messy. Some mismatched furniture, a
television, some clothes thrown about.

Andy makes his way to the kitchen, a sink full of dishes with caked on food sit waiting, he splashes some water on them. He crosses to the fridge, mainly beer filled, a couple of discolored fruits and empty jars make up the balance. He grabs a beer, moves to the front room.

CU:PHONE ON COFFEE TABLE

The phone rings, Andy acknowledges.

ANDY

Anderson.

RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)

Hello, Andy it's Jesus. I thought I'd let you know the coroner's report came in tonight.

ANDY

Big deal. You must be having a quiet night, loser. I could have read it in the morning.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, but it's got a love note on it just for you douche bag.

ANDY

A note?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, from Everett.

ANDY

What's it say?

RODRIGUEZ

I didn't know I was your god damn secretary.

ANDY

Na', you're legs are too hairy.

RODRIGUEZ

You're an ass hole.

ANDY

So what's it say.

RODRIGUEZ

It just says "Andy, you were right, sort of".

Andy sits back, thinking what the cryptic message means.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Andy bursts through Everett's office door. Everett's on the phone, points to a chair.

Taking a chair from the corner Andy turns it around, facing the coroner's desk. He taps a little song impatiently.

EVERETT

(Hanging up phone)

What bug crawled up your ass Andy, you almost broke the hinges on the door.

ANDY

That note you left for me.

EVERETT

Note?

ANDY

Yeah, Rodriguez said you left a note, something about me maybe being right.

EVERETT

Note... sorry Andy I don't remember anything about a note, maybe it's another case.

ANDY

Rodriguez!

Everett comes from behind his desk, gives Andy a little poke.

EVERETT

I know what you're talking about Andy, I just wanted to screw with you a bit.

ANDY

You and everybody else Doc. Now c'mon, what gives, is there really a chance they're connected?

EVERETT

More than just a chance, my boy. I'm convinced of it.

ANDY

What makes you so certain.

EVERETT

Are you doubting me Detective?
Please take a look at those
pictures on my desk.

Andy feigns embarrassment, moves to the desk, looks at the pictures of the two crime scenes.

ANDY

Something in the pictures was it?

EVERETT

You're the detective.

ANDY

Listen Doc, I'd just like to know
what the hell is going on with
these two without playing 20
questions, is it the uniforms?

EVERETT

At first blush, I would say that's
what most people would think, but
it's something more.

ANDY

More?

EVERETT

Yes, please take a closer look at
those pictures, tell me what you
see.

Andy peers over the pictures, picks up a couple, holds them side by side, throws them down again.

ANDY

Listen Doc, all I see in common are
the uniforms, can't you just tell
me?

Everett, noticing the frustration in Andy's voice, shakes his head.

He approaches the desk and puts the pictures in order.

EVERETT

Now Andy, there's your answer. Pick
up that one stack there would you
please.

Andy obliges, grabbing a stack.

ANDY
K, now what?

EVERETT
Fan them.

ANDY
WHAT?

EVERETT
You know, fan them, flick them real
quick one after the other, like a
kid with a comic book.

Andy does as instructed, amazed as the pictures in front of
his face come to life.

ANDY
It's like a god damn movie.

EVERETT
Exactly, now pick up the other
stack and repeat the process.

Andy obliges, picks up the other stack, the same effect is
drawn, Andy scratches his head.

ANDY
I don't get it, the police crime
photographer must have done this on
purpose.

EVERETT
I don't think so, I believe it was
the killer.

ANDY
I still don't follow, remember Doc
I'm just a stupid flatfoot.

EVERETT
Don't give me that garbage Andy,
you're a hell of a lot smarter than
most I come across.

ANDY
Thanks Doc, but can you explain
your theory to me.. Real Slow.

EVERETT

Fine, it's my contention that the killer staged these scenes.

Andy leafs through again, transfixed by the moving images.

ANDY

So you figure I'm looking for an actor?

EVERETT

More likely a director. This killer seems to know exactly how he wants his scenes to appear.

Andy grabs the other stack of pictures, puts them into a folder from the desk.

ANDY

Mind if I borrow these, Doc?

EVERETT

Be my guest.

INT. L.A. GAZETTE - DAY

Tony sits, staring at a blank screen.

His editor, JIM JACOBS, a burly man in suspenders peers over the cubicle.

JIM

Empty pages don't sell newspapers, bub.

TONY

Thanks, Captain Obvious.

JIM

Just trying to help, sometimes I think you hold the stick too tight Scampero.

TONY

I know, once in a while I just get stuck and don't know where to start.

JIM

Whatcha' workin' on anyhow?

TONY
A couple of homicides.

JIM
So just another day in L.A.

Tony smirks but quickly remembers they're talking about 2 dead human beings. He responds in a serious tone.

TONY
Listen, I'll get started, it's just gonna' take me a couple minutes, I'll have something by deadline.

JIM
Well, let me tell you back in the old days...

Tony leans back in his chair, the monologue is sure to follow.

TONY
Just getting ready for the sermon from the mountain.

JIM
Smart ass, like I was saying.. back in the day when I was stuck I just went through my notebooks and looked for facts. You know how they say numbers don't lie?

TONY
Yeah, don't tell that to the IRS.

JIM
Anyway, I know from years of experience that facts don't lie.

Tony screws up his face in a non comprehensive manner.

Jim realizes he's not getting through, changes his tone.

JIM
Listen, just tell me the only facts you have.

TONY
(checking his notebook)
Let's see, 2 separate killings over 2 days, one a nurse, one a cop...

Jim immediately leaps to interject.

JIM

Hang on a second, what makes you so sure they're separate.

TONY

Huh, I guess the way they were killed. Nothing indicates any similarities .

JIM

You're not getting it young Grasshopper.

TONY

Huh?

JIM

Listen, you need sensationalism to sell papers, you need a link between the two.

Tony again makes his screwed up face, this time throwing up his arms in frustration.

TONY

I did say I had a deadline, right? That if I don't meet it, then it's you on my ass. Can you please just get to the point.

JIM

(sarcastically)

Hey I've got an idea. Why don't I write the whole damn story for you?

Listen, I need stories that are gonna' grab the attention of a reader with the 2 nano seconds of a headline they notice as they pass by a newsstand with a Starbuck's in their hand.

TONY

Ahh, sensationalism.

JIM

Now the pilot light's flickering, your job is to attract interest to a story, can't you see that 2 different people, both killed in a uniform, make this a serial killer.

TONY

Boss, I just told you they were killed in completely different ways.

Jacobs becomes really agitated.

JIM

Listen man, I just told you that the story is what you tell the people to believe, let them make their own decision. Fact is 2 uniforms are dead, right?

TONY

Right, but I just don't feel right about not getting the full information.

JIM

For Christ's sake Campero, by the time you get your precious information this thing will be all over the internet and the bloggers will be giving the killer their own nickname.

TONY

So you're telling me to make up a story?

Jim points to a T.V set elevated in the corner of the office, where a CNN talking head is front and centre. The crawl underneath spews headlines in sharp staccato.

JIM

What I'm telling you is that if we don't keep up in today's ADHD, OCD, attention span of a gnat atmosphere, we won't have to worry about having this conversation again because newspapers and by proxy, you and I will be out of business.

Does that make your decision any easier?

TONY

Totally.

Tony turns his attention back to his computer screen

C.U: COMPUTER SCREEN SHOWING LETTERS COMING ACROSS THE SCREEN
READING IN BOLD TYPE

UNIFORM KILLER CLAIMS TWO VICTIMS

Jim views the screen, slaps Tony on the back.

JIM
Now you're getting it, my boy. Grab
'em by the throat and get their
fifty cents.

INT. JOHNNY B GOODE'S - MORNING

Andy's eating bacon and eggs, really chowing down, seeming to
only take seconds to inhale the food.

He notices a paper with it's back cover to him in the next
booth, grabs it, flipping it over as he readjusts himself.

CU: NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE HEADLINE

UNIFORM KILLER CLAIMS TWO VICTIMS

Andy spits his coffee out as he reads the article.

ANDY
I'm gonna' kill him!

INT. L.A. CHRONICLE OFFICES- MORNING

Andy rushes out of the elevator, makes a bee line into the
crowd of office workers, searching the cubicles for Tony.

ANDY
(Yelling)
Campero, you stupid bastard, you
can't hide. Get your ass out here!!

Tony hears his name, stands up to see who's calling. He
notices Andy, tries to hide but it's too late.

ANDY
What the hell were you thinking!!

Andy grabs Tony, picks him up with one hand, throws him
through the cubicle. He starts laying punches on Tony before
a group of coworkers restrain him.

Jim Jacobs comes from his office after hearing the commotion.

JIM
What the hell's going on out here?

ANDY
Stand down, old man, this is
between dickface and me.

JIM
Listen Anderson, anything one of my
reporters did was on my authority.
Got it.

ANDY
Is that so?

JIM
That's right and I stand behind
him.

Andy lunges at Jacobs, lands a strong right cross to the
face, the force of the blow knocking Jacobs to the floor.

ANDY
Now you're lying beside him old
man.

Andy spits at Jacobs, throws the folded paper at him.

ANDY
Print any more garbage like this
(pointing at paper)
I'll kill you and this piece of
shit.

Andy kicks Tony in the side as Tony tries to get up.

Andy knocks down other cubicles, breaks a coffee maker on the
floor as he takes his leave.

INT. CAPTAIN TOM JENSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy and Tom are seated, looking at each other in silence.

The deputy chief storms in.

PETER
Why do you put up with this ass
hole's antics Tom, don't you know
what he's doing to your career?

ANDY

Unlike you sir, I guess he doesn't own any kneepads.

PETER

Just shut up jackass, you're lucky I didn't have you suspended for that stunt.

TOM

Now Pete, I know Andy acted a little petulantly but I have to believe you know how he feels.

PETER

Christ Tom, did he have to make a scene like that right in their building

ANDY

I could have written a letter to the editor Sir but I didn't think it would have the same impact.

Tom starts to laugh, then tries to hide it.

The deputy chief gets angrier.

PETER

Tom, the old man wants to know what you're going to do about this, and he wants to know right diddy mao.

Tom raises his ire in response to Peter's line of questioning.

TOM

Listen, lackey. You tell the old man if he has a problem with my unit he can call me to the towers and I'll be there with bells on. Otherwise I believe we're done here.

PETER

Tom, think about what you're doing.

TOM

I am. See ya'

Peter turns to leave, Tom takes him by the arm.

TOM

Listen, Peter. Jim Jacobs is a good friend of mine and he's already called to apologize.

PETER

He apologized to YOU?

TOM

That's right. He readily admitted his guy screwed up by trying to create panic and sell a few papers. He realizes now there's no chance of Detective Anderson here conducting a thorough investigation on these two murders if the public's all up in arms.

PETER

So everything's alright?

TOM

Tell the old man he can tell his friend the publisher there's no need for a lawsuit or a front page story about the brutality of the L.A.P.D.

Andy gets up to shake Peter's hand, the deputy chief recoils.

ANDY

Hey lighten up sir, I only hit people with a backbone.

PETER

Screw you Anderson.

After Peter exits Tom takes a second to address things.

TOM

Andy, you're lucky I was able to get Jacobs drunk last night and admit he made a mistake in getting that story to print so fast.

ANDY

Do you want me to get MY own set of knee pads now?

TOM

Smart ass. Listen are you sure the paper wasn't right. This could be a serial killer after all.

ANDY

Yeah serial killer maybe, but as I told you it's not about the uniforms, it's about the crime scene.

TOM

The scene?

ANDY

Yeah, this perp needs to make sure the killing matches the scene that he has in mind, like he's directing the action himself.

TOM

One thing different than the movies though.

Andy stands up to leave the office.

ANDY

Yeah, what's that?

TOM

In this guy's movies there are no second takes.

EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING

A jogger is running around a track that circles the park. He's wearing an iPod and seems oblivious to the surrounding people who are enjoying the weather before dusk sets in.

Another jogger comes up beside the man. He's wearing a track suit with the hoodie pulled up tight around his head, he starts to run in step with the first man.

JOGGER

Hey man, you want to run together a bit.

Looking over the first jogger notices the other runner is wearing a balaclava under the hoodie.

He makes a comment

JOGGER

Hey it's a little too warm to be running around like it's a Wisconsin winter isn't it?

The hooded man quickly trips the jogger into a set of bushes encircling the running path.

No one in the park notices.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Andy enters the crowded crime scene, looking at CSI officers shaking their heads over what is obviously a body.

ANDY
Hey guys, what gives?

The CSI officers break apart, point in unison. Andy steels himself.

The male body is laid out flat with a dumbbell in each of his hands, weights fitted around each ankle. Andy also notices an iPod wrapped around the neck of the vic, the wire running through the eyes and nose, ending at the ear buds planted in his aural cavities.

ANDY
Are you sure you guys meant to call me. This doesn't look nearly as bad as the other two?

CSI OFFICER
(throwing up)
This is just the start of it.

ANDY
Start?

The CSI wipes his mouth, points to a spot in the gym some 30 feet away. Andy notices a workhorse bench with something wrapped around it.

CSI OFFICER
(getting Andy's attention)
Sir.

ANDY
What is it?

The CSI turns the man over from front to back, Andy notices a hole in the joggers back with what looks like a greasy rope protruding from the unnatural orifice.

Andy inspects, lifting the intestine by using a pen from his pocket. He walks along the string of intestine, ending at the workhorse located those 10 metres away.

ANDY
Christ!!

CSI OFFICER
What's worse is we figure he was
alive while that was being done.

ANDY
Holy Mother of God.

CSI OFFICER
Now you see why we called you.

ANDY
It looks like something out of a
bad horror movie.

From a distance a few feet away a voice say aloud.

ANONYMOUS VOICE
It is, but not a bad one.

Andy looks around the room, seeking the foreign voice.

ANDY
Hey who said that, what the hell do
you mean it IS?

A young police officer, putting up caution tape, sheepishly
puts his hand up.

ANDY
Well, get your ass over here uni.

The young man crosses half heartedly, afraid. Andy looks at
him sternly, waits before speaking.

ANDY
Don't believe every thing you've
heard about me kid. My bark's way
worse than my bite.

Overhearing this a few CSI officers start to chuckle. Andy
glares at them, shutting them up quickly.

ANDY
Now, come on kid, play nice. What's
your name?

CSI OFFICER
Tim sir, Tim Joseph.

ANDY

Alright officer Joseph, I mean Tim.
Is it O.K. if I call you Tim?

TIM

Yeah, I mean yes that's fine sir.

ANDY

(changing tone)

Alright then, Tim. Please tell me
what the hell you're talking about
before I get upset and rip you're
dick off and feed it to you with
some salsa.
And I do mean right now.

TIM

(trembling)

It's... it's a scene from a movie
alright, it's from Senior Year
Slaughter.

Andy waits for the young officer to calm down.

ANDY

Sorry for getting angry a minute
ago, Tim. I promise just one more
question then you can go change
your diaper.

TIM

Please sir, don't hurt me. It's
only my second case in the field.

ANDY

Calm down Timmy, now did many
people see this movie, was it
popular?

TIM

I suppose so sir, it was only out
a few months ago.

ANDY

Out, you mean in theatres or just
on DVD, like at the movie rental
places?

TIM

I mean the theatres, although I
think it was just released on DVD.

Andy decides to have fun with the rookie.

ANDY

Say Tim, you seem to know quite a bit about this movie. YOU saw it yourself, right?

TIM

Yes sir, I saw it with my girlfriend, she likes scary movies.

Andy announces to the crowd.

ANDY

O.K. Everyone. Let's pack it up, we can all go home now, I've solved it. Tim here is the killer.

Laughter all around. Andy grabs his handcuffs from his belt, playfully preparing to place them on Tim. The rookie smiles sheepishly.

ANDY

Hey kid you're alright, listen I owe you one. If anybody gives you a hard time about anything just mention my name OK?

TIM

Yes sir.

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

The establishment is like most chain video stores, decked out in movie posters, bright lighting, plasma screens dotted around the building, each playing the same movie.

Andy enters, looks around before being approached by a clerk.

CLERK

Can I help you sir?

ANDY

(Flashing his badge)

Yeah, let me talk to the manager.

The clerk retreats to the back of the store, enters an office.

Seconds later the manager, CARL DANIS, an older man in a different colored uniform shirt appears. Andy shows Carl his badge.

CARL
Yes officer, I'm Carl Danis, the
store manager. How can we help you
today?

ANDY
Did you look at my badge Carl?

MANAGER
For a second yes.

ANDY
Then you should have noticed it
said detective, not officer

MANAGER
My apologies, how can we help you
detective

ANDY
Let's use your office.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The pictures of the 3 crime scenes are on the manager's desk.
Carl is perusing them, shaking his head.

CARL
No, I don't see anything here that
seems familiar.

ANDY
You're sure, Carl. A policeman said
for sure the 3rd one was from a
movie, something like High School
Massacre, something like that.

CARL
Do you mean Senior Year Slaughter?

ANDY
Is it new?

Carl takes a quick look at a clipboard, finds it in a second.

CARL
Yeah here it is, just released two
weeks ago.

ANDY
That's it!

CARL

I don't know, like I said I haven't seen it.

ANDY

For Christ's sake. Don't you losers watch all the movies you carry?

CARL

We are entitled to 5 free movies per week yes, but that doesn't mean everyone takes advantage of that perk.

Andy is quickly getting pissed off.

He scowls at Carl.

ANDY

Listen Carl, I don't give a damn if you watch Bambi, comedy or kiddie porn.

I just want to know if these photos are from movie scenes or not.

CARL

That's out of line, detective, I don't need to take that from you. I think I'm going to have to ask you to leave now.

In one swift movement Andy puts Carl in a choke hold, slams him up against the office wall. He pushes hard on Carl's exposed throat to make his point.

ANDY

Or what, you'll call a cop. Listen shit for brains, I just want to talk to someone who knows movies, are we clear.

Andy releases his grip on Carl's throat, lets him down.

CARL

(massaging his adams apple)

Sorry Detective, if you can just give me a minute to catch my breath.

Carl works his way to his desk, slumps into a chair for a second. He snaps his fingers.

CARL
Simon, Simon will know.

ANDY
What's a Simon?

CARL
I should have thought of him right away. He's been here a couple years, he's seen every movie in the place. Most of them twice.

ANDY
And where's Simon now?

CARL
Front counter.

INT. FRONT COUNTER - MINUTES LATER

SIMON, a college age, nebbish young man leaning over the counter has his back to the customer area, reading through the newest movie magazine. He's tall and slender with a slight case of acne that you would usually find in someone about 5 years younger.

Carl walks Andy over to the counter, unnoticed by Simon.

CARL
Simon?

Simon jumps to attention, ripping the magazine.

SIMON
What, what. Oh sorry Carl, I promise there were no customers, just some guy who came in a while ago, but I lost track of him.

Maybe I should go check for him, he looked a little shady to m..

Andy presents himself to Simon, flashing his badge.

CARL
Is this him?

SIMON
Huh, what, yeah. I'm so sorry detective. I didn't know you were a copper, I mean the poli.. I mean uh, Sorry.

ANDY
That's OK kid, no harm no foul.
I've just got a couple of questions
for you if that's alright.

Carl is too close to Andy.

ANDY
Carl, listen. Could I talk to Simon
here in private for a minute, what
do you say?

Andy flints a menacing grin at Carl, the manager quickly
responds, once again massaging his adams apple.

CARL
Yeah, sure detective, take all the
time you need.

Carl shuts Simon's register light off and makes his way over
to another station a few feet away, turning on that light to
take care of any customers that may come in.

ANDY
Now Simon I just need to ask you a
couple of questions if that's OK.?

SIMON
Yeah, I mean yes sir, officer, I
mean detective.

ANDY
Why don't you just call me Andy.

SIMON
Yes sir, Andy.

Andy reaches into his jacket pocket, flips open his notebook.

ANDY
Now Simon, can I ask you your name?

SIMON
Simon.

ANDY
(chuckling)
I already know that part kid,
you're full name?

SIMON
Simon N Garfunkel.

ANDY
 You're shittin' me.. quit messing
 around kid, I ain't got time.

Honestly, what's your name?

SIMON
 (matter of factly)
 Simon N Garfunkel.

Andy steps back, gives Simon the once over, writes it down.

ANDY
 Parents hippies were they Simon?

SIMON
 No, I don't think so, why?

ANDY
 Simon, c'mon, really. Simon N
 Garfunkel. You're not screwing with
 me?

Simon stares at Andy with a blank face for about 5 seconds.

Andy places the pictures in front of Simon.

ANDY
 Listen Simon, I've got some photos
 here. Can you take a look at them,
 tell me if you think they may be
 out of any movies?

SIMON
 Sure.

Simon leafs through the pictures for a minute, produces the
 same effect as at the coroner's office.

SIMON
 Cool.

ANDY
 What do you mean, cool?

SIMON
 Oh come on, you know what you've
 got here right?

ANDY
 No... that's why I'm talking to
 you.

SIMON

You've got scenes from Senior Year Slaughter, Bloody Uniforms and Night Nurse Massacre.

ANDY

What the hell are you talking about kid?

SIMON

Aren't these stills from the movies?

It's pretty creative the way they took the editing frames and put them into photographs.

ANDY

These are real pictures of crime scenes Simon, are you sure they're from movies as well?

Simon jumps over the counter, runs to the horror section, in an instant returns with 3 rental boxes for the titles.

ANDY

Damn, you weren't kidding. You're good kid.

Simon smiles awkwardly.

SIMON

The scenes are all in those movies.

ANDY

That was pretty quick, are you sure?

SIMON

Did Carl tell you I watch a lot of movies?
I've seen every movie we carry..
most of them 3 times.

ANDY

Riiigght.
Ok Simon I'm gonna' need these for evidence. Can I get you to put the discs in the boxes?

SIMON

Do you have your membership card?

Andy gives Simon an incredulous look, again flashes his badge.

ANDY
Will this do?

SIMON
I'm afraid I need your membership card.

ANDY
But I don't have one.

Simon pulls out a clipboard with a membership application.

ANDY
CARL!!

Carl appears in a flash, Andy flashes a menacing smile.

ANDY
Carl, I'm sure we can make an exception in this case. Can Simon bag up these movies for me without a membership?

CARL
Simon I'll vouch for Detective Anderson here, I'm sure he'll return them when he's done.

Simon points to a laminated sign in a stanchion.

CU: A SIGN READING

NO RENTALS WITHOUT MEMBERSHIP. NO EXCEPTIONS

SIMON
But Carl, the sign says ..

CARL
Like I said Simon, I'll vouch for him.

SIMON
Yes sir.

Simon opens a drawer, extracts the movies and bags them.

SIMON
(handing them to Andy)
Here you go, Detective. Did you need some popcorn?

ANDY
Sorry kid, this is work, not
entertainment.

INT. DETECTIVES SQUAD ROOM- EVENING

Andy is hunkered around a T.V, viewing one of the movies

CU: TELEVISION SCREEN SHOWING A SCENE OF A KILLER WIELDING A
LARGE MACHETE AND CUTTING OFF THE ARM OF A GIRL IN A PROM
DRESS

Detective Rodriguez walks up behind Andy, who is fixated on
the T.V. He pokes at Andy's side.

RODRIGUEZ
BOO!!

Andy jumps up, spilling drink all over his clothes.

ANDY
Rodriguez... you douche!

Rodriguez and the other detectives in the room start
laughing.

RODRIGUEZ
I wish I could take it easy and
just curl up with a movie like you
daytime sissies.
Who do I have to blow around here
anyway to get on the day shift?

ANDY
Screw you. Besides, this is getting
me nowhere quick, I've been
watching this crap for over an hour
and nothing.

RODRIGUEZ
Why don't you just hit fast forward
to your scene?

ANDY
But I don't know where the scene
is, that's the problem. Also I
might miss the motivation.

RODRIGUEZ
I'm so sorry, Mr. Spielberg.

The captain enters the squad room, notices the two detectives

TOM

Hey Andy, you've been at that
awhile. Why don't you give up on it
for today?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, I can watch it for you if
you'd like. Just grab me some
raisinettes from the snack counter
before you go.

TOM

Detective Rodriguez, don't you have
your own cases to work on?

Rodriguez looks sheepishly at his shoes.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes Captain.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is a mess as usual. Andy's slumped in a chair,
moving around in different positions, trying to get
comfortable.

CU: T.V. SCREEN SHOWING A SLASHER MOVIE BEING FF'D AND
REWOUND

ANDY

(frustrated)

This will take forever.

He finds his jacket on the floor, removes his notebook.
Leafing through it he stops at a page.

ANDY

Got it!

Andy grabs his jacket and rushes from the apartment.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is nondescript, in a nice enough neighborhood, the
kind where nothing extraordinary ever seems to happen.

INT. GARFUNKEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simon's dad, FRANK, is in his pyjamas. He's a man in his late 50's, balding, fairly fat. He's pouring some warm milk from a pot on the stove into a glass.

He calls into the other room.

FRANK

Mother.. mother I made too much milk again. Would you like some or do I dump it?

SIMON'S MOTHER - V.O.

Frank, why don't you offer it to Simon, he's a growing boy.

Frank shakes his head, pours the remainder into the sink

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Frank enters carrying the warm milk and some cookies in his hands, a cookie in his mouth as well. Simon's mother FRAN, a larger woman also in her 50's, is dressed in a robe, seated in a large recliner.

FRANK

(cookie in his mouth)

Wh- ca\t Simnnn go o=t li==most ds
hsage?

FRAN

What have I told you about talking with your mouth full Frank?

Frank swallows hard, sets down the cookies and takes another gulp of milk.

FRANK

Sorry Fran, old habits die hard. I was just saying why can't Simon be out, you know, like other kids his age?

FRAN

Now Frank, you know very well Simon has a hard time making friends. He's just a little shy, he'll find his way.

FRANK

I know mother, but he's gotta' get out more.
And what about girl's, the boy must have needs. I know what I was like when I was his age.

Frank tries to sit on Fran's lap as he starts tickling her.

FRAN

Oh Frankie, you're terrible.

Their fun's interrupted by the doorbell. Frank looks at his watch, it shows 10:15.

FRANK

Who the heck is here at this time of night. Most decent people are in bed.

Frank crosses to the door, peers out a peep hole. He notices a rough looking figure.

FRAN

Who is it Frank, why don't you open the door.

FRANK

Never seen him before, probably a vagrant.

FRAN

I don't think vagrants go door to door dear.

FRANK

Maybe if we stay quiet he'll just go away.

Another couple rings of the doorbell prove that false.

FRANK

Hello, who's out there, how can I help you? Are you lost? We don't have any drugs or money in here.

ANDY (V.O.)

Hello, is this the Garfunkel residence? Is Simon home?

FRANK

YOU know Simon?

ANDY (V.O.)
Yes sir, I'm a policeman.

FRANK
Police, has Simon done something
wrong?

ANDY - V.O.
No sir. My name's Detective
Anderson. If you'll just let me in
sir I'll explain everything.

Frank looks to his wife for guidance, she shrugs her
shoulders, he takes a deep breath.

FRANK
(Opening the door just a
crack)
If you're the police can you show
me your ID?

Andy produces his badge for Frank to peruse.

ANDY
I assure you it's legit Mr.
Garfunkel. Now please, may I come
in?

Frank passes the point of no return, opens the door fully.

As Andy enters Frank steps back, hopeful he has made the
right decision, that this man is indeed a policeman.

ANDY
(extending hand to Frank)
Mr Garfunkel, thanks for letting me
in, most people aren't that
trusting.

Frank breathes a sigh of relief as he shakes Andy's hand.

FRANK
Please call me Frank. What can we
do for you officer.

ANDY
It's detective, actually.

FRANK
Sorry... Detective. And this is my
wife, Fran.

ANDY
So you're Frank and you're wife's
name is Fran?

FRANK
That's right.

Andy has to stifle a chuckle before continuing.

ANDY
Alright. Now would Simon be home
tonight?

FRANK
Unfortunately yes.
Mother, would you go get him while
I chat with the officer, I mean,
detective.

Fran leaves to gather Simon.

ANDY
Thank you sir, I just want to let
you know I was quite impressed when
I met Simon.

FRANK
Where exactly did you meet him
detective?

ANDY
At his work, at the video store.

FRANK
That's not his work, that's his
life other than this place.

Fran reenters, this time with Simon in tow. He's dressed in
pajamas as well, fitted with a night time oral headpiece.

ANDY
I'm sorry Simon, did I wake you up.
Did you want me to come back
another time?

SIMON
No shir, I was jusht playing shome
war gamesh online.

FRANK
Take that thing off son, we can
barely understand you.

Simon quickly takes off the headgear, gives it to his mother.

SIMON
Sorry about that, no I'm awake.
What can I do for you detective?

ANDY
Well, quite honestly, I need your
help. It's about what we discussed
at the store earlier.
Is there somewhere we can talk in
private Simon?

SIMON
We can go to my room, is that OK
Pop?

FRANK
You're sure he's not in any trouble
detective?

ANDY
Quite sure Frank.

FRANK
OK then.

Simon leads Andy upstairs.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Simon's bedroom looks like one belonging to someone quite a bit younger, dotted with movie posters and juvenile wallpaper.

There are also computers and large screen monitors on a desk in the corner of the room.

SIMON
What did you need help with
Detective?

Andy produces the discs from his jacket pocket.

ANDY
I noticed at the video store you
had no problem recognizing those
scenes from the pictures I showed
you.

SIMON
Yeah, that was fun.

ANDY

OK.

So, after hours of watching these things by myself and not even really knowing where to fucking sta...

Realizing his audience Andy flashes a red, embarrassed grin.

SIMON

Don't worry about the swearing, I hear it all day at school...then you thought I could show you where the scenes ARE in the movie.. right?

ANDY

You do catch on quick, Simon. So, do you mind?

Simon takes a disc and keys up one of the movies. After a brief minute he has frozen the screen on one of the murders.

He motions for Andy to look closer.

ANDY

This is which one again?

SIMON

Night Nurse Massacre.

Simon fast forwards to the proper scene.

ANDY

You sure know you're stuff Simon.

SIMON

This movie's done by one of my favorite horror directors, Sam Notting. Come to think of it he also directed Bloody Uniforms too.

ANDY

Sam who?

SIMON

Sam Notting, he filmed lots of B movies for World Wide Studios, but I feel he's totally underrated.

ANDY
(opening his notebook)
World Wide Studios, I thought that
place was shut down?

SIMON
Oh it is.. shame too. Lots of
people out of work.

ANDY
Including Sam Notting?

Simon thinks for a second, trying to remember something.

SIMON
... I was just reading something
online

He moves to a different computer, keys up something else.

SIMON
See here it is, Director Sam
Notting now doing adult videos for
Skin Flix pictures.

Andy makes a note.

ANDY
Thanks kid, now can we just go back
to the other movies for a second,
It's getting pretty late.

Simon takes no time in locating the other 2 scenes.

ANDY
Simon, this helps so much.

SIMON
So it's going to make your job
easier?

ANDY
Well I don't know about easier, but
certainly it saves me some legwork.

SIMON
It was fun.

ANDY
Listen Simon, you've been a big
help. If there's anything I can do
for you just let me know, OK?

Simon thinks for a second.

SIMON
Do you drive a real police car?

ANDY
Yeah, unmarked one though.

SIMON
Does it have a siren?

Andy smiles as he clues in.

ANDY
Would you like a ride in it?

SIMON
Boy would I.

ANDY
It's kinda' late.

SIMON
How bout tomorrow after school, can
we do it then?

ANDY
(Nods his head)
I suppose I could do that, just
give me the address and time and
I'll be there.

SIMON
You bet.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Andy's cel phone rings, he grabs it from his pocket

ANDY
Anderson.

TONY V.O.
Hey Andy, it's Tony Scampero.

ANDY
What the hell do YOU want?

TONY V.O.
Listen, I called cause I owe you an
apology.

ANDY
Yeah, what for?

TONY (V.O.)
I've been talking to a few people,
I know there's been another murder.

Andy pauses for a second, waiting to see if he's fishing.

ANDY
Yeah, so what do you know hotshot?

TONY (V.O.)
I know it was some jogger, listen
I'd rather talk some more about
this tomorrow morning if possible.

Andy hesitates for a second.

ANDY
Alright, how bout Johnny's at 9?

TONY (V.O.)
No way, all those cops stare
daggers at me. Can you do the
Steamers coffee shop on Hough St,
same time?

ANDY
I know the place, I'll be there.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A clock on the wall shows 9:30.

The coffee shop is trendy, with coffee bean bags on the walls, pictures of exotic beaches, pastel colored paint.

A large cross section of people, including Andy, form a line.

Andy notices Tony at a booth, Scampero points sarcastically at his watch.

Two spaces ahead of Andy in the queue is a 20ish man, dressed in thug garb, pants to his knees, baseball cap turned sideways. He's wearing headphones, dancing to the music.

Moving closer to the counter the thug takes off his headphones, rap music pounds out to others in line.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me, could you turn that
down?

THUG

Screw off, grandma!

The woman turns red, the young man grabs his crotch, sticks
his tongue out at her.

WOMAN BESIDE YOUNG MAN

Young man, the music in the coffee
house is for everyone, I'm sure
that your music is not for
everybody.

THUG

I said Screw off!!

The thug turns up his tunes, making more of a disturbance.

Andy taps the lady on the shoulder, changing places with her
after flashing his badge. He then taps the thug on his
shoulder.

ANDY

I think you owe the lady an
apology.

THUG

What the hell!
Do you have a problem, man?

ANDY

Now why don't you just turn that
noise down so only you can
appreciate it?

THUG

Loser!!

Pulling a revolver, the thug aims it at Andy.

ANDY

You don't want to do that kid.

THUG

Shut up man, look what you made me
do. Now somebody's gotta' get
wasted.

ANDY

Listen dickshit, I'm already late
and I don't want slow my day down
any more.

Andy pulls back his jacket, reveals his gun and handcuffs.

The thug starts sweating profusely.

THUG

Oh man, you're a cop?

ANDY

Uh huh.
Now why don't you just put down the
glock and run away before I change
my mind and make a new topping for
all these nice people's lattes.

THUG

What's wrong with you m...

Within a split second of opening his mouth Andy throws a vicious punch at the gunman, breaking his nose and causing him to lose grip on the weapon.

Andy seizes the revolver, puts it in his jacket. He grabs the thug by the throat, drags him over to the door, blood flowing from his nose, dripping all over the floor and tables.

Andy throws the kid through the door into the street, kicking him in the butt as he runs away.

ANDY

And pull up your pants!

Andy reenters to applause. The line clears to let Andy place his order first.

INT. TONY'S TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

TONY

Nice to see you're an equal
opportunity beater.

ANDY

(smirking)
Share the love, that's my
philosophy.

TONY
How do you do that, I don't think
I'd ever have the guts.

ANDY
I'm sure you wouldn't paperboy.

Tony shakes his head.

TONY
Anyhow, thanks for meeting me this
morning.

ANDY
Well I aint got much time, so make
it quick. Something about an
apology?

TONY
Hey, you're the one who showed up
late. But yeah, I did want to say
I'm sorry for rushing that story to
print.

ANDY
You also said you heard something
about another murder.

TONY
Don't play coy, Andy, you know the
one. The jogger they found in the
school gym.

Andy decides to talk with him a little more.

ANDY
And exactly what have you been
told?

TONY
That even though the uniforms don't
mean anything there is a
connection.

ANDY
Yeah, what's that paperboy?

TONY
That the killer stages these
murders like a scene from a movie.
Is that right? I mean, that's
twisted, right?

ANDY

What if it is, you only want to sell more papers.

I get it, this time you're going to have the headline "Scene it Killer" strikes again or some other bullshit.

Tony tries to calm Andy down.

TONY

No, no. Listen I'll make you a deal. If you'll just work with me on this one I promise to take it slow with the story and give you a chance to proof it before a word get's printed.

Andy stares at Tony for a good 10 seconds.

ANDY

I don't know, I don't want to get burned again, I don't think I can keep the brass off my captain's ass if that kind of thing ...

TONY

(interrupting)

Listen, I know things went south a few months ago. Believe me I can't afford another screw up either, unless I want to be writing puff pieces for the Sacramento Bee.

ANDY

So I guess it doesn't do either of us any good to screw the other one over on this thing, huh.

TONY

Just two peas in a pod.

ANDY

I have your word you'll wait for me to proof the story before you print it?
And what's it gonna' cost me for this privilege?

TONY

Just that you give me any information first hand before anyone else.. you know, so I can get an exclusive on the inside story.

ANDY

Well if that's true... if you'd really like to have more than just info after the fact, how about coming out with me tonight?

Tony smiles uneasily.

TONY

Alone, just me and you?

ANDY

Nervous are you paperboy, don't you trust me after our new found cooperation?

TONY

(massaging his still sore ribs)

Based on recent events?

Andy gets up to leave.

ANDY

Suit yourself.

TONY

Hold on, hold on.
Join you on what, like a stakeout?

ANDY

No, not quite. I'm gonna' try and squeeze one of my CI's for a little info. I've just got this feeling in my gut she knows something more than she's telling.

TONY

Are you screwing with me?

ANDY

Only one way to find out.

Tony deliberates.

TONY
OK, in for a penny, in for a pound.

ANDY
Pick you up at 10.

INT. L.A. GAZETTE OFFICES - DAY

Tony's in his rebuilt cubicle, the off color pieces stand out.

He's writing a story.

TONY
(reading the monitor)
That's more like it.

Jim Jacobs appears over his shoulder, simultaneously reading the copy as well. He's sporting a black eye from Andy's punch.

JIM
Seems kind of tame, doesn't it
Scampero. Nothing to grab anyone's
attention there.

TONY
Hey boss, last time I took your
advice and rushed something out we
had to do some redecorating around
here, both with our furniture and
our faces.

Jim touches the bandage on his nose.

JIM
You mean this?
Kind of makes me feel alive again,
reminds me of the old days when
this stuff was de riguer.

TONY
Well this time I'm taking it a
little slower, making sure I get
the right info from the cops on the
case.

JIM
Suit yourself. See you on the
unemployment line.

EXT. HOUSE IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

The house is used for many different porn shoots. Andy approaches 2 burly men guarding the front door.

ANDY
Hey hommes, can I take a peek
inside?

GUARD
Get lost pervert.

ANDY
(flashing his badge)
See this is my pass.

GUARD
(unimpressed)
That don't mean shit to me, besides
we got a permit.

ANDY
Then you don't have anything to
worry about, do you?

Andy tries making his way through the 2 guards, they close ranks.

Seconds later the 2 men lie on the ground, one grabbing his crotch, the other gasping for breath.

Wandering through the front door Andy sees a group of people enter a room. He moves towards them. As he gets closer he glimpses a pair of lingerie clad women on their knees, cheek to cheek, both with diamond collars around their necks. They start to kiss.

Andy moves closer until he bumps into a large light, knocking it over.

DIRECTOR
(noticing the
interruption)
Damn it, cut.

A worker picks up the light, the director comes over to Andy. He's in jeans and a cowboy hat with a bandana obvious under the hat. This is SAM NOTTING

SAM
What the hell do you want, are you
the replacement for Buck Naked?

Andy looks to the two women, notices how gorgeous they both are, for a brief second he thinks about answering in the affirmative.

ANDY

No, just a flatfoot looking for some information. I'm looking for Sam Notting, is that you?

SAM

And what if it is, we've got all our permits. We're not doing anything illegal here.

ANDY

I don't care if you're making Snuff films, I just want to ask you a couple of questions about your movies.

SAM

So what, you're a fan? I'll see you at the conventions. Get lost, pervert.

Andy knees the director in the groin, catching him before he hits the ground.

ANDY

Not these movies dickwad, movies from your previous life.

SAM

(regaining his composure)
That's a break folks.

The assembled crew disperse, moving past the two men. One of the porn stars rubs herself against Andy as she goes by, smiling seductively.

PORN STAR 1

Too bad, you're missing out on a great time.

When the two men are alone, Sam addresses Andy.

SAM

Now what the hell do you want, and make it quick I've only got the house til 4.

ANDY

This is quite a fall from grace for you isn't it?

SAM

From what, oh, you mean the stuff I used to do for World Wide.

ANDY

I'm sure that you must have been pissed.. them closing down and all, leaving you to have to do these kinds of movies.

The director starts to chuckle, it turns into a laugh.

ANDY

What's so funny?

SAM

You'd think so wouldn't you, I thought so too. But truth of the matter is I get twice the budget for "these types of movies" and I don't have to worry about working with any cranky writers who think I'm messing up their creative vision.

Sam points to the 2 porn stars enjoying a cigarette a few feet away.

SAM

And the casting couch is a whole hell of a lot better too.

ANDY

Sounds convincing, but how do you show your face to your friends in the legit part of the business now. It must burn you deep inside when you think of not being mainstream anymore.

SAM

Mainstream, are you fucking kidding me? Listen detective, my other movies offered me a sense of creativity there is a sense of truth to that but as for mainstream these movies are seen by 100 times more people as my previously viewed work.

ANDY

Just not in public, only in the
kinkiness of their bedrooms.

SAM

Listen detective, you can try to
get under my skin all you want but
the truth is I've come to grips
with my current situation.

Andy starts to chuckle himself.

ANDY

I don't know if you're trying
harder to convince me or you.

But just one more question, where
were you Tuesday night between
midnight and 2 am?

Sam motions the two women to join them. The women hold hands
as they walk over.

PORN STAR 1

What's up Sam, this guy change his
mind after all?

She grabs the other porn star's head and they kiss
passionately.

SAM

'Fraid not love. He just needs to
ask you a question

PORN STAR 2

(bending over and
thrusting)

You mean he wants to "PUMP" us for
some information?

ANDY

Listen, were you 2 with Sam on
Tuesday night between 12 and 2 am?

The two porn stars nod in agreement.

PORN STAR 2

Yeah he was especially "HARD" on us
that night.

Both porn stars and Sam start to laugh.

ANDY

Thanks for nothing bitch.

Listen Sam I think these two would tell me anything you wanted them to for a line of coke. You see, as much as you want me to believe you... I don't.

With that in mind, I wouldn't advise leaving town anytime soon, K?

Andy takes his leave as Sam calls his crew back.

SAM

Back to work folks, it's magic time.

EXT. COLLEGE - DAY

Andy pulls up to the small college, parking quite a way from the school.

He's early, decides to catch some zzz's

EXT. COLLEGE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Simon, dressed in a fencing uniform, waits on a bench.

A group of kids starts hassling him.

UNKNOWN KID

Hey Simon, Halloween's still month's away.

SIMON

Ha, ha. So funny I forgot to laugh.

ANOTHER KID

Hey freak, I hear they're looking for you at the dungeons and dragons clubhouse.

SIMON

Sticks and stones will break my bones but names will never hurt me.

GROUP KID

Simon, the COMIC CON bus already left.

SIMON

You guys can say anything you want,
but you can't bug me today.

GROUP KID

Why, is you're mommy coming to pick
you up and gonna' spank us, freak!

SIMON

No, my friend Andy's picking me up.

The kids laugh, one of them picks up Simon's fencing helmet,
puts it on, starts dancing around.

GROUP KID

Hey look at me. I'm Simon, I'm
fencing with my imaginary friend
Andy.

SIMON

(getting mad)

He's not imaginary, he's real. And
he's a copper.

The group howls even louder. One of them grabs a glove off
Simon's hand, hits him in the face with it.

ANOTHER KID

I challenge thee sir to a duel.

SIMON

That's not fair, give my glove
back.

Simon reaches for his glove, the kid throws it to another
group member, then another, playing keeping away.

GROUP KID

Hey Simon, why don't you call your
friend Andy the cop.

SIMON

Shut the fuck up, you piece of shit
or I'll chop you up and feed you to
the animals at the zoo!!

Startled by this outburst the kid drops Simon's glove on the
ground in mid throw.

As one of the kids go to pick up the glove a foot steps on
his hand.

ANDY
Simon, is this your glove?

Simon breaks away from the other kids.

SIMON
You can let him go Andy, they're
not worth the trouble.

GROUP KIDS
(in unison)
Andy??

SIMON
Told you so.

ANDY
Hi guys, are you Simon's friends.
You know he didn't say I'd be
picking up his friends as well, but
I guess there's enough room in the
police car, at least until I drop
some of you off at the police
station.

Andy applies more pressure onto the kid's hand, screwing the
heel of his shoe into the back of the palm.

The rest of the group runs away, leaving their friend to fend
for himself.

SIMON
Andy, it's OK. These guys are
always bugging me, but they're my
friends, that's just the way we
play sometimes.

Andy grudgingly steps off.

ANDY
Is that right, punk. You guys were
just playing, just some college
prank, huh?

PUNK
Yeah, that's right. Simon's our
bud. He's just one of the guys,
right Simon?

The punk playfully punches Simon in the arm.

SIMON
Sure Tommy, good one today, go tell
the other guys I'll catch up with
them later, OK.

Tommy runs off, desperate to catch up with his friends.

SIMON
Thanks Andy.

ANDY
No sweat.

INT. ANDY'S CAR- DAY

Simon's in the passenger seat, his fencing helmet and gloves
in the backseat.

He's checking out all the gadgets in the car with wide eyed
wonder.

ANDY
(in a startled voice)
Don't touch that!!

Simon jumps back, starts to hyperventilate.

ANDY
Sorry kid, just having some fun.

SIMON
No problem, just startled me,
that's all.

Andy gives Simon a longer look as he continues driving.

ANDY
So Simon, I've got a question for
you, if you don't mind.

SIMON
No problem. What's your question?

ANDY
Well, well I, uh.

SIMON
Oh you want to know about the suit,
pretty cool, huh.

ANDY

What, yeah I guess so. But why wear it after school?

SIMON

Pretty obvious, isn't it. Fencing is my last class of the day.

ANDY

Sure I get it, but what about hitting the showers, didn't you want to clean up?

Simon turns a deep shade of crimson.

SIMON

I have this thing, I'm a little nervous showering in public. I, I get a litt..

Andy quickly interjects.

ANDY

Hey that's Ok, Simon I get it. I don't shower at the station either.

Simon flashes a relieved smile, Andy changes subjects.

ANDY

So other than fencing what other subjects you take Simon?

SIMON

You know, the usual. Anatomy, Biology, 14th Century Impressionists, Economics, Law, Drama.. like I said the usual.

ANDY

Sounds like you're on your way to becoming a real renaissance man.

He looks over to see Simon back at it again. Andy knows what Simon's looking feverishly for.

ANDY

Hey Simon.

SIMON

Yeah?

ANDY
(pointing)
That one's the siren.

SIMON
Cool!

Simon hits the toggle switch, the siren wails. Andy grabs the red light, placing it on the dash, smiling like a little kid.

SIMON
I like you Andy.

ANDY
I like you too kid.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Amanda and a gaggle of hookers are milling about.

A large sedan pulls up to the corner and honks. A couple of the girls shake their junk at the car and wave, the car horn sounds again. One of the black hookers breaks away from the group.

The vehicle moves away slowly til the black girl goes back .

The automobile comes back to it's previous position, honks one more time. The girls break into a giggle again.

AMANDA
I'll go, it looks like he prefers
white meat.

Amanda saunters suggestively over to the car, knocks on the tinted window.

Nothing. She knocks again, still nothing.

Turning to walk away she hears the unmistakable sound of the power window.

Smiling to herself she turns around to lean into the car window but it's not down far enough.

METALLIC VOICE
How much?

AMANDA
Not too much, you looking for a
date?

METALLIC VOICE

How much?

The John is using some sort of voice adapter.

AMANDA

Hey what's with the voice baby,
don't want to be recognized, huh.
Are you famous or something, don't
worry baby I won't tell. Why don't
you roll down a bit, baby. Let me
see you.. if you're cute, maybe
I'll give you a discount.

JOHN

(angrily)

I said how much?

AMANDA

50 Oral, 100 Straight, 200 Back
door.

JOHN

And for something different?

AMANDA

Depends how kinky.

A hand reaches over the drivers side into the back seat. The
John places a bag in the front passenger chair.

JOHN

How much for this?

The window is rolled down just enough for Amanda to take the
bag. She tries looking at the John's face, it's obscured.

AMANDA

What's in the bag, kinky shit, huh?

Amanda gazes into the bag.. noticing the costume she giggles.

AMANDA

Something like this we can't do in
the car Honey, you'd have to pay me
a visit.

JOHN

How much?

AMANDA

Can I keep the outfit?

JOHN
I said how much whore!!

AMANDA
Right to the point, huh.

Ok, I like that. Tell you what,
meet me at that motel down the
street in 10 minutes, room 25. I'll
only charge you the 100 plus 50 for
the room.

JOHN
10 MINUTES.

The sedan pulls away. Amanda goes back to the group of
hookers for a second, showing off the costume.

BLACK HOOKER
No wonder he didn't want no brown
sugar tonight. No black booty's
ever fitting in that.

The hookers start to laugh, hoot and holler as Amanda starts
down the street, swinging the bag.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda has put on the costume, a little red riding hood
outfit, including cape. She's also attached tie down scarves
to both hands.

There's a knock at the door, Amanda waits for a second knock.

AMANDA
Who's there?

JOHN
Is Grandma home?

AMANDA
Grandma's out, it's just me Little
Red Riding Hood, I'm all alone.

JOHN
Can I come in?

AMANDA
But I'm all alone.

JOHN
Can I come in?

Amanda looks through the peep hole.

AMANDA

You don't look like someone I
should let in, you look like the
big bad wolf.

JOHN

Can I come in?

Amanda opens the door to reveal herself, the wolf comes in
the room quickly, immediately starts pawing at her.

AMANDA

My oh my, what big paws you have.

JOHN

All the better to tear your clothes
off my dear.

The wolf rips off Amanda's blouse, partially exposing her
breasts. He picks her up and carries her to the bed, throws
her down.

AMANDA

(playing along)

My oh my, how strong you are.

JOHN

All the better to subdue you with,
my dear.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Andy and Tony carry a conversation.

TONY

So we're off to one of your CI's?

ANDY

Yeah, a hooker, something just
doesn't sit right.

TONY

How so?

ANDY

I saw her the other day but it all
went to shit, and I didn't push her
for anything.

TONY

What makes you so damn sure she knows something?

ANDY

You ever have a story and you just know the person's lying.

TONY

Yeah, like the hairs on the back of your neck are standing up.

Andy smiles wryly.

ANDY

Hey maybe you're not that stupid after all, paperboy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- SAME TIME

The room is dirty with stains on the curtains and walls. The color scheme is directly out of the 1960's.

Amanda's tied to the bed using the scarves attached to her costume. The John, still in costume as well, is caressing her.

AMANDA

Aren't you gonna' take off your costume so we can get down to business baby.

The wolf shakes his head slowly.

AMANDA

Not even your mask so I can see you better.

The wolf shakes his head again.

AMANDA

Alright honey, whatever floats your boat.
Just remember I rent the room by the hour.

The wolf reaches into a pocket, slowly producing a long knife.

INT. ANDY'S CAR- SAME TIME

Andy pulls up to Amanda's usual corner. He notices she's not there but spots a group of hookers down the street.

He pulls the car up to them.

ANONYMOUS HOOKER
You looking for a date, baby?

Tony rolls down the window, the hooker notices 2 men.

ANONYMOUS HOOKER
Sorry boys, I don't do DP.
(raising her voice)
Hey Roxy, someone here for you.

Andy addresses the hooker quickly.

ANDY
Listen bitch, we're not here for a date. Is Amanda working tonight?

ANONYMOUS HOOKER
I thought you said you weren't looking for a date?

TONY
No we just want to talk to her.

By now Roxy has approached the car and recognized Andy.

ROXY
Oh damn, cops.

ANDY
Hey Foxy Roxy, Amanda working tonight?

ROXY
Yeah she at the room, you know the number?

ANDY
Yeah I've been there.

ROXY
I bet you have.

Andy goes to pull away.

ROXY

Just don't beat up the John, OK.
You cops keep scaring away all the
business, makes it hard for a girl
to make an honest living.

Andy pulls away quickly, nodding and waving.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- SAME TIME

Amanda is scared and knows she can't break free of her
bindings.

She tries to remain in character.

AMANDA

My oh my, what a big knife you
have.

WOLF

All the better to cut you with my
dear.

AMANDA

Come on baby, you don't want to do
that, let's just have some fun.
What do you say?

Amanda licks her lips seductively but the wolf shakes his
head, cuts a small nick in her calf.

AMANDA

Look I'm into kinky stuff as much
as the next girl but there's not
enough money in the world to cover
that.

The wolf stands back for a minute, puts the blade of the
knife up to his mouth, tastes the blood.

Amanda resigns herself to the fact that she's dying tonight.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL ROOM- SAME TIME

ANDY

I'm going in first, don't come in
till I say it's clear, got it?

TONY

What about the John?

ANDY

Oh, they run out in 2 seconds flat,
buck naked, carrying their clothes
under their arms. Better wait til
that happens

Tony nods in agreement.

ANDY

(knocking on door)
POLICE!! We're comin' in.

Andy kicks the door down, rushes into the room.

Tony waits a couple of seconds, the John hasn't left the room
like Andy said he would.

ANDY

Stay out there Paperboy!

Tony doesn't hear Andy's voice as he enters the room.

Scampero sees Andy with his gun drawn, pointed at the wolf,
who has the blade of his knife across Amanda's neck.

WOLF

I'll slice her throat like Billy
Bob in Slingblade!

ANDY

Just put the knife down, there's no
way out.

WOLF

You put the gun down and I'll let
her go.

Tony tries to move quietly toward the bed but is noticed by
the wolf.

WOLF

And tell your partner not to move
any closer or she'll be Little Bled
Riding Hood.

Andy actions Tony to stay put.

ANDY

Hey man, you don't want to do this,
let's just put the knife down.

Andy moves a step closer to the bed.

The Wolf takes the blade from Amanda's neck, cuts a large swath across her arm, causing blood to flow quickly.

WOLF

I said no closer!

TONY

Well technically you said for ME not to move any closer.

The Wolf takes a slice out of Amanda's other arm.

ANDY

You cut her once more and your ass is mine.

TONY

Now can't we just put the weapons down and talk this thing out. Or better yet, just let the girl go.

WOLF

Do you really think I'm that stupid... although a cop might make a better hostage than a whore.

Andy fires a shot into a wall of the room, causing everyone in the room to freeze.

ANDY

Shut up paperboy, that's not the way this works.

TONY

Sorry I didn't know there was a handbook.

WOLF

You fire one more shot and it'll be the last breath this bitch ever takes.

ANDY

That was just a warning shot to get everyone's attention. If I wanted to shoot you I wouldn't miss by that much.

The Wolf relaxes his grip on Amanda.

WOLF

Hey why'd you call him "paperboy", he's your partner, isn't he?

ANDY

Sure he is, I call him that 'cause all he does is read the paper on the john.

Tony looks directly at the wolf.

TONY

No, that's not true. I'm a reporter.

WOLF

A reporter, what paper?

TONY

L.A. Gazette.

ANDY

Damn it, paperboy.

WOLF

What's your byline?

TONY

Tony Scampero, crime beat.

Andy motions Tony to shut up but to no avail.

WOLF

And so what's your deal, reporter. Tag along for a thrill ride, is getting the story second hand becoming a little boring?

TONY

Why don't you let the girl go and take me. I'm sure even a reporter's better leverage than a meaningless hooker.

WOLF

(scratching his head)

I don't, I don't know. Let me think.

The wolf has really loosened his grip on Amanda.

TONY

Come on you know it's best, let her go.

WOLF
Fine ...
Switch.

ANDY
What?

The Wolf motions Tony to the bed.

Andy tries one last time to convince Scampero.

ANDY
Scampero, wait. Think about your
family, your daughter.

Tony looks at Amanda, sees she's now bleeding quite badly.

TONY
I am.

Tony comes onto the bed, slowly so as not to spook the Wolf.

WOLF
Now switch...slowly. And one false
move I'll kill both of you.

TONY
I understand.

AMANDA
(looking Tony square in
the eyes through her
tears)
Thank you.

The Wolf grabs Tony, puts the knife tight against his throat.

Amanda backs away from the bed slowly.

ANDY
Get the hell out of here, get those
cuts fixed.

Amanda rushes from the room.

Andy refocuses on the situation at hand.

ANDY
So now what, this doesn't change
anything.

WOLF

Oh but it changes everything,
copper.
One more trash can hooker dies
nobody notices but a respectable
citizen gets killed and people
point fingers.

ANDY

Makes sense, but I gotta' tell you
he ain't that respectable, he did
say he's a reporter.

The Wolf laughs involuntarily, releasing his grip on the
reporter.. just enough to allow Tony to elbow him in the
ribs.

Andy reacts, firing a round at the Wolf.

Too late.

The Wolf moves quickly, making a very athletic move and
lunging at Andy, knocking the gun out of his hand as both men
fall.

ANDY

DAMN!

Andy stumbles getting to his feet but the Wolf has already
recovered and run from the room.

Andy looks around the room for the pistol.

CU: Gun on floor in the corner of the room, 10 feet away from
Andy's reach.

ANDY

Screw it.

He goes after the Wolf.

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT

The Wolf's running hard but he's starting to lose ground to
the detective.

He takes off his paws as he's running in a vain attempt to
gain speed.

ANDY

(from about 300 feet away)
Freeze you bastard!!

The Wolf takes a look back, costing him a few feet of his precious lead, trying to see if Andy has his gun.

ANDY
I said freeze!

WOLF
Or what, you'll shoot me. Pretty hard with no gun isn't it?

ANDY
Goddamn it.

Andy tries to kick in that extra gear, hoping the adrenaline will pump up his speed as it has so many times before.

It works.

WOLF
(nervously teasing Andy)
You're getting closer.

ANDY
Just make one mistake.

The wolf turns down an alley, Andy slows his gait.

He knows this alley.

EXT. ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

The Wolf has surveyed the situation, running up to the fence, measuring it, realizing he can't scale it.

ANDY
(smiling wryly)
I said just make a mistake.

WOLF
It can't end this way, my work's not done yet.

ANDY
I don't care how many creeps I catch, they all say the same thing. It can't end this way, I'm smarter than this.

Fuck you cop, blah, blah, blah

WOLF
But you weren't my equal.

ANDY
Equal or not, I told you your ass
is mine.

Andy's closed the distance to about 15 feet.

WOLF
So that's it then, good guy catches
bad guy. It just seems too much
like a Hollywood ending.

ANDY
Isn't that what you like though,
you sick bastard, movies?

WOLF
Ah, so you know who I am then, I
wasn't sure.

ANDY
Neither was I, but I had to give it
a shot.

The Wolf hits himself in the head, realizing he's just given
himself away.

WOLF
Stupid, stupid!

ANDY
Tell me again how I'm not your
equal.

WOLF
Screw you.

Andy then makes a quick jump at him but the Wolf parries.

ANDY
We can dance like this for as long
as you want, but make no mistake, I
will wear you down.

WOLF
I don't think so.

Suddenly a door in the building opens, a busboy emerges
carrying bags of garbage.

ANDY
Christ!

The wolf quickly pushes the busboy in Andy's direction.

Andy makes a wild lunge for the Wolf but can't hold on to his prey, the busboy has come between Andy and his quarry.

ANDY
 (looking disdainfully at
 Busboy)
 Ass hole.

With garbage strewn all around Andy realizes he's holding the Wolf's mask in his hand.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

The Wolf, sans mask and shown from behind, goes through the kitchen into the restaurant, slowing down his walk as he navigates the tables, not wanting to cause any excitement amongst the patrons.

He leaves through the front door.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Wolf comes out the door, matting his hair into a more manageable do ...

IT IS SIMON

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Andy gets back to the motel and there's a sea of cops, hookers, police cars and an EMS vehicle.

Andy approaches Amanda, whose arms are being bandaged by a paramedic.

ANDY
 How's she doing?

PARAMEDIC
 She'll be OK, but she's lost a lot
 of blood.

ANDY
 (addressing Amanda)
 You've gotta' get a new line of
 work.

AMANDA
 You're telling me. But thanks for
 saving my life.

Andy gives her a little peck on the cheek.

AMANDA
(fighting back tears)
You've changed Cop.

Andy finds Tony talking to an assembly of cops. He joins the group, listening to Tony's story.

TONY
So then the guy goes all like, I'm
gonna cut her into pieces and throw
them away
(noticing Andy)
... or something like that anyhow.

Listen fellas, I'm just used to
getting this stuff from you guys
second hand. From now on I leave
all the cop stuff to you.

ANDY
How 'bout we give the man a little
space guys, he's actually been face
to face with a real criminal. I'm
sure the shock will settle in soon.

The officers dissipate, Andy grabs Tony by the arm.

ANDY
I just wanted to say...

TONY
I know, I know, how stupid can I
be, what was I thinking, I have no
training for this kind of thing.

ANDY
Shut up for a minute, paperboy. I
just wanted to say thank you.

Andy extends his hand and Tony shakes it, touched.

TONY
And I thought you were just a jerk
off all this time.

ANDY
Yeah, well let's just not tell
anybody or I'll hunt you down and
kill you.

TONY
Nobody'd believe me anyway.

Both men have a chuckle.

Andy notices Tom approaching and stands to attention.

TOM
Christ Andy, what happened?

ANDY
It was him Cap.

TONY
Him, him who?

TOM
You sure?

ANDY
Yep, said so right in the alley
when I caught him.

Tony interrupts, unsure what the two men are talking about.

TONY
Caught him, you caught the bastard?

TOM
How'd he get away?

ANDY
Damn busboy came out of nowhere.

TONY
So you didn't catch him?

TOM
And you're sure it was our perp.

ANDY
Yep, 100 percent!

Tony holds up his hands to stop the chatter.

TONY
I'm not a cop, can someone please
explain this to me.

TOM
What's HE doin' here?

ANDY
He actually helped.

TOM
He was here the whole time?

ANDY
Long story, I'll tell you later.

TONY
So I'm not going to get an answer?

The two policemen leave the reporter standing there.

TONY
(looking around)
Anybody going to Brentwood?

INT. DETECTIVE'S ROOM- AFTERNOON

Andy's at his desk, leaning on his chair, writing up his report on last night's activities.

Rodriguez sneaks up behind him.

RODRIGUEZ
BOO!!

Andy slips backwards, falling startled off the chair.

ANDY
Damn it Rodriguez, quit doing that.

RODRIGUEZ
Still a little jumpy from last night are we, douche.

ANDY
You're an ass hole.

RODRIGUEZ
Hey, that's my line.
All seriousness though man, you OK,
you want to talk about it?

ANDY
Yeah, I'm fine.

RODRIGUEZ
Thanks Mr Feelings.

ANDY
Screw you, jag-off.

RODRIGUEZ
OK, you're alright.

The captain comes out of his office, asks Andy to join him.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy's in a chair waiting for the Captain to say something.

30 Seconds go by.

TOM
For Christ's sake Andy, what were you thinking, taking a civilian to a compromising situation?

ANDY
Like a said, cap, it's a long story.

TOM
I got time.

ANDY
(taking a deep breath)
Well, it was just supposed to be a routine questioning of a C.I

TOM
The hooker?

ANDY
Amanda, yeah.

TOM
So what went wrong?

Andy tries to measure exactly how angry the Captain will get before he tells him the story.

ANDY
Well, I went down to her job, you know, to talk to her and found out she was with a John.

TOM
You couldn't wait the half hour for her to finish?

ANDY

Kinda glad I didn't, the way it went down.

TOM

Touche, but why didn't you leave the reporter in your car til it was clear?

ANDY

Listen cap, the John usually bolts so quick, not wanting to get arrested.

I guess I just didn't think.

TOM

Exactly, and now the brass is up my ass again.

ANDY

I apologize Cap, but I gotta' tell ya, the paperboy actually helped the situation come out as good as it did.

Tom pulls a bottle of Scotch and glasses out of his desk drawer. He pours two, offering one to Andy.

TOM

Lucky for you, or I'd be having your gun and shield right now. You sure fell into it but came out smelling like a rose, I hear he's up for some sort of citizen award.

ANDY

I promise Cap, it won't happen again.

The two men clink glasses.

INT. VIDEO STORE- EVENING

Andy enters the store, searching for Simon.

After a futile couple of seconds Andy notices Carl.

ANDY

Hey Carl, how you doing?

CARL
I'm .. Ok I guess. What can I do
for you detective.

ANDY
I'm looking for Simon.

CARL
Makes sense, he's usually here.

ANDY
What do you mean, usually?

CARL
Called in sick today, makes me work
a damn double.
Checked his record, first sick day
he's ever taken.

ANDY
So he's at home?

CARL
I'd imagine, he's not the type to
play hooky.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Andy knocks on the door, he hear's Fran's voice.

FRAN (V.O.)
Hello, Frank is that you, why don't
you use your key dear?

ANDY
Hello, Mrs Garfunkel. It's
Detective Anderson, we met the
other night.

Andy hears the sound of the door unlocking.

FRAN
Oh, hello detective. Are you here
to see Simon?

ANDY
Yes, ma'am.

FRAN
How did you know he was here, he
was supposed to be at work tonight
you know.

ANDY
I checked there first ma'am.

Fran acknowledges his answer.

FRAN
That's why Father's not here right now, he went to get some aspirin for Simon.

ANDY
Is he OK, ma'am? I mean can I see Simon?

FRAN
Let me check on him, he was asleep awhile ago.

Fran goes to check, returning a minute later without him.

ANDY
Is he still asleep?

FRAN
No he's awake, he said he'll be right out.
Have a seat please.

ANDY
No thanks, I'll stand.

Simon comes out, dressed in pyjamas, looking pale as a ghost.

FRAN
Poor boy, came home last night shaking and couldn't stop. I thought he had a fever but no temperature at all. I think it must be a migraine.

SIMON
Mom, I'm fine.

Frank comes in the front door.

FRANK
Mother, I'm home. Couldn't find the brand you sent me f..

Frank notices Andy and extends his hand.

FRANK

Oh hello, detective. Here to see Simon again? Got another case he can help you with?

ANDY

Something like that, if you're up for it Simon.

SIMON

Sure, I mean, I think so.

Fran leads Simon to a chair, Andy comes up next to him.

ANDY

You sure you're up to this, Simon.

SIMON

It's just a headache, I'll be fine.

ANDY

Ok then.

Andy produces some photos of last night's crime scene, showing them to Simon.

SIMON

What am I looking for?

Andy seems a little startled by the question, but he clarifies for Simon.

ANDY

Same as last time, just see if you can see the scene in your mind.

SIMON

But where's the murder?

ANDY

What?

Simon senses he's said something Andy might figure out.

SIMON

I mean, is this a murder scene. I don't see any body, all the rest had the body right there in the first picture. I don't really recognize anything.

ANDY
You wanna' take a little longer
look, it's important.

Simon studies Andy's face.

Has the detective figured it out!?

Simon starts to hyperventilate. The room starts spinning,
goes dark as he passes out.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM- 30 MINUTES LATER

Simon opens his eyes slowly, numerous bodies encircle him.

He hears a familiar voice.

FRAN
Simon, Simon are you alright?

SIMON
Yeah, I mean yes .. Uh, I guess.

Simon starts to sit up but his head starts to spin again.

A strong hand guides him back to a prone position.

ANDY
Slow down there, big fella. You
took quite a little spill back
there.

Simon sees that it's Andy, he prays the detective doesn't
know.

SIMON
Sorry about that, I must be weaker
than I thought.

ANDY
That's OK Simon, I can come back
later.

SIMON
No, no it's fine. What can I help
you with, is it another murder?

Andy thinks, making sure Simon is alert enough for this.

ANDY
Are you sure you're OK Simon, no
cobwebs from your little time out?

SIMON
I'm fine, honestly. Now didn't you
have some pictures for me to look
at?

Andy produces the pictures, this time Simon takes his time.

SIMON
It looks like something I might
have seen, but different than the
others.

ANDY
Yeah, it's different alright.

SIMON
What do you mean?

ANDY
Well like you said before your
little nap, no body.

SIMON
Pardon?

Andy relaxes his body.

ANDY
This time we got there before.

SIMON
Before?

ANDY
Well, during actually. Doesn't
matter.

I just thought you might notice
something from the pictures, you
know, what this scene might have
been from, maybe another one of Sam
Notting's movies.

Simon perks up, cautiously optimistic Andy doesn't know.

SIMON
You mean you think it's the same
guy as the other killings?

ANDY
No I'm sure of it, tricked him into
telling me so.

Simon seethes with anger inside, recalling last night's events, but tries to remain calm.

SIMON

So you think it's Sam Notting. I don't know... they always said he was crazy.

No, sorry Andy, nothing here looks familiar at all, but it might be from one of his films, I haven't seen them all.

ANDY

You sure? With the others you had them figured out in a minute.

SIMON

Sorry, maybe I DO still have some cobwebs.

INT. L.A. GAZETTE OFFICES - DAY

Tony's drinking a coffee when his phone rings.

TONY

Hello?

There is a pause.

TONY

Hello?

Another pause, Tony goes to hang up.

SIMON (V.O.)

Hello, hello is this the L.A Gazette. I'm looking for Tony Scampero?

TONY

Yeah, that's me. What can I do you for?

SIMON (V.O.)

Are you the crime guy?

TONY

The crime guy? Yeah, I work the crime beat. Is this going somewhere 'cause I got a story to write.

SIMON (V.O.)
I have some information for you.

TONY
That's nice. Information on what exactly?

SIMON (V.O.)
On last night, paperboy

Tony springs to attention.

TONY
(getting his notebook quickly)
Last night. That's pretty vague. Should I know what you're talking about?

SIMON (V.O.)
Don't play coy with me Mr. Scampero. Don't tell me you have forgotten the feel of cold steel against your neck so quickly.

Tony reaches involuntarily for his neck.

TONY
Alright you've got my attention.

SIMON (V.O.)
Very good.

TONY
Now, how do you want to do this?

SIMON (V.O.)
Very simple, I want to turn myself in.

TONY
If you want to turn yourself in, why don't you just go to the police?

SIMON (V.O.)
Now where's the drama in that. Don't you remember the exhilaration of last night. Your adrenaline all amped up.

Tony sits back in his chair, more confused.

TONY

Oh, right. You're the movie buff,
the guy who likes to play out
everything.

SIMON V.O

Yes, Mr. Scampero I guess you could
say I consider myself a bit of a
cinophile.

Tony takes the offensive.

TONY

Yeah, yeah whatever. Now if not the
police how do you want to do this?

SIMON (V.O.)

Why I want to tell you my story of
course.

TONY

You're story?

SIMON V.O

But of course. I didn't do all this
for no reason.

Don't you want the exclusive?

TONY

Of course I do, but how do I know I
can trust you.

SIMON (V.O.)

Because I didn't slit your throat
last night when I had the chance.
Did you really think that weak ass
poke in the ribs would have
loosened my grip unless I wanted
you to get away?

Tony thinks for a second.

TONY

Fair enough, but how do I know your
going to tell me the truth and not
kill me now, maybe like a scene
from another movie?

SIMON (V.O.)

Because, Mr. Scampero my killing days are over. I now just want people to know my story.

TONY

Well I must say from the way you constructed those murders it seems like you're cheese has slid off the cracker but if it stops the killing of innocent people I guess I'll be glad to be a part of it.

There is a pause, then Simon speaks in a monotone.

SIMON (V.O.)

Alright, isn't it better to be a part of the story rather than just report it Mr. Scampero.

I need you to meet me tonight at the abandoned World Wide Picture Studios on West Valhalla, do you know where that is?

Tony's radar infuses the hairs on the back of his neck.

TONY

That sounds a little dramatic, and more than a little isolated. Why can't we just meet for coffee at Starbucks?

SIMON (V.O.)

(chuckling)

Still not trusting me, huh. Maybe you SHOULD be a cop. Oh well, I'm sure somebody else will follow my instructions for the story of a lifetime.

Goodbye Mr Scampero

Before Tony can say anything else the line goes dead.

He slumps back in his chair, realizing he just missed out on a huge opportunity. As he's running his hands through his hair in frustration the phone rings again.

EXT. WORLD WIDE PICTURES LOT - DAY

Tony parks his car and starts walking down the main street past the dilapidated buildings.

He walks along for a bit, notices a freshly written note nailed to the door of one of the buildings.

CU: NOTE READING:

NOW SHOWING IN STUDIO 17

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

Tony notices the number 15 on the door in front of him.

INT. ENTRANCE TO STUDIO 17

It is very dark as Tony enters the building.

TONY
Hello, anybody here?

Not a sound.

TONY
Hello?

Cautiously walking into the abandoned studio Tony notices there's barely enough light to see a foot in front of him. Hearing a sound behind him, he whirls around.

All goes dark as the blackjack hits.

INT. TONY SCAMPERO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a well appointed moderate household in Brentwood. A little girl approximately 7 years old watches television.

The doorbell rings and the little girl answers.

Andy is at the front entrance.

ANDY
Why hello there, you must be the
little girl with the fashion sense?

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy.

A woman comes out of the kitchen.

WOMAN

What is it, Katie. Did I hear the doorbell r..

The woman stops in mid sentence.

ANDY

Hello Mrs. Scampero, I'm Detective Anderson.

MRS. SCAMPERO

I know who you are detective, come to see if my husband wants to go to jail for you again did you?

Andy remembers the woman from the hearing.

ANDY

Let's not go there, Mrs. Scampero. Can't we leave it in the past?

MRS. SCAMPERO

Jessica, and I'll reserve judgement on that. What can I do for you detective?

ANDY

I just came by to see your husband, I've been trying his cel for an hour. I promised him exclusive rights to a case I've just solved. I thought he might have turned it off for the evening.

JESSICA

Fat chance of that, Tony would never miss the chance for a story. Matter of fact that's where he is now.

ANDY

Ma'am?

JESSICA

He called earlier this afternoon. Said he had the chance to tell the story of his career. He sounded very excited.

ANDY

Excited .. or Nervous?

Jessica notes the tone in Andy's voice.

JESSICA

Nervous excitement I guess.
Is there something wrong, is Tony
in trouble?

ANDY

No ma'am I'm sure it's nothing.

Andy remains calm as he asks his next question.

ANDY

I don't suppose he mentioned where
he was going for his story.

JESSICA

Oh sure, he always tells me, in
case I think he's cheating on me.

Andy gives her another look, notices how attractive she really is. He chuckles inwardly, thinking it should be Tony who keeps an eye on HER.

ANDY

And where is he then, ma'am?

JESSICA

World Wide Studios, weird place for
a meeting huh, that place has been
closed for a while now.

ANDY

Oh Fuck.

Andy takes off in an instant, racing down the hall.

Jessica starts shaking.

LITTLE GIRL

What's wrong Mommy, is Daddy OK?

Jessica starts to cry as she picks up her daughter.

INT. STUDIO 17 - NIGHT

Tony starts to regain his senses, he goes to rub his sore head, realizes he's restrained in a chair with ropes around his hands and feet.

TONY
(loud voice)
Hello, Help please. Can anyone hear
me?

HELP ME PLEASE!

From off to the side a voice is heard.

SIMON (V.O.)
Calm down please Mr. Scampero, no
one can hear you. We're on a quiet
sound stage. Please don't waste
your voice.

TONY
Who's that, who's there?

Simon enters, stage left. He's dressed in an outfit similar
to that from Phantom of the Opera, gloves, cape and half
mask.

TONY
What kind of freak are you?

Simon laughs as he approaches Tony's restrictive placement.

SIMON
Why Mr. Scampero, who is the bigger
freak? Me, the killer who as you so
aptly put it over the phone, has
had his cheese slide off the
cracker or you, the sane reporter
who was so obsessive about getting
an exclusive story that he came to
an abandoned lot to meet said
killer alone.

TONY
But you said I could trust you,
that your killing was done.

SIMON
Yeah, I lied.

TONY
But why me, why do you need a
reporter. I don't remember any
movie where a reporter is killed on
a deserted movie set.

SIMON
I've kind of had a change in plans.

TONY
Plans?

Simon is right beside Tony, he takes a second to look into Tony's eyes, searching for fear.

SIMON
You see I could not leave any loose ends before I continued my work.

TONY
(struggling to break free)
Loose ends, I don't understand. You said you were done killing.

SIMON
Man for a reporter you sure have no perception or comprehension of a situation do you?

TONY
I don't understand what you mean.

Simon produces a sword from a sheath in his costume, measuring some 24 inches long. He holds the glimmering steel against Tony's throat.

SIMON
Bring back any memories?

You see Tony I couldn't afford to have you out on the loose, where you could possibly recognize me.

TONY
But how could I recognize you, you had a mask on and a voice transformer.

SIMON
Very true, but I couldn't be sure how much that cop told you after I gave him the slip.

TONY
Andy, hey he didn't tell me anything. He didn't say a word.

SIMON
(sarcastically)
So he didn't say he knew I
committed those other murders or
anything.

Tony slumps in the chair, giving up trying to free himself.

TONY
I guess there's no sense lying to
you. He did say it was the same
killer as the others that's true,
but he has no idea who YOU are, I
mean your real identity.

Simon jumps up in the air, makes a fist pump.

SIMON
I knew it!!

TONY
Knew what?

SIMON
Nothing, it doesn't matter. He's
next anyhow.

TONY
Next, next for what?

SIMON
Back to that whole comprehension
thing again huh. Very well I'll
spell it out for you.

He's next to die

Simon starts sharpening the blade of the sword with a stone.

Concluding death is imminent Tony tries to buy time.

TONY
I don't know, he's pretty smart.
Probably even smarter than you, are
you sure he'll fall for your trap?

Simon stops sharpening the blade, gets angry.

SIMON
Yeah, that's what "he" said. Right
there in the alley, right before I
got away.

TONY

Oh I didn't know you were that clever, why don't you tell me about how you got away from that stupid cop.

Simon stands in front of Tony, ready to finish this right now.

SIMON

Please don't think I'm a fool.

Maybe you watch too many movies and think you can get me talking, giving the calvary a chance to come in and save the day.

TONY

It was worth a shot.

Simon draws the sword above his head.

SIMON

TIME TO DIE!

A shot rings out from a distant corner of the sound stage, startling both Simon and Tony.

ANDY (V.O.)

Drop the sword right now!!

Simon has lowered the blade but still has his grip on it. He shields himself with Tony's body.

SIMON

Andy, Andy is that you?

ANDY (V.O.)

Yep.

SIMON

What are you doing here, how did you possibly know where I was?

Simon looks at Tony wildly.

Tony is in complete fear, knowing the blade has only been put down temporarily.

Simon hits him with a hard backhand slap.

SIMON
YOU!! You told him where you were
going to be. I told you no cops.

Simon hits Tony again, causing blood to flow from his mouth.

ANDY (V.O.)
Hey wait, it wasn't him. He didn't
break your trust, it was me. I
figured it out on my own, he didn't
say a word.(MORE)

Simon grabs Tony violently by the hair, lifting his head to
meet Simon's questioning eyes.

SIMON
Is that right, paperboy. The copper
figured it all out on his own, is
that right?

Tony's almost unconscious, but with every ounce of strength
he has, spits in Simon's face, covering the mask in blood.

Simon wipes his face and turns his attention back to Andy.

SIMON
What's the difference, he's gonna'
die anyway. May as well kill him
for telling you where to find me.

Simon brandishes the sword, Andy fires another warning shot.

TONY
Shoot Andy, shoot the bastard.

Andy walks from the shadows, gun pointed straight at the
pair.

ANDY
Can't do it paperboy, might hit you
instead. God knows 2 months ago I
wouldn't have wasted the chance.

SIMON
Shut up, put the gun down or I'll
slice him right now.

Andy continues to approach the pair slowly, gun still on
target.

ANDY
Don't you want to know how I
figured it out.

ANDY(cont'd)

I thought for sure you'd like to know how I outsmarted you.

SIMON

You didn't outsmart me, you couldn't have.

Simon looks in anger at Tony. He punches him, this time with the handle of the sword, breaking Tony's nose.

SIMON

No, it was him, he told you.

Tony shakes his head, splattering blood.

TONY

No. I didn't say a word. I trusted you.

ANDY

Let's just calm down a second, I promise I'll tell you how I figured it out.

Simon feels his head spinning, he presses the steel of the sword against Tony's head.

He's in total disbelief.

SIMON

I, I don't know.

Stop right there and tell me how you, a stupid flatfoot, outsmarted me.

ANDY

Two mistakes.

SIMON

Mistakes, I don't make mistakes.

ANDY

First one was copper, that's how I knew.

SIMON

Fuck you, that makes no sense.

Andy knows he has Simon's attention and takes advantage, moving a couple of steps toward the men.

ANDY

Remember you told those guys at school the other day that I was a copper.

SIMON

(confused)

What, what are you talking about. I never said that.

ANDY

Sure you did. And then the other night you said it again. Matter of fact, you just said it a minute ago.

Simon runs through the scenes in his mind.

SIMON

That doesn't mean anything, lots of people use that word.

ANDY

Yeah, people in the movies, and people who watch lots of movies.

SIMON

Alright, I'll give you that one but you said 2 mistakes.

Andy is just about in range, steadying the gun at his target.

ANDY

Right, the second one really cemented it.

SIMON

What second one?

ANDY

Remember the other night when you said you hadn't seen all of Notting's movies.

SIMON

Yeah, so what?

ANDY

So it took me a while, but I remember what you told me the first day I met you

FLASHBACK: INT. VIDEO STORE

SIMON

Did Carl tell you I've seen every movie we carry - most of them 3 times.

INT. WORLD WIDE STUDIOS- PRESENT

Simon realizes Andy has outsmarted him.

SIMON

OK, smart guy. But that doesn't explain how you knew I was HERE.

ANDY

Oh, that was just shit luck.

I was trying to call paperboy to tell him the whole story. But when I couldn't reach him on the phone I went to his house and wouldn't you know it he had told his wife where he was going.

TONY

Told you.

Simon starts shaking, holds the sword tight against Tony's throat.

He tries desperately to think.

SIMON

Doesn't matter, doesn't change anything.

ANDY

Here we go again, just like the other night.

SIMON

I don't want to do that dance again.

ANDY

I wouldn't think so, and did you notice... no chance of a busboy coming out of the blue in this place.

SIMON

I know I have the upper hand this time, you can't do anything while I've got him.

ANDY

I don't know about upper hand.

I mean you kill him, I kill you.

But if you put the sword down you only go to jail.

SIMON

Yeah where I'll die anyway.

Andy can't argue with Simon's logic, he tries to buy just a shade more time so he can get closer for a clear shot at him.

ANDY

Doesn't have to be that way, why don't you put the sword down and we can talk this thing out.

Andy takes a step forward.

SIMON

I, I don't know. There doesn't seem to be anyway out of this that ends well for me.

Andy comes closer, addressing Simon in an even calmer voice.

ANDY

I don't know, I've seen the courts have mercy before. If Tony and I put a good word in for you they may consider leniency.

The conversation has taken some time, giving Andy the chance to get in position for a clean shot.. just another second.

He squeezes the trigger.

The bullet barely misses it's full mark, grazing Simon's cheek.

SIMON

Hold it right there!

The missed shot snaps Simon back to his full senses.

Simon again uses Tony to shield himself completely.

ANDY
 (under his breath)
 Fuck!

SIMON
 You know Andy there is another
 solution to this quandary.

Andy is still pissed off for missing his shot but regains his
 composure, knowing he must again buy some time by holding a
 conversation with the madman.

ANDY
 How so, I thought we just went
 through all the scenarios.

SIMON
 And you just tried the first one. I
 must say Andy I didn't like that
 one, not at all.

ANDY
 You know the way we're trained, to
 serve and protect the innocent.

SIMON
 That's what I'm counting on.

How bout we come up with a
 different type of scene?

Tony is coming to.

TONY
 DON'T LISTEN ANDY, shoot him!

Simon now has complete composure, addresses Andy in as calm a
 voice as was just used on him.

SIMON
 Andy?

ANDY
 Yes.

SIMON
 Why don't we work out our own movie
 scene. Something that hasn't been
 done in conventional movies.

ANDY
 Conventional?

SIMON

Yeah, you know conventional movies,
where the copper always gets the
bad guy.

Why don't we try something a little
different?

ANDY

I don't follow.

SIMON

Oh you will. Why don't you put your
gun down before you shoot at me
again and hit poor Tony here.

Do that and I promise I'll let this
piece of shit go.

Tony again spits at Simon.

TONY

Don't fall for it Andy, shoot him.

Andy just needs one more chance, this time he won't miss.

ANDY

So let's get this straight, you
want me to put down my gun and
you'll just let him go and give up
to me.

SIMON

Well no, I didn't say that, not
exactly.

ANDY

Then tell me what you have in mind.

Simon takes a deep breath.

SIMON

Here's what I was thinking... you
put down your gun, then come over
here by me.

I KILL you and THEN I let him go.

Andy takes a step back, knees buckling.

He talks calmly.

ANDY

And why would I do that?

SIMON

Look, we're all in agreement that the only way this scene is going to end is with someone dying.

ANDY

I don't think anyone HAS to die.

(MORE)

SIMON

Whatever, anyhow I don't want to die and I just know you don't want the reporter to die.

So that just leaves one question.

ANDY

Question?

SIMON

Who would care if you died Andy?

I mean you already said paperboy here is married. And now that I have my full senses back I remember you saying something about his daughter the other night.

TONY

Don't listen to him, Andy. It's suicide.

Simon gets up the nerve to step out a bit from behind Tony.

SIMON

Think about it Andy, you said it yourself, you're trained to protect the innocent.

ANDY

I don't think I believe you. What if you kill me and then kill him anyway.

Tony jumps in, desperately trying to save the detective's life.

TONY

That's right, remember you said no loose ends.

TONY(cont'd)

You're right Andy, he'll just kill me anyway, don't do it.

SIMON

Andy you have my word.

TONY

He's already lied to me Andy. He said it'd be just him here, he'd tell me his story and then turn himself in.

You CAN'T trust him!!

Simon slips out even more into sight, believing he has Andy's trust.

Andy whispers to himself.

ANDY

Just one more inch.

Simon addresses Tony.

SIMON

But that's when I thought you knew who I was.

TONY

I do, I do know who you are.

SIMON

(confidently)

No, paperboy, I don't think you do. See, Andy here has been careful to not mention my name at all during this whole dialogue and based on what you told me earlier, verified by Andy, he hasn't told you either.

This gives Andy pause, he makes his decision.

Andy lowers his weapon, approaches Simon.

SIMON

Drop the weapon at your feet Andy.

TONY

Andy, for Christ's sake, it's suicide.

Andy drops the revolver to the floor.

He looks Simon in the eyes.

ANDY
I KNOW you will do the right thing.

Simon waits until Andy is really close, out of reach of the gun. Approaching Andy he extends the sword out from his body to Andy's throat.

SIMON
I really did like you, Andy

ANDY
Fuck you kid.

Simon runs the blade of the sword through Andy's throat.

Andy drops, Simon lets go of the blade, leaving it half exposed through Andy's windpipe.

TONY
You sick fuck.

Simon stops staring at Andy, approaches Tony. Coming within an inch of Tony's body Simon doesn't tremble a bit, speaking in a whisper.

SIMON
You owe that man your life.

TONY
You sick bastard!

Simon backs away, taking his leave with a bow.

SIMON
I did promise you'd get the biggest story of your life.

INT. L.A. GAZETTE- DAY

Tony's tapping away on his keyboard at lightning speed, the story flowing from every vein in his body.

Jim Jacobs passes by.

JIM
It looks like you still have total recall, I tell you if it was me I'd have blanked the whole thing out.

Tony stops typing, getting reflective.

TONY

Could have been me going into that ground, I don't think I could ever forget.

JIM

Best not to think about it, he paid the ultimate price. Just do him justice with your article.

Tony turns back to his computer and continues with his story.

CU:COMPUTER SCREEN

Here was this man, this solitary, regret filled man willing to pay the largest penalty imposed by his line of work. And in the moment that it takes to find redemption, it was over.

I owe my life to this man and I can only hope that one day I can make an effort to show that his deed was worth the price paid.

As for the Scene it Killer, whose whereabouts remain unknown, I just hope he knows that even though my only lead is he's a college student somewhere in L.A. I can say that I will keep looking, hoping for some small clue as to your true identity as I vow to find you, the killer of this man, my stained saviour.

INT. LINE UP- DAY

A man reads a paper, moves ahead in line, folds the paper over to reveal Tony's headline.

CU: SCENE IT KILLER STILL ON THE LOOSE AFTER COP SAVES REPORTER

ANONYMOUS VOICE

Next.

Man closes his paper, holds DVD container behind the paper as he approaches the counter.

INT. VIDEO STORE - SAME TIME

Uniformed worker has his back to the man.

ANONYMOUS MAN

Excuse me, can you recommend this
movie?

A clerk with a large bandage on his cheek turns around.

SIMON

I'm sure I can, I've seen every
movie we carry, most of them three
times.

FADE OUT.

